

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

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I wish I was a Niece.

BY SPOONS. I wish I was a niece, Sam, And do just as I please; To live in peace with all the world, And nibble at the cheese; 'Cause niece is such a happy race— They haint no eases at all; They always make themselves at home, In kitchen, or in hall. They never have no debts to pay, Nor get no clothes to wear, Since Nature has provided them With silken coats of hair; And they don't wear no trowsalouns, Nor stockings to their feet, They don't want nothing, Sam, while they Can get enough to eat. If I should be a niece, though, I wouldn't want no cats, Unless they'd always pass me by, And pounce upon the rats. For rats ain't of no use at all— They don't know beans from bran; They're just about as foolish as That stupid creature—Man. I wish I was a niece, Sam, And let you print your paper; I'd just lay on and eat the paste, Or frolie, frisk and caper; And you would have to tug and toil In trouble, care and sorrow, While I's a happy niece, to-day, And happier still to-morrow.

ADVICE TO THE LADIES.—A neighbor, who has always managed to keep the most faithful and obliging servants, till death or matrimony has dissolved the connexion, desires us to publish the following:

Captain Sabrosash, in his lately published work, "The Art of Conversation," gives the following good advice to ladies: My fair friends, never scold servants. Instruct, reprove, admonish, as may be necessary; give warning, or, if need be, turn the worthless out of the house, but never descend to scolding, or to the use of rude or harsh language; for there is, in truth, something very undignified in the practice.

There are, no doubt, plenty of bad servants, but there are more bad masters and mistresses in proportion, and for this very evident reason, that it is the object and interest of servants to please their masters; whereas the latter are independent of the former, and need take no trouble about the matter; and as there is effort on one side and none on the other, the result will naturally be on the side of those who make at least a fair attempt. Besides, bad masters often make bad servants, when the servants cannot well influence the conduct of the masters.

If people could only see the undignified figure they make when in a towering rage, the chances are that they would contrive to keep their temper rather within bounds. We may excuse anger, and even passion, perhaps, where the name, fame or character of friends and relatives is assailed; but to fly into a fury about broken plates or overdue mutton, is to show a want of mental composure that few would like to have described in its proper name.

Recollect that servants are made of the same clay, that they may possess feelings—kind, generous, just feelings too—as well as their superiors; and is it not casting a stain upon ourselves to rail, with ignoble language, at those who are made in the same high image of which it is our boast on earth to bear the faintest impress?

Let us hear no more of scolding servants, therefore; if you will scold, scold your husband; and if he is a sensible man, he will pat your cheek, give you a kiss, and laugh at you for your pains.—Cincinnati Atlas.

SUICIDE BY A CLERGYMAN.—It is stated that a clergyman, Rev. Joy Hamlet Fairchild, of Exeter, N. H., and formerly of South Boston committed suicide in Boston on Thursday morning by cutting his throat with a razor. He died within an hour. Mr. Fairchild has been respected for many years as an able pious and faithful Congregationalist clergyman; but there has lately been strong reason to suspect that his moral conduct has long been corrupt, and that he is unworthy of exercising the duties of his office.

TRIED BRANDY.—At the last Gloucestershire adjourned sessions, a girl was placed at the bar charged with stealing a pint of brandy (it was produced in court) from her master. The girl was acquitted, but the jury, with exemplary impartiality, not only tried the girl, but the brandy; for they conscientiously emptied the bottle; the liquor being drunk, the jury appended their verdict, "below proof."

SUNBURY AMERICAN.

AND SHAMOKIN JOURNAL.

Absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of Republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism.—JEFFERSON.

By Masser & Eiseley.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, July 6, 1844.

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From the Liberator.

The Water-Cure in Germany.—Letter from H. C. Wright at Preissnitz, Graeffenberg, Silesia, Austria, } March 13, 1844.

DEAR FRIEND:—I have been here under the water-cure nine weeks. During that whole time, the weather has been extremely cold—so cold that ice has formed around my bath, into which I plunged twice a day; and ice, at this moment, hangs around the Douches, in masses from ten to fifteen feet in length, and larger than a man's body. During the whole of the nine weeks, we have not had more than fifteen days of fair weather, put it altogether. Tempests that come howling down from the Bohemian mountains, which lie to the South some 15 or 20 miles, sweep over Graeffenberg with great fury—driving the snow in clouds before them, till they are lost on the plains of Prussia, that are open before us at the North. The people say the winter has been uncommonly severe. It requires the constant exercise of a desperate resolution to carry on the cure amid such snows and ice.

With such a temperature, to have our bodies packed up, twice a day, in a sheet wrung out of water, whose temperature is down to freezing—(last evening, the sheet in which I was packed, three minutes before I saw spread out on the snow before my window, frozen stiff as ice)—to lie in that wet sheet till I get warm, and then go down into a bath room, off full of snow and ice, and there throw all off, and smoking, plunge into that dreadful bath, and stay in it one or two minutes—then to be rubbed dry, and have a long wet bandage tied around the whole body—then dress, and go out and face those fierce, howling tempests, the snow all blowing into your eyes, ears, hair, neck and bosom; and then to have to sit down in cold water, and there sit 15 minutes at a time—sure, such a fearful process must kill or cure. Strange to say, not one here seems to have the least fear of the former. It kills no one—it invigorates and strengthens all, and produces a pretty thorough indignation in each at himself, that he should ever have subjected his body to the heating process generally pursued by the medical faculty. I am certain that the process—though so fearful that I almost catch my breath and shiver all over to think of it—has done me great good.

I told Preissnitz, at the outset, that my disease was on my lungs—that my lungs were ulcerated some—and that I had thrown subject matter from them—and he at once subjected me to this process. I was afraid, at first, how it would go; but Preissnitz had confidence in his prescriptions, and so have I, now. He has not yet put me under the Douche, and will not till the weather is milder. Sure I am, that all the morbid matter, secreted in my system, has been put in motion—not indeed yet routed out of the system, but routed from any particular location in the system; and sure I am that by the time I have gone through the ordeal enough, these morbid secretions will be entirely expelled from the body. The settled cough that I had seems to be broken up entirely. I do indeed, now and then, get a little cold, as do all the patients, but the cold don't seize upon my lungs as colds used to do. And, besides, no one here seems to have the slightest fear of a cold, for the simple reason that every one feels that there is here a certain and speedy remedy at hand. A few hours break it all up, and scatter it to the wind. So of fever—no one here seems to have the least fear of fever, because every one feels an entire confidence in cold water as an antidote.

From what I have seen here, I can never again doubt that the fiercest of fevers are harmless, being absolutely under human control. Recently, we had two cases of most malignant fever. One was a man, taken with a nervous raging fever. In three days the fever was entirely routed, and in a week the man appeared again in the saloon, eating like a ravenous wolf whatever he liked; and though he looked thin and was weak, yet you might have seen him out breasting the storms—which, in his weakness, would near tip him over at times. Four days ago, a woman who had taken cold during the day, and was not aware of the enemy lurking in her, was seized in the night with a most violent fever. I saw her in the morning, and she looked exactly like a person in scarlet fever. A wet sheet was at once wrapped about her whole body, and changed and wet again every thirty minutes. This was pursued about twenty hours, and water was applied in other ways. The next day I saw her up and dressed, and looking as well and eating as hearty as usual. Not a particle of medicine was administered. I do not believe that out of the 300 patients now here, or out of several thousand that have been here, there is one who has the least fear of colds or fevers. Each seems to feel that so far as fevers and colds are concerned a certain remedy is always at hand. I do think that it is the duty of all who have young children to learn to apply this remedy. How

many diseases in little children originate in colds.

You would be amused to look into our saloon at meal times, especially at our dinners. Remember this is a Hospital for all nations. Some fifteen nations are now represented in the saloon—come here to be cured of diseases that have generally been given over, or nearly so by the medical faculty. To see them at the table with ravenous appetites, eating food of the coarsest and plainest kind—food that many of them would hardly have felt it easy to have set before their servants at home; to see their countenances—to see them rubbing their hands to keep them warm, (for but little artificial heat is allowed to enter the saloon) to see them racing up and down the saloon between dishes, (for at dinner we generally have three dishes)—you would not dream that these people were on the sick list of mankind. Hope is the expression of every face—despair has no place in Graeffenberg. As to the crisis—every guest here longs for a crisis. No one fears it—no one pities you if you have one—all would rather envy you, congratulate you on the success of your cure, and earnestly covet the same blessing for themselves! And the more severe the crisis, the more certain and effectual the cure. Such is the feeling respecting the crisis. It is considered the dying gasp or groan of the disease. The disease is the enemy in the system to be routed—cold water is the defender of the system, the disease the invading enemy. The enemy obtains a lodgment in the citadel—the body. Cold water seeks to drive him out—pursues him round and round the system. The enemy, now in the head, now in the chest, lungs, heart, stomach, legs, feet, hands, here and there and everywhere, seeks a refuge from his terrible foe, cold water, till he can find no more rest to the sole of his foot in the body and then he darts out through the skin, smashing right through whatever he may chance to be, and a way he goes in a crisis! and the body is saved alive and well. It is really accounted a blessing to have a powerful crisis, by all the cure guests.

Vincent Preissnitz is certainly an extraordinary man—has a countenance on which one loves to look—a man of unpretending simplicity, of quiet look and demeanor, but of dauntless resolution and unyielding firmness. If a patient puts himself under his control, and he assumes the responsibility of the case, the patient must conform. He is a man of very limited book learning—pretends to none, has none—says but little to his patients—has no theory at all—and would be probably incapable of giving a written account of his system. Cold air and cold water are the only remedies with which he attempts to combat diseases, and he does not pretend that he can cure all diseases with these. But he makes his patient work for health.—We can't sit down in an easy chair, or stretch out on a soft sofa, in a warm room, with a warm rapper gown on, and take little nice things, and be petted and comforted, and all that! No—we have to work, work, work—no rest day or night—have but little heat, and no comfort at all, comfort is unknown here, in any thing.

Our food is plentiful, but of the coarsest kind no tea, no coffee, no condiments but salt—milk and cold water to drink; dry, stale rye-bread, butter, boiled beef soup, &c. for food. To cut our rye bread is a labor of no small magnitude, and each must cut for himself; and to see Barons, Counts, Princes, Cavaliers, Priests, Generals, Doctors, and what not all mixed up together, cutting and gnawing away at this coarse food, like hungry wolves—you would suppose that the genius of famine had come forth from the desert of Sahara, and was at our table. Just at present, I have a perfect hydrophobia. I have a horror of cold water, I can't get warm! But I am told it is a good sign! Oh, dear me! Weakness, low spirits, shiverings and shakings, fever, headache, toothache, and every other ache, a good sign! Well, I know my lungs are getting well. Farewell!

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

A MORMON MISSIONARY.—Sidney Rigdon and family, have arrived at Pittsburg, where they intend to settle. He is a chief elder in the Mormon church, and has been sent from Nauvoo to the above place by a vision given to Smith.

A PETRIIFIED STUMP.—The St. Louis New Era says: "On Saturday evening we saw on the wharf a stump completely petrified. It was about one foot in diameter and nearly two feet long. It looked like an old stump taken up by the roots; the roots and the stump were solid rock. It appeared to be a silicious rock, with an admixture of iron particles; the circles to growths of the tree were visible, and in all its parts it clearly showed that it had been a stump and had become petrified. We were informed that it had been brought down the Missouri river, and that it was to be sent to New York."

A lady remarked that "carelessness was little better than a half way house between accident and design."

A WESTERN HERO.

The following historical incident, though possessing all the interest of romance, is extracted from the "History of Illinois," now in course of publication in New York. The work is from the pen of Henry Brown, Esq., of Chicago.

The pioneer who dwells in the vicinity of Indian hunting ground, forming a barrier between savage and civilized men, learns to hate the Indian because he hears him spoken of always as an enemy. Having listened from his cradle to tales of savage violence, and perused with interest the narrative of aboriginal cunning and ferocity, and numbering, also, among the victims of some midnight massacre, his nearest and dearest relations, it is not to be wondered at that he should fear and detest the savage. While the war-whoop is sounding in his ears, the rifle is kept in readiness, and the cabin door secured with the return of evening.

Among those thus born and reared, one Thomas Higgins, of Kentucky, stands preeminent. During the war of 1812 he enlisted at the early age of nineteen in a company of rangers, and came to Illinois. One of the most extraordinary events of that war occurred near Vandalia, in which Higgins participated.

Men talk of Marathon, and Thermopylae, and Waterloo, as if deeds of courage and danger were exhibited only there, without reflecting that a single ranger of Kentucky had eclipsed them all.

A little fort, or rather black-house, having been erected about twenty miles from Vandalia, late the capital of Illinois, and about eight miles south of the present village of Greenville, to protect the frontier settlements from the Indians, Lieut. Journeay and twelve men were assigned as its garrison. Of the latter, Higgins was one.

The surrounding country was at that time a continuous forest, and the little hamlet of Greenville a frontier town.

On the 29th of August, 1814, strong indications of savages being in the neighborhood were apparent, and at night a party of Indians were seen prowling about the fort.

On the morning of the 31st, before daylight, Lieut. Journeay, with the whole force under his command, sailed forth in pursuit of them; they had not proceeded far before a large party of savages—seventy or eighty in number—rose from their ambush, and at the first fire the Lieutenant and three of his men were killed and another wounded. Six returned in safety to the fort, and one (Thomas Higgins) lingered behind to have "one pull more at the enemy."

The morning was sultry. The day had not yet dawned; a heavy dew had fallen during the night, and the air being still and humid, the smoke from their guns hung like a cloud over the awful scene.

By the aid of this cloud the companions of Higgins escaped to the fort. Higgins' horse having been shot in the neck, fell upon his knees, he rose however, again. Higgins, supposing him to be mortally wounded, dismounted and was about to leave him. Perceiving soon, thereafter, his error, and that the wound was not dangerous, he determined to make good his retreat, but resolved, before doing so, to avenge the death of some of his companions.

He sought, therefore, a tree, from behind which he could shoot with safety. A small, elm scarcely sufficient to protect his body, was near. It was the only one in sight; and before he could reach it, the smoke partly arose and discovered to him a number of Indians approaching. One of them was in the act of loading his gun. Higgins having taken deliberate aim, fired at the foremost savage, and he fell. Concealed still by the smoke, Higgins reloaded, mounted his horse, and turned to fly, when a voice, apparently from the grass, hailed him with "Tom, you won't leave me, will you?"

Higgins turned immediately around, and seeing a fellow soldier by the name of Burgess lying on the ground, wounded and gasping for breath, replied: "No, I'll not leave you—come along."

"I can't come," said Burgess; "my leg is all smashed to pieces."

Higgins dismounted, and, taking up his friend, whose ankle had been broken, was about to lift him on his horse, when the latter taking fright, darted off in an instant, and left Higgins and his wounded friend behind.

"This is too bad," said Higgins; "but don't fear; you hop off on your three legs, and I'll stay behind between you and the Indians, and keep them off. Get into the tallest grass, and crawl as near the ground as possible." Burgess did so, and escaped.

The smoke which had hitherto concealed Higgins, now cleared away, and he resolved, if possible, to retreat. To follow the track of Burgess was most expedient. It would, however, endanger his friend.

A small thicket, in which he had sought refuge, he discovered a tall portly savage near by, and two others in a direction between him and the fort. He paused for a moment, and thought if he could separate, and fight them singly, his case was not so desperate.

He started, therefore, for a little run of water hard by, but found one of his limbs failing him—having been struck by a ball in the first encounter, of which, till now, he was scarcely conscious.

The largest Indian pressed close upon him—and Higgins turned round two or three times in order to fire. The Indian halted and danced about to prevent his taking aim. Higgins saw it was unsafe to fire at random; and perceiving two others approaching, knew he must be overpowered in a moment, unless he could dispose of the forward Indian. He resolved, therefore, to halt and receive his fire. The Indian raised his rifle, and Higgins, watching his eye, turned suddenly as his finger pressed the trigger, and received the ball in his thigh, which otherwise would have pierced his body.

Higgins fell, but rose immediately, and ran. The foremost Indian, certain of his prey, now loaded again, and with the other two pressed on. They overtook him—Higgins fell again, and as he rose the whole three fired, and he received all their balls. He now fell and rose again; and the Indians throwing away their guns, advanced upon him with spears and knives. As he presented his gun at one or the other, each fell back.

"At last, the largest Indian, supposing Higgins' gun to be empty from his fire having been thus reserved, advanced boldly to the charge. Higgins fired, and the savage fell."

"He had now four bullets in his body—an empty gun in his hand—two Indians unharmed, as yet, before him—and a whole tribe a few yards distant. Any other man but Higgins would have despaired. Napoleon would have acknowledged himself defeated; Wellington, with all his obstinacy, would have considered the case as doubtful—and Charles of Sweden have regarded it as one of peril. Not so with Higgins. He had no notion of surrendering yet. He had slain the most dangerous of the three; and having little to fear from the others; he began to load his rifle. They raised a savage whoop, and rushed to the encounter; they had kept at a respectful distance when Higgins' rifle was loaded, but when they knew it was empty they were better soldiers."

"A bloody conflict now ensued. The Indians stabbed him in several places. Their spears, however, were but thin poles, hastily prepared for the occasion, and bent whenever they struck a rib or a muscle. The wounds they made were not therefore deep; though numerous as his scars sufficiently tested.

"At last one of them threw his tomahawk. It struck him upon the cheek, passed through his ear, which it severed, laid bare the skull to the back of his head, and stretched him upon the prairie. The Indians again rushed on; but Higgins, recovering his self-possession, kept them off with his feet and hands; grasping at length one of their spears, the Indian, in attempting to pull it from him, raised Higgins up, who taking his rifle, smote the nearest savage and dashed out his brains. In doing so, however, his rifle broke, the barrel only remaining in his hand.

"The other Indian who had hitherto fought with caution, came now manfully into the battle, his character as a warrior was in jeopardy. To have fled from a man thus wounded and disarmed, or to have suffered his victim to escape, would have tarnished his fame forever.

"Uttering, therefore, a terrific yell, he rushed on, and attempted to stab the exhausted ranger; but the latter warded off his blow with one hand, and brandished his rifle barrel with the other.

"The Indian was as yet unharmed, and under existing circumstances by far the most powerful man. Higgins' courage, however, was unexhausted, and inexhaustible. The savage at last began to retreat, from the glare of his untamed eye, to the spot where he left his rifle. Higgins knew if the Indian recovered that, his own case was desperate; throwing therefore his rifle barrel aside, and drawing his hunting knife, he rushed upon his foe. A desperate strife ensued; deep gashes were inflicted on both sides. Higgins, fatigued, and exhausted by the loss of blood, was no longer a match for the savage. The latter succeeded in throwing his adversary from him, and went immediately in pursuit of his rifle. Higgins at the same time rose and sought for the gun of the other Indian. Both, therefore, bleeding and out of breath, were in search of arms to renew the combat.

"The smoke had now passed away, and a large number of Indians were in view. Nothing, it would seem, could now save the gallant ranger. There was, however, an eye to pity, and an arm to save; and that arm was a woman's!

"The little garrison had witnessed the whole combat. It consisted of but six men and one woman; that woman was of herself a host—a Mrs. Purseley. When she saw Higgins contending, single-handed, with a whole tribe of savages, she urged the rangers to attempt his rescue. The rangers objected, as the Indians were ten to one. Mrs. Purseley, therefore, snatched a rifle from her husband's hand, and declaring that 'so fine a fellow as Tom Higgins should not be lost for want of help,' mounted a horse, and sallied forth to his rescue. The men, unwilling to be outdone by a woman, followed at full gallop—reached the spot where Higgins lay, and before the Indians came up; and when she fell, she with whom he had been engaged was looking for his rifle, his friends lifted the wounded ranger up, and throwing him across a horse before one of the party, reached the fort in safety.

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"Higgins was insensible for several days; and his life was preserved only by continual care. His friends extracted two of the balls from his thigh; two, however, yet remained—one of which gave him a great deal of pain."

"Hearing afterward that a physician had settled within a day's ride of him, he determined to go and see him. The physician (whose name is spared) asked him \$50 for the operation. This Higgins flatly refused, saying it was more than a half year's pension. On reaching home, he found the exercise of riding had made the ball disengage; he requested his wife, therefore, to hand him his razor. With her assistance he deliberately laid open his thigh, until the edge of the razor touched the bullet; then inserting his two thumbs into the gash, he flung it out," as he used to say, "without costing him a cent." The other ball yet remained; it gave him, however, but little pain, and he carried it with him to his grave.

"Higgins died in Fayette county, Illinois, a few years since. He was the most perfect specimen of a frontier man in his day, and was once door-keeper of the House of Representatives in Illinois."

DR. FRANKLIN IN A NEW CHARACTER.—Dr. Durbin, in his "Observations in Europe," vol. 1, page 93, gives a literal French copy of a curious original *billet doux* of the illustrious philosopher to Madame Helvetius, which he met with the Royal Library at Paris. The French has been pronounced execrable. The translation is as follows:

"Mr. Franklin never forgets any party where Madame Helvetius is to be. He even believes that if he were engaged to go to Paradise this morning, he would make supplication to be permitted to remain on earth until half past one o'clock, to receive the embrace which she has been pleased to promise him upon meeting at the house of M. Turgot."

Only think of Poor Richard writing in such a strain as that!

"Oh, love, love—love is like a dizziness; It wina let a pair body gang about his business."

even though he be 'engaged to go to paradise."

"This," says Dr. Durbin, "is the same Mad. Helvetius, widow of the atheistical philosopher, who so horrified Mrs. Adams by her freedoms with Franklin at a dinner party in Paris, as well as by her 'dirty silk handkerchief, and dirty gauze.'"—Mrs. Adams' letters, vol. ii.

SAVING TIME.—A clergyman, who had considerable of a farm, was generally the case in our forefathers' days, went out to see one of his laborers, who was ploughing in the field, and he found him sitting upon the plough, resting his team.

"John," said he, "would it not be a good plan for you to have a stub scythe here, and be hub-bing a few bushes while the oxen are resting?"

John, with a countenance which might well have become the clergyman himself, instantly replied—

"Would it not be well, sir, for you to have a swingling board in the pulpit, and when they are singing, to swingle a little flux?"

The reverend gentleman turned on his heel, laughed heartily, and said no more about hub-bing bushes.

A late writer describing a village dance says, "The gorgeous strings of glass beads now glisten on the beaving bosoms of the village belles. Like butter and lasses resting on the delicate surface of warm apple dumplings."

A man "out west" was terribly trounced by his wife because he took his cap, overcoat, and boots out of her bundle, just as she wanted to put it on. It is to be presumed, that he'll not meddle with it again.

VERY GOOD.—A jolly jack tar, rolling about Commercial st. in Baton, enquired what the Democratic nomination was. "Polk and Dallas," said a bystander. "Polk and Dallas!" said he, "that's the ticket, some thing to eat and money in the pocket!"

"Boys," said Admiral Trunton, as his feet creaked in combat with the Dutch under Admiral de Winter, "you see a severe Winter approaching. I advise you to keep a good fire."