

The Huntingdon Journal.

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

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 1, 1857.

VOL. XXII. NO. 26.

WILLIAM BREWSTER,
SAM. G. WHITTAKER, EDITORS.

Select Poetry.

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

[They have a very expressive term at the West, in speaking of a man who would be the architect of his own fortune, that he must "paddle his own canoe." A lady of Indiana has expanded the curt advice into a piece of original and sparkling verse.]

Voyager upon life's sea,
To yourself be true,
And where'er your lot may be,
Paddle your own canoe.
Never, though the winds may rave,
Falter nor look back:
But upon the darkest wave,
Leave a shining track.
Nobly dare the wildest storm,
Stem the hardest gale,
Brave of heart and strong of arm,
You will never fail.
When the world is cold and dark,
Keep an aim in view;
And toward the beacon-mark
Paddle your own canoe.
Every wave that bears you on
To the silent shore,
From its sunny source has gone
To return no more.
Then let not an hours delay
Cheat you of your due;
But while it is called to day,
Paddle your own canoe.
If your birth denied you wealth,
Lofty state and power,
Honest fame and hardy health
Are a better dower.
But if these will not suffice,
Golden gain pursue;
And to gain the glittering prize,
Paddle your own canoe.
Would you wrest the wreath of fame
From the hand of fate?
Would you write a deathless name
With the good and great?
Would you bless your fellow men?
Heart and soul imbue
With the holy task, and then
Paddle your own canoe.
Would you crush the tyrant wrong
In the world's free fight?
With a spirit brave and strong,
Battle for the right,
And to break the chains that bind
The many to the few—
To enfranchise slavish mind—
Paddle your own canoe.
Nothing great is lightly won,
Nothing won is lost;
Every good deed nobly done,
Will repay the cost.
Leave to Heaven, in humble trust,
All you will to do;
But if you succeed, you must
Paddle your own canoe.

Original.

TELL-TALE SHADOWS.

By an accidental view of "Life-like Portraits in action."

BY TALMON TOL.

"Have you ever thought what strange things shadows are?" asked a patient as I sat by the bedside. I turned, and for a moment gazed into the calm blue eyes of the speaker, with an intent and inquiring look, for the strange interrogatory somewhat astonished me. We had been conversing for an hour or more, and my patient was quite rational—whom indeed I had never found otherwise. These fine intellectual faculties had never before been impaired in the least; that strong and active mind was never delirious, even during several months of most intense suffering. Nor when the vital current had sunken to its lowest ebb, and scarcely strength enough remained to give action to the feeble lips, almost inaudible whispers proclaimed that reason still occupied her throne. And now that a favorable change had ensued, and my patient seemed to improve gradually, and in fact was being restored to ordinary health, as fast as could reasonably be expected, I was the more surprised at the strange question. That one whom I had never before known to indulge in imaginative or fictitious reveries, nor to give utterance to a frivolous expression, should ask me such a question, confused my ideas considerably for a moment. The unwelcome thought—"can my patient have taken worse so suddenly, and is already 'flighty'?" flitted through my mind for the first time. "It can not be," I said in thought, and supposing I misunderstood the expression, I asked "what said you?" As the words were repeated—"Have you ever thought what strange things shadows are?"—a smile played over his countenance, which at once dispelled my fear and quieted the singular sensation the first utterance of them caused.

My patient had often entertained me with narrations of incidents that had occurred during previous attacks of sickness and suffering, and frequently told me of the many annoyances that patients are sub-

jected to by ignorant matrons relating their superstitious and whimsical notions; and by imprudent visitors, who do and say many things that are not at all calculated to interest the afflicted, but tend to agitate or discomfort them. When I was certain I understood the remark as repeated a second time, the idea occurred to me that some one who had watched by that bedside, had perhaps been alarmed by the shadow of a ghost or hobgoblin, after hearing some old woman's story of apparitions, and that my patient—the equilibrium of whose mind I would not have believed could be disturbed by a shadow or shadows, for an instant—was about to relate the circumstance to me. Of course I answered the question negatively, for truly I could not remember that I had ever thought anything about Shadows since I was amused by the mystical representations of "rabbits on the wall," when a child.

But the reader shall learn "what strange things shadows are," from the facts as related to me, and as nearly as possible in my patient's own language; who continued: "I scarcely ever notice their pantomimic gestures witho it its bringing to mind an incident which I think too good to be lost. Being very ill at the time, so that I required the constant care of attendants, it happened one night that a lady and gentleman took station at my bedside, to keep vigils for the night, whilst the family retired.—Being restless from pain, I requested my position to be changed. My wish was no sooner made known than it was cheerfully granted by my kind watchers, who endeavored to anticipate my every want. My face was now turned towards the wall,—the candle was at the opposite side of the room. About the time I expected my attendants would resume their seats, what did I behold! Oh, horrid!—Spectres! Yes Spectres! Spectres whose sable countenances, according to tradition, could omen no good. Could it be so, or did I dream; or was it a phantom of my fevered imagination? Being of a philosophical turn of mind, I determined to watch the movements of those formidable objects in silence; at least until I was satisfied as to whether they were real or imaginary, or if they betokened any cause for alarm.—My eyes followed their actions closely, and lo! what was my surprise to see them approach, affectionately embrace, and lovingly kiss each other! Strange! awful! strange! who ever heard of ghost embracing and kissing ghost! I was at once relieved from the idea of spectres, for I was satisfied that the delusive apparition was a pair of Shadows. Nevertheless it was one of the most imposing as well as ludicrous scenes I ever witnessed. There thrown in bold relief upon the wall, was not a penumbra, but the most perfect pair of shadows I ever saw. The one being much taller than the other, a bending form, projecting nose and chin, with prominent whiskers, suggested the idea of a male shadow, and reminded me of a representation I had seen of a Hindoo at worship. The other, as if on tiptoe, with upturned face, and undoubtedly a shadow of the feminine gender, manifested about as much resistance in the act of deosulation as we may suppose Mother Eve did when Father Adam impressed upon her lips creation's morning kiss. I confess at the time, in view of my suffering, I looked upon the urchin god Cupid, as an intruder in my sick chamber. But a year afterwards, (imagine the excitement I experienced in the region of mischieffulness) when in the company of one of the parties, I related my ghost story and found it unnecessary for me to make the application. For I never before intimated to either of them, nor any other person, what those shadows told me."

Such was my patient's story of the shadows, which I give publicity with his consent. I am not in the habit of relating incidents which occur in the sick chamber; nay, I scrupulously avoid betraying the confidence reposed in me, by my patients and friends. I could, from what has come under my notice during a brief professional career, tell of many incidents, not so amusing perhaps, but exceedingly more imprudent on the part of visitors and attendants of the sick; and as all such things are likely to come to the ears of the physician, this may perhaps prove a warning to those especially who minister at the bedside of the sick and suffering, where nature and every feeling of humanity teaches that solemnity and sympathy should prevail. Beware of those ghostly forms which there, as elsewhere, make their appearance, and though mute, their mimic gestures as if trumpet-tongued, may tell what you would not have others and especially the sufferer know.

Rural Home, June, 1857.

"Whatever is, is right."

Miscellany.

TERRIBLE AND EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENON.

On Saturday afternoon very many of our citizens noted the appearance of a very remarkable formation of nebulous or cloudy substance extending from the heavens nearly to the earth, where it seemed to diminish almost to a point, but expanding gradually as it ascended, until the peculiar form was lost in the clouded sky. This remarkable and funnel like column of cloudy mist passed over the city at about four o'clock, and was remarked not only by its peculiar appearance, but by a rushing, buzzing noise, as it swept off in the direction of Deerfield.

It was watched for some moments, and people generally believed it to be a water-spout, as its conical form corresponded with all ideas of such natural phenomenon. It soon passed from sight, and was made the subject of sportive conversation for the hour, without the least just conception of what the body consisted, or its destructive power. Its effects, however, have been most wonderful, and may justly attract the attention and scrutiny of the scientific world.

The conical mass first settled to the earth a few minutes past four in Deerfield, and in an instant scattered a barn to pieces, and tore up several trees on the opposite side of the road, &c.

Mr. John Warren informs us that he was engaged in his garden and saw the approach of the cloudy object, as it threw up the trees. As its course pointed in the direction of his own house, he ran to the dwelling, caught two of his oldest children, and called to his wife to save the other three and herself by following him into the cellar. The husband had descended two or three steps with his charge, and his wife, with an infant child, and two older children, had reached the cellar door when the house was struck. The whole frame work was lifted from the stone foundation; the entire wood work above the first floor was carried some twenty feet, and then dropped in grand perfection of ruin, while the first floor with the sleepers attached, which caught on the foundation, was finally turned roof-like over the entire mass.

Mr. Warren, with two of the children, remained in the cellar enclosure, without injury; Mrs. Warren was found on the ground about ten feet from the cellar door, almost entirely stripped of her clothing, and so severely injured about her neck and body that she died within an hour of the calamity, although entirely conscious; her infant was found near by and almost entirely free from injury, yet utterly destitute of clothing; a little boy who was following his mother to the cellar is now lying unconscious from the wounds he received in the common wreck. His recovery is very doubtful; an older girl escaped without injury. The dwelling was two stories high and substantially built. In the rear of it was a barn, distant about five rods, which was literally shivered into splinters.

Next in the due southeasterly line of its course it uprooted several large trees, scattered the fences, crossed the road and demolished a large barn belonging to Mr. J. M. Budlong. This building was of recent and very substantial build, and 35 by 50 feet upon its base, yet the destructive element tore it to pieces, scattering large timbers about the fields at a distance of from five to fifteen rods, distributing various portions of the roof in different directions, and actually taking up an iron cylinder threshing machine, weighing perhaps four hundred pounds, and depositing it at least eighty feet from the barn. A man was killed without any apparent outward wound. Beyond the premises of Mr. B., for about a mile, prostrate trees and fences evidence the track of the destructive messenger. It, however, seemed to have released its hold upon the earth soon after leaving the farm of Mr. B., for it was distinctly seen to rise from the surface and dissolve its conical shape into a general cloudy form. The phenomena was followed by violent rain and wind. Two men at work in a field saw the strange apparition approach, and took to their heels, barely escaping its track as it passed on. It seemed to raise from the earth four or five minutes from the time it was first seen, and the evidences before us of destruction lie in a district not over four or five miles in extent, in a due southeasterly direction from where its first touch was felt, and in a track about fifteen rods in width. Whatever of material substance presented itself in this track was swept away, and the ruin presented is certainly fearful to behold.

Of what the destructive power was composed we are not prepared to affirm, but of its force we can truthfully attest. Huge trees were tossed from their deep-rooted resting places as readily as a gardener would pull a radish from the sandy earth; fences and even fence-posts were scattered in all directions, as if they were chips, and buildings offered no more resistance than a clapboard to a forty horse power engine. The moving mass of ruin is represented by all who saw it to have been a vapory substance; it was not accompanied by any wind or storm, but seemed an independent agency, travelling on its own account, at a speed of perhaps a mile a minute. In its motion there was a constant revolution and when it was rising this whirling peculiarity became more terrific and violent. The peculiar buzzing sound which was noticed in its passage by our citizens was also remarked by the people along its course in Deerfield and Schuylers.

The lady who was killed was about 31 years of age; the child so badly injured is about 5 years of age.—Utica Herald.

More than four-sevenths of the marriages in Massachusetts are among the foreigners. Why is it? For the most simple reasons: the foreign-born can afford to get married, and the native born cannot; and this must be, so long as our extravagant modes of life continue. In social life there never was a people tending to deeper and more destructive social corruption—and that is more evident from the records of all the Courts and the columns of all the newspapers—than Americans. Our fathers used to tell of the profligacy of Paris; their children tell of the mysteries of N. York—a city not far behind any in Europe.—And making proper allowances for size, how far is New York ahead of our other cities and towns? Once was the time when a wife was a "help meet;" now in a thousand of cases, you can change the "meet" to "eat," and make it read more truthfully.

WHO MARRY AND HAVE CHILDREN IN AMERICA.

We boast of our system of education; we have female high schools, female colleges, female medical schools, and female heavens. Our girls are refined, learned and wise; they can sing, dance, play pianos, paint, talk French and Italian, and all the soft languages, write poetry, and love like Venuses. They are ready to be courted at ten years, and can be taken from school and married at fifteen, and divorced at twenty. They make splendid shows on bridal tours, can coquette and flirt at the watering places, and shine like angels at Winter parties. But Heaven be kind to the poor wretch that marries in the fashionable circles. What are they at washing floors? Oh, we forget; nobody has bare floors now—how vulgar that would be!—What are they at making bread and boiling beef? Why, how thoughtless we are—to be sure they will board, or have servants. What are they at mending old clothes? But there we are again; the fashions change so often that nobody has old clothes but the rag-men and paper-makers now? What are they at washing babies' faces and pinning up their trousers? And here is our intolerable stupidity once more; having children is left to the Irish? What lady thinks of having children about her now? or if she is so unfortunate, don't she put them to wet-nurses to begin with, and boarding-schools afterwards? We repeat we have come to a point where young men hesitate and grow old before they can decide whether they can marry, and afterwards keep clear of bankruptcy and crime. What is the consequence? There are more persons living a single life—there more leading a virtuous life! It is time for mothers to know that the extravagance they encourage is destructive of the virtue of the children; that all the foolish expenditures making to rush their daughters to matrimony, are, instead of answering that end, tending to destroy the institution of marriage altogether.

How to Select Flour.—1. Look at its color; if it is white, with a slightly yellowish or straw-colored tint, it is a good sign. If it is very white, with a blueish cast, or with black specks in it, the flour is not good. 2. Examine its adhesiveness; wet and knead a little of it between the fingers; if it works dry and elastic, it is good; if it works soft and sticky, it is poor.—Flour made from spring wheat is likely to be sickly. 1. Throw a little lump of dry flour against a dry, perpendicular surface; if it falls like powder, it is bad. 4. Squeeze some of the flour in your hand; if it retains the shape given it by the pressure, that too is a good sign. Flour that will stand all these tests is safe to buy. These modes were given by old flour-dealers, and we make no apology for printing them, as they pertain to a matter that concerns every body, namely, the quality of that which is the staff of life.—Ohio Farmer.

Emperor and Artist.

One David painted for the English Marquis of Douglas a standing portrait of Napoleon or the size of life. He was accustomed to paint the imperial features without requiring Napoleon's personal attendance. The Emperor, therefore, knew nothing of this portrait till it was brought one day to the Tuilleries for his inspection. It represented his Majesty in his cabinet as he had risen from his desk after a night spent in writing—a circumstance indicated by candles burning in their sockets.—Those who had seen it considered it, as far as the head and features were considered, the most perfect resemblance that had yet been obtained.

Napoleon was delighted with it, and eagerly complimented David. "Still," said he, "I think that you have made my eyes rather too weary; this is wrong for painting at night does not fatigue me; on the contrary it rests me, I am never as fresh in the morning as when I have disposed sleep. Who is this portrait for? Who ordered it? It was not I, was it."

"No, sire, it is intended for the Marquis of Douglas."

"What, David?" returned the emperor scowling. "It is to be given to an Englishman?"

"Sire, he is one of your Majesty's greatest admirers, and is, perhaps, the most sincere living appreciator of French artists."

"Next to me," replied Napoleon tartly, after a moment, he added, "David, I will buy the portrait myself."

"Sire it is already sold."

"David, I desire the portrait, I say, I will give thirty thousand francs for it."

Your Majesty, I cannot change its destination," said David, indicating by a descriptive gesture, that he had already been paid.

"David," exclaimed Napoleon, this portrait shall not be sent to England, do you hear? I will return your Marquis his money."

"Surely your majesty would not dishonor me?" stammered the artist, at the same time noticing that the Emperor, having exhausted persuasion, was preparing for active interference.

"No, certainly; but what I will not do either, is to allow the enemies of France to possess me in their country, even on canvas." So saying, he directed a sturdy, kick at the painting, and the imperial foot passed vigorously through it.—Without a word, he quitted the apartment, leaving a wonder stricken audience behind him. David had the picture carried back to his studio, and subsequently mended and restored it, and forwarded it to its owner. It is likely that the merit of the portrait, as a work of art and as a likeness is now somewhat lost in the superior attractions of the patched rent, and that it is considerably greater as a memento of his Majesty's wrath than as a specimen of the skill of his artist in ordinary.—Goodrich's Court of Napoleon.

Wants to get Dated Back.

On a beautiful afternoon last fall a young couple from an adjoining town came down to our village, stopped at one of the hotels, sent out for a clergyman and were married. The young man paid the fee, took a marriage certificate, and they left the hotel a happy couple. A few days since the happy couple called upon the clergyman with his certificate, and wished to get it dated back.

"How far back do you wish it dated?" inquired the clergyman.

"Why, as near as we can calculate, about a couple of months," replied the young man.

This the clergyman seemed to decline doing, but the young man wished he would "as he had rather give five dollars than not to have it dated back." The clergyman regretted the necessity of dating back the certificate, and was very sorry he could not comply with his wishes; so the young man left with his \$5 and marriage certificate, the latter being "as near as they could calculate, about a couple of months too short."—Havanna Journal.

Drawing a Pension.

"Well, my lad, where are you traveling this stormy weather alone?" asked an inquisitive landlord, in the north of Vermont during the last war, of a small lad, whose father was engaged in smuggling, and had sent him, young as he was, with an important message in advance of the party.

"Going to draw my pension," was the reply.

"Pension!" echoed the astonished landlord. "What does so small a boy as you draw a pension for?"

"Minding my own business, and letting that of others alone."

The landlord smiled.

A Hard Case.

Poor people have a hard time in this little world of ours. Even in matters of religion there is a vast difference between Lazarus and Dives, as the following anecdote will illustrate:

Old Billy G—— had attended a great revival, and in common with many others he was "converted" and baptised. Not many weeks afterwards one of his neighbors met him reeling home from the court ground with a considerable brick in his hat.

"Hello, uncle Billy," said a friend, "I thought you had joined the church."

"So I did," answered uncle Billy, making a desperate effort to stand still—so I did, Jeems, and would a bin a good Baptist if they had't treated me so everlasting mean at that water. Didn't you ever hear 'bout it Jeems?"

"Never did."

"Then I'll tell 'bout it. You see, when we come to the baptizing place, that was me and old Jonks, the old squire was to be dipped at the same time. 'Well, the minister tuck the 'squire in fust, but I didn't mind that much, as I thought it would be just as good when I cum, so he led him in, and after dippin under he raised him up mighty keeful, and wiped his face and led him out. 'Then cum my turn, and instead of lifting me out like he did the 'squire, he gave me one slish, and left me crawling' about on the bottom like a d—d mud turtle!"

Babies on Sight and Demand.

Judge G——, a well known, highly respected Knickerbocker, on the shady side of fifty, a widower with five children—full of fun and frolic, ever ready for a joke—to give or take, was bantered the other evening by a Miss of five and twenty, for not taking another wife; she urged that he was hale and hearty and deserved a messmate. The Judge admitted the fact; and acknowledged that he was convinced by the eloquence of his fair friend that he had been thus far very remiss, expressed contrition for the fault, confessed an ending by offering himself to the lady, telling her she could not certainly reject him after pointing out his heinous offence.

The lady replied that she would be most happy, but there was one, and to her a serious obstacle.

"Well says the Judge, 'name it.'"

"Ah? Judge, this is beyond your power. I have vowed if I ever marry a widower, he must have ten children!"

"Ten children! Oh! that's nothing," says the Judge, "I'll give you five now and my notes on demand in installments for the balance."—Fact!

The Printing Office.

The following from an Eastern paper, is sensible to the last, and deserves a wide circulation:

"A printing office is like a school it can have no interlopers, hangers-on or twaddlers, without a serious inconvenience to say nothing of lost time, which is just as much gold to the printer, as if metallicly glittering in his hand. What would be thought of a man who would enter a school, and twaddle first with the teacher, and then with the scholars; interrupting the studies of one, and breaking the discipline of the other? And yet, this is the effect of the loafer in the printing office. He seriously interferes with the course of business, distracts the fixed attention which is necessary to the good printer, and the interest of every establishment.—No real man ever sacrifices the interest or interferes with the duties of others. The loafer does both. Let him think, if thought he ever has, that the last place he should ever insinuate his worthless, unwelcome presence into, is the printing office."

Poetical and Practical.

An editor and his wife were walking out in the bright moonlight one evening. Like all editor's wives she was of an exceedingly poetical nature, and said to her mate, "Notice that moon—how bright and calm and beautiful."

"Couldn't think of noticing it," returned the editor, for anything less than the usual rates—a dollar and fifty cents for twelve lines or less."

Sulphur in Apple Trees.—A friend of ours once had an apple tree whose fruit always fell to the ground while small. Out of six bushels, he gathered not a half dozen good apples. On reflection he decided to give the tree sulphur. He bored a hole in the tree about eighteen inches from the ground; the hole was just one inch in diameter, and three inches deep. He put about a table-spoonful of sulphur into the hole, and plugged it tight, with a pine plug. The next year the apples were nearly all good. He thinks that the withering of the fruit was caused by insects, and they do not like the sulphur with which the tree becomes impregnated.

For the Huntingdon Journal.

A SONNET, TO MISS V.

"Terre vivere anem, tecum obeam libous."—Hos.

There is a beauty that pervades all time,
Caught and reflected from a heaven we're
lost,
Which on each wave of mind, though ocean
Strews priceless gems, with brilliancy divine.
These on a balmy morn in June did shine
From out the case of thoughts, which gau-
ged with light,

Shone in the morning ray as Hoay's at night
With more than usual joy; when with design
More glorious still, they joined in a sweet form,
Of loveliness, which now doth all control;
Bids music flow from calm or darkest storm.
With wand celestial touches every thought,
Till all with melody divine is fraught—
For is not love the music of the soul.

AMANS INDOGENUS.
Coffee Ran, June 22, 1857.

How to Destroy Caterpillars on Trees.

—Having observed several methods of destroying the caterpillars that infest apple trees in the spring, such as rubbing them off, burning with shavings, cotton and turpentine, &c., I am induced to give you the simple and perfectly effectual method practiced here. Take common soft soap and thin it with water so that it will not slip off the brush, and a person may stand upon the ground and apply it to the nests with a common painter's brush inserted in a hole bored through one end of a long strip, and all that it touches it will instantly kill. If applied while the nests are small, very few will escape the first application. After the worms are larger, it is equally efficacious, but much more difficult to apply thoroughly.

Any thin oil mixed with spirits of turpentine, is equally destructive to the worms, but the soap is less injurious to the trees, S. L. Manchester, Conn.—Country Gentleman.

ABOUT BEES.—A swarm of bees in their natural state contains from 10,000 to 20,000 of the insects, while in hives they number from 30,000 to 40,000. In square foot of honey comb there are about 9000 cells.

A queen bee lays her egg, for fifty or sixty consecutive days, laying about 500 daily. It takes three days to hatch each egg. In one season a single queen bee hatches about 160,000 bees. It takes 5,000 bees to weigh a pound.

To Preserve Eggs.—Put into a tub or pan one bushel of quick lime, two pounds and a half of salt, and a pound of cream of tartar. Mix the same together with as much water as will reduce the composition to that consistency as to cause an egg to swim with its top just above the liquid. then put and keep the eggs therein, which will preserve them perfectly sound at least two years.

Grapes.—Place a bone in the earth, near the root of a grape, and the vine will send out a leading root directly to the bone. In its passage, it will send out no fibres—but when it reaches the bone, the root will immediately cover it with the most delicate fibres, like lace, each one seeking a pore of the bone. On this bone, the vine will continue to feed as long as any nutriment remains to be exhausted.

Fall Turnips.—It is too soon to put these in; but not too soon for you to be providing manure for them. And here let us say to you that this crop always prospers best when two ploughs are given to the ground.

The time for sowing the seed will be about the 25th of July.

CURES FOR FELONS ON THE FINGER.

The Scientific American says: "The past year we have known the spinal marrow of an ox or a cow applied to three different persons with the most satisfactory results, in relieving pain and securing cures of their felons. The spinal marrow should be applied every four hours for two days."

"Will you take this woman to be your wedded wife?" asked an Illinois magistrate to the masculine of a couple who stood before him. "Wall, squire, you must be a ternal green hand to ask me such a question as that ar. Do you think that I'd be such a plaguey fool as to go to the bar hunt and take this ar gal from the quiltn' frolic, if I wasn't honscriptuously sartain and determined to have her!—Drive on with your business, and don't ax foolish questions."

B—— who has since made quite a noise in the world while at college was called upon to undergo an examination in astronomy. On emerging from the ordeal, one of his companions asked him how he got off? First rate said B—— they only asked me two questions, and I answered them promptly and correctly. "What were the questions?" "The first was, 'What is a paralax?' and I told them I don't know! and the second one was, 'Can you calculate an eclipse?'—to which I said no! I'd like to see anybody answer two questions more correctly than that."