

THE LITTLE ROBE OF WHITE

In a rosewood cradle a baby lay; Its mother was stitching, stitching away On a little robe of white;

In every stitch of that garment she wrought That loving mother fastened a thought, Hopes for that little one;

Then she folded up the caubric and lace, And kissed her little one's chubby face, That smiled in its infant glee;

In a rosewood coffin the baby lay, Its mother had wot the night away, Watching its dying breath;

They buried the babe in the garment just wrought Whose every stitch held a hopeful thought, From the loving mother's sight;

In the Saviour's arms a baby lay, From the rosewood coffin far away, In the realms of love and light;

At the Top of a Chimney.

A man will go blind, and mad too, from fear; I have seen it happen, and, if you don't mind listening, will tell you the story. I was apprenticed to a builder when I left school, and soon got to like the trade very much, especially when the work was perilous, and gave me a chance to out-do the other lads in darning "Spider" was my nickname in those days, given partly on account of my long legs, for I had out-grown my proportions, and partly because they said I could crawl along a roof, like my namesake.

I went to the wedding, and there were not many days when I did not steal half an hour to sit by his fireside, which was as bright and cosy and homelike as you would wish to see. Mary being the soul of order and industry. It is not, perhaps, the usual way of driving out envy, to go and look at the happiness another man has done you out of, but then you know the proverb says, "What is one man's meat is another man's poison," and so it was I got to look upon Mary as a sort of sister, and Ben had no cause for jealousy, although there were plenty of evil tongues ready to put him up to it.

The contract was nearly up, when a lightning conductor upon one of the highest chimneys over at Blanelly sprang, and the owner of the works offered our master the job.

"It's just the sort of thing for you, Harry," said Mr. —, when he told us of it.

I touched my cap and accepted it off-hand, and then Ben stepped up and said he'd volunteer to be the second man, two being required.

"All right," said the master; "you are the steadiest-headed fellows I have. The price is a good one, and every penny of it shall be divided between you. We'll not fix a day for the work, but take the first calm morning and get it done quickly."

So it was that, some four or five mornings after, we found ourselves at Blanelly, and all ready for the start. The kite by which the line attached to the block was to be sent over the chimney, was flown, and did its work well; the rope which was to haul up the orladle was ready, and stepping in, Ben and I began the ascent.

There had been very few people about when we went into the yard, but as we got higher, I saw that the news had spread, and that the streets were filling with sightseers.

"There's plenty of star gazers, Ben," I said, waving my cap to them; "I dare say they'd like to see us come down with a run."

"Cannot you keep quiet?" answered Ben, speaking in a strange tone; and, turning to look, I saw that he was deadly pale, and sat in the bottom of the cradle, huddled up together with his eyes fast shut.

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"What's that to you?" "Oh, nothing; only we are getting up pretty quickly, and you'd have a better head for work if you'd get gradually used to the height."

He said nothing, and never moved. Then, looking up, I saw we were close to the top—a few yards more, and we would be there; yet those who were turning the windlass were winding with unabated speed. A sudden chill ran through my blood, and set my flesh creeping. They had miscalculated the distance, and with the force they were winding at the rope, it must inevitably break when the cradle came in contact with the block. There was no time to attempt a signal, only an instant to point out the danger to Ben, and then to get hold of the rope, and, by going hand over hand, reach the coping before the cradle came up.

The cradle came on; then, as I anticipated, the rope gave a shrill, ping-pong sound, like a rifle-ball passing through the air, and snapped. Down went the cradle, and there were we left, nearly three hundred feet in the air, with nothing to rest upon but a coping, barely eighteen inches wide.

Ben shrieked out that he was a dead man, and cried: "Tell me where I can kneel, Harry, show me where I can pray to Almighty God, for I cannot die this way!"

"Hush!" I said. "Don't lose heart! God can hear you just as well sitting as kneeling, and if you try to get up, you'll tumble, to a moral certainty. Think of Mary, man, and keep up."

But he only shook and swayed more and more, groaning and crying out, that he was lost; and I could see that, if he did not mind, he would overbalance.

"Get hold of the rod," I said, thinking that, even spring as it was, the touch of it would give him courage.

"Where is it, boy?" he said hoarsely, and then looking into his face, which was turned to me, I saw that his eyes were drawn together, squinting and bloodshot, and knew that the fright had driven him blind. So pushing myself to him, I placed my arm round his waist, and worked round to the rod, when I put in his hand, and then I looked below to see what they were trying to help us, but there was no sign. The yard was full of people, all running hither and thither, and as I afterwards knew, all in the greatest consternation—the cradle having fallen on one of the overseers of the works, killing him on the spot, and so occupying the attention of those near that we unfortunates were for the time forgotten.

I was straining my eyes, in the hope of seeing some effort made to help us, when I was startled by a horrible yell, and brought to a sense of a new danger, for looking round, I saw Ben clumping with his teeth and foaming at the mouth, and gesticulating in an unearthly way. Fear had not only blinded him, but crazed his brain.

Scarcely had I time to comprehend this, when he began edging his way towards me, and every hair on my head seemed to stand on end as I moved away, keeping as far off as I could, and scarcely daring to breathe, lest he should hear me, for so he could not—that was my only consolation. Once, twice, thrice, he followed me round the mouth of that horrible chimney; then, no doubt thinking I had fallen over, he gave up the search, and began trying to get on his feet. What could I do to save his life? To touch him was certain death for myself as well as him, for he would inevitably seize me, and we should go over together. To let him stand up was to witness his equally certain destruction.

I thought of poor Mary, and I remembered that if he died she might get to care for me. The devil put that thought in my mind, I suppose; but, thank God, there was a stronger than Satan near, and, at the risk of my life, I roared out, "Sit still, or you will fall, Ben Lloyd!"

He crouched down and held on with clinched teeth, shivering and shaking. In after day, he told me that he thought that it was my spirit sent to warn and save him.

"Sit still," I repeated from time to time, watching with aching eyes and brain for some sign of aid. Each minute seemed to be an hour. My lips grew dry, my tongue literally clave to my mouth, and the perspiration running

down blinded me. At last—at last—hope came. The crowd began to gather in the yard, people were running in from distant lanes, and a sea of faces were turned upward; then some one who had got a speaking trumpet shouted, "Keep heart, boys; we'll save you!"

A few minutes more and the kite began to rise; higher and higher it comes, and on. How I watched the white-winged messenger, comparing it in my heart to an angle, and surely, as an angle was it permitted to come to us poor sinners, hanging on the verge of eternity. Up it came, nearer and nearer, guided by the skillful flier. The slack rope crossed the chimney, and we were saved. I could not shout hurrah, even had I dared, but in every beat of my heart was a thanks-giving to the God I had never truly known till that hour, and whose merciful providence I can never doubt again.

The block was fixed, the cradle came up again, and Ben, obeying my order, got in. I followed; but no sooner did I touch him than he began trying to get out. I got hold of him, and, taking it in his head that I was attempting to throw him over, he struggled and fought like the madman he was—grappling, tearing with his teeth, shouting, shrieking, and praying all the way down, while the cradle strained and cracked, swinging to and fro like the pendulum of a clock. As we came near the ground I could hear the roar of voices, and an occasional cheer; then suddenly all was silent, for they had heard Ben's cries, and when the cradle touched the ground scarcely a man dare look in. The first who did saw a horrible sight, for, ex-hausted by the struggle and excitement, so soon as the cradle stopped I had fainted, and Ben, feeling my hands relax, had fastened his teeth into my neck!

No wonder the men fell back with blanched faces—they saw that Ben was crazed, but they thought he had killed me, for, as they said, he was actually worrying me like a dog.

At last the master got to us and pulled Ben off me. I soon came round, but it was a long time before he got well, poor fellow; and when he did come out of the asylum he was never fit for his old trade again, so he and Mary went out to Australia, and the last I heard of them was that Ben had got a couple of thousand sheep and was doing capitally.

I gave up the trade, too, soon after finding that I got queer in the head when I tried to face height. So, you see, that morning's work changed two men's lives.

The Gipsies.

A German paper gives an account of the gipsies in Hungary when they first arrived in 1497, under the rule of King Sigismund, and quickly adopted, with the imitative spirit of their race, the manners and customs of the people among whom they settled.

In Northern Hungary, which is an agricultural country inhabited chiefly by Slavonians, they seldom moved beyond the bounds of their villages, in Southern Hungary, inhabited by Wallachians, Germans and Servians, they lead a nomad life. The Hungarian gipsies are of all varieties of color, from white to a yellowish red, like that of the Indian gipsies. There are from 30,000 to 40,000 of them in Hungary proper (excluding Transylvania and Croatia), where they are chiefly horse dealers, musicians, and blacksmiths. They have always been well treated by the Government, but, notwithstanding all the efforts of Maria Theresa and Joseph II., they could never be persuaded to business or to busy themselves with agriculture. Once the Government actually built houses for them, but they were never inhabited, the gipsies preferring to sleep in the open air or in straw huts erected by themselves. The men though they led a vagabond life, are on the whole tolerably honest; but the women and children are nearly all thieves or beggars. Their only historical tradition is the celebrated defence of 1,000 gipsies of the fortress of Nagy Ida in 1587. The gipsies showed extraordinary bravery on this occasion, keeping the fortress for three days against the enemy far more numerous. At length the assailants began to retreat, upon which, with their usual boastfulness, the gipsies exclaimed that their victory would have been more complete if they had not used all their powder. The enemy, hearing this of course, returned to the assault, took the fortress, and killed the gipsy garrison to a man.

Earthquakes in History.

During the first half of this century 3,240 of these visitations were noticed, or about one every week. In Europe, during the last ten years, there have been 320 earthquakes, or one every nine days. At the commencement of the fifteenth century, only 760 of these shocks had found a place in history. During the next 300 years, 2,804 earthquakes are recorded, or almost four times as many as during all the preceding ages. From these facts it has been inferred that, whatever may be the origin of these upheavings of the crust of the earth, the phenomena are greatly increasing in number and their causes in violence.

Among the earliest earthquakes reported are those by which the famous Heroulianeum and Pompeii were destroyed in the year 63. Fifty-two years after this, Antioch in Syria, was almost entirely destroyed, the calamity occurring just at the time the then Emperor Trojan, was on a visit to the place. 458 it was again visited by an earthquake, and then again in 626, the number of persons perishing in the ruins on this latter occasion being estimated at a quarter of a million.

In 1602, Port Royal the capital of Jamaica, was entirely submerged by the force of an earthquake, that swallowed up over a thousand acres, and drove ships so far inland that they floated above the buried city.

In 1772, an entire volcano sunk into the earth in the island of Java, carrying with it forty villages, the mountain itself which was fifteen miles long and six broad, the accompanying hamlets and their 2,857 inhabitants.

On the first of November, 1755, occurred the memorable earthquake of Lisbon by which 60,000 persons perished in the twinkling of an eye. Here, also, was the great tidal wave seen at an altitude of fifty feet. One of most awful incidents of this earthquake was the sinking of the city quay. This had just been constructed of marble at an immense expense, and to it, as to a last refuge, fled thousands of the hapless inhabitants. With a moment's warning, the earth suddenly opened to receive it, and after sucking in the mass clogged over it, as not a single body of all the thousands that went down, nor the least spar or ark from any of the ships near by that were sucked into the chasm, ever came to the top. The water there is near six hundred fathoms deep, at an unknown distance beneath the bottom repose the hapless Lisbonese. This Lisbon earthquake, Humboldt estimates, affected a portion of the earth four times as large as Europe, and was felt in the Alps, on the coasts of Sweden, in the West Indies, on Lake Ontario, and along the coast of Massachusetts.

In 1811, the earthquakes on the Mississippi, severest at New Madrid, Missouri, shook the ground for many days, and alternately raised and depressed it here and there, the latter sections forming a section called the sunken country to this day.

On the 26th March, 1812, a violent thunder storm, with incessant flashes, was observed by the people of New Madrid, and at the same time the city of Caracas, in South America, was laid in ruins, twelve thousand of its people perishing.

The great eruption of Vesuvius, in 1867, with accompanying earthquakes, will also be remembered as taking human life, variously estimated at from 22,000 to 40,000 lives.

In 1858, June 19th, the Valley of Mexico was also devastated by one of these visitations demolishing houses throughout its length and destroying the costly aqueduct supplying the city with water.

March 22, 1859, Quito, in Ecuador, was nearly destroyed by an earthquake, and thousands of lives were lost.

Before the election all the Radical papers and politicians were in ecstasies over Grant's "Let us have peace." Grant now says it to the office-seekers who are already beginning to persecute him. To these he res Grant denies himself and says "Let us have peace." They don't like the phrase as much as they did—it is not as pretty as it was.

"Sambo, have you fed the pigs?" "Yes, massa, me feed 'em," replied Sambo.

"Did you count them?" "Yes, massa, me count them all but one; dere was one little speckled pig, fricked about so I couldn't count him."

SONG OF THE SOUTH.

BY SPENCER W. CORN, ESQ.

We have no music on the breeze, No banners in the beams— Our Standards are the forest trees, Our Trumpeters the streams:— Yet not till all The forest fall, Nor till the streams be hushed, Shall we, who wield Nor sword nor shield By tyranny be crushed.

Like men who met the shock of steel For what we deemed our right, Nor sheathed the sword to givelling kneel To those we faced in fight. We gave our brand, And not to treacherous knives. But tho' we wield Nor sword nor shield, They shall not make us slaves.

Like men, when the conflict grew, We turled the stars and Bars, And fresh allegiances, firm and true, Swore to the Stripes and Stars; And crast the mouth, In all the South, Which makes that oath a lie, Or gave the problem, The White man's shame And negro's mastery.

Go! Tyrants! trample White men's souls While license yet is given. But know—ye tread on burning coals That have been lit in heaven. And if no bliss Arrest your gaze, Deem not the spirit flown. Which, though your heel Be shed with steel, Will burn you to the bone. —Exchange

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER.

—The Popular Music of the train—Car-toon.

—For bad habits go to a cheap clothing store.

—May a military man be expected to keep civil?

—Will sticking a stove pipe into a hole stop a hole?

—The successor of the (Greenian Bend)—The Venetian blind.

—Men of Mark—Those who can't write their names.

—Error—The crook in a pig's tail, hard to get out.

—An obscure but very popular author—Anonymous.

—The Labor Question—What is the least we can do for the most money.

—The Sun that shines for all (who have ten cents)—The boot blacks (the definition of a "corn dodger" is a man who refuses whisky).

—A weak invention of the enemy—the coffee we have now a-days.

—In Missouri, the other day a man died while being baptized, in Platt river.

—The census, just completed, makes the population of Chicago 252,054.

—Harvard University had last year 1,020 students in all its departments.

—Gen. McClellan is about to take up his residence permanently at Hoboken, N. J.

—How to prevent a conspiracy from leaking out—Let the plot thicken.

—A desirable domestic bird—a duck of a wife.

—Queer that a shoemaker who is "over-lasting" is continually "pegging out."

—Beauty is the mark God sets upon virtue.

—There is no more potent antidote for low sensuality than adoration of beauty.

—He who can't plant courage in the human heart is the best physician.

—Douglas Jerrold says Eve eat the forbidden fruit that she might have the pleasure of dressing.

—Why is a son who objects to his mother's marriage like an exhausted pedestrian? Because he can't go a step farther.

—A farmer in Massachusetts has made four thousand dollars on his onion crop this year.

—The manufacture of smoking pipes in France represented in 1867 upwards \$2,080,000.

—General Rosecrans has sailed for Mexico, and General Longstreet accompanies him.

—Of the 4,800 votes polled in Macon, Ga., not exceeding ten white men voted for Grant and Colfax.

—Three strikes are now in progress in New York city, viz: The cigar makers, shoemakers and piano forte makers.

—The price of wheat in St. Paul Minnesota, has gone down to 75 and 80 cents per bushel, and flour sells at \$5 per barrel.

—Brazil is the only country whose securities sell at a larger discount than the United States.

—While ten men watch for chances, one man makes chances; while ten men wait for something to turn up, one turns up something; so while ten fail, one succeeds and is called a man of luck, the favorite of fortune. There is no luck like pluck, and fortune most favors those who are most indifferent to fortune.

Statistics of the Bible.

The Scriptures have been translated into 138 languages and dialects, of which 121 had, prior to the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society, never appeared; and 25 of these languages existed without an alphabet, in an oral form. Upward of 43,000,000 of these copies of God's word are circulated among not less than 600,000,000 of people.

The first division of the divine oracles into chapters and verses is attributed to Stephen Langton, archbishop of Canterbury, in the reign of King John, in the latter part of the twelfth century or the beginning of the thirteenth. Cardinal Hugo, in the middle of the thirteenth century, divided the Old Testament into chapters, as they stand in our translation. In 1661, Athias, a Jew of Amsterdam, divided the sections of Hugo into verses—a French printer had previously (1661) divided the New Testament into verses, as they are at present.

The entire Bible contains 66 books, 1,187 chapters, 31,186 verses, 774,692 words, 3,666,480 letters. The name of Jehovah, or Lord, occurs 6,555 times in the Old Testament. The shortest verse in the Bible is John xi, 26: The nineteenth chapter of the second Kings, and Isaiah thirty-six, are the same. There is a Bible in the library of the University of Göttingen written on 5,476 palm leaves.

A day's journey was 33 1/5 miles. A sabbath journey was about an English mile. Ezekiel's reed was 11 feet, nearly. A cubit is 22 inches, nearly. A hand's breadth is equal to 3 1/2 inches. A finger's breadth is equal to 7/16 inch. A shekel of gold was \$8.09. A talent of silver was \$16,822. A talent of gold was \$13,809. A piece of silver or a penny was 13 cents. A farthing was 3 cents. A gerah was 1 cent. A mile was 1 1/2 cents. A homer contained 75 gallons and 6 pints. A bin was 1 gallon and 2 pints. A firkin was 7 pints. An omer was 6 pints. A cab was 3 pints.

The commemorative ordinances of the Jews were: Circumcision, the seal of the covenant with Abraham; the passover, to commemorate the protection of the Israelites, when all the first born of the Egyptians were destroyed; the feast of the tabernacles, instituted to perpetuate the sojourning of the Israelites for forty years in the wilderness; the feast of pentecost, which was appointed to be held fifty days after the passover, to commemorate the delivery of the law from Mount Sinai; the feast of purim, kept in memory of the deliverance of the Jews from the wicked machinations of Haman.

In 1222 it would have cost a laboring man years of labor to purchase a Bible, as his pay would be only 1/4 pence per day, while the price of a Bible was \$100.

A Beautiful Legend.

The Countess Uda, daughter of the Palatine Godfrey, gave her hand to Count Herringstein, who died a year after their marriage. Numerous rivals then disputed the hand of the young widow, who joined to the happiest gifts of nature the brilliant advantages of wealth and station. From the number of her most illustrious suitors, Uda chose the brother of the Duke of Bavaria. It was a proud alliance, but not a happy one.

After passing the rest of her life in the bitterest domestic trials, the Countess Uda became a widow for the second and last time, as the idea of another marriage was extremely repugnant to her mind. Already bowed down by the weight of age, the Countess thought only of another and happier world; devoted wholly to the practice of sincere devotion, she was only anxious to secure the repose of her soul and gain eternal happiness hereafter. To attain this object the noble lady conceived the idea of enjoying a part of her wealth in founding a monastery. As she hesitated where to build it, she resolved to leave the decision to the will of Heaven, and, according to the legend, the following were the means she adopted to learn the Divine pleasure: An ass was loaded with a large sack filled with pieces of gold, to the amount which she intended to devote to this pious purpose.

The ass was led to the spot where the gold first touches the ground, whether the ass lies down, or gets rid of his burden by throwing it off. Such was the order given by the Countess Uda; and immediately the ass, gaily caparisoned, was sent on his mission, followed by a chaplain and two grooms, who watched his movements. On leaving the castle it struck across the valley, and in two hours arrived at Hainberg. There, being thirsty, it struck the ground with its foot, and a spring of water gushing forth, the ass drank and went onward. Having reached the summit of the mountain, the animal seemed to think it had carried its load far enough; and by dint of kicking, and plunging, it broke the cords by which it was attached, and the sack, thus violently thrown off, rolled from the top of the mountain into the valley where it burst. A little chapel, ornated with a commemorative inscription, was erected on the spot where the spring had gushed forth; and a monastery was built at the place where the pieces of gold were scattered upon the turf.