The Poultry.

crowings; the hens gave notice of their approach by cackling, and assembled their infant train to partake of their bounty; the turkeys and guinea-fowls ran to meet them; a number of pigeons also alighted from a pigeon-house. Betsy scattered among them the grain which she carried in her lap for that purpose, and seemed to have great pleasure in distributing it.

When their young visitors were satisfied with seeing the poultry fed, Mrs. Wilson showed them the henhouse and other conveniences provided for them, to make their lives comfortable; she then opened a little door which led to a meadow, where the fowls were often allowed to ramble and refresh themselves. On seeing her approach this place, the whole party collected, and ran into the meadow, like a troop of schoolboys into their playground.

“You, Mrs. Wilson, and your daughter, must have great amusement with these pretty creatures,” said Mrs. Benson. “We have indeed, madam,” said she, and they furnish us with eggs and chickens, not only for our own use, but for the market also.”

“And can you prevail on yourself to kill these, sweet creatures?” said Harriet. “Indeed, miss, I cannot,” said Mrs. Wilson, “and never did kill a chicken in my life; but it is an easy matter to find