“As I sit there by the swamp-side this warm summery afternoon “,” I hear the crows cawing hoarsely “,” and from time to time see one flying toward the top fo a tall white pine. At length I distinguish a hen-hawk perched on the top. The crow repeatedly stoops toward him “,” now from this side “,” now from that “,” passing near his head each time “,” but he pays not the least attention to it.”

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