

The Meteor.

Lucus a non Lucendo.

VOL. 5.]

ALABAMA INSANE HOSPITAL, JULY, 1876.

[NO. 17.]

The METEOR will be printed in future solely for the use of the patients of the Hospital. If a copy fall into the hands of persons not attached to the institution, they may discover if they have an equitable right to read it, by asking themselves the following query: "Have I a thoroughly sound and well-balanced mind, free from quips and cranks of every kind?" If yes, return the paper to the Hospital, as an stray.

Surely there must be potent charms of some kind about the Hospital. Miss Bryce left us with the most profuse, tearful expressions of reluctance to abandon the precincts of the institution. Yet she had spent only a few months with the Superintendent's family.

Another young lady, visiting last year a friend who was an inmate, saw very much less of life at the Hospital. Yet she was so pleased that on the eve of starting for the Centennial she writes that she would rather pay a visit to the Hospital.

The principal amusements of the men's Airing-Court are ten-pins, billiards and marbles. There is least exercise in billiards. Ten-pins are admirable training for the muscles. Marbles, too, make one sweat, not by the efforts of propulsion, but by the frequent walks across the yard, and the frequent stoops to regain the taw. Checkers and oratory are occasional indulgences. The former have fallen into comparative disfavor since the opening of the ten-pin alley and billiard-saloon. Oratory seems to be monopolized by one man. We have thought several times of writing to Munn & Co. to ascertain if D had ever taken out a patent for the exercise of the art of spouting in Insane hospitals; and if so, how many years his patent has yet to run; or if it might not be evaded by a machine which omitted the perpetual motion principle.

Poetry.

Life, we know, is full of poetry. Our souls overflow with it. We used to think that few persons have the art of compressing it into a literary form. Since reading Mr. Sydney Lanier's Centennial Poem, we have changed our mind. Any one can manufacture it. We therefore beg pardon of the Hospital bards, and entreat them all to send us their every effusion. The Centennial has taught us something. And now let our contributors haste to avail themselves of the new poetical era which has dawned upon the United States. Be quick, for the new golden age of versifiers may not last long.

On the 21st of April some fair friend, learning that it was our editor's birth-day,

tossed into the office, in his absence, a large and beautiful bouquet. He returns thanks for the kind regard, and also for the house-keeper's recognition of the day by good things for the palate.

Miss Julia Bryce, during her visit to friends at the Hospital, gained quite a reputation in amateur histrionics, by her presentation of the character of Margaret in "Love's Sacrifice." Every member of the large and select audience was deeply impressed with the vividness of her portrayals. Some weeks later, when the time came to bid the Hospital world adieu, a veritable sacrifice of love was enacted. We sympathized deeply with the profound grief which her adieu to the Hospital brought her. May all the happiness be her's that would seem the rightful portion of a blooming young woman with so noble an intellect and so generous a heart.

Dr. Hunger has moved into the pretty little cottage in the pine grove on the Hospital grounds. A patient declares that Dr. H. is his evil genius, having married his sweet-heart without leave asked, and now appropriated the charming Italian villa which it was the ambition of his life to inhabit. But for the wife's sake, he hopes the pines may not cease their soft Eolian strains. He adds, that having lost the cottage which the winds habitually serenade, he shall look out now for one with a frog band attached.

Why are printers excellent Christians? Because they attach so much importance to "justification."

The East Wing (Ladies) Reading Club continues to hold its meetings, though somewhat irregularly of late. One word of advice: The selections should be very long, if the object of the club is to impress upon the minds of the members how much literary work one person can accomplish in a life-time. The chapter from the Bible at the last meeting we attended, was especially appropriate, inasmuch as its legitimate effect was the inculcation of an indifference to all such vanities as a right accentuation and just modulation. Still the question may be asked, Is it right to put friends, invited to a frolic, to rolling logs?

The West Wing (Gentlemen) Debating Club, undeterred by the frequent failure of the male members to perform the duties assigned them, pursues the even tenor of its way. Of the even treble of its route we can not speak with the same confidence. Some of the ladies have withdrawn, and some have read such excellent speeches in the debates, that there is a talk of ruling out all speeches that are in manuscript. Why both

male and female members should have voted into the President's office, for the next term, a member who is afflicted with a deafness that is almost absolute, we shall leave others to surmise.

A Row and Stroll.

Late in April we had the pleasure, in company with the Supervisor of male nurses, of a row of some miles up the beautiful lake-like expanse of the Warrior, just above the Tuskalooosa shoals, and opposite the Hospital. Mr. W. attended us a half-mile for luck—fisherman's luck. Neither Peter, our oarsman, nor we, knew anything of rowing, so we described the most beautiful zig-zags all the way to Watson's ferry at the mouth of North River. Then J halloed for Watson till his throat was sore. Next he wished that Watson was in the bad place—so that he would be sure to encounter him, we suppose. Then we walked to a house on a high hill distant a half-mile: no one there since the deluge. Then we came back to our skiff, and J again tried the power, first of his lungs, then of pious aspirations for W's sojourn in that tropical country before named. Then we walked a mile or two miles—the distance was hard to estimate, for it was up-hill, and the dinner hour was past—to another house: house uninhabited. Then we heard a rooster crow: found W within ten steps of the rooster; made a trade with him for services to be rendered to a pic-nic party in a day or two; took a dismayed look at W's troop of tow-headed infants; wondered if such luck awaited all the couples which were to participate in the pic-nic. Then we returned to our skiff; crossed North River, and climbed a precipitous hill, by way of adventure and romance: found that there is more "grace" in climbing than in un-climbing a hill, for in the descent you encounter the "Law" of gravity. Next we zig-zagged down the river, and on the way to the Hospital met our fisherman and a patient going to take a row. Then we ate a 3:40 dinner; piled a big supper a-top of it; went to bed, slept like logs float, and waked with the conviction that there is nothing like rowing and hill-climbing to make one sore all over.

"I determined," said a patient, "to watch T at the dance: I thought if he could get a partner I could. I saw him refused by two ladies: He knit his brow, and looked as though he might have gone for the last one *vi et armis*, had not the Supervisor interposed and caused him to return to his seat. I concluded not to try for a partner."

From the above the ladies can learn a lesson; trifling as seems to them, the refusal of a gentleman as a partner in a cotillon, a heart may be so lacerated by it as to induce the supposition that it is the gage of a battle to be fought then and there. We write strongly because we sympathize sincerely with T. We have often suffered from the same cause,

but being of a less warlike disposition, refusals were not to us war tocsins, but gentle admonitions to look around and see if there were not some angru holes lying around, handy for a fellow to creep in.

The patient, Mr. H. H., who acted the part of the old and rascally clerk in the play of Love's Sacrifice, was rapturously applauded. But he acts as well off the stage as on it. One day the lady-patients were taking a stroll, and the Assistant Matron looking upward, saw H in the topmost boughs of a tall hickory tree. She called aloud: "Mr. H. be very careful. If you fall you will be killed!" He replied very promptly: "I shall not fall unless I make a mistake of some kind. I shall not do that, for I never made but one mistake in my life, and that was when I got married."

A, an inmate of one of the back wards, is very devout, and will often relate what the Savior says to him. He also has an especial affection for birds. "Do you see my sweet little jay-birds!" he said to us the other day, pointing to a nest in one of the umbrageous oaks of the Airing-Court: "L threw a stone at them yesterday, trying to kill them! What a barbarian!" For the mocking-birds, the the martins, the swallows and for every kind of bird he has great tenderness, and always speaks of them as "my birds."

A very sad occurrence took place at the Hospital in May: one of our best nurses, a young man of great vigor, energetic, moral and even religious, and with a fair education, was attacked with epilepsy. Although he was seen in only one paroxysm, circumstances point strongly to the conclusion that he had had others. Recoveries from the disease are now and then recorded, some of our own long established cases having yielded to treatment. Yet the probabilities in any case are that the disease, with temporary intermissions, will fix itself more and more firmly upon the nervous system and gradually impair the mental powers. The principle of sympathy, the Superintendent thinks, may have operated in the production of the disease in this case. Not only so but he believes that other forms of insanity sometimes result from the same principle. He has felt it his duty, now and then to advise nurses to find other employment, from observing in them well pronounced symptoms of incipient disorder of the mental powers.

Tactics of the Married Life.

The general indifference of married persons to the recovery of their mate when afflicted with insanity is a sad but notable phenomenon of married life in this country. The conclusion is inevitable that there are very many ill-assorted marriages, and that when one of the parties becomes insane the other reasons somewhat in this way: "I have endured much from you because I knew of no reputable way of escape. Providence has at length come to my assistance, and I will see to it that the deliverance is permanent. You have luckily gone insane. You must remain so. If I send you at once to the Hospital you will

probably recover. I will therefore keep you at home, humor your wildest notions, and dose you according to the judgment of the family physician, qualified by the neighbors and the pedlars, until the disease is firmly fixed and has passed into the chronic or incurable stage. Then with ostentatious parade of grief and bereavement, I will send you to the hospital to remain for life."

We have not put the case any too strongly. No truth has been more frequently insisted on or more widely published than that most cases of insanity are speedily cured if the patient be sent to a hospital in the early stages of the disease; and that delay in sending patients to a hospital, in the great majority of cases, results in its life-long continuance.

Our six Toulouse geese have laid, this season, two hundred and fifty [250] eggs, or an average of more than forty eggs each. All the eggs were large and some of them of monstrous size.

The Brahma and Buff Cochin fowls sustain their reputation as extraordinary egg-producers.

A Statistical Study.

The aphorism is trite that figures don't lie. But they do almost as bad, for their testimony is very often so involved and obscure that the clearest headed persons differ notoriously as to their real meaning. Statistics of insanity are in every household, yet we doubt that many persons catch their full meaning. With a view of aiding the readers of the METEOR to solve some of the puzzles we determined to contribute a brief study of the subject. Taking our Superintendent's Report for 1874, we turn to the Alleged Exciting Causes of the insanity of ten hundred and thirty-two (1032) patients.

"Ill Health: men 30, women 45." Now-a-days the fact is strenuously insisted on, that most bad health comes from bad habits. We are then forced to the conclusion that women as a class are less prudent than men. "Religious Excitement: men 29, women 12." This confirms our previous inference; for we see that the religious propensities of men are more than twice as strong as those of women, and if allowance be made for the greater hardness of the masculine brain, we must conclude that men are four or five times as religious as women. "Political Excitement: men 16, women 3." These figures maintain the women's old-time reputation of busy-bodies about other people's affairs; for here we see three of them gone insane about politics, with which, not being allowed to vote, they have not the slightest concern. "Imprisonment: men 7, women 0." These figures show that the women make cat paws of their husbands and then suffer them to go to jail; for it is eminently illogical to suppose that men, distinguished, as we have before seen, for morality, should ever be imprisoned for courses of conduct to which they were not impelled by extraneous influence. "Intemperance: men 31, women 5." Remembering that most grown persons are married, and that drunkennes in the married very often grows from a vexatious mate, we will find matter for grief, if not for surprise, in the fact that while thirty men have been driven to drink by their wives, only five women have been driven to it by their husbands.

"Domestic Trouble: men 11, women 31." These figures are not creditable to the ladies. We are not surprized at some them becoming insane from trouble about domestic affairs; but it would seem they are sometimes given to imposing such matters on their husbands, with just such woful results as it would be natural to expect. "Grief: men 10, women 21." The women, as might be supposed, are more addicted to lamentations over spilt milk. "Hard Work: men 4, women 0." Women, we see, do not hurt themselves by work. "Fright: men 7, women 2." Light is thrown on the anomalous testimony of these figures, by the next. "Blow on the head: men 12, women 2." Here we find that six times as many wives have broken their husbands' head as have suffered a like casualty at their hands. "Loss of Sleep: men 3, women 2." The women, it seems, keep the fellows awake more than the fellows do them. But all the world have known this since the publication of the Caudle Lectures. "Jealousy: men 6, women 3." Twice as many women as men give their mates trouble about love after marriage. "Disappointment in love: men 10, women 6." At first glance this exhibit seems as discreditable to the ladies as some that have gone before. But it must not be forgotten that love is a summation of all the impulses of the soul toward the pure and the beautiful. While therefore it is but natural that men should be crazed by a loss of the beauty and purity embodied in a sweet-heart, it is not surprising that the ladies should think that there is not enough of such qualities in the average man to justify the addle of one's brain about the loss of him.

THE METEOR.

Alabama Insane Hospital.

Edited by a Patient.

Tuskaloosa Ala., July 1876.

THE METEOR is published quarterly, and is printed at the Hospital exclusively by the patients. Original communications only are admitted in its columns.

Many copies of the following notice to the inmates of the Hospital were printed in our office and distributed.

To the Patients of the Hospital.

The desire to see our thoughts in print is laudable. Contributions are therefore solicited for the new METEOR. Choose your subject. Anecdotes and narratives of hospital experience, here or elsewhere, are preferred. Twenty lines to each article are allowable; fifteen lines are better; ten are best, and five are excellence in full blossom. Prose and poetical contributions are solicited. All articles will be printed as sent, without changes of any kind except corrections of manifest errors. Sly cuts at the officers, nurses and employees will not necessarily cause the rejection of an article.

The object of this change in the character of our paper—the substitution of many short articles for a few long ones—is to reflect more perfectly the *animus* of the inmates of the Hospital, or at least of a much larger number than have heretofore contributed to the METEOR.

Editor of the METEOR.

One of the causes of the change in the

character of our paper was the remark of several literary friends, that many of our articles would be excellent contributions for Magazines. Deference to these opinions determined a return to the lighter and more familiar style of our earlier issues. We trust that this number will justify to our readers the change in the character of our articles.

Thoughts of Thee.

When the glad East proclaims a new-born day,
And with its radiant dawn drives night away,
And birds aroused, from dream-land beckon me,
A waking dream comes o'er me—thoughts of thee.

When the bold sun its culmination gains,
And o'er the earth in full effulgence reigns,
Weary with toil, to some cool nook I flee,
And gain a blest repose in thoughts of thee.

When western skies their richest vestments wear,
And gayly pin them with the evening star,
Their jewelled drap'ries have no charms for me,
Unless as deckings for my thoughts of thee.

When night o'er earth her solemn empire holds,
And to the view ten thousand worlds unfold,
Those worlds twice-told small bliss could bring to me;
The worlds in which I live are thoughts of thee.

Yet love I darkness, for 'tis mid its reign
My hopes and yearnings seem no longer vain—
In rapturous slumbers which come over me
I gain Elysium in sweet dreams of thee.

Contrary to our usual custom we introduce a poem into the columns of the METEOR. The writer, we understand, came near landing into one of the back wards while the *coccothes poeticum* was full upon him, and for this reason, even if the verses were devoid of real literary merit, he deserves to be rewarded. We like the lines however. They jingle well, and we think have the true ring. That idea about pinning with the evening star, we think we have heard before. But no matter; it's good, and will bear repetition.

Ed. of M.

Notabilities.

On the evening of the 15th of May, at the weekly party convened for dancing, and for a strawberry supper, we had the pleasure of an introduction to three distinguished gentlemen, Judge Mudd of the Circuit court, H. M. Somerville, the leader of the Tuscaloosa bar and Professor of Law in the University of Alabama, and Judge Brown of the County court. Our worthy President, Dr. Searcy, whom we are always glad to meet, also graced the occasion with his presence.

The Hospital is under obligations to Mrs. M. A. Caulfield of Mobile for a fine lot of cocoanuts and lemons. Cocoonut pudding and lemonade for the entire hospital household were as delightful as unexpected, and we tender Mrs.

Caulfield the hearty thanks of all the patients for her kindness and liberality.

Died, at the home of her parents on the grounds of the Hospital, May 16th, Miss Leathie Y. Jones, aged 18 years and 8 months.

It is with a heart full of sympathy for the bereaved family that I desire to pay this tribute of respect to the unpretending, gentle girl whom our father in heaven has taken to be with himself. After an acquaintance of four years I can truthfully say that I loved her more and more. One of her most notable characteristics was a desire to please our kind Superintendent and Matron, by performing all her duties in a cheerful spirit. She would often say to me: "I want Dr. Bryce to be pleased when he inspects my hall." The same principle was manifest in her intercourse with the patients. She loved to make them happy, and was in consequence beloved by them all. The verses,* written by a lady capable of appreciating her efforts to make others happy, will I trust be read with benefit by those who may fill her place.

*The verses, written by another lady-patient, were forced to print as a supplement, on account of the crowded condition of our columns.

The very Rev. Joseph Coleman, O. S. A., Prior of S. S. Augustine & John's, John Street, West Dublin, called at our office, and in our absence left his card. He was accompanied by the Superintendent and Rev. Father Kirwan of Tuscaloosa. We are sorry that our afternoon stroll should have caused us to miss the acquaintance of this distinguished prelate. He is said to be a fine type of the learned clergyman and polished gentleman.

Dr. Bryce is having his Centennial Steam Pump put up in grand style. It will be ready for work about the last of June, and it has been proposed to start it on the 4th of July. We suggest that some of the kings and queens, of the wards, and there is no scarcity of them, be requested to start the machines *a la* Dom Pedro and Grant at the big concern in Philadelphia.

We have received from a patient of the Iowa State hospital for the insane a letter of inquiry as to the expense and difficulties attending the establishment of a hospital paper. Having replied by letter, we notice the matter in this place only to say that while the cost of a small printing establishment is trifling, the advantages are important, and we unhesitatingly recommend the procurement to all institutions for the insane. Even if no periodical be sent abroad, such establishment would be valuable from multitude of small jobs—letters, letter-heads, wash-lists etc. etc., executed therein, which promote, in no small degree, the thorough understanding and systematic discharge of the various duties incumbent on the employees.

And now the Matron will please to have ready for the 4th July her straw-

berries, her cream, her cakes, her preserves, her home-brewed wine, for the large company that will assemble on that day at the Laundry to see Queen Victoria start our Centennial Pump.

The flower-gardens, in front of the Hospital, are ablaze, as usual at this season, with their live jewels. One of the prettiest compliments ever paid them we get from a letter lately received from a lady friend. She writes that when visiting the Hospital last year, one of the lady-patients told her that when first brought to the Hospital the profusion of lovely flowers caused her to think that she had been brought here to be prepared for Heaven.

Personals: Contributed.

We call the attention of our fair readers to the fact that there is a lady in the Hospital who dyes her gray hair a beautiful auburn with the coffee she gets for her breakfast.

George Elliot, in Daniel Deronda, says that egotists are generally weak-minded. We believe that this lady is right, for it is notorious that level-headed people can seldom be induced to talk of themselves or their personal affairs. Ladies of the East Wing, make a note of this.

GRUMBLERS. Of all the disagreeable, miserable bipeds to be found in the world, grumblers take the preeminence. We suppose, that like fleas and mosquitoes, they were created to annoy their betters. If you are on speaking terms with such characters, the sooner you quarrel and fall out with them the better for your peace of mind: We have tried it.

It has been observed by some of the wall-flowers of our weekly *soirees* in the East Wing, that the gentlemen who talk least, and are most shy of the ladies, always eat the most. Moral: If strawberries are scarce don't invite dead-heads to your entertainments.

The lecture last night on Blue Beard, by the editor of the METEOR, we consider quite a success. We didn't think it possible for a lecturer to say so much about a matter of which he knew absolutely nothing. He reminded us in this respect of some lecturers we have listened to outside.

It has been a source of perpetual surprise to us, ever since we came to the Hospital, how the nice young officers connected with the institution, have managed to elude the attractions of the pretty girls of Tuscaloosa. It has been slanderously hinted, in explanation of the fact, that the Superintendent discourages matrimony; and that dead-heads and babies are his especial aversion.

With scarcely an exception, the inmates of the Hospital can discover the insanity of their companions, while they fail to discover their own. This interesting fact, strange as it may appear, finds its exact counterpart in the outside world. We are continually hearing Congressmen, editors and others, calling each other thieves, idiots and imbeciles. Funny, isn't it?

Is Beauty Real or Imaginary?

This was the question debated by our Centennial Literary Club in April—not April 1st. The best speech was made by a lady. We

have not room for even a synopsis of her argument. One of her points was to this effect: If beauty were real there would be consistency of judgment as to its presence or absence in any given case. But what the African or the Mongolian rapturously admire is often hideous to the European.

We have space for only one speech on the other side.

Mr. President:—If beauty be imaginary it is a mere idea: so also is deformity. Then beauty and deformity are the same or identical. We know this is not so; for besides the general conviction of mankind, we remember that Shakespeare or Milton or Byron or some other immortal bard has declared that

Beauty is but skin deep;
Ugly's to the bone:
Beauty often fades away;
Ugly holds its own.

The cats are essential parts of the working force of the printing-office.—They take care of the rollers. Since that job was taken from the racks and turned over to them, the rats and mice have not injured a single roller. The blue-birds, which the pussys have caught, made their way into the office by the devious and difficult route of the stove-pipe; but in apology for this seeming stupidity on the part of the birds, we must not forget how often human beings will pile Pelion on Ossa that they may go hurriedly "to the bad."

The Warrior, which rolls in the rear of the Hospital, is well named, for its mission seems to be to wage war on the farmers that till its lowlands. Now it goes on its course calmly and placidly, its small mass of visible waters laughing merrily at the little ledges that would hinder them from keeping open their path to the sea. Aton legions of its freshly-mustered forces dash from their mountain fastnesses, and spreading over the low-lands, submerge the crops and sweep away fences, stock and houses.

The beautiful Miss R, a patient, appeared on the stage for the first time in our late, dramatic entertainment. She did well, and need not suspect the critics of flattery when they say so. How any one, looking on her face and form, could see faults in her acting, passes the writer's comprehension.

The character which the METEOR editor personated in our play was an unimportant one. Some persons would explain by this lack of prominence in his part the failure of the critics to single him for special commendation. But he is not content with such theory. His explanation of the circumstance is, that the principle which presides in horse-jockeying is very often applied to other affairs, viz.: Never praise the best points; they speak for themselves.

Our charming, Miss D, a nurse, who so effectively rendered the part of the spirited widow, in one of our late dramatic entertainments, has as brave a heart as bewitching a face. When some

of the players were giving their boots a shaking ague, from a glance at the audience made up of the beauty and fashion of Tuskalooosa, some one asked her if she was not frightened. She replied: "I feel no more concern about facing that audience than I do of going to Church."

Some one has always to carry the big end of the log. It was the fortune of the lady who supported the part of Manon in our last dramatic entertainment. The audience, by liberal applause, declared their opinion, that her acting was admirable. Where then came in the heavy toat? At finding her name in full on the programme. "What will the Church say! I'm a member of the Church, and they are down on everything of that kind." We endeavored to console her by saying that the programmes would all disappear in a day two after the play came off. This thought comforted her somewhat, but she vowed it was the last time she would put on the Devil's livery, unless the door was locked and the key in her own hands. She was congratulating herself on the narrow escape, when lo! the *Times* newspaper with the programme reproduced, and all the names in full. We have not heard from her since, but understand that she thinks of squaring herself with the religious world by giving three months' wages to the missionary fund.

There is a talk of having spelling bees at the Hospital, as an adjunct association of the Ladies' Reading Club. Some of the members, it is thought, will resent the establishment as a sling at their classical attainments. After firing the mortars of sublime thoughts in honor of the immortality of the soul, it might seem a degradation to be put to working an orthographical pop-gun as a salute to a potato. But then it should be remembered that but for potatoes there would be fewer immortalities. However we hope no trouble will result. Any lady who desires it, has our consent to join the METEOR office bee whose sessions are perpetual.

We long thought that H of No. 4 was the prince of laughers, but another H, lately brought to the Hospital, is, if not his superior, his full peer in the cachinatory art. The old H has one advantageous point in the estimate of rival merit. He can laugh without assistance, and in defiance of frowns and other evidences of disapproval. The other H requires support. He will fire a little charge by way of experiment. If any one responds to his feeler, he will open on them with the whole force of his laughing artillery, and now and then with such explosions as to make the by-standers fear that his laughing days are numbered—that his mirth magazine has burst.

There is nothing in names, some one has said. We believe it, for sometimes they make a strike, and sometimes do not touch a pin. Our chief of laundry being a Mrs.

Blue might explain the occasional peculiar tints of the lately washed linen. Our house-keeper being a Burn-et, might, too, be regarded as a satisfactory explanation of the overparched coffee; but would hardly explain the sometimes underdone bread. Then too our Mrs. Posey is raising chickens, and supervising the milch cows instead of cultivating flowers.

[No more efficient employees have ever been secured in this, and probably in any other hospital, than the three ladies upon whose names this punster has ventured to exercise his ignoble art. They are all native Alabamians. Ed. of M.]

The Queen of England.

The absurd features of politics crop out boldly now and then. While some of the English statesmen were much concerned about their Queen's absence from the United Kingdom during a session of Parliament, lo! their Victoria in the Alabama Insane Hospital! She is reaping the fate of some of her illustrious predecessors. Like the lion-hearted Richard, confined in a foreign realm she sighs to wield that sceptre which is of right hers. She ought to be consoled by the fact that in her absence she has been advanced to the dignity of Empress.

In regard to the communication sent us we would say that as an American sovereign we yield precedence to no monarch that does not pay well. Had the Queen's offer, to make us her Prime Minister or Private Secretary, been accompanied with substantial tokens of her appreciation of our talents, we would modestly but firmly have accepted the immense responsibilities of the post, and doubtless would have found the twelve pages of pencil hieroglyphics sent us vastly entertaining. But as there was not even a five dollar green-back enclosed, we handed her communication to our devil for examination. He reports that it is a genuine State paper—that there is in it a vast fund of political wisdom, though in what a chemist might term a lateut state.

A peculiarity of the Toulouse geese is such a close resemblance between the males and females as renders the discrimination of the sexes difficult. Our herd numbers six. Some persons thought they were all ganders: others that they were all geese; others still that they were three of both sexes. Some thought the larger were the males, and some that the smaller were they. In the Spring one began to lay, and this settled one fact, that they were not all males. As soon as there were eggs enough a hen was set with them. Soon another began to lay, and another hen was supplied with a nest-full of the huge eggs. In no great while a third one commenced laying, then a fourth, then a fifth, then a sixth. When the last one began the job of egg-producing, it occurred to the lady who presides in the management of the poultry, that it would hardly be worth while to set more of the eggs. In the mean time, however, Dr. J. Searcy had bought some of the eggs at a fancy price, and was looking out for goslings. On the matter being fully explained, the Doctor opened wide his eyes and declared that he could only regard it as a bold endeavor, on the part of the experienced lady who conducted the experiment, to provide a demonstrable basis for a new departure in the advocacy of woman's rights.