

**PRETTY POLL, A  
PARROT'S  
OWN HISTORY**

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Pretty Poll, a Parrot's Own History by Poll Parrot

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OWN HISTORY**





MY NATIVE HOME.

**PRETTY POLL**  
**A PARROT'S OWN HISTORY.**



EDITED BY THE AUTHOR OF  
"THE AMYOTTS' HOME," "OLDER AND WISER," "TALES THAT MIGHT  
BE TRUE," ETC., ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRISON WEIR.



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# PRETTY POLL.

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## CHAPTER I.

POLL RELATES HER HISTORY.—HER BIRTH-PLACE AND EARLY LIFE.—SHE IS TAKEN CAPTIVE AND CARRIED TO ENGLAND.—HER ADVENTURES DURING THE VOYAGE.—THE SAILOR, JACK, HER MASTER.

I AM tired of saying over and over again the same things, so I think I shall begin and tell the history of my life.

I was born in one of the Spice Islands, in the Indian Sea. Nothing could be more beautiful than the wood in which my parrot father and mother had their nest. Such tall plantains, cocoa-nut palms, date palms, and

talipots; the manchineel, coffee, and cinnamon trees—to say nothing of the orange and citron trees, and beautiful flowering shrubs and vines which filled up every space under the taller trees, and made such pleasant shady nooks for us birds. Our nest was in the trunk of an old nutmeg tree; not such a nest as the birds in this country make—all of shreds and tatters, and trumpery twigs and straws? No, our nest was a much more comfortable kind of thing. We parrots always make our nests in the decayed trunks of trees; and there, with the soft wood which we peck away with our strong beaks, we make such a snug bed at the bottom, which we cover over with a sort of lining of grass and feathers. There were three of us reared in the dear old nest, and fine strong handsome birds we all were! Don't fancy that I am a Macaw, or a parakeet, by the bye.

No, I belong to the *true* parrots, which everybody knows are much superior birds on many accounts, and particularly for our cleverness in talking. Macaws, too, to my mind, are but vulgar looking birds, with their gaudy, flaring, red and yellow plumage; and as for parakeets, they are pretty looking little things enough, to be sure—but who ever heard them talk fit to be heard?

But I am, as I said, a *true* parrot, of a most brilliant, yet delicate, green. About my head, however, I have a few yellow and purple feathers, which are very becoming; and in each wing I have a feather or two of the brightest red—the effect of which, when I expand my wings, is very remarkable.

What a happy life I led in that native wood of mine, in the Spice Island! Birds in England have no notion of the delightful