

# The Republic

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## PROSODY.

The following rhythmic rebuke of common errors of pronunciation will be found useful to many people. There was a girl, and she was fair to see,  
Whose classic name was Eurycleide;  
As full of mischief, like to most young ladies,  
Sometimes raising Cain, and sometimes Iades.  
This smiling beauty, though she gained credit,  
To use hyperbole, concealed a sin.  
A flirt she was—and thought no sin to be—  
Though driving lovers into rapture,  
She flattered some, though always "sine die,"  
Until they all were crowned with misery.  
She danced and waltzed, until quite sick was she,  
(Her Goddess was Terpsichore);  
But soon got well, and ate her hominy,  
With all the tragic airs of great Polopeme.  
Her mind, sometimes on Jupiter and Io,  
Would dwell—mixed up with Virgo and with Leo;  
Her favorite book was Don Quixote,  
Although prone to think him rough and naughty,  
Still from her lips, to hear a distrait,  
Was worth the world, and all the rest beside.

A maid she had; fat, fair, and fancy free,  
Rejoicing in the name Euphrosyne;  
This demure little creature, though she seemed so,  
Thought her mistress called her "stupid niddy."  
Her favorite author was Dumas Filles—  
(Each well-thumbed work was spotted o'er  
With green and grey.)  
And then she owned a small epitome,  
Of Ancient Rome, which was a sight to see.  
She knew but little of Professor Blot,  
Her cooking was indifferently slow,  
But her chief care was on the household Lard,  
Round which she bustled like a hundred fairies.

In short, take her in all, 'twas plain to see  
She favored Juno more than Niobe.  
Eurycleide, at length, was strange to say,  
Enchanted with a man, and brought to bay;  
Henceforth her constant study was to be,  
How best to imitate Calpurne.  
While her fair maid, we scarce need indicate,  
Brought her Penates to the Syndicate;  
And helped her mistress to sing,  
Though not the least connected with "the Ring."  
Eurycleide, farewell! and you too, fair Euphrosyne!  
Forgive us that we use your names, to air our prosody.

HENRY C. COOPER.

## Strasburg Cathedral and Clock.

A correspondent of the New York Evening Post writes:

At the time of the siege of Strasburg exaggerated reports were circulated to the damage done to the cathedral, and subsequently it was said that it was not injured at all. Strike an average and the truth is obtained. The cathedral was damaged so much that a week's further continuance of the bombardment might have ruined the entire structure. The world of art might have had occasion to deplore the mutilation of Erwin von Steinbach's exquisite facade, or the fall of the noblest tower and spire in existence. The shells from the besieging forces hit the cathedral very often, and the damage actually done includes the burning away of the outer roof, the destruction of the high stone-work balustrade on the north side of the tower, the breaking away of several steps, so as to render impassable two of the winding staircases in the great tower, the breaking of several of the windows, and various nicks in the walls which are not apparent at first sight, and which can be easily repaired. I did not see that any harm was done to the ornamentation of the facade, while the story published in the New York papers that a shell had dashed through the roof and destroyed the famous astronomical clock is utterly untrue.

## THE STRASBURG CLOCK.

This ingenious piece of horological mechanism is in excellent condition, and attracts as much attention as ever. At mid-day a crowd of some two hundred people fills the transept of the cathedral which contains this curious work, the assemblage including peasants in quaint costumes, priests, school-boys and a great proportion of English and American tourists. At 12 o'clock the usual performance begins by a procession of the twelve Apostles before Christ, who raises his hands, bestowing a blessing on each apostle as he passes by. At the same time a skeleton in a lower compartment strikes the hour with a human bone on a metallic disc. The cock on the summit of the clock recks his feathers, stretches out his neck, and gives a good, sonorous crow, repeating his efforts three separate times. The noon display is thus terminated, but many of the spectators leave with an evident expression of disappointment, as if they had expected to see the whole front of the clock in motion, and a display of fireworks for a finale.

## AN ASCENSION.

Everybody who knows anything about Strasburg cathedral knows that but one of the intended towers was built. The top of the unfinished tower, which is of the same height as the top of the facade, is, in fact, a level platform, surrounded by an open-work balustrade with a good-sized one-story dwelling-house at one end, the magnificent finished tower, capped by its spire, at the other, and an open space in the middle. The house is occupied by several men who have charge of the clock and bells, and who were up here during the entire siege, exposed at every moment to the falling shells, which have broken the pavement in several places. They describe the period thus spent as one of fearful horror. During the daytime the view of the besiegers' batteries was much obscured by smoke, but at night the scene was terrific. Then, particularly, it was feared that the spire might be overthrown, and when fragments of its outer decorations were knocked off, and fell with a crash to the pavement below, the men living up on the church top display the most morose and morbidly arrived. "But," observed one of them, shrugging his shoulders, "what was to be done? *Que voulez vous?* It was our duty to stay up here, and we stayed."

To this platform hundreds of persons come daily, the fee being but fifteen centimes. To go to the top of the fifth tower itself costs half a franc more, while another franc must be paid if you wish to ascend to the top of the spire, or rather to the little balcony just below the topmost little.

## The Engineering Feats of the Time.

It is amusing (says the London Spectator) to witness the cheerful alacrity with which engineers are ever proposing grand schemes to bridge over the distance on our globe, and the willingness with which the public give ear to them. Whether it be to tunnel through the Alps, or under the Straits of Dover, or cut canals through the Isthmus which connect the northern and southern halves of the Old and New World, or lay telegraph cables under the Atlantic and Pacific, there is apparently no limit to the fertility of the engineering mind, or the eagerness and delight with which the majority of the people read of the successive schemes which are ventilated. At the present moment the run is upon railroads to India, for which the fullness of time seems to have come.

The cutting of the Suez Canal lately stirred the popular imagination on the subject of Eastern communications, and now the opening of the Mont Cenis tunnel has not only had a similar influence, but it has actually completed in the most effective manner a through railway communication with an extreme southern point in Europe, and a direct road to India. It is natural, therefore, that engineers and the public should be alike provoked by the long interval interposed between Western Europe and the East by the scantily-peopled regions of the Turkish and Persian empires, which misgovernment and incapacity of race have prevented from being filled up. The missing link is probably not far perturbed in this position; and creatures like Quasmodmo, who had in long practice on the precipitous towers of Notre Dame, might even feel at ease.

I have heard it said that individuals in such an elevated sphere of duty as this have often felt almost irresistible yearnings to let go their hold, launch out into space, and fling themselves down to earth. Such I can conscientiously say, was not my experience. On the contrary, I felt an utterly irresistible inclination to cling to the steeple itself, and to avoid, as far as possible, any topographical observations of the earth beneath: what time my blood was frozen in my veins by the horrible antics of the guide, who hopped up the spire from projection to projection, like an agile fowl, without any apparent appreciation of the awful possibilities contained in the law of gravitation.

To get upon the final narrow balcony which encircles the steeple just below its top (and from the street looks only like a graceful little ornament), one has to take a step which requires the faith of Abraham himself. The spire up here has grown so small that you can almost put your arms around it, while it seems absolutely certain that it must blow over in the very next blast of wind. Yet, at a moment's notice, you are as stout as one of our foot in the direction of the Rhine, and then land on it on a point of rock about on a level with your forehead; to bring the other foot somewhere else, and to clutch hold with both hands of something which the guide says is just above you; and all this on the outside of the highest spire in existence, with the wind blowing like mad, the wide world many miles below your feet, and comfortable people on safe sidewalks looking at you through opera-glasses!

When it is all done, according to Hoyle, you find yourself on a narrow ledge protected by a low stone balustrade, the houses of the city of Strasburg lie clustered about the base of the cathedral, with their roofs dotted with innumerable dormer windows, the burnt district presenting a hideous gap in the fair symmetry of the town, and the ruins of the theatre, museum, prefecture, and library conspicuous for their extent and desolation. On three sides stretches the vast flat Alsace plain, and on the fourth lies the Duchy of Baden. Quite near are the two villages between which the Prussians planted their most destructive batteries, and far beyond lies that France which a year ago claimed Strasburg as her own.

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## The Bear Crop in Wisconsin.

The Wisconsin papers teem with accounts of the doings of and contests with bears, which are unusually numerous in that region. The *Nellyville Republican* says they are so plenty in the woods that hunters are killing them every day, and that a young man living about a mile east of the town recently caught three in a trap in less than a week. In the town of Loyal, two boys, while hunting for cows, came across an old she bear and two or three cubs. Bruin showed fight, and the boys were obliged to climb a tree for safety. The cries of the children brought assistance, and the bears scampered off. The *Eau Claire Press* says Jake Stumm had quite a fight with a bear, and finally managed to kill him. Bruin weighed 350 pounds. The *Hudson Star* states that a Norwegian, name not learned, was killed a few days ago by a bear on the big woods. He had shot the bear, and then got into a struggle with him, and was torn to pieces. The *Kilbourn City Mirror* reports that Mr. Burke, of Plainville, a renowned bear-shooter, killed a bear on the premises of Mr. James McClatchie, about a mile and a half east of that place. It was three years old and weighed 300 pounds. Several other bears have been seen in that vicinity within a few days. Hardly a day passes without one or more bears being shot.

## A Wonderful Invention.

A MACHINES THAT CAN TALK, LAUGH AND SING.

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Prof. Faber, we believe, intends to exhibit his machine in public as soon as arrangements can be made for that purpose. The singing portion of the machine not being in order yesterday, we were unable to determine what merit the invention possesses as a vocalist.—*N. Y. Times, Oct. 6.*

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## Shark-Fishing.

Everybody at all connected with the sea is always delighted when a shark is killed. A shark is the great water enemy of mankind; the delightful bath is either impossible or bereft of half its pleasure when sharks are known to be fatal. A boat that is upset causes a shark accident in shark-frequent waters, whereas it might produce only a ducking under other circumstances. Thus a sailor believes that he who kills a shark deserves well of his country and companions. The shark dies a craven; he affords very little of that sport which renders trout and salmon-fishing so attractive; his first rush as he feels himself hooked is usually powerful enough, but after that he exhibits little but sullenness. A young shark is usually more vigorous and determined in his resistance than is one of larger growth, and with these we have had good sport. In most rivers of tropical countries sharks will be found near the mouths, especially at high tide, and those who are disposed for sport only will find ample in such localities. The plan we adopted was to procure two pieces of copper wire, twist these firmly together, and lash a hook on to the end. A stout piece of cord was then made fast to the wire, and a bladder attached to the cord. About a hundred and fifty yards of cord were coiled up on the bank in order to play the hooked fish, a piece of meat was then fastened on the hook, and the bait flung out seaward. The hands for this work ought to be protected by a stout pair of leather or india-rubber gloves, so that a shark may be given to the cord as the fish runs up with it.

Having made our preparations in this way, we cast our line, and had scarcely secured the end than we saw the bladder that indicated the position of our hook and bait travel rapidly up stream, but under water, and again appear. A rapid tug at the cord was resisted, and immediately afterward the line flew through our hands, nearly a hundred yards being paid out without a check. Then we, however, obtained a pull at our captive, and brought him near the shore, where he held a receipt. One was a shark about four feet long. When the young cannibal saw us, he struggled hard to escape, but his ravenous appetite had been his ruin, as the hook was deeply buried in his throat, and in ten minutes from the time of his being hooked, he was dragged snapping and wriggling on to the pier.

On more than one occasion, however, the fish we thus hooked was too much for us, and carried out and off the whole of our line, and had we not resigned the end, we ourselves would have been dragged into the sea, our efforts being feeble in comparison to the power of the monster, which, slightly turning our bait, and was equally capable, apparently, of swallowing us.

Numerous are the tragedies that have taken place with the shark. One or two will refer to:

A party of soldiers were bathing near the shore on one of the Mediterranean islands. Above a hundred men were in the water together, some far out, others close in shore, when the alarm was given that a shark was approaching. Scarcely had the note of warning been given, than the shark, seized one who was quite near the shore, dragged him under water, and disappeared with him; the shouts, frantic beatings of the water, etc., of the men being of no avail to make the monster give up his prey.

A shark had for several days been seen following a ship, but no attempt had been made to capture it. A ship's boy, however, determined to have a trial, and having prepared his hook and line, clambered into the ship's ches, in order to throw out his bait. Unfortunately, the jerk caused by throwing overboard the boy, who fell into the sea. A rush was made at, and a rope cast toward the lad, who was, as is usual with sailors, able to swim. The effort failed to save him, and in another second he was approached by the sea-monster, which, slightly turning its head, seized the boy and dragged him under water, disappearing from the sight of those on deck, and of those who entered the boat in order to revenge his death.

We ourselves were once in a very unpleasant proximity to a shark. We were in the habit of bathing every morning soon after sunrise, and had arranged a long plank on the shore, as a sort of spring-board. Having started along this plank, as usual, and reached nearly the end, our balance having been lost, we cast our eyes down, and there beneath us, not five feet under water, was a shark double our own length. With that instinct which comes to all of us in times of danger, we at once felt that the safest plan was to jump at the shark rather than try to avoid him, and thus we directed our plunge at him. We had to swim some forty yards to regain the shore, and this was indeed trying work; but the shark had made off, and we lived to tell the tale—he probably being alarmed at the attack threatened by our plunge at him.

## The Wood Sawing Club.

The *Lookport Journal* contains the following practical suggestion:

Now that the croquet and base ball season will ere long be over, we would suggest, in order that the muscle developing process may not stop, or that the amount developed by the summer's exercise may not lie dormant during the long winter months, that the base ball athletes turn their attention to sawing up the wood piles of widows and sick folk during the winter. The exercise is fully as healthful, is not so violent, dangerous nor tiresome as base ball, and we are sure the results will gratify a curious public fully as much, and we would prefer to give the "score" of a wood sawing class to that of a base ball club, in our opinions. What say you, gent? Physicians recommend young ladies to form walking clubs. This is a matter in which steps should be taken.

The fence is a costly fixture. Illinois is said to have ten times as much fence as Germany, and Duches county, New York, more than all France. A narrow path divides farms in France, Germany and Holland. In South Carolina the improved land is estimated to be worth \$20,000,000; the fences have cost \$10,000,000. The annual repair is a tenth of this. A recent calculation places the cost of fences in the United States at \$1,300,000,000. Nicholas Biddle, thirty years ago, said the Pennsylvania fences had cost \$100,000,000. In Ohio they are put at \$115,000,000, and in New York at \$144,000,000. Some day fences will probably disappear, and boundaries be marked with fruit and shade trees, or neat hedge-rows.

## MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Miss Thurston, the young lady balloonist, is at present teaching school in Albany. She is the niece of La Mountain, the celebrated ironmaster, now deceased. She is but nineteen years of age, handsome, daring, and a capital balloonist.

Miss Lucy Ames, of Washington Territory, has arrived in San Francisco. She is a fragile creature, only seventeen years old. Her height is four feet three inches, and she weighs but 417 pounds. The distance around her shoulders is sixty-four inches.

A Vermont girl of seventeen, transplanted to Iowa, plays the cabinet organ and sings in church, drives two and sometimes four horses on the reaper during the week, and recently carried off the first prize for equestrianism at the La Roche County Fair.

"You never saw such a happy lot of people as we had yesterday," said a landowner in Indiana to a newly arrived guest; "there were thirteen couples of them." "What, thirteen couples just married?" "Oh no, no, sir; thirteen couples just divorced."

The natural desire of one feminine to take down another is thus illustrated in the *New Bedford Mercury*: "A young woman, gaily dressed in a handsome skirt and bright-colored shawl, was coming out of Liberty Hall lately, when a magnificent female raised the shawl, showing the crowd that the upper portion of the skirt was composed of as many colors as an old-fashioned bed quilt.

Frequent instances of the cure of cancers by means of a tea made from the common red clover have been published of late; and as the remedy is certainly a harmless and inexpensive one, the quality is claimed for it should be generally known. The *Boston Herald* says that a well-known sea captain, Newburyport feels certain that he has been cured of a cancer on his nose by drinking tea made from red clover tops, and using the same preparation as an external application. What was considered a cancer, which had existed two years and a half ago, has now almost disappeared under this treatment.

Various paragraphs relating to longevity are just now journeying through the newspapers. Notably, we have the Rev. George Cotton of Yarmouth, Me., who, being three score and ten, had just led to the altar hymeneal a virgin aged 15. What was curious was that the said altar was set up in an orchard, but the ceremony had one advantage over the open-air nuptials of Adam and Eve, for 500 friends assisted at it. Secondly, we are told that Mrs. Jere Boede of Waterford, Conn., age 90, having been considered dead for a week, has so come to life that she has eaten a hearty dinner of cabbage and pork. Then Mrs. Hannah Andrews of Lovell, Me., age 102 years, is really dead and mourned by five generations of descendants—200 of them in all! She had a pension from the Government, and deserved it.

It is announced that a "Montreal and Newfoundland Sealing Company" has been formed in Montreal. Sir Hugh Allan, of Havering, the head of the great shipping firm of Allan & Co. is director, and several of the wealthiest capitalists of Montreal have taken shares in the new company. They have already ordered two large and powerful steamers to be built at the Clyde, and to be ready for next spring's seal fishery. A Montreal steamship company has commenced running a steamer monthly to St. John. She is named the *Albania*, and has made two trips and obtained full cargoes. A good many Canadian manufacturers are finding their way into the St. John market, such as boots and shoes, tweeds, blanketing, etc.; and a large quantity of flour, pork, butter, meal, etc., is received there from Canada.

The *London News* says: It appears from returns just issued that smuggling has largely decreased throughout the country. There was during last year scarcely enough tobacco taken to fill the great bowl of Queen Victoria's pipe. The list of seizures proves that defrauding the revenue, as a branch of distinct business, has traveled fairly given up. Out of the one hundred and ninety-eight cases of capture reported, there were twenty-eight only in which the quantity of tobacco and cigars exceeded ten pounds. In a few instances the efforts to escape were picturesque, but not unfamiliar. Two ladies travelling from Ostend to London were discovered wearing tobacco and cigars in articles of dress; and the steward of the ship *Libra*, from Hamburg, was found to have ingeniously lined his pantry with contraband goods. The only place where the old fashion of smuggling seems to have been kept up with any degree of energy is in the Isle of Wight, a spot famous for deeds of daring of this kind.

Paul B. Du Chailu writes home from Trondhjem, under date of September 13. Of his late travels he says: "I have twice crossed Norway and Sweden, once within the Arctic circle, and through one of the most desolate and grandest countries of the world. I have just come from Sweden. While in the mountainous country of the far north I came near starving. Crossing from Norway and Sweden has been the hardest traveling on foot I have ever known. The sides of the mountains were covered with bowlders; no shelter at night; no people, and the mountains covered with snow. One glacier contained thirty square miles of ice. I made observations on the temperature of this glacier and of the atmosphere. I have been among the Laps, the Finns, the Gwains, and the poorest people of the land. I have been received kindly everywhere. In each province of Sweden the governors gave me a dinner and reception. The Swedes and Norwegians are a good and honest people. I leave to-morrow for the interior of Norway, but will be back in America to attend my lecture engagements in November. I am in splendid health, though for weeks I have lived on thick sour milk, the food of the country."