

The Huntingdon Journal.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1855.

VOL. 20. NO. 42.

WILLIAM BREWSTER,
SAM. G. WHITTAKER, EDITORS.

Select Poetry.

WE ARE COMING, SISTER MARY.

There is a beautiful superstition among the negroes, that just previous to the death of any person, particularly if that person be good, beautiful and religious, the Spirits of heaven and angels from paradise form a band, and sing heavenly melodies beneath the window.—The following beautiful lines express this belief. We think we never read anything more touching.

On a stormy night in Winter,
When the winds blow cold and wet,
I heard some strains of music
That I never can forget,
I was sleeping in the cabin
Where lived Mary, fair and young,
When a light shone in the window,
And a band of singers sang—
We are coming sister Mary,
We are coming by-and-by;
Be you ready, sister Mary,
For the time is drawing nigh.
I tried to call my Mary,
But my tongue would not obey
'Till the song so strange had ended,
And the singers flew away.
Then I woke her from her slumber,
And told her of my waking;
But I could not guess the meaning
Of the song I heard them sing.
When the next night came, I heard them,
And the third night too they sang,
When I sat beside the pillow
Of my Mary fair and young,
As I watched I heard a rustling,
Like the rustling of a wing;
And beside my Mary's pillow,
Very soon I heard them sing:—
Then again I called my Mary,
But my sorrow was complete,
For I found her heart of kindness
Had forever ceased to beat;
And I now am very lonely,
From Summer round to Spring,
And I oft, in midnight slumber,
Seem to hear the same ones sing:—
We are coming, sister Mary,
We are coming by-and-by;
Be you ready, sister Mary,
For the time is drawing nigh.

A Select Tale.

THE RISING OF '73, OR THE NEGRO'S DEAD SHOT.

BY SMITH, ESQ.

(CONCLUDED.)

As he passed by the bed on which Stirling had thrown himself, his heavy chain rattled against something that gave forth a clear, ringing sound. Kennedy stooped and picked up a knife, carrying it to the narrow grating that allowed a few rays of light to enter his gloomy chamber, he to his astonishment found it to be his own hunting knife. He remembered what Stirling had said about the use of a knife, but the knife that he had left—he did not doubt that he had left it—proving to be his own, might well have astonished him.

He now began to consider again the words of Stirling, and the latter part of the sentence flashed across his mind. "Friends awaiting me at the wharf, and this knife to!" He must have seen Kit again. Now, I remember I gave him this knife to clean a few days ago. Then Edwards will be there, and some friends, for save Stirling, I who have indeed proved himself a friend, I have none in Boston, and he of course will not be there. *Narrator's*

How wearisome seemed the hours to him! He thought that night would never come, and when the subtle goddess cast her mantle upon the earth, he thought the "fair daughter of the dawn" would never more resume her diurnal course.

Eight, nine, ten, eleven, gloomily sounded the jail clock. The clock must be slow! Each hour increases to the length of the next!

A drowsiness began to creep upon the ill patient watcher, and he slept. He dreamed he was near his home in the sunny Valley of Virginia. He opened the large gate; along the well known road he loitered on foot; as he passed the slaves at work they all ran toward him, they kissed his hands they seemed to shout, yet he heard no noise, nor did he feel their kisses upon his hands. He continued his way to the house in the verandah where his parents were seated. He ran toward them; his mother rose to meet him; he clasped her in his arms, yet he felt her not. As he released her, she stooped down, and raised a chain that was attached to his ankle, looked inquiringly into his face. He was about to answer when the scene changed. He was at the foot of the scaffold; his mother was the jailor, who was knocking his chain; he ascended the scaffold; it seemed that the hangman was Stirling, whilst at a little distance he saw Grey on his knees, beseeching his life of the inexorable Governor; a clergyman advanced toward him, he started, for the face was Mary Claxton's! As the noise was ad-

justed, he saw a man that looked like Edwards beckon to him to come, and he awoke.

Big drops of agony stood on his fevered brow, his nervous fingers had left an impress on the wooden post as he clutched it in his agony.

The door of his cell opened, and the jailor entered with his scanty breakfast.

The horrors of the night before had banished all appetite, but he seized the earthen pitcher of water and drained it to the last drop.

He felt refreshed and more calm again; then lying down on his pallet, slept calmly and quietly for some hours.

When he awoke, refreshed, he found that the jailor had been there with his dinner. He searched eagerly for his knife, thinking that the jailor might have taken advantage of his deep slumber to examine him. His fears, however, were groundless—the knife was safe. He applied himself now diligently to his dinner, for he had not tasted food for twenty-four hours, and was beginning to feel faint. Eagerly he awaited the arrival of his jailor with his supper.

CHAPTER VIII.

For were even Paradise my prison,
Still would I long to leap the crystal walls.

—Dryden.

Let terror strike slaves mute,
Much danger makes great hearts resolute.

—Marston.

At length, the wished-for time arrived; the jailor entered with his supper. Kennedy grew pale, not from fear, but from excitement.

As the jailor turned his back toward him, he sprang upon him; in an instant he had thrown the wretch on the bed; pointing the knife at his throat, he whispered hoarsely in his ear—

"Stir a single muscle, speak but one word, and by the Lord of Heaven, you die that instant."

The cowardly wretch trembled like a leaf, whilst Kennedy soon found a bunch of keys in his pocket, and after several tries, at length unlocked his chain. He next disrobed his companion of his outer apparel, then gagged and bound him and with a beating heart sallied forth.

Remembering the way he came, he soon found himself opposite the inner gate; the small portion through which the jailors were in the habit of coming or going to the warden's lodge was locked; this however, was soon opened by one of the keys that Kennedy had taken from the jailor.—He saw no one in the court so he entered boldly.

Nothing was now opposed to him but the great gate; he remembered Stirling's words, and entered the house and looked around for the keys; they were not to be found. Centary to his usual custom, the warden had carried them with him on his visits to the different wards this evening. Kennedy saw the nail in the wall on which he supposed that they hung, the battered plaster corroborating his opinion.

However, Kennedy knew that soliloquizing before a nail would not set him free. He stepped out into the court, and looking up, saw to his great satisfaction that the lodge overtopped the wall by some few feet, and that a man could step from the gable window upon the wall.

"I am not lost yet," said he, gaily; "if I could only get a rope, I could easily let myself down from the wall."
The night was now fairly in, and the warden might return every minute. He opened a closet in the room, and there found a coil of strong new rope with a card attached. He had the curiosity to examine this. On it was written—"For the use of Thomas Kennedy." It was the hangman's rope, which had been brought there that morning.

"Good!" said Tom coolly. "I had some suspicions about stealing anything, but as this card says that it is for my use, I conscientiously make use of it."

So saying, he slung the coil over his shoulder, and carefully began to ascend the stairs. When he reached the third floor, he heard a tinkling noise, and then words. He listened; the noise came from the garret through which he was obliged to pass to reach the wall. Stealthily as a cat he groped his way up the dark stair case, and seeing the door slightly ajar, he looked in. He saw a man pouring out some liquor, which by the light of the lamp looked much like brandy.

"Joe, won't Jim—hic—be mad when he comes—hic—back, and find his althorp—hic—gone? O, this is glo—hic—rious; you berreblevit," said the man, smacking his lips; then rousing himself with an effort he sang a number of verses of a drinking song, only two of which Kennedy recollected:

"O, brandy is the thing for me,
Let others like Madeira,
Sherry, Port, and Burgundy;
But Brandy shall go to'er a—
Way from me whilst I have strength
To lift it my lips up to.
I am as gay as a King or Prince Regent,
Or e'en the Kaha of Timbuctoo,
So fat de lol, lol, &c.

"The door of his cell opened, and the jailor entered with his scanty breakfast.

The horrors of the night before had banished all appetite, but he seized the earthen pitcher of water and drained it to the last drop.

He felt refreshed and more calm again; then lying down on his pallet, slept calmly and quietly for some hours.

When he awoke, refreshed, he found that the jailor had been there with his dinner. He searched eagerly for his knife, thinking that the jailor might have taken advantage of his deep slumber to examine him. His fears, however, were groundless—the knife was safe. He applied himself now diligently to his dinner, for he had not tasted food for twenty-four hours, and was beginning to feel faint. Eagerly he awaited the arrival of his jailor with his supper.

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"Push off! They are not a hundred feet behind."

A vigorous push sent the light barge some twenty feet from the pier. The paddlers were got out, and when the baffled pursuers reached the wharf, the canoe was fifty yards from the shore.

Kennedy could distinguish by the light of the moon the figure of Grey; he was ordering some men into a boat.

Edwards laughed as he saw the clumsy affair push off, but he turned suddenly toward the sloop-of-war Somerset, which lay in the centre of the stream. The day had been stormy and threatening and Edwards had hoped that the night would be the same. The sky, however, was clear; the moon was high and full.

Nothing now remained for the fugitives but to paddle steadily along the shore, keeping if possible, out of the range of the Somerset's guns, and then strike boldly across for the opposite bank. One point, however, was in their favor. The sloop had not yet taken the alarm, and the cry of the sentinel still went up "All's well; and the canoe bounded unnoticed across the still water. She had now went sufficiently along the shore, and Edwards turned her bow to the opposite bank. As this manoeuvre was executed, the shrill whistle of the boatswain, and the cry of "Man the boats!" broke the silence of the night.

"Paddle for your lives, lads!" cried Edwards.

The men needed no such injunction.—The whistle had not ceased to sound when the patriots throwing aside all disguise, seized their light paddles, and under their vigorous strokes the canoe flew through the water.

Kennedy looked at the sloop. A flash from one of her ports added its lurid glare to the silvery light of the moon, and round shot came skipping from wave to wave toward them and plunging with hissing noise beyond them but missed her bow—Five more guns followed this in quick succession, but Kennedy with the better success. The report of artillery now aroused those on both banks, and many a cheer burst from the patriot side.

The boats were now manned, and the cheers of the fugitives gave place to cries of dismay, as the swift boats of the sloop darted off in pursuit. The destination of the fugitives was Charlestown. Cut off from that by the boats which were between them and the shore, the canoe was now started for Phillips' farm. Again cut off, but one place was left them, which was Sewall's Farm. The strokes of the fugitives were redoubled. The pursuers were rapidly approaching. The shore was not over a hundred yards distant but the pursuing boat, for the others had returned to the sloop, being so much for the canoe urged by the eight good oarsmen, moved two feet to their one, and was now but sixty feet astern.

Kennedy seized one of the rifles in the bottom of the canoe, and aimed it at Grey, who was seated in the stern of the boat, urging the men to the chase by the promises of reward. The ball did not reach its intended destination, but passed through the body of the bow oarsman, who with a groan dropped his oar and fell upon his shipmate. The confusion in the boat gave the fugitive a good start. Again, however, was the pursuit renewed, though Kennedy could see that the midshipman was glancing uneasily around as shots were being fired from the shore.

Grey, however took no notice of them. His face, livid with rage, as he saw his victim about to elude his grasp, was better suited for a demon than a man. He rose in the boat and fired both his pistols at Kennedy, who was still standing upright in the boat. The balls whistled harmlessly by him. The bottom of the canoe now grated on the beach, and its occupants sprung quickly upon the shore.

The pursuers were now as anxious to get away from, with perhaps one exception, as before they had been desirous to come up with them.

"To your rifles, lads!" cried Edwards, as he cocked his piece. "Green, do you take the middy, Watson you take the cockswain; Kennedy, and Kit take the two stern oarsmen; I'll take Grey. Fire!"

Four sharp reports rang through the night air. The cockswain and one of the seamen fell dead on the bottom of the boat and the middy was slightly wounded.—Grey was untouched. He seemed invulnerable. Edwards turned sharply toward Kit, who had not fired when the word was given. There was a strangeness about the slave's face that arrested the harsh word on his lip, and caused him to gaze at him with interest. The herculean figure of the black was drawn to its utmost height, and his eyes were fixed on Grey.

"It's no use tyn', M'r's Edwards," he muttered; "no one but dis chil' can kill m'r. M'r's Grey you struck me. I said I would kill ye, and I'se a-gwan to do it. De Lor' hab mercy 'pon me."

Slowly and deliberately the black raised his rifle to his shoulder and fired.—Grey clapped his hand to his forehead and fell dead. Kit had kept his word; the ball sailed through the brain.

Their comrades hastened to meet the gallant band, and three deafening cheers then arose, the windows of quiet Charlestown rattled again. They told the indomitable spirit of American freemen, significant of the future battles of Bunker Hill and Yorktown.

Few of that party slept that night.—Again and again they were made to repeat their adventures.

Tom was received by Mr. Claxton as one risen from the dead. But it was with Kit that he experienced greater pleasure. Again and again did he make him recite his last interview with her. The wretch how could he take pleasure in hastening to the griefs of a young and lovely girl?

But at last Kennedy caught a few moments repose, and dreamed of Mary Claxton and his bride and not his executioner.

CHAPTER X.

And now, fair ladies, one, and all, adieu!
Good luck, good husbands, and good-bye to you.

The morning's dawn saw Kennedy, followed by his faithful Kit, sweeping at a slashing pace along the road to Chemung.

On! on! the streets of Lexington reverberated with sounds of their horses' feet; those streets which a few days before ran with the blood of friends, foes and his own.

On! on! Concord is passed. Sigh not citizens! Your countrymen are avenging those blackened walls!

"There's Evergreen!" exclaimed Tom, joyfully.

When they had reached the base of the hill, Tom threw the bride to Kit, preferring to accompany her, so as to have time for thought, and see Mary, before she saw him.

Over the fence he sprang, and walked up through the park towards the back of the house. He reached the house unseen save by one or two servants, whom he ordered to keep silence and remain where they were.

He reached the back parlor without any further notice whatever. The large folding doors were slightly ajar, and Tom heard the voice of his sweet cousin in sad converse with her friend Hetty Graham.

"Tom looked in; wasn't it disgraceful?—The two girls were seated on the lounge, their arms thrown caressingly around each other.

Never were two girls more unlike, and yet more beautiful. Each set off the other's beauty.

Hetty Graham was the same height as her fair companion, but her face was round not oval, like Mary's. Her eyes were of a beautiful hazel, her hair was of a dark auburn; her hands small and delicate; her neck and shoulders white as alabaster; her bust was full and round, and magnificent. In this respect, if in none other, she took the palm from Mary. Around her head, binding up her auburn hair, was a small circle of ivy leaves; the color tinge of her dress admirably suited her hair. It was of a dark crimson plaid, opening down the bosom, according to the fashion of the times.

"Tom! Tom! If thy heart had not been already given, or rather taken, thou wouldst not let thy friend George Edwards carry off such a lovely prize without a contest.

"Hetty," said Mary, "my grief would be less could I but recall those unfeeling words I spoke just before he went to the fight; it was the last time I saw him, and now, perhaps, he may be dead!"

Poor Mary wept bitterly.

"Don't cry Molly," said Hetty, soothingly; "it served him perfectly right," she added with spirit; "the bare idea of his attempting to frighten you as he did, and when you of course would not like to see your cousin hurt, rushed toward him to assist him, I have not the slightest doubt that the vain fellow thought that you loved him more; it was one of the greatest specimens of impudence that I ever heard of."

"I'm in for it!" thought Tom. "I ought to have remembered that listeners never hear good of themselves."

The noise of Kit bringing in the horses caused both of the young ladies to run to the window.

"'Tis Kit, alone, bringing Tom's horse," gasped Mary; he is dead!"

She then threw herself on the lounge, and Hetty hastened to meet Kit, who was now close to the door.

Tom pushed the door open silently and strode into the room. He pressed his arms around the mourner's waist crying—

"Molly, is my supper ready?" She started and looked eagerly in his face, then, resting her beautiful head upon his manly breast, said, half weeping, half laughing—

"Tom! Tom! how could you frighten me so?"

Tom kissed her beautiful brow, and told her how he had—

"Well! Did I ever?" exclaimed Hetty, standing in the door way. "I always thought Mr. Kennedy, that you were the most impudent man that ever breathed, and now I know it!"

There was a marriage in Chemung about five weeks after, (by the way it was a double one.) The spectators of the ceremony, and there were many in that old church, could not decide which of the brides was the most beautiful—Hetty Edwards or Mary Kennedy. The bridal party after leaving the church returned to Evergreen, where a good substantial New England wedding breakfast was waiting for them.

Kit was in his glory. Stationed on the lawn, with a barrel of ale on the one side of him and a haunch of venison, etc., on the other, he did the honors of the lower House to perfection.

The war is over! America is free! Let us leave Massachusetts, and turn our eyes towards the beautiful Valley of Virginia. Commanding a beautiful view of the James River and the surrounding country stood the old mansion-house of Kennedy's half-hidden in the woods. It is the beginning of that most beautiful of the seasons, the Indian summer.

On the verandah of the mansion are seated four persons. Two of them, an old, benevolent looking pair, are the parents of that young man whose head is lying indolently in the lap of a young matronly-looking dame, who is passing her time over his brow. Kit, junior, son of our old friend, now awkwardly brings them a couple of letters, which upon examination are found to be directed one to Tom and the other to Mary I beg pardon for my impoliteness, I should have said, one to Mary and the other to Tom.

While they are reading them, I intend to look after those three or four children who are playing, or otherwise amusing themselves on the lawn (the baby, and such a baby, is on gran-ma's lap, making desperate efforts to seize her spectacles, encouraged in such bad behaviour, by his grandpa, who laughed heartily at each new attempt.) The two youngest of those on the lawn are engaged for they are not Chesterfield born children in that most delightful of all juvenile amusements, the horror of all nurses and the delight of all children, the manufacture of sand-pies.—The two eldest are seated on the grass, listening attentively to the tale of an elderly slave.

"And did father do that Kit? said one glancing proudly at his parent.

"Jus' Mas' Tommy I disremember the name of the battle, Mas' had fought so many, but I think it was Cowpens. It was after that fight when Gen'l Morgan rode up to him. He was a brave man, was the Gen'l."

"It is well for you, Col. Kennedy, that 'neuver (Kit meant manoeuvre) was 'cleerful. Had failed, I would have cut you down."

"The en'my would have saved you the trouble, General," said Mas', coolly.—"Kit dat was de way to talk."

"Kit!" cried his master, from the porch.

"Yes, Mas'," said Kit, approaching.

"Go and have the two breakfast rooms over the—No! confound it! The two halls over the breakfast—Not that's not it. What are you standing there grinning about, you black scamp? Don't you know that Gen. Edwards, will be here to-morrow and his wife too? Away with you, and—"

"Ki, yi, yi!" cried Kit, and he rushed into the house. In his haste he trod on puss's tail, who was taking a comfortable snooze on the rug. Not admiring such treatment, Grimalkin indented her long claws in his leg.

Kit was at peace with all the world and the rest of mankind, and so magnanimously forgave puss for his treading on her tail and vanished into the interior of the house.

"Tom," said Mary, as she folded up her letter, "did George write you anything concerning his sister in law, Margaret Graham?"

"No; he only wrote that he would be here to-morrow with one or two friends.—The note was written hastily."

"You don't know, then, that she is married?" said Mary.

"No," was the answer. "To whom?"

"Do you remember a young Englishman named Stirling, formerly a Major in the English army?"

"What! Arthur Stirling? Remember him? By Heavens! I would deserve to be hanged if I didn't mean to say that he is married, and to Maggie!"

"Even so; and that is the party that Edwards alludes to. They will be here to-morrow."

A crowd of delight came from the baby; he had got the spectacles.

Miscellaneous.

Shocking Corn.
The benefits of cutting up corn at the bottom, and before it is fully ripe, are now so generally acknowledged that there is no necessity of arguing the matter. Its economy is seen and acted upon by all, here at the North, except, it may be, those non-progressive who so love the good old ways of their fathers and grand-fathers, and who look with horror on all improvements of new-fangled notions that should be discontinued by all cold and sober men.

The method of shocking the corn in the field is perhaps the most economical—taking five rows of corn for one of shocks, or stocks, setting the shocks on the middle row. The shocks can thus be made larger or smaller to suit the fancy. Smaller ones cure quicker, and are for that reason preferable. If a good hill is taken the stalks of corn about it will help to support the shock. When it is desired to remove the shock from the field, the standing hill is quickly cut by pushing the shock partly over with the left hand, while a long knife in the right hand is thrust under the bottom and the stalks severed.

This method saves laying the corn on the ground, binding it in bundles and then lugging together the shocks,—consequently, especially if it be windy weather, one may be bothered to make the stocks stand about the hill till there is enough for a shock. To obviate this difficulty, an apparatus, or horse for shocking corn, is used, in some parts of the Eastern States. A simple one was originally described in the Boston Cultivator. It consists of a round stick, about two inches in diameter, and long enough to reach just above the ears of corn as they stand on the hill. In the lower end is inserted an iron point some eight inches in length, shaped somewhat like a large butcher knife, only much thicker. This is for the purpose of sticking it readily into the ground when in use. Close at the top end two one-inch holes are bored at right angles. Through these are thrust two rods about four feet in length. These rods must be so they will readily slip in and out. With this instrument and your corn knife, you are ready for the field.—Select your row and stick your horse where you want a shock. Then cut your corn and set in the angles of your cross sticks, which readily hold it till you have enough for your shock. Then with your wisp of straw or whatever you use for a band, bind the tops firmly together. Now to remove the horse, grasp the other end of the standard, withdraw the rods, when the standard is taken out with no further trouble.

There is this advantage in using such an apparatus—one can place the stalks more readily and as firmly in their places; is not troubled with their falling down before securing them with a band, whilst, if one wishes he can take a shock away from any hill, without any central support, and in so doing save all the trouble of binding into separate bundles. So there must be a saving of time and labor enough; even in one day's use of it to pay its costs. When it is desired to remove the corn from the field in a day or two, or a week, there must be a greater saving—beside having the corn all up in fine condition to withstand, without injury, any storm, however sudden it may arise. At such a time the saving in the value of the fodder must be no insignificant item.

T. E. W.

Sidney Smith says: "It seems necessary that great people should say some sonorous and pious saying. Mr. Pitt said something not intelligible in his last moments. G. Rose made it out to be—'Save my country, Heaven! it is the nurse on being interrogated said that he asked for barley water!'"

"The nerve which never relaxes—the eye which never blanches—the throat which never wanders—these are masters of victory."