TEN LITTLE GRASSHOPPERS.

Ten little grasshoppers
Sitting on a vine
One ate too much green corn,
Then there were but nine.
Nine little grasshoppers,
Just the size for bait;
A little boy went fishing,
Then there were but eight.
Eight little grasshoppers
Stayed out after "levee;"
A white frost nipped one,
Then there were seven.
Seven little grasshoppers
Lived between two trees;
There came a hurricane,
Then there were six.
Six little grasshoppers
Found an old bee hive;
One found a bumble bee,
Then there were five.
Five little grasshoppers
Hopping on the floor;
Pussy took one for a mouse,
Then there were four.
Four little grasshoppers
Found a green pea;
Had a fight about it,
Then there were three.
Three little grasshoppers
Sighed for pastures new;
Tried to cross the river,
Then there were two.
Two little grasshoppers
Sitting in a zone;
A Turkey-gobbler passed that way
Then there was one.
One little grasshopper
Chipped good by at the door;
Said he'd come next summer,
With nine millions more.

RURAL TOPICS.

Written for the HERALD by a farmer, gardener and fruit-grower of great experience.

CARE OF STOCK IN WINTER.

Farmers do not consult their own interests when they neglect to provide warm, comfortable quarters for their live stock in winter, to say nothing of the inhumanity in exposing cattle to the pitiless storms and cold winter winds unprotected. I have seen farmers turn their cattle into a field in the dead of winter, where there was a hay stack, and leave them there till the hay was consumed, or rather wasted, as it was thrown around upon the snow, and much of it was trampled under the feet of the cattle and was lost. These farmers could sit by their warm fires and smoke their pipes and tell stories while storms were raging without, the thermometer far below zero, and their poor cattle suffering in the icy blasts! Can it be possible that any such farmers exist in 1877? Is there one so dull in intellect as not to know that it is a reckless waste of fodder to feed cattle in this manner? Besides the inhumanity in thus treating cattle, they require about one-third more feed to keep them in good condition as to flesh than they do when housed in warm quarters; and we may safely estimate the increased expense of wintering stock in the fields, or in cold stables, at from $10 to $15 per head, when hay is worth $15 per ton. A cow ordinarily requires two tons of hay to winter her in warm quarters, with meal, roots, &c., if in milk; but when kept where she suffers from the cold, an extra half ton of hay must be added to her allowance, also extra meal, roots, &c.; consequently a farmer with twenty head of cattle, who winters them properly, saves from $200 to $300 annually over the cost of wintering on the careless system that some farmers adopt. In twenty years he saves, say $5,000; and it is by doing things right that some farmers get rich, while doing them wrong tends to poverty.

THE EGG TRADE IN NEW YORK.

The receipt of eggs in New York city for November, 1877, was over 40,000 barrels. This number is a fair average for each month in the year, the spring months exceeding, and the winter months falling under 40,000. Each barrel will contain about 1,000 eggs, more or less. The number of barrels received in a year, rating the monthly receipts at 40,000, is 480,000, or 480,000,000 eggs, which, at twenty-four cents per dozen, a fair average price, amount to $9,600,000—nine million six hundred thousand dollars. Now, when it is considered that a large portion of these eggs are sent to Brooklyn, Jersey City, Newark, and other near-by places, covering about two millions and a half of population, it is evident that the estimate is not too high, being less than $4 worth of eggs per annum for each inhabitant, and that includes all the eggs used in cooking by confectioners of every kind. As hens average, good and poor layers, they will lay about 100 eggs each per year; consequently, it requires 4,800,000 hens to lay the eggs sent to New York yearly, worth 50 cents each, or $2,400,000. If these hens were sitting in nest boxes 18 inches wide, side by side, they would extend 4,090 miles, or further than from New York to San Francisco. Estimating ten hens as the average number kept by all classes of people who sell eggs to country storekeepers, the number of families who supply New York with eggs is four hundred and eighty thousand. Probably the time will come when poultry men will keep 100,000 or more hens near our large cities to supply them in part with eggs; but it will require an outlay of capital and a skill in their management that is unknown at this time. The man who solves the great question: "How can 10,000 to 100,000 fowls be kept by one person profitably?" will be a benefactor of his country.

COOKED FEED FOR SWINE.

A writer in the Country Gentlemen says: "Having for some years kept numerous swine both for fattening and breeding purposes, I have practiced, in the fall, feeding them steamed potatoes, and the result fully satisfies me that hogs, on half the corn with steamed potatoes, do full as well as with a full ration of corn, and as a feed for chickens, with a little milk, they are not to be excelled. A bushel of potatoes will certainly make as much pork as one half bushel of corn (and I think three pecks) if properly fed in connection with each other. To get the most value, however, potatoes should not be boiled, but steamed. We all know the peculiar excellence of a mealy potato over a boiled one, and steaming has in fact the same effect as baking. The potato does not become water soaked, but the moisture of the potato becomes heated and expands thus breaking up the starch cells, so that the potato is comminuted with but little trouble, and can be fully digested by the animal." The best way to cook feed for swine is to boil the potatoes and corn meal together, adding roots of some kind, as beets, parsnips, carrots, or pumpkins. Steaming may be good for potatoes alone; but it is decidedly better to mix a variety of feed to be cooked; and always use a liberal supply of corn meal where hogs are being fattened. Some farmers feed corn in the ear to them, and not much else; but that is a wasteful practice, as much of the grain is scattered among the manure of the pen and is lost. The experience of our most advanced swine breeders is, that cooked meal produces considerably more pork than the same weight of shelled corn or meal fed uncooked. Farmers should have a commodious building at the side of their pig pen, with a brick or stone floor. Here a large boiler kettle should be set in brick, mason work, to be used in cooking the feed. A pump inside the building should supply the water needed; and the arrangement should be such as to admit of feeding the swine without going outside. This building should have a cellar under it for roots, and also be large enough on the first floor to afford room for meal, &c. One half the means of a farmer's success, is in having his outbuildings commodious, in the right place, and properly arranged, so that all of his operations in relation to his live stock may be done thoroughly and economically.

DEEP PLOWING.

Some twenty years ago there was a mania among the agricultural theorists for deep plowing. Every farmer, it was said had a farm under his lands of great value, where the plow had not yet reached. No matter what the characters of the surface and the subsoils were, the plow should go in to its beam. But these men are beginning to get their eyes open. Mr. George E. Waring, Jr., in speaking of the results of ten years' management of "Ogden farm," in the Agriculturalist, says: "About six acres were some seven or eight years ago, plowed about twelve inches deep. The subsoil of blue clay, which was brought to the surface, was a lasting injury to the land. It still shows the ill effect of the treatment, in spite of time and manure. Certainly in this case—and I think many other similar instances could be found—deep plowing was a grave mistake, and it will be well for all enthusiasts who are disposed to follow the extreme theories of the deep plowers, to study very cautiously the character of the subsoil which they propose to bring to the surface. I confess to having been an advocate of these theories for many years, and I have seen them sustained on certain soils, but I have slowly come to the belief that it is usually the safest plan to leave the surface soil where nature made it, and where she always keeps it in her most fertile forests and fields. There are some soils that would be benefited by plowing twelve inches deep, but they are scarce." The rule may be said to be; "never turn up over one or two inches of unfertile subsoil in one season; and when so turned up the land should receive a dressing of manure."

SOWING CLOVER SEED.

Joseph Harris, of Rochester, N. Y., who professes to be a thorough, scientific farmer, says: "My own practice is to harrow the wheat three times in the spring. We go over the wheat both ways with the harrow, and then sow the clover seed and follow with the harrow to cover the seed. If the ground is very hard, the harrows do not break up the crust sufficiently to afford a good covering for the seed, and if dry weather follows we have a poor catch on these hard spots. It depends very much on the soil and season. The harrowing helps the wheat, and kills a good many weeds, and on sandy loam the harrow leaves a good seed bed for the clover, and if we are favored with a few showers we are pretty sure of a good catch of clover." Farmers may frequently try this system of harrowing with success, but they must be sure that they do not tear up too much of the wheat. A fine-tooth harrow is the best. Probably as good, or better results, would be shown by first sowing the clover seed, and then harrow it in. On this plan, the seed need not be sown as early as it usually is when the land is not harrowed; but it should be sown when the land is dry.

RINGBONE IN HORSES.

A veterinary surgeon says: "Give your horse absolute rest from all work or driving and apply a mild blister to the parts affected, composed of one part of biniodide of mercury and eight parts of lard. Mix these materials thoroughly together. Cut the hair off short over the exostosis or bony growth, then, before applying the blister, apply to the parts to be blistered only pure cider vinegar in as hot a state as it can be borne by the hand, using a sponge and hand-rub well in the parts. This carefully but thoroughly done, apply the blister, and hand-rub this well into the skin. Turn your horse out during the middle of the day in pleasant weather. It will probably take three months and perhaps longer to make a cure, and the animal must, as above mentioned, have absolute rest during this time. It may be found necessary to apply the blister twice or three times before the cure is accomplished. This treatment will be found adapted to the attack, and as effective as any you can apply." The most of these "horse doctors," who style themselves "veterinary surgeons," are "quacks," and profess to know a great deal more than they really do know; but frequently they give good remedies (culled from books probably) and it is well to try them, when it is evident that they are harmless. When you see one of these "surgeons" using "highfalutin" expressions to show off his assumed learning, set him down as a humbug.

HORSES CONSTANTLY STABLED.

Horses that are kept in the stable all the year through, and especially when they have no change or variety of food, but only hay and oats, are very apt to get indigestion, or derangement of the stomach or bowels, in the form of want of appetite, feverishness, quick breathing, colic, gnawing of old wood, &c. When a horse falls off in flesh or in appetite, or has any of the above symptoms, the most natural and simple mode of management is to change his food, as by giving him roots or corn stalks, or green fodder, or turning him through the day to grass. When the bad symptoms do not yield to the employment of some such change of diet, the next thing to do would be to make use of the following powders, which have been prescribed by Dr. Dadd for a case of this kind, with a view to the restoration of the digestive organs. Take of

Powdered Gentian	1	ounce
do ginger	½	"
do salt	½	"
do charcoal	1	"

Mix thoroughly, and divide into eight equal parts. Give one with the food night and morning.

Oiled sawdust exposed to the rays of the sun will soon burst into flame. Do not leave it carelessly about therefore, lest your buildings should be burnt down.

A home thrust. Doctor.—"Now tell me, Colonel, how do you feel when you've killed a man."

Colonel.—"Oh! very well, thank you, Doctor. How do you?"

THE fact that Scriptures contain things hard to be understood, is no reason for laying them aside, but a very strong one for taking more pains to understand them.

OUR NEW-YORK LETTER.

NEW YORK, December 15, 1877.

THE VANDERBILT WILL CASE

Is adjourned to Dec. 4. It is the engrossing topic of conversation, everywhere. Scott Lord, the attorney for the contestants, is very busy getting up the testimony, and a pretty array of it he has. He asserts that he can prove every point mentioned in my last, and has a mass beside that he thinks will not be necessary to introduce. For instance, as far back as 1854, there was a cheque signed "Cornelius Vanderbilt," paid for a lot of groceries to be shipped to California. The signature was forged. William H. impressed his father with the belief that it was Cornelius who had uttered it, and the two family physicians got out a writ of lunacy, and Cornelius was seized and hurried off to the Bloomingdale Asylum. Fortunately the chief of that asylum knew Cornelius, and refused to receive him, knowing him to be entirely sane. The conspirators excused themselves with the plea that they did it to save him from a criminal prosecution for forgery. Cornelius demanded a legal investigation, but at the urgent request of the Commodore the matter was dropped. Mr. Lord expects to show that for twenty years William systematically and continually conspired with his tools to blacken Cornelius and keep him in disfavor with his father, that in the end the vast property the old man had accumulated would come to him. It is probable that the will will be broken, in which case the Vanderbilt power will be gone. It is well. $100,000,000 is too much for one man to control, and the most important of the trunk lines from east to west ought not to be owned by one man. The public have an interest in the issue of this battle. Sympathy runs almost entirely with the contestants. And, speaking of the Vanderbilts, the great social event of the season was

THE VANDERBILT WEDDING.

The daughter of William H. Vanderbilt, the great railway king, was married with great pomp and circumstance last Wednesday evening at St. Bartholmew's, the ultra fashionable church of New York. Probably no wedding that could be announced would be the object of more curiosity, and the display was designed to reflect the consequence of he bride's family in a manner suitable to a fortune of ninety-nine millions. But one order was given regarding the wedding dress,—that it should be the costliest that ever passed from the hands of the fashionable modiste, the same who furnished the wedding dresses for Miss Grant and Boss Tweed's daughter. Numbers were bidden to witness the wedding at the church, but the reception at the house was very select. The bride is about twenty, and blonde. She marries a Boston gentleman named Twombley. The father of the bride performed his part by giving his daughter a diamond necklace worth $50,000, and checks and other securities for nearly a million, which will take the young couple comfortably through the winter.

It was as snobbish an affair as ever New York saw, and precisely the kind of thing that the mushroom shoddyites always do. The gifts were advertised for weeks before, the cost being very carefully mentioned in each casp. Now the real old families, who have something besides money to fall back upon, never do this. Their weddings are gorgeous enough, but publicity is always avoided. The newspaper reporter is not invited to inspect the house and make notes of everything from the diamond necklaces down to the bride's outfit, and if anything beyond the mere announcement gets into the papers, it is because of the superior impudence of a reporter. The Vanderbilts and Stewarts and that kind are very careful to have it all blazoned forth, and it is done in the true patent medicine style. It is a mercy that such families don't last long. The ostentation bred of sudden wealth very soon dissipates it.

FASHIONS.

The fashions of the season are more for sense than for show. One of the stylish morning garments for out-doors is a long cloak of gray cheviot, covering the entire dress, and gored as closely as possible in front and behind. A highly sensible addition for walking is a cloth gaiter strapped over the boot, precisely like those worn by men, to keep the dust from entering the shoes. Embroidered waists of light blue or pink opera flannel are worn under the dress for cold weather. Bright red and blue shawls of plain cashmere or stella shawls with borders are again worn as a sort of half dress, and add touches of pleasing bright colors to the streets.

THE CIGAR-MAKERS' STRIKE

The cigar-makers' strike continues, and though the strikers affect to have confidence that they can compel the managers to come to their terms, they are evidently discouraged. About a thousand Chinamen have been brought on from San Francisco, and they are at work. But a more serious danger threatens them. The manufacturers have discovered that a woman can make a fair cigar in two days, and an excellent one in a week, and they are taking them on by the thousand. It is singular that the men never thought of this. There is no reason under heaven why the deft fingers of a woman should not be better in a trade like this than the coarse and clumsy hands of a man. A cigar made of expensive stock, must be finished in handsome style; it must be elegantly shaped, smoothly and nicely finished, and there is no reason why woman's taste and dexterity should not be utilized in this as in other workmanship requiring similar qualities. The cigars are mostly made at the workman's home. So much "fillers" and so much "wrappers" is weighed out to the workman, who is required to deliver so many cigars of a prescribed size and weight. The manufacturers own tenement houses, which they rent to their employees, and in this way the work, while it is done without a factory, is practically under the supervision of the employer. The manufacturers are now ejecting the striking tenants, who of course have not paid rent, and each ejectment is made the occasion of a demonstration. While the furniture is being loaded on carts, the strikers cheer for the ejected, and groan for the ejector, and the load, decorated with flags, moves away to the music of an improvised band. It will end in the men returning to their work, with the loss of a month's time, and some experience. The agitators are the only ones who make anything by these movements. Swinton howls and Schawb sells beer, in comfort, but the deluded workmen starve. Strikes are expensive luxuries.

THE WAR AGAINST RUM

goes on with varying success. A large number of low groggeries have been fined over and over again during the week, and a few of them have thrown up the sponge and quit in disgust. The big hotels close on Sundays, and serve liquors at tables in their restaurants which the law can't take hold of. For other violations they pay their fines quietly and go right along. The 'Law and Order League' are determined to at least check the traffic, and they will, if they do not get to quarreling among themselves. One faction wants the effort to be made against the low bucket shops alone,—the other insists that the fashionable bars need shutting up as well. But, divided as they are, I am glad to say some impression is being made upon the trade. The city is cursed with over 8,000 rum mills of all kinds, and it is too heavy a tax to bear. But for these crime factories, the police force could be reduced a half, and the Criminal Courts would have nothing to do. Judge Daly remarked the other day that 98 per cent. of the criminal cases that came before him could be traced directly to rum.

TILTON.

There is no truth whatever in the story that is being circulated that Theodore Tilton and his wife are to come together again. Tilton believes that his wife was false to him, and Mrs. Tilton believes that her husband has been false to her, and they both prefer to live alone, or, rather, not with each other. Theodore called upon her on his return from Europe to inform her, as to the condition of her daughters, whom he left in Europe, but the interview was confined strictly to that business. She is living quietly in Brooklyn, and he is living quietly in 2d avenue. And the story that Tilton and Moulton had quarreled is equally untrue. They are as fast friends as ever, and hate Beecher as cordially as ever.

BUSINESS

is not so brisk as last week. The uncertainty as to the silver bill has had a depressing effect, for no one knows what the condition of things will be if it passes. It would be a blessed thing for the country if the currency tinkers would let it alone, and let it regulate itself. Medicine kills more than it cures, and there is nothing so terrible as uncertainty, for it checks business, while expenses go on just the same.

PIETRO.

Distress Under the Confederacy.

In the course of a spirited and interesting paper on "Home Life in the Confederacy," which appears in the Philadelphia *Times*, Mrs. M. P. Handy says, regarding the cost of existence in those days: "If the Confederates 'did not die in the last ditch,' at all events they went nearer to it than most of them will ever care to go again. In the spring of 1865 a barrel of flour sold in Richmond at $1,200, while a pound of bacon was worth $15 and sugar $75 a pound; turkeys were $25 a pound; butter, $50; eggs, $30 a dozen, and apples five dollars a piece, while all the necessaries of life were dear in proportion. There were those favored children of fortune whom want did not come near, but by far the greater number of Confederates learned from experience what actual hunger meant. Sherman's march to the sea, Sheridan's desolating tramp through the Valley of the Shenandoah, after which be boasted that, if a crow should fly across the fertile country from Staunton to Winchester, he must carry his rations with him or starve; these were the death wounds of the Lost Cause—want and hunger, the deadliest foes with which its armies had to grapple; and Jeff. Davis himself virtually ended the conflict when he sent the provision train, which should have waited for Lee at Amelia Court House, on to Danville. Fitz Lee and his staff did not surrender at Appomattox with the rest of the army, but made a daring and hopeless effort to find their way across the country to join Johnson. The next day they stopped for an hour at the house of the writer, a day's march on the journey to North Carolina. A hasty lunch was prepared for them, to which the staff did justice; but the General sat apart, his head bowed upon his hands, scarcely tasting the cup of 'real coffee' which had been made to do him special honor. Only once, except when asking as to his route, &c., did he rouse himself; then a lady present spoke bitterly of the number of stragglers who had poured through the country, and past our gates. 'Madam,' he said the men are not to blame; they fought like devils as long and longer than their rations held out; they never straggled until the officers told them to go and get something to eat. The rations from Amelia to Appomattox Court House were an ear of corn apiece for the men, nothing for the horses. Could men do more?'"

How Daniel Webster Prepared His Speeches.

In one of the debates in Congress, which suddenly call Daniel Webster to his feet, he made a brief, but quite eloquent speech, apparently without any opportunity for previous preparation. In the course of his remarks, he drew out the following sentence, which has ever since been admired as one of the most expressive in the English language. He was speaking of our military conflict with Great Britain:

"Our fathers raised their flag against a power to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome in the height of her glory, is not to be compared; a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drumbeat following the sun in its course and keeping pace with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England."

As he sat down, one of the Senators congratulated him upon his speech, and, alluding to the above passage said that to him it was inconceivable how Mr. Webster, in a speech so manifestly unpremeditated, could have formed so perfect and so beautifully a sentence, which with hours of study he could not improve. Mr. Webster replied that the passage was not extemporaneous; that in his summer vacation he visited Quebec, and, while standing upon the massive and almost impregnable citadel there looking out upon the wondrous scene of natural grandeur and of nature's loveliness spread before him, the idea occurred to his mind. He immediately took his seat upon a gun, and, with pencil and paper, sketched the thought in the most appropriate language he could at the moment command. Upon arriving at his hotel he sat down at his leisure, and wrote it and rewrote it, with many interlineations and erasures, until he had moulded it into the form of words which satisfied him. He then laid it aside in his retentive memory, to be used when the occasion should offer. The opportunity arose upon that day.

The Age of the Sun.

There has been a long dispute between the physicists and mathematicians on one hand, and the geologists and biologists on the other, as to the age of the earth, or rather, since that is equally involved, the age of the sun. Dr. Croll, the distinguished Scotch geologist, has recently offered a theory which is not altogether new, but admits of some novel arguments, and may serve all parties to the dispute. Beginning with a review of the different theories as to the sun's heat, he rejects the combustion theory as altogether inadequate, since if the sun were all a mass of burning coal it would not last over 5,000 years; the chemical theory does not prolong the duration sufficiently; the meteoric theory will not serve; the only remaining explanation is the gravitation or condensation theory. This supposes that the materials of the solar system were originally a nebula, extending through a space many times greater than the orbit of Neptune. The falling together, the condensation of this amount of matter, it can be mathematically shown, would supply enough heat to keep the sun at its present temperature for 20,000,000 years. Unfortunately, that period is not sufficient for the geologist. He demands at least 100,000,000 years for the changes of the earth's surface, and would prefer twice that length of time. The arguments of the geologists are almost unanswerable; those of the biologists who believes in evolution tend to the same point so far as they go. Prof. Croll says that there is a way out of this difficulty by supposing that the nebula was not cold but hot. If you suppose it hot enough to start with, you will have heat enough to carry you through. Obviously it is just as easy to suppose a hot nebula as a cold one. But Prof. Croll proposes to provide for this original heat. If the solar system had originally consisted of two masses, each of half the density of the whole, at some immeasurable distance apart, and they fell foul of each other owing to their mutual gravitation, they would strike with a speed of 274 miles per second. If their motion was stopped by the concussion, an amount of heat would be developed sufficient to convert the whole into a nebula that would take 50,000,000 years to cool. This is decidedly an improvement on the cool nebula. But this supposes that the component halves, before they started on their way to a collision, had no motion. Let us suppose that they were moving before hand at the rate of 202 miles per second, and that this speed was added to what they got by gravitating towards each other; then we get, when they struck, a nebula extending beyond Neptune, and with heat enough for a sun for 100,000,000 years' duration. If you insist upon 200,000,000, you must give the original masses a speed of 676 miles per second before hand. It will be objected that no such motion has been observed in space. Even the planets do not make such fast time; the earth, for instance, going only 1,000 miles a minute. The fixed stars whose motion has been ascertained travel very much slower. But Prof. Croll says the fixed stars are those that have gone through the collision process and have lost their motion.

The new hypothesis gets behind the ordinary nebular theory in point of time, giving an explanation for the formation of the nebulæ. But it presuppose that there may be vast, cold, invisible masses of matter rushing through space with such velocity that their mere touch would convert our globe into red-hot gases and distribute it through infinite space. The conception is not incompatible with the sudden flaming out of a new star and its conversion into the nebula, as seems to have been the case with the Schmidt star in Cygnus; but the facts in that remarkable case were probably not known to Prof. Croll at the time his essay was written.—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

English Kings.

William the Conqueror died from his enormous fat from drink, and from violence from his passions.

William Rufus died the death of the stag that he hunted.

Henry the First died of gluttony.

Henry the Second died of a broken heart occasioned by the bad conduct of his children.

Richard Cœur de Lion died like the animal from which his heart was named, by an arrow from an archer.

John died, nobody knows how, but it is said of chagrin, which, we suppose, is another term for a dose of hellebor.

Henry the Third is said to have died a natural death.

Edward the First is also said to have died of a "natural sickness," which it would puzzle all the colleges and physicians to denominated.

Edward the Second was most barbarously murdered by ruffians hired by his own brother.

Edward the Third died of dotage and Richard the Second of starvation, the very reverse of George the Fourth.

Henry the Fourth is said to have died of "fits, caused by uneasiness," and uneasiness in palaces in those times was a very common complaint.

Henry the Fifth is said to have died "of a painful affliction prematurely." This is a courtly phrase for getting rid of a king.

Henry the Sixth died in prison, by meaness known then only to his jailor, and known now only to Heaven.

Edward the Fifth was strangled in the tower by his uncle, Richard the Third.

Richard the Third was killed in battle.

Henry the Seventh wasted away as a miser ought to do, and Henry the Eighth died of carbuncles, fat and fury, while Edward the Sixth died of a decline.

Queen Mary is said to have died of a "broken heart," whereas she died of a surfeit, eating too much of black pudding.

Old Queen Bess is said to have died of melancholy, from having sacrificed Essex to his enemies.

James the first died of drinking.

Charles the First died on the scaffold, and Charles the Second died suddenly, it is said, of apolpexy.

William the Third died from consumptive habits of the body, and from the stumbling of his horse.

Queen Ann died from her attachment to "strong water," or, in other words, from drunkenness, which the physicians politely called the dropsy.

George the Fourth died of drunkenness, which his physicians politely called an apoleptic stroke.

George the Second died of a rupture of the heart, which periodicals of that day termed a visitation of God.

George the Third died as he lived—a madman. Throughout life he was at least a consistent monarch.

George the Fourth died of gluttony and drunkenness.

William the Fourth died amidst the sympathies of his subjects.

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