

THE LANCET

OR
A WEEKLY SERIES OF THE STAR.

Vol. I

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No. 1.

THE GARLAND.

THE CHAMBER OF DEATH.

The following beautiful Lines, from the *Edinburgh Observer*, are the production of a youthful author.

LEAVE ME.—To-night I'll watch the corpse alone.
Set the lamp there; that its faint light may rest,
On this pale face. Fold back the winding sheet,
Lay the white arm above the sable pall.
To shake the tiger from its throat, and if to die
Thou never look'st on death before?—Away!
It is no sight for thee. His thee to bed,
And let me hear thy footsteps as they pass
Along the corridor. So—be gone!
And thou and I remain;—as I am—
Thou in the region of the dead,
A thing of solemn and mysterious meaning.
Silence is round us;—but it is not yet
The appointed hour. At midnight thou wilt come
To animate again this inert clay;
And, if the laws that govern thee permit,
Impart to me a sign that I may know
We yet shall meet hereafter. In this world
We grew together, like two trees that twine
Their branches into one, and if to die
Be but to pass away, as we are,
Be they of light or darkness, our twin souls
Will there be found united.

O God! It is a fearful thing to see
The strong man stretch'd upon the bed of death,
Writing in agony beneath the grasp
Of unseen power. Even as its victim strives
To shake the tiger from its throat, he strives
Against the shadowy tyrant. And yet why?
If death be but the herald, and a state
Of altered being, why should nature shrink
With horror from his touch? Alas! look there
And thou art answered. In those stiffening limbs—
That cold blank piece of nothingness—a weight
Of passive matter destined for the worms—
What can we read of immortality?
Say that 'twas but the casket for the gem—
Light we not still to cherish what has held
A gift of so much price? Is that black box,
And the damp earth a fit receptacle?
Has not the light of life been in those eyes—
The eloquence of health upon those cheeks—
The grace of action in those manly limbs—
The dignity of virtue on that brow?
Thoughts! thoughts! ye madden me.

How still is this lone hour! The lamp burns feebly,
And casts a flickering shadow on the dead.
Hark! from a distant turret midnight sounds
Of music are stealing on the breeze.
The moon is shining in the sky, and I
Oh, Heaven and Earth! 'Tis as when he lived!
I bear it in the corridor. Ha!—no!
That slow and measured tread is something more
The corpse's tread. It is not where it lay.
The dead man's eyes are closed, but his
Oh, Heaven and Earth! 'Tis as when he lived!
But wait, and, and, and, changed—changed all the same.
The lamp expires. His breath—his touch are on me!
And I—I face him in the midnight still—
The dead man's eyes are closed, but his
Oh, Heaven and Earth! 'Tis as when he lived!
Just powers—this is the horrible!

THE TWO MAIDS.

One came with light and laughing air,
And sleek like opening blossom,
Bright gems were on her forehead,
And glittered on her bosom,
And pearls and costly bracelets deck'd
Her round white arms and lovely neck.
Like summer's sky, with stars bedight,
The jewelled robe around her,
And dancing as the noontide light
The radiant zone that bound her;
And pride and joy were in her eye,
And mortals bowed as they passed by.
Another came—o'er her mild face
A pensive shade was stealing,
Yet there was grief of earthy woe,
But that deep holy feeling,
Which answers to the every strain
From the pure fount of Truth above.
Around her brow as snow-drops fair,
The glossy tresses cluster,
Nor pearl, nor ornament was there,
Save the meek spirit's lustre—
And faith and hope beamed from her eye,
And angels bowed as she passed by.

THE MISCELLANIST.

"MAKE THE BEST OF IT."
It seems to be a good plan, the outset of life,
To adopt some general rules of conduct for our govern-
ment under every diversification of circumstances. The
more simple they are the better, so that they cover the
whole ground, and furnish a universal directory in every
case; they should be brief, that they may be easily re-
membered; taken up on good consideration that we
may have faith in them; and always practised, that
they may become familiar, and grow into our very na-
ture; for no rule will be constantly and successfully
adhered to unless it be engrained by habit into our method
of thinking, and become a part of our character. Sup-
pose then we take up the sentence at the head of this
article, and see how it will do to begin with.

"We have all kinds of weather to expect," says the
farmer at this season of the year; it is true; and it is
also true, that Fortune is, from first to last, as change-
able as the season in spring. We must expect in our
journey clouds and sunshine; storms and calms; the
tempests that cross our path will sometimes give us
warning of their approach, and sometimes come sud-
denly and unexpectedly. There will be times when the
wind and tide will be in our favour; and times when
both will be against us. This is the common lot; none
has a right to expect exemption from it. What more
important rule then can be adopted to meet all these
contingencies that will at the same time be so plain, so
easily acted on, and promises so much good, as this—
make the best of it.

Perhaps you are at school; or at a trade; or a learn-
er of some kind preparing for future usefulness. Make
the best of your opportunities—surely you cannot adopt
a better motto. A sound scholar, a good workman has
a great advantage over those of an opposite character.
Hundreds are constantly arriving at method who have
had all the advantages of the most fortunate circumstan-
ces, and have come out neither the one nor the other;
there are men of profound erudition who never saw the
inside of a college, and there are college bred dunces.
There are skilful, ingenious, and scientific mechanics,
who had miserable masters; and poor, good for nothing
workmen, who had first rate opportunities. The differ-
ence is all here—the first made the best of their time,
the last, did not. Do you intend to belong to the first
class? I know you do. Then while you have a chance
—make the best of it.

Among those who are already in the business doing
world, these observations will probably be read by
three general classes: Those who are going on pro-
spiciously; those who just rub along; and those who are
unfortunate.

The prosperous always fall into a mistake when they
think adversity can never overtake them—a ship may
have a fine breeze, but the mariner never is sure of out-

running the storm. It is consequently the dictate of
wisdom to lay down the most momentous principle in
making provision for less favourable times. It is by this
that the prudent stand; they get on the highest possible
vantage ground; fence themselves about on all sides;
and by gathering industriously and carefully while the
sun shines, lay up a sufficient store for the evil days
that, in the common course of events, come sooner or
later. They have every inducement to attend to the
rule; always a profitable one, and—make the best of it.
Those who are becalmed on the voyage of life, will
find it greatly to their account to adopt this rule; be-
cause it is of the first importance that they go not down
the stream, even if they cannot ascend. Closer applica-
tion, more study and skilful management, indefatigable
industry, and long perseverance, are only the more
necessary, in consequence of the difficulties that arise
in their way. They should keep close to the wind, as
the sailors say—he especially careful not to fall into any
kind of extravagance; and keep a good look out to
take advantage of the first moment a more favourable
train of circumstances sets in. They should, of course,
men, each keep perfect mastery of his particular situa-
tion; and be sure to—make the best of it.

The last class of persons, not, I hope, the most nume-
rous, are those who have been unfortunate. It some-
times happens, that men in this situation become dis-
pirited, and desponding; this should not be so, it is
unwise, and unsafe. For them there is but one course
that promises an escape from difficulty, and that is the
adoption of this very rule. They should make the best
of the means left them. Not relax exertion; not give
up to loose habits; these will only make bad worse.
In short, if all men would improve their every oppor-
tunity in the best manner they could; and keep the main
point continually in view, there would be far less diffi-
culty in getting along than is often experienced. Every
man ought to be able to make a good honest living,
pay his debts, and have something to spare, and wherever
this is not the case, as a general rule, I set it down that
something is wrong.

It is easy to see how many people manage to be al-
ways poor, always encompassed by difficulties; a visit
to a bar room of a tavern, an oyster house, or any other
place where money may be foolishly spent, will fur-
nish a solution. It is a marvellously easy thing to go
down hill, especially when one fairly gets started; a
round stone will travel a long distance that way with-
out trouble, but to get back again will be a far more
difficult matter.—*Arenton Empirium.*

"There are in every country morose beings, who
are always prognosticating ruin. There was one of
this stamp at Philadelphia. He was a man of fortune,
declined in years, had an air of wisdom, and a very
grave manner of speaking. His name was Samuel
Mickle. I knew him not; but he stopped one day at my
door, and asked if I was the young man who had lately
opened a new printing office. Upon my answering in
the affirmative, he said that he was very sorry for me,
as it was an expensive undertaking, and the money that
had been laid out upon it would be lost. Philadelphia
being a place falling rapidly in decay, he said that
all, or nearly all of them, being obliged to call together
their creditors. That he knew, from undoubted fact,
the circumstances which might lead us to suppose the
contrary, such as new buildings, and the advanced
price of real estate, and the numerous speculators who
daily contributed to hasten the general ruin; and he gave
me as long a detail of misfortunes, actually existing, or
which were soon to take place, that he left me almost
in a state of despair. Had I known this man before I
entered into trade, I should doubtless have shunned
him. He continued, however, to live in this place of
decay, and to declaim in the same style, refusing for
many years to buy a house, because all was going to
ruin; and in the end I had the satisfaction to see him
pay five times as much for one, as he had done when he
first began to purchase it when he first began his inco-
nventures."—*Phre*

INDUSTRY.—Its Dignity and Usefulness.—There is no
condition in life better calculated than that of a labor-
ing man, for a man to be able to realize a proper
sense of his own dignity and independence. It is not
to his meals from the fatigues of the day, with a full
conviction that his sturdy hands have earned the
refreshment of his table. He feels that his wealthy
neighbour cannot enjoy even his opulence without his
assistance. His time is not spent in idleness, but in
the most useful manner; and his sturdy hands attest how
essential this exercise is to the health of his body. He
progresses onward, as it were by inches, to competence,
and he learns the practical lessons of economy and fru-
gality in his family expenditures. He is removed from
vice and gaudy temptations of fashionable life, he
knows how to bridle his ambition; he feels the bless-
ing of his family hearth, and can look without a sigh
on the gaudy pageantry of the day. This is true moral
independence; this curb on our ungodly desires, this
temperance in the exercise of all our wishes, are the
very materials that constitute valuable citizens.—It
should be the pride, as undoubtedly it is the right of a
labouring man, to indulge in such ideas. Boys that are
put out as apprentices to a mechanical profession, are
taken many times from a state of poverty and in-
dignity, and prepared for fulfilling afterwar's stations
thus honourable. Would they but properly com-
prehend the full extent of such benefits, they would see
nothing but their future glory, slight as it may seem,
independence, in their own adventures. They are learn-
ing not as they are prone to believe, the alphabet of
vice and degradation, but the rudiments of faith, in-
dustry, punctuality, economy, and all those virtues
that decorate and adorn the family hearth. They are
now giving pledges to their masters of wise and pru-
dent characters will be, when they, in their turn, will
be called upon to perform their part on the grand the-
atre of human life.

PARALLEL BETWEEN CANNING AND BURKE.—At the
close of the session of 1812, Parliament was dissolved,
and at the general election which ensued, Mr. Canning
was invited to become a candidate for the representa-
tion of Liverpool. The manner of the invitation—the
success which crowned him in the first arduous contest,
in which the pride of victory was enhanced by being
obtained over so formidable an opponent as Mr. Brough-
am—and the connexion which he at this time formed
with Liverpool, and which continued for many years to
be a source of reciprocal pride and honour to the
constituent body and their representative, Mr. Can-
ning, ever afterwards regarded as the most glorious
events in his whole public life. He was sensible of the
political weight which the distinction of being returned
for so important a commercial town as Liverpool
would impart to his opinions in Parliament. The cir-
cumstances of his return were additionally agreeable
to him, from the fact of their being, in every respect,
precisely similar to those under which Mr. Burke was
invited to become a candidate for the representation of
Bristol. The celebrity of his talents, and the desire of
giving due effect to those talents, by arming them with
the authority derived from the confidence of the large
and enlightened commercial community, induced the
freemen of Liverpool to call on Mr. Canning, as they
would impart to his opinions in Parliament. The cir-
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and enlightened commercial community, induced the
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would impart to his opinions in Parliament.

COMMERCIALITY.—In a country that is fruitful, spacious,
populous, and abounding with seaports, if the people
are industrious, they may draw from the bosom of the
earth immense treasures, which would be lost by the
negligence and sloth of its inhabitants. By improving
the productions of nature by manufactures, the national
riches are augmented; and it is by carrying these
fruits of industry to other nations, that a solid commerce
is established.

BREVITY THE SOUL OF WIT.—The celebrated
Dr. Abernethy is a man of uncommon brevity of ex-
pression. A lady who was acquainted with this pecu-

liarity of the doctor, once called upon him with one
of her own ladies, and the following dialogue took place.
Mrs. B.—(exposing her arm) "a burn."
Doctor.—"I see it, it is, it is, it is." (Here he wrote
a prescription for a poultice and handed her.)
Second girl, Mrs. B.—(exposing her arm as before)
"a better."
Doctor.—"Glad of it—continue the poultice."
Third girl, Mrs. B.—(showing her arm) "well."
Doctor.—"Very glad."
Mrs. B.—"What's the use of it?"
Doctor.—"Nothing—you are the most sensible woman
I have ever met with."

LACONICS.

In private conversation between intimate friends,
the wisest men very often talk like the weakest; for in-
deed, the talking with a friend is nothing else but
thinking aloud.—*Adison.*
An epithet or metaphor drawn from nature ennobles
art; an epithet or metaphor drawn from art degrades
nature.—*Johnson.*
A man cannot possess any thing that is better than a
good woman, nor any thing that is worse than a bad
one.—*Simonds.*
The passions and desires, like the two twists of a
rope, mutually mix one with the other, and twine in-
extricably round the heart; producing good if moder-
ately indulged; but certain destruction, if suffered to
become inordinate.—*Burton.*
In criticism, to combat a simile, is no more than to
show the shadow of an argument is no better than the
shadow of an argument.—*Pope.*
To endeavour to forget any one, is the certain way
to think of nothing else. Love has this in common with
wrath, that it is exasperated by the reflections upon
the object from whom. If it were practicable, the only
way to extinguish our passion, is never to think on it.—
Brugier.

THE CASSET.

MATRERNAL LOVE.—If there is one mortal feeling
free from the impurities of earthly frailty, that tells
in its slightest breathings of its celestial origin, it is
that of a mother's love—a mother's chaste, overwhelm-
ing, and everlasting love for her children.
The name of a mother is our childhood's tallman,
our refuge and our safeguard in all our misadventures;
'tis the first half-formed word that falls from the bab-
bling tongue, the first idea that dawns on the opening
mind; the first, the fondest, and the most lasting tie
which affection can bind the heart of man!
It is not a feeling of yesterday or to-day; it is from
the beginning the same, and unchangeable; it owes not
its being to this world, or the things in this world, but
is independent and self-existent, enduring while one
pulse of life animates the breast that fosters it; and
it is there any thing of mortality which survives the
grave, surely its best and noblest passion will never
perish.

Oh! it is a pure and holy emanation of Heaven's
love, the reciprocal of our advantages; but, in its sin-
cerity, it catcheth itself, and centres but in the hap-
piness of its object; and when the welfare of that ob-
ject is at stake, it putteth away fear, and knoweth not
weariety. It is not excited by form or feature, but
when a happy observation is perceived, embues all
the soul with its radiant beauty. It watches over our
helpless infancy, with the ceaseless benignity of a
guardian angel, anticipates every childish wish, in-
nuers every wayward fancy, soothes every transient
sorrow, sings our verses to rest, and cradles us
on its arms and throbbing breast; and when pain and
sickness prey upon the fragile form, what medicine is
there like a mother's kisses? what healing pillow like
a mother's bosom?

And when landed in the wide ocean of a tempo-
rary world, what eye gazes on our adventures, and
age with half the eagerness of maternal fondness, and
the sad yet not unpleasing contest of hopes and fears,
and deep anxieties?
When our rugged path of life has been bravely, pa-
tiently and bravely trodden—when prosperity has smiled
upon us—when virtue has upheld us amid the world's
temptations, virtue which she herself first planted in us—
and when Fame has bound her laurels round us, it
is a heart that throbs with a livelier or more grate-
ful pleasure?
Yet it is not Prosperity, with her smiles and beauty,
that tries the purity and fervour of a mother's love; it
is in the dark and dreary precincts of adversity, amid
the cold frowns of an unfeeling world, in poverty and
debasement, in sickness and sorrow, that shines with a
brighter beyond mortality, and stilling the secret agonies
of its own bosom, strives but to pour balm and consolation
on the wounded sufferer; and the cup of misery, filled
as it is to overflowing, serves but to bind them more
firmly and devoutly to each other, as the storms of winter
bid the sheltering ivy twine itself more closely
round the withered oak.

Absence cannot chill a mother's love nor can vic-
tude destroy a mother's kindness. The lowest degrada-
tion of human frailty cannot wholly blot out remem-
brance of the first fond years of young affection, or
the faint memory of primeval innocence; nay, it
seems as if the very consciousness of the object state of
her erring child more fully developed the mighty force
of her maternal passion, which can forget and forgive
all things; and though the youth of her fairest
years may be as one cast off from God and man, yet
she will not forsake him, nor upbraid him, but partici-
pate in all things save his wickedness!
I speak not of a mother's agonies, when bending o'er
the bed of death; nor of Rachel weeping for her
children, because they were not!
The love of a father may be as deep and sincere, yet
it is calmer, and perhaps more calculating, and more
fully directed in the great period and ends of life; it
cannot descend to those minutiae of affection, those
watchful cares for the minor comforts and gratifications
of existence, which a mother, from the finer sensibility
of her nature, can more readily and duly appreciate.

The pages of history abound with the records of ma-
ternal love, in every age and clime, and every rank of
life; but it is a lesson of never ending presence which
the heart can feel and acknowledge, and needs not ex-
ample to teach it how to venerate.
Can there be a being so vile and odious, so dead to
nature's impulse, who in return for such care and un-
varying kindness, can willingly or heedlessly wound
the heart that cherished him, and forsake the lonely
one, who nursed and sheltered him; who can madly
sever the sweetest bonds of human union; and bring
down the grey hairs of his parents with sorrow to so-
litude and poverty, while he waltzes in the pride of
undervalued prosperity?

If there be, why, let them abjure the name of man,
and herd with the beasts that perish, or let him feel to
distraction that words of human miseries,
"How sharper than a Serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child."

THE REFLECTOR.

ON DEATH.—One day, we see carried along the cof-
fin of the smiling infant; the flower just nipped as it be-
gan to blossom in the parent's view; and the next day
we behold the young man, or young woman, of bloom-
ing form and promising hopes, laid in an untimely

grave. While the funeral is attended by a numerous,
unconcerned company, who are discoursing to one ano-
ther about the news of the day, on the ordinary affairs
of life, let our thoughts rather follow to the house of
mourning, and represent to ourselves what is going on
there. There we should see a disconsolate family, sit-
ting in silent grief, thinking of the sad breach that is
made in their little society, and with tears in their eyes,
looking to the chamber that is now left vacant, and to
every memorial that presents itself of their departed
friend. By such attention to the woes of others, the sel-
fish hardness of our hearts will be gradually softened,
and melted down into humanity.—Another day, we fol-
low to the grave, one, who, in old age, and after a long
career of life, has in (81) maturity, sunk at last into rest.
As we are going along to the mansion of the dead, it is
natural for us to think, and to discourse of his life. He
has passed, it is likely, through varieties of fortune. He
has experienced prosperity and adversity. He has seen
families and kindred rise and fall. He has seen
peace and war succeeding in their turns; and the face of
his country undergoing many alterations; and the very
city in which he dwelt rising in a manner new and
unfamiliar. After all he has beheld, his eyes are closed for-
ever. He was becoming a stranger in the midst of a
new succession of men. A race who knew him not, had
risen to fill the earth. Thus passes the earth away.
Throughout all ranks and conditions, the very peculiar-
ities, and another generation cometh; and this great
lot is by turns evacuated, and replenished, by troops
of succeeding pilgrims.—O vain and inconstant world!
O fleeting and transient life! When will all the sores
of men learn to think of thee, as they ought? When
they learn humanity from the afflictions of their brethren;
or moderation and wisdom, from the sense of their
own fugitive state.—*Blair.*

GENIUS AND FORTUNE.—Nobody possessed of common
sense or common sensibility, would offer consolation to
one who had just lost a beloved wife. Sympathy is the
only thing that the nature of the case will admit of.—
The subdued letter is not excellent, perhaps is not
equalled, by any singular effort, in the very peculiar
circumstances under which it is written, might have de-
ferred a friend less anxious, or a writer less confident
in the expression of what he felt, than Mr. Gray.—
Charleston Courier.

MRS. GRAY TO MR. MADON.
"I break in upon you, at a moment when we least of
all are permitted to disturb our friends, not only to say
that you are daily, but hourly present to my thoughts.
If the worst be not yet, you will neglect and pardon me;
but if the least struggle be over; if the object of your
long anxieties be no longer sensible to your kindness, or
to her own sufferings, allow me, at least in idea, (for
what could I do, were I present, more than this?) to sit
by you in silence, and pity from my heart, not her who
is at rest, but you who are in pain."
"May He who made and who afflicts us, the Master
of our pleasures and of our pains, preserve and support
you!—*Adieu.*"

"I have long understood how little you had to hope."
I need scarcely be added that the amiable woman
whose extreme illness prompted Mr. Gray's anxious in-
quiry, was that whom her husband has immortalized (so
long, at least, as English poetry shall endure) in the
exquisite inscription on her monument in the cathedral
of Bristol.

"Take, holy Earth, all that my soul held dear."

SPEED THE PLOUGH.

The following has been obligingly handed to us by
an eminent Agriculturalist. The Editors of Newspapers
are respectfully requested to give it circulation for the
information of the public.—*Quebec Star.*

SALINE MANURE.

The following is the mode recommended to be adopt-
ed in preparing the Saline Manure.
Let a platform of any kind of Mould or Earth, the
richer the better, be formed, about six inches thick,
twelve feet wide, and as long as may be necessary for
the extent of land to be manured, at one end of this
first load of lime, fresh from the kiln, be placed
about four inches thick, let the lime be hot, not only
lacked, but moistened, with a solution of rock salt, or
any common salt in water, at the rate of five or six
to each barrel of lime, pouring the solution, or pickle,
gradually and evenly on the lime, as the latter is found
to settle it, carefully avoiding to let any of the pickle
seep from the lime, as it may thus fall to come with-
in its influence and be thrown away, then spread the
lime, placed on the platform near the first, and treated
in the same manner, when the platform is thus covered,
begin again with a second layer of lime, slack, moisten
and spread, and cover it as the first, until it is also fin-
ished, and proceed in the same manner with a third
and fourth layer, if the mould be not collected in one
place, but deposited in a long row, as then the earth
will be more convenient, and equally advantageous.
When the whole is covered with earth let the heap be
cut down and well mixed, in which state it may be
suffered to lie until a short time before it is used, when
it should be again turned. The proportion of water in
which the salt is dissolved, depends on the state of the
earth or mould; if the latter be wet, twenty gallons of
water impregnated with five lbs. of salt, is sufficient for
each barrel of lime, if it be dry, half a bushel of
water to that quantity of salt and lime will be necessary.
Forty barrels of lime treated in this manner is a full
dressing for an acre of potatoes. The quantity of earth
we have used was about eighty single cart loads
to the acre, but if there be such difficulty in collecting
it from forty to fifty loads may be sufficient. The
compost should be prepared at least two or three
months before the time of it, and if the expense be no
material objection, one or two additional turnings in
the interval would be desirable.

Of the efficacy of this manure for potatoes, we have
already had satisfactory evidence. That it will be
found of equal value in its operations on the subsequent
crops, may be inferred from the durability of the effects
of soap ashes, to which it is most essential ingredients
it is similar, and that it may be directly applied with
advantage to the other tillage crops we also anticipate,
from the well known effects of soap ashes in such ap-
plication, to those farmers who are so situated, as to be
debarred from all other adventitious manures except
lime, the advantage of being able to supply the natives
abundantly with a cheap substitute, and we trust, of
superior value to any of them, is incalculable.

Every ton of this saline compost contains 4 stone of
marble of lime and each ton contains one fourth of
pure lime, if free from stones, &c.

AGRICULTURE.—The soil of every country, and the
bringing to the utmost perfection its various productions,
are the foundations of all wealth and prosperity. You
might as well hope to see the human body in active mo-
tion when palsy had reached the heart, or a tree flour-
ishing after its roots were decayed, as expect to see
manufactures, or arts, or industry of any description
progressive, when Agriculture was declined.

STOMACH OF THE HORSE.—It is popularly known
that a horse cannot be made to vomit. This is owing
to one half of the stomach being covered by an insolu-
ble coat; and when an emetic substance is exhibi-
ted, the food is thrown upon this part of the stomach,
and remains there. The attempt, however, was once
successful; but it cost the animal its life—the stomach
being burst by the violence of its efforts.