ionally a judge of the present day is that for involing outside the line of his collected duty in discoursing upon extra-ted entires from the bench. There have in the INTELLIGENCER's way tay, which illustrate in a peculiar justices of that day discoursed adom upon matters of general ern. For instance, this was the to the grand jury of Montgomery, Pa., in 1830 of Judge Ross, father, tiere, of the late Judge H. P. Ross, of

the liberty of smile entiemen of the Grand Jury: I shall the liberty of saying a few words on a ject which may not seem to come propunder my notice at this time. But it is seem a topic of conversation, and has so frequently handled in the newspand pamphlets, that I think it will not smise to introduce it in this place. The ject to which Fullude is the hard times, a are here, gentlemen, from the remote the of your county, and you have doubtless and a variety of causes assigned for these at times.

mes. legislature have had the subject under Our legislature have had the subject under consideration; they have talked of a loan doe, of stop laws, of a law for great internal approvements; and a great variety of protein these hard times. But their projects the smallest good to the community.

Congress, too, have been engaged on this subject; they have thought that some great change in the tariff, or some important measures for the encouragement of domestic manufactures, would help us out of the difficulty. But all this is perfectly idle. The projects don't strike at the root of the matter.

I may be singular in my views, gentlemen, at really I thought so much on the subject hat I can't avoid expressing my sentiments, whatever you may think of them. I have to objections to great improvements; 1 am by no means unfriendly to our own manu-natures; but then I think that, in order to cure the evil, we must all act individually. cure the evil, we must all act individually.

Let the work of reformation begin at home, and I confidently believe we shall soon get rid of the hard times that are so much complained of. To be calling out for legislative aid while we ourselves are idle, is acting like the man in the fable, who, when his wagon-wheel was fast in the ditch, cried for Hercules to help him, instead of putting his own ahoulder to the wheel. We must help ourselves, gentlemen; and if that will not a toward why then we may call for Hercules to why then we may call for Hercules to We are too fond of showing out in our

We are too fond of showing out in our families, and in this way we exceed our incomes. Our daughters must be dressed of in their silks and crapes, instead of their linsey-woolsey. Our young folks are too proud to be seen in any coarse dress, and their extravagance is bringing ruin in our families. When you can induce your sons to profer young women for their real worth, rather than their show; when you can get them to choose a wife who can make a good loaf of bread and a good pound of butter, in preference to a girl who does nothing but dance about in her silks and laces, then, gentlemen, you may expect to see a change for the better. We must get back to the good old simplicity of former times if we expect to see more prosperous days. The time was, even since memory, when a simple note was good for any amount of money; but now bonds and mortgages are thought almost no security, and this is owing to the want of confidence.

And what has caused this want of confi

And what has caused this want of confi-And what has caused this want of confidence? Why, it is occasioned by the extravagant manner of living; by your families going in debt beyond your ability to pay. Examine this matter, gentlemen, and you will find this to be the real cause. Teach your sons to be too proud to ride in a hackney coach which their father cannot pay for. Let them be above being seen sporting in a gig or carriage which their father is in debt for. Let them have this sort of independent pride, and I venture to say that you will soon perceive a reformation. But, until the change commences this way in our families, ange commences this way in our families. until we begin the work ourselves, it is vain

to expect better times.

Now, gentlemen, if you think as 1 do on this subject, there is a way of showing that you think so, and but one way; when you return to your homes have independence enough to put these principles in practice and I am sure you will not be disappointed.

#### AGRICULTURAL FAIRS. Judge Waiter Franklin Gives the Grand Jury men a Farmers' Address.

At the August quarter sessions of the same year, Judge Walter Franklin, of Lancaster county, indulged in extended remarks to the grand jury upon the subject of agricul-tural repairs. The members of the grand inquest were so well pleased with it that they secured its publication. It seems that of the legislature had been recently passed to promote domestic manufactures and agriculture; and providing for a county appropriation to societies organized and ex-hibitions given for this purpose. In view of the arrangements now making for the fall fair in Lancaster on a scale of great magnitude, these extracts from Judge Franklin's charge to the grand jury of olden time will be read with great interest :

I wish to impress you, gentlemen, with the importance of this subject, as it affects the vital interests of our country; particularly at a time when our foreign markets are almost destroyed, and we must learn to establish destroyed, and we must learn to establish our prosperity on the interchange of commodities within our own limits. This will produce a solid independence, teach us the value of our connections with one another, and bind us in bonds of mutual interest. The struggle has heretofore been (and a fatal one it has proved) to get rich. The endeavor now must be how to live in comfort and plenty.

The consumption and use of the necesse ries and conveniences of life by ten million of people, and the demands for the material of domestic manufacture. domestic manufactures, cannot fail to af ord to every quarter of our Union the means of substantial enjoyment. Industry must take the place of hazardous speculation, and gality must succeed extravagance. We it then be taught to live within our means, this will easily be accomplished when have only real wants, and not those chare, for the most part, artificial and iduit. We must "eat our bread in the stof our farear," and was shall find it the tifui. We must "eat our bread in the at of our faces," and we shall find it the stest and most nutritive of any food we heretofore enjoyed. It may not be acapanied by luxuries and expensive viands, its associates will be health, peace of

ad and corporal vigor, insuring exem-ry life and purity of morals. he foundation of the public prosperity is loubtedly agriculture. This brings forth the materials about which other branches is isototedly agriculture. This brings forth the materials about which other branches labor are, for the most part, employed, I sustains the workers in every departent of the mechanic arts in their labors, thout it the earth would be a howling ert. With it the cultivated world is an ificial Paradise, produced by the labor of an ificial Paradise, which he insures to himself I has race the blessings of plenty, innocae and health. To what a high destiny, at the farmer appointed, when to him boundited the art on which the subsistings of his follow-men necessarily depends. I responsibilities are great indeed; and all he rely only on his individual efforts dimitted experience for the inifilment of the important duties? No. He should call his aid the experience, the intelligence id the scientific as well as practical knowling, which associations for promoting agrifure are universally found to afford, and sareby add to his own the experience of come with whom he is associated, and by oint afforts produce results to which any one adividual is incompetent. The practices, pod or bad, which are handed down by his vedecessors, are ropeated; and little provess is made in improvement by isolated or alf-confident individuals.

It would be a tollsome task, nor indeed would my limited information enable me to americal all the discoveries and improvement in husbandry which modern times we developed. I will mention one or two

sin husbandry which modern times developed. I will mention one or two a most prominent. There have been warticles used among our farmers, for the state of the st

known in Europe, and begins to be so here, that the sakes of burnt clay constitute a manure which is superior to them all for every purpose to which they have been applied. Clay is found everywhere in immense quantities, and can be cheaply converted into ashes, and whole farms may be rapidly fertilized in place of partial and procracted applications of more expensive and less attainable manures; it is fortunately best adapted for strong and clay soils, which thus afterd renovations of their surfaces out of their own lowers. This account of a valuable an adventigation of their surfaces out of their own lowers. This account of a valuable an adventigation of their surfaces out of their own lowers. renovations of their surfaces out of their own bowels. This account of so valuable an addition to our own stock of manure, obtained from a material of little estimation, walked over every day and heediessly neglected, will not, perhaps, be believed by the generality of our farmers; and yet the most celebrated agriculturalists in England, Scotland and Ireland are so convinced of the fact from actual experience that it is maintained to be "the most important discovery in agriculture which modern times have produced."

The application of salt to our fields as manure is now under very extensive experi-ment. There is no doubt of its efficacy, but it requires experience as to quantity per acre and the kinds of soil the most suitable. This and the kinds of soil the most suitable. This is not a new discovery, for its application to land as manure has been known before and at the time of our blessed Saviour's appearance upon earth. In St. Luke's gospel it is said "salt is good, but if the sait has lost its savour, wherewith shall it be seasoned? It is neither fit for the land nor yet for the dunghill; but men east it out." Its uses, both for cattle and manure, can be traced through the writings of the most eminent among the Romans down to the most celebrated chemists and agriculturists of our own day. sts and agriculturists of our Where are our farmers to learn such facts and discoveries? Not of themselves, for there and discoveries? Not of themselves, for there are many who do not read, and few go out of their way to try experiments. They can only be taught by agricultural associations, wherein the experience of practical farmers, the information derived from books and the ssistance of scientific characters are happily

The spirit for agricultural improvement and the formation of societies has very much spread throughout our Union. Shali Penn-sylvania be behind our sister states in such associations? She is before them in many practical proofs of her good husbandry, but has yet much to learn. Let us then promptly obey the call of our legislature, and begin the oney the call of our legislature, and begin the great work by forming societies and rendering them efficient. Let us pride ourselves in our household manufactures, and for this purpose let us invite the female branches of our families to join in our plan. Without their aid we can do nothing in such manufactures; with it, everything. Instead of foreign gewgaws and expensive finery, we may be independent in articles for house. may be independent in articles for house-hold uses and our attire, and save the expeneigners. Commerce is certainly essential to an agricultural country, but the extent of it should be no greater than our products will reach. When the balance turns against us,

our prosperity declines.

You know, gentlemen, that our farmers will be satisfied only by actual observation of practical proofs. We must have public processes of improvement. The institutional properior of the promoted. of practical proofs. We must have public manifestation of improvement. The institu-tion of cattle shows should be promoted. They would be useful at places of sale, or for he exhibition of the best breeds, or for exthe exhibition of the best breeds, or for ex-posing, for imitation or sale, the best and greatest variety of household manufactures. On these occasions premiums, more honorary than costly, should be distributed to success-ful candidates, either for such cattle or manufactures, or for agricultural discoveries or improvements, or the best execution of known practices. Emulation must be roused and en ouraged, and the honorable pride of excelling must be fostered. Such pu libitions must be conducted by discreet and reputable men.

Under such guidance and with suitable acimpression than any oral addresses of written communications. By these exhibitions the emulation excited in some neighboring states has improved their agriculture and ined their manufactures to a degree almost incredible. Agricultural societies are extending to every quarter of the Union. Until very lately there did not exist one to the southward of Pennsylvania, and she had but two, to wit, the Philadelphia society, which has long continued its useful labors and eminent zeal; and that of Blockly and Merion, in the neighborhood of Philadelphia. In the Eastern states they are numerous; and in New York 40 or 50 are recently formed and are making successful pro-

I shall not enlarge further upon these topics, but will dismiss you with the expres-sion of a hope that you may be governed in all your deliberations by the pure principles of justice; that by preserving your minds entirely free from hate, from friendship, from anger and from pity, they may be di-rected to such conclusions as may best effec-tuate the great purposes for which you are n clearing the innocen from unjust suspicion, and dragging the guilty to deserved pumsiment, you may promote the best interests of society, and se-cure the freedom and happiness of its individual members.

## How Ladies Side to Britain.

From Mrs. O'Donoghue's Ladies on Horseback. "I remember one day, a couple of seasons ago, I was riding hard against a very beauimperial iady, who dearly loves a little bit of rivalry. Neck and neck we had jumped most of the fences tor forty minutes or so, and both our steeds were pretty well beaten, for the running had been continuous without a check. We came to an awful obstacle, a high, thick-se hedge, so impenetrable that there seemed no chance of knowing what might be on the chance of knowing what might be on the other side. There was but one little apology for a gap, and at this the Empress' pilot rode, immediately putting up his hand as a warn-ing for us not to follow and pointing lower down. I knew that when Bay Middleton thought there was danger it did indeed exist, but I was too much excited to stop. We had the hunt all to ourselvea, the hounds running right in front of us, and not a soul with them. I came at the sence with whip, spur and a shout. "My horse, than which a better never was

straddled, rose to the leap, and landing upon his head after a terrific drop, rolled completely over. I was not much hurt, and while he was on have sees getting up I scrambled back to the loand wenton—but oh! under what dire disadvantages! My rein had caught upon a stake in the fence and was broken clean off, and I fancy it was this check to my animal's mouth which had thrown him out of his stride and caused him to blunder, for it was the first and last mistake he ever made with me, nor could I, in the hurry of regaining my seat, get my foot into the stirrup, so I finished the run as if by a miracle, and as-tonished myself even more than anybody else by bringing home the fox's brushas trophy that I had been in at the death."

## WOMAN'S MISSION.

'Tis woman's mission to be good, not great, To dignify a high or low estate, Norstrength, nor human weakness overrate. But patiently to bear, and do, and wait.

Tis woman's mission to be true and pure, Life's joys to share, and silent to endure The sorrows that God sends; and pray, secure In His great promise to the faithful doer,

l'is woman's mission oft to stand alone If need be, scorn the customs we are shown To belong to women : fetters of our own Weak forging—" This, the world says, must be

Let wordings sneer, if from their worldly way We turn our iset, 'tis ours to work and pray.'
To help the fallen, and to sorrows pay
That heed which Christians owe to God alway.

Which is the best : To follow Fashion's lead. Bow down to social laws and social creed, Or Lazarus lift, and worse than Lazarus feed? Shall we dony the help that God decreed?

Lest thou shouldst see the beggar 'neath thy tread ; Not clean enough for alms from thee. One said for thieves, not decent poor. His life was shed

VII. Ah! women, need we care for self love's fears, Need we pass by, for others' praise, the tears That fall on our own hearts? Neglect but sears Each one, till, hardened, grief but sin appears,

Must not self on the altar duty wake And of our lives a sacrifice then make Even though joy die, and weary hearts may break

He gives in death more than our hands can take.

IX. Don't hide life's cross away and think it flown You sure will reap each sorrow you have sown:
Help others' virtues, others' faults condone.
And for each soul we save God crowns gur own.
—May Wilkinson, in New Orleans Picayune.

### THE TURRET DOOR.

From the Argesy. It was a beautiful and still evening toward the end of summer, when in the course of my wanderings about the ancient city 1 entered the quiet and solitary close of the grey The rooks were gathering in the cathedral. old elms which stood around. A ruddy light wrapped the great grey towers which rose far up into the evening air. The sounds of the city from without came faintly and at intervals to the ear as I walked stowly across the close toward the low wide steps which ascended and were lost in the shadow of the

noble porch. On reaching the great door of the cathedral I found it closed. But in the centre of this there was another smaller door which still stood open-and here a party of visitors, to whom I was a stranger, were endeavoring to persuade the ancient verger that the hour was not yet too late to permit them to inspect the interior. It so happened that just as I came up they succeeded in overcoming his hesitation, and he turned to lead the way into the building. The party followed him, and 1 among

them.
Inside the stillness was profound; the lightest footfall awoke echoes. The evening light fell, laden with the rich and colored gloom of painted windows, on the dark carving of the stalls, on the great tubes of the silent organ, on the scrolls of the epitaphs, on the marble images of warriors, priests and kings. The silence of the antique nave, the colored gloom of the painted panes, the sense of antiquity in all the air, impressed their influence upon the mind with even more than customary power. I had no other motive in entering the cathedral than to indulge the ordinary curiosity of a stranger very certainly I anticipated no more than the ordinary incidents of such a visit. No mortal could have been less prepared for an adventure. How could I dream that a strange, a wildly strange experience, was to befall me before I should stand again without

those grey and ancient walls?
And yet, so it was.
The truth of this extraordinary story known to many persons, and my verwity may be easily verified. The facts of the case

The party of visitors to which I had joined The party of visitors to which I had joined myself had completed, under the guidance of the verger, the customary tour of inspection round the ancient fabric, and were now preparing to leave the building. I had fallen for a moment behind the rest, in order to expense, a fine and deeply interesting specimes. amine a fine and deeply interesting specimen of antique carving which covered the whole of the wall near which I stood. The great door of the cathedral, where the rest of party were now standing, was not visible from this spot; but I could hear their voices plainly round the angle of the wall. Aware that I had not much time to linger wished to be locked up all night, I cast a last glance at the rich tracery of the woodand prepared reluctantly to away.

Suddenly my eye was caught by a portion of the carving which seemed to stand out slightly from the rest. I put my hand upon the carved head of the Apostle Peter and pulled it outward. To my amazement the door opened in the carving, showing beyond it a dark passage. I stooped forward and looked in. As I did so the door, which was thick and massive, and which was hung slantingly upon its hinges in such a manner as to close with its own weight, swung heavily back from the position into which I had pushed it, and coming unexpectedly upon me as I stooped forward, projected me into the opening and shut behind me.

The suddenness of the incident and the total darkness in which I found myself en-tombed startled and confused me. But at first I felt no positive alarm. I attempted at once to push open the door, but to my sur-prise it did not yield. I pushed harder— harder yet—I exerted all my strength, but the door remained immovable.

At last, finding all my efforts useless, I endeavored to attract the attention of those

outside. I raised my voice and called loudly for assistance, at the same time beating a viggrous tattoo with my stick against the door I then paused and listened, in the expectation of being speedily released. But to my surprise and alarm the intuites passed and there was no response.

With a vague terror at heart I renewed my

endeavors. I raised a clamor that awoke the echoes of the building. But still no voice re-plied from outside my prison, no hand re-leased the fastening of the door. Gradusliy the conviction forced itself upon my mind that I had delayed too long. While I had been trying to force open the door by my own efforts, the party of visitors had left the cathedral, either without observing my ab-sence or perhaps supposing that I had left be-fore them. The verger had locked up the building and departed. There was no one within hearing to assist me.

My consternation at this discovery may be conceived. The idea that I was fated to pass the night in this dark and narrow prison was one which I refused to entertain. Again, again, and yet again I hurled myself against the wooden barrier with rage, with fury, with despair. Not until I had exhausted every effort in my power, not until every gleam of hope had vanished from my mind, gleam of hope had vanished from my mind, did I give up the attempt to force the door as hopeless, and turned away from it to ex-amine more narrowly the place of my imprisonment. Nothing now seemed left to me but to ascertain how I might pass the hours with least discomfort, until I might

expect assistance from without.

In my assaults upon the door I had already discovered that the place in which I was in-closed was of very small dimensions. It was, in fact, little more than a recess or deep niche in the masonry, not exceeding three feet square, it would neither enable me to lie at full length nor to obtain any other relief for my tired limbs than by the change of one cramped and uneasy posture for another. The floor was of solid pavement. The roof, as I stood erect, just touched my head. The walls, like the floor, were of solid stone. Standing close to one of these, and casting my eyes upward, I made a discovery which filled me at first with surprise, and afterward

with extreme perplexity.

Between the roof and the wall there was a space of at least four inches. Through this space I became aware of a faint gleam of light very far above my head. With the ob-lect of ascertaining the length of this aperture I moved along the wall, keeping my eye upon the crevice. The light did not vanish. I turned the angle of the wall and still the light remained visible. I traversed in suc cession the four walls of the ceil; no obsta-cie obscured the feeble gleam. The roof did not touch the wall at a single point of the

At this unaccountable discovery I was so

astounded that for some time I refused to credit the evidence of my own senses. The roof was, to all appearance, like Mahomet's coffin suspended in mid air. I struck with my stick : it sounded heavy, massive substantial as the walls themselves. Bu in mid air. I struck it yet neither to the touch, nor by the peculiar ringing sound which it emitted when struck

Totally unable to account for this discovery, I now placed myself on the floor of the cell, my back supported against one of the walls, and my feet against the opposite, and was relieved to find that the posture was more tolerable than I expected. I began to be not without hope that I might in time be able to fall asleep, and so pass a portion of the weary hours before me in unconscious-ness. Little did I know what was to rouse me. Sleep! It was not sleep that was in store for me.

Presently a loud and startling sound, seem ing to issue from the roof above my head. burst suddenly upon the silence. It was the great clock of the cathedral striking the hour. The notes fell slowly from a deep, solemn and sonorous bell. But instead of reaching my prison, as might have been expected, in dull, tar-off and muffled tones, they feil upon my ears with thrilling clearness and distinct ness, as if they were close at hand. It was evident, in fact, that my cell must be situ-ated directly under the clock tower. This conclusion, however, led me no further at

I sat for a long time in reflection upon the number of hours which must elapse before I could expect to be set free. The bell had hour of six. The cathedral wo probably not be open in the morning before 9 or 10. I had, therefore, some thirteen hours at least before me to get through as best I

might.
How slowly the time waned! At seemingly one, two, three, four; and then in deeper tones the hour itself—7. And now, when the ringing sound of the last note had died away the bells of the carillon began to chime. The notes feil on my ears with the same singular and unaccountable dis-tinctness which I had observed in the strik-ing of the hour. They chimed the evening

ween the roof and the wail; but the roof itself was buried in darkness. I rose slowly to my teet, and the scarcely formed conjecture of my mind was instantly confirmed. As I had expected, I could no longer stand erect; my bead now struck the roof. The whole truth flashed at once across my mind. now saw clearly the explanation of what had before astounded and perplexed me. I saw why the roof did not touch the wails of the inclosure, why it was formed of massive

the increases, why it was formed of massive iron. It was descending.

Yes—descending! During the hour I had remained seated the roof had sunk through a space of fully four inches. But this discovery, when now I made it, so far from causing me perplexity, at once revealed to me the whole mystery of my prison. The distinctness of sound with which the

chiming of the bells reached my ears had al-ready told me that the belfry must be sit-uated directly above my head. I now per-ceived that what I had taken for a solid heavy roof was in fact the massive and enormous weight of the great clock. I was im-prisoned in the bottom of the shaft into which the weight descended. The ponderous block of metal was falling at the rate of about four or metal was failing at the rate of about four mehes an hour, or rather more. In less time than it takes to trace these words, the consequence of this flashed through my mind. In fifteen hours the weight would descend through a space of five feet. Long before I could expect release, the enormous mass would be upon me, and would crush me helplessly against the pavement of my prison.

My sensations upon making this discovery 1 will not attempt to describe. Often—very often—in the course of my life, have 1 had occasion to remark the truth of the saying "The avenues that lead to death are numerous and strange," Little did 1 think how nearly I was myself to afford an example of its truth. Yet surely no mortal was ever before the victim of an accident so wildly sin-gular and so full of horror! There the great weight was above me. Slowly, surely was creeping downward. And slowly

was creeping downward. And slowly and surely it would creep downward in the darkness and the silence of the night.

And far up in the soft air of sunset the bells were still ringing the evening hymn.

The suddenness, the unexpectedness of what had happened, had formed no small part of its effect upon my mind. Yet up to this time my adventure, though not such as one would have chosen to undergo, had had one would have chosen to undergo, had had nothing in it portentously alarming. It was disagreeable enough, undoubtedly, to be forced against one's will to put up with such a lodging for the night. But what was the discomfort of my situation, had that been the worst it had in store for me, compared with he horror of it now?

For many minutes after making this dis-

very I remained motionless, striving vainto realize the most singular yet deadly peril which threatened ms. I do not know how long it was before I so far recovered my faculties as to become capable of thought. At length, rousing myself by an effort to examine whether any way of escape lay open to me, I turned my attention to the interspace be-tween the weight and the wall; but it was far very far, too narrow to admit of the passage of my body. Then—to such extremities may desperation drive its victims—I though of attempting to arrest the great weight supporting it with my stick as it descended I might as well have attempted to support alling avalanche.

Then an idea occurred to my mind which possible that by applying my strength to the weight itself, I might be able to impart to it by slow degrees a swinging motion, like that of a pendulum; and this being continued, might at length bring the ponderous mass in contact with the door, and so burst it open Raising my-elf from the floor of the cell, upon which I had again sunk down, I ap-plied my strength to the weight, and by expriest my energy in a succession of rhyth-mical impulses I gradually succeeded in im-parting to it an almost imperceptible move-ment. Gradually this increased; and bu-for an uniorseen circumstance the scheme might have been successful. But I presently found that the weight did not hang exactly in the centre of the shaft. The consequence of this was that it struck in the centre of the shaft. the wall opposite the door before reached the door itself. The extent of its swing being thus checked, my utmost efforts failed to bring it into contact door. The attempt had therefore to be a doned, and hope again died within me. The attempt had therefore to be aban-

Hope died within me. And now my sen sations were those of extreme horror and dismay. I for the first time telt the certainty of my fate. A deadly sickness seized me In a paroxysm of despair I flung myself again upon the floor of my prison, and lay there without motion.

I will not dwell upon the long hours that dowed—those hours of more than mortal ony of mind. It happened that I had agony of mind. lately been reading an account of a traveller who had perished in a quick-sand. The time of the accident was on a summer evening, when the sun was sinking, and the lonely shore was bathed in rosy light. where it occurred was well known to me-and after reading the account I had endeav-ored, in that unreasoning spirit which some times leads the mind to dwell on horrors, t realize in fancy the sensations of the victim, as inch by inch and foot by foot, in full sight as inch by inch and loot by loot, in this sight of the free ocean and the glorious sun, the treacherous quicksand drew him downward —downward to his doom. What the sensations attending such a death must be I could then but feebly realize.

know them now.

I know them now. The sensations of those who have stood face to face with death for hours, watching with starting eyes his slow approach, are to me no mystery. But the mind of man has mercifully been so ordered that agony prolonged beyond a certain point ends in benumbing the power of tain point ends in benumbing the power ng. Thus it is that criminals conto execution often sleep soundly and eat with appetite; a fact which seems amazing to ose who consider how comparatively sligh a degree of mental distress has power to rot the night of rest and to turn the daintiest food to poison. They do not reflect that menta agony in its extremity ceases to be felt. Bu thus it is - and thus it was with me.

I believe also that the air of the shaft mus have acted upon me with some stupefying or bewildering influence, like that of the vapor which often gathers at the bottom of old wells. The agitation of my mind gradually gave place to a strange feeling of indifference. The peril under which I lay ceased to trouble me, and at least no longer occupied my thoughts.

thoughts.

I began instead to be curiously disturbed by another circumstance, very trivial in itself; by a sound, which reached my senses from somewhere in the stillness; a sound low, muffled, throbbing and mysterious, like the beating of myown blood. Had my mind been clear I could not long have failed to recognize it for what it was. The sound seemed in my ears; but this was merely owing to my position in the shaft. I must have passed into a sort of stupor, which lasted very long.

When I came to myself I was conscious of a very singular sensation. The pitchy dark-ness was about me, and of course I could see nothing. But in some unaccountable man-ner, of which I fear it is impossible for me to convey a notion, I was aware that during my trance the weight had descended a great way, and was now close above my body. I could feel, though nothing touched me, the huge and threatening mass brooding over me in the darkness. With a mighty effort—for like a person in a nightmare I seemed to have lost the power of motion—I raised my hand. My expectation was a correct one. My hand struck against the under surface of the weight, at an elevation of less than three in-ches from my face! At last—after an eter-nity of unutterable suspense—at last—it of unutterable suspense-at nity touched me.

It touched me. At first lightly; then with a perceptible pressure; then with a pressure which grew distressing. In vain I sought edief; in vain I strove to writhe my body relief : into narrower compass. Slowly, steadily, the mass descended, crushing me against the

The last minutes of my life seemed come I breathed a prayer to heaven and resigne myself to die. Still a space the weight de scended : my brain swam ; my breathing be came difficult; I believe that for some brief seconds I bore upon my fainting form the whole burden of the ponderous mass. The blood reshed in torrents to my head; I tell that my senses were leaving me.

Very suddenly the pressure ceased. I was conscious of a welcome relief. I drew in deep breath, freely. I moved my limbs and found their liberty no dream, The weigh was gone! I raised my hand and it encountered space

I staggered, gasping, to my feet. The weight was already above my head, and rising rap idly upward into the darkness of the A sound of moving mechanism reached me from above. I thought I heard the murmur of voices; men were moving in the tower above me.

The purpose which had brought them there was evident; they were winding up the clock.

It was not until afterward that I learned ing of the hour. They chimed the evening byun.

Very suddenly a strange thought struck me—causing me to raise my eyes toward the ceiling of my ceil. In my oresent position I could just perceive the faint gleam of light discernible far up through the interspace be-

to the cathedral earlier than usual to rectify the error. Had it not been for their neglect of duty, the weight would not have descended nearly so far as it did towards the bottom of the shart; white, had their visit been de-layed but a little longer, they would as-suredly have found the clock already stopsuredly have found the clock already stop-ped stopped by a cause which now 1 shud-der to think of. Then—at that moment of reiset—I thought of nothing clearly. Giddy, bowildered, reeling with a wild sense of de-

liverance, the prolonged oppression soul found vent in a loud, long and ringing I remember little more, and that confusedly. I have some dim memory of an interval of silence, broken by voices outside my prison; of the sudden opening of the door; of a blinding light; of a group of several forms without. I seem to remember also that there were cries of wonder as I staggered from my narrow lodging and fell faint-ing into the arms of my deliverers. But these things are to me as the shadows of a dream. The rushing darkness returned

upon me, and for many hours I knew no Such is the story of my strange adventure, I greatly doubt whether in all the chapter of accidents in history a stranger can be found. I have already stated that us truth is known to several persons, and that the strict accuracy of my account can be verified by simple

### A TOY BANK MAKER

Chat With the Man Who Makes the Popular Trick Toys in Philadelphia Tacy Layard Kobinson in the London (Eng.

Very few children in England probably are unacquainted with these ingenious iron toys known as "trick banks." The first of these clever contrivances which appeared in England was a rifleman pertinaciously firing at a hole in the trunk of a tree. A coin was placed upon his rifle, a catch near his heel released a spring, and the coin was lodged with unerring accuracy in the hole in the tree trunk opposite. This ingenious piece of mechanism was quickly followed by others even more skilfully designed and constructed, such as the "kicking mule," the "buildeg," and "the Irishman and his pig."

All of these loys are the work of one man ot, perhaps, his invention, pure and simple but certainly to him is due the credit of hay ing brought to perfection the ideas suggested

John Page is an Englishman by birth, Birmingham man, who years ago emigrated to America like many another good man, in the hope of bettering himself. He landed at New York the year after the first great exhi bition, which was the progenitor of our heal colonial and Indian exhibition. But he soon wended his way towards. Probable phia, and the grand old Quaker city has been his home over since. As a modeller in wax, in plaster of Paris, and in bronge, as a chaser of all metals, John Page has few equals in the United States to-day, and no superior. In a long, low-ceilinged room at the very

op of a six-storied house in Chestnut stree Philadelphia, sits the toy-bank maker all day long at his work. He is a little, broad-shoul-dered man, with a bright face, blue laughing eyes, and a mouth which has ever a winning smile upon it. His hair is nearly white, ye it grows thick and curly over his head and Seated somewhere near him is always a big black cat, whose story alone is of in-terest and worth telling. One morning, six years ago, Mr. Page came down as usual to his work, and was astonished to near sounds of life at the farend of his usually quiet workroom. Going towards the noise he perceived a little black kitten lying on the floor. It could not have been many days old, for as et it was unable to see. Looking up, Mr age saw that some damage had been done his roof—that there was a considerable hole the ceiling. The kitten's home was probably in the rafters, and she had fallen through. The mother, being unable to carry her back, had left her to the tender mercies of the proprietor of the room below. For-tunately for pussy, Mr. Page is a humane man. He immediately procured some milk, and, by dint of some pattence and persuasion, added, no doubt, by one of those nine lives which belongs to all cats, he succeeded in rearing the little orphan, who, in return, be came so attached to him that when he is a work she rarely leaves his side.

The room presents a scene of well-nigh in

describable, but very pictures que disorder. On every wall hang casts in plaster, wax, and bronze, mingled in a most incongruous manner with designs on paper, and models n every kind of soft metal Three low windows look out on to the roof of a great tailoring establishment, from whence emanate a constant hum of voices and whirring of sewing machines. But the modeller the window nearly all day long, and he gets the pure air of heaven from away over the broad Delaware river and the sand flats of New Jersey. There are three tables in the long atelier, for John Page is assisted at his work by his two sons, Jim and Jack, who are in partnership with their father.

Mr. Page is a genial, hearty little man:

he loves nothing better than a chat. And if he can get a real Englishman to talk with him about the dear old country he left so many years ago, and to which he has never returned, he is beyond measure delighted. So when the writer was in Philadelphia last year, an occasion offering for a visit to the pleasant old gentieman's workshop, it was eagerly accepted, resulting in a great deal of mutual gratification. He was at the time engaged upon the construction of a new toy bank, one which is now to be seen in every toyshop in London-a monkey with a cocoa nut. And about his work John Page thu

pleasantly conversed:

"The 'Creedmoor Rideman' was the first bank I made. The idea was given me by a notion dealer from Boston. He said he wanted a man made to shoot a penny into a oox, and that's all the idea 1 got The rifleman was the result. Do they have him in England ?"

"Oh dear yes," replied the present writer, and several other banks of the same kind." "Ah, they were all modelled by me. made for the same man, but I didn't know they'd got to England. I am now at work on a much more complicated bank than any of the others, a monkey. The first bronz casting has just come in. We are now cha-ing it, and fining down all the rough edges and making the joints work easily. of all make a solid model of the figure in of all make a solid model of the figure in specially prepared wax. From this I take a plaster of Paris mould in two halves. From these moulds I make two hollow models in wax. The next thing is to separate from the complete models the parts which are intended to be movable. Before me I have the left fore arm and hand of the monkey holding a piece of occount shell, the thumb of the right hand, the lower jaw, the eyes and the tail, which latter, when the toy is complete, will act in conjunction with a spring on the inact in conjunction with a spring on the in-side. These parts removed, I have to make a fresh model in wax of every part, with end or joint, as the case may be, attached to each. They are then sent to the brass foundry to be cast in brass or bronze. The whole figure has to be made complete and in working order in wax before it is sent to the brass foundry. The brass pieces that come back are very rough, and need a great deal of filing and chasing to make them fit and move easily. You see, the model that I make in brass or bronze is the foundation from which all the banks are eventually made, and the all the banks are eventually made, and unless my model works perfectly, there will be no end of complaints when it goes eventually to the iron foundry, where the marketable toys are turned out. There are twenty pieces toys are turned out. There are twenty pieces in this bank. A coin is placed between the thumb and fingers of the monkey's right hand; the thumb, you see," and here Mr. Page very kindly fitted the pieces of his model together, "the thumb, you see, is kept in place by a spring just strong enough to hold a coin the weight of half a dollar. When the tail is depressed the left hand raises the upper half of the cocoanut, the lower jaw falls down, the eyes go up, the right thumb is drawn back and releases the coin, which falls through the slit in the cocoin, which falls through the slit in the coconnut and into the bank."

But Mr. Page does not confine his genius the manufacture of models for toy banks. o the manufacture of models for toy to the manufacture of models for toy banks, lie is an adept at the art of reponsac, brasshammering. Some of the most beautiful of those brass plaques, with raised figures upon them, which are sold as imitations of thelong neglected art, saw their first light in John Page's workshop at the top of No. 722 Chestnut street, Phitadelphia. And so the Birmingham brass chaser, who went to America nearly forty years ago to better himself now sends his manufactures back to his self now sends his manufactures back to his native country, though very few of the people who see, admire and purchase them, know the name even of the man who makes

HER LITTLE RUSE. She had a pretty hat And she had a little cough, little cough it is no harm to mention When in the church she sat,
Shook the plumes upon her hat
d to its many beauties called attention.
—From the Boston\_Courier. VACATION PAPERS.

MAN'S SYMPATHY WITH NATURE SHOULD BE CULTIFATED.

The Way to Study It - The Inducace Upon the Human Spirit When to Communion With the Mysteries of ther Great Beauties. The Relation of Mind to Matter.

For the Invaluence un.

There is a profound philosophy underlying man's sympathy with nature, which has been brought into clearer light by the theory of evolution, and the able naturalists that have written on that subject. Previous to the promulgation of that theory the relation between man and nature was regarded as external and mechanical, at least so far as science is concerned. The natural world was regarded as the platform simply on which man is the actor, or as the bouse in which, for a time, he has his residence. A deeper relation was, indeed, felt by the poets, but their descriptions of it were looked upon as imaginary and not real.

But the discussions on evolution have brought out more clearly the organic relation that subsists between man and nature. This internal relationship has to do not merely with man's physical nature, but with his parmual mature as well. For a long time, allowing the system of Descartes, most thinkers and writers held to a dualism between matter and mind. These were regarded as entirely different substances, so radical was the difference conceived to be, that for a time it was supposed that one could not act upon the other. This was carried so far that It became a question whether body and soul in the constitution of man could act upon each other at all. A great philosopher, Malebranche, held the view that they cannot act upon each other, and that it is the immediate power of God acting upon both that harmonizes their activity.

But the great progress made in recent times in natural science has brought in a more spiritual view of the material world. Matter is now regarded in its fundamental constitution as force, and between this and mind, while a difference exists, there is no qualism. Rather the one is regarded as only a higher form of existence and activity than the other, and in a profound sense they both constitute one universe. With this change in the view of matter and the material world a closer union between man and nature is held even in the sphere of science. Nature is not merely the platform for human tite, but it is, on the one side at least, the wom't out of which his being is evolved. The earth

In the processes of creation every step looked forward to man as the archetype. Nature below man may be regarded as the proken fragments of humanity. Each stad am of existence in the ascending series looks forward to man as the epitome of the whole world. Hence there is something human everywhere in nature, and something of na ture everywhere in man. The voice prophecy may be heard throughout all early as the voice of prophecy may b history. There is also a symbolism in nature that rests upon the intimate relation between the physical and spiritual worlds. Light is the symbol of truth, air is the symbol of spirit. Indeed so much is this the case that a large portion of the words in human language have a double meaning, or are applied to spiritual things, because of their resem-blance to physical things. Thus there is one word, praction, in Greek, to designate air and spirit, and in some passages the meaning can be ascertained only by a careful examina

tion of the context.

In one of his innest articles on "The Wonderful Nature of Man," the late Rev. Dr. J.
W. Nevin treated this subject most profoundly. We recall the likeness he so graphically described between the mountain ranges of the world and the skeleton of the numan frame, between the winds in nature and the action of the lungs in breathing, the streams of water that ever flow on and under the earth, and the circulation of the blood, and the electric currents in nature and the presents of pervous force in the human body This correspondence reaches also to the mind, as may be seen by comparing the in-stincts and ingenuity of animals with the activity of the human mind. Nature beauty can be fully understood only as we study this profound sympathy between

man and nature. The beauty of inorgani nature in light, air, water and earth, rest argely upon the prophetic and symbolic character of nature. And the expression of the natural world rises higher when we come organic nature in the vegetable kingdom and, most of all, in the animal kingdom. The legree of beauty for lesthetic taste is mea ured by the capacity for fellowship between man and nature. The winds and the wave are companions for man. Still more is this the case with the trees, and most of all with animals. All this may, indeed, be taken in intuitively by the esthetic sense, without understanding the philosophy of it, but the ation of the beauty of nature. Ought not the sthetic nature to be cultivated in our edu-ation more than it is? We try to attend to cation more than it is? We try to attend to physical, mental, and a little to moral cul-ture, but what becomes of the phantasy and the realm of the beautiful? It does not re-quire a knowledge of nigh art for this; there is spread out before us a realm of nature beauty, which is, for the most part, a closed

It is healthful to our spirits to cultivate this deep sympathy with nature. And from this point of view we may see that the study of natural science has a profound spiritual basts. It is sometimes said that the study of nature, having to do with material things, is lower than the study of mind, and that it tends to materialism; but that depends altogether upon the way in which we study na-ture. It was the dualistic philosophy of Descartes that did much to bring in this low view of nature. In the system of natural philosophy taught by Schelling an entirely different spirit was introduced. With him nature became the shrine of the infinite, and his students were carried away with enthusi asm in their admiration of the material world True, his teaching was tinctured with a ten-dency to pantheism, but the progress in nat-ural science has served to correct that. There is intelligence of the highest order in nature, and the study of natural science brings, or should bring, us into healthy communion with this. We come here into communion with the intelligence and plan of God in cre-ating the universe, and with proper guid-ance this should lead to reverence for the

great Architect.

The study of mind is now being complemented by the study of nature. The science of psychology is greatly aided by the study of physiology. Altogether we think the evolutionists, however much error their theory may contain, have done a good work in developing the deep organic relation between man and nature. This sympathy with na-ture should be cultivated. It is restful to the human spirit to commune with nature's great mysteries and her great beauties. great mysteries and her great beauties.

Much may be done by attending to this in children. They may be led out day by day to admire the green fields, the waving grain, the variety of flowers. They can be taught to love the songs of the birds and the great to love the songs of the birds and the great variety of the animal kingdom. They should be awakened to the grand and sublime in the towering mountains, the rolling sea, the starry heavens, and even the terrible thun-der storm, the tornado and other dynamic exhibitions of nature, may have terror dis placed by a sense of sublimity. Nor should we, in our opinion, shut out nature from our pictures of the heavenly world. The Bible speaks of "a new heaven and a new earth," and of "the river of life," &c., &c., and we should not spiritualize all this away. Man requires an environment in the present life: he will require one equally

future life. Nature will be glorified together with blin, and he will not be deprived of its companionship and communion in his heav-enly state of existence.

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MEDICAL.

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### A LITTLE SUFFERER Cleansed, Purified and Beautified by the Cuticura Remedies.

It affords me pleasure to give you this report of the cure of our little grandebild by your Curreyna Reminiss. When six months old his left hand began to swell and had every appearance of a large boil. We positiced it, but all to no purpose. About five months after it became a running sore. Soon other sores formed. He then had two of them on each hand, and as his blood became more and more impure it took less time for them to break out. A sore came on the chin, beneath the under lip, which was very offensive His bead was one solid seab, discharging a great deal. This was his condition at twenty two months old, when it undertook the care of him, his mother having died when he was little more than a year old, of consumption (serofula of course). He could walk a little, but could not get up if he felf down, and could not move when in hed, having no use of his hands. I tunnedbately consumenced with the Curreyea. Essentials, using the Curricus and Curreys. Soar freely, and when he had taken one bottle of the Curreys and when he had taken one bottle of the Curreys and when he had taken one bottle of the Curreys and when he had taken one bottle of the Curreys and when he had taken one bottle of the Curreys and when he had taken one bottle of the Curreys and when he had taken one bottle of the Curreys and when he had taken one bottle REMERICAS, using the CUTICURS and CUTICURS.

SOAT freedy, and when he had taken one bottle
of the CUTICURS RESOLVENT, his head was completely cured, and he was improved in every
way. We were very much encouraged, and continued the use of the Remedies for a year and a
half. One sore after another healed, a bony matter forming in each one of these five deep ence
inst before healting, which would finally grow
losse and were taken out, then they would heal
rapidly. One of these ugly bone formations I
preserved. After taking a dozen and a half bottles he was completely cured, and is now, at the
sears on his hands must always remain; his
hands are strong, though we once feared he
would never be able to use them. All that physichaos did for him did him negood. All who saw
the child new consider it a wonderful cure.

If the above facts are of any use to you, you are If the above facts are of any use to you, you are

MRS. E. S. DRIGGS, May 9, 1883. 612 E. Clay St., Elcontagton, Ill. The child was really in a worse condition than e appeared to his grandmother, who, being with tim every day, became accustomed to the dis-mace. MAGGIE HOPPING. CUTTETTA REMUDIES ARE SOID EVERYWHERE. CUTTETTA, the great Skin Cure, 50 cts.; CUTTETTA SHAR, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, 25 cts.; CUTTETA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, 21 cts.; CUTTETTA Resolvent, and Cuttetta Resolvent.

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