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A BACHELOR.

BY WM. MCINTOSH.

Too poor for a nob,
Too proud for a nob,
Too fine for the mob—
Poor devil!

Too mystic for trade,
Too honest, 'tis said,
For gain that is made
By evil.

Too high his ideal;
Too humble the rest;
Too duty to feel
For grieving.

Too patient for hating;
Too ruthless for mating;
Life's pleasures belating,
And leaving.

Too little a poet
To make the world know it;
Too weak to forego it,
Still trying.

Too frank; too forgiving;
Too prone to believing;
Too loose some living,
Or dying.

Henry Bergh—The Animals' Friend.

Henry Bergh's everyday life during nearly twenty years, has been an expression of sympathy with "our poor earth-born companions and fellow mortals," the dumb creatures.

He was born in New York City in the year 1823. His father was a wealthy man, the leading American shipbuilder of his time. He was a native of the Empire State, and a long-time resident of New York City, which deeply mourned his loss when, at the age of eighty-three he departed this life. Mr. Bergh's grandfather was a native of Germany. His mother's maiden name was Elizabeth Ivers. She was the daughter of a Connecticut family distinguished for its excellent qualities. Blessed with a superior parentage, possessing ample means, Mr. Bergh received a superior education, but did not complete the course at Columbia college. He married while young a Miss Taylor, daughter of English parents. In 1862 he was appointed Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg, and began there the active interference in behalf of the right of animals to kind treatment, which has given him a reputation wide as civilization. Of course, his services to abused animals in the Russian capital were entirely unofficial, but they were effective, thanks to the distinguished character of his equipage and the fine livery of his coachman. Mr. Bergh resigned his position on account of ill-health. On his way home he indulged in the luxury of leisurely travel and became acquainted with the Earl of Harrowby, President of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, London. The society of which Mr. Bergh was the founder, is modeled largely after the English one presided over by this nobleman until his death. He returned to New York in 1864, and spent a year in maturing his plans for the establishment of means to check and prevent cruelty to animals. The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was instituted in 1865. In 1866 it was given by statute the powers of prosecution, and even arrest, which it still possesses. Mr. Bergh has been its president since its inception, and its invaluable services to beast and man as well—for men are made better by being taught the practice of humanity towards dumb creatures—are largely due his resolution, the moral elevation of his character, his tact, unflinching courage and unconquerable perseverance. He stands six feet high, and his appearance and carriage denote a power of will which readily commands respect. But his appeal to the moral sense and his disinterestedness are the principal elements of his success. He receives no salary for his work, freely gives his time and energies to it, and the public know this to be the case and respect and honor the man who makes the sacrifice. The statute of 1866 constitutes Mr. Bergh an assistant district attorney in New York City and assistant of the attorney general of the State, in the enforcement of the laws against cruelty to animals. He is a member of the bar, and effective in the court room, as well as in interferences in behalf of animals in the public streets and elsewhere, and on the public platform as a lecturer enforcing the wisdom and duty of humane feeling and action.

The New York society has 325 workers in the State. Thirty-six States in the Union have founded similar organizations, and Mr. Bergh's correspondence contains many applications from foreign lands for information as to his methods and the laws under which he works. During the first year of its existence as an agency enforcing that law of the State which included a principle new in American jurisprudence, namely, that men's ownership of inferior creatures is limited by the claims of an enlightened humanity, the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals prosecuted 101 persons; in 1881, 855, and the total number of prosecutions up to the end of last year was 9121. The total number of disabled animals suspended from work in the cities of New York and Brooklyn, from 1861 to 1881, was 21,201. No arrests were made in these cases, but the drivers or owners were warned and advised. A total of nearly two thousand animals was destroyed by agents of the society in 1881. Mr. Bergh's society owns three ambulances for the removal of disabled animals from the street, and a derrick to rescue

them from excavations into which they might fall. The Royal Society, London, has no appliances of this nature, and the presumption is that the large number of poor horses, etc., which become disabled in the great city, lie there to die unregarded. Dog-fighting men, rat-baiters and cock-fighters, as a matter of course, regard Mr. Bergh as an enemy, but their opposition, brutal and bold is of less importance than the indifference to the objects of his society, contempt, or half-avowed opposition of people who consider themselves cultured, and of newspapers which boast of their adaptation to family reading and yet contain demoralizing accounts of bloody dog fights. The discussion as to the propriety of vivisection is still open, but it may be well to recall the fact that Majendie, the dissector of forty thousand unfortunate living creatures, declared vivisection to be a failure. Pigeon shooting, a former sport affected by the wealthy and influential, Mr. Bergh has not been able to stop. Dog fighting as provided and exhibited on Long Island thanks to the vigilance of the officers, may now be regarded as a thing of the past. About three years ago the attempt was made to institute the sport of bull fighting in New York City. Men had arrived from Spain for this purpose, an arena had been built and performances were announced, when Mr. Bergh, with some fifty policemen put an end to the enterprise, with great loss to its promoters. There is no possibility of such an experiment being tried again in New York. The income of the society in 1881 was \$25,480 25, and the balance in its favor at the end of the year \$1,864 72. It has been assisted powerfully by bequest, especially that of Louis Bonard, of \$150,000, contested by relatives who wanted the property of the society, by judicial decision. "Our Animal Friends," is the name of a pictorial monthly magazine published under the auspices of the society, and which has a large number of appreciative readers.

The value of Mr. Bergh's work is incalculable. From the standpoint of mere economy, kindness to animals is cheaper than cruelty and far more productive, as many men who have come under the influence of Mr. Bergh's persuasion, though once they opposed it, now admit. To increase the happiness of the animals dependent upon us and to avoid cruelty towards all creatures possessed of conscious life, is a gratification of a high order, and a means to moral improvement of great importance, as the experience of all persons thus actuated confirms. Brutality and cruelty are checked and punished by the means enforced by Mr. Bergh, and young people observe and take warning. In short, moral progress and therefore happiness are directly assisted by the work done by him and those everywhere who employ themselves in the same humane manner.

Look to Your Chickens

If you wish to have your hens attend strictly to business, give them a chance. Warm and sunny quarters, warm breakfasts of the boarding-house style, that is a mixture of potatoes, vegetables and meat with an occasional mess highly peppered. Clean, warm water, or warm skimmed milk in a clean vessel. Room for exercise, and make them scratch a part of the time by sowing their whole grain, feed into the littering or ground floor of their quarters. We have found it a good practice to keep the floors covered three or four inches deep with chaff or cut straw, and when feeding whole grain scatter among the litter and rake in. In this way the fowls have to scratch for a living. If the floor is dry sand, which by the way is one of the best, dig the feed in with a steel rake. Remember that wis clean themselves by scratching the dust and sand out. See that they have both. If you have secured several barrels of road dust or dry loam you are all right; if you have been so shiftless that you have nothing provided you can use dry ashes, or go to some sand bank and secure a supply of dusting material. With the good base whatever it may be, mix a good portion of sulphur. Buries to get very far into the water look for lice. It won't pay to winter them and there is no need of doing it. If your fowls or fowl-houses are infested with lice or vermin, clean them out, if it takes a week's time; you cannot afford to keep lice. They are one of the greatest of all drawbacks to egg production or thrifty poultry. Only a few have hens that lay in the winter. The few that get eggs find it an easy matter, but they do it by giving the proper feed, care and attention needed. The many who do not get eggs are those who neglect the birds. There is too much neglect in this branch of farming. No other farm animal feels neglect so quick as a laying hen. A large majority of the poultry is neglected and left to rough it through. Fowls will pay for care and feed as well as cattle, horses, sheep or pigs, and the labor in this department is lighter than in any other. There is no difficulty about any part of the work and anybody can do it. Treat the hens decently, give them clean and comfortable quarters, and feed them well with a variety of food and they will lay.

TRANSPLANTATION OF MUSCLE.—Dr. Heflicher, of Munich, after the removal of a large fibro-sarcoma from the biceps muscles of a woman, aged 36, refilled the gap left vacant with a freshly cut piece of muscle taken from a dog, fastening the same with six lower and thirty upper catgut ligatures. A cure followed the antiseptic treatment. The patient can now readily flex and extend the arm. An electrical examination instituted by Ziemsen did not show any abnormality, and it appears therefore that the transplanted muscle has retained all its vital functions.

Lyness's Snake Warning.

A python, sixteen feet long, and five cobras and black snakes were brought to the Central Park menagerie on Saturday afternoon. They had just arrived from Europe. No blankets had been provided by the exporter. The serpents had been merely tossed into a large wooden box, with some loose hay at the bottom and air holes at top. During the voyage out the hay got wet, and the box became soaked. When the snakes were landed they were found to be rigid, and so strongly knit together in a common mass that it seemed impossible to separate them. The big case was put on a truck, and the truckman drove the snakes to the park in the intense cold of Saturday.

When Superintendent Conklin got the consignment he was naturally indignant at receiving congealed serpents. He separated them and found them to be "They'll have to be thawed out," said Superintendent Conklin.

Tobias Lyness is the park menagerie engineer. He has charge of the great furnaces that consume 300 tons of coal in a season. Tobias Lyness has been many years in the employ of the park. He is an American. Broad-shouldered, muscular, curly haired, cool, Lyness has no fear in him. He is no conjurer, charmer, or fatter, merely a brave engineer.

"Lyness, I wish you would thaw out these serpents for me," said Superintendent Conklin, who supposed they were dead, "and when you have them uncoiled, put them in bags where I can find them and have them sent to the taxidermist on Monday."

"All right, sir," replied Lyness, and, calling the menagerie hands, he said: "Damp those serpents in the engine room."

Tobias Lyness had a roaring fire in his half-ton furnace. He raked down the coal, put on the blast, and when the fire was at white heat he threw open the furnace door. Then he seized the coil of frozen pythons, cobras, and black snakes and dragged it close to the fire.

Lyness lit his pipe and sat reading a paper in front of the furnace, waiting for the serpents to thaw out. After a while, happening to look down, he saw six great serpents' heads, with lustrous eyes and darting tongues. Lyness put down his pipe and paper. As he did so the coil of serpents uncoiled in size, showing plainly enough that they were reviving.

"Come here, Tom," shouted Lyness to Donohue, the night watchman. "Bring that box along, and shut up your dogs. We're going to have a circus." Tom Donohue ran up. He looked in through the engine room window and said: "Wait till I get the net, and we'll haul them in."

"Not be darned," said Lyness. The serpents kept wriggling and uncoiling themselves gradually. Finally the python began slipping from the mass. Lyness stepped forward and caught the python near the head with one hand, and lower down about the body with the other. Then he played with snake. He choked him and manipulated him. "I'll show him out well," he said, laughing. Finally he threw the snake into the box, which was quickly closed.

Lyness then turned his attention to the other snakes, and thoroughly thawed and boxed them all. Then he and Tom Donohue carried the box to the great glass snake house, and dumped the new-comers among the reptiles already there. Last night the snakes were doing well. Three young rabbits and four pigeons are being fattened for them, and they will be fed in a few days.—New York Sun.

The Hohenzollerns.

One wondered when the military labors—for following the maneuvers of an army corps on horseback is no holiday work—and the amusements of the week were over, whether the emperor did not have a sigh of relief and wish that he might for once travel about a bit without being subjected to repetitions of scenes that he must have assisted at a thousand times before. But those who know say he does nothing of the kind. He is as eager for amusement and as easily amused as a boy, and after a long day of varied festivities will ask whether that is all in a most regretful way. Truly, not only an iron constitution, but a healthy and elastic spirit must be conceded to a man of 55 to whom his long labors and his satisfied ambition have left so fresh and childlike a nature. His old doctor—almost as old as himself, and the only physician the Kaiser will trust to regulate his daily life—reported to a friend of mine while here the difficulty he had in making him remember that he was no longer 40 years of age. His appetite for forbidden delicacies is as boyish as his appetite for parades and fetes. Even when he is taking the "cure" at Ems, and the strictest regimen should be required of him, he is not willing to do without a lobster for his daily breakfast. One wonders not only that he, but that his responsible physician has lived so long.

If one were to pick out of all the families in the world one which would by its physical appearance do honor to the greatest of contemporary thrones, one could not find a better than this Hohenzollern race. Their strength and manly beauty are famous and the royal houses of Europe so generally far from healthy or handsome. What the Emperor looks like is well known—a perfect picture of a monarch and a soldier, the most splendid specimen of kingly old age one could conceive. His son is almost as imposing and even handsomer in feature, with a beauty which no plainness of apparel could detract from and which the utmost gorgeousness of a gala uniform seems but rightly to adorn. One often hears the fact regretted, therefore, that

this splendid Hohenzollern stock has been injured by his marriage with Queen Victoria's daughter. For that it has been injured one sees very plainly by looking at the young Prince William, who is the next heir to the throne, and whose little son, born some months ago, completes the unusual spectacle of four living generations in direct male descent. He is not a Hohenzollern at all in his looks, unfortunately, but a true child of his mother and grandmother. Moreover, he is infirm as well as unbecomingly fat. One of his arms is either stunted or paralyzed, and from his face one cannot predict a continuance of either the sound sense or warlike ability or firm character of his elders. However, he is very young, and may improve, and perhaps his little son will be more a Hohenzollern, and less of an Englishman. His brother, Henry, now about 15, and a naval officer, is far better to look at—Hohenzollern through and through—and gives one the impression that he is stronger and cleverer. Of course, when the above mentioned baby was about to make its entrance in the world, there was much apprehension lest it should prove a girl. Not only the natural joy on such occasions prevailed, but also the desire that the four generations might complete themselves in the masculine. These German princes, stately though they are on state occasions, are buergerlich enough in their private lives—one great reason why they are believed by other people. So when the decisive hour approached the Crown Prince walked impatiently up and down in front of his daughter-in-law's room just as any plebeian papa might have done. The "little Prince," as Prince William is popularly called, at last put his head out of the window and called in naive ecstasy, "Papa, papa, it is a boy after all." "Of course," shouted his father in reply, "what else could it have been?" Great was the joy in the house of Hohenzollern, and as soon as possible the four generations were photographed together—the old Kaiser with the tiny baby on his knee and the papa and grandpa beaming upon them from either side. The "Four Emperors" as the picture is called, is sold by hundreds all over Germany; and, looking at them, one can believe the future of the family is well assured, and can understand also how it is that this royal family holds so warm a place in the hearts of its subjects.—New York World.

A Texas Wife.

The best natured woman in the United States lives in Austin. She has been married a number of years to a man named Ferguson, but she and her husband have never had a quarrel yet, and he has frequently boasted that it is utterly impossible to make her angry. Ferguson made several desperate attempts to see if he could not exasperate her to look cross or scowl at him, merely to gratify his curiosity, but the more outrageous he acted the more affable and loving she behaved. Last week he was talking to a friend about what a hard time he had trying to find out if his wife had a temper. The friend offered to bet \$50 that if Ferguson were to go home drunk, raise a row, and pull the table-cloth full of dishes off the table, she would show some signs of annoyance. Ferguson said he didn't want to rob a friend of his money, for he knew he would win; but he said he last made a bet of \$50, the friend to hide in the front yard and watch the proceedings of the convention through the window.

Ferguson came home late and apparently fighting drunk. She met him at the gate, kissed him, and assisted his tottering steps to the house. He sat down hard in the middle of the floor, and howled out:

"Confound your ugly picture, what did you mean by pulling that chair from under me?"

"O, I hope you didn't hurt yourself. It was my awkwardness, but I'll try and not do it again," she helped him to his feet, although she had nothing in the world to do with his falling.

He then sat down on the sofa, and sliding off on the floor, abused her like a pick pocket for lifting up the other end of the sofa, all of which she took good-naturedly, and finally she led him to the supper table. He threw a plate at her, but she did as if she had noticed it, and asked him if he would take tea or coffee. Then the brute seized the table cloth and sat down on the floor, pulling the dishes and everything else over him in one grand crash.

What did this noble woman do? Do you suppose she grumbled and talked about going home to her ma, or that she sat down and cried like a fool, or that she sulked and pouted? Not a bit of it. With a pleasant smile she said:

"Why, George, that's a new idea, ain't it? We have never married ten years, and have never yet eaten our supper on the floor. Won't it be fun—just those piques we used to go to before we got married," and then this angelic woman deliberately sat down on the floor alongside of the wretch, arranged the dishes, and fixed him up a nice supper.

This broke George all up. He owned up he was only fooling her, and offered to give her the fifty dollars to get a new hat, but she took the money and bought him a new suit of clothes and a box of cigars.

"John, what is that peculiar smell?" asked an Austin man's wife, when he came home very late. She expected he was out, but it was the incense of a new hat, but she took the money and bought him a new suit of clothes and a box of cigars.

Astonished Mourners.

The San Francisco Chronicle of December 8th, has the following:
Pong Chow, a Chinaman of some prominence among his countrymen because of his wealth, has been ill for some days past with pneumonia, and has lain in his Bartlett-alley residence apparently undecided whether to live or to die. On Tuesday Dr. James Stanton was called in, and found Pong in the second stage of the disease, with prospects for a speedy demise. The Doctor made a hard fight for his patient during Wednesday, but prepared his relatives for the worst, telling them that he might die within twenty-four hours. Pong was restless during the night, and about two o'clock yesterday morning insisted on getting up and getting himself a drink of water. He then returned to his couch, and three hours later he relapsed into a state which his watchers at once pronounced to be death.

As Dr. Stanton was wending his way toward Bartlett alley at an early hour he was met by a Chinaman, who informed him of Pong's death, and stated that there was no need for his further services, but the Doctor kept on, with a view to taking a look at his patient. Arriving at Pong's house it was found to be heavily draped with the Chinese mourning color, while a ton or two of eulogistic funeral notices were piled up ready for use. Inside the dead pagan's numerous female connections had their hair down and full mourning on. The dead Pong lay on the floor in great state, his thin body gorgeously arrayed in a blue silk shroud, ending in white silk socks.

He looked very well for a corpse and might have passed as such had not the Doctor made a close examination which showed that he was not only not dead, but was not even in a trance. His pulse was feeble, but still distinguishable, and the heart and other organs were in like operation. The doctor at once refused to sign the desired death certificate and administered a stiff dose of brandy and carbonate of ammonia to the dead Pong which promptly performed the miracle of raising him to life, much to the astonishment and terror of the mourners.

After recovering consciousness Pong sat up for a moment, swore vociferously at his surroundings, and then, struggling to his feet, walked over to his regular couch, and went to bed. In a few minutes he slept the sleep of the just, and the attendants took away the burning tapers and other funeral paraphernalia in short order. The doctor says that Pong will hardly recover from the illness, but that he may live for several days yet. His supposed death was due to his extreme weakness, which made sleep so easy a matter that respiration, the pulse and beating of the heart could scarcely be discerned. Pong treated the affair as a good joke, and his anxious friends will not be cut out of his will for their unseemly hurry to "plant" him.

A Sermon by Talmage.

Take the best man in the world and put a detective on his track and watch him for ten years, seeing where he goes and how long he stays, and when he comes and all he does, with a desire to destroy him and make him as despicable as possible. But if it is wrong to despoil a man's good name, how much worse to damage a woman's reputation. That style of infamous work is going on from century to century and always by whispers. One whisper starts a suspicion. The next whisper tells the suspicion as an established fact. And many a woman as honorable as your mother or your wife has been whispered out of all kindly association and whispered into the grave. Now, there are people who say there is no hell. But if there is no hell for such an accursed despoiler of a woman's good name, then it is high time that we take up a collection and have one built. There is such a place already established, and what a time they will have when all the whisperers get together to rehearse things down there. What an interesting carnival of mud. If it were not for their insufferable surroundings they would enjoy the new opportunity in that realm of the outcast. All the bad are there, what a rich and rare field for exploration by whispers. On earth they had often to belie people in order to destroy them, but now they can say all the bad things possible about their neighbors and still speak the truth. Jubilee of whisperers! Grand gala day of backbiters! Semi-heaven for scandal-mongers! Only stopping their gable about their diabolical neighbors long enough to ask at the iron gate some new comer from the earth what is the last gossip from Brooklyn.

Now, how are you to help quell this great iniquity? First, by refusing to listen to or believe anything against anybody till it is positively proved. By all law of courts and all common decency, let every one be supposed innocent till he or she is proved guilty. I do not commend my way to you, but I will tell you what I almost say when I hear or read anything defamatory of anybody. "I guess that it is a lie." The only person that is worse than the whisperer is the person who without protest accepts and believes the whispers. The trouble is you hold the sack while they fill it; the receiver of stolen goods is just as bad as the thief. An ancient author said that those who uttered slander and those who believed it ought to be hanged, one by the tongue and the other by the ear. When you hear anything about your neighbors do not go about asking questions concerning the charge made and so spread it. Don't demean yourself by becoming inspector of warts and supervisor of carbuncles and commissioner of gutters and the holder of stakes at a dog fight. Allow

no defamation at you breakfast or dinner or tea table. Teach your children not to speak ill of others. Show them the difference between a bee and a wasp, the one gathering honey and the other thrusting a sting. I have heard of a household where they carefully keep what is called a "slander book," and everything that is said in the house in the way of detraction is as carefully recorded as any ledger is kept. For the first few weeks there were many entries, now very seldom is anything written in that book. If any of you are in the habit of whispering, let me advise you to desist. Mount Taurus is a great place for eagles, and eagles flying along there cackle so loudly that the eagles know they are coming and pounce upon them to their destruction. But it is said that the old cranes have found this out and that they take a stone in their mouth before they start so that it is impossible for them to cackle, and thus they fly in safety. Be wise as those old cranes and avoid the folly of the young cranes. Don't cackle. Take courage if you are maltreated of whisperers, because such creatures soon run themselves out. They come to be understood as well in a community as though some one had chalked on their overcoats or shawls, "Here comes a whisperer, make room for the leper."

Recess in Schools.

The question with doing away with the midday recess and shortening the daily session in the public schools is being discussed in the east. The experiment has been tried in Albany, and has met the approval both of the parents and teachers. The Brooklyn Eagle favors such a change in the public schools of that city, for the reason that it will "relieve teachers of the responsibility of watching over a number of children who are crowded together in a small yard, and would encourage the children to quarrel harder in order to get out earlier. As a rule, there are no school yards large enough to accommodate the children turned into them for fifteen or twenty minutes a day, and it is true that children find it anything but agreeable to be given a recess, particularly in inclement weather. The intermission of school work causes a loss of double the recess time, and it effectually breaks up the thread of study, so that teachers find it difficult to do a good work after recess as before. It is, therefore, urged that the recess be abolished and the schools closed at one o'clock." The Eagle says that parents endorse the plan "because it relieves them of the necessity of preparing lunches, and, again, very many favor it because it prevents social intercourse to any great extent between the children, which, in public schools, is just as well. It enables children to get through their work uninterruptedly and to get home at the family lunch hour. The teachers would be relieved of the disagreeable task of watching over herds of children thrown together in small yards where play is impossible and where great care is required to keep children from quarreling. The sum total of work would be the same and the children would be better off at home than playing in the play-grounds of the majority of public schools." Altogether the plan seems to be a good one, and might be adopted in the west with satisfactory results.

Afternoon Men.

There is a proverb which says: "What can be done at any time is never done," and applies especially to a class who have become slaves to the habit of procrastination, and the habitual postponing of everything that is not compelled by necessity to be done immediately. Now, delays are not dangerous to the present success, but they are destructive to ultimate success. The slightest pretext is sufficient for him to disappoint you. If an employee, the sooner he is discharged the greater the advantage to the employer. There are those who may properly be called "afternoon men." They are always busy getting ready to go to work. In the morning they walk across and solemnly inspect their duties, and say: "Plenty to do to-day. I must go to work this afternoon!" About three o'clock they survey what they haven't done, and exclaim:

"One thing and another has prevented me from making any headway to-day; I'll quit and begin bright and early in the morning!" One day with them is simply the reflection of another. There is nothing accomplished in a whole life and their western sun overtakes them and finds no preparations for the wants and infirmities of age. There is nothing to look back upon but squandered time. One hour's exercise in the morning loosens the muscles of the limbs, sets the blood dancing in the veins and fits a man physically and mentally for the day's activity; while one hour's sloth after breakfast causes a torpor from which it is almost impossible to rally.

THE SOUNDS OF VENICE.—I should go even further than I went just now, and say that the voice of the gondolier is, in fact, the sound of Venice. There is scarcely any other sound, and, indeed, is part of the interest of the place. There is no noise there except distinctly human noise; no rumbling, no vague uproar, no rattle of wheels and hoofs. It is all articulate, personal sound. One may say, indeed, that Venice is, emphatically, the city of conversation; people talk all over the place, because there is nothing to interfere with their being heard. Among the populace it is a kind of family party. The still water carries the voice, and good Venetians exchange confidence at a distance of half a mile. It saves a world of trouble, and they don't like trouble. Their delightful garrulous language helps them to make Venetian life a long conversation.