

THE FREE CITIZEN.

E. A. WEBSTER, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE BOBOLINK.

Once upon a golden afternoon,
With radiant face and beams in tune,
To a fond lover, exclaiming sweet,
"Tread softly, tread softly!"
Wholly happy, they only knew
That the earth was right and the sky was blue
That light and beauty, joy and song
Charmed the way as they passed along.
The air was fragrant with wood and scents—
The squirrel frisked on the roadside fence—
And hovering near them, "Chee, chee, chink!"
Exclaimed the curious bobolink.
Fainting and peering with sidelong head,
As if questioning all they said,
While the eye-dancer on its slender stem,
And all glad nature rejoiced with them,
Over the edgewise fields were strown
Withing withrows of grass new mown,
And rosy billows of clover bloom
Surged in the sunshine and breathed perfume.
Swinging low on a slender bough,
The sparrow warbled his wedding hymn,
And balancing on a blackberry brier,
The bobolink sang with his heart on fire—
"Chink! if you wish to kiss her, do!
Do it! do it! You conceal, you!
Kiss her! kiss her! Who will see?
Only we three! we three! we three!"
Under the garlands of drooping vines,
Through dim vistas of sweet-breathed pines,
Past wide meadows of safely mown,
Wandered the heedless country road,
The lovers followed it, listening still,
And entering slowly, as lovers will,
Entered a gray-roofed bridge that lay
Dark and cool, in their pleasant way.
Under its arch a smooth, brown stream,
Silently glistened with glad and gleam,
Shaded by graceful elms which spread,
Their verdurous canopy overhead—
The stream so narrow, the banks so wide,
The roof and arches seemed to divide,
And lo! a pair of swallows, as if
Patient watch as it lay asleep,
Mingling clearly the trees and sky,
And the fitting form of the dragon-fly,
Save where the swift-winged swallows played
In and out in the sun and shade,
And starting and circling in merry chase,
Dipped and dived in their clear dance,
Fluttering lightly from brink to brink,
Followed the gurgling bobolink,
Rallying loudly with mirthful din,
The pair who lingered unseen within,
And when from the friendly bridge at last
Into the road beyond they passed,
Again beside them the tempter went,
Keeping the thread of his argument—
"Kiss her! kiss her! whom will see?
I'll not mention it! Don't think it!
I'll be satisfied! I can see!
All around from this tall beech-tree!"
But all they noted and deemed it strange—
In his rollicking chorus a trifling change—
"Do it! do it!"—with might and main
Warbled the tell-tale—"do it again!"
—Aldino.

A PLAN THAT WOULDN'T WORK.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.
Belle Browning had a good many peculiarities. She was fond of reading novels for one thing, and liked to have things happen romantically. Anything that did happen in that way—and she had lived long enough to know that she wasn't often—was of much more importance in her estimation than the common run of occurrences. And then another of her little peculiarities was that she liked to have her own way and make other people do pretty nearly as she wanted them to. Her temper was rather peculiar, too. Sometimes she was all sunshine and sweetness; sometimes she wasn't. After having given you this brief description of some of her peculiarities you will readily understand that Belle wasn't very unlike a good many girls you know.
When a party of our young people were out boat-riding one day the boat capsized and Belle, among the others, fell into the water, taking the starch out of her ruffles and the crimp out of her hair. But she didn't care for that because the affair was so romantic. There wasn't the least bit of danger, for the water wasn't more than three feet deep in any place. But Belle screamed for some one to save her, and Ralph Loring picked her up and swam to shore with her, she told her friends, just as she was going down for the second time. It must have been queer swimming, but then it did tell. In fact, in the way Belle told it it made quite a pretty story, and if you hadn't known the circumstances of the case you would have been quite apt to think Ralph Loring a hero.
Belle had had quite a liking for Ralph for some time. He was good-looking, smart and well-to-do. In fact, he was one of the best "catches" in the place. When the very romantic episode of the boat's being capsized took place she declared that she had saved her life, told herself that she owed him her gratitude and love and proceeded to make herself agreeable. The result of it was that Ralph suddenly became attentive and by and by proposed marriage and was accepted.
Matters stood in that way when Capt. De Vaux came to town, where the captain was from and what he was captain of no one knew. He was good-looking, stylish and well-dressed. He had any amount of assurance and insinuated himself into the best society at once, and nobody asked for his credentials.
"He is such a romantic-looking fellow," declared Belle to Ralph one day; "don't you think so?"
"No, I don't," answered Ralph, decidedly; "I think he is a very cheeky-looking fellow, to say the least, and I'm considerably mistaken if he would be willing to have his affairs inquired into." Ralph had taken a strong dislike to him from the very first.
"I hope you aren't jealous," said Belle, with a provoking laugh.
"Not at all, thank you," answered Ralph.
Belle determined to have some sport. She would flirt with De Vaux and make Ralph terribly jealous. When she got ready to do so she would send the captain about his business and let Ralph see that she had been amusing herself at his expense.
"It'll be just jelly," declared Belle. The very next time they were out in company together she beset Capt. De Vaux with her fascinations, and that gentleman proved an easy and willing victim. Ralph watched the progress of affairs with a keen eye.
"Belle," he said to her one day, "do you think you are doing just right?"
"Doing just right?" replied Belle, "What do you mean?"

"You know well enough," answered Ralph. "Flirting with De Vaux and making him believe, like enough, that you are in earnest."
"Oh, it's such fun!" laughed Belle, carelessly. "Did you see how devoted he was last night?"
"I saw how thoughtless you were," answered Ralph, gravely. "You may not like what I am going to say, Belle, but I shall run the risk of your displeasure. It doesn't seem just the thing for a young woman who is engaged to be married to be flirting with a stranger as you are with De Vaux."
"Indeed!" said Belle, lifting her eyebrows; "I don't think that remark exactly original. Seems to me I have heard it before somewhere."
"Do be in earnest for once, Belle," Ralph exclaimed, really provoked. "If you would only stop to think you'd see how foolish your conduct is. You'd—" "It occurs to me that you have assumed the right to lecture me quite early in the day," retorted Belle, with dignity, before he could go on. "Don't go too far."
"I am not lecturing you," he answered.
"What do you call it? I should like to know."
"I am merely giving you a little advice," replied Ralph.
"I wasn't aware that anyone had asked for any," said Belle, with a good deal of sarcasm in her tones.
"No, but then people who don't ask advice often need it," answered Ralph, meaningly. "If they were only sensible enough to take it it would do them a world of good sometimes."
Belle's eyes flashed fire. "I haven't asked any advice from you," she said, indignantly, "and, what is more, I don't intend to. I know what I'm about."
"I doubt it," interrupted Ralph.
"And I know enough to mind my own business, too," went on Belle. "I wish other people did."
That was their first quarrel. Ralph left her, feeling very angry. He had tried to reason with her and found her wholly unreasonable. She rather enjoyed it. In novels lovers always quarreled. Their courtship would have been humdrum enough without some spice of that character in it.
"I'll show him who's master," she said when he was gone. "The idea of his dictating to me! I'll make him move jealous than he is now before I'm through, and I'll bring him to my terms, too." Which assertion was a rather broad one to make, considering the circumstances of the case.
Ralph had hoped that Belle would look at the matter sensibly after her anger had cooled; but, not being famous for doing sensible things, she disappointed him. The very next day she went out riding with Capt. De Vaux, and a day or two after that he took her to a concert. Ralph began to feel grieved and indignant. He couldn't be deaf to the covert remarks of his friends. Belle's actions were beginning to rouse talk. Everybody knew that they were engaged. Knowing this, and seeing how intimate she was with De Vaux, it wasn't to be wondered at that they gossiped over the matter.
It isn't a very pleasant feeling, I imagine, to be in Ralph's place—to hear your friends discussing the doings of your promised wife, and wondering what you are going to do about it. Ralph bore it as well as he could. He went to see Belle one day, determined to come to some sort of an understanding. He met Capt. De Vaux as he went in. That gentleman smiled insolently on his rival. Ralph wanted to give him a good horse-whipping. It would have served as an escape-valve for some of his ugly feelings if he could have done so.
"Oh, you ought to have come before," cried Belle, with effusion; "Capt. De Vaux has been singing duets with me. Such a beautiful tenor voice as he has! You never heard him sing did you?"
"I haven't had the pleasure," answered Ralph, dryly.
"Come up to-morrow evening," said Belle. "He's coming over to practice with me again. You'd just enjoy listening to him. I never heard anyone sing 'Inanita' so exquisitely as he does—never! He throws so much passion into it. I was really charmed, I assure you."
"No doubt of it," said Ralph.
"And you'd enjoy his company so much," rattled on Belle, thinking, I suppose, that she was doing something remarkably brilliant. "I do. He's so witty; he keeps me laughing half the time. I don't think I ever enjoyed a gentleman's society so much before."
"Probably not," retorted Ralph. He was beginning to get thoroughly disgusted. He had thought Belle much more womanly than she was. He had deceived himself. Now his eyes were beginning to get opened.
"And his—" began Belle; but Ralph stopped her.
"We will take all you are going to say for granted," he said. "I have come to talk soberly with you, Belle. I have borne your conduct long enough. If you are to be my wife, your flirtations with De Vaux must terminate at once. I have a right to ask that of you."
"Really!" Belle smiled scornfully, "so you are going to dictate, are you?"
"Not at all," answered Ralph. "You must act as you please. I am merely telling you how the matter stands. You are engaged to me. As my promised wife you have no right to act as you are doing. You can't acknowledge that, if you will stop long enough to think. If I were to go on as you have been going on, I imagine you would be quite sure to see the matter

in its true light. I have as good a right to demand you to stop such conduct as you would have to demand the same of me. I think you have been thoughtless, and am willing to let all ill-feeling drop provided you do as I ask you to."
"And if I do not?" demanded Belle, haughtily.
"Then you may consider that all is over between us," Ralph replied.
"Very well," answered Belle; "here is your ring, and—good-morning."
Ralph took the ring and bowed himself out, feeling quite as much relieved as disappointed. He saw that she was not the woman he wanted. She could never make him happy. He had had a lucky escape.
Belle watched him go with very angry eyes. He had told her the truth and she had acknowledged it. But she wasn't going to give up in that way. She had too much "spirit," she told herself. Too much foolish, silly obstinacy would have hit it. "He'll come around in time," she said. "He'll get over this when De Vaux goes away. I'm not going to be tied up to any man before I'm married. I'll let him know that he can't bend me around his little finger."
The summer went by. Ralph didn't "come around" as Belle had expected he would. He met her in society and never showed any signs of the wound she was foolish enough to think she had given him. He seemed to enjoy life quite the same as ever. She concluded he was "wearing a mask." People with wounded hearts usually die in novels, Belle recollected.
Capt. De Vaux went away, and then Belle was confident that Ralph would return in his allegiance, but he didn't seem inclined.
"He's waiting for me to give him some encouragement, most likely," Belle thought, and she straightway proceeded to encourage him by making, or trying to make, herself very fascinating and agreeable. But Ralph wouldn't be fascinated. He repelled all her advances, coldly and politely.
"He's obstinate declared Belle. "I'll have to ask him to forgive me, and then—" She confidently expected that that would bring him to terms.
One evening, at a party, she tried her plan. They were in the conservatory. She was looking pale and interesting. At least she thought so. Ralph didn't seem to think much about it.
"I've been waiting to say something to you for a long time," she said, putting her handkerchief to her eyes, "I see now how thoughtless—she couldn't bear to say how foolish and silly—how thoughtless I was, and I'm sorry that I wounded your feelings so, Ralph. If you could forgive me and be my friend still! if nothing more."
She believed that would fetch him. At least it usually did in romances.
"I'm perfectly willing to be your friend, if you want me," answered Ralph, feeling a desire to laugh. He understood her perfectly. He only wondered how he could have been foolish enough to fancy her.
"I do want you," said Belle, brokenly. "If you only knew how many times I have regretted my thoughtless conduct, Ralph—with a sorrowful sigh and a glance out of the corner of her eye to see if he was about to capitulate. "I—I've missed your ring from my finger, Ralph, so much."
"Ah!" Ralph had to smile at that stroke of Belle's. "It never fitted you exactly; if you have noticed, it fits Alice Brayton's finger beautifully."
"Belle turned pale. She understood what Ralph meant. He had been with Miss Brayton a good deal lately but she hadn't supposed that he thought of marrying her.
"You don't mean to say—" she stammered.
"That I am engaged to Miss Brayton? Yes, I do," answered Ralph. "I shall be pleased to see you and Capt. De Vaux at the wedding, which takes place on Christmas."
Belle burst into tears. She was never so vexed and angry before. The affair hadn't turned out at all as such affairs always did in novels. She was mad and disgusted and mortified.
"You're a wretch!" she sobbed.
"You wouldn't care if you broke my heart. Oh! Oh!"
"Shan't I call some one?" suggested Ralph, smiling cruelly.
Belle concluded she wouldn't faint then but postponed that demonstration of the state of her feelings for an indefinite period.—Rural New Yorker.

Hasty Burials.

On the left-hand side of the carriage way, as you enter Pere la Chaise, in Paris, stands an immense square building called Le Montreuil Public. Here the dead are left for a time prior to their final deposit, and morning and evening each body is carefully examined, and indications of returning vitality watched. The lids of the coffins are left open, and every means are ready at hand to sound the alarm in case of returning life, and to resuscitate those who show any signs of returning consciousness. The French people have a morbid fear of being buried alive, and the state of catalepsy, with its various phases, has for a number of years been the subject of mature thought among the physicians of France. The danger of hasty sepulture has received so many illustrations in the United States as to make it a question open to grave discussion and reform. The percentage of those awakened from their long sleep, according to French statistics, is about one in 400, and the probabilities are that in England, where the period between death and burial is generally six days, and in America, where the dead are thrust out of sight as quick as possible, the percentage is considerably greater. Unnecessary haste characterizes most of our doing upon this side of the ocean; but in no particular are we more injudicious, more guilty of want of feeling and scientific shortsightedness than in the rapidity with which we dispose of our dead.

In the experience of a medical student, published in the January number of the *Inland Monthly*, by Enrique Farmer, we find several well-authenticated cases, sufficient to fill the mind with horror and to turn the thoughts backward to many faces whose lifelike expression upon their day of departure from the light of heaven has remained indelibly impressed upon our memories. We have first the case of a strong man who dropped away suddenly, was put in the grave and the sods stamped upon his coffin. Four days afterward the body was found twisted round, an ankle dislocated, hair turned white and torn out, and features distorted in a terrible manner. There is next the case of a young lady, beautiful in person and accomplishment, laid away hurriedly. Upon removing her remains to another cemetery the open coffin disclosed a ghastly face, lacerated breast and arms, tufts of hair strewn about, feet drawn up as if in wild effort for release, the finely-chiseled features scarred by finger-nails. Less than a score of years ago a young man, six days after burial, was found turned on his face, with one arm bitten to the bone and other evidences of a frightful death-wrestle. In the various graveyards of the land, where cemeteries have been dug over and exhumed, there have been often found bodies or skeletons turned over on their sides or faces, with knees drawn up, joints distended, hands clenched, arms thrust against their narrow prison-house, fingers twisted in the hair, and numerous other evidences of a struggle too horrible and agonizing to dream of. In the old burial ground in the city of Brooklyn there was found the corpse of a young bride, dressed in wedding garments of the richest white satin, with bridal veil, ring, and all the evidences of wealth and position. The skeleton was found twisted and displaced, and the garments grasped as if in a vise in the clenched finger-bones; even the long, raven tresses, which were as glossy and perfect as ever, were bit fast in the fleshless teeth, as with the final despairing agony of death. Numerous cases of a similar kind have happened here and in England. Only last year a woman died in Pennsylvania and was buried. When her husband, who had been absent at the time of her death, returned, he insisted upon exhumation, and to the unutterable dismay of all the body was found lying upon its face, the shroud covered with blood, the flesh torn from the left shoulder, with every mark that a fearful struggle had taken place. But the most singular case recorded by the medical student is one which came under his own knowledge and manipulation. Among his acquaintances he numbered a young and beautiful girl, Miss —, for whom he cherished a sincere and romantic attachment. To his infinite astonishment he read in the morning paper that she had just died and would be buried to-morrow. Hurrying to the house he found that the young girl had died of heart disease, and that the old family physician had pronounced life extinct. Her appearance, connected with this sudden taking-off, convinced him that she was only in a trance. He waited upon the physician, implored him to delay this interment—in vain. There was a fine funeral, an eloquent sermon, tears and flowers—all in proper form—and the fair being was laid in the dust and shut out forever from life and light. As the clock tolled the hour of midnight the young student, with the assistance of a friend, stood at the grave. Spreading a blanket upon the earth, they cut the sod and began their work. In a few minutes the spade touched the head of the coffin and, upon removing the nails, a deep groan smote upon their ears. As the student cautiously put his hand within the coffin to lift the body out, the hand of the girl, which was laid palm downwards over her eyes and forehead, clutched the hand that touched her like a vise, the mouth at the same time uttering a most agonizing groan. Wrapping the body in blankets, the two students bore it swiftly to their sanctum, closed the door, and there a sight revealed itself which chilled the youths with terror and remorse. The lip was bitten through,

shreds of raven hair were twisted round the fingers, and the left wrist was dislocated in the unavailing efforts of the poor creature to free herself from misery. Once, only once, under the influence of a powerful battery, did she open her eyes. But all was over—she was dead—killed by heartless custom, unseemly haste and burial ignorance.

There are many reasons why hasty burials are injudicious, not to say indecorous and unfeeling. The use of opiates and the increase of nervous diseases in the United States have certainly had a tendency to develop cases of catalepsy or trance. A man suddenly stricken down with apoplexy, palsy, epilepsy or some one of the many forms of brain disease; apparently life has departed, and he is immediately shut up in a box, prayed over and hurried away with unnecessary haste to his last resting-place. In the heat of summer it is of course desirable that speedy interment should take place, but that very heat soonest dissipates the sign which no eyes can mistake—the presence of decomposition. Until the phenomenon has taken place it is neither right, reasonable nor in accordance with common feeling and decency that a body which has lived its little life should be consigned to the dust fresh from which it sprang.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Indigo and its Preparation

The dye called "indigo" is obtained from an herbaceous plant cultivated on large plantations in India. It is cut close to the ground with reaping-hooks and tied into bundles; these bundles on arriving at the factory are measured by a chain, being paid for to the ryots at a fixed rate of so many bundles for a rupee, each man getting a paper stating the number of bundles he has given in each day. A sufficient quantity of plant having arrived, the filling of the vats commences, the bundles of plant are put into the upper row of vats till they are filled, bamboos are laid across, and two heavy beams of wood are tightly screwed down over them. The filling of the vats being completed, water is pumped into them from a reservoir close at hand, these pumps being worked by coolies' feet treading them, something after the fashion of a treadmill. The plant is left steeping, according to the weather, from eight to ten hours, it being the duty of the "rung mistree"—the man who looks after the details of the manufacturing—to say when the plugs closing the openings leading from the higher to the lower vats are to be reopened and the water allowed to flow into the lower vats. This done, the beaters get in, eight men to each vat, and commence beating the water with long poles shaped like paddles. The beating of the vats generally takes about two hours. The beaters present a most extraordinary appearance as they step out from the vats, dyed from head to foot a dark blue, which gives their bronze skins a curious tinge by which vat coolies may be known for weeks after the manufacturing. The beating of the vats over the indigo subsides; the waste water is carried off by means of a drain, and the indigo flows by another drain to the reservoir, whence it is pumped into the boiler, boiled, run off to a table, pressed, and carried to the drying-house as before described; from the time the plant is cut till the indigo reaches the drying-house occupying from two to three days. On the proper steeping, beating, and boiling of the indigo in a great measure depends the quality of the produce, though the soil on which it is grown and the water in which it is steeped also materially affect it. The manufacturing season generally lasts about six weeks, and the indigo is fit for packing about the beginning of November. Before packing commences sample cakes of each day's manufacture are examined, and the indigo arranged according to color, so that each chest may be of as uniform a quality as possible.

Sheep on a Farm.

Sheep are undervalued by the mass land-holders as a means of keeping up the fertility of the soil and putting money into the pockets of farmers. The moment one begins to talk of sheep husbandry, the listener or reader begins to look for wool quotations, as if wool was all that yields profit from sheep. One might as well look for wheat quotations alone when there is talk about the profit of farming.

Sheep on a farm yield both wool and mutton. They multiply with great rapidity. They are the best of farm scavengers, "cleaning a field" as no other class of animals will. They give back to the farm more in proportion to what they take from it than any other animal, and distribute it better with a view to the future fertility of the soil. Prove this? There is no need of proof to those who have kept sheep, and know their habits and the profits they yield. To prove it to those who have not the experience, it is necessary they should try the experiment or accept the testimony of an experienced shepherd.

But the live stock of a farm should not, necessarily, be sheep, exclusively. Cattle, horses, swine, have their respective places in the farm economy. How many of each to keep is a question that locality, character of markets, adaptation of soil, predisposition, taste and skill of the husbandman must decide. But one thing ought not to be forgotten, that the more stock a man keeps on his farm the more grass and it ought to, and, if properly managed, it will grow. The rates of increase will correspond with the business tact, technical and practical knowledge, and skill of the husbandman.—New York World.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

—Transmission of money by post in Russia is expressly forbidden, and the money is liable to confiscation.

—Red used on a railroad signifies danger, and says stop. It is the same thing displayed on a man's nose.

—A person of inquiring turn of mind asked, "Does the Lord love a man who spends at a church festival the money he owes his washerwoman?"

—A \$1,400,000 tract deed has just been put on record in Denver. Rich men have to study arithmetic out there.

—What sort of grammar is it which compels a person to say, "I saw four deer in one drove," but won't let him say, "there are ten hog in the garden?"

—A tract on "The Wickedness of Gluttony" is said to have been found among the good things sent to the Kansas grasshopper sufferers.

—Texas towns are peculiar. An exasperated Dallas paper asks: "Is there no ordinance to prevent the firing off of pistols as a means of alarm in cases of fire?"

—In an English town twenty barrels of gun-powder were taken from a shop and put in a cart. The driver mounted, sat on one of the barrels, lighted his pipe and drove away.

—A matter-of-fact doctor's wife attempted to move him by tears. "Ah!" said he, "tears are useless. I have analyzed them. They contain a little phosphate of lime, some chlorate of lime and water."

—A lamp-chimney may be made almost indestructible by putting it over the fire in a vessel of hot water and letting it remain until the water boils. It will be found that boiling toughens in this case.

—The newspaper reporters of Chicago propose to give a theatrical entertainment at an early day for the benefit of the poor of that city. It will not be advisable to marry into a poor family, though, on this account.

—Mr. George Smith has discovered, among the Assyrian tablets in the British museum the legend of the building of the Tower of Babel. The discovery is quite as important as that of the tablet relating to the deluge, made known by the same gentleman.

—Sentiment is nothing but sentiment. An ex-army captain, in Colorado, when dying, asked, "Can you bury me in a coffin, and wrap me in a coffin-sack, and he exclaimed: "Ah! may you all die as proudly!"

—Alexander Dumas, it is said, never sketches a scheme for any of his pieces. He takes for a four-act piece seventy-seven big pages of blue paper. He devotes twenty pages each to the first, second and third acts, and seventeen to the last.

—You're right there, Tookee. There's allays two 'pinions. There's the 'pinion a man has of himsen, and there's the 'pinion other folks have on him. There'd be two 'pinions about a cracked bell if the bell could hear itself.

—A dry goods clerk lately dropped senseless behind the counter while waiting on customers. The female customer for whom he had pulled down every bolt of calico on the shelves quietly requested the proprietor to remove the incumbrance and send on another clerk.

—When a girl crops her front hair and pulls it down over her forehead like a Mexican Mustang, and then ties a piece of red velvet round her neck, who can wonder at the number of pale-faced young men that throw away their ambition and pass sleepless nights in trying to raise down on their upper lips?

—The Troy Times says: At a party on Fourth street the other night a young gentleman tried to coax a young lady to play on the piano. She said couldn't. "Why?" said he, "you can play the 'Blue Danube' waltz, can't you?" "No," said she, "but I can play penny ante just like a little man." She is beautiful and accomplished.

—"Yes, sir," yelled a preacher in a Dakota church one Sunday morning, "there's more lying and swearing and stealing and general devilry to the square inch in this here town than all the rest of the American country," and then the congregation got up and dumped the preacher out of the window.

The Vesper Bell.

To the traveler in Spanish America, the striking of the vesper bells exercises a potent charm. As the usage requires everyone to halt, no matter where he may be, at the first stroke of the bell, to interrupt his conversation, however important, and listen without stirring until the conclusion of the chime, the singularity of a whole population surprised in a moment, as it comes and goes, held in a state of petrification, and paralyzed as if by an encounter, may be imagined. On every side you see gestures interrupted, mouths half opened for the arrested remark, smiles lingering or passing into an expression of prayer; you would fancy them a nation of statues. A town in South America at the tinkle of the Angelus resembles the city in the "Arabian Nights" whose inhabitants are turned into stones. The magician here is the bell ringer; but hardly has the vibration ceased when a universal murmur arises from these thousands of oppressed lungs. Hands meet hands, questions seek answers, conversations resume their course; horses feel the loosened bridle and paw the ground; dogs bark, babies cry, the fathers sing, the mothers chatter. The accidental turns thus given to conversation are many.