Raftsman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1862. VOL. 8.—NO. 50.

THE VOLUNTEER'S BURIAL.

[illegible]

Alas! like him, how many more
Lie cold upon [illegible] shore!
How many green [illegible] graves
Are bordered by those placid waves!

Hark to their fire! his only knell—
More solemn than the pealing bell;
For, oh! it tells a spirit flown,
Unshriven, to the dark unknown.

Sleep, soldier, sleep! from sorrow free,
And sin and strife. 'Tis well with thee,
'Tis well, though not a tear
Laments the buried Volunteer!

AN ARAB WEDDING.

I was invited to a wedding in the Sakhali family, Christian Arabs of the Orthodox Greek community.

At about eight o'clock A. M. I was led into their church, a domed building lighted from above, and gaudy with highly colored pictures; for the Greeks, though not allowed to have images to assist them in their devotions, may have pictures, provided they are not too life-like.

In the centre of the crowd at a lectern, stood a priest, and immediately before him the bride, closely shrouded in a white izzar; a many-colored muslin veil entirely concealed her features.

The bridegroom by her side, who was only seventeen, wore a suit of sky-blue cloth, edged with gold thread, and a handsome crimson and white shawl girdle. He had only once seen the face of the bride, and that was six months before, on the day of betrothal.

The service was in Arabic, and rapidly uttered in clear but monotonous tones. The most important part of it seemed to be the Gospel narrative of the marriage at Cana, in Galilee. While the priest was reading it, bread and wine was handed to the young man; he gave some to the girl, who in taking it was very careful not to expose her face.

Immediately afterwards, she held out one of her henna-stained hands, and a jeweled ring was placed on her finger. Two crowns made of gilt foil, were brought by the bridegroom's man and bride's woman, and placed on the new married pair, who joined hands, and with their two attendants walked round and round in the midst of the people, who made way for them, and sprinkled them with rose-water and other scents as they passed, singing and shouting good wishes. By the time the circuit had been made seven times, the veils of the bride and bride's woman were quite saturated; the two men submitted, without the slightest resistance, to have bottles of scent emptied on their tarbooshes. As the excitement increased, the sprinkling became general, and I came in for my share. Thus ended the ceremony.

Presently the men formed into procession, and, with the bridegroom in their midst, walked out of the church. A pipe-bearer, carrying a handsome chibouque, was in attendance, and he handed it to the bridegroom whenever the leader paused to dance the sword-dance, or to sing some extravagant love-song. Rose-water was poured on his head from the roofs or windows of the house under which he passed. Etiquette required that he should look calm and composed in the midst of the noise and excitement.

In the meantime, the bride, with her female attendants and companions, all veiled and shrouded in white walked very slowly toward her home—the home of her childhood; for she was not to go forth to meet the bridegroom till after sunset. I accompanied her. We all carried our tapers, although it was the third hour, i. e. about nine o'clock in the forenoon.

We mounted a broad, covered stone staircase, and, passing through a corridor, entered a large, many-windowed room. The bride was led to a sort of throne, made of cushions and embroidered pillows and I was placed by her side. Her white izzar and veil were taken off; she was not more than fourteen years old, with an oval face, rather large lips, black, delicately arched eyebrows. Her eyes were shut; for custom makes it a point of honor for a bride to keep them closed from the time she leaves the church till the moment she meets the bridegroom at night.

She wore a purple velvet jacket, very open in front, showing her crape shirt and her chest which was equally adorned with little bits of leaf gold! Her necklace or collar of gold coins, was very beautiful; her skirt of white and yellow silk almost concealed her full, yellow silk drawers. Her hands and arms were checkered with deep orange-brown henna stains, but what struck me more than all was the glossy, shining luster of her skin.

While I had been intently watching and observing the bride, the company of women had quite transformed themselves; they had thrown off their white izzar and veils, and now appeared in all the colors of the rainbow, in all sorts of combinations. Dancing and singing commenced. The lookers on sat round on the matted floor. Sweetmeats, fruit, creams, and various dishes, were served at mid day.

After sunset, the mother and female relations of the bridegroom came to fetch the bride; and then she commenced crying and wailing bitterly. This is expected of her, whether she feels regret or no, she must show signs of sorrow on leaving her home, and must appear unwilling to go forth and meet the bridegroom.

On subsequent and persevering inquiry among Arab ladies, I found out how it was that the bride's face looked so lustrious. I learned that girls are prepared for marriage [illegible]

[illegible] dipped in water, then into a bottle of kohl containing an impalpable powder made from [illegible] of antimony and carefully prepared soot; the blackened point is drawn gently along between the almost closed lids of the eyes. Poor people use soot alone, and apply it with pins made of lignum vitae.

The arms and hands, legs and feet are bandaged with narrow tape or braid, like sandals, crossing and recrossing each other; then a paste made of moistened henna powder (the pulverized leaves of the henna tree—Lawsonia) is spread and bound over them, and allowed to remain on for several hours. When it is removed, the skin is found deeply dyed wherever the tape (which is now unwound) do not protect it; thus a sort of checkered pattern is produced; and when it is artistically and delicately done (as Angelina can do it) the feet look at a distance as if they were sandaled, and the hands as if they were covered with mittens of a bright orange or bronze color.

The Greek Catholic church vainly pronounces anathemas, and threatens with excommunication those women who tattoo themselves, and use kohl, and henna, and rouge; they will persist in it while they believe it adds to their beauty, and to the powers of attraction. The costly articles of a genuine Arab wardrobe last a lifetime, and are heirlooms.—*Miss Rodgers' Domestic Life in Palestine.*

THE FEELING IN IRELAND.—The Dundalk *Democrat* says: The American Union is the best friend of Ireland in the world. We beg to tell the Irish in America that the people of Ireland are nearly to a man, with the cause of the Union, and against the wicked rebellion of the nigger whippers. They do not forget the good deeds of the Republic in their day of distress, and they heartily wish success to the Stars and Stripes, and a speedy defeat of the audacious faction who have revolted against the freest government mankind has ever witnessed.

ONLY A CLOVE.—In a certain village dwelt a Judge who being a widower, always accompanied his niece to church. One Summer afternoon, while she was intent upon the sermon, and the Judge was having a quiet snooze, she discovered a grass-hopper on her dress. Picking it off, she gently nudged the drowsy Judge, that he might throw the intruder into the aisle. He took it with eyes half open, and supposing it to be a clove quite unsuspectingly bit off its head.

WASHINGTON'S OPINION OF TRAITORS.—In Bartlett's history of America, these memorable words appear, from the lips of the Father of his country, in speaking of traitors in the revolution: "I would to God," said he, "that some of the more atrocious in each State were hung upon a gallows five times as high as that prepared for Haman. No punishment, in my opinion, is too severe for the man who can build his greatness upon his country's ruin."

We believe it was Kingsley who said: To be miserable, think about yourself—about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay to you, what people think of you—and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will make sin and misery for yourself out of everything which God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose on earth, or in heaven either.

An old gentleman traveling some years ago, inside the Bath mail, had two ladies, sisters, for companions. The younger, an invalid, soon fell asleep, and the old gentleman expressed his regret to see so charming a young lady in ill health. "Ah, yes indeed," sighed the sister, "a disease of the heart." "Dear me!" was the sympathetic response, "at her age! Ossification, perhaps?" "Oh, no, sir, a lieutenant!"

"Pat," said a builder to an Irishman engaged in carrying salt to the top of a four-story building, "have you any houses in Ireland as large as this one?" "Ya'as mither's cabin." "How many rooms had it?" "There was the steing-room, the slaping-room, the kitchen-room and the pig-pen—four rooms. "That's a story" said the builder. "Ya'as, four stories," says Pat.

A Boston editor, alluding to the long noses of Julius Cæsar, the Duke of Wellington, John Tyler, and other dignitaries, says that he recently saw a nose that beats them all. It was thin and straight, snubbed at the end, and a foot long. In concluding, however it occurred to him that "it may be as well to state that it belonged to a pair of bellows."

One watch set right will do to try many by; but on the other hand, one that goes wrong may be the means of misleading a whole neighborhood. And the same may be said of the example we individually set to those around us.

The Dampshire editor who wrote his editorials with chalk on the soles of his shoes, and went barefoot while the printers set up the copy, has purchased a ream of second hand envelopes, and engaged a girl to turn them inside out.

"Did you ever go to a military ball?" asked a lisping maid of an old veteran. "No, my dear," growled the old soldier, "in my days I once had a military ball come to me, and what do you think, it took my leg off."

An Irishman cautions the public against harboring or trusting his wife Peggy, on his account, as he is not married to her.

A LOUD VOICE FROM KENTUCKY.

[illegible]

[illegible] Will Kentuckians never, never fully comprehend? Will you calmly stand and look on and see your State invaded by a band of murderers, who are invited to your door by the sympathizers in your midst, and calmly look on while they murder your father, your brother, and your son? You who are thus bereaved know full who are the sympathizers. The father, brother and son whose blood now is upon the hands of these fiends in your own neighborhood, have nobly fallen defending your homes and your firesides, and now they stand at the gates of heaven guarding it against the entrance of the cowardly relatives left behind who will not avenge their unjust death. Kind policy has been tried—protecting their property has been tried. We have protected their families, while they went to war against us. We have protected their property while they robbed us. We have tried to argue constitutional laws while they cut our throats. Will experience teach you nothing? Rise and subdue them by any means in your power. If it requires the taking of their lives, you must do it as a sad necessity. Your country and your life and liberty are at stake. Fight them by any means in your power, as long as they have arms in their hands, or are sympathizing with the enemy. They can make peace in twenty-four hours if they wish. But you must conquer it. You have voted, and they are trying to whip you out of your allegiance to your country and your own decision, and place over you rulers you have rejected. You have done your duty at the ballot box. Now try the bayonet. The rich men in your own country who have lent their aid and influence to the enemy, are the men for your especial attention. At the beginning of this rebellion they were simple enough to believe that they were to be made the lords over you; that the laws of South Carolina would soon be extended over Kentucky, and all of you who did not own ten negroes would be deprived of legislative powers, and all who were not "nigger" owners would be deprived of a vote, and they would be the lords of our land. Down with them, boys. Take that property from them. Deprive them of the means by which they expect to put you down. Teach them that you are their superiors, as men and freemen, if not in property. They did wantonly burn the dwelling houses of our friends Mr. V. and Capt. K., now would it be but simple justice for them to move into the finest house of a sympathizer in their neighborhood and drive them out! I call upon you, gentlemen, to set the example. Let them feel the anarchy they have produced; give them some practical demonstration, so that they can compare anarchy with the good old way it was when they commenced this war. But, halt. Let us see if we cannot find a remedy that will do away with the sad necessity of killing our own race and devastating our lovely land. Yes, we can. That is to remove the cause of this war. If there had been no slaves, there would have been no war. Why did our people turn filibusters and attempt to take by force Cuba, Central America, Yucatan, &c.? They said at the time that the object was to extend the slave power and give the balance of power to the slave States. Then it is a plain case that if there had been no slaves, there would have been no necessity for a balance of slave power, and no necessity for the unholy war upon these unoffending people. That spirit of filibustering and robbing of our neighbors was urged on by the same party who now sympathize with the rebels, and are now making war on our country, and a year ago you could hear nothing else but nigger, nigger. They made war upon our own country as unjustly as they did upon Cuba and for the same purpose, to conquer a balance of power for the negro owner, and at a time when their negro property was protected by the strongest laws that could be devised, and when no one was disturbing their rights in the negro or any other property. Now some of the same men who were foremost in the negro cry are trying to deny that nigger has anything to do with this war. Don't let them slip out in that way. Can't you all remember one year back? Can they now make you believe that you were asleep, and dreamed all that? *If there had been no nigger there would have been no war.* Nigger has been the pretext to ride into office on for long years. They have cried nigger and Abolitionist ever since I can remember, to carry any point, and the same cry was gotten up this time to create a war. Thirty years ago they attempted to get up a war upon the tariff, but the public pulse would not vibrate to that call. But now they want a war, and all they have to do is to cry out, "Nigger in danger," and just see what a terrible conflict follows. In the face of all this, will any sane man believe the negro had nothing to do with the war? Now, fellow citizens, which is the best for us—shall we go on destroying our own race, killing, slaying, devastating; or shall we remove the cause of the war and quit this wicked work, and return to the pursuits of peace and pleasure, and meet again in quiet our dear ones at home, sweet home? Ah! but they tell you that it is better for the negro that he remain as he is. Well, I grant it; but is it better for us? Had we better do that which is better for us, or that which is better for the negro? Is it all the aim and object of our lives to take care of the negro? Must the peace of Sally and the children, their welfare and their happiness be sacrificed, they turned loose, widowed and impoverished orphans, that it may better for the negro? Twenty thousand of our own race were killed the other day at Richmond, and a hundred thousand more have died and been slain in this war. Weeping [illegible]

[illegible] It is forced on you. The question is not now the way you would rather have it, but in self-defense you are compelled to wipe out the institution or go yourselves with wife and children to ruin. You are now at the point that you must decide. Your lives, your liberty and happiness are now at stake. Weigh well the verdict. Remember that Pharaoh's heart was hardened; that he was blind to reason and common sense until he was overwhelmed in the raging billows. A like fate awaits you. Let me warn you of the impending danger. Do not insist on your children this everlasting warfare. The value of property in your State will advance many times the value of your slaves as soon as you make the sale. LEONIDAS METCALFE.

RECIPE FOR MAKING TATTLERS.—Take a handful of the vine called Gadabout, the same quantity of the root called Nimble-tongue, a sprig of the herb called Back-bite, a few flowers of the very common shrub called I-heard, a table-spoonful of Don't-you-tell-it, six drachms of Malice, a few drops of Envy—which can be had cheap at the shops of Miss Tabitha Teatable and Miss Nancy Night-Walker. Stir them well together spice with a little Says she, and simmer them for half an hour over the fire of Discontent, kindle with a little Jealousy, then strain through the rag of Misconstruction and cork up in the bottle of Malevolence, hang it upon a thread of Street-yarn, shake it occasionally for a few days, and then it will be fit for use. Let a few drops be taken just before walking out, or when expecting company, and the subject will be enabled to speak all manner of evil, and that continually.

TRUTH.—Every word of it. Cut it out and learn it by heart. "We should make it a principal to extend the hand of fellowship to every man who discharges faithfully his duties and maintains good order—who manifests a deep interest in the welfare of general society—whose deportment is upright, and whose mind is intelligent—without stopping to ascertain whether he swings a hammer or draws a thread. There is nothing so distant from all natural claims as the reluctant, the backward sympathy, the forced smile, the checked conversation, the hesitating compliance, the well off are apt to manifest to those a little lower down, with whom in comparison of intellect and principles of virtue, they frequently sink into insignificance."

GRAVE WORDS.—The following ringing sentences from the conclusion of a late sermon of Henry Ward Beecher: "I am not a prophet. I am not sanguine, though hopeful. I think victory awaits us at every step, but if God thinks victory too dear to be purchased so cheaply, we can give more sons, more treasure, we will give everything, but this country shall be one, and one undivided. The Atlantic and the Pacific shall say it, deep answering to deep. Hear it, England, one People, one Constitution, one Government. One God, one country, one flag, and one destiny—cost what it may we will have it. Let God name the price and it shall be paid."

"Oh, mother! do send for the doctor," said a little boy of some three years.
"What for, my dear?"
"Why, there's a gentleman in the parlor who says he'll die if Jane don't marry him, and Jane says she won't!"

An Irishman who was lately reprieved, as he stated the night before his execution, and who wished to get rid of his wife, wrote to her as follows: "I was yesterday hanged, and died like a hero; do as I did, and bear it like a man."

A roaring tornado, unroofing houses and uprooting forests, may be less calamitous than a low whisper from the lips of a mischievous woman, which has the power to unroof reputations and uproot happiness.

"Have you Goldsmith's Greece?" asked a gentleman, on entering a bookstore. "No, sir, but they have some excellent bear's oil in the next door," replied the counter boy.

Voltaire, speaking of law said: "I never was but twice in my life completely on the verge of ruin; first when I lost a law-suit and, secondly, when I gained one."

A writer speaking on the subject of the Bloomer costume, says it has revealed the fact that woman is a forked animal, and is not, as she seems to be, a churn on castors.

An old negro on the Penninsula forcibly illustrated the rapidity of the rebel "skedaddle" there. He said "You could see the lightning flash from their boot-heels."

The woman who tickles a man's palate, has a stronger hold on him than the sentimental creature who merely touches his heart.

Let us live patiently. We should have aspirations; but, till the flying comes, let us brood contentedly upon our nests.

Why are Mrs. Ellis' writings like the muddy condition of the streets? Because they tend to elevate female habits.

A young girl of the delicate variety fainted the other day when told that gun-barrels were often exhibited without breeches.

Gen. Floyd is the greatest cheat in the nation—Cheat Mountain not excepted.

HUNTER'S LETTER TO REV. [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] characters of blood at the firesides of every Northern family. To attain wisdom we must suffer; but that wisdom on the Slavery question must finally be obtained, is my sustaining faith.

Our people are not dull of comprehension in regard to matters about which free play is given to their common sense. When a fire is spreading through a block of houses, they do not hesitate to batter down an intermediate house to save the remainder of the block. When the plague occupies an infected district, the district is quarantined, and every resource of science and industry put forth to rid the locality of its presence. The soldiers of health are by no means ordered to mount guard over each smitten house and see that the vested interests of pestilence are protected. "Break open doors, if they be not opened," is the order on these occasions. "Let in fresh air and sunlight; let purity replace corruption."

But in presence of one great evil, which has so long brooded over our country, the intelligence of a large portion of our people would seem paralyzed and helpless. Their moral nerves lie torpid under its benumbing shadow. Its breath has been the pestilence of the political atmosphere in which our statesmen have been nurtured; and never, I fear, until its beak is dripping with the best blood of the country, and its talons tangled in her vitals, will the free masses of the loyal States be fully aroused to the necessity of abating the abomination at whatever cost and by whatever agencies.

This is written, not politically, but according to my profession in the military sense. Looking forward, there looms up a possibility (only too possible) of a peace which shall be nothing but an armistice, with every advantage secured to the rebellion. Nothing can give us permanent peace but a successful prosecution of the war, with every weapon and energy at our command, to its logical and legitimate conclusion. The fomenting cause of the rebellion must be abated; the axe must be laid to the root of the upas tree which has rained down such bitter fruit upon our country, before anything like a permanent peace can be justly hoped.

Already I see signs in many influential quarters, heretofore opposed to my views in favor of arming the blacks, of a change of sentiment. Our recent disasters before Richmond have served to illuminate many minds.

To speak of using the negroes merely for throwing up intrenchments is a step in the right direction, though far short of what must be the end. It has the advantage, however, of making the further and final steps necessary; for men working in face of the enemy must have arms with which to protect themselves if suddenly attacked.

On the whole, there is much reason to be satisfied with the progress made by public sentiment, considering how deeply rooted were the prejudices to be overcome, the general failure of the nation to realize at first the proportions of the war, and the impunity still extended to those Northern traitors who are plunderers of the Government by means of fraudulent army and navy contracts, on the one hand, while using every energy of tongue and pen to excite discontent with our Government and sympathy with the more candid and courageous traitors of the South who are in arms against us.

In conclusion, it may not be inappropriate to say that in transmitting the approval of the National Freedman's Relief Association of my course, you were—doubtless unconsciously—indorsing views which your own earnest eloquence had no slight share in maturing. Though without the pleasure of your personal acquaintance, I was, during a year, a member of your congregation, and take this opportunity of gratefully acknowledging my indebtedness to your teachings.

Your letter would have been earlier answered, had not pressing duties too fully occupied my time.

Believe me, sir, very truly, your obliged and obedient servant, D. HUNTER.

P. S.—None of the carefully fostered delusions by which slavey has sustained itself at the North, is more absurd than the bugbear of "a general migration of negroes to the North," as a necessary sequence of emancipation. So far from this being the fact, that although it is well known that I give passes North to all negroes asking them, not more than a dozen have applied to me for such passes since my arrival here, their local attachments being apparently much stronger than with the white race. My experience leads me to believe that the exact reverse of the received opinion on this subject would form the rule, and that nearly if not quite all the negroes of the North would migrate South whenever they shall be at liberty to do so without fear of the auction-block.

Sincerely, D. H.

Jeff. Davis has appointed a fast day. If fast days are days when fast runs are made, the rebel confederacy has more of them than any other people ever had.

Perhaps the rebels were more reconciled to leave Kentucky and Missouri because they are hemp growing States.

Modesty promotes worth, but conceals it, just as leaves aid the growth of fruit, and hide it from view.

Some women take such delight in scolding that it would be cruel not to give them occasion for it.

People who like to talk their mind, should should sometimes mind their talk.

CURIOUS MACHINE.—The London correspondent of [illegible]

[illegible] persons have been so shocked at this wonderful magical effect, that they have actually fainted from terror, and that only those possessing the strongest nerves, even when aware of what they are going to see, can obtain the first sight unmoved."

BEAUTIFULLY EXPRESSED.—The following extract from the response of Mr. Seward for the President, to the patriotic sentiments of the Presbyterian General Assembly, will be treasured among the elegant passages brought out by the perils of our country:

"For many years heretofore, one of the greatest subjects of facilitation among good men will be the signal success of the Government of the United States in preserving our Federal Union, which is the ark of civil and religious liberty on this continent and throughout the world. All the events of our generation which preceded this attempt at revolution, all that shall happen after it, will be deemed unimportant in consideration of that one indispensable and invaluable achievement. The men of our generation whose memory will be the longest and most honored, will be they who thought the most wisely, prayed the most fervently, hoped most confidently, fought the most heroically, and suffered the most patiently, in the sacred cause of freedom and humanity. The record of the action of the Presbyterian Church seems, to the President, worthy of its traditions and aspirations, as an important branch of the church founded by the Saviour of men."

WRITING MACHINE.—The London correspondent of the New York *Times*, in his account of the great exhibition says: The most extraordinary machine in the exhibition is beyond question the one for microscopic writing. This enables a person to write in the usual way, and to duplicate his writing a million times smaller; so small indeed, that it is invisible to the naked eye, yet with a powerful microscope becomes so plain that every line and dot can be seen. The inventor claims that with this instrument he copied the entire Bible twenty-two times in the space of an inch. The Astor Library, I presume, could be transferred to a sheet of note paper. Practically, it will be of great service in preventing forgeries. With one of these machines, a private mark can be put on bills, so minute and perfect, that the forger can neither perceive nor imitate it, but the bank clerk or broker, knowing where to look, can at once detect if the bill is genuine. The machine is the invention of a Mr. Peters."

POSTAGE STAMPS A LEGAL TENDER.—Previous to its adjournment on Thursday week, Congress passed a law providing

"That on and after the first of August all postage and other United States stamps shall be received for all dues of less than five dollars, and which may be received in exchange for United States notes. No private corporation or bank shall make and issue any token, note or device, for less than one dollar, to circulate as money.

Any person so offending shall, on conviction, be punished by a fine not exceeding five hundred dollars or imprisonment for six months, or both at the discretion of the Court."

Is is said that the Treasury Department will immediately issue a large quantity of stamps for general circulation in order to supply the demand for small change. They will be printed on thick paper without gum.

A HANDSOME FIGHT.—A letter from an officer who was with Burnside's expedition at the battle of Camden says: "I met Col. Roble, of Binghamton, N. Y., during the battle, with his cap stuck on the back part of his head, looking the happiest man I ever saw. I remember meeting him as he was leading the centre of the regiment over a heavy ditch, with sword drawn, and hearing him speak to and encourage the boys on. Just then a tremendous volley was poured into the rebel nest. "That's it! A good one!" he cried. They returned a perfect shower of grape and canister, tearing through and over us. Col. Roble's countenance was beaming, and turning to the men he called out: "Come on, my children, I'll die with you! Press on, my brave lads! Now is the time to show yourselves!" And as a rifle shell goes singing by his head, he cries in his joy:—"Ye gods! isn't this a hand some fight!"

A FATAL NEW DISEASE.—A New York correspondent writes to the Philadelphia Despatch: "We have got a disease that is going about amongst us that is almost too insignificant in appearance to be worth attention, and yet it oftens kills in twenty-four hours. It is called the 'malignant pustule.' It first appears in the shape of a small pimple about the mouth or nose, and, no matter how treated, rapidly runs into the most frightful exhibitions of grangrenous sores defying all remedy, and carrying off the patients instanter. Several persons have died recently, in this city, of this terrible disorder, and more in Brooklyn. I have witnessed one alarming instance myself. The physicians stand aghast. The public grows alarmed. Those attacked give up in despair, and those who escape it are in constant apprehension."

A northern editor predicts that "wool will be king." Prentice wants to know whether he means wool on the back of a sheep or wool on the head of a negro.