

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.



VOLUME 1.

IRONTON OHIO, TUESDAY, APRIL 26, 1853.

NUMBER 16

BENJAMIN F. COZT,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.
Office in the Railroad Depot,
IRONTON, OHIO.

Will be published every Tuesday, for One Dollar per year if paid in advance—One Dollar and Fifty cents if not paid within the first three months.

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ALL MAY BE USEFUL.

We are aware of the unpopularity of advising to pause and consider, in the present age of steam and electricity. With the present mania for "air line railroads," when the saving of an hour's time in a journey that formerly required weeks for its performance, is considered a valuable desideratum, men relish nothing that has not the mark of lightning or the color of gold upon its surface. Each one seems resolved upon turning the extraordinary facilities for communication, and for the transaction of business, to his own pecuniary advantage. The inherent love of immortality that pervades every breast, seems to have been inspired anew, and instead of looking to futurity for its accomplishment, men are grasping the gilded dust as a means of obtaining a preeminence upon which they may be secure from the wreck of matter around. Yet changes in science have not produced corresponding changes in the moral or physical man, and he who has not time for reflection now, will find a point beyond which he will have no time to inculcate and practice those principles to which we are all indebted for our present and future prospects.

Recent developments in electricity, showing the power of mind over mind, go very far to prove the necessity of many rules of action laid down by the great law-giver, for the government of those that would shun vice and practice virtue. "Watch," &c. that in your association with those whose minds are encrossed with erroneous views, you do not yield to that influence of mind upon mind, and acquiesce, or perhaps participate, in acts that will occasion shame or remorse. Here too lies the magic power of eloquence. The public speaker only succeeds in illustrating subjects that from a minute investigation and careful arrangement he is satisfied are true in theory and important in practice. When his imagination becomes vivid, and his utterance free, then is that power exhibited by the manner the discharges from his electric battery take effect upon the audience, and they run from heart to heart, and light up countenance after countenance until the entire assembly seems to partake in a greater or less degree, of the same enthusiasm or deep-toned sentiment that flows from the speaker. And the union of feeling among, and animation of the hearers, will correspond with the orator's convictions of the truth of his assertions. Hence the necessity of a pure and elevated state of mind with all, and especially with those whose positions in community require the development of ideas for the many. It is not in the nature of society that all should be prominent in any one position—on the contrary few can excel in any particular branch—yet all are equally necessary in their appropriate sphere, in proportion as they act for the good of all. The farmer that sows the plow, and the mechanic that rears your dwelling, are more important personages in the great theatre of human action, and deserving of more esteem among men, if they inculcate the maxim that "one is made for all," than the millionaire, if he be controlled by a narrow soul that has imbibed the notion that all things around him should conform to his limited conceptions, and contribute to his sordid desires.

In proportion as a man has the power to be useful the obligations for usefulness increase. So in proportion as he neglects the opportunity, guilt increases. It is the duty of all to love their fellow men, and to endeavor to contribute (by influence and example at least) to their welfare and comfort. Thus he who thinks no one loses but himself if he squanders his time and power, is greatly in error. The influence of each individual mind over his associates is either for good or ill, and that influence in the aggregate is boundless as time, and lasting as eternity.

SALES OF PRO METAL.—We are advised of a sale of **BESS CAKE** (Canal) Iron 50 tons at \$40. 6 mos. Also a small lot of **Missouri Pig**, at \$50 cash. We are advised that this is the second sale of that metal in this market at the same price, which is the highest figure obtained for any metal in this market.—*Pitts. American.*

Parisian Manners.
Mr. Geo. W. Kendall, writing from Paris to the New Orleans Picayune, describes a nocturnal fisticuff, in the following genial manner:
A most ludicrous knock-down and drag-out fight occurred in one of the streets of Paris a few nights since, the particulars of which, if told at full length, would draw a horse laugh from a grave image. In brief, I can say that an employee of one of the public works, while on his way home at a late hour, saw before him, as he supposed, a highwayman, standing ready to attack him. He sang out lustily and roughly, and the other responded in the same tones, a little more defiant if any thing. The employee had nerve, and boldly advanced; the supposed brigand was also game and would not bulge an inch.

Quicker than it takes to tell it, the two men were face to face, and in another instant were clenched and struggling with all their might in a regular rough-and-tumble fight—first one on top, then the other—hitting, biting, gouging, and using each other up with fist and skull. Neither would say "enough"—had they been in possession of other weapons than those which nature provides, both would soon have been eligible candidates for lodgings in the nearest burying-ground. They rolled, and tumbled, and fought until both were finally exhausted; and when at length each gained a standing posture upon the sidewalk, it would seem that each was so much disgusted with the pummeling the other had given him, that they voluntarily turned and ran in different ways as fast as their wearied legs would carry them; it was emphatically a drawn fight, for both were whipped. The next morning, the employee, with his face, nose and eyes bearing the marks of severe pugilistic punishment, went to the first commissary of police and began relating a startling story of a fierce, nocturnal attack which had been made upon him.

While in the middle of his tale, a respectfully dressed woman entered the same police office, and began recounting how her husband, on the night previous, had been waylaid, set upon, and beaten and bruised half out of his life by an audacious robber, naming the same time, the same street, and the same spot precisely as had already been given by the employe as the scene of his terrible struggle with a highwayman; the woman simply added that her husband was so terribly battered that he was not able to appear in person. It is almost unnecessary to add, that on comparing notes, it was ascertained that two honest and worthy citizens, mutually mistaking each other for robbers, had also mutually fallen to and given each other a most terrific thrashing.

The *Gazette des Tribunaux*, from which the account is taken, gives names, dates and all. No punishment was awarded to either, they had settled all this part of the business between themselves.—Could each have gone the next morning and had his daguerreotype taken, and presented it to his antagonist as a correct likeness of himself after the nocturnal encounter, they would have proved interesting souvenirs to frame up in their respective families. The wonder is, that they did not meet each other at the police office.

Another Romance in Real Life.
Our city was the scene of an exciting affair yesterday, the general outlines of which we consider of sufficient public interest to give in detail.
Miss Susan Denin, the handsome and clever young actress, yesterday became Mrs. F. Woodward, having been married rather unexpectedly. It appears that Mr. W., who is a gentleman of Syracuse, in excellent business, and affluent circumstances, has for a year or more been in love with Mrs. Denin. He has followed her from place to place; has written her letter after letter, but has never been able to make her acquaintance, and his letters were never received, it now seems, by the young lady. On Saturday, it is reported, that Miss Denin had some disagreement with her step-father, and guardian. Yesterday morning the friendly relations between them had not been resumed, which young W. tried to turn to his advantage. His father, at his request, called on Miss D.'s guardian, she having finished her 18th year, and proposed the marriage of his son and Miss D., offering, it is said, to give the guardian a large sum, (\$5,000 is named,) for any prospective loss he might sustain. This was refused—young W. then gave a domestic \$50 to carry a note to Miss D., during her guardian's absence. The colored gentleman proved a faithful Ganyemed, and delivered the missive. Miss D. sent for the writer, she had never seen him—he arrived at her room door, when she met him.

"Do you want to marry me—are you in earnest?" was the salutation.
"I do, and will."
"Send for a priest."
The Rev. Mr. Sheldon answered the summons. Mr. Warren and his lady and some other friends were present, and the ceremony was performed.
The party, consisting of the happy couple, the sister Miss Kate Denin, and the governess of the young lady left on the cars last evening for the east. We learn that the new couple will again make this city a visit in about two weeks.

There are divers rumors as to the conduct of her guardian, which we do not deem necessary to publish, if true, and we know nothing of their truth or falsity.—*Buffalo Republic, 20th.*

African Exploration.
Commander Lyxen of the United States Navy—the same indefatigable explorer of the Dead Sea—was sent by the Government upon another tour of exploration. He was at Gambia river, west coast of Africa, about the middle of February, and sailed with orders to command the services of any government vessel which he may fall in with. The object of his mission is to examine the west coast of Africa, to decide upon suitable localities for colonizing our free negroes, and to report upon any scientific observations which he may make.

Those who have read, will not readily forget the graphic descriptions which Commander Lyxen furnished of Palestine—his delicate pencillings of the flowers of the Holy Land—his rich colorings of the landscape, with its rocky eminences, pastoral slopes, and rich vales—his interesting socialities with the Old Sheriff and the wild Arab tribes—his scientific researches amidst the bitumens, rocks, foliage, birds and beasts; now amidst the burning sands of the desert, now upon the sea coast near Beyrout, surrounded by the gazing turbaned crowd, now shooting like an arrow, in his iron boats, down the swelling Jordan—now upon the Sea of Galilee, where a Divine Voice once hushed the storm—and at all times and every where, moving, thinking and acting as an American, honoring his nation, and as a Christian revering the interesting relics of the favored land of Deity.
We hope for an equally interesting record of the localities amidst which he is now roaming. The coasts and valleys of western Africa—where Nature is so luxuriant, that the white man can scarcely live—prodigal, though it has been cursed by the slave barroom for centuries—and the mountains beyond, behind which lies so much of mystery, where perhaps a better civilization exists—will surely form a subject of interest for America, a topic whom so many of the ill-fated descendants of Africa reside. No one could better depict these scenes than Lyxen. We regret, for the sake of science and humanity, that Congress did not make a liberal appropriation for this object at the late session.

GROWLERS.
There is a class of men in every community, who go about with vinegar faces because somebody feels above them, or because they are not appreciated as they should be, and who have a constant quarrel with their destiny. These men usually have made a very grave mistake in the estimate of their abilities, or are unmitigated asses. Wherever this fault-finding with one's condition or position occurs, there is always a want of self-respect. If people despise you, do not tell it all over town. If you are smart, show it.—Do something, and keep doing. If you are a right-down clever fellow, wash the worm wood off your face, and show your good will by your good deeds.—Then if people feel above you, go straight off and feel above them. If they turn up their noses because you are a mechanic, or a farmer, or a shopboy, turn yours up a notch higher. If they swell when they pass you in the street, swell yourself, and it that does not fetch them, conclude very good naturedly that they are unworthy your acquaintance, and pity them for missing such a capital chance of getting into good society.
Society never estimates a man at what he imagines himself to be. He must show himself possessed of self-respect independent energy to will and to do, and a good sound heart. These qualities and possessions will put him through.—Who blames a man for feeling above those who are mean enough to go round like babies, telling how people abuse them, and whimpering because society will not take them by the collar and drag them into decency. We are tolerably humble in our way, but we do feel above such folks, and respectfully request them not to speak to us.

THE WHEAT CROP.—The wheat fields in Cecil county, Md., are said to be looking very well, though the severe frosts of last winter were very unfavorable to a good crop, much of the wheat being winter-killed.

Dr. Kane's Arctic Expedition.
Dr. E. K. Kane, having just completed his arrangements, and received his final instructions from the Navy Department, expects to sail for the Arctic Ocean again on or before the first of May, in search of Sir John Franklin, and his company of long lost navigators.
The enterprise in which this intrepid officer and his gallant band have engaged with such soul-full ardor, commands itself with especial interest to every American heart; and so statement of their hopes and plans, or the provision for their own comfort and the safety, (if there can be comfort and safety in any degree on such an occasion,) no matter how detailed, can fail to be read with surprising interest. The name and fame of the great navigator, whose fate is now sealed up in the icy confines of the far north; the touching and eloquent efforts and sacrifices made and endured—nay, sought by his noble wife, who, with woman's heart still hopes against hope, that he may yet again be restored to her, and the quite recent Grinnell Expedition which shed so much honor upon its projector, and those who carried out his benevolent designs, have all contributed to make the history of Sir John Franklin as familiar as a household word; but the dreadful doubt still impends, and only adds hourly interest in the least point of any project for its solution.

Dr. Kane is expected to proceed at once to the head waters of the Baffin's bay, taking on his way several dog teams from various points on the Coast of Greenland. It is also in anticipation to secure the services of several Esquimaux, the friendly offices of the Danish Government at Copenhagen having been obtained for that purpose.
Upon reaching the ultima Thule of Navigation, a sort of "forlorn hope" of not more than twelve men will leave the brig, take two sledges drawn by the dog teams, and continue their journey over the great frozen ocean, pursuing a due Northern line, in search of the mysterious water the open Polar Sea. The sledges, in addition to their scanty cargo of food, will carry an iron rubber boat, spread upon brest or wicker work—a valuable suggestion by Mr. Bennett, the agent of the Stanton life boats. Dogs will be used freely to carry out depots of food for the little party. Once reaching the Polar Sea, if they should be so fortunate as to find such water this side of dreamland, the search for Sir John Franklin will be guided by the terms of his instructions from the British Admiralty, and be pursued until his book of fate is unsealed or the ashes of hope shall have become the blackness of despair.

Dr. K. has been strongly urged to attempt the solution of some vexed questions of geography in relation to the continuity of Greenland; but he regards it incumbent upon himself to confine his efforts to the great object of search.—*N. Y. Times.*

Highway of the Ocean.
An article in Chamber's Journal entitled "Steam around the Cape," contains the following explanatory remarks:
Persons who do not pay special attention to nautical matters are likely enough to suppose that considering the large number of vessels at sea the surface of the great ocean must be dotted over in every part with the sails of the countless fleet. This, however, is not the case; the ocean, like the land has its frequented highways, and its wide regions of loneliness. If an observer, furnished with a forty Herschel telescope power of vision could be elevated to a height great enough to give him a view of the whole Atlantic, he would be struck with beholding hundreds of vessels following each other upon certain lines in a very irregular course, while over a very large portion of the surface not a sail would be visible.

Thus he would see the ships which leave this country for the Cape or India pursue at the first a south westerly course until they reached the neighborhood of Madeira, then keep more directly to the south, at a safe distance from the African coast, until they crossed the line; then stretch away again to the south west in the direction of South America, till they gain the zone of westerly winds and finally making a rather sharp turn into these winds, go bowling along before them to the eastward till they arrive at the Cape, or else, if so directed, pass to the southward of it.
On the return voyage a similarly circuitous route is pursued, although the courses are to some extent reversed, the widest circuit or deviation from the direct line being made in the northern instead of the southern hemisphere. In the extensive spaces on either side of these frequented tracks few vessels will be seen.

Here and there an African trader might occasionally be perceived dodging from port to port; or a slaver scudding swiftly across the ocean—perhaps with a royal cruiser following steadily upon her track like a fierce bloodhound in pursuit.

Discovery of a Cave.
Several weeks since Mr Wm Dilworth discovered in the woods, on the farm on which he resides in Pocahontas township, a cave, quite mysteriously situated. He was out in the woods for the purpose of pointing out certain timber which he wished to have cut down, when his dog attracted his attention to an apparently singular hole in the ground, which, on examination proved to be a cave of recent construction.

The cave was excavated in the side of the hill, about six feet square, and of sufficient height to permit a man to stand in it erect. The earth thrown out from the cave was carefully covered with leaves, as if not to betray the underground retreat. It was entered by a trap door from the top, the door of which was carefully constructed and securely hung with strap hinges, and when shut was even with the surface of the ground. This door was covered with leaves. In the front of the cave there was a small aperture, as if intended to admit the light.
There was nothing found in the cave but an ordinary coverlet, which was quite damp from the moisture of the ground. The cave was located in the midst of a very large tract of woodland, and remote from any dwelling or public road. To whom does this mysterious dwelling belong? Was it intended for the residence of some hermit, who wished to absent himself from society, or did it belong to some band of plunderers who wished to secrete their stolen booty in this place? Most likely the latter. The boards from which the door is constructed, and the hinges, we learn are identified as belonging to persons in that vicinity, from whom they had been stolen. A pick, shovel and other tools have been found in the vicinity of the cave, which also belong to people in the neighborhood, and were doubtless stolen to be used in digging out the earth.—*Westchester Record.*

THE VATICAN.
This word is often used, but there are many who do not understand its import. The term refers to a collection of buildings on one of the seven hills of Rome, which cover a space of 1200 feet in length, and 1000 in breadth. It is built on the spot once occupied by the garden of the cruel Nero.

It owes its origin to the Bishop of Rome who in the early part of the sixth century, erected a humble residence on its site. About the year 1150, Pope Eugene rebuilt on a magnificent scale. Innocent II. King of Aragon, in 1305, Clement V. at the instigation of the King of France, removed the Papal See from Rome to Avignon, when the Vatican remained in a condition of obscurity and neglect for more than seventy years. But soon after the return of the Pontifical Court to Rome, an event which had been so earnestly prayed for by the poor Petrearch, and which finally took place in 1376, the Vatican was put into a state of repair, again enlarged, and it was thence forward considered as the regular Palace and residence of the Popes, who one after another added fresh buildings to it, and gradually enriched with antiquities, statues, pictures, and books, until it became the richest depository in the world.

The library of the Vatican was commenced 1400 years ago. It contains 40,000 manuscripts, amongst which are some by Pliny, St. Thomas, St. Charles Borromeo, and many Hebrew, Syriac, Arabian, and Armenian Bibles.
The whole of the immense buildings composing the Vatican are filled with statues, found beneath the ruins of ancient Rome, with paintings by the masters, and with curious medals and antiquities of almost every description.—When it is known that there have been exhumed more than 70,000 statues from the ruined temples and palaces of Rome the reader can form some idea of the Vatican.
The Vatican will ever be held in veneration by the student, the artist, and the scholar. Rafael and Michael Angelo are entombed there, and their thrones will be as enlurable as the love of beauty and genius in the hearts of the worshippers.

DENTISTRY IN FRANCE.
A Paris letter in the New York Express says:
"You have quack dentists in New York" of course we have seen them in Paris, but I doubt whether you can boast of such a tremendous operator as M. Duchesne, to whom I have already alluded in your columns. The gentleman rides about town in a highly illuminated wagon, with a roof to it. Upon the roof is a man dressed in the costume of the middle ages, and armed with a

pair of cymbals and a bass drum. The dentist stands in front, with a helmet and feather, and surrounded with the instruments of his profession. He stops in some frequented place, collects a crowd by means of the cymbal, and then invites the afflicted to apply at once for extraction and relief.

A notice on the wagon reads thus: "5,000fr. if I miss a tooth." This is surrounded by a halo of double teeth, the roots of which are painted to resemble parsnips, and out of whose centers grow a plentiful crop of ladies' delights. As I long since accustomed myself to be surprised at nothing, I am never astonished to see a line formed by the victims of the tooth-ache taking their turn at having the rebellious nerve eradicated. This line sometimes extends twice around the wagon. Each sufferer pays a franc and leaves the tooth behind him.

I had always supposed that it required as much reflection to have a tooth out, as to jump into Vesuvius. But the French do not think so. A maid servant passes M. Duchesne's equipage, remembers a sore spot in her jaw, feels for a franc and joins the tail end of the line. Each applicant mounts the seat with M. Duchesne, who demands the coin before proceeding. The head is then inclined backwards, the mouth opened, the tweezers inserted and the tooth snatched from its gory bed. It is held up in the air an instant for the admiration of the multitude, and at each extraction the drum gives a bang of triumph.

Anecdote.
Old mother Bender was pious, but poor. In the midst of her extreme want, her trust and confidence was in God. It was late one chilly night in the autumn of the year, that two rather wild young men were passing near her little cottage on their way home. One of them had under his arms some loaves of bread, which he had procured at the village store. A faint light flickered from mother Bender's casement. Said the one who had the loaves, to his companion, "Let us have some fun with the old woman."
"Agreed," said the other.

They approached the window, saw the old lady upon her knees by the hearth, where a few embers were smouldering in the ashes. She was engaged in prayer. They listened, and heard her offering earnest petitions for bread. She was entirely destitute of food. In furtherance of their fun, one of them with the loaves climbed softly up to the roof of the cottage, and dropping one loaf after the other down the chimney.—As they rolled out upon the hearth they caught the old lady's eye, and in the fullness of her heart she exclaimed, "Thank the Lord—bless the Lord for his bounty." "But the Lord didn't send them," shouted a voice down the chimney. "Yes he did she cried undaunted, the Lord sent them, but the Devil brought them.

The Bath of Montezuma.
The Mexicans show the traveller a circular excavation in solid porphyry, which they call the bath of Montezuma. They seem to be ignorant of its true history. It was constructed by the king Nezahualcoyotl, whose reign was one of the most eventful in the annals of the Aztecs.
According to Prescott, Nezahualcoyotl made his capital the Athens of the Western World. The Tezcuacan monarch himself entered the field of literary competition as a poet, and specimens of his works preserved by his descendants, evince signal ability. But his time was not wholly given to the labors of the study and cabinet. The camp received an equal share of his attention. He led the armies of the allied nations of Tezcuco, Mexico and Tacopan in their annual expeditions, and enlarged his realm and resources. The captives taken in war were employed upon the public works, and the immense royal palace and the villas of the king. These latter were embellished with all that could make a rural retreat delightful, and some remains of their magnificence are still extant, among which an excavation of the solid porphyry is shown by the ignorant people as the Bath of Montezuma. Nezahualcoyotl died about 1470 after a reign of fifty years.—*Family Friend.*

JENNY LIND.
The N. Y. Express states that it has assurances from those who have good opportunity to know, that "Jenny Lind does intend appearing again in opera; that she is a great admirer of America, and may possibly visit it again, but has not determined when; and, finally, that her relations with her husband are the very opposite of newspaper rumor—an unpleasant word never having been exchanged between them since their marriage." This is described as coming directly from Madame herself, in a letter to a friend.

Bite of the Battlesnake.
A young lady 17 years of age, was recently cured after having been bitten by one of the deadly reptiles of the south by whiskey treatment. Dr. THOMAS A. ARNIMSON, who described the case in a long letter to the *Southern Medical Journal*, arrived at the patient's residence two hours and a half after she had been bitten.

He found the young lady almost moribund pulse wavy and scarcely perceptible, face swollen with a besotted expression, and mind wandering; the pupils of her eyes were dilated and she was unable to see, declaring that the room was dark though such was not the case.

She fancied it was not raining hard but the night was calm and clear.
The bite was upon the instep of the left foot, where two small punctures were very perceptible.
The remedy he gave was whiskey; half a wine glass full the first dose which was swallowed with remarkable avidity. The patient was placed in a hot saline bath, where the wound had been cupped and scarified, and twenty grains of carbonate of ammonia administered. This was immediately thrown up and with it the contents of the stomach, which were colored a bright green. A common sized glass full of whiskey was now given, and the patient begged eagerly for more. A glass of whiskey and twenty grains of carbonate of ammonia were then given alternately every half hour, until three pints of the former and eighty grains of the latter had been given. No system of intoxication followed.

The lady recovered under this treatment, and it is a remarkable fact that the whooping cough from which she had been suffering, was completely cured by the shock given to the system.

Verdict against the Pen. Railroad Co.
In the case of Beano Mathews vs. Pa. Railroad Co., the jury yesterday, returned a verdict for \$3,500 damages.

We give the following statement of the case from the Union of yesterday, by which every reader will see that no more than justice has been meted to either party. We recollect the occurrence, which gave rise at the time to much public speculation and if we remember right there were more and severer sufferers than the present plaintiff.

Action on the case, in which the plaintiff alleges that, in December, 1851, whilst crossing the mountains, as also at Beatty's Station, as a passenger in the Emigrant Line, he was, by the want of care, and negligence of the agents of the company, in not providing fuel and fire in the cars and for want of other accommodations, frozen in his feet, and was obliged to stop at Pittsburgh for four weeks before he was able to proceed.

It was shown that the train of cars was left standing on the road, at one place, for 22 hours, without any supply of fuel, except what the passengers gathered for themselves; and that at Beatty's station they were put in rough warehouses, with scanty accommodations. From that point, they were conveyed to Pittsburgh in common road wagons. It was shown that the weather was intensely cold, and that many of the passengers were obliged to walk.

The Court left it to the jury to say whether or not, from all the evidence, there was neglect or want of care and diligence on the part of the agents of the company, leading to the injury; and if so, that the defendant was liable in damages. The company is responsible for the negligence of its agent and ought to be held strictly to that responsibility. It is the duty of that corporation to see that the officers or agents are capable, careful, prudent and human e, that the preservation of life and property demands this. If there was any gross negligence on the part of the plaintiff, contributing to the injury, and the jury were clearly satisfied of the fact, the plaintiff could not recover. But in determining this lost point they must examine carefully all the facts of the plaintiff's situation—his position, capacity knowledge or ignorance of the country, language, &c.

Jury went out with instruction to bring in a sealed verdict. Shaler and Umbetter for plaintiff, Ross and Snowden for defendants.

SLANDER.—In Poland, the laws against slander were very severe in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The person who was convicted of propagating an unfounded tale of slander, militating against the character of an honest individual, was forthwith sentenced to place himself publicly under a table in the attitude of a dog—there to bark three several times, and between every barking to declare aloud that "he had lied like a dog."
What an intolerable how-moaning would be kept up in certain countries, if such a law were to be in force among ourselves!