

# THE EVANSVILLE JOURNAL.

BY W. H. CHANDLER.]

THE UNION OF THE WHIGS—FOR THE SAKE OF THE UNION.

[AT \$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.]

VOL. XI.

EVANSVILLE, INDIANA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1845.

NO. 9.

## ALEXANDER LAUGHLIN, WHOLESALE & RETAIL GROCERY, IRON, NAIL TIN AND SHEET IRON STORE; WATER STREET, EVANSVILLE INDIANA.

WE beg leave to call the attention of Merchants, Traders and Farmers generally, throughout the Western country, Illinois and the Southern portion of Kentucky, to our large and very general stock of GROCERIES, IRON, NAILS, TIN PLATE, COPPER, WIRE, AXES, COTTON YARN DOMESTIC MANUFACTURED ARTICLES, which he offers for sale at very reduced prices for Cash or Produce. The head of the house residing in Pittsburgh, will enable us to be regularly supplied with all articles in our line. Dealers and country merchants need not travel beyond Evansville for a supply of all articles they may need, and they would consult their interests by giving us a call, as we are determined to merit a share of public patronage. The business will be conducted by JAMES LAUGHLIN, Jr.

Evansville, January 23-14

## NEW WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Grocery, Iron, Nail & Tin Plate Store, WATER STREET, NEXT DOOR TO A. LAUGHLIN.

SAMUEL ORR would call the attention of the Merchants and Farmers of the Western country and the adjoining States to his large and well selected assortment of IRON, NAILS, GROCERIES, COTTON YARNS, and Articles of Domestic Manufacture generally, which he is disposed to sell at very reduced prices for Cash or Produce. We shall be regularly supplied with all articles in our line, and by a strict attention to business hope to receive a liberal share of public patronage. Feathers, Hides, Tallow, Beeswax, and all kinds of Produce purchased at the highest market price.

Evansville, January 23-2mo.

## DRUGS AND MEDICINES, PAINTS, DYE-STUFFS, GLASSWARE, &C. W. & C. BELL,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGISTS,  
CORNER OF MAIN AND FIRST STREETS, EVANSVILLE, INDIANA.

WISH to call your attention to their extensive and heavy assortment of Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Dye-Stuffs, Glassware, Chemicals, Surgeons Instruments, Patent Medicines, Perfumeries, Window Glass Shop Furniture, &c. &c. which they offer for sale very low for cash or approved credit.

- Amongst other articles they offer:
- |                                      |  |
|--------------------------------------|--|
| 2 Cases Turkey Opium, (new crop)     | 2000 Lbs Sulphur.                        |
| 2 Bales Honduras Sarsaparilla,       | 3 Bbls Cream Tartar, (pure)              |
| 200 Mats Cassia,                     | 200 Lbs American Camell,                 |
| 2 Cases Aloes,                       | 50 do English Hyd. Sub.                  |
| 2 Bales Pink Root (Roots),           | 500 do Refined Camphor,                  |
| 5 do Bortie and Vial Corks, (Velvet) | 100 do Gum Myrrh, Turkey,                |
| 200 Packages Vials, Bottles, &c.     | 100 do do do E India,                    |
| 12 Cases English Epsom Salts,        | 3 Bales Alexandria Senna,                |
| 3 Cases do Refined Borax,            | 1 do do do E India,                      |
| 3 Boxes Castile Soap,                | 2 Cases Refined Ex Liquorice,            |
| 2 do English Castile Magnesia,       | 1 Hale Cloves,                           |
| 1 do do Carb. do in lump,            | 3 Boxes Rochelle's Salts,                |
| 2 Cases Sup. Carb. Soda,             | 3 do Tart. Acid,                         |
| 100 OZ. Sulp. and Acetate Morphine,  | 100 OZ American Quinine,                 |
| 200 lbs Puiv. Jalapo,                | 100 do German do,                        |
| 100 do Ipecchuana, Brazil,           | 100 do French do,                        |
| 100 do do Carthagena,                | 200 do Carpenter's Precip. Ex. Cinchona, |
| 200 do Rhabarb,                      | 5 Cases Brimstone,                       |
| 1 Case Rad Rhabarb,                  |  |
- 18 Carboys Sulphuric Nitric and Muriatic Acids; White Lead, at Factory prices; Madder, French and Dutch, in barrels and kegs; Logwood, Fustic and Camwood; Indigo, S. F. in casks and kegs; Copal, Conch, Japan and Black Varnishes; Copperas; Venetian Red; Yellow Ochre; Putty; Paint Brushes; Snails; Brouzes; Frostings; Sps Turpentine, &c. &c.

The above articles now in store and warranted of first quality. Physicians, Country Merchants and others visiting our City for the purpose of laying in their supplies, would do well to give us a call before going elsewhere. All orders by Mail from old and approved customers, will receive every attention.

January 9, 1845.—14  
Corner of Main and First Streets  
W. & C. BELL.

## J. H. MAGHEE & CO., WHOLESALE DEALERS IN FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS, HARDWARE, QUEENWARE, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, AND BONNETS.

J. H. M. of the above firm having spent more than two months in purchasing at the Large Package Auction Sales in New York and Philadelphia and having bought a large portion of their Goods below the cost of importation are enabled to sell them much cheaper than ever before sold in this place; and fully as low as they can be bought either in Cincinnati or Louisville.

Evansville, November 21st, 1844.

## THURSTON & HARVEY, FORWARDING & COMMISSION MERCHANTS, EVANSVILLE, INDIANA.

SUCCESSORS TO THOS. G. THURSTON & CO., FORMERLY WM. THURSTON & CO.

WE desire to return our thanks to our numerous friends and patrons throughout the Western Country for their favors during the last ten years, and to solicit a continuation of their custom. This is the oldest house in the place, and we are determined to keep up the reputation we have acquired, and merit a still larger share of public patronage, by the strictest attention to business. Our charges are, perhaps, lower than any other house in the place.

Evansville, January 23-4mo.

## HARRINGTON, HANNAH & CO. FORWARDING & COMMISSION MRCH'TS, EVANSVILLE INDIANA.

Still continue to give satisfaction to all who entrust business to their care.  
"A word to the wise is sufficient."

## CARPENTER, LADD & HOWES, WHOLESALE DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, &c WATER STREET, 3 DOORS FROM MAIN, EVANSVILLE INDIANA.

HAVE just received direct from New York and Boston a large assortment of Dry Goods, &c which will be sold at wholesale at very low prices. Their assortment is complete, and they are confident that the merchant from the country can purchase these goods at as low a price as any other house west of the mountains.

## CHEAP STOVES & TIN-WARE. NEARLY OPPOSITE THE BANK, MAIN STREET.

THE Subscriber has just returned from Cincinnati, with an assortment of Stoves of all kinds, such as IMPROVED PREMIUM; WOLFS PATENT STOVES; FANCY PARLOR, TEN PLATES; CAST IRON AIR TIGHT, &c. Which he offers for sale at low rates. He will have constantly on hand an assortment of SHEET IRON and TIN-WARE, which will be sold very cheap. Call and inspect his articles and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

Evansville, Jan. 30, 1845-46

## GRIFFITH & CORBET. WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALERS IN HARDWARE, CROCKERY, DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES.

WOULD call the attention of the public generally, and Country Merchants in particular, to their large and full assortment of goods which they are determined to sell as LOW AS ANY HOUSE IN EVANSVILLE, or any other Western City.

January 30, 1845-46.

JUDGE DOUGLASS IN ILLINOIS.—A correspondent of the New York Evening Mirror, in giving some sketches of Judge Douglass, of Illinois, puts the following story in his mouth. Referring to his early career in the Sucker State, the question was asked:

How do you adapt yourself to the people? How did you naturalize yourself, as it were? "Oh, nothing easier; you see I like it.—It's Democratic. But it did come awkward at first. You know I am, or rather was, bashful to rather a painful degree. Well, now, nine-tenths of my constituents despise luxuries, and have no such thing as a second room in their houses. In beating up for votes, I live with my constituents, eat with my constituents, drink with them, lodge with them; pray with them, laugh, hunt, dance, and work with them; I eat their corn dodgers and fried bacon, and sleep two in a bed with them. Among my first acquaintances were the L—s, down under the bluffs. Fine fellows, the L—s; by the way, I am sure of five votes there. Well, you perceive I had to live there—and I did live there. But, sir, I was frightened the first night I slept there. I own it; yes, sir, I acknowledge the corn. An ice bath in August is something; but I was done to an icicle; had periodical chills for ten days. Did you ever see a Venus in Linsey-woolsey?"

"No!" "Then you shall see Serena L—s. They call her the 'white plover;' seventeen, plump as a pigeon, and smooth as a persimmon. How the devil, said I to myself, soliloquizing the first night I slept there, am I to go to bed before this young lady? I do believe my heart was topsy turved, for the idea of pulling off my boots before the girl, was death. And as to doffing my other fixtures, I would sooner have had my leg taken off with a wood-saw. The crisis was tremendous. It was nearly midnight, and the family had been hours in bed. Miss Serena alone remained. Bright as the sun, the merry mix talked on. It was portentously obvious to me at last that she had determined to outwit me. By repeated spasmodic efforts, my coat, waistcoat, cravat, boots and socks were brought off. During the process, my beautiful neighbor talked to me with unadvised eyes, and with that peculiar kind of placidity employed by painters to embody their idea of the virgin. I dumped myself down in a chair in a cold perspiration. A distressing thought occurred to me. Does not the damsel stand on a point of local etiquette? It may be the fashion of these people to see people in bed before retiring themselves? May I not have kept those beautiful eyes open, from ignorance of what these people deem good breeding? Neither the lady's eyes nor tongue had indeed betrayed fatigue. Those large jet eyes seemed to dilate and grow brighter as the blaze of the wood fire died away; but doubtless this was from kind consideration for the strange wakefulness of her guest. The thing was clear. I determined to retire, and without delay. I arose with firmness, unloosed my suspenders, and, in a voice not altogether steady, said:

"Miss Serena, I think I will retire." "Certainly, sir," she quietly observed, "you will lodge there, sir," inclining her beautiful head towards a bed-standing a few yards from where she was sitting. I proceeded to undress, entreaching myself behind a chair; the while fondly imagining the position offered some security. It is simply plain to a man in his senses that a chair of the fashion of the one I had thrown between myself and "the enemy," at all. No more, in fact, than standing up behind a ladder; nothing in the way of the artillery of bright eyes, as a poet would say, sweeping one down by platoons. Then I had a dead open space of ten feet between me and the bed; a sort of bridge of Lodi passage which I was forced to make exposed to a cruel raking fire fore and aft. Although I say it, who should not say it, an emergency never arose for which I had not a resource. I had one for this. The plan was the work of a moment; I see—

"Ah! I see; you stormed the battery and—"

"Bah! don't interrupt me. No! I determined by a bold ruse de guerre, to throw her attention off of the window, clear the perilous passage, fortify myself under the counterpane before she recovered her surprise. The plan failed. You see I am a small man, physically speaking.

Body, limbs, and head, setting up business on one hundred and seven and a half pounds all told, of flesh, blood, and bones, cannot individually or collectively, set up any very ostentatious pretensions. I believe the young lady must have been setting in her mind some philosophical point on that head. Perhaps her sense of justice wished to assure itself of a perfectly fair distribution of the respective motives. Perhaps, she did not feel easy until she knew that a kind Providence had not added to general poverty individual wrong. Certain it was, she seemed rather pleased with her speculations; for, when I arose from a stooping posture finally, wholly disencumbered of cloth, I noticed mischievous shadows playing about the corners of her mouth. It was the moment I had determined to direct her eyes to some astonishing circumstance out of the window. But the young lady spoke at the critical moment.

"Mr. Douglass," she observed, "you have got a mighty small clausure of legs there."

Men seldom have any notion of their own powers. I never made any pretensions to skill in ground and lofty tumbling; but it is strictly true, I cleared at one bound the open space, planted myself on the centre of the bed, and was buried in the blankets in a twinkling.

"I congratulate you, my boy," said I,

poising a cube of the crimson core of the melon at the point of my knife; "a lucky escape truly! But was the young lady modest?"

"Modest, sir!—there is not in Illinois a more modest or more sensible girl. It's habit, all habit. I think nothing of it now.—Why, it only last week I was at a fine wedding party, and a large and fine assembly of both sexes lodged in the same room, with only three feet or so of neutral territory between them."

"You astonish me, Mr. Douglass." "Farewell, sir, upon my honor. You see these people are the soul of hospitality, and never allow a fine social party to turn out at twelve o'clock at night to go long distances home. All that is more cleverly managed here. An Illinois bed has a power of elongation or expansion perfectly enigmatical to strangers. One bed four feet wide will, on occasion, flank one whole side of the house, and is called a field-bed, and large parties will range themselves on opposite sides of the house as economically as candles in a box."

"But, my dear fellow, this is drollery prose, introduce yourself to that little fellow in the corner, and pass him over; and now tell me about old Canandaigua."

### THE DEVOTED WIFE.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

She was a beautiful girl. When I first saw her, she was standing by the side of her lover at the marriage altar. She was slightly pale—yet ever and anon as the ceremony proceeded a faint tinge of crimson crossed her cheek, like the reflection of a sunset cloud upon the clear waters of a lake. Her lover, as he clasped her hand within his own, gazed on her for a moment with unmingled admiration, and the warm eloquent blood shadowed at intervals his manly forehead, and melted into beauty on his lips.

And they gave themselves to one another in the presence of Heaven, and every heart blessed them as they went on their way rejoicing in their love.

Years passed on, and I saw those lovers. They were seated together where the light of summer's sunset stole through the half closed and crimson curtain, and the exquisite embellishments of their rich and glorious apartment.

Time had slightly changed them in outward appearance. The girlish buoyancy of the one had indeed given place to the grace of perfect womanhood, and her lip was somewhat paler, and a faint line of care was perceptible on her brow.

Her husband's brow too, was marked somewhat more deeply than his age might warrant; anxiety, ambition and pride had grown over, and left their trace upon it; a silver hair was mingled with the dark of his hair, almost to baldness. He was reclining on a splendid ottoman, with his face half hidden with his hands, as if he feared that the thoughts which oppressed him were visible upon his features.

"Edward, you are ill to-night," said his wife, in a low, sweet, half-inquiring voice, as she laid her delicate hands upon her husband's.

Indifference from those we love is terrible to the sensitive bosom. It is as if the sun of heaven refused its wanted cheerfulness, and glared upon us with a cold, dim and forbidding glance. It is dreadful to feel that the only being of our love refuses to ask our sympathy—that he broods over the feelings which he scorns or fears to reveal—dreadful to which the conclusive features and gloomy brow—the undeniable shadows of hidden emotion—the involuntary sigh of sorrows, in which we are forbidden to participate, whose character we cannot know.

The wife essayed once more. "Edward," said she slowly, mildly and affectionately, the time has been when you were willing to confide your secret joys and sorrows to one who has never, I trust, betrayed your confidence. Why, then, my dear Edward, is this cruel reserve? You are troubled, and refuse to tell me the cause."

Something of returning tenderness softened for an instant the cold severity of the husband's features, but it passed away, and a bitter smile was his only reply.

Time passed on, and the twain were separated from each other. The husband sat gloomy and alone in the damp cell of a dungeon. He had mingled with the men whom his hear loathed, he had sought the fierce and wronged spirits of his land, and had breathed into them the madness of revenge. He had drawn his sword against his country; he had fanned rebellion to a flame, and it had been quenched in human blood. He had fallen, and was doomed to die the death of a traitor.

The door of the dungeon opened, and a light form entered and threw herself upon arms. The softened light of sunset fell upon the pale brow and wasted cheek of his once beautiful wife.

"Edward—my dear Edward," said she, "I have come to save you. I have reached you after a thousand difficulties, and I thank God my purpose is nearly executed."

Misfortunes had softened the proud heart of manhood, and as the husband pressed his pale wife to his bosom, a tear trembled on his eyelash. "I have not merited this kindness," he murmured, in the choked tones of agony.

"Edward," said his wife, in an earnest but faint and low voice, which indicated extreme and fearful debility, "we have not a moment to lose. By an exchange of garments you will be able to pass out unnoticed. Haste or we may be too late. Fear nothing for me. I am but a woman, and they will not injure me for any efforts in behalf of a husband dearer to me than life itself."

"By Margaret," said the husband, "you look sadly ill. You cannot breathe the air of this dreadful cell."

"O speak not of me dearest Edward," said the devoted woman, "I can endure anything for your sake. Haste, Edward, haste, and all will be well," and she aided with trembling hands, to disguise the proud form of her husband, in the female garb.

"Farewell, my love, my preserver," whispered the husband in the ear of the disguised wife, as the officer reminded the supposed lady that the time allotted to her visit had expired. "Farewell! we shall meet again," responded his wife—and the husband passed out unsuspected, and escaped the enemies of his life.

They did meet again—the wife and the husband; but only as the dead may meet in the awful communication of another world. Affection had borne up her exhausted spirit until the last purpose of her exertions was accomplished in the safety of her husband; and when the bell tolled on the morrow, and the prisoner's cell was opened, the guards, found wrapped in the habiliments of their destined victim, the pale but beautiful corpse of a devoted wife.

LOOKING AHEAD.—The following from the St. Louis Reveille is one of the best squibs of the kind we have ever seen:

ST. LOUIS, JAN. 1895.  
EXCERPTS FROM THE OFFICIAL PAPER.

We regret to hear that some difficulty has occurred in reference to the simultaneous publication of our paper at this place, and at Montreal. The Express Balloon has failed several times in succession to reach Montreal in season, and our editorial articles in yesterday's twelve o'clock paper, did not appear in the Montreal paper until two hours after they were circulated here.

We learn from Astoria that another hourly paper has been started in that city, making in all sixty-two. The first number of the new one reached us seven minutes since.—It is conducted with considerable taste and talent, but it is altogether too small. The citizens of that city seem to dislike large sheets. "The World" is the most respectable, and that is only 32 to 46 feet.

A gentleman who came from New Holland yesterday, states that the balloon had several scientific men on board, who prevailed upon the conductor to stop 42 seconds, near the site of an old city called New Orleans, which was destroyed by an earthquake about 1845. The workmen had made considerable progress in the excavation. An old fashioned steamboat had been found in a state of preservation. We learn that it will be brought here in the next balloon for exhibition.

A horse was caught yesterday by a company of hunters. We are informed by a venerable old gentleman, that these animals forty or fifty years ago, were used as beasts of burden. The race is almost entirely extinct, and there are not probably one hundred remaining upon the continent.

A man fell yesterday from the top of the capitol to the ground, a distance of thirteen hundred feet. He had one of the life preservers with him, and escaped unhurt.

The ladies have the meagre majority of one hundred and six in the Congress newly elected. It is now thirty-one years, since, by an amendment of the Constitution, the ladies became eligible to a seat in either house.

A chap in the city of Mexico advocates the removal of the seat of Government from St. Louis to that place. It is no go.

The Washington Monument upon Laurel Mountain, cost twelve and a half bushels of eagles.

A RELIC.—A gentleman who left Boston an hour ago, has just informed us of a very curious circumstance. In a central part of the city, some antiquarians have discovered a small pile of stones; which it is proved are the remains of the Bunker Hill Monument, about which so much was said fifty years since.

A publisher in this city is about to issue a work containing a list of all the duels fought at the last session of Congress.

Our paper of one o'clock, to-day, will contain the act which provides for supplying Congress with whiskey; also, all the incidents connected with the last row.

The Starch Company, who purchased the old and deserted tract of land formerly called New Hampshire, for a potatoe field, have recently declared a dividend of 200 per cent.

The news from Cincinnati confirms the report contained in our nine o'clock paper. Sixty one thousand persons and several blocks of brick buildings were eaten up by the logs.

### POOR DORR.

There is something supremely ridiculous, as well as incomparably impudent, in the course pursued by certain portions of the Locofoco party with regard to the culprit Dorr. Great pains are taken to manufacture his raw material into something like a martyr. If one asks a leading respectable Democrat about this tumult, he will agree with other reasonable and respectable men, that Dorr deserves all, and more than all he gets; but if you ask him why such a tumult is made by some of his partisans, in the name of Democracy, about Dorr, he will say that it is a very pleasant mode of keeping up the appetite of a certain class, allowing them a bone to gnaw, which, while it keeps them together, and attracts their attention from the movements of their superior, serves also to keep their teeth sharp for future action.

Among the tom-fooleries which Dorr's punishment has brought forth, the following absurd affair is presented. It is the handy work of a Democratic meeting in New Hampshire, held on the 14th ult:

"Resolved, That the reflection that the talented, the honest, the noble-hearted patriot, Thomas W. Dorr, is at this moment shut from the world in a State Penitentiary, subjected to the service of a felon for life, for no other crime but defending those principles which we hold dearer than life, chills the blood in our veins; and we forewarn the present brief authorities of that little Federal, British chartered State, that a tremendous storm of public indignation is gathering from the whole length and breadth of the Republic, which will sweep their prison walls to their very foundation, unless deliverance is speedily proclaimed to the martyred statesman, the second La Fayette."

The leaders of the party must be wonderfully amused at the discriminating wisdom, and the historical correctness, and the sound patriotism, exhibited by their brethren of the granite State.

### MAHOMEDAN VIEWS OF AMERICAN POLITICS.

A learned friend, (says the Picayune,) who speaks of getting up a polyglot upon the principle of Ericsson's propeller, has furnished us with a free translation, from our Constitution file, of an article upon the subject of the late Presidential election. The followers of Allah and the Prophet have taken some interest in American affairs since Eckford, the ship constructor, visited their country and built ships for the Sultan. The progress made in the knowledge of our concerns may be gathered from the following extract. The barbarians have not quite got the hang of things yet; but all due allowance considered, they are as well informed as some Christian folk who descend upon Uncle Sam's business with great freedom and self-satisfaction.

"Of the three candidates," says the Constantinople editor, "now seeking to be Caliph of America, two are men of remarkable endowments and the other is naturally popular in the Southern States. In the North, where there are fewer people of color, the struggle will be a close one between Mr. Klat and Mr. Pulk but in the South Mr. Birme, he being a black man, will of course carry every thing before him. Should either of the former be chosen, it is understood that the friends of the other will hang themselves in order to escape proscription—a species of the guillotine very much dreaded by politicians, and said to be an improvement upon the guillotine. Inasmuch as Mr. Birme should triumph there appears to be no doubt that the whole white population will be put to the sword. Our course the success of either of the first-named gentlemen will insure the decapitation of the negroes, and produce a foreign war, as Great Britain has sworn to protect a race of people from which she gathers so much wool to pull over other people's eyes."

### THE DEATH OF THE DANCER.

We have mentioned the terrible death in London, of Miss Webster, danseuse. It seems she was performing at Drury Lane, in the ballet of "The revolt of the Harem;" and in the scene where the female slaves are supposed to be in a bath, the gauze dress of Miss Clara Webster—by far the most accomplished English Dancer of the day—caught fire. The poor girl ran round the stage in a blaze, and nearly set fire to some of the other female performers. The scene may be imagined. A gay, young, favorite actress, enveloped in flames, running, shrieking in her agony around the stage, in front of a crowded and excited audience! The catastrophe was so sudden that the people around were, for a moment, paralyzed. A carpenter, at one of the side wings, however, caught Miss Webster in his arms with as much promptitude as could possibly be expected, threw her down, and though much burnt himself in the attempt, succeeded in extinguishing the flames. Medical assistance was immediately procured, and it was at one time hoped that the poor girl would recover; but, after lingering from the Saturday evening until the succeeding Tuesday morning, she expired. Miss Webster was only 21 years of age. In the course of the inquest on the body, it was demonstrated by experiment, that gauze or any other kind of light dresses, would be rendered incapable of catching fire by a lum or salt being mixed with the water at the time of their being washed, or rather by their being steeped in such solutions after washing. The melancholy fate of the beautiful Miss Webster created a great sensation.

HABITS OF THE TALEGALLA.—The talegalla (an Australian bird, somewhat resembling our domestic fowl) does not hatch its eggs by incubation. In order to effect this object it assimilates, in some degree, to the practice of the ostrich, yet upon a totally different principle. The talegalla collects together an immense quantity of decaying vegetable matter as a depository for the eggs, and then trusts to the heat engendered by the process of decomposition for the hatching them. The heap employed for this purpose is collected by the birds during several weeks previously to the period of laying; it varies in size from two to four cart loads, and is of a true pyramidal form. The construction of the mound is not the work of one pair of birds, but is effected by the united labors of several; the same site appears to be resorted to for several years in succession, the birds adding a fresh supply of materials on each occasion previous to laying their eggs.