

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., May 31, 1907.

A REAL PIRATE ISLAND.

It Was Once the Stronghold of Morgan, the Buccaneer.

Old Providence, an Uncanny Spot in the Caribbean Sea, and the Lawless, Reckless, Murderous Crew That Now Claim It as Their Own.

Sailing upon that almost unknown sea which ebbs and flows upon the Mosquito Coast, the line of the horizon is broken by two faint points. As the vessel approaches nearer a strange sight meets the vision. The points have become two jaws looming against the clearness of the sky and water. It is as if an enormous mouth had been suddenly thrust out of the sea with distended jaws pointed skyward.

Truly the sight is uncanny, but the jaws mark an uncanny spot in the Caribbean. Once these waters were not so deserted by man. Upon their bosom passed stately galleons, the plate ships loaded with treasure from the new Spain. When their captains saw those black jaws they may have said an Ave as, altering their course, they sailed away from them, for this bit of dry spot in the ocean was then known, as it is today, as a pirate island.

Old Providence, as the map maker calls it, is in truth a dot on the waters. Not over four miles from end to end in its longest direction and half as much in width, a good walker can encircle it by the little coast path the natives call a highway in half a day. The human beings who call it home are confined to its outer edge, for the submarine volcano which at some time in the past ages gave birth to Old Providence is one of its convulsions, topped off with a miniature mountain range stretching above the center of the island. It is one of these mountains that forms the black gaping jaws so plainly seen long before the graceful coconut palms marking the shore line are visible. In a whimsical display of its power the volcano cut a great wedge in one of the peaks—a wedge fully a hundred feet across at the top and tapering to a score or so at the bottom.

Today, as centuries ago, Old Providence is a tiny country to itself. Far out of the modern ocean highway, in one of the least frequented parts of the Caribbean, the steamship or sailing ship has no occasion to pass near it unless driven there by storm. There is no postoffice, for the reason that there is no mail service. True, it is claimed by some country just as every point that sticks out of the sea is claimed. Colombia calls Old Providence a part of its republic, but not a man lives upon it to act as governor, judge or even agent. So its people kill, steal and commit other crimes utterly regardless of any authority save force and the little influence of the solitary white man who has cast his lot among them.

St. Catherine, as it was mockingly called in the old days, was the stronghold of Henry Morgan. For nearly 250 years the blood of his followers has flowed in the veins of its people, but before the freebooters sailed into its harbor the Spanish governor of Costa Rica had made it an island prison for criminals he thought too dangerous to keep on the mainland. When Morgan defeated the garrison he placed as guards of his captives 100 of these convicts, released on their promise to join his band—literally human drags of new Spain. Again the Spaniards captured the island and turned it into a penal colony until Morgan's flag was raised above it in 1670 and the struggle for its possession ended. Since then most of those who have lived upon it have been descendants of the white outlaws, their convict allies and the black women who went there from the West Indies on Morgan's ship.

The blood of the islanders is the blood of English, Irish and Scotch, but adulterated with that of the negro. Today fully 1,000 persons live upon this islet—a thousand human beings who have degenerated in mind until the majority of them are little better than beasts. Murder is common; theft is not a crime; marriage is unknown. Only the fear of a stronger keeps many a man from taking life for a trifle.

Most of the coconuts are traded for clothing, liquor, firearms, knives and trinkets. After a vessel has loaded and departed, for days the island may be the scene of a drunken debauch, which brings to mind stories written about the carousals of the buccanniers after the capture of a prize, but here is no captain or discipline of the sea. The weaker are the prey of the stronger, and robbery and killing pass unnoted. It is the testimony of Father St. John, the brave priest who alone is endeavoring to do something to improve the condition of these people, that scarcely a week passes without a murder.

With only a handful out of the 1,000 population acknowledging any form of Christianity, it is not strange that the belief in fetiches, even voodooism, should be widespread. Voodoo doctors and sellers of charms for good and evil are numerous. Most of the women wear next to the skin a tuft of hair, a piece of rag smeared with blood or some other amulet which is intended to cast a spell over their enemies or to keep off Satan, in which all believe.

But the life and history of these human renegades are not the only evidence to prove that their home is a real pirate island and not the sort of which the novelists are so fond of describing. At its north end rises a rocky plateau covering half a dozen acres. Really it is another island, but sepa-

rated from Old Providence by a channel 100 yards in width and so shallow that one can easily wade across it. The highest point on this plateau bears a slight resemblance to a man's face, and the native says that it is "Morgan's Head." The fifty foot precipice which extends from the water's edge to the top of the plateau is so steep as to be almost inaccessible except in two or three places where the storms of years have worn away the stone.

The top is so covered with vines, shrubs and other growth that not until one has penetrated into their midst does he find the remains of a wall evidently the work of human hands. Most of it is hidden by the rank vegetation, but enough of the massive masonry can be seen to indicate that it was intended for a fortification.

A strange sight are the dozen or more pieces of artillery mounted upon a plateau at the north end. Some of them are of brass, but long since thickly coated with verdigris, which gives them the appearance of fallen trees green with mold. Others are of iron, but all of them still bear traces of the artistic imagery with which the gun makers of the seventeenth century decorated their work. Lying inside of the wall, the guns were evidently a part of the armament of Santa Theresa, the castle which the Spaniards built for the main defense of St. Catherine, but which they surrendered to Morgan in 1670 with eight smaller forts and batteries.

Contagious diseases frequently ravage the land and kill scores in a visitation. Ignorant of sanitation, knowing little or nothing of medicine and depending chiefly on the charms they get from the voodoo doctors to ward off disease, the people often die from ailments which in other conditions might be cured.

From the accounts of the old men there is no doubt that fifty years ago the number of inhabitants was much greater than at present. A half century hence may see the descendants of the pirates of this southern ocean reduced to a mere handful if not entirely extinct.—Day Allen Willey in Minneapolis Journal.

SLEEP A PUZZLE.

The Mystery Involving "Tired Nature's Sweet Restorer."

Although the phenomenon has been observed since man has existed, the true nature of sleep and what causes it are practically mysteries today. All recognize the necessity of sleep and know that it is the sovereign remedy for fatigue—"tired nature's sweet restorer."

This fact has led to the theory that sleep is induced by the poisons which are known to be formed and passed into the blood stream during wearying exercise of mind or body. The theory is that these poisons benumb the nerve center controlling the circulation in the brain, with a consequent reduction in the blood supply. This "anaemia" of the brain produces unconsciousness, or sleep, during which the activities of body and mind are repressed, the formation of "fatigue poisons" is arrested, and those already formed and circulating in the blood are eliminated.

When this has taken place the purified blood again nourishes and stimulates the circulation center, an increased volume of blood flows to the brain, and the subject awakes, renewed in spirit and flesh and ready for the labors of the day.

This explanation is only a theoretical one, but it is plausible. Whatever may produce it and whether it is a cause or an accompaniment, we know that a lessened blood supply in the brain is associated with healthy sleep and that cerebral excitement and congestion must be overcome before normal sleep can take place.

The relation of the circulation to sleep is seen in the alternate drowsiness and insomnia of the very aged. While sitting up they are drowsy and cannot keep their eyes open, but the minute they lie down the power to sleep forsakes them. This is probably due to the fact that the arteries have lost their tone. While the subject sits up the blood sinks away from the brain because the weakened heart is unable to overcome the pull of gravity, but when he lies down the blood trickles into the vessels of the brain, and the smaller arteries are passively dilated by its pressure. Of course the process is not quite so purely mechanical as this, for no one could live with such flabby arteries, but the force of gravity does act in a measure.

The treatment of this form of insomnia of the aged is not in the giving of hypnotics, but of something that will tone up the blood vessels, such as a cup of hot beef tea, of coffee or strong tea or even of weak cocoa—a paradox, since these things are usually supposed to be inimical to sleep.—Youth's Companion.

Fact Versus History.

In 216 B. C. Hannibal, with about 50,000 men, nearly annihilated the Roman army of about 90,000 at Cannae, at Apulia, Italy, but it is all a fable to say that he sent three bushels of gold rings plucked from the hands of dead Roman knights back to Carthage as evidence of his victory. The messenger who carried the news back to the Carthaginian senate on concluding his report "opened his robe and threw out a number of gold rings gathered on the field of battle."

Four years later the Romans, under Marcellus, attacked and captured Syracuse, belonging to Greece, because of its alliance with Hannibal against Rome. As the invading ships approached, Archimedes is said to have set some of them on fire with immense burning glasses. However, modern science has so well watered this story that it only remains to add that even at this day the feat would be impossible.

BAPTIZING SHIPS.

The Modern Method a Survival of a Barbaric Custom.

If fair young women sponsors who take a great deal of pride in breaking a bottle of champagne over the prow of a ship as she slides into the water for her first float knew something about the origin and significance of the launching custom, the chances are they would not be so eager to see the bottle crash and the foaming liquid wet the sides of the vessel.

It is a survival of a barbaric custom when sacrifices were made to the gods and some living victim or offering was held up and its throat cut so that the blood flowed over the prow of the ship being launched. The vessel was baptized in warm blood. Now sparkling wine or pure water is used, and the change has many advantages, though the symbolism remains.

There is another curious custom aboard ship that is interesting in the way it has been handed down to us. When a dignitary visits a foreign country, the moment that his ship enters port a formal salute is fired as a signal of welcome. This custom was observed years ago, when it was considered the correct thing for a port to fire its guns to show the visiting stranger that the citizens and authorities placed such confidence in his friendliness that it was not considered necessary to keep the guns loaded, so all the shot was discharged.—New York Herald.

THE AIR BRAKE.

It Was Ushered Into Actual Use in Most Dramatic Fashion.

The air brake was ushered into actual use in most dramatic fashion. The trial trip occurred in April, 1869. The train selected was the Steubenville accommodation, running between Pittsburg and Steubenville, O.

When the train was going at full speed, suddenly as he came around a sharp curve the engineer saw a stalled wagon in the middle of the track dead ahead. With only hand brakes nothing could have prevented a terrible smashup. The formal time for the trial of the air brake had not come, but the brake was there, and in desperation, not believing for a moment that the thing could possibly avail, the engineer threw on the air. But it did avail.

The observers in the rear were almost catapulted out of their seats by the shock of the sudden stop. But when they saw the engine fairly poking its nose into the wagon bed, so narrow had been the margin between safety and disaster, they forgot all about their shock and stood in awed silence. The air brake had come into its own.—Everybody's Magazine.

Keyhold Tenure in London.

The curious custom of keyhold tenure still prevails at Crowland, the famous abbey town in the Lincolnshire fens, where there are a number of cottages which are neither copyhold, freehold nor leasehold. They were originally built on waste land, and in each case the possessor of the key holds an indisputable tenancy. Although some of the occupiers have replaced the mud and thatched dwellings of antiquity with brick and slated buildings, they have no power to sell or will them away, for they have no deeds. On a tenant dying the first person to cross the threshold takes his place if he so desires. Many devices have been resorted to to obtain the keys. The properties carry a county vote, but the poor law guardians always refuse to grant relief to the tenants.—London Globe.

A Vegetable Freak.

California has one tree which is the personification of mystery. Found nowhere else in the world, it had a mysterious origin and thrives in a region of mystery. The Mojava yucca is a vegetable freak which has developed into a species. It has the characteristics of several plants, to which no relationship can be traced. It is an endogen, yet its bark shows concentric rings such as characterize the exogenous stems. It lives and thrives in great numbers in a region nearly devoid of vegetation.—P. E. Magazine.

Elephants.

People who really know nothing about it used to say that elephants never lie down to sleep. This is not true at all, says one writer. They have been known to stand for twelve months without lying down to sleep. This is regarded as want of confidence in their keepers and of longing to regain their liberty, for when they are perfectly at ease and reconciled to their fate they will lie down on their sides and sleep peacefully.

A Fippant Jailbird.

"This confinement," said the long faced prison visitor, "must distress you greatly."

"Yes," replied the facetious convict, "I find the prison bars grating."

"Ah, life to you is a failure?"

"Yes; it's nothing but a cell."

Lazy.

Some friends were discussing an artist whose laziness was proverbial. "He is so lazy," said one, "that he paints nothing but winter scenes to save himself the trouble of putting leaves on the trees."

The Seventh Time.

She—When I accepted Jack he said he felt as if he was in the seventh heaven. He—I can well believe it. He has been engaged six times before.—Fleegende Blatter.

Made Sure of It.

Molly—When you spoke to father, did you tell him you had \$500 in the bank? George—Yes. Molly—And what did he say? George—He borrowed it.—Sketchy Bits.

CYPRESS KNEES.

How They Are Formed—Trees' Curious Blunt Roots.

The cypress knee is a familiar object in all the lowland forests of the south, but there are thousands of northern people who have never seen them, and there are many southern people, too, who have not seen them till they stumbled over them some dark night. The knee is of solid wood, has no limbs or leaves, is anywhere from six inches to six feet in height, and its rounded top and flattened sides give it very much the shape of a human leg bent at the knee till thigh and calf are brought together; hence the appropriate name of "knee."

For a number of years I was curious as to what part the knees played in the life of a cypress tree, writes a correspondent of Forest and Stream, for they are part of its root system and do not grow independently. They were not sprouts, trying to grow into trees, for they never developed branches, and the final conclusion was that their only use was for people to stumble over. How and why such useless appendages to the tree were formed was a mystery until one day when drifting down a deep channel which had been washed through a cypress swamp the secret was exposed.

The earth had been washed away from the roots of some of the trees, and roots in all stages of growth were in sight. None of these roots was less than two and one-half inches thick and of uniform size clear to their tips or rather clear to their blunt ends, for there was no tip.

Nature intended these roots to grow in soft mud, and they were all right for that purpose, but when the blunt end of a root encountered something too hard to push through it bent or buckled in the line of least resistance, and this was generally toward the top of the ground, and the continuing growth of the root pushing the bend further upward made the bend closer, until finally the two arms of the bend were close together and they grew together, with one sheet of bark inclosing both.

STUDY YOUR HORSE.

If the Animal Has Mental Troubles, Try to Remedy Them.

To begin with, does your horse suffer from nostalgia or homesickness? Most horses do, and many really pine away and die from no other cause. We can at least, by making the poor creature thoroughly comfortable, do all in our power to "give his pain surcease" and to make him happy and contented, for than homesickness of the acute and chronic form men know few more wearing ailments. Is your horse's disposition sociable or misanthropic? You don't know? Well, why not find out? Does it irritate him to have his yoke mate or neighbors eating noisily and visibly while he does? Is privacy evidently his preference? Very well, then, by boards or zinc or tin or canvas shut off both sides of his stall at the head so that he may eat in peace and lead the isolated life which he prefers.

If he lays back his ears or snaps at his neighbors or fidgets and kicks at the partitions, etc., he does not fancy company—at least at meal-times—and he will be better, do better and (here the pocket comes in) keep more cheaply if you enter to his fancy. If, on the contrary, a "shy feeder," let him see others eat; even let him by a simple arrangement feed from the same manger as one of his neighbors, which is to be led up short until Master Dainty has eaten all he will, when, upon allowing the neighbor to partake, the fastidious one will redouble his efforts to eat just to spite the late comer at the feast. The writer has used this plan with many poor feeders from race horses down and always with the best results.—F. M. Ware in Outing Magazine.

He Hadn't Changed a Bit.

The Smiths had invited the minister to dinner. As the last course was reached little Willie, who had been closely watching the guest almost continually through the meal, looked over at him once more and said: "You haven't changed a bit since you started eating, have you, Mr. Curtis?"

"Why, no," laughed the minister. "Why do you ask that question?" "Because," blurted Willie, confused by the pairs of eyes focused on him, "because I heard pa tell ma you'd make a big hog of yourself as soon as you got your eye on the corned beef and cabbage."—Bohemian Magazine.

He Had Had Some Help.

The man who applied at headquarters for a "little help" from the charitable association set forth his case with so much tact and moderation that the secretary was beginning to be favorably impressed.

"I can't ask them to do too much," the applicant said modestly. "You see," he continued, in an outburst of delicacy and ingenuousness, "they paid for my wedding last month, and 'twas a real swell one."—Youth's Companion.

Pain of a Wooden Leg.

"Barney's wooden leg has been paining 'im of late," said Scholes to his wife.

"How can that be?" asked Mrs. Scholes irritably.

"Mrs. Barney has been thrashing 'im with it," was the explanation.

The Twins.

Chelmondely—You and your sister are twins, are you not? Marjoribanks—We were when we were children. Now, however, she is five years younger than I.—Cleveland Leader.

Reason serves when pressed, but honest instinct comes a volunteer.—Pope.

ANCESTRAL APPETITES.

Table Feats of Some Famous Feeders of Bygone Days.

A generation holding critical views on a man's intelligent, or unwise, choice of parents is not likely to indulge in ancestor worship. But there are at least one or two things in which our ancestors were truly greater than we of the present day can ever aspire to be. Take them, for instance, at table. If ancient books on table etiquette are to be taken seriously, and there is no reason why they should not be, the ancestor was in the habit of gnawing bones a la chien and of disposing of them by the simple means of throwing them under the table or over his shoulder. He worked hard with his hands in the dishes, when a succulent but slippery morsel refused to come to him by means of knife and fork. He used his table napkin for unspeakable purposes and his fork in utter forgetfulness as comb or toothbrush. In one sense, therefore, he did not know how to eat. Meanwhile, in another, he was truly great for the quantities of food which he caused to disappear at a single meal were nothing short of marvelous.

The records preserved of the ancestor's feats of the fork (and the finger) are woefully thin, but now and again one of these very human documents in the form of a menu is unearthed and tells its own story. Such is the following list of dishes served in 1334 to a worthy citizen of Valencia on the occasion of his taking unto himself a wife. Across the space of close upon the six centuries the cranes and lamproys, the peacocks and boar's head of the feast made fine display. This is the order in which the fourteenth century wedding breakfast was served:

MENU.

Roast crane, venison, lamprey.
Peacock, pheasant, guinea fowl, osprey, snipe, pike,
Baked pomegranates, burnt almonds, vegetables, fish,
Eel pie and toast.
Galantine of sprats and cheese cakes.
Peacock, crane, pheasant,
Crayfish, boar's head and savouries.
Figs, medlars and wafers.
Wines.
Saint Jangon, Branne, Burgundy and Hook.

The Italians also were famous feeders and seem to have distinguished themselves in particular during the early days of the renaissance. The Bourbons valiantly followed suit, one of the most distinguished successes being scored by Louis XIV., of whom an eyewitness wrote: "I often saw him eat four plates of soup, a whole pheasant, a guinea fowl, a large dish of salad, several slices of mutton with garlic sauce, two large slices of ham, a dish of cake and dessert." The threats of his physicians finally reduced his majesty to such meager fare as two plates of pigeon broth and three roast fowls. According to Arenberg, the great king was later in life subject to attacks of indigestion.

The little suppers in the reign of the next Louis, though on a slightly less gigantic scale, are still sufficiently impressive. The Marquise d'Artenay, for instance, put before her guests after they came from the theater and before they went on to a dance this collation: Pigeon soup, with lentils and carrots.
Chicken broth.
Patties of fowl, veal, capon, pheasants, guinea fowl.
Sweetbread and roast poultry.
Baked starlings, wood pigeons, wild duck and snipe.
Cakes, sweets, fruit.

It seems a pity no record is preserved of what happened at the dance following this supper party.

A Big Fan.

A good deal of royal significance has been given to fans. They were symbols of authority in Mexico before the conquest. Queen Mary of England received on New Year's day in 1556 "7 fannes to keep the hets of the fyre." Queen Elizabeth favored the custom that a fan was the only present a sovereign could receive from a subject. Fans have not always been dainty trifles. Jean de Balzac, a French writer of the seventeenth century, wrote from Italy during the reign of Louis XIV. of the enormous fans in use there suspended from the ceiling and worked by four servants. He says, "I have a fan that makes wind enough in my chamber to wreck a ship."

The Stone Was Not Thrown.

Genevieve's father occupied the pulpit. "Let him who is without sin among you be first to cast a stone," he chose for a text. Genevieve listened earnestly to the ensuing discourse. At the close of the service her mother tried in vain to dislodge her from the ministerial pew. Genevieve stood her ground till the rest of the congregation had passed out, then she looked up with a sigh of relief. "Well," she said, "I guess they've all sinned. anyhow, nobody threw it."—New York Globe.

A Thorough Optimist.

"Father," said the small boy, "what is an optimist?" "An optimist, my son, is a man who believes the weather bureau when its predictions are favorable and who congratulates himself on its unreliability when they are not."—Washington Star.

Its Hours.

"This watch will last a lifetime," remarked the jeweler as he handed the watch to the customer.

"Nonsense!" retorted the other.

"Can't I see for myself that its hours are numbered?"

Not Inherited.

Fond Papa—My baby says such bright things! Dyspeptic Uncle—And yet you want me to believe in this rot about heredity.—Baltimore American.

Garrick tried to abolish prologues and epilogues, but the audiences of his day would not consent.

CUSTOMS OFFICIALS.

Those of England Called the Most Obliging and Helpful.

There is no country where the matter of landing from American passenger ships is so easy and so expeditiously done as England, says the Travel Magazine. Of course it is a free trade country, the freest in the whole world. There are duties levied on tobacco and spirits, but travelers are allowed a half pound of tobacco in any shape and a half pint of spirits, which also includes perfume. Sugar is dutiable, whether in grain, sweets or in jam, but a small quantity is freely passed. In all cases, however, these goods must be the actual property of the passenger and be for his use and control. Cocoa, coffee and tea are also dutiable, as are reprints of English books. Outside of these things, as named, passengers can bring in anything—motors, cycles, horses, but not dogs, which animals are not to exceed six months' quarantine awaits. Keep dogs on the American side. The customs officials are life appointees—under the civil service—and will be found most obliging and helpful. In fact, they are a model to the customs world. Tell the truth at all times to these officials and you will be all right. They are marvelously keen on spotting the supposedly smart liar. Lying doesn't pay "anyhow, Himmessy!" at home or abroad.

TESTATORS' LAST WISHES.

Strange Requests Regarding the Arrangement of Funerals.

Sir James Colquhoun's desire to be buried in full evening dress costume recalls, says the London Standard, curious last wishes of other testators. George Herring directed that his remains should lie beneath a sundial at the Haven of Rest, Maidenhead. Queen Victoria planned the entire programme for her funeral, even choosing the music to be played, the anthems to be sung.

A couple of months ago a young lady who died at Reigate on the eve of her wedding was buried in her bridal dress, the friends who were to have been her bridesmaids attending the funeral in the gowns which they should have worn at the wedding and carrying in place of wreaths the wedding bouquets.

More singular was the funeral of Major General Algernon Stewart at Hascombe, Surrey. The coffin was drawn to the grave by the dead man's horse. The mourners walked, and the bearers wore old fashioned smocks, each with its collar adorned with a text. The same men appeared in their mourning garments at the church service on the following Sunday.

Disqualified.

Although Mrs. Harlow loved her husband and admired what she considered his good points, it was a never ending source of amazement to her that he had been chosen to fill the office of mayor for three successive terms.

"Everybody knows how much I think of James," she said in a dazed way to one of her husband's cousins. "I always said and always should say that he is as good as gold. But if you'll tell me whether you think a man who is color blind and who brings home toys that won't go when you wind them and who still thinks I could like olives if I'd only try it for such a position why, all I can say is I don't."—Youth's Companion.

A Chinese Idea of Foreigners.

The following is a quite modern Chinese conception of the foreigners' treatment of infectious cases: "If an epidemic broke out two foreigners took the sick away and put them in a little room, washed them with lime water and then locked them up so that no one could see them on purpose that they might soon die and not propagate the disease. Wives and children might cry and weep, but the foreigner would not drive them away with sticks, for until dead no one must see those faces again. Better for all of us to jump in to the sea than submit to this."—South China Post.

Antiquity of an Old Tune.

When Napoleon's army was in Egypt in 1799 and the band struck up the tune which in England is set to the song "We Won't Go Home Till Morning" its effect on the Bedouins was electrical. They leaped and shouted and embraced one another deliciously. They averred that they were listening to the oldest and most popular tune of their people. It is thought that the tune was brought to Europe from the dark continent in the eleventh century by the Crusaders.—St. James' Gazette.

The Appetite.

"The appetite," said the physician, "is always a consideration of great importance."

"Yes," answered the man who is painfully economical. "If you have a poor one you worry about your health, and if you have a good one you worry about the expense."—Washington Star.

In Ignorance.

"Your husband seems to have an exalted opinion of you," remarked the bride's aunt. "He says you are his right hand."

"Yes," rejoined the young wife, with a sigh, "but he's one of those men who never let their right hand know what their left hand does."

Wrong Man.

"You understand," said the captain, "that we want a secretary who is thoroughly accustomed to managing men."

"In that case," answered the applicant sadly, "I'm afraid it's not me you want, but my wife."

Money does all things. It makes honest men and knaves, fools and philosophers.—L'Estrange.