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GRANDMOTHER BROWN.

Dear Grandmother Brown
Lived in Cranberrytown
And kindly old woman was she;
There was no one so bad,
Either lassie or lad,
But some good in the same she could see.

One June afternoon
Misses Polly Minton
Ran in for that moment that ends
In an hour or more,
And did naught but talk o'er
The short-comings of neighbors and friends

But in vain did she scold
About young folks and old,
Only patient excuses she heard,
Till at last she cried out:
"You would speak, I've no doubt,
For old Satan himself a good word."

Then said Grandmother Brown
Of Cranberrytown:
"Well, whatever his fault's may be,
I don't think I could find
Many people who mind
The 'own business' as closely as he."
—Margaret Epling, in *Harper's Magazine*.

VAMPIRE STORIES.

A Revival of the Old Superstition of Blood-Drinking Bats and Men—The Literature of Vampirism and Its Influence on European Peoples—Stories That Were Told of Vampires and Their Doings in the Last Century.

A physician of local fame in an Eastern city said to the writer recently: "This is an age of queer mental and bodily delusions, despite its enlightenment. One of the oddest cases that I ever saw I was called on to treat the other day. A man came in to complain that his ankles were wounded. I found that the wounds were scratches, and expressed my surprise that he should have consulted a physician about a trifle. He said he often found the skin of his ankles broken in the same way on rising from bed. I suggested that he smooth the foot-board, and not kick it so much. Then the real object of his visit came out. What do you think it was? With bated breath he whispered that he was the victim of a vampire—not a vampire bat, but a human vampire. Actually, here was a stout, healthy, intelligent man cowering from the effects of that old superstition. He hinted to me that he knew who the vampire was—a former enemy now deceased. He had come to me for a charm, or something else, to exorcise his terrible visitor. I tried to laugh and chaff him out of the idea. Whether I succeeded I don't know. The man went away very much depressed, and hasn't returned since. I ought to have mentioned that he was a native of Hungary, and had imbibed vampirism in his childhood's home."

This is one of several instances that have come under the writer's notice to prove that the ancient and horrible vampire belief is yet lingering upon earth. Certainly no more extraordinary or appalling belief ever troubled men's wits. The very idea is startling. That the dead returned from their graves to prey on the flesh and blood of the living should have ever been believed by thousands of people sounds incredible. But it is a fact nevertheless.

The history of the vampire superstition ranges over 2,000 years. It begins with the Lamiæ of the Greeks, a beautiful woman who enticed youths to her in order to drink their blood, and it may be said to end with the dawn of general education about seventy-five years ago. At certain periods its believers have numbered hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of people, not of the unlettered entirely, but included educated and scientific men of France, Germany and Italy. Fifty years ago the vampire was a well-known figure in literature and the drama; the foremost poet in England was credited with the authorship of a popular play called the "vampire," and did not wholly deny it. A hundred years before this time vampires and ghouls were the topic of interest in the salons of Paris, that ranked with Law and his schemes. At this period, indeed, the superstition obtained the greatest currency among educated people, and its literature is the richest. Voltaire expressed astonishment at the spread of the belief. The shafts of his pen and the powers of other writers were directed against it. We learn from the memoirs of a court lady at the time that vampirism was talked of every where, and that its ardent believers were nearly as many as those who scoffed it. Among the former were members of the army, the law, several members of the academy, and numerous scientific men. Physicians were divided. They agreed there must be some foundation for the vampire belief, and for the were-wolf belief, which was closely allied to it. Finally they gave the monomania which lay at the bottom of all the vampire belief the name of lycanthropy. Elaborate treatises were written for and against, and a host of minor writers flung out books on the subject. The principal of these were Kautz and Calmet. The latter's work is especially rich in cases of vampires, many of which are described by actual witnesses.

One of the best attested vampire stories in Calmet's work is that of Marshal de Retz. This was a noble, brave and worthy man, who lived in France in the reign of Charles VII. He was a soldier and after distinguishing himself in the wars retired to his country seat. Shortly after he took up his residence the neighborhood became alarmed at the disappearance of many young children. Only children under the age of seven disappeared, and soon the number of distracted parents mourning their lost ones was very great. No amount of vigilance could discover the mysterious agency which it was well-told the children up. Accident, however, directed suspicion to the noble de Retz. His castle was watched by desperate parents who had lost their little ones, and circumstances multiplied to give the people courage to accuse him

of being at the bottom of the mystery. He was arrested and placed on trial, charged with having kidnaped over one hundred children. He was convicted and executed. Before he was led to the block, the monster confessed that in three years he had killed 800 children. He was led to do it, he said, by an insatiable desire to taste their blood. Calmet relates this story circumstantially, adding though it is largely exaggerated that he believes it is not so myth. He cites de Retz's confession that he was led to commit the horrible atrocities by an irresistible impulse as an evidence that there must be a trait in humanity which leads to vampirism, and which awakens from its dormant state in individuals from time to time. A case rather different from the above was that of Jean Grenier, a herd boy. In 1603 he was placed on trial for attacking young girls in the form of a wolf. The girls themselves and their fathers gravely and poetically identified him, and what was more singular, Grenier himself admitted that their charge was true. He declared that he had eaten several of them. He produced what his judges accepted as good evidence of his assertions. It is presumed that he had suffered the penalty of being a vampire, though Calmet omits to state what his punishment was.

The most celebrated vampire case, perhaps, and the late t, happened in Paris. In that year the cemeteries of Paris were entered, graves broken open, and corpses rudely tossed about the ground. The greatest alarm was felt as the horrible depredations continued. The strictest watch failed to detect their author. Physicians who were called to examine the wounds and mutilations inflicted on the corpses declared the depredators could not be, as was first supposed, resurrectionists. A man-trap was set in Pere la Chaise, and a heavy bomb concealed beneath it. One night the sentinels heard the bomb explode. They entered, but beyond a few drops of blood and some fragments of military clothing, found no trace of the vampire.

Next day it became known that Sergeant Bertrand, a soldier, was dangerously wounded. He was arrested. On his court-martial, of which Colonel Mansolon was President, Bertrand confessed to having committed all the horrible violations of graves, but could not explain why he did it. He was controlled by a great power, he said. Like de Retz, this man was frank, gay and gentle. He was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment, and a counsel of physicians appointed to examine his mind.

These are more properly stories of were-wolves, since the distinction in vampirism made between the vampire proper and the were-wolf is that the latter is alone all the time, and the other arises from his grave only at night. The true vampire, according to the superstition, may be detected by the signs of life he presents on being exhumed from his grave. His cheeks are red his lips moist, his flesh warm, and his veins full of rich red blood. In the literature and legends of Hungary, Silesia, Poland, Bohemia, Moravia and the Grecian Islands, where the vampire is easiest found, he is always the same, a terrible creature who returns to earth at night to kill men and women and drink their blood. He is a vampire by inheritance, or by the curse of his own misdeeds. He has the power to transform those persons whom he attacks into vampires like himself. Such is the vampire of the legends of these countries, and such, it may be added, he is in all essential particulars the same to-day. For among the poorer and more ignorant peasantry of Silesia, Poland, Hungary, and especially Crete, the vampire belief is by no means eradicated. It still exists. A traveler in the latter country informed the writer he witnessed a few years ago the ceremony of exorcising a vampire. It was the same method in use a hundred and fifty years ago. The body was dug up, the heart removed and burned on the seashore. Among the old charms this was the only one considered effective. Driving a stake through the vampire's heart, whipping his grave with a hazel switch wielded by a virgin not less than twenty-five years old, putting pieces of silver in his mouth, tying up his jaws tightly, were all of no avail—the vampire continued to return until his body was exhumed and incinerated.

From a large collection of vampire stories there are a few of the best. The story of the Arnold Paul vampire gained a wide celebrity in Europe about 1725. Arnold Paul was a peasant who lived on the borders of Hungary. Near Madnerga he fell from a wagon and was crushed to death. He was duly buried and forgotten. Thirty days later four persons had died, each with a small incision in his throat, the edges of which were purplish. Another person, a young girl, declared that in the night she had awakened with a terrible feeling of suffocation. In the dim light she recognized Arnold Paul, and cried: "Aunt, vampire, in Jesus' name," and the vampire immediately vanished. Paul's grave was opened and his body was found to present strong signs of life. There were traces of blood about his lips and blood on his hands. The Ambassador of Louis XV. was present at the disinterment and stated that the full life blood was in the cheeks of the supposed corpse. Paul's body was burned, his ashes scattered to the four winds, and from that time the vampire vexed Badnerga no more.

Another vampire story is taken from a book containing many which was published under the protection of the

Bishop of Olmutz in 1706. A herdsman named Blow, who lived near Kadam, in Bohemia, was suspected of being a vampire while in life. After his death and burial several persons were killed and the flocks about the place were sadly decimated. Blow's grave was opened. He sat up, confessed he was a vampire, and defied the villagers to prevent him from glutting his fearful appetite. A stake was put into his coffin by direction of a physician, whereupon the vampire thanked him ironically. That night he arose and killed three persons, besides twenty head of cattle. His body was carried out of the village and burned, his blood gushing forth the while, and his lips uttering fearful cries. Another somewhat similar case in Graditz is attested by two officials of the tribunal of Belgrade, and the King's officer, who were present as ocular witnesses at the operation of destroying the vampire.

Mr. Fawley relates that a man of note was buried in St. George's Church in Kalkrat, in the island of Crete. In the popular belief he was in life a vampire. An arch was built over his grave to hold him down. One night a shepherd lay down to sleep near the grave, leaving his arms arranged so as to form a cross. The vampire rose in the night, but could not pass over the cross. He requested the shepherd to remove it, as he had important business in the village. On his promise to return shortly, the shepherd removed the cross. The vampire went into the village, killed a man and woman, and drank their blood. The following day his body was taken out and burned, a drop of his blood spurted upon the foot of a bystander, and instantly that member withered.

The scene of another manifestation of the superstition which ended in a tragedy was laid in Hungary. A young miller, on the eve of his marriage with a peasant girl, was suddenly seized with a mortal illness, expired, and was buried the next day. That night several cattle were killed in a mysterious manner, and the young man's betrothed declared that she heard him calling for help. Her story, together with the incident of the dead cattle, inflamed the minds of the villagers, already saturated with the vampire belief. They repaired in a body to the miller's grave. On opening it the supposed corpse sat up with a loud cry. The mob eled vampire, and fell upon him immediately and beat and mangled him with stones and clubs. A physician who examined the body shortly afterward declared it his opinion that the young man had awakened from a trance only to be murdered by his former friends.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

Presidential Brass Bands.

People throughout the city are wondering why amateur musicians are displaying so much industry in tooting on brass horns just now. An old bandmaster smiles blandly when the subject was called to his attention. "It's the harbinger," said he, "of that great crop of spasmodic musical organizations known as Presidential brass bands, which every four years, on the eve of a great National contest, spring up like mushrooms. You see, what is wanted during an active campaign, such as the approaching canvass promises to be, is just enough music to pass current, and as much noise as can be gotten from the biggest sort of big brass horns. Already half a dozen new bands have made their appearance in the city since the Chicago Convention. It's an easy matter. A musician of passable acquirements and three or four fat blowers together, rope in a dozen or more amateurs at a cheap rate who know just enough to keep time, and lay in wait for the campaign. They are bound to be in demand, and at the end of the canvass sometimes find that if they have not made much music they have made some money. In a few weeks you will find that Philadelphia brass bands will be legion."

Having thus delivered himself the old bandmaster was about to move on up Chestnut street. He had, however, forgotten something, and, turning back, said, as he winked with both eyes: "Very few people are up to the cork-ed horn dodge; but, for goodness sake, don't say I told you! Sometimes the supply of amateurs runs out when politics get at a white heat. Then a few wicked band men will play the dummy racket. A club or a parade manager wants a band and all the first-class bands are engaged. He sends a contract at generally for so many pieces of so much a head. He wants a good deal of noise, and, therefore, contracts for a large number of players. The head manager gets together all the hard-blowing amateurs he can, and fills up the number contracted for with dummies. To these, who couldn't blow a note for their lives, he gives great instruments, taking care, however, to plug up the horns with cork. The dummy, thus equipped, march along with the other musicians, pretending to make music with all their lungs. Perhaps the cork of one of these horns blows out, and a wild, discordant note is heard. The dummy quickly lowers his instrument and pretends to blow the spittle out as he recorks the horn. The dummy gets from \$1 to \$2 for his day's work, and the manager pockets the other \$3 or \$2, as the terms of contract may be.—*Philadelphia Record*.

—Deafness, it is said, can be cured by one being suddenly surprised. All a physician need do, therefore, is to whisper to the patient that he does not intend to charge anything. Ten chances to one the patient will hear.—*Philadelphia Call*.

About Corkscrews.

The corkscrew is a contrivance to facilitate the removal of corks from bottles. When a cork protrudes from the neck of the bottle far enough to admit of grasping it with the hand or clinching it with the teeth, a corkscrew is unnecessary. But when a cork is flush with the bottle's mouth, or, through unskillful manipulation, has become lodged down in the neck, a corkscrew is not only a convenience, but almost a necessity. The bottle may be emptied of its liquid contents by crowding the cork down through the neck with a proper handle like that of a gimlet. The spiral part of the wire was about two inches long after being twisted, the part left straight was of about the same length, and the wooden cross piece was round, and about three inches in length and half an inch in diameter. The handle was made fast to the metal by putting the wire through a hole in the wood and clinching it. The metal was not burnished, nor was the wood polished or painted. It is safe to say that there never was a corkscrew for which could not have been an applied with one of these primeval corkscrews.

The name of the inventor of the corkscrew has not been handed down to these generations. He lived before the days of Lete's patent. It is held by a certain school of theorists that he was no other than Archimedes. The similarity of the corkscrew to the spiral of Archimedes is $r = \theta$. The corkscrew can not have a constant equation, for the pitch varies not only in different screws, but in the different spirals of the same screw. A cork-screw fashioned after the equation of the spiral of Archimedes, with important modifications, would be serviceable; but there seems to be no sufficient reason for believing that Archimedes invented the corkscrew.

An important improvement in corkscrews is mentioned in the foregoing. In order to comprehend its value, the practical use of the ordinary corkscrew must be understood. The bottle is grasped by the neck with the left hand, the top of the cork is picked with the point of the spiral, and about six or seven half twists are given to the cork-screw. The body of the bottle is then gripped between the knees, and a lifting force is applied to the corkscrew and through it to the cork. The removal of the cork is accompanied by putting the left forefinger in the mouth with its end against the inner surface of the right cheek, inflating the cheek, and then removing the finger by a quick push against the yielding right hand corner of the mouth. The perfected corkscrew has the blunt end of the wire brought back through the wooden handle and twisted around the stem of the corkscrew till it comes down to the top of the spiral, where it is wound into a concentric coil. When the spiral has sunk into the cork the blunt end of this coil strikes against the cork near its periphery, and with the purchase thus obtained the cork is turned around in the neck of the bottle and withdrawn hand by hand, gently than with the unimproved corkscrew. A good article of the perfected pattern may be bought for about fifteen cents in almost any general store in the country. In a cutler's establishment in the city the price would not be over seventy-five cents.

There are other complications which are intended to increase the usefulness of the corkscrew or make it more conveniently portable. A metallic contrivance shaped like the bow of a jew's-harp, is substituted for the wooden handle, and the stem of the spiral is fastened between the ends of the bow with a pin in such manner that the implement may be shut up like a pocket-knife. This pattern of portable corkscrew is adapted for excursion or picnic, where there may be bottles of milk, or other articles which are not opened with a corkscrew, nor condensed milk cans, nor oocanans. Any person who has tried to take small cucumbers, pickles from a bottle with a corkscrew will ever afterwards endeavor to have a pickle fork a hand, if he does not go to the extreme of using the pickles removed from the original package before they are brought to the table. It ought to be set forth as a general rule that any attempt to utilize the corkscrew for any purpose other than the removal of corks will result in embarrassment, and had best not be tried except in privacy. N. Y. Sun.

—Mr. Hammond, the owner of the now-famous English race-horse St. Gatien, began life as a stable-boy at Newmarket. During the last few years he is said to have won \$400,000 on the race-course. By St. Gatien this year he wins \$150,000.

He Was Not a Kicker.

Ben Ridgley, a Louisville (Ky.) newspaper man, who for the first twenty years of his life had been accustomed to feeding on champagne and diamond-back terrapin, has for the past twenty years been having a catch-as-catch-can wrestling match with the usual boarding-house spread, and is still alive, but weak. One day, early in the spring, he went to his landlady with a complaint.

"Madam," he said, with a demi-semi-quaver in his voice, and a piece of wetness in each eye about as big as a buckshot, "haven't I been a pretty good boarder for the two years I have been with you?"

"Why, Mr. Ridgley, of course you have. Only yesterday a lady asked me how long you had been a member of the Y. M. C. A., replied the lady in surprise.

"Yes, and when you gave us eggs with the feathers on did I ever kick?"

"Wasn't what?" stammered the woman, thrown off her balance by the suddenness of the blow.

"And did I ever insist on your clipping their wings?"

"Sir, I don't—"

"And didn't I keep right on, even though you let the butter wear its hair banged, when you knew I hated bangs?"

"Mr. Ridgley, this is going too—"

"And did I complain when I found a button in my pie, because there wasn't any buttonhole in the flap?"

"Sir, I won't stand this any—"

"And did I report you to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty when I picked that poor, helpless cockroach out of the biscuit?"

"Shut up, you—"

"Yes, when I found a minnow in the milk did I ask you whether you milked your cow with a fishing-pole or a seine?"

"Wha—wha—wh—"

"Don't mention it, madame. When the steak was a little tough, was I one of the boarders who sent a buzz saw and a steam engine up to the house?"

"I—I—I—"

"And did I ever object to paying for furniture repairs, because the bread was so heavy that, when I swallowed it, it knocked the bottom of the chair on?"

"You mean, good, for nothing—"

"Don't get excited, madam. Did I ever inquire whether you drew your tea with a windlass or a chain pump?"

"Oh, you villain, you wrech, you—"

"I hear you, madam and I want to ask if I ever reflected on your molasses can by asking if you had a patent on that?"

"I—I—I—"

"Oh—oh—oh, you—oh—"

"Oh, madam, did I ever do any of these things? And I answer by saying 'never, no never.' Therefore I want to know why in thunder, excuse my forcible language, please, when they bring me a plate of soup with a dishrag in it, they don't bring along a pair of scissors to cut the darned thing up so a man won't choke on it. That's all, madam."

When the lady was reconstituted, Ben was compelled to go out into the cold, cold world, and get another boarding-house. Such is woman's inhumanity to man.—*Merchant Traveler*.

The Loon.

This wild and solitary bird, once abundantly represented in the region—in the old days of the early New England settlements—is now but seldom seen on our Connecticut rivers and lakes. It is still occasionally met with, however, on some of our Connecticut waters, as on Hartland Point in West Hartford, Long Hill Pond in New Hartford (where a few years ago, on a low-water island, it was known to rest), and other places in not much frequented localities. Dr. Wood, of South Windsor, shot one on the Connecticut River, opposite that place, not long ago; but the loon is the hardest of all birds to shoot. His quickness is amazing. He will escape a rifle ball by diving after he sees the flash, and this at a distance not greater than a few rods. The writer once succeeded in hitting one with a bullet at long range by creeping through thick cover toward a small and select company of these wild birds that were having a little picnic of their own in one water at sunset, but, unless they can be so taken they must be shot. If at all as Dr. Wood shot his, by having his gun already aimed at the probable spot where the loon will rise, and firing at the very instant the water breaks, even before the bird's head really appears.

Here is an account of the loon by the best observer of birds in America:

One of the strong and original strokes of nature was when she made the loon. It is always refreshing to contemplate a creature so positive and characteristic. He is the great diver and ducer under water. The loon is the genius loci of the wild Northern lakes, as solitary as they are. Some birds represent the majesty of nature, like the eagles; others its ferocity, like the hawks; others its cunning, like the crow; others its sweetness and melody, like the song birds. The loons represent its wildness and solitariness.—*Hartford Times*.

—Actors have a dispiriting outlook for next season. Managers anticipate bad business in consequence of the distractions of the Presidential canvass. Not since the introduction of the combination system have fewer performers been engaged nor smaller salaries offered. Those who last season received seventy-five dollars to one hundred dollars a week can only get forty dollars to fifty dollars.—*Chicago Herald*.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Paper bottles are now made on a large scale in Germany and Austria.

—A clay which can be utilized in the manufacture of putty has been discovered in Attala, Miss.

—A Santa Barbara (Cal.) botanist has discovered a species of gooseberry wholly unknown to science, also a new species of olive tree.

—A German paper says that a roof can be made fire-proof by covering it with a mixture of lime, salt and wood ashes, adding a little lampblack to give a dark color. This not only guards against fire, it is claimed, but also in a measure prevents decay.

—A New Haven man has invented a new kind of a parachute, which is fastened around the centre of the balloon itself and it is expected to bring the whole affair, including the aeronaut, down safely if any accident happens to the balloon.—*Hartford Post*.

—There is hardly any safety railway appliance but may be improved, and inventors who are seeking for profitable fields of labor will do well to investigate the cause of railway accidents and devise means of greater safety to life, limb and property.—*Scion to the American*.

—Mr. Case, a watchmaker of Franklin, Pa., has completed a locomotive and tender six inches long all told, that has every part complete that is found in a working engine. It is made of gold, silver and steel, and is destined for the New Orleans exhibition.—*Philadelphia Post*.

—Experiments by Dr. Pehl, of St. Petersburg, go to support the theory that the waters of rivers are purified by the motion (mass or molecular) imparted to the liquid. Bringing waters into rapid motion by means of a centrifugal machine the number of developing germs of bacteria was reduced by ninety per cent.

—The brilliancy in the eyes of cats is caused by a carpet of glittering fibres called the tapetum, which lies behind the retina, and is a powerful reflector. In perfect darkness no light is observed in their eyes, a fact which has been established by careful experiments. Nevertheless, a very small amount of light is sufficient to produce the luminous appearance.—*Detroit Post*.

—The *Photographic Journal* reports an ingenious way to prevent forgery of bank notes. This is no other than the employment of an invisible actinic ink, of which no trace can be seen on the paper or upon the image upon the focusing screen. As soon, however, as you come to develop your plate, the word "forgery" appears in bold letters right across the negative.

—The height and velocity of clouds may be determined by means of photography. Two cameras are placed 100 feet apart and provided with instantaneous shutters, which are released by electricity at the same moment. If a single inclination of the cameras at the position of the cloud as photographed are thus obtained, and simple trigonometrical operations give the height and distance from those data.—*Exchange*.

PITH AND POINT.

—Let the light of reason shine through your soul's windows, but keep warm by the fire of affection.

—Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it stoutly. A spark may set a house on fire.

—"G. is very close," was observed by B., "he will be a noble captain."

"Well," remarked W., "I have always thought that the best one squabbles about the better."—*N. Y. Ledger*.

—An article in an exchange is headed "Costly Misuse of the Mail." About the most costly misuse of the mails that we know of are indigent young men marrying brides.—*Boston Post*.

—A Nevada lady took an unfair advantage of her husband's indulgence in a ball, to elope with another man, and the bereft one expressed a conviction that she had been waiting for an opportunity for years.—*Detroit Free Press*.

—Soft soap for all sort of people. For a Lieutenant, call him a Captain. For a middle-aged lady, say you took her for her daughter. For a young gentleman rising fifteen, ask his opinion respecting the comparative merits of Mechi and Mappin as razor-shavers. For young ladies, if you know their color to be natural, accuse them of painting.—*Chicago Tribune*.

—Some people are poetical by nature, but there are others to whom poetical or sentimental language is utterly unintelligible. Miss Molly McDude belongs to the latter class. George Smithers has been paying her attention, and a few evenings ago, in a wild poetic outburst, he exclaimed: "How fast time vanishes in your company, dearest Mollie! The hours become brief minutes." "How can you tell anything about it? You haven't even looked at your watch," responded the prosaic Molly.—*Texas Siftings*.

—Some comic writes: Man that is married to a woman is of many days and full of trouble. In the morning he draws his salary, and in the evening he goes to bed. He is clothed in the chilly garments of the night. And seeketh the somnolent paragon, wherewith to soothe his infant posterity. He cometh as a horse or ox. And draweth the chariot of his offspring. He speedeth the sheekles in the purchase of the linen. To cover the bosom of his family. Yet himself is seen at the gates of the city with one spondee. He is altogether wretched.