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HENRY F. SCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Bounty and Pension Agent, Somerset, Pa. Office in Mammoth Block. jan. 11-tf.

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W. J. & H. L. BAER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to them will be promptly attended to.

A. H. COFFROTH. W. H. RUPPEL.

COFFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS AT Law. All business entrusted to their care will be speedily and punctually attended to. Office—On Main Cross street, opposite the Mammoth Block. [jan 1.

DR. E. M. KIMMEL will continue to practice Medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and surrounding country. Office at the old place, a few doors east of the Glade House.

DR. H. BRUBAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence, one door west of the Barnet House.

DR. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa., Office in Ostborn's Block, up stairs, where he can at all times be found prepared to do all kinds of work, such as filling, regulating, extracting, &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds, and of the best material, inserted. Operations warranted.

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JAMES L. PUGH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office, Mammoth Block, up stairs, Entrance Main Cross St. Collections made, estates settled, titles examined, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity. july14

J. G. OGLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Professional business entrusted to my care attended to with promptness and fidelity. mar17'73.

C. A. SNYDER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOMERSET, PA. Office next door south of Schell & Kimmel's Bank—up stairs. apr28-'75

DR. A. G. MILLER, after twelve years' active practice in Shanksville, has now permanently located at Somerset for the practice of medicine and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity.—Office in Eli Drug Store, opposite the Barnet House, where he can be consulted at all times unless professionally engaged. ☞Night calls promptly answered. dec. 12, '71-1y.

PROFESSIONAL.

Dr. George B. Fundenberg, of Cumberland, Md., informs his friends that he has this day associated with himself in the practice of medicine and surgery, his son, Dr. Walter F. Fundenberg, late the resident surgeon of the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary. Special attention will be paid to the diseases of the Eye and Ear. mar4

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mammoth Building. feb. 24, '70.

DR. J. K. SHILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Kriesinger's store. apr. 22, '70-tf.

S. S. GOOD, *PHYSICIAN & SURGEON*, SOMERSET, PA. ☞Office in Mammoth Block. mr4'72

JOHN BILLS, DENTIST. Office in Colbroth & Neff's new building, Main Cross Street. Somerset, Pa. nov11

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Miscellaneous.

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The great political revolutions of the last decade, with the natural result of the lapse of time, have brought into view a multitude of new men, whose names are in every one's mouth, and of whose lives every one is curious to know the particulars. Great battles have been fought and important sieges maintained, of which the details are as yet preserved only in the newspapers or in the transient publications of the day, but which ought now to take their place in permanent and authentic history.

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MOTHER-SIGHT.

Under the apple bough she sits,
The sunshine in her flying hair,
Dimpling and laughing through the snow,
Of rosy flakes about her there.

And as I gaze I picture me,
Beside this darling of our souls,
Two innocents with softer locks,
Half ringlets and half aureoles.

They frolic with her in the grass;
They listen to the bird, the bee;
They catch the petals as they fall;
They babble music in their glee.

They teach the little earthling how
The cherubs play in heaven's courts,
With some great gracious angel near,
And smiling on them at their sports.

Oh, do I really look upon
Those delights of vanished years,
Or do I only dream them there
Because I see her through my tears?

WON BY PROXY.

BY A. S. Y. M.

"No, sir, I cannot consent to your marrying my daughter."

"But why not, Mr. Merrill, why not? Have you any reasonable objection to my person—my character?"

"Your person? O no—excepting that you are too confounded good looking. If it had been otherwise, Eva might be a little docile now."

"But my character, Mr. Merrill, have you any fault to find with that?"

"No, you seem honest enough; I do not suppose that you would steal—that is, anything beside my daughter, and I shall take pretty good care that you do not steal her."

"Then what is it sir, may I ask?"

"Eva, Mr. Beldon, has been spoiled and pampered and petted. She does not know how to do a useful thing. What kind of a wife would she make a poor man?"

"But I am not poor; I have a large salary. I could not, of course, give her a carriage quite yet, nor a box at the opera, but she would not be obliged to exert herself at all. I shall be perfectly well able to keep servants and dress her handsomely, even richly."

"But you may lose your fine salary at any moment."

"I have the confidence of my employers Mr. Merrill, and they are exceedingly kind."

"Well, don't say anything more. I am very decided about this, and I beg that you will drop the subject. I wish you to discontinue your visits to my daughter at once. I shall be very glad to hear that you are prospering in this world, but I cannot give you Eva. The comfort and happiness of my daughters, are my first and last considerations."

"But she loves me, sir."

"She will get over that; young girls are not reliable. Good morning, Mr. Beldon, I have told you my wish—pray do not oppose it."

The young man seized his hat and quickly withdrew; but as he was passing the parlor door, a little white hand was laid upon his arm and he was drawn into the room and eagerly questioned by the lovely owner of the aforesaid hand.

"What did he say, Henry, what did he say?"

"He forbade me coming to the house at all, Eva."

She laid her hand on his arm and burst into tears. Drawing her closely to him, he talked in low soothing tones, until suddenly raising her eyes to his, she said, "I cannot give you up, Henry, I *will* not give you up. If you cannot come to see me, I shall go to see you."

"O, my darling that will never do."

"Then you are willing to relinquish me so easily?" she asked, drawing herself away from him.

"No, dearest, never, never, but we shall be obliged to resort to stratagem and I have a friend who will assist me. I must go now, for if your father should find me with you, he would be very angry," and after pressing his lips to hers, he tore himself away.

William Curtis was seated in his office, hat on, feet resting upon the mantle-piece in regular bachelor fashion, when Henry Beldon entered, looking eager and excited.

"Glad to see you old fellow," exclaimed the former; "but see here, what's the matter? You look a little down in the mouth, it appears to me."

"Will, I want your assistance."

"How, where and when?"

"I want you to woo and win a lady for me."

"What's that?"

"Just what I said, exactly."

"But supposing she should be like the fair maiden of olden times, and say, "Why dost thou not speak for thyself?" You know, Harry, I am not such a bad looking fellow."

"O, it's the fair Eva, is it? Why, what's the matter there, that you do not woo and win her yourself?"

"Her father has forbidden me the house because I haven't money enough, but he will never object to you, as you are one of fortune's favorites, you know. So I want you to devote yourself, to Eva, and give me a chance to meet her when her father thinks she is with you."

"Well, I don't know Henry, it is putting me in a very dangerous place. Miss Eva is a very fascinating young lady. However, if your heart is set upon it, I'll run the risk. What shall I do first?"

"Go and invite her to ride, then when you get to Meridan's lane, I'll relieve you for a while of your charge."

"Why, Harry, you are better at maneuvering than I imagined; when shall it be?"

"Call upon her to-night and invite her to ride with you to-morrow afternoon, then I will meet you at the place mentioned"

"All right, but what am I to expect for this friendly service?"

"There's a younger sister coming on, Will."

"Well, that is according to your taste, you know. Maude is a very pretty girl, and will soon make her debut in society, so you had better have your eyes wide open."

That evening the gentleman called as requested, upon Miss Merrill, and invited her to ride the following day. At breakfast the next morning her father said to her, "Eva, I am quite willing that you should encourage Mr. Curtis' attentions; he is a very promising man."

"And has plenty of money," she added dryly; "parents are always willing to encourage the attention of young men that have a fortune, or the expectations of one. Money redeems a multitude of sins. They may drink, cheat or steal, if they are only rich. But if a man is relying upon his own exertions to make his way in the world, no matter how good and honorable he may be, he is treated like a vagrant or felon. I hate such injustice."

"Don't grow ill-natured, Eva, it would soon spoil your beauty."

"I had rather be ill-natured than mercenary," she retorted.

"I suppose you think your father a terrible old bear, because he won't let you play at love in a cottage—scrubbing floors, washing dishes, cooking salt pork, &c."

"I think you are very cruel," she said, and bursting into tears, she rose from her seat and left the room. Her mother's eyes followed her, full of tenderness and sympathy, but Mr. Merrill only laughed, saying:

"She will be in love with Curtis in a week, you see if she isn't."

"O, no," said the mother, "Eva is very constant in love and friendships, she will not change, I know."

"Mr. Curtis is not in love with Eva, nor she with him," exclaimed Maude, a beautiful girl of seventeen years.

"Indeed, Miss, and what do you know about it?"

The young girl blushed very red, and then laughing a little answered,

"I can see, papa, as well as other people."

"You had better attend to your books and not trouble yourself about your sister's affairs."

"I shall soon be through with my tiresome old books, and have some affairs of my own," she retorted saucily.

"I beg, Maude, that you would wait until Eva is settled before you begin your flirtations. I shall certainly grow crazy if I have two to look after."

"I am going to parties this winter, papa, and of course I shall look my prettiest, and then—and then."

"It is time to go to school, so no more nonsense, but come and kiss me good-by;" and the young lady did as requested.

That afternoon Mr. Curtis called with a dashing little turnout, and took Eva off in triumph, the young girl looking bright and happy enough to warrant her father's predictions; but at Meridan's lane another young gentleman took his place by her side and indulged in certain demonstrations that his predecessor had not dreamed of. They passed one delightful hour together, the horses allowed to take their own pace, meanwhile, and upon returning to the place appointed Henry sprang out and young Curtis again sprang in and drove the lady home.

This programme was repeated week after week, Eva, of course losing neither health nor spirits under such a regime. At length, one day when Harry Beldon was with her, who should they see coming but Mr. Merrill himself.

"What shall we do? What shall we do? asked the frightened girl.

"Haven't you a thick veil, darling?"

"Yes, yes," and immediately the article in question was drawn closely over her face, and shivering with apprehension they met the severe parent, who gave them both a searching glance as he passed by.

"O, Harry, do you think he knew me?"

"Not unless he recognized your dress."

"Then I'm safe enough, for papa never knows whether I am clothed in purple, green or yellow. Fortunately I had this veil; I shall regard it in the future as my kindest friend. Wasn't it funny?" and she went off into a fit of joyous laughter, so contagious that her companion soon joined in her merriment.

That evening Mr. Merrill turned to his daughter saying, "Eva, I do not think you need wear the willow any longer for Mr. Beldon, he seems to be consoling himself."

"What do you mean, father?" she inquired very demurely, but almost choked with suppressed laughter.

"I met him riding with a lady today so closely veiled that I could not see her face; they seemed to be enjoying themselves very much."

"I do not suppose Mr. Beldon will be silly enough to make a hermit of himself, and renounce the society of all other ladies, because he has been dismissed from the house of the girl he loves. I hope that he will find consolation somewhere."

"I think, Eva, that you had better find consolation in the society of the gentleman you were with to-day."

"The gentleman I was riding with, papa?"

"Yes, dear."

"Why, wouldn't you object to my marrying him?"

"I should be most happy to see you his wife."

"Well, I'll tell him then," and laughing mischievously, she ran out of the room.

"So much for a girl's love! What did I tell you, mother! I knew she would be fascinating with the next good looking fellow that came along!" exclaimed the gentleman.

"I have not changed my opinions yet of Eva," she replied.

"Have not changed your opinions? You do not believe that she is still in love with Beldon, do you?"

"Wait and see."

"Why I have just given my consent to her marrying William Curtis—and he went off happy as a bird."

The mother smiled incredulously, but said nothing more.

The next day Mr. Merrill was sitting in his office, when suddenly the door opened, and Eva entered, leaning on Mr. Beldon's arm, looking very happy, but a little nervous.

"My husband, father," said the audacious little lady.

"What's that?" he inquired, pushing back his chair.

"Don't scold now, papa," she continued, "you said I might marry the gentleman I rode with yesterday—and this is he. I was the veiled lady you saw conseling him."

Mr. Merrill looked very grave for a moment, and then said:

"Well, children, your two young heads were more than a match for my old one; go and see your mother."

And the happy couple were very sure that they heard a sound strongly resembling laughter, as they left the room.

"Papa," said a sweet voice, a few moments afterward, you were anxious, you know, to have Will Curtis in the family,—and—he is willing."

"What do you mean, Maude. You haven't commenced your affairs in good earnest, have you?"

"Eva is settled—and Mr. Curtis wants me to marry him.

"Not for two years yet."

"He is willing to wait." And kissing her father a dozen of times, she also left him, to join her impatient lover.

The Man-Eating Tree of Madagascar.

If you can imagine a pine-apple, eight feet high and thick in proportion, resting upon its base, and denuded of leaves, you will have a good idea of the trunk of the tree, which, however, was not the color of an banana, but was a dark dingy brown, and apparently as hard as iron. From the apex of this fusticated cone (at least two feet in diameter) eight huge leaves sheer to the ground, like doors swinging back on their hinges. These leaves, which are joined at the top of the trees at regular intervals, were about eleven or twelve feet long, and shaped very much like the leaves of an American agave or century plant. They are two feet through in their thickest part, and three feet wide, tapering to a sharp point that looked very much like a cow's horn, very convex on the outer (but now under surface) and on the under (now upper) surface slightly concave. This concave surface was thickly set with strong thorny hooks like those upon the head of a teazle. These leaves, hanging thus limp and lifeless, dead green in color, had in appearance the massive strength of oak fiber. The apex of the cone was a round white concave figure like a smaller plate set within a larger one. This was not a flower, but a receptacle, and there exuded into it a clear treacly liquid honey, sweet, and possessed of violent intoxicating and soporific properties. From underneath the rim, so to speak, of the undermost plate, a series of long, hairy, green tendrils stretched out in every direction toward the horizon. These were seven or eight feet long, and tapered from four inches to half an inch in diameter, yet they stretched out stiffly as iron rods. Above these (from between the upper and under cup) six white almost transparent palpi rearing themselves toward the sky, twirling and twisting with a marvelous incessant motion, yet constantly reaching upward. Thin as reeds and frail as quills, apparently, they were yet five or six feet tall, and were so constantly and vigorously in motion, with such a subtle, sinuous, silent throbbing against the air, that they suggested of serpents flayed, yet dancing on their tail's. My observations on this occasion were suddenly interrupted by the natives who had been shrieking around the tree with their shrill voices, and chanting what Headrick told me were propitiatory hymns to the great tree devil. With still wilder shrieks and chants they now surrounded one of the women, and urged her with the points of their javilins, until slowly, and with despairing face, she climbed up the stalk of the tree, and stood on the summit of the cone, the palpi swirling all about her. "Tisk! Tisk! (Drink! drink!) cried the men. Stooping, she drank of the viscid fluid in the cup, rising instantly again, with wild frenzy in her face and convulsive cords in her limbs. But she did not jump down as she seemed to intend to do. Oh, no! The atrocious canibal tree, that had been so inert and dead, came to sudden savage life. The slender, delicate palpi, with the fury of starved serpents, quivered a moment over her head, then as if instinct with demoniac intelligence, fastened upon her in sudden coils round and round her neck and arms, and while her awful screams and yet more awful laughter rose wildly to be instantly strangled down again into a gurgling moan, the tendrils one after another, like great green serpents, with brutal energy and infernal rapidity, rose, protracted themselves, and wrapped her about in fold after fold, ever tightning with the cruel swiftness and savage tenacity of anacondas fastoning upon their prey. It was the barbarity of the Laocoon without its beauty—this strange, horrible murder. And now the great leaves rose slowly and stiffly like the arms of a derrick, erected themselves in the air, approached one another, and closed about the dead and hampered victim with the silent force of a hydraulic press and the ruthless purpose of a thumb screw. A moment more, and while I could see the basis of these great levers pressing more tightly toword each other from their interstices, there trickled down the stalk of the tree great streams of the viscid honey-like fluid, mingled horribly with the blood and oozing viscera of the victim. At sight of this the savage hordes around me, yelling madly, bounded forward, crowded to the tree, clasped it, and, with cups, leaves, hands and tongues, each one obtained enough of the liquid to make him mad and frantic.

Good-Looking Farms.

A good-looking farm will sell quicker and at a better price than a bad looking farm. Ornimental trees, vines, shrubs, and fences may not yield any money to the owner while he has them in his possession, but they will bring many times their cost when the farm comes into market. In the early days of Chicago a gentleman planted many thousand evergreens and other trees on a large tract of land near the city, which he intended for his future home. He never realized his desire of living on it, but the place was sold. It was put on the market at the same time an adjoining place was which was unimproved, and brought over twice as much money.

Homes of Genius.

Genius is not aristocratic. She does not seek marble palaces or turreted castles to dwell with king or noble; but loves rather to linger in the humble home of the peasant, among the poor and lowly. Of course there are exceptions to this, as to every other rule, and many of the rich and titled have become famous, but generally the favorites of genius are those who have no long line of ancestors to look back upon with pride, no coffer whose golden contents are never exhausted.

One of the trials, coming hand in hand with the fame and success which ever attend men and women of genius is the curiosity of the world. Their private life must be fully unfolded to the public gaze and they, patiently or not, must submit to the rude scrutiny. This curiosity, to some extent belongs to every one; we all have a desire to know what Shakespeare did when a boy, what he said and how he acted; if Milton was happy in his home life; if Mozart every quarrelled; if Michael Angelo ate and drank like other men; and a thousand other similar questions present themselves to every mind while thinking of the lives of the great and famous.

We should not seek to raise the veil which shields a home from envious out-siders; but since it has been already uplifted, there surely can be no impropriety in taking a peep beneath.

In an old-fashioned country village among the hills of Yorkshire stands a quiet parsonage, where dwelt the author of "Jane Eyre." The house is of gray stone, strongly roofed with flags, in order to resist the winds which sweep fiercely across the moorlands. The church is on one side, the school-house on the other, while the purple moors stretch far away beyond. Under the windows of the parsonage grew a few plants, hardy ones, for such only could endure the cold and rigorous climate.

In this dreary and desolate place lived, wrote, and died that woman of true genius, Charlotte Bronte. The bad roads cut off all the communication with the surrounding country and all the intelligent and education of the Bronte family were far superior to their neighbors; their lives one might say, were bounded by the home circle. Their father spending all of his time in his study, the mother an invalid confined to her room, the brother and sisters early learned to depend upon themselves. After the death of her mother and two elder children, Charlotte supplied their place to her younger sisters, and the cares incident upon such a position caused her to become old and thoughtful beyond her years. Such were the home and circumstances of "Currer Bell" and both had their influence upon her works and character. The bleak cold winds infused some of their own vigor and strength into her writings, the purple heath some of its fragrance and beauty; her isolated position, so unusual for a young girl, gave her an originality and freedom of thought that has made her famous. Yet when we think of her small circle of acquaintances, her uninteresting and desolate surroundings, it seems truly wonderful that one thus situated could have given to the world works of such thrilling interest and power as "Jane Eyre," "Villette," and "Shirley."

The home of Mrs Browning, one of the world's favorite poets, was in England, but more beloved than her native soil was the land under Italy's sunny skies. For Italy's freedom she wrote and prayed, and it is truly fitting that the last home of this "soul of fire enclosed in a shell of pearl," should be in beautiful Florence.

"Where olive orchards gleam and quiver,
Along the banks of Arno's river,"

she now sleeps, with the bright Etruscan roses bending over her, and the sweet music of the golden river to sing her requiem.

A clay-built cabin in Ayrshire was the birth place of Scotland's greatest poet, Robert Burns. He was a simple peasant boy, but nevertheless, genius had endowed him with that immortal fire which so few persons possess. He deserted the plough for the pen, and the Scotish rustic became the renowned poet. His fame, however brought him no prosperity; feasted and flattered for a time, he was soon neglected and forgotton and died in obscurity and poverty.

That genius is not always so fickel to her favorites, is shown by the life of Washington Irving. His last days were spent in his beautiful residence, Sunnyside, on the banks of the Hudson, where the

"Soil is rich with Fancy, gold's
And stirring memories of old,"

and around which cluster historical stories and romantic legends.

There seems now to be ringing in our ears familiar strains of "Home, sweet Home;" and we think of its author, who never experienced the delights and comforts of which he sings, never knew what it was to have a home. A wanderer all his life, he died at last in a foreign land; but we wish that all men and women of genius, be their homes in poverty or in wealth, may so live that it could be said of them as of John Howard Payne:

"True, when thy gentle spirit fled
To reins beyond the azure dome,
With arms outstretched, God's angle said,
Welcome to Heaven's "Home; sweet Home."

He Was The One.

Seven or eight boys were rushing around the postoffice Saturday, headed by a yellow-haired youth who was saying:

"All I want in this world is to lay my hands on him!"

He presently came upon a boy weighing about ten pounds more than himself, and rushing at him he exclaimed.

"Did you lick my brother Ben?"

"Yes, I did," replied the boy, droping his bundle and spitting on his hands.

"Well," continued the other lad, backing slowly away, "he needs a licking once a week to teach him to be civil!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Torpedo Chicken.

No city in the country has suffered more from the class of vagabond chicken thieves than Memphis, but thanks to French ingenuity, a panacea for the growing evil has been discovered and its name is the "Torpedo Chicken." This little machine is as near a chicken as human skill can make it. It is covered with feathers, with perfect head, legs and wings. It is soft to the touch, and the legs and wings are flexible, and can be moved and placed in positions similar to those of a genuine chicken, and when set upon a perch the deception can not be discovered even by an expert. Like other chickens, too, if a burning match is placed near its nose it topples off the perch, and when it does it falls with the weight and destructiveness of a bombshell. Inside of the automation is placed a torpedo which explodes if it is taken by the legs or struck with any force. Hearing of this ingenious machine, a Front street merchant recently ordered a number of them with which to experiment. Some half dozen of them were secretly distributed Friday to persons who complained from annoyance from chicken thieves, and about the time other chickens seek their roosts they were placed conspicuously in the hen houses, and the persons setting them retired to await the results.

A widow lady named Mrs. P. Simmons, living near Fort Pickering, who has been much annoyed, and whose watch dog was poisoned only a few nights since, was so anxious to know the result of the experiment that she sat up to await the coming of the visitors. About one o'clock she heard some subdued voices outside the fence which surrounds her house, and soon after the scrambling noise made by a person climbing over the fence. Soon there was a flutering in the hen house, a subdued cackle, and then a noise like the discharge of a heavily loaded gun. An agonized shriek of pain and retreating footsteps told of the success of the machine.

The lady who before was filled with anger and thought only of vengeance on the thieves who had so frequently taken her chickens, was now filled with alarm, and half way regretted having used the torpedo chicken. She did not have the courage to go out doors alone, but called to a neighbor who had been aroused by the report. He accompanied her to the hen house, where a great noise was being made by the surviving chickens. Several had been killed and some maimed by the explosion.

A search was made for the torpedo chicken, which was finally found among the wreck of poultry. The body of the machine was blown to atoms, but its two legs were found intact, tightly grasped by a huge black hand, which had been literally torn from the arm. Death never held tighter to a dead nigger that did this negro's dead hand grasp those two chicken legs. As before stated, the negro ran away as fast as it was possible in his wounded condition, and if any one finds a negro with a hand freshly shot off, let him inform Chief Athy of the fact. Another negro was brought to grief the same night, by one of the same instruments, in the eastern suburbs. Traces of blood were discovered leading from the chicken roost, and it is believed he will be arrested. This is, indeed, a great invention, and vastly superior to a trap gun. Its general use will soon rid our city of the large number of chicken thieves who infest it. The inventor, when he dies, should be canonized.

Some Huge Playfellows.

Not even the huge and unwieldy whales are exempt from the sense of humor as displayed by playfulness. In Bennett's "Whaling Voyage there is a short and graphic description of this trait of character in the spermaceti whale, or cachalot, as it is often called:

"A large party of cachalots gamboling on the surface of the ocean is one of the most curious and imposing spectacles which a whaling voyage affords; the huge size and uncouth agility of the monsters exhibiting a strange combination of the grand and ridiculous.

"On such occasions it is not unusual to observe a whale of the largest size leap from the water with the activity of a sal