

# Raffsman's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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## THE STARS AND THE FLOWERS.

When Eve had led her lord away,  
And Cain had killed his brother,  
The stars and flowers, the poets say,  
Agreed with one another,  
To cheat the cunning tempter's art,  
And teach the race its duty.  
By keeping on its wicked heart,  
Their eyes of light and beauty.  
A million sleepless lids, they say,  
Will be at least a warning;  
And so the flowers would watch by day,  
The stars from eve to morning.  
On hill and prairie, field and lawn,  
Their dewy eyes upturning,  
The flowers still watch from red'ning dawn  
Till western skies are burning.  
Alas! each hour of daylight tells  
A tale of shame so crushing,  
That some turn white as sea-bleached shells,  
And some are always blushing.  
But when the patient stars look down  
On all their light discoveries,  
The traitor's smile, the murderer's frown,  
The lips of lying lovers—  
They try to shut their saddening eyes,  
And in the vain endeavor,  
We see them twinkle in the skies,  
And so they wink forever.

## A LEAP IN THE DARK.

One of the gentlemen who visited Mount Sinai, in company with Bishop Clayton, happened, on his return to England, to pass through Sicily. Though by no means a person of romantic character, he had a fancy for wandering about mountains, for getting belated in forests, and supping, by the light of wood-fires, under a rock. It was perfectly natural, therefore, that he should wish to visit Mount Etna, look at the great chestnut trees, and examine that marvellous belt of vegetation, so admirably described by the commandant Doliniani, which encircles the cone of the volcano, and marks the point at which in general the streams of lava are arrested in their downward progress.

Our traveller's unromantic name was Fennel, and he had along with him two friends, considerable younger than himself, one a clergyman and the other a barrister. Two servants, not much accustomed to sojourn in strange countries, rough Yorkshiremen, speaking their native dialect in perfection, and despising everything not English, waited upon the triad of travellers; and when they left Catania, two guides were hired to conduct the party through the labyrinth of woods, gorges, glens, ravines and precipices, which intercept the ascent to the crater, and renders it at all times an enterprise of considerable danger.

For nearly a week before they set out, the mountain had exhibited some symptoms of internal uneasiness. Earthquakes passed like gentle tremors beneath the city—not rocking or heaving up the earth—not cracking the walls, or dismantling the houses—but just giving a tremulous motion to the pavement under your feet, and at night causing the pillow under your head to seem for an instant about to float away. To the Catanians, this was nothing; they had been used to it from the cradle. Their houses all stood upon lava, were built with lava; the detritus of lava formed the very soil in their gardens, and the fruits they ate had a rich lava relish. In some sense, they were half lava themselves—cold without, fiery within, feeling much, reflecting little, always on the brink of an impassioned eruption, but kept from running over, except at widely distant periods, by the paucity of materials in their constitution.

Mr. Fennel, as a true Englishman, loved to see sights, and therefore longed for an eruption; but, the Catanians assured him he would have to wait at least a month, in order to enjoy that peculiar spectacle. He determined to wait two months if necessary; but in the meantime, thought it would be pleasant and interesting to run up and get a peep at the crater. The wind blew strongly from the west, and spun out the dusky smoke into long ribbons in the air. Once or twice in the night he thought he could detect red sparks among the fuliginous vapor, which now and then increased largely in volume, and issued from the breast of the mountain with something like a deep grunt. The young clergyman observed jealously that Enceladus was snoring or snoring in his sleep, but the barrister, familiar with the slang of men about town, maintained that there was a row among the Titans, and that Typhæus having got Mr. Enceladus's head into Chancery, was pommeling him about the nob, and making him seek to deliver himself with fierce puffing and contortions. Mr. Fennel laughed at their absurdity, which he did not even pretend to mistake for wit, and determined to set out early in the evening to see with his own eyes, as he expressed it, what it was all about. At the hour appointed, the mules were ready, and off they went. To describe what they saw, what they felt, and what they said, would fill a volume of no small dimensions. Sicily is big, every inch of it, with wonder; and no writer, so far as I know, has succeeded in conveying to an untravelled reader any idea of its awe-inspiring scenery. You know very well that every step you take conducts you over unfathomable gulfs of fire, from which you are separated only by a thin crust, which may at any moment crack and fall in. You know that interminable beds of sulphur extend from the great volcanic peak in unnumbered leagues out beneath the sea, and that for thousands of years they have supplied fuel to that prodigious fireplace, whose chimney rises ten thousand feet towards the empyrean. You feel mingled with the air you breathe, the warmth of that mighty conflagration, which, forcing

its way throughout the earth and the rocks, communicates a luxuriance to every kind of vegetation, unknown in other parts of the world. But in spite of this knowledge, you are led by the example of the inhabitants, to put confidence in appearances, and to imagine that those more stupendous Phlegrean fields will continue safely for your time to hang floating over subterranean fires, displaying their beauty and sublimity, and concealing altogether from the eye the fearful apparatus by which their splendors are produced.

As everybody knows, the ascent of Mount Etna is not to be accomplished in an hour or two. If you wish to reach it by daybreak, that you may witness sunrise from its summit, you must set out early the evening before. If your mules are vigorous, you may, perhaps, find time for a short nap, a little after midnight, and re-commence the ascent about three o'clock. In the case of Mr. Fennel and his companions, the mules performed their part with great perseverance and fidelity. If you have travelled by night in a mountainous and woody country, you must know what an exciting thing it is; what gulfs of shadow you gaze at from time to time, straining your eyes in vain to penetrate into their depths; what towering precipices nod and frown over you; what sounds, wild and startling, and proceeding from you know not what cause, come at intervals through the woods; and how your heart beats with something very much like fear, but yet not mingled with pleasure, as you spring over chasms, after the example of your guide, and climb zigzag along the face of cliffs which seem inclined to carry you up higher than Babel's projected tower into the sky.

It was already one o'clock, when the guides, who are perfectly despotical during such undertakings, pronounced it time to halt and take a little refreshment; after which, if so inclined, the whole party, they said, might sleep for two hours without running the least risk of not reaching the edge of the crater by sunrise. They did halt, and while the servants were kindling a fire with dried wood, which lay about in plenty, Mr. Fennel amused himself with looking down the vast sweeps of the mountain towards the sea. In that part of the world, nobody appears to sit up late, and at the time to which I now refer, the Sicilian cities had no lamps. You consequently beheld nothing on shore, save dusky irregularities descending and undulating to the extreme verge of the shore. But the sea, when it bares its breast to the stars, has always a faint glimmer diffused over it. On the present occasion, there were patches of phosphorescence which, like small luminous isles, flashed and floated between you and the Tarentine promontory. Science may dissipate as it pleases the mystery of these phenomena, but nothing can still that disquietude of the heart with which you contemplate the waves on fire, looking like so many glow worms several leagues in dimensions floating leisurely away before the wind. From enjoying this curious prospect, Mr. Fennel was called away by the announcement that supper was ready. He then joined his companions, ate, drank, and, wrapped in his cloak, went to sleep, like a red Indian, with his feet towards the fire.

We men are very clever in our way, but nature is often too many for us. According to their day and generation, those travellers were highly scientific, knew all about volcanoes, could dissertate learnedly on gases, and decide beforehand to an inch how far a heavy body, by whatever cause put in motion, could travel in two hours. With regard to the guides, it was altogether impossible that they could ever be taken napping; they understood all the tricks of Etna as well as he did himself, and could always decide whole days beforehand what he was going to do next. Nevertheless he now stole a march upon them. Awaking with a start, they were surprised at feeling a warmth much greater than their wood-fire was calculated to impart; the sky, moreover, was filled with a blood-red glare, which bewildered at once their senses and their imagination, and the terrible idea suggested itself to their minds that the eruption was in full progress. Indeed, they had but to look around them to discover undeniable proof of it. They were standing on a knoll skirted on the side of the cone with trees, and on the right and left, a broad stream of fire, glowing like a furnace, was rushing down into the plain, overthrowing everything in its passage—trees, rocks, and, where it encountered them, human dwellings. Never did Mr. Fennel witness anything so awful as the red glare cast upon the woods by the desolating torrent as it swept on. He turned to the guides, who stood beside him paralyzed with terror.

"How are we to get out of this situation?" inquired he.

"We don't know," they replied, "we have never before been placed in such circumstances. But we must make some movement, and that speedily, too, or we shall be burned to cinders where we stand. Look! the lava is coming, and those vast trees are bending and cracking at its touch like fine grass."

"Well," replied the traveller, "lead the way—you must know it better than we—that we may get out in the plain country before the fiery streams meet below, and hem us in."

"You are right," declared the guides, "for the lava is pursuing the course of two ravines which have their confluence below yonder hill,

and if we fail to precede them, we are lost."

The jokers of the morning were not at all inclined to joke now. The lava was sending its intolerable heat before it, warning them that inevitable death was near unless they escaped from it by miraculous celerity. Down the mountain, therefore, they went, leaving everything behind them except the iron-shod staves which they carried in their hands. The landscape, previously so silent, was now filled on all sides with fearful noises—the howling of terrified herds, the shouts and shrieks of human beings, the sudden bursting up of flames here and there, as the torrents reached some combustible matter, the tumbling down of rocks, and the crash of forests, as the irresistible lava forced its way through them. Every moment the glowing flood rose higher and higher, until it overflowed its banks and began to diffuse itself over the rocky plateau along which the travellers were rushing towards the distant city. At length they came suddenly upon the edge of a precipice, down which they looked, but could discern no bottom. On the right and left was the fire; in front a gulf of unknown depth; behind, the lava rolling towards them with terrific rapidity, scorching, in its advance, trees, grass, hay, the very earth, which it absorbed and liquified by its insupportable heat.

"Are you ignorant of this cliff?" inquired Mr. Fennel; "or may we hope to save our lives by throwing ourselves over?"

"It lies entirely out of our usual track," replied the man, "and we have never seen it before."

I do not pretend to describe Mr. Fennel's feelings at that moment, because he has left behind him no record of them. It is well known that extreme danger often renders men silent; they do not communicate their fears; their mental powers appear for the moment to be annihilated—they only feel. But what feelings are theirs! All Sicily now appeared to be on fire. The earth was reddened on every side; the sky overhead glowed like a furnace mouth, and clouds dense, charged with igneous particles, and emitting an intolerable stench were precipitated upon them by the west wind. To be scorched to death, or suffocated, appeared now inevitable, unless they threw themselves over the precipice, and so delivered themselves from such a fate by suicide. While they were meditating on this idea, the earth under them began to rock violently. It shook; there was a wild crash; the rocks parted and yawned, and they beheld a red streak making its way eastward through the bottom of the crevice. They did not know whither, towards the cliff; but their progress was soon arrested by the heat thrown out by the lava. All thoughts, all eyes, were now directed towards the precipice; should they dash over, and by one leap in the dark, either deliver themselves from the most fearful of deaths, or put an end to their agonies at once? With sensations that baffle all description, they approached the edge of the rock, and looked over it. Could they discern anything below? No; all was thick darkness, suggesting unfathomable depth. They would remain, therefore, where they were, in the hope that the lava might rise no higher, and that when the light of day should make its appearance, they might see some avenue of deliverance. But this hope the guides dissipated. They knew too well that the lava-streams now separated would meet and mix before morning, and leave not one inch of the ground they now stood on unroofed by fire. Yet all hesitated to plunge down, they knew not whither, in the dark. While they lived, while they breathed, something like a miracle might occur to preserve them. They would therefore hope, and defer taking the fatal plunge till there should be nothing else left to them. It soon came to this; the fiery circle became contracted, the heat and the sense of suffocation intolerable, and at length the young clergyman, with a mixture of horror and resignation in his countenance, volunteered to make the first plunge. In spite of the volcanic glow, his face assumed the hue of death as he approached the rock. He did not dash forward—he did not throw himself headlong—he turned round, and clinging to the rock with his hands, remained suspended for a moment and then—

What was that noise?—that of a body dashing against the rocks—down, down fearfully into some unfathomable gulf. The survivors shouted in agony, and besought him to reply if he still lived. But no answer. Mr. Fennel then said it was his turn, and in the same way committed himself into the depths of air. There was another pause of suspense and agony. Again the survivors listened; again no answer came. Soon followed the barrister; and after that, pell-mell, rushed down servants and guides and there was silence. They had all taken the leap in the dark, and were they on the shores of Acheron? The precipice, if I may borrow an Hibernianism for the occasion, was no precipice at all, but a very shallow rock, with soft grass growing up to its base. Why, then, did they leap not answer? They thought they were going to inevitable death, and that thought for a moment paralyzed them, so that they did not recover the use of speech for several minutes. Those minutes appeared an age to those who had waited a reply. But long as the time seemed, there elapsed, probably, only a few seconds between the plunge of the clergyman and the simultaneous spring of the servants and guides. What

rionsed them at last was the lava glow; flashing upon them from above. They arose with a feeling of indescribable gratitude, mingled with fear, and hastened eastward over the plain. They were not yet beyond the reach of the Etnean surges, and therefore pushed along with eager speed till they reached the point where the lava-streams must soon have made their confluence. They dashed through the gap—they ascended the rocks on the side of Catania, and soon they stood on the high terrace before the city walls, from whence they beheld Etna vomiting forth in smoke and thunder those red torrents, which at wide intervals, desolate and fertilize the plain of Sicily, suggesting ideas of immeasurable antiquity, since all that part of the island has been gradually created by the mountain. With sober feelings, and curiosity thoroughly quenched, Mr. Fennel set sail, on the following day, for England, where he often spoke of his leap in the dark.—*Chamber's Journal.*

## A RACY STUMP SPEECH.

In Texas, some years ago, a long, lean, bony, one-eyed, bald-headed, lantern-jawed individual, appeared before the public as an independent candidate for State Senator. He was accompanied by his better half. On arriving at Austin, he mounted a stand that had been erected under a shade tree for the purpose of dealing out whiskey, and announced himself in the following manner:

"Feller subjects and gintlemen, I hain't cum down yere to fight; tho' when I'm in hum I kin take down anything aithly. I kin skin the best and smartest human coon that ever cracked eye over a rifle. I kin! But, I'm down yere on a leekshunierin' speckulashun. I'm a gon' to run for the State Congress—by the great creation, I am.

"Feller subjects, my maiden name is Simeon—for short Sim—Sim Tallman; and as I have entered the perilous field for State Congress, I feel it a duty to give you an idee of my pershushun on the great perillous questions that am ramblin' through the mountings.

"Feller subjects, I have addressed the hull popylashun of this yere deestric clean down to yere, and now I stand yere the exponent of universal freedom! the candydote of everlastin' liberty. The genius of our comin kuntry calls aloud from the tops of the Alleghays to the answering echoes of the gray beard Pacific, to put down tyranny and compassion. And I'm jist a gon' tew dew it, tew. (That's it Sim, give it to them! said Poll.) I have heard from my mounting hum the cry of distressed Christians speakin' in thunderin' whispers to the independent voters of the world, and askin' them in plaintif words to riskue her from the grip of power. Men and wimmin of Ameriky, I ask yon of these things are to go forrard unchecked?"

"Of no!" cried Poll, much excited.

"Of course not! feller men! the blood of the old foxes martyrs furbirds it; the old man tottering on the brink, raises his palsied hands agin it; the infant rockin' hisself to slumber in the paternal cradle of centuries is averse to it; the spirit of our four fathers won't stan' it; and I won't stan' it, neither."

"That's right, put in the hifalutin' licks," said Poll.

"Yes, feller men! from wall to wall of this great land, the screech of the great American bird is heard as he flaps his wings, and calls us to deeds of glory, as we hang our dignity on the north pole, and sweep to the south with overhelmin' power."

"Now say suthin' about General Jackson an' scriptur," suggested his prompter.

"Yes, feller subjects! the eggexample of the great hero, General Jackson, tells us how tew act. He waded, at the fight in Lexin'ton, up to his knees in mud. Shell we not dew so, tew? In the grate battel of Niagari he split his boots with glory. Let's do likewise! Who would not lav his kuntry? The voice of nashuns calls our souls to arms. We answer the invente. Recolmember what scriptur says: It's easier fur a needle to go thru' the eye uv a kamel, than fur a man to hate his natif land."

"In konklushun, feller subjects, I say; by the Everlastin' Jewreusalm and the great boot on the foot of the mounting, I'm probberly the most courageous he-ro in all this yere deestric, and ef all of yon don't want to be scratched off the lists of livin' men yon can jest go to the polls and vote fur me; and if I'm beat, why, I'll be teetotally ram-squatted an' chopped up to make soup for Injin babies, ef I don't jest pull up stakes and adjourn to more profitable pasturs. Wal, neow, that's sensible, ain't it. Let's licker."

It is hardly necessary to say, that Sim was elected to the "State Congress" by an overwhelming majority.

THE Mobile Mercury says a lady in that vicinity, a few days since, missing her teeth under circumstances which led her to believe that one of her turkeys had appropriated them, instituted an examination after the style of justice once much in vogue, of executing a criminal first and trying him afterwards. Seven of the fowls were decapitated and acquitted, but the eighth was found guilty, and the lost teeth extracted from its craw.

It is reckoned that there is one liquor shop for every eighteen families in New York city, and for some neighborhoods in the city one grog shop for every ten families!

## AMERICAN COTTON.

There is no material which affects so many manufacturing interests as that which forms the subject of this article. It has now arisen to be the most important of all fibrous substances employed in the arts; and it is not a little surprising that it has attained to this position within a very recent period. Our country is the chief source of its supply, furnishing as it does about eighty per cent of the whole product. Millions of anxious minds are, therefore, continually directed to the source of its cultivation, because an abundant or deficient crop, by raising or lowering its price, either gives them plentiful labor and the means of comfortable subsistence, or stops the wheels of industry, and makes them go idle in the streets, suppliants for work or bread.

In 1611, cotton was first spun in England, on the common hand wheel, but was only employed mixed with wool in cloth; and small, indeed, was the quantity used, even for this purpose. From 1700 to 1760, the only persons who used it were weavers, who wove it into cloth during the day, their wives and children having spun it in the evenings and leisure hours. It was then a dear material—although much cheaper than fine flax—owing to the difficulty of separating the cotton from its seed, this having been done either by hand picking or by passing it between rotating rollers. Notwithstanding this, however, its use increased, and the demand for it soon exceeded the supply. The invention of the cotton gin gave a wonderful impetus to its culture; and the inventions of the spinning jenny, mule spinner, and power looms, whereby, from the field to woven fabric, it could be operated by machinery, at last raised it to the pinnacle of manufacturing fibrous materials. In England, in 1757, only 4,795,000 lbs. were consumed; in 1856, no less than 1,023,000,000 lbs. were imported into that country. Previous to the present financial difficulties, the demand for it far exceeded the supply, and would do so now, were these difficulties removed. Before the Sepoy mutiny took place, large meetings of cotton manufacturers were held in England, for the purpose of influencing government to offer greater encouragement to its cultivation in the East Indies and other colonies, because they felt they were entirely dependent on our Southern States, and were becoming more so every year.

For the last thirty years its consumption has doubled every twelve years; and at the end of 1856 there was only seven weeks' supply of it in all Great Britain. In its manufacture 379,213 British operatives were engaged, whose yearly earnings exceed \$50,000,000, and the capital invested in machinery and buildings exceeds \$200,000,000. Two months ago, owing to the increased demand for cotton, its price had arisen to double what it was ten years since, and many of our cotton manufacturers, as well as those of other countries, had to suspend operations, because the manufactured cloth could only be sold for about the price of the raw material, weight for weight. At present, most of the cotton factories in England are working only on half time, and those of our own country even less than this. Our financial difficulties, no doubt, aggravate this evil, but they are not its sole cause; it is the high price of cotton. Since so many persons are dependent on cotton manufacturing, it is an important question whether its supply can be increased in proportion to the demand for it, and its price lowered to meet that demand.

It appears to us that after the present financial crisis is over, the price of cotton fabrics must advance considerably, and this will call those factories which are now idle into active operation. The price of cotton cannot come down to the low figure at which it ranged ten years ago; and our Southern States will maintain the monopoly of its supply to the world for many years to come, at least, if not forever. The East Indies was the first field to which the British cotton manufacturers were looking for a future cheap supply, to place them independent of our planters; but the late mutiny of the Bengal army and the insurrectionary state of that country have put East India cotton entirely out of the question. Our cotton crop last year amounted, in value, to \$130,000,000; this year, the calculation is that it will amount to \$190,000,000. Its value is increasing rapidly every year. It is one of the chief sources of our national wealth; and upon our yearly crop the whole cotton manufacturing world is, at present depending.

AN OLD DOCUMENT.—There is now hanging in the bar-room of the old Buck Hotel in the borough of Lebanon, a license granted by the Hon. Governor of Pennsylvania, James Penn, in the year one thousand seven hundred and sixty-five. It is most singular phraseology, and strictly forbids the "sale or gift of any intoxicating drinks to Indians or notorious drunkards."

A phriend phelling phumphy phigurative, phurnishes the phollowing—4ty 4tunate 4casters, 4tutiously 4tifying 4 4horn 4tro-sees, 4cibly 4tude 4ty 4nidable 4eigners 4ming 4tag-4cades.

Miss B. says the first time a young man squeezed her dress, she felt as if she was in the land where rainbows came from. How poetic a little hugging makes people!

STRYCHNINE.—This poison, which has of late become so notorious in its abuse, (we cannot say use,) is the most uncertain in its action on the human frame; in some producing instant death, the same dose in others only bringing on tetanic convulsions, and in a lucky few no effect at all, and this does not appear to have any relation to the physical strength of the patient. It is a whitish crystalline substance, and is extracted from the nut of a tree called *strychnine nux vomica*. This tree grows in Ceylon, is of a moderate size, and has thick shining leaves, with a short, crooked stem. In the fruit season it is easily recognized by its rich, orange-colored berries, about as large as golden pippins. The rind is smooth and hard, and contains a white pulp, of which many varieties of birds are very fond. Within this are flat, round seeds, not an inch in diameter, covered with very beautiful silky hairs, and of an ash-grey color. The nut is the deadly poison, which was well known, and its medicinal properties well understood by Oriental doctors before Europe or America had heard its name. "Dog killer" and "fish scale" are two of its Arabic names. The natives of Hindoostan often eat it for months, and it becomes a habit, like opium-eating, with the same disastrous results. They commence with taking the eighth of a nut a day, and gradually increase their allowance to an entire nut, which would be about twenty grains. If they eat it directly before or after food, no unpleasant effects are produced; but if they neglect this precaution spasms result. The chemical tests for it are numerous, but only one or two can be relied upon as thoroughly accurate.

FREE TRADE AND THE CURRENCY.—To show the effect upon currency, as well as agriculture, suppose a gentleman wants a new coat; he goes to a British importer and pays him twenty dollars, hard money, and hard to get. England takes none of our rag money. A-way it goes, in quick time. We see no more of it; as far as circulation is concerned, the gentleman might as well have thrown it into the fire. Suppose, on the other hand, we want a coat, and go to the American manufacturer, and buy twenty dollars' worth of American broadcloth. Well, the manufacturer the next day gives it to the farmer for wool; he gives it to the shoemaker, the hatter, the blacksmith; they give it to the farmer for meat and bread; and thus it goes from one to another. You may perhaps see this twenty dollar note five or six times in the course of a day. This makes money plenty. But where is the Free Trader's hard money? vanished, gone to reward and enrich the wool-growers and farmers, shoemakers, hatters, and blacksmiths of England. Now we go for supporting the American farmers and mechanics, and the Free Trader goes for the British—that's the difference. Can, the Free Trader deny it? There are but twosides in this matter, the British and the American side; and the simple question is, which side to take! The great struggle is between the *British* and *American* farmers and mechanics for the American market, and we must decide which shall have it. Can any true-hearted American, be his party politics what they may, hesitate to take his position on the American side of this question?

"WHAR'S DE WAY TO CANAAN?"—Mrs. Stowe's book, "Dred," teaches many a lesson to white folks through a dark medium, and not the least pointed one is the rebuke given to Christian denominations by "Old Tiff," for their mint, anise, and cummin wrangles, while inquirers are asking the plan of salvation. "Old Tiff" has the care of the children of his dead mistress, and having told them that their mother had gone to the land of Canaan, one inquires as follows: "Uncle Tiff, where is the land of Canaan?" "De Lord-a-mercy, chile, dat ar is what I'd like to know myself. It's studdyn' upon dat ar. I's gwine to camp meetin' to find out. It's been to plenty of dem ar, and never could see quite clar. 'Pears like dey talk about cherying else mor'n dey does about dat. Dere's de Methodists, dey cut up de Presbyter'ans, and de Presbyter'ans pitches into de Methodists; and den both on 'em's down de 'Piscopals. My ole missus was 'Piscopal, and I never seed no harm in it. And de Baptists think dey aint none on 'em right; and while dey's a blowin' out at each other dat ar way, I's wonderin' whar's de way to Canaan!"

"THE FEARFUL JUDGMENT."—The *Hollidaysburg Standard* has information on the subject of the man sitting on a chair for blasphemy, which throws some light upon the origin of the story. It is said that a man in Union county, and not at Mt. Union, while winnowing grain, became exasperated on discovering that the weevil had destroyed a portion of his grain—that he indulged in some tall swearing—went into the house and sat down, and the excitement brought on a severe attack of apoplexy, from which he ultimately recovered. This was the basis of the wonderful story of a fearful judgment of Providence, which has been extensively circulated in the newspapers during the last few months.

The *Berkshire Eagle* says that the ladies of Pittsfield are afraid that the fall winds will carry them up unless they get anchors made to their hooped dresses.

A crown will not cure the headache, or a golden slipper the gout.