

The Union and Eastern Journal.

"ETERNAL HOSTILITY TO EVERY FORM OF OPPRESSION OVER THE MIND OR BODY OF MAN."—JEFFERSON.

LOUIS O. COWAN, Editor and Proprietor.

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Poetry.

I'M GROWING OLD.

The following beautiful stanzas first appeared in the Andover Advertiser, and were written, as we happen to know, by a lady of New York city. However it may be with the frail physical frame, the heart, we are sure, that glushes out in these lines can never "grow old":

I'm growing old—'tis surely so;
And yet how short it seems,
Since I was but a sportive child,
Enjoying childish sports!
I cannot see the change that comes
With such an even pace;
I mark not when the wrinkles fall
Upon my fading face.
I know I'm old, and yet my heart
Is just as young and gay,
As ever was before my locks
Of bright brown turned to gray.
I know these eyes, and yet my eyes
Look not so bright and glad,
As once they looked; and yet 'tis true
Because my heart's more sad.
I never watched with purer joy
The floating clouds in azure skies,
While gossamer tints of sunset
These old and fading eyes.And when I mark the cheek, where once
The bright rose used to glow,
It grieves me not to see it faded,
The bloom around my brow.
I've seen the flower grow old and pale,
And withered more than I;
I've seen it lose its every charm,
Then drop away and die.
And then I've seen it rise again,
Bright as the budding rose,
And young and pure and beautiful—
And felt that so shall I.
Then what if I am growing old—
My heart is unchanged still,
And God has given me strength
To love him and my fellow.
I have to see the sun go down,
And see the stars appear,
Along the ground, while over my head
The clouds in crimson glow.
I see, beyond those gorgeous clouds,
A country bright and fair,
Which needs no sun, and God and Lamb
Its light and beauty are.
I seem to hear the wondrous song
Redeemed sinners sing,
And my heart leaps to join the throng
To praise the Heavenly King.
I seem to see three cherub boys,
As hand in hand they glow,
With golden curls and snowy wings,
Whose eyes with rapture glow.
When I was young I called them angels—
Now Heaven's sweet ones are they;
But I shall have my own again,
When I am called away.
Perhaps when heaven's bright gate I've passed,
They'll know from every clod,
The one who gave them back to God,
And haste to call me mother.
Oh! I am glad I'm growing old!
For every day I live
Shall bring me one day nearer that
Bright day that has no end.

Agricultural.

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

Agricultural Hints.—Stick to your farm, it is a text preached from very often and sometimes to very little purpose. It is generally admitted that a man will scarcely ever succeed fully—that is to say, profitably develop all his powers—in a pursuit for which, however and physically, he has a rooted aversion; and on the contrary, that only in the man likely to attain the maximum of success and happiness, when he has found that sphere of employment in which he shall be able contentedly to fulfill his duties.

"Stick to your farm," is therefore a piece of advice which may be volunteered to the wrong person—to one, success, whose turn of mind would lead him to a better in some other and more congenial pursuit, and who can regard a farm life only as a disagreeable mode of eking out a livelihood for himself and those dependent upon him.

Such cases are, however, exceptional. Most of the disgust at country life, prevalent among farmers, arises, we take it, from the fact that their occupation is, by a wrong philosophy, made so unnecessarily disagreeable to them, as to force the aspiring spirit to seek for a more congenial life.

Where labor is lavish, drudgery, accomplished only by main strength and stupidity, unaided by the mental ingenuity with which the Creator intended man should make up for lack of more physical strength where relaxation is utter and thoughtless idleness where amusements are coarse and animal rather than intellectual, and refinement is sought after as not belonging properly to the class of the soil—where such a condition of things obtains to any degree greater or less, it is unavoidable that the individual most highly gifted by nature, should turn away resolutely from that state to one more congenial, more elevating and satisfying.

be less lady like, his children as intelligent as those of the city man. On the contrary, in so far as he is his own employer, master of his own time and labor, and, more than all, engaged in a business where there is every room for improvement, ever something to whet up his ingenuity, and keep his mind active, he should be the happiest, that is to say, the most intelligent and easiest circumstanced person in the community.

Not until he attains this condition, and thus feels himself, at the very least, the equal of the most independent city man, will it come to be necessary to say to the aspiring young farmer—"Stick to your farm!"

Cedar Valley Times. When in health swallow only the pulp; when the bowels are constipated and you wish to relax them, swallow the seeds with the pulp, ejecting the seeds; when you wish to check a too relaxed state of the bowels, swallow the pulp with the seeds, ejecting the seeds.

Thus may the grape be used as a medicine, while at the same time it serves as a laxative, unsurpassed by any other fruit. An adult may eat from three to four pounds a day with benefit. It is well to take them with or immediately after your regular meals.

Medical Magazine. Vinegar.—The juice of a bushel of sugar beets, worth twenty-five cents, which any farmer can raise with little cost, will make from five to six gallons of vinegar, equal to the best elder wine. First wash and grate the beets, and express the juice in a cheese press, or in any other way which a little ingenuity can suggest, and put the liquor into a barrel, cover the bung with gauze, and set it in the sun, and in fifteen or twenty days it will be fit for use. By this method the very best of vinegar may be obtained without any trouble, and I hope all who like good vinegar will try it.—Ohio Valley Farmer.

Prepare for Winter. Many of our farmers, having secured their wheat, are now engaged in laying in a store of hay for the winter. Let the supply for the coming winter be abundant. With thousands of acres of grass all around us, it is a shame to oblige the half-starved, poverty-stricken cattle and horses to pick a good share of their own living, or else live on the remembrance of what they had eaten in years gone by, as many of them had to do last winter.

Ghastly carcasses of dead animals, protruding from every snow-drift in spring time, are a poor embellishment for such a country as this.

All should provide several tons more of hay than would be required on a liberal allowance to take all their stock in good order through another winter as the last. We should not like to prophesy that the winter will be worse, or even as severe as the last; yet we should not be surprised in the least if it were to be so. The want of hay last spring occasioned severe losses. Now is the time to guard against the recurrence of the calamity. Secure an abundant quantity and provide comfortable shelter for stock. It will pay better than 40 per cent.—Cedar Valley Times.

Autumn Hints.

Each season has its peculiar advantages and beauties. Others may sing the praises of Spring, of its buds and blossoms, of its foliage and flowers; but we love the mellow, golden Autumn. It is the season of joy and gladness. The heart of the farmer is made to rejoice as he gathers the fruits of his toil, and his soul rises in thankfulness to Him who has declared that "seed time and harvest shall not fail."

The autumn is the season for improvement; as the tree is known by its fruit, so the value of all crops must be judged by the produce, and many interesting questions are now to be examined carefully and decided. The Chinese Sugar Cane, about which there has been so much difference of opinion, must now be brought to the test, and syrup or no syrup, will soon be decided. That new variety of potatoes raised from the seed, and which farmer A. thinks will prove superior to most other sorts, has had a fair chance this season, and can now show its merits.

The patch of carrots, the first ever grown, are dug and measured, and some interesting calculations made as to the value of the carrot, as compared with other crops for feeding stock. The turnips, too, sown as suggested by the Rural, where the corn failed, are now showing their large white bulbs above the ground, and these must be measured, to ascertain if next season it will answer to sow turnips more largely, or their culture had better be abandoned. Another crop of wheat, another year's experience with the midges, will enable farmers in the infected districts to decide better whether to continue to grow wheat or for a time to devote their attention and land to other crops. A thousand experiments, tried by the farmers of the country the present season, are brought to an end; much information has been gained, which should be communicated freely, so that all may participate in the benefits to be derived from an increase of knowledge.

One very important means of improvement, the selection of the best seeds for planting, should not be forgotten. As long as it remains true, as a general rule, that "like produces like," so long will the farmer be ineffectual in planting anything but the very best seed that can be produced. Few who have not given special attention to the subject are aware how much depends upon saving or procuring the best seed. Gardeners and florists understand this, and save the earliest and finest vegetables, flowers, &c., with the greatest care; and nothing grieves the grower more so much as the loss by any casualty, of the specimens he had reserved for this purpose. Perhaps we are mistaken, but we have thought that farmers were rather thoughtless on this point.

Visiting each other during the gathering of the crops to note the results of different modes of culture and different varieties of seed, beneficial, and should be practiced as far as circumstances will admit. Exchange of seed may be often made with decided advantage.

The Town and County Fairs afford, perhaps, the best and cheapest means of improvement at this season of the year. Here is brought together the finest stock and grains and fruits, and the farmer can see and compare the products of his neighbors with his own. The owners, too, are generally present to answer such questions and give such information as may be needed. The object of these fairs is or should be, improvement, and not display, and we hope the time is not far distant when one day of each fair will be devoted to the discussion of subjects interesting to farmers. In this way questions might be asked and answered about the various articles exhibit, mode of feeding culture, &c., and much information imparted.—Rural New Yorker.

Now Clear up the Meadows.

Many of our farmers are not able to avail themselves of the use of harvesting machines from the fact that their mowing lands are so full of obstruction in the shape of snags, bushes, stones, logs, etc., that a mowing machine cannot safely traverse them. The same is also true of much wheat land that might otherwise be operated upon with a reaper. The manifest destiny of labor in this country is driving our farmers into the use of these labor-saving implements, and they must get their farms ready for them.

This is not a good season for burning stubs. The weather has been so wet, that fires will not hang. But we cannot say that we should be sorry, for, as a general thing, this burning is a great damage to the land. Last year there were thousands of acres of rich soil, within the circuit of our travels, burned to the very bone, and the accumulated fertility of ages swept off in a day. Fire is a good thing in its place, but you might as well suffer a hungry dog in your sheep pasture, as to let fire eat up the riches of your land.

Miscellaneous.

From an English Magazine.

The Ghost Raiser.

My uncle Beagley, who commenced his century career very early in the present century as a hawker, will tell stories. Among them, he tells his single ghost story so often, that I am heartily tired of it. In self-defense, therefore, I publish it, in order that when the good, kind old gentleman next offers to bore us with it, everybody may say they know it. I remember every word of it:

One fine autumn evening, about forty years ago, I was travelling on horseback from Shrewsbury to Cloucester. I felt tolerably tired, and was beginning to look for some wayside inn, where I might pass the night, when a sudden and violent thunderstorm came on. My horse, terrified by the lightning, fairly took off with me at full gallop through the lanes and cross roads, until at length I managed to pull him up just at the door of a neat-looking country inn. "Well," thought I, "there was wit in your making, old boy, since it brought us to this comfortable refuge." And alighting, I gave him in charge to the stout farmer's boy, who acted as ostler.

The inn kitchen, which was also the guest-room, was large, clean, neat and comfortable, very like the pleasant hostelry described by Frank Watson. There were several travellers already in the room—probably like myself driven there for shelter. I joined the party. Presently, being summoned by the hostess, we all sat down, twelve in number, to a smoking repast of bacon and eggs, corned beef and carrots, and stewed hare.

The conversation naturally turned on the mishaps occasioned by the storm, of which every one seemed to have his full share. One had been thrown off his horse; another, riding in a gig, had been upset into a muddy ditch; all had got a thorough wetting, and agreed unanimously that it was dreadful weather—a regular witches' Sabbath!

"Witches and ghosts prefer for their Sabbath a fine moonlight to such weather as this."

These words were uttered in a solemn tone, and with strange emphasis, by one of the company. He was a tall, dark-looking man, and I had set him down in my mind as a travelling merchant or pedlar. My next neighbor was a gay, well-looking, fashionably dressed young man, who, bursting into a peal of laughter, said:

"You must know the manners and customs of ghosts very well to be able to tell that they dislike getting wet so much."

The first speaker, giving him a dark, fierce look, said: "Young man, speak not so lightly of things above your comprehension."

"Do you mean to imply that there are such things as ghosts?" asked the young man.

"Perhaps there are," replied the other, "if you had the courage to look at them." The young man stood up flushed with anger. But, presently resuming his seat, he said calmly:

sovereign, are more than a poor college sizar ever possessed; but here are five, which, if you are satisfied, I shall be most willing to wager."

The other took up his purse, saying in a contemptuous tone: "Young gentleman, you wish to draw back?"

"I draw back!" exclaimed the student. "Well, if I had fifty guineas, you should see whether I wish to draw back!"

"Here," said I, "are four guineas, which I will stake on your wager."

No sooner had I made this proposition, than the rest of the company, attracted by the singularity of the affair, came forward to lay down their money; and in a minute or two the fifty guineas were subscribed. The merchant appeared so sure of winning that he placed all of the stakes in the student's hands, and prepared for the purpose a small summer-house in the garden, perfectly isolated, and having no means of exit but a window and a door, which we carefully fastened, after placing the young man within. We put writing materials on a small table, and took away the candles. We remained outside with the pedlar amongst us. In a low, solemn voice he began to chant the following lines:

"What riseth slow from the ocean caves,
And the stormy surf
The phantom rule sets his blackened foot
On the fresh green turf?"

Then raising his voice solemnly, he said: "You asked to see your friend Francis Villiers, who was drowned three years ago off the coast of South America: 'What do you see?'"

"I see," replied the student, "a white light rising near the window; but it has no form—it is like an uncertain cloud."

We—the spectators—remained profoundly silent.

"Are you afraid?" asked the merchant, in a loud voice, the student firmly.

"I am not," replied the student firmly. "After a moment's silence, the pedlar stamped three times on the ground, and sang:

"And the phantom whose clay cold face
As in our ear
Dries with his shroud his clinging web
And his sea-tossed hair?"

Once more the solemn question: "You who would see revealed the mysteries of the tomb—what do you see now?"

The student answered in a calm voice, but like that of a man describing things as they pass before him: "I see the cloud taking form of a phantom; its head is covered with a long veil—it stands still!"

"Are you afraid?"

"I am not,"

We looked at each other in horror-stricken silence, while the merchant, raising his arms above his head, chanted in a sepulchral voice:

"And the phantom said, as he rose from the wave,
He shall know me in youth:
I will go to my friend, gay and bold,
As in our ear."

"What do you see?" said he.

"I see the phantom advance," said the student,—"he lifts his veil—'tis Francis Villiers!—he approaches the table—'tis his signature!'"

"Are you afraid?"

A fearful moment of silence ensued; then the student replied in an altered voice:

"I am not."

With stange and frantic gestures the merchant then sang:

"And the phantom said to the mocking seer,
As in our ear
Put thy hand on my head—thy heart on my heart—
Thy mouth on my mouth!"

"What do you see?"

"He comes—he approaches—the pursues me—he is stretching out his arms—he will have me! Help! help! Save me!"

"Are you afraid now?"

A piercing cry, and then a stifled groan, was the only reply to this terrible question.

"Help that rash youth," said the merchant, bitterly. "I have, I think, won the wager; but it is sufficient for me to have given him a lesson. Let him keep the money, and be wiser for the future."

We walked rapidly away. We opened the door of the summer house, and found the student in convulsions. A paper signed with the name of "Francis Villiers" was on the table. As soon as the student's senses were restored, he asked vehemently where was the vile sorcerer who had subjected him to such a horrible ordeal.

He would tell him; but he sought him in vain; the inn had, with the speed of a man, been dashed off across the fields in pursuit of him; and we never saw either of them again. That children is my ghost story!

From the Baltimore Patriot.

Extract from the Diary of a Country Doctor.

Years ago, after being up all night with Mr. Blank, worried, worried, exhausted, rendered excited and nervous by extreme anxiety from the uncertain and desperate nature of his case, I was riding quietly along, when my attention was attracted by a huge spider rapidly crossing the dusty road. Every energy he possessed seemed to be exerted; anxiety and alarm appeared to be depicted, not in his countenance, but in every motion; extreme terror seemed to be the ruling passion of the moment, shown by his occasionally throwing his head back, as if looking to see some terrible enemy approaching, who would annihilate him; his efforts for progression were tremendous—the *via tergo* doubtless possessed of overwhelming power. I stopped. In about five minutes I noticed a *Freemason*, a species of blue wasp, in active pursuit; it would fly ten or twelve inches, then alight, smell the ground, and so pass along, evidently trailing the spider, sometimes missing the trail, then returning or taking the back track, until it arrived at where the spider diverged from the rectangular line. Never bound to follow, or, at least, watched at with the pertinacity this insect followed its prey—all was activity, decision and promptitude; no part of the little insect rested quiet; every member was in a state of motion, heads, wings, feet, &c.

The greatest detention was at the edge of the road, where the spider had fallen into a deep rut, and continued in it for about twelve feet. Here the *Freemason* appeared at fault; repeatedly it flew over the rut, and for a short distance continued in a straight line, but soon returned; for five times was this repeated, reflecting right and left from the bee line but without success; the last time it returned it rested one moment, apparently in reflection; then suddenly darted to the bottom of the rut, and advanced rapidly on the trail. It passed the place where the rut was left by the spider, only a short distance, returned; passed down the side of the rut opposite to that by which the spider had left; immediately flew to the other side, soon fell in with the trail, and energetically followed it, although the pursued often moved in a zig-zag line.

Within fifty yards of the road the victim was overtaken; the spider seemed paralyzed; made not the least resistance, but quietly turned on its back, and never moved a limb. Its pursuer pounced on it with all the rapacity and venom that ever seized its prey, or the anxious, worn-out inebriate clutches the intoxicating bowl.

I stood by unmoved, not feeling inclined to interfere; unexcited by that principle said to be inherent in the bosom of man which urges him to extend his controlling influence where the weak and innocent are in the power of the strong and treacherous, but felt rather gratified that this huge poisonous insect had met a just and righteous doom. Thus, as Sir Walter eloquently says, was abstracted one atom of life from the sum total of spider existence.

This same day I had scarcely passed a mile on my road, after the above tragical affair had ended, when I met with one of the most painful among many painful scenes, I have, in a diversified life had to encounter. My attention was attracted overhead by the cry of *crac-cra-cra*, on looking from whence the cry of distress came, I perceived a medium sized hawk, with a chicken in its talons apparently as weighty as it could carry. The hawk appeared overloaded and nearly exhausted; all his energy seemed to be expended in the effort to keep the chicken in the croch of a large elm tree about eighty yards from the road. I was travelling. From the exhaustion of his capture the chicken seemed the strongest of the two, and I have no doubt that if it had been armed with defensive weapons as effective as its antagonist, that it would have escaped. But this not being the case, the hawk, with a pertinacity unconquerable, kept his talons buried in the breast of the fowl. For ten or fifteen minutes the exertions of the chicken were immense—after this its power appeared spent, and it seemed apparently resigned to its fate. Now commenced the most horrible part of the tragedy.

As the hawk tore the flesh the whole body of its victim quivered, and the cry of anguish reached my ears, *pea—pea—pea*; and I heard a faint, but distinct, *pea—pea—pea*, as if many were in the effort to escape.

My horse went to the foot of the tree, and by shouting, attempted to arrest the horrible banquet;—this was all in vain. I then tried by throwing stones to drive him from his bloody feast; but they were unheeded; they did not reach the monster, for he was too elevated. Unmindful of all I could do, he continued his cruel dissection; all this time the plaintive *pea—pea—pea* resounding in my ears. Oh! how I wished for a gun, but none was obtainable. The case was hopeless! In despair of rendering aid, and many times of extreme emotion I quitted the tree, horrified I mounted my horse and gave him the spur, but still remained in my ears the melancholy cry—*pea—pea—pea*. So strong at first, but gradually weaker and weaker, as limb was torn from limb, until finally it ceased to cry only with the last throes of vitality. I have never in a long life felt so miserable, depressed and unhappy from so inconsiderable and common an occurrence, and even to this time, when remembrance brings back the days of *aud tang syne* the hopeless *pea—pea—pea* of this poor chicken reverberates through my brain, and makes me feel depressed and wretched.

I gave my horse the whip, rode hastily home, got my double barreled mousie and returned. When I arrived I found the bloody feast over, and stayer of the innocent victim sitting on a limb of an adjoining tree, apparently gorged and asleep. I rode near, and at the first fire brought him to the ground with the remains of his prey undigested in his stomach. How I triumphed it would be unchristian to say, in the slaughter of this ferocious bird of prey, whose life is sustained by the destruction of other more useful and innocent animals.

As I bore my prize home, rejoicing in having slain the slayer of the harmless and helpless, the thought suddenly occurred to me by what right had I thus acted. I belonged to the most ferocious of all animals—(when his passions are not properly curbed) *man*—who not only for his own necessities, but often in wanton sport, destroys myriads of useful and innocent beings. This reflection worried, depressed and made me feel as if I had acted unmanly. However, I soon became reassured when it occurred to me that the driver of all good had allowed man the use but not the abuse of all created beings, and the most estimable of all virtues, charity, urges the protection of the weak and helpless by the strong and powerful.

It seemed that this day was not to pass without further adventure. Several hours after I returned home, late in the day, I went to that part of my farm where my people were at work. I seated myself on a knoll overlooking a small marsh, and unconsciously fell into a snooze—when I was suddenly startled half awake by the painful *pea, pea, pea*. At first I thought it was a dream—then again it suddenly occurred to me that it was the ghost of the defunct chicken haunting me for the inefficient effort I had made to save it. However, when I awoke, by listening attentively, I could, at long intervals, just perceive the horrid cry of *pea, pea*, in a sepulchral and very weak voice.

I immediately arose, called one of my men and directed him to examine from whence the sound came. We soon got to the vicinity of the cry, every moment becoming weaker and weaker, and the intervals longer and longer, occasionally seeming as if the suffering animal was struggling, although the sound could still be heard. On account of this part of the marsh—which was comparatively firm—being thickly covered with grass, nothing could be perceived. A stile was obtained and the grass moved off; after which by strict examination, the bill, one eye and part of a nearly full grown chicken, was perceived, the whole body buried, and very slowly the small part above ground disappearing. I immediately seized the head, after removing the earth around the neck, but found I should pull it off without disinterring the fowl. It seemed to be held as if in a vice by some thing. A mattock was sent for and the surrounding earth removed, when lo! and behold, the cause of the catastrophe was soon discovered in an enormous snapping turtle, who had a firm grip on the middle toe of the fowl, and had gradually worked himself deeper and deeper in the swamp until he had nearly entombed the luckless chicken. He seemed belligerent and ferocious at being disturbed in his little work of charity, and kept a determined and cunning hold. He was decapitated, but yet all in vain to make him loose his hold; the jaw had to be luxated before his victim could be relieved. Doubtless he was thus maddened from disappointment, he having intended to luxuriate with all the gusto of an epicure on delicate chicken meat; but as it is hardly proverbially true one, that "there is a mile slip between the cup and the lip" so in this case, instead of being the eater, he was the eaten, for the next day I had for dinner a luscious bowl of turtle soup concocted from his carcass.

From the Baltimore Patriot.

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As the hawk tore the flesh the whole body of its victim quivered, and the cry of anguish reached my ears, *pea—pea—pea*; and I heard a faint, but distinct, *pea—pea—pea*, as if many were in the effort to escape.

My horse went to the foot of the tree, and by shouting, attempted to arrest the horrible banquet;—this was all in vain. I then tried by throwing stones to drive him from his bloody feast; but they were unheeded; they did not reach the monster, for he was too elevated. Unmindful of all I could do, he continued his cruel dissection; all this time the plaintive *pea—pea—pea* resounding in my ears. Oh! how I wished for a gun, but none was obtainable. The case was hopeless! In despair of rendering aid, and many times of extreme emotion I quitted the tree, horrified I mounted my horse and gave him the spur, but still remained in my ears the melancholy cry—*pea—pea—pea*. So strong at first, but gradually weaker and weaker, as limb was torn from limb, until finally it ceased to cry only with the last throes of vitality. I have never in a long life felt so miserable, depressed and unhappy from so inconsiderable and common an occurrence, and even to this time, when remembrance brings back the days of *aud tang syne* the hopeless *pea—pea—pea* of this poor chicken reverberates through my brain, and makes me feel depressed and wretched.

I gave my horse the whip, rode hastily home, got my double barreled mousie and returned. When I arrived I found the bloody feast over, and stayer of the innocent victim sitting on a limb of an adjoining tree, apparently gorged and asleep. I rode near, and at the first fire brought him to the ground with the remains of his prey undigested in his stomach. How I triumphed it would be unchristian to say, in the slaughter of this ferocious bird of prey, whose life is sustained by the destruction of other more useful and innocent animals.

As I bore my prize home, rejoicing in having slain the slayer of the harmless and helpless, the thought suddenly occurred to me by what right had I thus acted. I belonged to the most ferocious of all animals—(when his passions are not properly curbed) *man*—who not only for his own necessities, but often in wanton sport, destroys myriads of useful and innocent beings. This reflection worried, depressed and made me feel as if I had acted unmanly. However, I soon became reassured when it occurred to me that the driver of all good had allowed man the use but not the abuse of all created beings, and the most estimable of all virtues, charity, urges the protection of the weak and helpless by the strong and powerful.

It seemed that this day was not to pass without further adventure. Several hours after I returned home, late in the day, I went to that part of my farm where my people were at work. I seated myself on a knoll overlooking a small marsh, and unconsciously fell into a snooze—when I was suddenly startled half awake by the painful *pea, pea, pea*. At first I thought it was a dream—then again it suddenly occurred to me that it was the ghost of the defunct chicken haunting me for the inefficient effort I had made to save it. However, when I awoke, by listening attentively, I could, at long intervals, just perceive the horrid cry of *pea, pea*, in a sepulchral and very weak voice.

I immediately arose, called one of my men and directed him to examine from whence the sound came. We soon got to the vicinity of the cry, every moment becoming weaker and weaker, and the intervals longer and longer, occasionally seeming as if the suffering animal was struggling, although the sound could still be heard. On account of this part of the marsh—which was comparatively firm—being thickly covered with grass, nothing could be perceived. A stile was obtained and the grass moved off; after which by strict examination, the bill, one eye and part of a nearly full grown chicken, was perceived, the whole body buried, and very slowly the small part above ground disappearing. I immediately seized the head, after removing the earth around the neck, but found I should pull it off without disinterring the fowl. It seemed to be held as if in a vice by some thing. A mattock was sent for and the surrounding earth removed, when lo! and behold, the cause of the catastrophe was soon discovered in an enormous snapping turtle, who had a firm grip on the middle toe of the fowl, and had gradually worked himself deeper and deeper in the swamp until he had nearly entombed the luckless chicken. He seemed belligerent and ferocious at being disturbed in his little work of charity, and kept a determined and cunning hold. He was decapitated, but yet all in vain to make him loose his hold; the jaw had to be luxated before his victim could be relieved. Doubtless he was thus maddened from disappointment, he having intended to luxuriate with all the gusto of an epicure on delicate chicken meat; but as it is hardly proverbially true one, that "there is a mile slip between the cup and the lip" so in this case, instead of being the eater, he was the eaten, for the next day I had for dinner a luscious bowl of turtle soup concocted from his carcass.

This same day I had scarcely passed a mile on my road, after the above tragical affair had ended, when I met with one of the most painful among many painful scenes, I have, in a diversified life had to encounter. My attention was attracted overhead by the cry of *crac-cra-cra*, on looking from whence the cry of distress came, I perceived a medium sized

placement.

John Gilpatrick.
Laco, September 28th, 1837. 41

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