COLUMBIA HERALD.

BY HORSLEY BROS. & FIGUERS. COLUMBIA, TENN., FRIDAY, JULY 4, 1873. VOL. XVIII. NO. 51.

LAWYERS.

A. M. HUGHES, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Columbia, Tennessee. Will attend all courts to be holden for Maury and adjoining counties. Office, Whitthorne Block. feb24-71.

CHARLES CLEAR, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Columbia, Tennessee. Special attention given to the collection of claims.

G. P. FRIERSON, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Columbia, Tennessee. Will practice in the several courts of Maury and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme and Federal courts at Nashville. Prompt attention given to collections. Office in Lawyer's Block, West Market street, same formerly occupied by Frierson & Fleming. ja1-72

HILL & FIGUERS, Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Chancery, Columbia, Tennessee. Will practice in the courts of Maury and adjoining counties. Office in the Whitthorne Block. mch15-71

J. T. L. COCHRAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, And General Collecting Agent, Columbia, Tennessee.

JOHN V. WRIGHT.........W. J. WEBSTER.
WRIGHT & WEBSTER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Columbia, Tennessee.

WM. H. TIMMONS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Columbia, Tennessee. Special attention given to all business entrusted to him. mar-20-1y

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W. M. EDWARDS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Dallas, Texas. Will practice in the courts of Dallas and the adjoining counties. fe14-1y

R. P. & Z. M. CYPERT, Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Chancery, Waynesboro, Tennessee. Will practice in the counties of Hardin, Wayne, Lawrence, Lewis, Perry, and Decatur, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts at Nashville. Particular attention given to the collection of claims. They also prosecute claims for pensions, patents, and bounty lands, before the departments at Washington. fe14-73-1y

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THE LEGEND.

"What build ye here?" The voice was soft and low,
Yet in all the noise of toil was drowned;
And every laborer stayed his work to know
Whence came the thrilling sweetness of the sound.

A lowly passer-by, with aspect meek,
Their souls, they know not why with awe so filled,
They were at first bereft of power to speak;
Then, with uncovered heads and tumult stilled,
Said pausing in the busy path they trod,
"We build a temple to the Eternal God."

"Why," spake the voice again, "your labor lose?
This God, whose breath the universe doth sway,
Who worlds on worlds doth in his service use,
Whose powers supreme both Heaven and hell obey,
No fragile earth-built resting place demands,
God dwelleth not in temples made with hands."

In silence every listener bowed his head;
But soon their leader, chosen and beloved,
With humble boldness answered in their stead,
As if some power divine his spirit moved,

"Not with our hands alone this house we rear,
Of substance frail, to crumble back to dust,
Our God-given treasures all we lavish here;
Our love, our self-denial, hope and trust,
The heart's best purpose, brightest, holiest thought,
Through all this sacred structure are inwrought.

"Its corner-stone repentance, faith sublime,
And hope that taketh hold within the veil,
Safe anchorage amid the shocks of time,
A sure foundation that can never fail;
Walls reared with patient self-forgetting care,
And every stone cemented with a prayer.

"High over all the work its spire shall rise,
Hope, pointing to its home above the skies;
Love, yearning every son of man to bless,
While journeying through this tangled wilderness,
Healing all wounds with balm of Jesus' blood,
And leading wanderers to the Lamb of God.
He whom we trust, though faith be sometimes dim,
Will help us rear those sacred walls to him."

A Heavenly light shines from that visage marred!
With hands outstretched, which seemed as if deep-scarred,
He speaks, while prostrate at His feet they lie;
"If thus ye build, your work shall never die;
This house my benediction shall receive,
The triune presence here forever live.
No labor for my sake shall e'er be lost
Where dwell the Father, Son and Holy Ghost."
This said, He passed in glory from their side;
They looked once more, and knew the crucified.

A LEGAND OF THE RHINE.

Richard Cœur-De-Lion, or Castle Triefels.

The beautiful river Rhine, in some of its windings, is not unlike that portion of our Hudson which flows through the Highlands. But it differs vastly from the latter, in that the grand old hills and immense rocks lying on either side are covered with ruins of what were once massive towers, castles and strongholds. These frowning battlements, pearched upon jagged rocks and steep mountain passes, were the homes of the warlike knights and barons of olden time, whose lives seemed spent in warring against each other. To all these ancient ruins throughout Germany, as well as on the Rhine, are attached some story or romance woven from history and tradition. A charming German author has gathered into a little volume many of these legends. One of the legends is connected with Richard I., king of England, called Richard "Cœur-de-Lion," because of his indomitable courage and bravery.

Richard was born in Oxford, and in 1180 succeeded his father, Henry II. It is said that his haughty spirit and unbending will hastened the death of the old king. Partly for remorse for past misconduct, partly from martial taste, which early in life distinguished him, soon after his accession to the throne he leagued with Philip of France for a second crusade in Palestine against the famous Saladin, emperor of Egypt and Syria. Saladin had wrested Jerusalem from the hands of the Christian knight, Reginald de Chatillion, and slain many of his followers. News of this disaster reaching England. Richard determined to regain possession of the holy city. The key to Syria was the fortress St Jean-D'Acre, which endured a siege of two years before yielding to the combined forces of England and France. However, before the lion-hearted monarch had time to take personal possession of Jerusalem, news reached him of war at home. He concluded a truce with Saladin, and quickly embarked to quell the revolt in his own kingdom. On the coast of Italy he was shipwrecked. Nothing daunted by this new misfortune, he disguised himself as a pilgrim, hoping to pass through Germany unseen. By some means, however, he became known to Leopold, duke of Austria, who, to gratify a personal prejudice, caused him to be arrested and secretly imprisoned. The fame of this great monarch has been spread far and near by pilgrims to the Holy Land; by the songs of troubadours, and the plaudits of those who had fought under him. His own knights worshiped him, and a number of them banded together, determined, if he was still living, to find his hiding-place and deliver him.

On a lovely summer morning, a troop of horsemen were passing through the country, in which lay a portion of the Hartz mountains. Three noble-looking men rode forward, evidently the leaders of the troop which followed. The middle horseman was dressed as a minstrel, and on his face was an expression of deep pain and anxiety. Suddenly he stopped his horse, to catch the notes of a shepherd singing in the far-off field. No sooner was the song finished, than he dashed toward the astonished singer.

"My boy, sing that again? See, I have gold for you!"

"'Tis a song I love!" said the boy, as he took the gold and re-commenced his music.

"Now, tell me, lad," said the minstrel, "who taught you that song."

"I dare not tell!" replied the boy, as he glanced with suspicion at the knight.

"Ay! But you must tell me! No harm shall come to you! See, here is more gold for you."

"I have heard it sung in the castle of Triefels, near which I often feed my sheep."

"Oh, God!" exclaimed the minstrel, bursting into tears, as he knelt on the ground, "How wounderous are thy ways!"

His companions approached him with amazement, to hear him exclaim: "We have found him! On to Triefels!"

After the excitement of their supposed discovery had somewhat abated, they decided, first, to get a view of the fortress, and then mature their plans for getting within it. The shepherd boy, who was to guide them thither, told them no strangers were allowed to cross the draw-bridge; and the keeper was imperious and unsociable. Soon the towers of Triefels glittered in the sun, and after a careful survey of its surroundings, they moved away for further deliberation.

"My friends," said the knight, "in my minstrel's dress, I must try alone to gain admission to the castle. Meantime this boy will find you lodgings in the hamlet below. If our noble king is imprisoned here, we must release him." Thus saying, and with one servant to bear his shield and harp, he rode to the bridge and demanded food and shelter for himself and servant. After much parley, he was received; but very ungraciously. However, within these dreary walls he found a beautiful woman, the keeper's neice, whose smile was like the warm sunlight of a winter's day.

After dinner, the minstrels sung to the drowsy uncle and the charming niece. As the former, after a while, seemed to sleep soundly, the knight began:—

"You seem to love music, fair lady! But surely you do not often hear it in this lonely castle."

"No! only myself and one poor prisoner sing."

"A prisoner?"

"Yes! and he must be of a gentle birth! But I dare not say more lest my uncle wake. He will be angry if I talk of him."

"Tell me one thing dear madame, can I hear the song of this one, who sings for freedom?"

"Yes, if you listen to-night! his melancholy brings the tears to my eyes often enough!"

Just now, the old keeper awoke, and, giving orders to lead the stranger to his apartment, he himself went out. When out knight entered his chamber, he went to the window, and vainly strove, through the deepening twilight to find the tower in which he supposed his dear king to be. Soon, a melancholy voice was heard singing these words:—

"The golden stars wander over hill and valley, messengers of my longings and my griefs. In this gloomy prison, I pass my life and can only confide my woes to Heaven."

"Oh! my king?" sobbed the knight as a pale face appeared at a tower window. "How can I tell you how near your friends are?"

"The harp!" he cried suddenly, and snatching it up, with trembling fingers, he played a romance, which he had once composed for the king.

No sooner had he finished a few bars, than the voice in the towers caught up the air and finished it. "Blondel?" exclaimed the king. For answer the minstrel again seized his harp and sang:

"Oh! Richard, oh! my King?
The world abandons thee
And no one now is seeking
Thy deliverence, but me.
I'll save thy precious person,
I will break thy cruel chain,
I pledge myself in song
Thy freedom to regain."

Blondel spent the night in laying plans for the deliverance of Richard. he resolved to gain admittance into the castle for his followers, through his friendship for the lovely girl, who had already made an impression on his heart.

Within a day or two the newly elected emperor was to be crowned at Frankfort. On the evening of the coronation, he directed the landlord of the little inn, near Triefels, to give to the garrison of the castle a banquet, that with proper ceremony they might drink to the health of the new monarch. Meanwhile, one by one, his own trusty knights stole, through the twilight, to the woods behind the castle.

At a late hour of the evening, the little side-gate of the fortress opened, as the young maiden cautiously stole out to meet Blondel.

Then for the first time he unfolded to her the real object of his meeting with her, entreating her to fly back to England with the king (whom he was about to liberate) and himself; assuring her that every token of love and gratitude should be shown her if she would yield to his wish.

With a cry of astonishment and pain, she exclaimed, "Oh! traitor? oh woe! my poor uncle!" As she turned to fly within the castle walls, the followers of Blondel, who, in the darkness, had approached unperceived, flocked about her, and made their way to the castellan's room, where the tower keys were kept. The few defenders of the fortress who were not at the village feast were soon overpowered; the old keeper was powerless to do aught, but he cried out as the liberated Richard stood before him: "Against this deed, contrary to the law of nations, I protest; and swear that you shall not leave Germany in safety!" The poor maiden threw herself upon her knees, and accused herself of this terrible disaster.

Meanwhile, the report of the attack upon the castle had reached the inn and the warriors came back in hot haste, to find themselves barred outside the walls, with a threat that if they did not disberse the castellan should lose his head and the castle be destroyed.

Blondel and the king argued the maiden to return with them to England, but she could not forgive the man who had used her heart for an act of treason.

Blondel left her, but not till she had accepted a ring and chain of gold in token of his eternal remembrance of her love and service toward him.

We do not propose to follow the fortunes of Cœus-de-Lion, after his escape from Triefels; but to tell our reader what tradition says of the minstrel Blonden and the unhappy maiden.

Many, many years after the events which we have described, and on another summer day, a gray-haired cavalier rode over the same mountain-pass, where the king had been sought and found.

"Here," murmured he, "Here have I felt in days gone by the highest bliss and the deepest woe of my life!" Slowly he rode on till he had reached the little inn.

As he looked into the face of the landlord he discovered the features of the young shepherd boy. With an almost tender interest the two (one of whom was Blondel) talked of the past.

In tears, the now old minstrel learnt the sad fate of the castellan and his neice. He was killed by some hidden band soon after the flight of Richard was discovered. The broken-hearted maiden entered a convent near Baden, where henceforth her life and history were lost to the world.

None can visit this ancient ruin of Triefels without a melancholy interest as they recall the dreary prison-life of the great King Richard; the touching romance of the minstrel knight, Blondel, and the lovely, loving maiden over whose story centuries have rolled.

—An alligator is rather smart about some things. He knows as much about strategy as a major general of militia. He will poise himself on a log, open his his mouth wide by elevating his upper jaw, and remain perfectly quiet. In a short time his mouth will fill with musketoes and flies, when down will come his jaw, taking every musketo and fly prisoner. He swallers them, licks his chop, and elevates his jaw to catch another floor full. This dish is regarded by the alligator as the most delicious that the country affords.

—A German mother who brought her daughter over from the old country to marry her to a Louisville grocer, though the girl tearfully entreated permission to stay and comfort a lover in the Belgian horse guards, had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing the young woman go into arsenic convulsions, the other night. But she is a determined woman, and will at once set out for another daughter, for she hates that Louisville grocer and is bound to be his mother-in-law if it costs a whole family of girls.

—This story illustrates the strictness with which the Cunard line of steamers is managed. The captain of one of their New York ships, having lately married, asked leave to take his wife with him on one voyage. This was granted, but, on going to take command when the ship was ready for sea, he found one of his brother captains on board, from whom he learned that, though the company had no objection to his taking his wife to America, they were not willing to trust him with the ship, too.

—Two London swells recently had a quarrel about a bet, and, after a challenge had been given and accepted a difficulty arose about the choice of weapons. They referred it to Guy Livingstone, the author, who decided that they should meet in the middle of Piccadilly with horse-whips and belabor each other till one cried enough. This plan was insisted on, and the combat actually came off in that manner, resulting in the speedy satisfaction of one of the parties.

—Mr. Henderstart of Harper's Ferry, Va., has a nice mountain, suitable for the propagation of rattlesnakes and picnics, which he is anxious to trade off for a kicking shot-gun, as his wife is anxious to go west, where she can go hunting on the prairies.

THE TEXAS FEVER.

Written by One Who Had It Bad.

DIXON, KY., April, 1873.

This communication is intended for the benefit of such of your readers as are suffering under the weight of that romantic and contageous malady, "Texas fever," from whose intoxicating effects, I am happy to say, I have fully recovered.

I contracted the disease at this place, about ten weeks ago, from railroad newspaper puffs, letters, etc., from "the land of cotton and wine." I felt that I was urgently solicited, and was compelled to go. So with Messrs. J. & B., of this county, on the 17th of February last, I started, bidding as I supposed a long farewell to Kentucky, I resolved to be pleased, and never return until I should have accumulated amply sufficient of the world's goods to make me independent and comfortable in my old days, which I have always intended to spend in my native State.

Before leaving Kentucky, we were informed that we could purchase through tickets without change of cars from St. Louis to Denison, for fifteen dollars, cash. We paid forty dollars and eighty cents each. Taking the 10 P. M. train, on the Missouri Pacific railroad. we arrived at Sedalia next morning. Changed cars for the M., K. & T. railroad. We passed through Kansas and the nation of Cherokee, Creek and Chickasaw Indians. They occupy, in our opinion, the finest natural section of country in the United States. We saw but few of them, however, but plenty of deer, turkeys, and prairie chickens. Sporting apparently so gently and carefully on those vast and beautiful prairies, one would think them unmolested save by the whistle, rush and snort of the iron horse.

Thirty-six hours ride from St. Louis brought us to Red river and Denison, the great commercial and railroad center and metropolis of North Texas, the infant wonder of the world! Three hours is longer than I will ever stay there again. It is a modern London. A mushroom village, five months old, and in five years will be forgotten. The soil on which it stands, and for four or six miles around, is too poor to sprout Indian physic or blackeyed peas. Walking about the place saw posted in large type, "Keno at — between the hours of — and—." Other games are also advertised with impunity. Board $3 per day, $21 per week. When I left Kentucky, I expected to locate at this point. But I changed my notion, took the stage for Sherman, ten miles southwest. This is a flourishing little city with a population of about five thousand, one-half of which has been added during the past twelve months. The H., T. & C. road crosses the Trans. Central road at this point. The former is now completed, and the cars are running to Denison. The track is being laid on the latter. This is truly the railrord center and metropolis of northern Texas, and will, ere many years, be the metropolis of the State.

The soil about it is the 'black waxy,' rich, fertile, and adapted to the rank growth of cotton, all kinds of grain and vegetables. It is a mistaken idea we have heard, that wheat and potatoes would not grow there. The old settlers, it seems have thought so, but new ones are raising both with good success. No tobacco raised. Land within a circle of six or seven miles from Sherman, sells for from twenty to one hundred dollars per acre. Farther west it sells for from one to two and one-half dollars per acre.

During the six weeks I staid in Sherman there was a daily arrival there of one hundred and fifty or more emigrants. Hotel-keepers, physicians and druggists and state and county officials make the money. First-class boarding and lodging is $21 per week; office rent $30 per month, some pay $50. There are about twelve physicians there, and they realize from their practice an average each of from seven to ten thousand dollars per year.

The druggist say there is more quinine consumed in that state than in any four others in the Union. Men die there for the want of medical attention. The doctors are so busy that they are compelled to neglect some of their patients. Men are there from all quarters of the United States, for the sole purpose of making money, strangers to each other, and care not to be acquainted; these constitute by far the greater portion of the population. Sherman supports two weekly newspapars, the Courier, which is democratic, and a republican sheet, the name of which I have forgotten. One fine M. E. church, two good schools, about fifty barrooms, as many gambling hells, and at least 150 professional gamblers. The good people of the town are making an effort to improve the morals of the place by a rigid enforcement of laws, and preaching. It is to be hoped that they will succeed. Night assaults and robberies are of frequent occurrence. "Street-walkers" are numerous, and, in order to protect ladies from insult on their way to and from church, church sociables, etc., the city has passed an ordinance directing the police to arrest any female they may find on the street without an escort after dark, and take her to prison until morning.

Malarial poisons, arising from the decay of rank vegetation and the sudden transitions in the weather, make it very unhealthy. Cerebro-spinal menengitis has been raging there as an epidemic for several weeks past, with 90 per cent. fatality.

Hundreds of men who have sold their happy homes in Kentucky Mississippi, Georgia, Florida, and other states, and gone to Texas, are out of money, destitute of friends, and are trying with their families to get back. Some start afoot, slip on the trains at the water-tanks and wood-yards, and ride until discovered and put off by the conductors. There are avenues to money open to speculators with money, but none to poor men, unless they are farmers and want to grow up with the country, or a physician. In the latter case I advise them to stop in Sherman. In the former, I say "young man, go west," and within a few years, unless you should unfortunately enjoy the high pleasure of losing your scalp, you will reap your reward, for Texas land will be in time valuable. As for me, I am cured of the Texas fever, and don't want to help build up any wild country, but am content to try and grow up in Kentucky, and let those who are fond of frontier life, go west, civilize and build it up, and when "all is quiet on the Potomac," and healthy, if they will extend me a cordial invitation, I will pay them a visit and drink their wine. M. R. H.—*Louisville Ledger.*

—"Arrah, Pat, and why did I marry ye? Just tell me that; for it's meself that's had to maintain ye iver since the blessed day that Father O'Flanigan sint me hum to yer house." "Swate jewel," replied Pat, not relishing the charge, "an' it's meself that hopes I may live to see the day you're a widow waping over the cowld sod that kivers me—thin, by St. Patrick, I'll see how you get along without me, honey."

—New Orleans is anticipating a speedy establishment of a new line of Liverpool steamers, constructed on a much larger scale than hitherto known to her trade. They are to carry 10,000 bales of cotton and a large quantity of grain in bulk, in bins built expressly for that purpose. It is also proposed that these vessels shall take a southern route across the Atlantic, and so avoid the extra risks involved in the northern passage.

—Business—"Here lies Jane Smith, wife of Thomas Smith, stone-mason. This monument was put up out of respect for her memory and as a specimen of his workmanship. Tombs in the same style, $250."

The American Ambulance Corps at Paris.

One of the most important sorties in which the Ameircan Ambulance Corps of Paris took part, was Champigny. That was the occasion when Ducrot was surely going to push through the German lines. In his proclamation he had announced that he would re enter Paris victorious or dead. Of course he did not keep his promise. We were all to rendezvous at the Champs de Mars that morning at four o'clock. About three of the same morning Mont Valerien opened fire, and then Issy, then Vanves. then Mont Rouge, and so the flash and roar of cannon went round the whole city. That was our reveille. It was cold, very cold, that morning, and we waited at the rendezvous a long time in company with the French, Italian, Swiss and other ambulance corps. The great doctor Ricord was there, and some of us heard then for the first time that he is an American from Baltimore. Chenu, Nelaton and several other famous surgeons were also there, shivering with us as we waited and waited for the push through the lines, which never came. Well, when at last the fight did occur, it made plenty of work for our wagons. For the next two days they were constantly going to and fro between the field and our hospital. Every where we went along the lines now we were recognized and made way for. One night as one of our wagons was trying to cross the field it was halted with the question, "What ambulance is that?"

"Is it necessary to ask?" shouted a French soldier out of the darkness. "It is the Americans, of course; they are everywhere."

At this sortie there rode with us a little French abbe, whom some of the boys had picked up weeks before roaming about the outposts among the trenches. He had won their hearts by his utter contempt of fire as he prayed with and confessed everybody he could lay hands on. At the sortie of Chatillon he had discovered one of our corps bringing into the wagons at the risk of his life a huge pumpkin. The abbe imagined that Americans must set great value upon pumpkins if they were willing to secure them at such hazard, and he described the whole incident in the L'Univers, the ultra-Catholic paper of Paris. In the course of a few days the ambulance Americaine received two or three polite notes from religious French maiden ladies, saying that they had a few pumpkins which were at the service of the gentlemen of the corps. We received the pumpkins, and skirmished for the ingredients of pumpkin-pie, which the matron of our hospital baked for us. This was an unknown use for pumpkins in France, and those pies cost about their weight in silver. Sugar we had, it was the eggs that cost. Horsemeat and pumpkin pie! There was a wild extravagance in that dinner, but it was patriotic, at least the dessert was.

We nearly froze to death at Bourget, but I have not time to tell you of it. I must pass on to the last sortie—toward Montretout and Malmaison. That was a dark, foggy, leaden morning, with a drizzling rain. We passed through the whole French army on our way out—line, National Guards, Mobiles, artillery, cavalry: we passed through them all, everywhere meeting with a grateful reception. Sometimes they cheered us and our wagons (now increased to eight) and our immense coffee-pot. This last was an institution: it consisted of three great boilers mounted on wheels. Before the meat gave out we used to sometimes put soup in our coffee-pot and take it to the field. Coffee by some means we still had. Even on the desolate morning I am now telling you of many a poor foot-soldier who had been up the almost impassible roads all night had been cheered by a sly tin-cupful of the precious liquid as we trudged on toward the field. Well, we were finally ordered to halt at the little village of Rueil, within a stone's throw of the church where Josephine and Hortense lie buried. I climbed a hill on the left, and saw the French pushing toward Buzenval. They could see nothing before them but a line of fire —not a prusion above the low wall in front of the thick mass of woods. Though I could see these Frenchmen dropping down by hundreds, they went steadily on and on. Some of them were National Guards who had never before been under fire. It was here that young Henri Regnault fell, with many other Parisians known in literature and art. After a while the Germans began shelling the hill on which I was, and I scampered down to the open square where the wagons were. It was not long, however, till another German battery got to throwing shells into this square, each discharge bringing them nearer and nearer to us. Suddenly a shell struck the corner house in front of us. The door opened in a very deliberate way, and out came a man in a blouse, smoking a pipe, and followed by a woman with a baby in her arms. He leisurely locked the door behind him, and put the key into his pocket. Then he started slowly across the square, with his wife and baby still behind him. As he passed us I exclaimed, "For Heaven's sake, what are you doing here with that baby? Don't you see they are shelling all around us?"

"Yes, I see, I see; one struck our house just now. I've got another one up here, and we're going to move to it." And without taking his hands out of his pocket or his pipe out of his mouth, he strolled on across the open square, followed by his wife, who seemed only absorbed in hushing the baby as it waited in fright at the sound of the bursting shells.

The French line was thrown back, and we filled our wagons with wounded and started for the city, the shells still falling unpleasnatly thick and near. One of them struck right under our coffee-pot, and exploding, sent it a hundred directions. The horses which drew it did not happen to be hit, but they took fright and dashed off, wrecking was what was left of the coffee-pot wagon. We got back to town as fast as we knew how that day. We tried to go out again at night, but could make no headway against the crowd of wagons, artillery, and the retreating army on the roads. It was an utterly demoralized mob. We barely escaped massacre by a regiment of Bellville National Guards, who were mad, raving mad, accusing everybody of incapacity and treason. The next day we went out with a burying-party, and found members of this same National Guard thickly strewn among the vines of Buzenval and Montretout, and we buried them. In their new knapsacks we found crested note-paper and many such things, showing their own rank and want of military experience at the same time. Some of these articles were stained with blood. We saw out there the young lady who was soon to have married Henri Regnault. She was looking for his body among the dead, and found it during the day. Young Regnault, it is claimed, was introducing a new school in French painting. He had made some remarkable studies in Algiers, one of the results of which was the well-known picture of Salome in the Salon of 1870. I have said we saw his betrothed searching for his body among the dead; and the memory of that sweet brave, girl in that awful scene has lent a pathos to the story of his life and death which I do not get out of the writers and painters who have since dwelt so much and so lovingly upon the subject.—*Ralph Keeler, in Lipincott's Magazine.*

—Four immense flocks of potato-bugs on the wing passed through Painesville, O., a few days ago, flying directly west.

Sea-Bathing.

One who has passed his early life in an inland city or village can well remember how frequently he has desired to see the heaving waters of the ocean, to hear its tempestuous roar; and, on visiting a seaboard city for the first time, he may not have been content to look upon the waters of the bay, but may have journeyed to some exposed portion of the coast-line, where the waves roll in from across the broad waste of waters. To every one there are majesty and beauty in the sea.

The air at the sea-side has a peculiar freshness and life, that, as we breathe, seems to penetrate every portion of our frame, and impart to us new vitality. And we shall not have breathed this air long before we shall experience a keen appetite, and, if vigorous, feel inclined to athletic exercise. Exactly what it is in the constitution of sea-air that produces these effects has not been discovered. We, however, know that the air is purer than that of the land, less contaminated by miasma, by vegetable exhalations and noxious gases, though in the component oxygen it differs but lithie. The air of the ocean is alwsev belhly charged with watery vapor, charing with it a perceptible amount of gbloride of sodium. When we hayt geen exposed to the sea-air for a lona time, we detect this in the salt taste experienced when the tongue touches the outer borders of the lips. Experiment has shown that this saline vapor is much more freely diffused when the ocean is agitated, and it is carried inland for several miles. Besides containing chloride of sodium, it is quite probable that the atmosphere of the sea also contains a proportion of iodides and bromides, a conclusion, however, which is not based on direct experiment. And, although chemistry has not revealed the minute differences between ocean air and that of land, still, whoever is familiar with its odor can recognize it miles inland from the seashore. Many persons sojourn at the sea-shore more for the purpose of breathing the sea-air than for bathing in the surf. Breathing sea-air affects the organism by the change wrought in the blood, and thus in the entire system. How quickly medical agents act through the lungs is shown by the rapidity with which anæsthesia may be produced by chloroform.

Sea-air is deemed especially applicable to chronic bronchitis accompanied with considerable expectoration. If the patient, on the contrary, has dry cough and great irritability of the lungs and larynx, it will not prove beneficial. In the chronic cough of old age—senile bronchitis—it is also advantageous, if the patient is not a sufferer from asthma and emphysema. Phthisis in its early stages is favorably influenced by a residence at the sea-side, or repeated ocean voyages. Indeed, the last-named remedy has been a favorite in all ages. Pliny, Celsus and Galena, have all tes recommend that those cases only seek the sea in which the cough is moist, and there is very little tendency to hæmoptysis.

The temperature of the sea, like that of rivers, is never constant, varying according to the seasons. At the sea-side resorts it ranges between 60 degrees and 70 degrees Fahr. during the season. The sea bath is a cold bath, and its effects may almost all be deduced from this fact. But it is a cold bath under the most favorable conditions. The fascination of the sea, the attraction of many bathers in the water at the same time, the excitement attendant on the rolling in of the waves, and the exercise required in meeting them, contribute to the salutary effect that is experienced. Here the person makes no conscious effort to exercise, but the entire surroundings lead them to do so, and often so vigorous is this exercise that reaction commences while in the water, to be followed by complete redness of the surface, and a feeling of renewed energy when he retries to the dressing-room and is thoroughly rubbed and dried. That the mineral constituents of the water have any part in the result is exceedingly doubtful, for, on the one hand, the temperature of the water is so low that the skin is unprepared for absorption, and, on the other, the period of immersion is usually so short that, under the most favorable conditions, little absorption could occur. However, it must be remembered that, during the entire time, the lungs are continually filled with the aroma of the sea, and the blood much more highly charged with its medical properties than when at the hotel on the shore. The time passed in the bath varies from five to twenty minutes, and where the water is unusally warm, it may be extended beyond these limits. One bath a day is sufficient, and two each day as many as should be indulged by the most vigorous. In some instances reaction is not readily established on coming from the bath, and in such cases, in addition to rubbing with the coarse towel, it will be advantageous to immerse the feet in warm water. It is almost unnecessary to say that morning is the preferable time for the bath, and that the stomach should be empty when it is taken.

The effect of a course of sea-bathing, according to Durand-Furdel, is as follows: The first baths cause excitement, excessive fatigue, especially if the sea has been rough; sometimes the appetite is lost. But, in five or six days, these conditions disappear, and a feeling of *bien-etre*, of vigor and joyousness, succeeds; at the same time the appetite is increased, and the secretions are more active, especially those of the kidneys, skin, and lungs. But, if the baths are too long continued, after fifteen, twenty, or thirty days—according to the individual—the excitement, fatigue, and the pain reappear, and, if the baths are not discontinued, all the advantages gained may be lost.

Sea-baths are especially applicable to persons of lymphatic constitutions. In these classes they favorably influence a number of diseases by the tonicity wrought in the system. They have been highly lauded as a remedy at the age of puberty, in both sexes, when there is a want of development, an apparant failure of the vital forces; they then stimulate to a renewed effort, the pale youth develops into a vigerous boy, and the cheek of the anæmic girl assumes the rosy hue of health.

RUSSIA'S WORLD EXPOSITION.—An exhibition more wonderful than that of Vienna, will be held in Russia about the middle of August. The scene of its operations is the historic city of Nijnii-Novgoord, which is situated at the confluence of the Colga and Oka, in Central Asia. The ordinary population of the city is about 22,000 inhabitants, but during the fair that number will be augmented by an addition of 300,000 or 400,000 visitors from all parts of Europe and Asia. The fair is held in an immense stone building, containing 3,000 shops in which the sales are made. One hundred and forty-five million dollars' worth of wares and goods were brought to last year's fair, and out of that immense quantity $20,000,000 worth remained unsold. All kinds of goods and manufactures are sold at this mammoth fair, and an opportunity will be afforded for seeing collected together the people of all countries, and the modes of traffic of every race in Europe.

—Color is the type of love. Hence it is especially connected with the blossoming of the earth; and again with its fruit; also, with the spring and fall of the leaf, and with the morning and evening of the day, in order to show the waiting of love about the birth and death of man.—*Ruskin.*

CURIOUS AND SCIENTIFIC.

METEORIC PHENOMENA.—The fact appears to have been demonstrated that meteors, before they encounter the retarding influence of the earth's atmosphere, often move with a velocity several times that of a cannon ball, at the instance of its discharge. If a cannon ball, could be made to move with such velocity, it would almost instantly be destroyed, disappearing in a streak of flame. Meteors which enter the atmosphere at any considerable angle from a direct line toward its center are deflected from their course, and soon move from its influence. Such is, no doubt, the case with many which are seen to flit across the sky; while many which enter in a direct line are dissipated into impalpable gases before passing half the distance from the solar bounds of the atmosphere to the earth, or reach the earth in a state of impalpable dust.

—Hands are infinitely varied. Their shape, tint, the nails, length, width, roundness, are as different as individuals. There are hands that seem intellectual in their symmetry, beautiful flexibility and grace of motion. Some are soft and voluptuous, and others precise, striking and brilliant. The form of the hand often expresses the capabilities of the person to whom it belongs. The strong palms, conical fingers and small thumb indicate in women indolence, fancy and feeling. The square hands belong to the intellectual and ambitious, and those who love influence and rule. The small, soft, almost fleshless hands, but rosy and with knotted fingers, are brilliant and witty. Fingers delicately squared at the ends, like those of English women, love domestic life. The small thumb and fingers, broadening at the ends, desire activity and a practical knowledge of the world. There are smooth and knotted fingers; to the first belongs grace, to the second reason. Conical hands with pointed fingers obey inspiration and worship the beautiful in painting, poetry, romance and nature. There are soft hands more capable of tenderness than of love, and "delicate fingers that are formed of sensitiveness and sympathy of touch, and made to minister to pain and grief;" hard hands that know not tenderness, but are not ignorant of love; "rough hands that the heart teaches and guides and softens."

THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.—In June, 1769, a company of English astronomers sailed from London, in the specially appointed ship, the Endeavor, and in remote and widely sundered regions of the globe, scanned, by detachments, the face of the sun, to note the pith, across its glowing sierra, of a little black spot, which might, to an untutored eye, have seemed a chance speck, a mere mote. In less than the space of three years from this date, in December, 1874, there will be another transit of Venus, and the importance of it to science may be measureably estimated by a consideration of the fact that the British government has appropriated a sum exceeding fifty thousand dollars for the equipment of various expeditions of learned men and scientific experts to take the closest possible cognizance of its progress and phases. These expeditions will doubtless go to the remote zones of our globe, to Hawaii on the one hand, and on the other to Crozet Island, or Mauritius, in order to obtain favorable views of the transit. It will happen, not as in the last historical account of it, in the "leafy June," but in the dead of our winter; and extreme northern points, otherwise most desirable for sentinels, will be very bleak, and perhaps utterly inaccessible. In the antartic latitudes, also, there will undoubtedly present themselves formidable barriers to the enterprise. A hundred thousand dollars will not cover the cost of scientific observations of this unusual event. The observers, as the fruit of toil, perilous exposure, patient waiting at some points for months, will see, generally, a small round disk of intense blackness, which is the unillumined hemisphere of Venus, impinge upon the sun's glowing border, and occupy four hours, more or less by minutes, according to the observer's position, in accomplishing its procession across the disk, when the little pageant will come to an immediate close!

CHEMICAL ICE MACHINES.—The fact is a familiar one, that an intense cold is obtained when salt is mixed with snow or pounded ice, owing to the strong tendency which salt possesses to dissolve in water, which forces, as it were, the ice to liquify, in order to procure water to the salt. If a solid be forced to liquify or melt, without giving it the heat necessary as latent heat for this liquifacation, it will take this heat from the sensible heat, which will then diminish as it will become latent in the liquid, this sensible heat being the only kind the thermometer indicates. A similar effect is produced when dissolving other salts in water or any other liquid, the descent of temperature being very different according to the nature of the substances. Thus five parts of sal ammoniac and five parts nitrate of potassa dissolved in sixteen parts of cool water will cause the temperature to descend about 20 degrees. Nine parts of phosphate of soda dissolved into four parts diluted nitric acid will cause a descent of temperature of fifty degrees. Six pounds of sulphate of soda gradually dissolved in five pounds of hydrochaloric acid will cause such a descent of temperature that it will freeze from five to six pounds of water in the course of one hour. The most remarkable mixture of this kind, and producing the most intense cold, is the following: Two or three pounds of chloride of lime is heated until it forms a porous mass, and is powdered and passed through a sieve, by which operation it absorbs just enough moisture as is necessary to cause it quickly to dissolve in wet and it is then mixed with half its amount of snow, in a wooden vessel placed in a mixture of snow and salt. In the interior of this cooling mixture mercury or ether may be frozen when properly introduced. When this powdered chloride of lime is dissolved in half or two-thirds its amount of cold water it will easily freeze water when introduced into the mixture in a proper vessel, and this, it is thought, may finally be found a cheaper freezing mixture for ice machines than any of the common ones now in use, as by simple evaporation the original salt may be regained. The evaporation of amonia is, perhaps, most frequently used for accomplishing this object; and there is a German machine constructed on this principle, which, with the aid of three men and an engine of three-horse power, manufactures 1,000 pounds of ice per hour.

Marrying an Actress.

In the winter of 1818-19 a party of bright and lively young people had assembled to spend the period of Christmas festivity at a spacious old country-seat not very far from Dublin. Several of them, ladies as well as gentlemen, had already acted creditably on the amateur stage; so they fitted out a large hall as a theatre, and got up several standard comedies in a manner that elicited hearty applause. Encouraged by this success, they thougnt they might manage one of Shakespeare's tragedies; and their choice fell on Romeo and Juliet. They succeeded in casting all the characters but one, that of Juliet herself. It was offered to several young ladies in succession; but they all persistently refused, fearing to attempt so arduous a part. In this dilemma some one suggested an expedient. Miss O'Neill, then in the zenith of her fame, was an actress of unblemished reputation, most ladylike demeanor, and eminent talent, whom I once saw as Juliet. She was then regarded, justly I imagine, as the most perfect interpreter of Shakespeare's embodiment of fervid passion and devotion in the daughter of Capulet that had ever appeared on the London boards; her singular beauty admirably seconding her rare powers, and turning the heads of half the fashionable young men of the day. She was universally respected, was often admitted to the best society, and had several times assisted at private theatricals.

It so happened that she was then in Dublin, and, for the time, without an engagement. The proposal was, to her and ask her, on her own terms, to come to them and take the part of Juliet. This was eagerly acceded to, and a letter dispatched accordingly.

The part of Romeo had been assigned to a gentleman of fortune and family, Mr. Becher of Ballygibben, county Cork; *jeune encore*, as the French say, for he was still on the right side of forty, and excelling all his companions in histrionic talent. To him, as soon as the invitation had been given, came one of his intimate friends. "Becher," said he, "take my advice before it is too late. Throw up the part of Romeo. I dare say some one else can be found to take it."

"Back out of the part? And why, pray? Do you think my acting is not werthy to support Miss O'Neill's?"

"You act only too well, my good fellow, and identify yourself only too perfectly with the characters you undertake. I know Miss O'Neill well; there can't be a better girl, but she's dangerous. She's perfectly bewitching in her great *role*. It is notorious that no man ever played Romeo to her Juliet without falling in love with her. Now I'd be sorry to see you go to the stage for a wife."

"Marry an actress! and at my age! Do you take me for a fool?"

"Anything but that, Becher. I *do* take you for a whole-souled, splendid fellow, with a little touch of romance about him, impressible by beauty, and still more alive to grace and talent, and I really can't make up my mind to address even that glorious creature as 'Mrs. Becher.'"

"Do talk sense, Tom. If I hadn't agreed to play Romeo, I'd go and take the part now, just to convince you how ridiculous you are."

"Well, all I hope is that the enchantress will decline."

But she accepted. Becher played Romeo, shared the fate of his predecessors; was engaged within the month, and married a few weeks afterwards.

My father spent several days with them at their country-seat. He was charmed with Mrs. Becher, in whom, he said, he could not detect the slightest trace of the actress. And the marriage, my father told us, seemed to have been eminently fortunate, though up to that time they had no children.

In the sequel they had several children. Mr. Becher, eight years later, was created a baronet, lived thirty years with his wife and was succeeded in 1850, by their son, Sir Henry Wrixon Becher, the present baronet. Lady Becher died only last winter, loved and mourned by friends and dependants; having survived her husband more than twenty years.—*Robt. Dale Owen, in Atlantic.*

The Effect of Light Upon the Complexion.

In latitudes not far apart the inhabitants of the same country vary in complexion in a measure perceptibly related to the intensity of solar light. In Europe, three varieties of color in the skin are distinctly marked—olive brown, with black hair, beard, and eyes; chestnut, with tawny beard and bluish eyes; blond, with fair beard and sky-blue eyes. White skins show more readily alterations occasioned by light and heat; but, though less striking, facts of variation in color are observable in others. The Scytho-Arabic race has but half its representative in Europe and Central Asia, while the remainder passes down the Indian ocean, continuing to show the gradual raising of climate by deepening brown complexions. The Himalayan Hindoos are almost white; those of the Decan, of Coromandel, Malabar, and Ceylon, are darker than some negro tribes. The Arabs, olive and almost fair in Armenia and Syria, are deep brown in Yaman and Muscat. The Egyptians, as we go from the mouth of the Nile up-stream toward its source, present an ascending chromatic scale, from white to black, and the same is true of the Tuariks on the southern side of the Atlas, who are only light olive, while their brethren in the interior of Africa are black. The ancient monuments of Egypt show us a fact equally significant. The men are always depicted of yellow brown; they live in the open air, while the women, kept shut up, have a pale yellow complexion. Barrow asserts that the Mantchoo Tartars have grown whiter during their abode in China, Remusat, Pallas, and Gutzlaff speak of the Chinese women as remarkable for a European fairness. The Jewesses of Cairo or Syria, always hidden under veils in their houses, have a pallid color. In the yellow races of Sumatra sound and the Maldives, the women, always covered up, are pale like wax. We know, too, that the Esquimaux bleach during their long winter. These phenomana, no doubt, are the results of several influences arising at once, and light does not play the sole part in them. Heat and other conditions of the medium probably have a share in these operations of color. Still, the peculiar and powerful effect of luminous radiation as a part of them, is beyond dispute.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

CURIOSITIES OF IMPORTATIONS.—About one-fifth of the imports of 1872, amounting in value to $677,144,579 in gold, came in as free goods, being chiefly the raw materials of foreign productions entering into American manufactures. More than one-half the imported values was composed of sugar and molasses, coffee, cotton, woolen and silk goods, and of iron and steel manufactures; the second was wool and woolens; iron and steel were third in the list, and coffee next, of which we got $42,000,000 worth. Of foreign fruits, we consumed $20,500,000 worth, and got nearly $10,000,000 worth of breadstuffs and $6,000,000 worth of crockery. The foreign jewelry cost $1,250,000, and the watches and watch materials $3,500,000. The nation also used $1,500,000 worth of salt, and 138,000 bushels of potatoes were imported. The American hen, too, it appears, has, at times, "been standing around doing nothing," for of eggs there were imported 5,000,000, and also a half-million pounds of bristles, showing that the American hog is not equal to the emergency. Nearly $1,000,000 worth of humon hair was worn on the American head; and last, but not least. $1,000,000 worth of sardines, and nearly a third of a million of salid oil, attest the fondness of the American palate for foreign luxuries.—*Boston Globe.*

—"Got any medicine?" asked a boy entering a drug store the other day. "Yes, lots of it. What do you want?" inquired the clerk. "Oh, it don't make any difference so its something lively. Dad is fearful bad." "What ails him?" asked the clerk. "Dunno," said the boy; "but he's run down awful. He just sits around the stove all day and mopes; he hasn't wallopped mother since Christmas. I guess he's going to die."

—An exchange says: "When you see a bareheaded man following a cow through the front gate, and filling the air with garden implements and profanity, you may know that his cabbag plants have been set out.

Billings' Experience with Lager.

I have finally cum to the conclusion that lager beer as a beverage is not intoxicating.

I have been told so by a German who said he had drank it all night long, just to try the experiment, and was obliged to go home entirely sober in the morning. I have seen this man drink eighteen glasses, and if he was drunk, he was drunk in German, and nobody could understand it. It is proper enough to state that this man kept a lager beer saloon, and could have no object in stating what was not strictly thus.

I believe him to the full extent of my ability. I never drank but three glasses of lager in my life, and that made my hed ontwist as tho it was hung on the end of a string, but I was told that it was owing to my bile bein out of place; and I guess that it was so, for I never biled over wus than I did when I got hum that nite. My wife thot I was going to die, and I was afraid that I shouldn't, for it seemed as tho everything I had ever eaten in my life was cummin' to the surface, and I believe that if my wife hadn't pulled off my boots just as she did, they would have cum thundering too.

O how sick I wuz! Fourteen years ago, and I can taste it now.

If any man shud tell me that lager beer wuz not intoxicating, I shud believe him, but if he shud tell me that I wuzn't drunk that nite, but that my stumick was out of order, I shud ask him to state over a few words, jest how a man felt and acted when he was set up.

If I warn't drunk that nite, I had sum ov the most natural simtums that a man ever had and kept sober.

In the first place it was about eighty rods from where I drank the lager beer to my house, and I wuz jest two hours on the road, and had a hole busted thro each one of my pantaloon neez, and didn't have any hat, and tried to open the door by the bell-pull and hiccupped awfully and saw everything in the room trying to get around on the back side of me, and sitting down on a chair, I did not wait long enough for it to get exactly under me when it wuz going round, and I sat down a little too soon and missed the chair about twelve inches, and couldn't get up soon enough to take the next one that came along; and that ain't awl; my wife sed I wuz drunk as a beast, and, as I sed before, I began to spin up things freely.

If lager beer is not intoxicating it used me most almighty mean, that I know.

Still I hardly think that lager beer is intoxicating, for I have been told so; and I am probably the only man living who ever drank enny, when his liver was not plumb.

I don't want to say ennything against a harmless temperance beverage, but if ever I drink enny more, it will be with mi hands tied behind me and my mouth pried open.

I don't think lager beer is intoxicating, but if I remember rite, I think it tastes to me like a glass of soap suds, that a pickle had been put to soak in.

Driving Fence Posts.

On one occasion the writer desired to erect a board fence around a field which was free from stone, and he proceeded on the following plan: The line of the fence was laid out perfectly straight, and small stakes were driven into the ground sixteen feet apart. A sharp wedge-shaped pointed crow-bar was procured, with which holes were punched in the ground where each stake was placed. By working the bar back and forth in the ground, the hole was made large enough to fit the post closely, and two and a half feet deep. The post was pointed very evenly on each side, so that it would drive straight. The top was beveled so that it would not split in driving. A triangular stool, with three legs three feet long, and a heavy beetle, completed the outfit. The beetle was made out of a piece of soft maple, fifteen inches long, cut from a small tree about a foot in diameter. The bark was trimmed off, and the edges were beveled off about three inches; a handle of ash, two inches thick, was put through the beetle, and was trimmed down so as to be an inch and a half thick one way and two inches in another. This prevents it from turning in the hands when striking with it. When the posts were all ready to be driven, a man held one of them with the point in the hole, while another mounted the stool and drove it down with the beetle. With a little care, the man who held the post kept it upright and in line with the rest. As the posts were driven, two men followed nailing on the boards. These four men completed a five-board fence around a square ten-acre field in one day and a half, making the labor equal to six days' work. Had the holes been dug, the job would have taken at least four times as long. The cost of the labor was less than ten cents a rod. The men were good mechanics, or it would have cost much more, their labor at two dollars and a half a day being probably twice as cheap as common labor at half that rate. In addition to the superior rapidity and cheapness of the work, the fence was much firmer than it could possibly have been had the holes been dug for the posts.

Curious Facts About the Ghizeh Pyramid.

The recently discovered corner-stone of the great Ghizeh pyramid, the first and largest of the Egyptian pyramids, was found by the discoverer, an English clergyman, to have the same remarkable relations to geometry that had been ascertained by the astronomer royal of Scotland and other mathematicians, to exist in the pyramid as a whole and in various of its parts. The corner-stone, which had escaped, by being covered, the general stripping of the stone facing of the pyramid, was found in situ, to measure multiples of the pyramidal cubit (a little more than 25 inches) on all its lines, and the angle of its outer slope to express, with mathematical accuracy, the ratio of the diameter to the perimeter of a circle. The pyramidal cubit is exactly 0.000,000,01 of the the shortest ridus of the earth, and the ofht of the restored pyramid, 222 cubigs, the 0.000,000,000,1 of the distance bitthe sun from the earth, according to the lately corrected value of this distance. Similarly the so-called sarcophagus inside the pyramid has been found to be an accurate measure of contents, based on the pyramidal cubit. A relation to the mean density of the earth is also found to exist, and it is a curious fact that the unit of measure adopted by the builders of the pyramid, supposed to be at least 8000 years old, and to have been erected by a race interior to the historical Egyptians, possesses a geometrical accuracy which does not exist in the French one, which, as is known, is not, what its designers intended it to be, in exact decimel relation with the meridian, owing to errors in the arc. Whoever the builders of the Ghizeh pyramid, astronomy must have been far advanced among them to enable them to calculate the distance of the sun at the amended figure to which it has been reduced only within the last three or four years.

Fecundity of Fishes.

It is said that probably about 60,000,000 or 80,000,0000 codfish are taken from the sea annually around the shores of Newfoundland. But even that quantity seems small when we consider that the cod yields something like 3,500,000 eggs each season, and that even 8,000,000 have been found in the roe of a single cod! Other fish, though not equaling the cod, are wonderfully productive. A herring six or seven ounces in weight is provided with about 30,000 ova. After making all reasonable allowances for the destruction of eggs and of the young, it has been calculated that in three years a single pair of herrings would produce 154,000,000. Buffon said that if a pair of herrings were left to breed and multiply undisturbed for a period of twenty years, they would yield a fish bulk equal to the globe on which we live. The cod far surpasses the herring in fecundity. Were it not that vast numbers of the eggs are destroyed, fish would so multiply as to fill the waters completely.

—A spiritual joke has been made. It is that Poe's bird musa have had an attack of delirium tremens, because it was ravin on a bust.