

The Albany Register.

VOL. IV.

ALBANY, OREGON, APRIL 19, 1872.

NO. 33.

Albany Register.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

By COLL. VAN CLEVE,
IN REGISTER BUILDINGS,
Corner Ferry and First Streets.

TERMS IN ADVANCE.
One year, Three dollars.
Six months, Two dollars.
Single copies, Ten cents.

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Transient advertisements, per square of ten lines or less, first insertion \$2; each subsequent insertion \$1. Largest advertisements inserted on the most liberal terms.

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Having received new type, stock of colored inks, curbs, a Gordon jobber, etc., we are prepared to execute all kinds of printing in a better manner, and fifty per cent cheaper than ever before offered in this city.

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April, 1872-73.

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MITCHELL & DOLPH,
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POWELL & FLINN,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law.
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S. H. CRANOR & H. HUMPHREY,
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Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
ALBANY, OREGON.
Office in Parthenon brick, up stairs. 374

GEO. W. GRAY, D. D. S.,
GRADUATE OF CINCINNATI DENTAL COLLEGE,
takes *Newell's* and *Low's* Improved Styles of Plates for Artificial Teeth, also does all work in the line of his profession in the best and most approved method, and at reasonable prices as can be had elsewhere. Nitrous oxide administered for the painless extraction of teeth if desired. Office in Parthenon brick block, up stairs. Residence first house south of Congregational church, fronting on court house block. 72-18

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20 DOLLARS A DAY
TO MALE AND FEMALE AGENTS,
To introduce the celebrated
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STITCH ALIKE ON BOTH SIDES AND THE ONLY SHIRT SEWING MACHINE IN THE UNITED STATES. Approved by the celebrated Wilson, feed sold for less than \$40, and acknowledged by all to be the best family sewing machine, for light or heavy sewing, in the market. Call for free Address
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Established in 1856.

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DEALER IN EVERY VARIETY OF miscellaneous books, school books, blank books, stationery. Books imported to order at short notice.
Albany, Dec. 3, 1870.

TURNING - - TURNING.

RAWHIDE CHAIRS.
I AM PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS OF turning; keep on hand and make to order rawhide-bottom chairs, and spin and sing wheels. Show room the "Magnolia Mills," Nov. 8, 1868-1

BUSINESS CARDS.

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—AND—
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DEPOSITS RECEIVED SUBJECT TO CHECK AT SIGHT.
Interest allowed on time deposits in coin. Exchange on Portland, San Francisco, and New York, for sale at lowest rates. Collections made and promptly remitted. Refers to H. W. Corbett, Henry Fallour, W. S. Ladd.
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MARBLE WORKS.

MONROE & STAIGER,
Dealers in
Monuments, Obelisks, Tombs,

Head and Foot Stones,

Executed in
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J. DOW & S. B. CRANE,
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Boots, Shoes, and Findings
ALBANY, OREGON.

ATTENTION OF THE PUBLIC TO THEIR FULL STOCK OF THE latest styles in gentlemen's and youth's boots, shoes, gaiters, Oxford ties, etc., etc., as well as to the very latest thing out in the line of ladies' and misses' gaiters, hosiery, Newport ties, Annettoe buckskin, and many other new and fashionable styles, just received at the City Boot Store, which they will sell as rapidly as they can find purchasers who wish first-class goods at the most reasonable rates. They respectfully invite you to come and see their stock. Boots, shoes, etc., made or repaired to order, and all work warranted.

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First door West of Register Building.
474

CITY MARKET,
FIRST STREET, ALBANY, OREGON.

J. L. HARRIS,
PROPRIETOR,
WILL ENDEAVOR TO KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND A FULL SUPPLY OF
ALL KINDS OF MEATS,
Which will be of the very best quality. The highest market price paid for beefs, hogs and sheep.
Third door west of Ferry, on south side of First street.
J. L. HARRIS.
Albany, Dec. 15, 1871-15-4

J. W. Van Den Bergh M. D.,
WOEN DOCTOR.
SALEM : : : OREGON.

MY long experience in diseases caused by worms, cannot be surpassed by any physician in Europe or the United States. Offices, Nos. 28 and 30, over the Post Office. Consultations and examinations free of charge. 4109916

Albany Collegiate Institute,
ALBANY, OREGON.
THIS INSTITUTION WILL REOPEN ON Monday, September 4, 1872, with a corps of teachers capable and earnest. Instruction will be thorough and practical, and the system of order unsurpassed. For particulars address
R. K. WARREN, A. M., President;
Or, Rev. E. R. GEMRY, D. D., Albany.

The Eyes! The Ears!
DR. T. L. GOLDEN,
Oculist and Aurist, Albany, Oregon.

DR. GOLDEN IS A son of the noted and ophthalmic doctor, S. C. Golden.
Dr. Golden has had experience in treating the various diseases to which the eye and ear are subject, and feels confident of giving entire satisfaction to those who may place themselves under his care. April 18, 68.

DR. E. O. SMITH, DENTIST,
HAS LOCATED IN ALBANY, and is now ready to wait on the citizens of Albany and vicinity, with a new invention in dental work. It consists in supporting the plate to the mouth without covering the whole roof of the mouth. Those wishing artificial teeth are requested to call and examine for themselves. Also, plates mended, whether partially broken or divided. Teeth extracted with the out pain. Office over Farrell's store. All work warranted. 714

Paper-hanging, Calcemining, Decorating, &c.

R. M. WADSWORTH will give prompt attention to all orders for Paper-hanging, Calcemining, Decorating, &c., in this city or vicinity. All work executed in the latest style, in the best manner, and at lowest living rates. Orders left at Furniture Warerooms of Chas. Mealey will receive prompt attention. 464

The Perils of the Whale Fishery.

A correspondent writes: We are now within a cable's length of the nearest whales, a score of boats close in on our wake and another ship's boat lapping upon us. Grim old John Dagget, our first mate, seemed going mad, his eyes starting from their sockets, teeth clenched, and laurehaded. I could see the veins in his forehead and great brawny arms swell almost to bursting as the fever heat of the chase came on. I pulled the after oar, and as he guided the boat with one hand, his other, at every stroke, caught my oar, throwing it against my breast, while its long blade quivered like a piece of springing steel. Still the other boat groped—creeping slowly abreast of us.

"Pull, men—oh, if you love money, pull! Don't let that boat pass us! Oh, spring, every mother's son of you—boys, if you love me, pull. A keg of turkaker among ye, if we get up to this whale! Ah, he blows! Oh, God, what a back—broader'n the old woman's parlor. Steady now, men—not a whisper if ye want to live! One more strike—stand up, harpooner. Don't ye mis him, boy! Look out when he rounds up—cool, my boy, cool—give it to him!"

Down under my oar-blade I saw a huge black body, and the boat struck something harder than a wave. "Starn all! starn! I tell ye," thundered grim old Vikings; and I knew that we were fast. Heaven! how the line flew out, as maddened with pain, the motor plunged downward. One—two—three hundred fathoms of line out, not a sound in the boat, save the cracking of the line as it runs smoking around the loggerhead, the name tightening it every pound it would bear—every man braced thru in his seat, grasping his oar and waiting. But now the slender coil slackens. For, thrill and breathless, our prey is coming up.

As I lean over the gunwale, the waters were clear as crystal, and I fancied I could see to immense depths in the calm and tranquil element. Is it possible a more than fabled giant is coming thence to battle with us? And in a few moments will it be his blood or ours that shall turn this pellucid blue to turbid crimson? A shout started me, and looking around, there, lashing the sea to snowdrifts, rolled our prey. And what an antagonist! At least eighty feet long, and of huge girth, he lay on his back (the favorite way of fighting of the cachalot, his head depressed, and jaw full fifteen feet long, elevated in the air and bristling with sharp, gleaming white teeth. His roaring was fearful. Down to our oars, and in a moment our mate had his lance at work.

Keen as a razor blade, that long thin lance found its way through hide and sinew, past piled up flesh and rib, burying its head in the very vitals of the monster. His throes of agony were terrible and pitiful. At every lance-thrust his huge body would quiver along its entire length, and the bright red blood, hot from his heart, rush in a torrent from his spiracle. In vain he turns upon us—the well-trained crew slip the boat out from under his very jaw, as he slats it down to crush us, and as he rushes by again the lance cuts its cruel way.

No play, this kind of hunting. No long-ranged rifles fired from a safe distance. A hand-to-hand combat, grappling the greatest living animal in a life and death struggle. No place in that boat for weak nerves. These be earnest men, snatching subsistence for their families from out of the sea, and conquering its king. He strives to escape, but the iron is galling, and spouting ten gallons of blood at every breath, he is growing weak. The blood has covered us; and our old mate looks like the butcher he is. Oh, old fellow—your enemies have closed upon you, and know no fear. It is your life or theirs, and man triumphs over the brute.

But now the coup de grace is given, and he is dying. On his side, swimming bilially, he sweeps grandly around in a narrow circle, until at last, heading toward the sun as vision grows more and more dark, a mighty three-shakes the huge form, a convulsive shudder as in a last vain struggle for life—and a huge, unwieldy mass, heaving upon the long swells, attests man's supremacy upon water as well as upon land.

While we had been at work, the other boats had not been idle. When our whale reappeared from his first round plunge, the whole school had surrounded him, or, in whaler's parlance, "brought to," for there is a deal of honest sympathy in a school of sperm whales. A fleet of boats dashed in, and each quickly selecting its prey, commenced the work of death.

The scene was a perfect panemoum: the whales entangled in many lines striving to escape; here one on his back, his great bristling jaw elevated, and lines attached to other whales wound round and round it; there another, trying to fight his way clear of the mass, dealing tremendous blows with "shuks" and flus. The surrounding boats press upon them, the lances flashing in the sunlight, the shouting crews covered in blood, wild with excitement and joy. The waves caught a bright red tint; we were floating in a sea of blood.

But, one after another, breaking away from the entangled mass, went into his "flurry," and, dragging after him the boat, its officers still plying the lance—the monster, forsaken by the school, yielded and turned "fin up." Our ship secured three of the prizes, among which our boat captured the king, being what is termed a

"hundred barrel feller." At noon we had them alongside the ship, secured them with massive chains, made sail to gain an offing before beginning the work of cutting in.

Modern Discoveries.

Much interest has lately been excited by the discoveries of Mr. Layard, the enterprising explorer of Assyrian antiquities. The most remarkable results have rewarded his sagacious and persevering researches. Along the Tigris, for many miles, lie a succession of vast mounds, which have long been considered as the remains of the mighty city of Nineveh. So great is the extent of these ruins that it renders intelligible the account of the prophet Jonah, who proceeded "into the city a day's journey" before commencing his fearful mission.

At Kouyunkik and at Nimrod, (whose very name seems to recall the founder of the Assyrian empire), the most interesting discoveries regard the zeal of the antiquarian. At the latter place, the remains of a heavy dam, built of heavy masonry, still obstructs the river, and the tradition of the natives still ascribes its construction to Nimrod. Having commenced his excavations, the labors of Mr. Layard were soon rewarded by the discovery and examination of an enormous winged lion, with a human head, sculptured in alabaster. "It was in admirable preservation. The expression was calm, yet majestic, and the outline of the features showed a freedom and knowledge of art scarcely to be looked for in the works of so remote a period. I was not surprised that the Arabs had been amazed and terrified at this apparition. It required no stretch of imagination to conjure up the most strange fancies. This gigantic head, blanched with age, thus rising from the bowels of the earth, might well have belonged to one of those fearful beings which are pictured in the traditions of the country as appearing to mortals, slowly ascending from the regions below."

As the work was steadily pursued, twenty-eight halls and galleries, filled with the wonderful remains of this strange species of civilization, were gradually brought to light. The discovery was soon able "to behold chamber after chamber, hall after hall, unfiled themselves, as it were, from the bosom of the earth, and assume shape, dimensions, height; to watch the relief which line the walls gradually disclosing their forms. As the rubbish cleared away, the sledge and the battle and the hunting piece becoming more and more distinct; and the king wearing more manifestly his lofty tiara, and displaying his undoubted symbol of royalty; the attitude of the priest proclaiming his office, sometimes his form and features, his imperious and effeminate manhood; the walls of the besieged cities rearing their battlements, the combatants grappling in mortal struggle; the horses curvetting; the long procession stretching out, slab after slab, with the trophies of victory or the offering of devotion; above all, the huge symbolic animals, the bulls or lions, sometimes slowly struggling into light in their natural forms, sometimes developing in their human heads, their outspread wings; their downward parts—in their gigantic but just proportions—heaving off, as it might seem the encumbering earth."

Many of the walls were painted in dazzling colors, and everywhere statues, reliefs and symbolic ornaments met the eye. The entire construction and arrangement of an ancient Assyrian palace were disclosed. "Three great edifices of different periods, adorned by sculptures of different characters—one at the northwestern corner, one in the center and one to the southeast—revealed to the light of day the Nineveh perhaps of Ninus and Semiramis, of Sardanapalus and Sennacherib, of Esarhadon and Sardanapalus."

Many curious and elaborately carved ornaments of ivory were found in a tolerable state of preservation, and, by a peculiar process, were restored to their former condition. Long inscriptions, explanatory of the various events recorded in stone, have been carefully copied and engage the attention of antiquarians. The list of a succession of kings has been detected by Mr. Layard; and in his more recent excavation, a chamber has been discovered, in which tablets of terra cotta, covered with inscriptions, were piled in great numbers. It is confidently hoped that the history of a large portion of mankind, which for many ages had apparently perished, may thus be recovered, and especially that the great chasm in Assyrian events, which has so long puzzled historians, may be filled up.

A most remarkable correspondence has been discovered between these sculptured representations and those on the monuments of Egypt, so long the only rival capable of competing with Assyria. In each, the battles, spoils and trophies from foreign nations, are minutely represented. In each may be found sculptured the presentation of heads to the victorious monarch, and a scribe carefully enrolling the number.

Apparently the most ancient monument yet discovered in Nineveh is an obelisk of black marble, on which are sculptured figures of the elephant, the rhinoceros, and a tribe of monkeys; thus forcibly carrying back the mind to the time of Semiramis, and to her Eastern trophies, or perhaps those of her successors.

The vast mounds from which these and many other objects of interest have been rescued, are composed of the decayed masses of brick which formed the principal building material of

the city. In these "mountains of brick rubbish" lie whelmed the walls, the palaces, and the hanging gardens which once reared themselves so splendidly on the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates.

The present inhabitants of this once renowned region, are mostly ignorant Arabs, governed by their almost equally ignorant and bigoted masters, the Turks. Every obstacle (probably with a view to extortion) was at first placed in the way of the enterprising discoverer. At one time he was stopped, by order of the pasha, under pretext that he was disturbing, by his excavations, the tombs of the "true believers." The appearance of a cemetery was certainly found, but as it proved, constructed by the orders of the wily governor himself. "Dashed Agha," says Mr. Layard, "confessed to me on our way that he had received orders to make graves on the mound, and that his troops had been employed for two nights in bringing stones from distant villages for that purpose. 'We have destroyed more real tombs of the true believers,' said he, 'in making sham ones, than you could have defiled between the Zab and Selamayah. We have killed our horses and our selves in carrying those accursed stones.'"

A Killing Widow.

A Pennsylvania paper tells of a curiously fatal widow, a native of Washington, in that State. Engaged for marriage in 1841 to a young man named Roberts, a clerk in her mercantile father's warehouse, she was so effectively discouraged from the alliance by paternal threats and pride as to discard the clerk at last and give her hand to a gentleman boasting his own carriage. By a kind of poetic justice, after but three short months of wedlock, the rich husband died of a kick from his favorite "hack," and his young wife's face looked prettily out upon the world again through a widow's weeds. "Now," thought the clerk, Roberts, "is my time to try again. Providence favors my constancy, and I must court the widow." After two years of coy strategy he was doomed to find his lady-love engaged to another once more. The second marriage took place, and in a year and a half thereafter the happy pair removed to Syracuse, where epidemic cholera promptly made the lady a widow again. Roberts, still in his Washington clerkship, heard the news and experienced a revival of knightly courage. For a third time would he seek the bewitching prize; with more speed, but not less circumspectly than before. His plan was to let just one year of the small mourning elapse, and then write the fair mourner a terse but ardent offer of his hand and heart. At the end of a twelvemonth he did write thus, and his answer was an invitation to attend the wedding of the widow with her late husband's business partner. The lady, not long after the ceremony, departed with her illegitimate lord to Detroit, Michigan. Two or three years passed away, and husband and wife were on a steamer which went down in a terrible winter storm near Buffalo. Amongst the many lives lost was that of the husband; but by the gallantry and good swimming of a rich young merchant from Pittsburg, the widow had her sorely imperiled life preserved to her, and in a very few months afterward he evinced her gratitude for her gallant preserver by marrying him. It was a foregone conclusion, of course, that the dead lady should survive this gentleman, too. One day a tierce of rice falling through a hoistway in his store killed the merchant of Pittsburg like a rat. Among those attracted from the street by the catastrophe was Roberts, who had come from Washington on business and chanced to be passing at the time. Simultaneously the oft-buffed wooer realized his new hope, and that a fleet clerk had already started to apprise the bereaved wife of her fourth widowhood. Resolved not to be beaten again, and by a clerk, he tore frantically away toward the home of his old love, at breakneck speed, and reached the fatal presence in advance of all other messengers. He was recognized, told the lady of her loss, and begged to be considered her truest and most constant friend on earth. So he won her at last, and they were married within a year, the frightful warning of the deaths of his ill-fated predecessors having had no more effect upon him than it had and they were "very different people."

GOOD RULES FOR ALL.—Profane swearing is abominable. Vulgar language is disgusting. Inquisitiveness is offensive. Tattling is mean. Telling lies is contemptible. Slandering is devilish. Ignorance is disgraceful. Avoid all vices and aim at usefulness. This is the road in which to become respectable. Walk in it. Never be ashamed of honest labor. Pride is a curse—a hateful vice. Never act the hypocrite. Keep good company. Speak the truth at all times. Never be discouraged, but persevere, and mountains will become molehills.

A Kansas lady on retiring to her room one night, found it literally filled with martins, which had flown in during her absence. Instead of harshly turning them out into the cold, the kind-hearted lady captured nearly all the little creatures and had them served up the next day in a potpie.

"I know what your beau's pretty white horse's name is," said a little boy to his grown up sister the other morning—"his Hangye. Last night I was outside the house when he stopped at the front gate, and heard him say, 'Whoa, Hangye!'"

Heart Disease.

There is so much erroneous belief on this subject, that we deem it a fitting one to expatiate upon. And perhaps, at the outset, we shall startle many persons by the assertion that many men with heart disease carry it forty and fifty years, and then die from some other cause entirely. That a man has this affection, does not imply, as many suppose, that he is "of few days, and full of trouble." Oftentimes it is of no trouble at all, even when seriously diseased, and it may be carried for many a year, with the same lack of symptoms, if care is taken in the general habits of life.

Heart diseases are incurable as a general rule. They are beyond the reach of medicine, just the same as an amputated limb is beyond the reach of medicine to make it grow out again. Most affections of this organ are due to some accident or disease of the valves. It is a pump—in matter of fact—and pumps blood to different parts of the body, as any other pump would do if arranged properly, and placed in the same position—and its valves are just as liable to get out of order as any metal pump would be. If it could be gotten at, and these imperfections and accidents attended to, it could all be made speedily well again; but it cannot, and it is therefore just as useless to attempt to cure by the use of medicine, as it would be to dose a cistern pump with oil and putty, and expect a recovery when it got a little out of order. All that can be done is to prevent it from getting worse—put up with what you have, and thank goodness you've got no more; and this is only accomplished by strict attention to such rules as obviate the exciting causes.

Anything which excites the heart to increased action, has a tendency to induce disease, just as anything which abuses a metal pump will soon make it useless. Violent freaks of passion; severe and long continued exertion; the intemperate use of alcoholic stimulants; rich food and riotous living, &c., are common causes, as are also certain diseases over which individuals have no immediate control. The life by day, therefore, of an individual with disease of the heart, should be the model of sobriety and propriety. He should live cautiously, live low, live temperate. He should take only the most nutritious and digestive food, and that in quantities only sufficient for his sustenance. He should avoid late hours, and over-exercise, and, in fact, should do nothing, mentally or physically, that would in any way interfere with his cardiac apparatus. This is indispensable, and of it, to his continued existence. The more religiously he attends to it the longer he may live; the less he attends to it, the shorter is his earthly career.

But some one may say, heart diseases are not always of so little consequence, and are often attended with serious droopiness, and general discomfort and misery. These are just the cases where improper mode of living is bringing things to a finale, and no one need ever think that stage if he "knows himself," and takes a stitch in time.

WAT'S ZE NAME?—A Frenchman, a stranger in New York, stopped a lad in the street, and politely asked:

"Mon friend, wat's ze name of zis street?"
"Well, who said it wasn't?" replied the boy.
"Wat's you call zis street?"
"Of course we do."
"Parthenon! I have not ze name; what you call him?"
"Yes, Watts, we call it."
"Zis street?"
"Watt's street, old fellow; and don't you try to make game of me."
"Suzee vous de Dieu! I ask you one, two, three, four, five, often, will you tell me ze name of ze street, eh?"
"Watts, street, I tell you. You're drunk, ain't you?"
"Mon little fren, were you live, eh?"
"In Vandam street."
"Eh bien! You live in von clam street, and you is von d—d fool!"
And they parted, entertaining a high opinion of each other's politeness.

A Portsmouth (N. H.) paper says that there is a dog in this city, only six months old, that chews tobacco and will take an intoxicating drink whenever invited. In fact, he will get "as drunk as a lord" as often as he has an opportunity. We can hardly believe it. That "a lord" or any other human being should get drunk and dissipate in the most insular manner, is not at all to be wondered at; but that a dog or any other respectable beast should degrade himself in this way, is truly deplorable, and it is very hard for us to have our good opinion of the canine race brought down by a depraved pup like this of Portsmouth.—Eve, 1871.

Guest—"How comes this dead fly in my soup?" Waiter—"In fact, sir, I have no positive idea how the poor thing came to its death. Perhaps it had not taken any food for a long time, dashed upon the soup, ate too much of it, and contracted an inflammation of the stomach that brought on death. The fly must have a very weak constitution, for when I served the soup it was dancing merrily on the surface. Perhaps—and the idea presents itself only at this moment—it endeavored to swallow too large a piece of vegetable; this remaining fast in his throat, caused a choking in the windpipe. This is the only reason I could give for the death of this insect."

28.9.1872