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JOSEPH WRIGHT,

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Dr. Mussigbrod can be found at the Drug Store of S. W. Langhorne; Dr. Monroe at the Drug Store of S. H. Osborne. [August 29, 1872.

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HISTORICAL SKETCH OF KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY.

In the year 1855 JOHN B. BOWMAN, of Mercer County, Kentucky, while quietly pursuing his profession as a farmer, conceived the plan of founding in his native state a University *for the people*. Appreciating the necessity of more liberal provisions in the way of education, both general and professional, than were presented in the South and West, he resolved, though a young man, to devote himself to the founding and upbuilding of an Institution that should be especially accessible to the *poor young men* of the country. His main object was to reach the masses who, for the most part, were virtually debarred the privilege of a liberal education in consequence of the heavy expense attending most of the American colleges.

From the beginning Mr. Bowman's plans were liberal and comprehensive; and, though they were regarded by many as the chimera of a young man, he never seemed to doubt for a moment their ultimate realization. His purpose, in a word, was to establish a UNIVERSITY, in its full and true sense, on a *Modern, American,* and *Christian* foundation. In one of his earliest addresses to the public he expressed his views and intentions as follows:

"Why should we not be as progressive in the cause of education as in our industrial and commercial enterprises; and why should we be dependent upon New England or Old England for our best educational facilities when we are so rich in ability to have our own, and when our wants in this respect are so varied and pressing? It is true that we have scattered all over the West and South scores of unendowed, half-starved, sickly, puny institutions called Colleges and Universities, many indeed of which have their huge piles of brick, stone, and mortar, making an imposing show; but how many of them, in the way of Endowments, Scholarships, Libraries, Museums, and *literary and scientific men*—the *true* apparatus of an education—are prepared to furnish to our young men such a liberal education as the times and the peculiar circumstances of our age and country demand? And, above all, how few secure and enforce that effective discipline which at the same time is conservative of good morals and productive of good scholars? It is to be confessed and regretted that while our march has been onward and upward in many respects we have been lacking in this, and have as yet to be considered as empirics; so much so that it is a problem not solved whether Colleges are a curse or a blessing. While then we have no spirit of antagonism to any other institution, but are kind and catholic in feeling to all, we would not be deemed arrogant in proposing to build upon a more modern basis an Institution equal to any in America—an Institution for young *men* instead of *boys*, with a high grade of scholarship, and which, especially in its Ministerial, Normal, Scientific, and Agricultural Departments, will meet the wants of our young giant West. For it does seem that, as the 'Star of Empire' is moving onward and westward, there is opened up a special missionary field for the Minister, Teacher, educated Farmer and Mechanic. We only propose, in our day and generation, to lay the *foundation* of such an Institution, with the full hope and confidence that others to come will build upon and perfect the superstructure."

In a report to the Curators he says:

"I have but one desire in all this matter; I want to see accomplished through this Institution the greatest good to the greatest number of our poor fallen race, thus giving the greatest glory to God. I want to build up a *people's* Institution, a *great, free* University, eventually open and accessible to the poorest boy in the land, who may come and receive an education, practical and suitable for any business or profession in life. I want to cheapen this whole matter of education, so that, under the broad, expansive influence of our republican institutions and our advancing civilization, it may run free as our great rivers, and bless the coming millions. Hitherto our Colleges and Universities have been accessible only to the few, so great are the expenses attending them. We want ample grounds, and buildings, and libraries, and museums, and endowments, and prize-funds, and professors of great hearts and heads, men of faith and energy. Indeed we want everything which will make this Institution equal to any on this continent. Why should we not have all? I believe there are noble men enough all over this land who will give us the means which God has given *them*, if we will only move forward to the work before us like true men."

In order to further these liberal views, he proposed to raise, simply as the *foundation* of the enterprise, an endowment fund of not less than *half a million of dollars*; and in order to secure this amount he devised a financial scheme novel in its details and successful in its operations, as the sequel proved. This scheme deserves particular mention, for it not only secured the immediate object in view, but at the same time identified the people in interest and sympathy with the Institution, and gave it in its infancy a patronage and a moral and pecuniary support which at once secured its success. The notes for money subscribed were made payable in easy instalments, and when collected the principal was safely invested. A certificate of stock was issued to each subscriber, with coupons attached, bearing value equal to one year's tuition, and made transferable. The coupons were redeemable in tuition only, so that the stock, without interest, would be gradually refunded to the subscriber. Thus, while the capital subscribed was refunded in the form of tuition, it remained in the form of cash as the permanent endowment, the interest of which would pay the expenses of the Institution. In the course of a few years the coupons would all be redeemed, and the endowment and tuition funds would be free and unincumbered.

It was the policy of Mr. Bowman to found the proposed University on the ruins of Bacon College, an institution which, after flourishing for a few years under one of the ablest Faculties in the West, failed at last for want of sufficient endowment. Gathering up the wreck of this College, his own Alma Mater, Mr. Bowman, seconded by a few liberal-hearted citizens of Mercer in the inauguration of the enterprise, abandoned all the comforts of a pleasant home, and in the winter of 1856, with a firm reliance on Divine Providence began his labors.

Without the usual heraldry of the pulpit and the press, and without the prestige of a name known to fame, and in the face of a strong and decided prejudice against Colleges then prevalent in Kentucky, and amid the doubts and discouragements of friends, he made his appeal to the people. They responded with a degree of liberality unexpected, and indeed unprecedented in the State. In one hundred and fifty days of actual labor he obtained subscriptions to the amount of $150,000, which sum he soon increased to $200,000 a large proportion of which was secured in notes of $500 and $1,000, mainly from the substantial farmers of Central Kentucky.

Thus the Institution was founded, not by large donations and bequests of a few wealthy individuals, but but by the active co-operative benevolence of the many donors who pledged their means and extended their sympathies to Mr. Bowman in carrying out the great work of his life. As soon as the sum of $150,000 had been secured by Mr. Bowman, he called a meeting of the donors and other friends of the enterprise at Harrodsburg, in May, 1857, for the purpose of counsel and co-operation in regard to the early organization of the University. This meeting was fully attended, was harmonious in action and most favorable in results. It was important as having recognized the contemplated University as the property of the people at large, who had subscribed the money. They divested it of all local character, and suggested such provisions in the proposed charter as would give the donors a perfect representation in the board of Curators. In accordance with their suggestions, and his own plans and purposes, Mr. Bowman drafted a liberal charter, which was granted by the Legislature in February, 1858, incorporating Kentucky University.

During the year 1858 and 1859 the work of endowment was earnestly prosecuted. The actual investment having reached about $100,000, it was deemed expedient to organize one of the Colleges of the University. Accordingly, the College of Arts was opened in September, 1859, under the presidency of R. Milligan, assisted by an able corps of Professors. Nearly two hundred students were in attendance the first session. This Department of the University having thus been successfully organized, Mr. Bowman next addressed himself with renewed energy to the work of supplying the Institution with necessary Apparatus, Buildings, etc. He soon raised a sufficient sum to purchase a fine suit of Chemical and Philosophical Apparatus, which he secured for the Institution on most favorable terms. He also made an earnest effort to secure grounds and buildings adapted to the demands of a great University.

One of the most beautiful and healthful sites for an Institution in the State of Kentucky was the famous Harrodsburg Springs, for many years one of the most popular resorts in the West. These grounds, with their elegant and extensive buildings, had been purchased by the United States Government as the site of the Western Military Asylum; but they were now abandoned, for the fire had consumed the main edifice. This place, containing about two hundred acres of land, Mr. Bowman determined to secure. After repeated visits to Washington, he finally obtained the passage of a bill ordering it to be sold. In anticipation of the day of sale, he went to work and raised the sum of fifty thousand dollars for the specific purpose of buying it. But through the interference of parties who desired to secure the property as a fashionable summer resort, his efforts to purchase it were defeated, and the notes of the subscribers were surrendered. He thus had the mortification to see the spacious eligible grounds and buildings, on which he had long set his heart as the site of a great University, pass, by means of an opposing and inferior interest, for ever from his hands.

To increase his embarrassments as the founder and financier of the University, the war, with all its social and commercial distractions, came on. The work of increasing the endowment was necessarily suspended, but his labors as Treasurer were more delicate and onerous. He continued to collect and invest the funds subscribed; he received and disbursed the interest thereon, and kept all the accounts of the Institution. He watched with a vigilant eye every pecuniary interest through all the crushing storm of war. Not a dollar was lost, and not a week's suspension of College exercises occurred during this period, although opposing armies were encamped around, and the buildings were subsequently taken as hospitals for the sick and the wounded. It is proper to add that all this labor was performed by him, as indeed all other labor from the beginning, not only without charge, but at the sacrifice of his own pecuniary interests.

But the necessity for buildings grew daily more and more urgent. The failure to obtain these at Harrodsburg created a lively sympathy abroad, and all the necessary grounds and buildings were offered if the institution could be removed. But it was suggested that the old edifice at Bacon College could be repaired and enlarged, and made to meet all the reasonable wants of the University. This idea the friends at Harrodsburg generally favored, when a spark from a defective flue fell upon the building, and fanned by a dry February wind, it soon wrapped the pile in flames, and all that remained of the building, apparatus and library was a heap of smouldering ruins. This disaster imposed upon the Board of Curators the necessity for immediate action. They forthwith convened, and all eyes were turned to Mr. Bowman.

The Trustees of Transylvania University, at Lexington, at this crisis intimated a willingness to convey the grounds and buildings of that institution to the Curators of Kentucky University, on the condition of its removal to Lexington. Citizens of Louisville also manifested a desire to have the Institution located in that city. Covington also presented a claim. The Board, however, not agreeing in this exigency, resolved to leave the whole question of removal and location to a Committee, with Mr. Bowman as Chairman. It was ordered, however, that if the Committee should decide to remove the Institution, an act authorizing the removal should be first passed by the Legislature, that everything might be done legally. The Board in the mean time resolved that the Institution ought to be removed from Harrodsburg.

Accordingly, Mr. Bowman called the Committee together at Frankfort in January, 1075. While there, the proposition of Congress to grant to Kentucky 330,000 acres of land for the purpose of agricultural and mechanical education unexpectedly came up for consideration. The state, with a heavy debt upon her, in the midst of the war, was not prepared to accept the grant with the conditions imposed, and the munificent provision of Congress seemed likely to be lost to Kentucky. Propositions to accept the grant and furnish the necessary grounds and buildings, and thus meet the conditions of this new and difficult educational problem, were invited by the Legislature. But a favorable response was not received from any quarter. At this juncture Mr. Bowman, believing that his own plans and efforts in behalf of education were in strict accordance with the highest interests of the state, came forward, and on his own individual responsibility proposed to consolidate into one great Institution the University at Harrodsburg, Transylvania University, and the Agricultural College, and to locate the whole at Lexington. He further proposed, if this consolidation should be effected, to provide an experimental farm and all the requisite buildings, and to furnish gratuitous instruction to three hundred students, to be selected by the state; and he furthermore guaranteed that the Board of Curators would carry out, in the Agricultural Department, the intent of the Act of Congress encouraging the education of the industrial classes.

A bill to this effect was accordingly drawn up, and after a long and animated discussion in the General Assembly it was passed by a large majority; and Kentucky University was removed to Lexington; the grounds, buildings, and endowment of Transylvania University were formally transferred to the Board of Curators; and the State Agricultural College was made a part of the University. The capital of the Institution now exceeded half a million dollars.

In order to perfect his scheme, Mr. Bowman had obligated himself to raise one hundred thousand dollars with which to purchase an experimental farm and a site for the buildings requisite for the several Colleges of the University. He at once removed to Lexington and begun his work, and before the Legislature adjourned he reported to that body that he had secured from the citizens of Lexington over one hundred thousand dollars.

At their annual meeting in June, 1865, the Curators formally ratified his action and ordered that Kentucky University be opened in Lexington in October following.

At the same meeting Mr. Bowman presented a plan of organization for the University, embodying his own conception of an enterprise for which he had been laboring ten years, and for the perfection of which he proposed to give his remaining years. This plan, which embraces the best features of the leading Colleges and Universities of the country, besides those which are peculiar to itself, was thoroughly discussed and fully adopted by the Board, and in accordance therewith four of the Colleges have been fully organized, and are now under successful operation.

During the year 1866 Mr. Bowman purchased for the permanent site of Kentucky University with its various Colleges "Ashland," the homestead of HENRY CLAY, and the adjoining estate of "Woodlands," which extends within the limits of the city of Lexington. The entire tract contains four hundred and thirty-three acres of land, unsurpassed for beauty and fertility. It is now the seat of the Agricultural and Mechanical College.

Under these favorable circumstances, the University has entered upon its career of usefulness with greatly increased facilities, and with the assurance that its founder, now its Regent, will labor on for the full development and perfection of his plan. It is confidently believed that, with its superior advantages of location, its splendid basis in the way of endowment and real estate, its able faculties, and its moral and social surroundings, Kentucky University is destined, under Providence, to exert a mighty influence upon the educational interests of the Valley of the Mississippi.

NASHVILLE, Nov. 6.

The full vote of Nashville is 2.815 for Grant; 2.912 for Greeley; 2.259 for Johnson for Congressman at Large; Maynard, 2.513; Cheatham, 1.068. The Republicans elect a Senator for Nashville, and divide the county, beating Jno. Overton, the Democratic nominee, and elect two members of the Legislature, one of them being colored. The election of Harrison, Rep., for Congress from the 5th district is conceded. The returns from fifty-five towns and precincts, embracing every division of the State, gives Maynard 13,767, Cheatham 10,051, and Johnson 5,471, thereby indicating Maynard's election.

HALF AN HOUR WITH A MAD MAN.

It is not at all a pleasant thing to be locked in a room alone with a violent madman, especially if he should happen to be armed with a long, sharp knife, and you yourself are altogether destitute of means of defense. Yet such was once my case; and the reader may, perhaps, be somewhat interested in learning how such an awkward adventure came to pass.

In the year 1869, I had a great deal of professional business to transact in Bermondsey, a district of South London, and had occasion to spend many hours every day among the not very pleasant streets and lanes of that locality. Not far from the old church there is a sort of very narrow street or lane, called Grange Walk.

It was in summer time—I think about July or August—when one evening I received a message which made it needful for me call in person, the next morning, at a certain house in Grange Walk. A letter and some books were to be left for me at the house of a man named Smith; and as I had some calls to make close by, it would of course cost me little time or trouble to fetch the parcel myself.

Now, Grange Walk is not a very pleasant street, although it is by no means so bad as many others near to it. There are not so many dirty, half-naked children playing in the gutters, or so many untidy, slipshod women leaning at the door-ways or gossiping on the sidewalk, as in some other streets hard by; in fact for the neighborhood, it is a very respectable street in its way. I should not have objected to pass through it at midnight- and in the day-time no one would certainly expect it to be the scene of any unpleasant adventure. So I thought little about the matter until the next morning, when, having completed the other business which I had in hand, I turned my steps toward Grange Walk.

The first difficulty which I experienced was in finding the house. The gentleman who had written to me was a clergyman, and, as every one knows, the clergy, in common with other professional men, often write a very bad and indistinct hand. The gentleman in question was no exception to this rule. His letters always looked just as if he had fished a large spider out of an inkstand, and had allowed it to crawl over a clean sheet of paper. You could just make one or two letters in most of the long, words, and as I was accustomed to read bad writing, and his in particular, I generally contrived, with the aid of a little guessing, to make out the sense of what he had written. In the present case, the name "Smith" was pretty clear, but the number of Mr. Smith's house was by no means so. It might have been intended for 11, or 21, 17, or in fact almost anything. Still, as Grange Walk is not a very large place, I anticipated less trouble in discovering the abode of Mr. Smith than I actually experienced. The houses were old, rickety affairs, many of them buing built of wood; and as most of the doors had for many years been innocent of a new coat of paint, it was no easy matter to find what the numbers were which had originally been painted on them. Besides which, by a new postal arrangement, they had all been newly renumbered, and the numbers all ran the wrong way—100 being where 4 originally was, and next to 100 came No. 98, and so on; while on most of the doors two or three very different numbers were marked in chalk, as if the people living there had been accustomed to alter them every few days, without without taking the trouble to obliterate the old ones. I saw that it was quite useless to try to unravel the difficulty myself, so I applied to some of the natives for assistance. This seemed only to make matters worse, for while one would strenuously assert that such a house bore such a number, another as stoutly maintained an opinion diametrically opposite. Then, too, the name "Smith" was such a very common one, that almost every one I asked seemed to know an infinite number of persons bearing that designation, all of whom were living in or about Grange Walk; and the difficulty was to choose from among such conflicting claims the proper person—to find, not a Smith, for the street appeared full of them, but the Smith. However, after exercising no small amount of patience, and calling at the houses of a dozen gentlemen of that name, while a dozen or more of people, chiefly women, whom I had asked to direct me, were watching me from as many open doors, from whence they sometimes shouted to me across the street to try such or such a house, at last, by dint of great perseverance, I arrived at the house of him whom I believed to be the true and veritable Smith—the real Smith! Knocking with my stick at the open door of a very old, woden house of three or four stories in height, I asked a dirty, slovenly woman who made her appearance after the fifth knock, whether Mr. Smith lived there.

"Oh, yes," she said, "Mr. Smith, poor man, he do live here."

I stated that I wished to see him, and after hesitating a few moments, and eyeing me all over, she said, in a peculiar way, and with a sort of smile which I did not understand:

"Well, sir, he lives, do Mr. Smith, on the third floor, in the front room, but it's seldom he do see any one at all."

"Oh! never mind that," I answered. "I'll go up and try, for I think he has something to say to me.

I then ran up-stairs, little noticing the look of interest with which the women looked after me, and understanding it still less. I had supposed from the letter that Mr. Smith occupied the whole of the house; but this Smith, if the true one, was evidently only a lodger, living in one room, and I rather wondered that my friend should have left the letters and books there. The front room on the third floor was very readily found, and I tapped at the door. It was opened by a tall, gaunt, but powerfully-built man, whose appearance was certainly very wild—such a man as you would not care to be with in the dark. But i was broad daylight, and when he asked me, with a strange, almost angry voice, to "walk in," I certainly expected nothing more than perhaps a few rude words, if I had mistaken him for the Smith of my search.

"Sit down, sir," he said. Take a chair," and he pointed to a rickety old stool quite at the other end of the room. Taking off my hat, I did as he said, and then politely introduced the object of my visit.

"Your name," I interrogated, "is, I believe, Smith, and I was informed by Mr. Marshall that you had a small parcel for me."

"What's in the parcel?" he demanded, rather than asked.

"Books and papers, I believe."

"Oh! aye! books," he said. "There are books. There they are," pointing to a few old volums lying on a chest of drawers in the corner. "You can see them there, I suppose?"

"Yes," I replied slowly. "I certainly do see some books, but surely they are not the ones which he left!"

"Sir," he exclaimed, with a loud voice, "I will speak to you freely. We are alone now, and concealment is useless. I must and will speak to you."

I was perfectly astonished at his speech, for I could not, for the life of me, see what he meant; but my amazement was still greater when, with angry gesticulation and a flashing eye, he rose, went to the door and locked it, putting the key in his pocket. I suppose my face betrayed the wonder that I felt, for, turning to me, he shouted:

"Say not a word! Your hour has come!"

He then took from a drawer a large whetstone and a long, black leather case, and pulling his chair to the table he placed them upon it and sat down, staring me full in the face. Then, in a deliberate voice, he said:

"Yes, man, your time has come. I have had it revealed to me, long years ago, that I should see you this day. The stars in their courses predicted your destiny and this day it is decreed that you should be offered up a glorious sacrifice to the powers of Heaven. We are alone, and I will tell you, truly, the star of your destiny is in a bloody house. I tell you your destiny is fulfilled! I say, you die to-day—this day you die!"

I must admit that when I saw him shut and lock the door, I certainly did feel some apprehension of violence. But when I saw him sitting there, glaring upon me with fierce, blood-thirsty eyes, and talking such nonsense, which nevertheless implied a threat, I saw at once that I was locked in with a *madman*, and he, too, evidently a dangerous one. What to say or to do I could not tell. I am a small, weak man, and he very powerful; and even had the case been reversed, every one knows that lunatics possess an almost supernatural strength. He had the key in his pocket, and his back was to the door. To shout out would, I knew, be useless—no one in the house would hear. We were three stories above the street, so to leap from the window was impossible; while, if I attempted the open to window in order to call for assistance, the first move on my part would probably be the signal for violence on his. I could think of nothing feasible, and so sat in silence, trusting to the chapter of accidents or some happy idea for deliverance from my perilous situation.

Seeing that I was silent, he paused for a few minutes, all the while steadfastly fixing his bright eyes fiercely upon me. He then abruptly said:

"I must talk with you; I must reason and prove to you the heavenly mission which I have. The stars themselves have given you to me by an eternal decree. Show me your hand, and I will prove it. Show me your hand!"

"Which hand?" I asked.

"The right, the dexter hand—that hand upon which the planets have written your destiny in lines of blood. Your hand, I say!"

I went over to where he sat, and very calmly held out my right hand toward him. He took it by the tips of the fingers and looked intently upon the palm. "There! seest thou that?" he exclaimed, pointing to a long, irregular line which ran across the palm. "*There* is thy destiny—clear that all the world may read it, and justify my deed today. That is the line of life. See how it branches off and melts away—a sure token of an early and bloody dissolution. My part is to offer the sacrifice; yours is to endure. There! sit down! When that clock strikes one, you will depart to wander among the stars!"

So saying, he thrust my hand away, and I quietly sat down, saying nothing. He leaned back in his chair, folded his arms upon his breast, and gazed at the clock. It now wanted about fifteen minutes to one. After a silence of about five minutes, in which I was vainly racking my brain to contrive some means of escape, he suddenly started, and fixing his piercing eyes on me, said:

"We will prepare the instruments for the sacrifice."

Suiting the action to the word, he pulled the stone toward him, and, opening the leather case, took from it a frightful two edged Spanish knife or dagger, the blade of which was, I think, certainly a foot long. He tried its edge upon a hair, and although it appeared to me to be as sharp as a razor, he began to rub it carefully upon the stone. His words and the sight of the horrible, glittering knife, and the full knowledge of his maniac purpose, fully awakened me to a sense of my danger. I could do nothing, for he was watching like a cat every movement. But I might gain time at least, and I resolved to do so. Often before I had experienced the powerful influences of a fluent tongue—the "golden mouth," as the Greeks of old termed it; and now the fear of death nerved me to exert myself to the very utmost. Turning with as much calmness as I could to him, I said:

"And what do you propose to do? How are you going to carry out the decree of the stars?"

"You see this knife?" he asked, leaving off his task, and pointing the ugly blade toward me. "When the clock strikes one, I shall sever your head from your body with this, and then with your blood I shall baptise myself; and after that I shall place your head on that shelf for me to divine by, and cast away your body—the gross, material part of humanity—into the street!"

No words can tell the fearful wildness of his expression as he uttered these words. With an effort, I replied as calmly as I could:

"Yes, all that is true; but, as a learned man, I should like to discuss with you various subjects, as I shall need knowledge when I reach the stars. I should like also to understand fully the *modus operandi* of your proceedings. Let me ask you a few questions."

I had some slight knowledge of palmistry, necromancy and astrology—follies which I saw had turned the unhappy madman's brain, and I had what was perhaps better, the power of language. So I entered into a great discussion, always appearing to bow to his superior knowledge. He replied, and although his speech was very incoherent, he must have received a very good education. But for my peril I should have been interested in his case. I then said I had three very important statements to make, the justice of which he would at once perceive.

"Firstly," I said, "I had a friend waiting below for me. The horoscope had declared that friend should be present at my immolation. We must not fight against the stars. Should I, or should I not, go and fetch him; or would he?"

He arose and went to the window and opened it, causing me, with all the cunning of madness, to move to the other side of the room. He then asked my friend's name, and looked down, called upon him several times, but, of course, without receiving any answer. Then carefully shutting the window, he said:

"I see head of a man at the doorway; it must be your friend. Is he deaf?"

"Slightly deaf," I replied.

"Now," he said, "I see it all. I must go down and fetch him. You must not leave the room until your disembodied spirit soars toward the stars of heaven. He must come up. I will lock you in and fetch him myself."

This looked a little promising, and so, thinking that if he once left the room I might keep him out until assistance arrived, I mustered courage to enunciate my other proposition.

"Secondly," I said, "We ought to ascertain the exact height of this window from the pavement, and as a line, if let down, would stretch in some minute degree, it is necessary to obtain a long piece of wire for that purpose, so as to be mathematically correct. Have you any wire here?"

"No," he answered; "but there is a shop very near, and I can get some when I go for your friend."

"Thirdly," I continued, "it will be easy for you to cast my body, down on account of its specific gravity; but if we both go down, I should like to know whether, by the attraction of the stars, you could not raise it from the pavement up to the window. Shall we descend and see?"

For a moment he seemed vastly pleased with this notion, but suddenly the idea of my possible escape seemed to come before him, and he exclaimed:

"No; that would only waste time, and delay the bloody sacrifice," and he glanced fiendishly upon me, and then at the open knife. "No; when all is over I will carry your body down, and then see if the attraction of the head and the influence of the stars will attract it in an upward direction. No, you shall never leave this place in the body. But I must go myself for your friend, and the wire—*they* are necessary! Help me."

So saying, he pointed to a long bench, which ran all along one side of the room. By his direction and assistance I tugged it toward the door.

"That bench," he said, "is stronger than any lock. Once, when I lost the key, I used it for fastening the door. Now, as soon as I have locked you in, you plant the bench against the door, and then, if you do it properly, no power on earth can open it again."

My heart leaped within me, for I saw at a glance that the door opened inward.

My joy at the discovery was so great that he certainly must have perceived it, had I not turned away to hide my face. He then took a large hammer and a few long nails, and proceeded to nail up the windows most securely. This was not altogether according to my views, but my courage returned when, carefully placing the long knife in his breast pocket, he said:

"That clock is a good deal fast, but you have still about five minutes to live. Wait here, till I return."

He then took out the knife once more, tried its edge, looked at me with a fearful expression of ferocity, returned it to his pocket, and then with a fiendish laugh, left the room, double locking the door.

With all the cunning of madness, it is really wonderful how he overlooked the obvious fact of the door opening inwardly. No sooner had he fastened it, however, than he cried from the outside:

"You are safe—yes, safe! Throw the two bolts, and put the bench to the door."

You can imagine that I did so with the speed of lightning. The door was secure. I was, as he said, safe. On my knees I offered up a few words of heartfelt thanksgiving to God, and was about to begin further action, for I thought he had gone, when I heard him laughing loudly outside, and repeating:

"No power on earth, no devil—no, only the influence of the stars could open that

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