THE Weekly Chronicle.

"Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque."

Vol. 1. SAINT JOHN, (N. B.) FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1836. No. 4.

The Chronicle,

Is published every Friday afternoon by Lewis W. Durant & Co. at their Office in Sands' brick house, Prince William Street.

Terms—15s. per annum, or 12s. 6d. if paid in advance.—When sent by mail, 2s. 6d. extra.

☞ Cards, (plain and ornamental.) Handbills, Blanks, and Printing generally, neatly executed.

Miscellany.

From the Diary of a London Clergyman.

THE GAMBLER.

A gambler wounded in a duel.—His miserable state of mind.—Not to be consoled.—His change for the worse.—Dread of death.—Despair.—Blasphemy.—I attempt persuasion.—It fails.—His distraction.—Last moments.—Death.

I was one evening requested to visit an unfortunate man, who had been shot in a duel, and of whose recovery there was little or no hope. I accordingly repaired to rather a mean house in —— street, Soho, and upon inquiring for the party, whom I had been requested to see, was shown into an attic, where lay the unhappy man, upon a small tent-bed, without curtains, everything in the apartment denoting the most homely accommodations. Upon inquiry, I found that on the previous night, the unfortunate person now before me had been engaged in a dispute with some sharper at a gambling house, that they had, in consequence, met the following morning, according to what are called the laws of honour, and that one of the parties had been shot through the body.

When I entered his chamber, the wounded man looked up into my face with such an expression of intense anxiety, as in a moment satisfied me that he was in no enviable state of mind. I seated myself by his bedside, and took his hand: it trembled; there was a clammy moisture on the skin, which I had frequently before felt, and could not mi[illegible].

'This is an unhappy business,' said I.

'Yes, yes,' he replied, hurriedly, 'I rashly exposed my life. Oh! and so unfit to die.'

He raised himself upon his pillow, and said in a loud whisper,

'Console me, my dear sir, I need consolation; mine is a fearful trial.'

'Compose yourself; excitement will only aggravate your sufferings, both mental and bodily, and you will require much self-possession.'

'Indeed,' he cried, interrupting me, 'I feel that I require what I shall not be able to command; my thoughts are a torture to me.'

'Why?'

'Alas! because I have been a wretch; not a ray of virtue beams on the desert track of my life, to break the horrible stagnation of guilt, which has set- [illegible]

'But perhaps your judgment is the result rather of the reflection of terror upon a reckless mind, suddenly brought to reflection, than that of calm and deliberate conviction. Can you find no consolation in 'turning to that strong hold' in the sad hour of [illegible] where the 'prisoners of hope' look for the [illegible] peace which can reach the soul and prepare it for the paradise of God?'

He shuddered. 'I am not 'a prisoner of hope,' [illegible] of despair. I have no 'strong hold' to turn [illegible] I have lived an infidel, and how can I die a [illegible]ver?'

'If that be the case, you may try your last chance: the eleventh hour is arrived; accept the hire, enter into the vineyard, and perform the one hour's service.'

'It would be the most foul hypocrisy: I cannot serve Him in whom I have never trusted; I cannot do His work in whom I have never believed. I know not what to think;—the awful uncertainty into which I am about to plunge, paralyses every higher impulse of my soul.'

'Does not the state of feeling which you now express, satisfy you, at least, that what you have disbelieved may be true?—and is it not the conviction of this truth that now so sorely saddens your departing hour? Can you not seek your Redeemer as a refuge? He has promised much to the penitent; but without penitence there can be no pardon.—Does not this appear your wisest course, since the contrary brings upon your mind a flood of vague and indefinable horrors, which, however, are as positively horrors as if they were based upon the most indubitable evidence.'

'But I cannot bend my stubborn heart to the sacrifice. The rebel will not yield. It is corrupt to the very core. The seal of despair is upon it, and he has, therefore, utterly abandoned so polluted a sanctuary. I have lived an unbeliever, and feel I shall die despairing.'

I remained with him for several hours, but could produce no favourable impression. He sought consolation where it was not to be found. Sin had imparted such a repelling quality to his soul, that religion could not effect an entrance. I visited him every day, and found that, in proportion as his end approached, his horror of dying increased, yet his trust in a divine sustentation in the hour of extremity, if possible, diminished. Feeling no assurance of peace, he spoke of the Deity, not only without reverence, but often with a bitterness that denoted a terror of Him, which could not be entertained, save with feelings of positive enmity.

On the sixth day, the wounded man presented me with a small packet, which he said contained the strange incidents of his life, but begged that I would not break the seal until his miseries were terminated in the grave; 'where,' said he, with a heavy sigh, 'I trust to lie down in everlasting unconsciousness: but the awful 'perhaps,' that often comes before this trust, blackens the prospect, and if there be a hell, gives me a positive foretaste of it.'

From this time he rapidly changed for the worse. I soon perceived that his last hour was at hand. He was a constant prey to those appalling reflections which dart their thousand stings into the disturbed conscience of an infidel, on the eve of his departure to that fearful reckoning, which, to the scoffing among us is a source of apprehension, and to the saint an object of dread. He daily declined, and the fierce exacerbations of his despair were extreme. He could find no consolation in the suggestions of religion, because having always rejected and denied God, that God, in his extremity, denied and rejected him. Such is the invariable issue of infidelity. He could not pray; for the moment his lips uttered the words of either supplication, or of confession, they recoiled upon his conscience, with the shock of a moral earthquake, exposing to his keen scrutiny the nakedness of his heart, into which no holy emotion, either towards the Creator or the creature, had ever entered. All within was blight and desolation,—a canker-worm was at the core. Perceiving that reflection only filled his mind with disquieting apprehensions, he endeavoured to drive it, but in vain. It poured, like the pestilential blast of the desert, upon his distempered soul, and quickened it with the seeds of terror. Finding that he had no resort from its influence, he roused his morbid spirit to fierce defiance, and with a sullen [illegible], finally refused to listen to me, when I attempted to pray by him, or read any portion of the Scriptures. At length I pressed him to receive the sacrament: he affected to receive my proposal with a smile of incredulous derision; but it was a smile, however, that betokened rather acerbity of heart, than composure of spirit.

The awful moment of departure at length arrived. I was summoned to his bed-side early in the morning. I proceeded, without delay, to witness a scene which I had for some time looked forward to with painful anticipation. The wretched man always received my visits kindly, though I could not prevail upon him to listen to the words of eternal life. He appreciated my attentions, but my exertions were lost upon him.

When I reached his chamber, I perceived a striking change. Pale and ghastly, he slowly rolled his eyes towards me, then fixed them with a moveless stare, upon the ceiling. The lids were galled and red, the orbs within them glassy and bloodshot, as if the night had passed in the most fearful physical struggles. The broad forehead was pursed up into large wrinkles, though his age could not much exceed forty, while the cheeks had sunk upon the bone, the skin hanging upon it on either side, flaccid and squalid, at once from suffering and neglect. For several minutes the dying man stirred not a muscle of his countenance, nor withdrew his eyes from the object upon which he had first fixed them. His mouth was open, showing the brown tongue, which protruded from between the relaxed jaws, giving an expression almost hideous to his countenance. I took him by the hand,—the dews of death were upon it. I endeavoured to excite his attention by some words of comfort, though his soul could no longer be the recipient of comfort. My words, nevertheless, seemed to call him back to consciousness, for he turned his eyes upon me, and shuddered. Opening them to the full extent, a flash of dreadful conviction for a moment roused his torpid thoughts, and every feature was settled in a wild expression of horror. He absolutely shrieked under the excess of his mental agonies. A signal retribution has indeed suddenly overtaken him. He became sensible that the hour of his departure was at hand, and was aghast under the fearful persuasion.

'I am dying,' he said, at length, almost with a screech. 'I am going to hell—to hell—but, no! why there? What can a man do in forty years to merit such a doom for eternity? And yet, I know not; there may be an everlasting retribution;—priests tell us so.'

I made an effort to abate his extreme excitement, but it was unavailing.

'Go, go,' he cried; 'torment me not now:—the tortures of the damned cannot go beyond what I at this moment suffer. If this be a foretaste of futurity,—wo!—wo! But why should I believe what I have ever denied? Leave me—let me die; if accursed, at least untroubled, save by my own thoughts.

His horrors increased to a pitch of intensity perfectly appalling, as his end drew near. In spite of the pertinacity with which he rejected all spiritual consolation, he could not still those whispers within which told a fearful tale of blighted prospects and frightful apprehensions. He at length become sensible that to die, was to be cut off at once from every enjoyment and from every hope. The lashings of his conscience were terrible. Remorse stung him to the soul, while his emaciated body writhed under the stern visitation. He had no pause from torment—no interval of peace;—the lava flood of that moral volcano which had at length broken out into fierce eruption within, poured its burning tide upon his desolate heart, which shrank, blasted, under the inscrutable agony!

At times, during the pauses of his fiercer paroxysms, he would lay sullen and malignant, blaspheming that God whom he could no longer hope to propitiate, while the scalding exudations of despair trickled over his throbbing temples. His hair was matted with perspiration, which streamed from his forehead, and trickled into the deeply-worn furrows of his withered cheeks; and so visible and so intense were the inward agitations which convulsed his bosom, that the nurse, accustomed as she was to such scenes, wiped a tear from her eye, as she gazed upon the miserable sufferer. The nearer death approached the more acute were his internal struggles; and even in his very silence there was a something more dreadful than the tongue either dared or could avow.

Every now and then he gazed with strained and glowing eyeballs round his apartment, until his diseased imagination raised monstrous phantoms, which shrieked and gibbered before his distempered fancy, caressing him, and welcoming him to their infernal abodes. Upon the bright speculum of his memory, scenes of past guilt were reflected with vivid fidelity; and, overpowered by these frightful visitations, he sank, at length, into a state of morbid horror. His eyes were continually wandering, as if in pursuit of some sinister object, and he constantly shuddered, with strong convulsive emotion, at the spectres which his appalled imagination continued to conjure up.

I did everything to alleviate the mental pangs, which, like a night mare, overlaid his departed soul, and besought him with earnestness to receive the last consolations of religion. In vain; he would not listen, but repelled me with an angry scowl.

'Would you have me die a hypocrite?' he cried, with an energy which almost made me start. 'No, let it not be said, that I lent myself to a mockery which I despise.'

'But,' said I, still loath to let him expire in such a state of spiritual bereavement, if but one spark of faith could be kindled in his soul—'why should you think that a mockery which is the consolation of millions? Is it likely that the individual should be right in adopting a creed from which he derives no consolation, and that the million should be wrong in embracing a faith that imparts to them at least a relative happiness here, with the hopes of eternal and perfect happiness hereafter? Does not the utter uncertainty in which your principles of belief end, fairly lead to the inference, that they are unsound? They supply no grounds of confidence. In your mind all is uncertainty, and doubt, and gloom. On the other hand, the faith of the Christian believer brings him peace at the last. He has no misgivings. He feels certain of a blessed immortality, and dies with the conviction of being exalted to communion with his God. Weigh then these two facts together, and see on which side the balance of advantage inclines.'

'It is too late now,' he replied, mournfully; 'my die is cast; and if there be a future retribution, I must be one of the doomed.'

He gasped—but when I besought him to pray, he answered with a vehement acerbity of tone and gesture,—

'Pray I cannot. I may mock the Omnipotent, but am unable to prostrate my stubborn spirit; the taint of guilt has pervaded too deeply. You have the written record of my past life, and you will there read, when these bones are mouldering under the sod, what a fruitless life mine has been—how stained with the dark hues of guilt.'

'But a prayer for mercy at Heaven's throne may not, even now, be fruitless.'

'From me, it would be worse than blasphemy. My lips may utter the accents of supplication; but the aspirations of my soul can never go up for a memorial to Heaven. I have no hope. I have lived without God in time, and must, therefore, live without him in eternity. What then have I to do with prayer?'

He again gasped for breath, and his whole frame, became, for a moment, convulsed. There was a strange and almost supernatural glare in his eye, which indicated in characters not to be misunderstood, the violence of his mental conflict. The rattles were already heard in his throat; a clammy dew suffused his forehead; his lips became blanched; and it was evident that his last hour was come. Death stood over him, like an enemy and avenger, frowning in the grim severity of his conquest. The wretched man quailed beneath the stroke, as if he had been smitten with the arm of a demon. He stared wildly around him. The phlegm bubbled faintly between his lips, and his teeth were set. The paroxysm subsided, and he rallied for a short interval.

'What a moment!' he exclaimed, shuddering; 'how the fiends tear my polluted soul from the corrupt body, which it must so shortly quit! God, is there no mercy for me?'

'Repentance may still come,' said I, grasping his hand.'

'To me never—contrition is beyond my power. Do not mock me. Cheat me not with the illusions of hope; they must soon vanish into horrible realities. I may be sorry for the past, because of my alarms for the future; but repent I cannot. My stubborn soul is too stiffly clogged with the principles of corruption, to be melted down into a holy and available penitence.'

His breath now came from him in quick convulsive sobs; the phlegm rattled still more audibly in his throat, so as to render his articulation thick and indistinct.

'If there were hope for me,' he continued, 'my heart would not now be on the rack of despair. The writhings of a distempered and condemned spirit clearly indicate my doom.'

'The robber on the cross was pardoned,' I observed, as he paused to breathe.

'But I am more than a robber,' he cried, with a fierce hysterical laugh; 'for a long term of years I have been familiar only with crime. I am not—I cannot be fit for the purity of heaven, if there be such a place, for the eternal communion of saints. There's a hell burning within me which gives me a terrible earnest of what may be the condition of my futurity. My brain's on fire—my heart is ice—the grasp of death is on me—the howling of the damned now bursts upon my startled ear. I hear their shrieks!—I hear their shrieks!—away—away Satan will have his own. There! there! he comes! Raise me—save me—tear me from him! I am already in his grasp!—ah!—hah!—crush!—rescue me! Now he smothers—he strangles—he gripes me hard!—hard—hard!—I—I—I—'

Here his voice sank into an almost inaudible whisper, and he fell back, exhausted, upon his bed. His glazed and rayless eyes turned inward with an expression of paralysing horror. He struggled for breath,—it came not;—his teeth gnashed; he clenched his hands in agony; and with a strong convulsive shudder, expired! I have never witnessed so awful a death.

[*To be continued.*]

It has been found that by mixing certain colouring substances with the food of animals, the bones will soon become deeply tinged by them. This fact was discovered accidentally by Mr. Belchier, who gives the following account of the circumstances that led him to notice it. Happening to be dining with a calico-printer on a leg of fresh-pork, he was surprised to observe that the bones, instead of being white as usual, were of a deep-red colour; and on inquiring into the circumstances, he learned that the pig had been fed upon the refuse of the dyeing vats, which contained a large quantity of the colouring substance of madder. So curious a fact naturally attracted much attention among physiologists; and many experiments were undertaken, with a view to ascertain the time required to produce this change, and to determine whether the effect was permanent, or only temporary. The red tinge was found to be communicated much more quickly to the bones of growing animals, than to those which had already attained their full size. Thus, the bones of a young pigeon were tinged of a rose colour in twenty-four hours, and of a deep scarlet in three days; while in the adult bird, fifteen days were required merely to produce the rose colour. The dye was more intense in the solid parts of those bones which were nearest to the centre of circulation, while in bones of equal solidity but more remote from the heart, the tinge was fainter. When this diet was discontinued, the colour became gradually more faint, till it entirely disappeared.—*Roget.*

In an enclosure on the outside of my garden is a small heap of manure, the materials of which came partly from the stable and partly from the sea-shore. In a little hollow on the side of this heap, under a sort of pent-house formed by a lock of the sea-weed, a redbreast has built her nest, and hatched her young, unmolested by the gardeners and other persons who are continually passing by; for her situation is almost close to the garden-door; and to all appearance, insensible of any inconvenience from the manure heap having been recently dug away, within a couple of feet of her nest, which she goes in and out of with little scruple, in the presence of any one who happens to be near. The fact is perhaps, not unworthy of notice, both on account of the substance on which the bird has chosen to establish herself, and of the public and much frequented situation.

A twelvemonth ago, I observed another redbreast's nest very pleasantly situated in a window of a house, at that time my residence, which stood in a garden. The house was almost covered with ivy: and round some of the windows was a light trellis; with which roses and other flowering plants were interwoven. On the sill of one of the windows, and in a snug recess within the trellis, the redbreast took up her abode, where she might be continually seen from the parlour to which the window belonged, during the whole process of incubation, till, in due time, she carried off her young brood in safety. She was much the object of observation to different members of the family, and often would have escaped notice, as she sat patiently on her nest, but for the brigt sparkling of her eye, which seemed to speculate on the observers as curiously as theirs did on her. But the window never being opened, and care being taken not to disturb her, she arrived prosperously at the termination of her maternal cares.—*Field Naturalist.*

Intemperance.—Notwithstanding the still great prevalence of sensuality in civilized countries, history shows that formerly it was far greater, and more general, and has decreased as civilization has advanced. For proof of this, examine historically the prevalence of almost any sensual and vicious propensity, the indulgence of which tends to shorten life, and it will be found to have been formerly far greater than now. Take the vice of drunkenness, which, as every one knows, has destroyed innumerable human beings, and history will show, that in proportion as men and nations have become enlightened, they have regarded this vice as more odious. Savages are generally prone to intoxication. They regard drunkenness as bliss, and will part with anything they have for rum. On the revival of literature after the dark ages, intemperance in drinking was exceedingly prevalent; but, as men became more enlightened, they had recourse to measures calculated to prevent it. And, it is a curious fact, that in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, *Temperance Societies* were formed by the most intelligent and influential men, for the purpose of stopping intemperance in drinking. One was called the Society of St. Christopher; others were called Temperance Societies, and the members of one took the appropriate name of the *Golden Band*. These societies, were productive of great good; they augmented industry, and contributed to the improvement of manners, and the establishment of good order. As respects intemperance in England, if we go back but one hundred years, we shall find it far more general than at present. One hundred years ago there was scarcely a store in London where intoxicating liquors were not kept for sale. The physicians of London at that time stated to Parliament, that the victims of intemperance were exceedingly numerous; and this caused the number of dram-shops to be limited by law. The French were once exceedingly addicted to intoxication; their rulers enacted many and severe laws to repress the habit; destroying all the vines of the country—imprisonment—whipping—cutting off the ears of those found intoxicated, were successively resorted to, but with little effect towards arresting the evil. The age of Louis XIV., by creating a taste for intellectual and refined pleasure, did more to arrest intemperance in France, than all the laws of former rulers. It is to the influence which a taste for intellectual pursuits exerts, that we must look, to effect and perpetuate a deliverance from sensuality. It was, in fact, increased intelligence, and a growing love for intellectual enjoyment, that enabled the people of this country to effect the reformation which they have produced, in the use of intoxicating drink. Temperance Societies, to be sure, did much good: but they were an *effect* themselves of the more general diffusion of love and knowledge, and could not have been sustained thirty years ago, nor by a people less intelligent.—*Brigham on Health.*

THE ORGANS OF SENSE.

Touch.—Five senses are generally attributed to the most perfect animals, viz. sight, smell, taste, touch, and hearing, of which the eye, the nose, the tongue, and palate, the skin or general surface of the body, and the ear, are considered the appropriate organs. Every animal possesses one or more of these faculties, which enable it to maintain its connexion with the eternal world, and deprived of which it would, in fact, cease to be an animal. For had it no sensations, it would want all stimulus to action; but thought and motion are both action, and would both, therefore be extinct; and the animal, fixed to the spot, and insensible to all the objects by which it was surrounded, would cease to be an animal; it would be a plant. On the contrary, the more sensibility an animal possesses, the more energetic and frequent are its movements: the oyster, which in its perceptions is extremely limited, scarcely ever leaves the same place, its movements being chiefly confined to such muscular contractions as take place within its shell; while the bird, endowed with sensibility in a high degree, is always in action. It has even been thought that the same distinction might be extended to man, and that those who receive very lively impressions from their senses, exhibit also a greater portion of energy and activity.

Touch is the most generally diffused of our senses, and the most generally useful. It enables us to acquire notions respecting the figure, size, weight, hardness, or softness, temperature, distance, &c., of bodies, and the great number of different objects to which it can be directed have caused, particularly of late years, a pretty general impression that it should be considered rather as many than as one sense.

The use of the senses being to make us acquainted with the qualities of various objects, it became necessary that their organs should be placed in the surface of our bodies. The whole skin is, in man, an organ of touch. It consists essentially of two distinct layers, the *dermis* or true skin, which is internal, and the *epidermis* or scarf-skin, which is external. The former, which constitutes the immediate and proper envelope of the body, is formed of fine, pliant, and flexible scales, closely matted together, and perforated by innumerable vessels, for the purpose of carrying on the perspiration and absorption which takes place from the surface, as well as by the extremities of the nerves, which an inspection by the microscope shows rising through it. These nerves, therefore, constitute the internal part of the organ of sense in touch; but were they directly brought into contact with the objects of which they are to judge, they would, from their extreme sensibility give us scarce any other perception than that of pain, which we know to arise when any sensation is carried to excess.

To prevent this, therefore, the external part of the organ of touch is added, namely the *scarf-skin*, which is a fine transparent flexible envelope, placed over the entire body, completely insensible itself, and blunting the sensibility of the nerves, [illegible] stance coming between them and the bodies touched. It is this scarf-skin which is removed by the application of a blister, and we well know what pain results from the simple exposure to the air of the unprotected ends of the nerves. The uses then, of the two parts of the organ of touch are perfectly distinct, and they have this peculiarity, that the external is used to diminish the force of the impression before it reaches the internal, while in the eye and the ear the object seems to be to concentrate and increase.

Besides being an organ of touch, the skin is also meant to be an organ of protection. The conditions necessary for each of these ends are so inconsistent, that the one can only be perfected at the expense of the other; and as delicate sensibility is more important to man than to other animals, while these latter, being deprived of the resources afforded by reason, stand more in need of defence against external injury, we accordingly find that the skin is best adapted in man to convey the sense of touch, and in the lower animals for defence, and it is further adapted for this, by the addition of fur, bristle, hair, feathers, crust, shell, &c., all of which diminish its utility as a delicate organ of tact. When the latter condition, however, becomes again requisite, mea[illegible]
taken to ensure its presence, and th[illegible]
membranous wings of the bat, [illegible]
supplied with nerves, are so ex[illegible]
sensitive, as to enable it by th[illegible]
alone, even when its eyes are p[illegible]
avoid numerous obstacles plac[illegible]
way.

But the perfection of the sen[illegible]
seems to be situated in the hu[illegible]
than which there is no organ mo[illegible]
fully adapted for its exercise. [illegible]
at the extremity of a long flex[illegible]
it can be easily applied and mo[illegible]
directions round the object to [illegible]
ned; composed of several small [illegible]
many as twenty-seven,) it obtains [illegible]
motions on each other, a suffici[illegible]
of flexibility, which becomes [illegible]
creased towards the end, whe[illegible]
sion into separate fingers take[illegible]
supplied with nerves, numerou[illegible]
sensitive, supported, particul[illegible]
the ends of the fingers, by [illegible]
cushion, which enables them [illegible]
with the greatest accura[illegible]
while they are stimulated [illegible]
act by the rush of blood to [illegible]
lar tissue in which they a[illegible]
the hand concentrates in [illegible]
cessary qualification fo[illegible]
sense in its greatest po[illegible]
enable us to obtain per[illegible]
lling in accuracy and cl[illegible]
be obtained through su[illegible]
lips, the paw, the ta[illegible]
the lower animals.

Artificial W[illegible]
respondent of th[illegible]
ter from Hadd[illegible]
following ac[illegible]

the residence of the Duke of Devonshire:

"The water works are beautiful. There is one pond with a jet in the centre, throwing water to the height of ninety feet, and another of sixty feet. The water tree is quite a curiosity, and I understand the Duke takes great pleasure in soaking his friends under it. It is a tall tree, the trunk, branches, and leaves of which are made entirely of copper, and painted to imitate nature. 'His Grace' then invites a party of ladies, for instance, to examine this singular plant, and as soon as they are close to it, at a given signal, every leaf becomes a water spout, and at the same instant numberless streams issue from the ground and hedges around, and before persons can escape, they are completely drenched. Of course the victims must appear pleased with this ungracious act of His Grace. The gardener attempted to catch your humble servant in this way, but I smelt the rat, and told him that I could 'see as well a little farther off.' The most beautiful part of the work is the great cascade. By opening a valve, a vast quantity of water rushes violently from the roof of a beautiful temple, and from the mouths of lions, dolphins, sea nymphs, &c.—its ornaments; and falling into a basin in front of it, from which also several fountains issue, it is thence discharged over a series of stone steps down a distance of 250 yards, and having reached the bottom sinks into the ground immediately at your feet, and disappears as if by magic. These works are supplied by a reservoir which is said to cover fourte[illegible] acres of ground."

The manner in which corn is preserved in Morocco is deserving of mention. [illegible] subterranean cellar is dug seven or ei[illegible] feet in depth, the sides of which are [illegible]vered with reeds and straw, the bot[illegible] part being matted, and straw placed [illegible] it. The grain is then deposited, and protected at top by straw being p[illegible] over it: the opening is covered [illegible] slab over which the earth is he[illegible]