people capable of doing it, and there is an absolute necessity for some of them to die, for they breed so fast that in a short time we should have more than we could possibly feed. But I make it a rule to render their lives as happy as possible; I never shut them up to fatten any longer than I can help, use no cruel methods of cramming them, nor do I confine them in a situation where they can see other fowls at liberty; neither do I take the chickens from the hen till she herself deserts them, nor set hens upon ducks' eggs."

"I often regret," said Mrs. Benson, "that so many lives should be sacrificed to preserve ours; but we must eat animals, or they would at length eat us—at least, all that would otherwise support us."

While this conversation passed, Frederick had followed the fowls into the meadow, where the turkey-cock, taking him for an enemy, had attacked him, and frightened him so much that he at first cried out for help, but soon recollected that this was cowardly; so he pulled off his hat, and drove the creature away before Betsy Wilson arrived, who was running to his assistance.