

The Daily Journal

THE JOURNAL PUBLISHING CO., LTD., PUBLISHERS.
82 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B., Canada.
E. S. CARTER, Managing Director.
Telephone Numbers: Private Branch Exchange, Main 1910 and 1911.
Advertising Representatives: Henry DeClerque, Chicago; Louis Klebahn, New York.

Subscription Rates:
City—Delivered: \$5.00 a year or 50 cents per month.
By Mail—Outside City: \$5.00 per year or 50 cents per month.
To the United States: \$6.00 per year.
Foreign subscriptions: \$15.00 a year.
The Journal will not be responsible for remittances in currency.

All subscriptions are payable in advance and at full price. Insure safety of your remittance by using postal note, money order or registered letter. Subscriptions are started only with current issue. Three days' notice required to make change of address. Be sure to give both old and new address. Renew promptly and sign your name exactly as it is on your label. Subscriptions are not acknowledged unless requested. Receipt of remittance is shown by your label being changed inside six days.

The Journal is sold in Montreal at Windsor Hotel News Stand; Ottawa at Chateau Laurier; Portland, Maine, by H. A. Miller, 3814 Congress St.; New York by Hotaling Agency, Grand Central Depot, by Schultz Agency, Grand Central Depot; Boston by The Old South News Co., Boston.

ST. JOHN, N. B., MONDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1922.

THE FREIGHT CAR SHORTAGE.

A serious car shortage exists both in the United States and Canada and this is hampering to a considerable extent the industries of both countries. A statement made to the Journal by Mr. Angus McLean, president of the Bathurst Lumber Company, Limited, explains the situation very clearly and points out that because of the shortage in the United States, about 30,000 cars belonging to Canadian lines have been kept on that side, over and above the number of American cars in Canada. The United States railway companies keep the Canadian cars and pay the Canadian roads \$1 a day as rental for each car.

Mr. McLean points out that this state of affairs is preventing our manufacturers from making the shipments which they could and would make if the rolling stock were available. The C. P. R., realizing the seriousness of the situation, has placed an embargo against their cars being sent to the United States by any other Canadian road.

Action should be taken by the Canadian roads to get these cars back into Canada, but as Mr. McLean points out, even the most drastic action along these lines would take a very long time to achieve its object. He makes the suggestion that "it might pay the Canadian lines, particularly the C. N. R., to immediately undertake the building of a large number of new freight cars." He estimates that each car would cost in the vicinity of \$2,000 and that each car held in the United States would bring in a revenue of \$365 on the basis of \$1 per day for a year, which would be about 19 per cent interest on the capital investment. This scheme would also provide work for the car shops at Amherst and New Glasgow and consequently the employment of a large number of men now out of work.

His suggestion opens up a way of relieving the car shortage, of enabling lumbermen and other manufacturers to take advantage of the profitable market now offering in the United States, and of reviving the car works in the Maritime Provinces. The action he suggests would be especially profitable to these provinces, but it would also be of great benefit to the rest of Canada. The shortage of freight cars is a matter of vital importance and is a subject worthy of the consideration of the Maritime Board of Trade.

REFORESTATION.

Legislation has recently been passed in the Province of Quebec providing rewards for tree planting. The Quebec Government has realized that the great destruction wrought by forest fires has made urgently necessary the planting of new trees. According to the provisions of the new legislation, grants may be obtained by anyone who plants a thousand trees to the acre. As the planting must be done on land, largely unfit for general cultivation, this should enable farmers and others to turn barren lands into profitable wooded areas. In this connection the Forestry Department has established nurseries in various places and it is intended to produce many millions of young trees and shrubs every year for transplanting throughout the province.

Quebec has long been endeavoring by forest fire prevention and control to preserve her forest wealth. Aerial patrols have been established and it is understood that the Provincial Government is considering increasing the number of patrols. Now the first steps in reforestation have been taken.

In New Brunswick the value of our forests is recognized also, but New Brunswick's fire loss every year is very heavy, although the work of conservation has advanced wonderfully during the last few years. The Journal has previously advocated the employment of aerial forest patrols and has tried to point out the necessity of reforestation work. The new legislation of the Quebec Government should stimulate the New Brunswick Government to action in this regard.

The question of exportation of large numbers of Christmas trees every year has been brought up by one of our contemporaries. While this may be very profitable for those who are engaged in it, it is indeed true that the loss of thousands of small trees every year in this manner, is seriously depleting our forest wealth. But there is some profit accruing from this source. The much greater damage done each year by forest fire and the bud worm is worse than a total loss in some cases where an area has been burned over three or four times even attempts at reforestation are useless. The blackened areas throughout the province bear pitiable testimony to the lack of really efficient forest protection. The sooner prompt action is taken in providing aerial patrols, which have been proven the most efficient form of protection and the sooner the work of reforestation is started, the better it will be for the forest wealth and consequently for the present and future citizens of New Brunswick.

THE KU KLUX KLAN IN CANADA.

There is no necessity and neither is there any desire on the part of Canadians for the formation in Canada of an organization such as the Ku Klux Klan. The report that the Klan would extend its operations to Canada has not been received with very great joy by the people of this country and the establishment of such a band here would be strongly resented.

There seems to be a strange misunderstanding among many people concerning the Ku Klux Klan. They look at some of its professed objects and as they believe them to be good, they conclude that the whole thing is good. Supporters of the Klan claim that their organization is built upon the Constitution of the United States, and that every

member joining it takes an oath to support the "primitive ideals of the Republic." But the Ku Klux Klan works behind masks and in darkness. It is a secret oath-bound organization and its exercise of secret influences violates the spirit of the Constitution, which it professes to uphold. It makes midnight raids on domiciles by masked riders. According to the processes ascribed to it, men are secretly condemned and punished by unknown accusers, without privilege of defence against unknown accusations.

Lawlessness is committed by this organization ostensibly in support of the law, for men who take the law into their own hands are lawless. It is stated on good authority that people are driven from their homes and flogged by Klansmen. The proscription of race and creed, of which the Klan is professedly guilty is detestable and utterly opposed to the British spirit of tolerance. Apparently the members of the Ku Klux Klan have banded together as religionists in politics, and as purveyors of a racial prejudice and of a religious bigotry that belie the spirit of true Canadianism.

Their apparent aim is to spread discontent with the established order of things and to create an intolerable bigotry in racial and religious questions. Canada has no room for such an organization.

MARITIME RAILWAY PROBLEMS.

In an article dealing with the Intercolonial problems the Halifax Herald points out that while it does not wish to minimize the efforts which parliamentary representatives have made or are likely to make at Ottawa, it must be realized that so far the representations that have been made have failed to impress our needs and our rights on the leaders of the country. The Herald says, "We must have a clearer conception of these ourselves; and follow up with a determined effort to force recognition of them."

In this connection the question of engaging the services of a railway expert for the Maritime Provinces is again brought up. The advisability of employing the services of such an expert has been discussed by some of the Boards of Trade in the Maritime Provinces and the suggestion seemed to be looked upon with favor. Western Provinces have adopted this course in connection with their railway problems and the result has been very satisfactory. Such an expert could give intensive study to the local problems and would be able to place them before the Government in the most satisfactory light. There should be a separate division of the C. N. R. for the Maritime Provinces and the most suitable and logical place for the divisional headquarters is Moncton. There should also be a representative on the Railway Board, as we have constantly maintained, from New Brunswick. The freight which is going to Portland should be coming to St. John and Halifax. All our efforts seem to have met with little success but perseverance in a just cause generally wins out in the end. We must follow up with a determined effort to force recognition of our claims.

TRADE SUMMARY.

The summary of the trade of Canada for October of this year, according to the commercial intelligence Service, shows that, as represented in dollars, imports for consumption were valued at \$66,875,201, as against \$59,518,248 in October, 1921, and \$105,770,037 in October, 1920. The imports from the United Kingdom in October, 1922, were valued at \$13,108,657 as against \$8,845,282 in October, 1921, and \$17,433,786 in October, 1920. The imports from the United States in October, 1922, were valued at \$42,954,005 as against \$42,309,934 in October, 1921, and \$76,893,990 in October, 1920. The total imports for the twelve months ending October, 1922, were valued at \$740,261,771 as against \$859,710,152 for the corresponding period, 1920-21, and \$1,339,639,454 for the twelve months ending October, 1920.

The value of the exports of Canadian produce for the month of October, 1922, was \$102,675,347 as against \$79,941,682 for October, 1921, and \$129,348,220 for October, 1920. The exports to the United Kingdom were valued at \$50,565,681 in October, 1922, as compared with \$35,488,931 in October, 1921, and \$23,728,546 during October, 1920. The exports to the United States were valued at \$32,878,533 during October, 1922, as against \$28,457,095 in October, 1921, and \$64,994,451 in the corresponding month of 1920. The value of the total exports of Canadian produce during the twelve months ending October, 1922, was \$815,530,510, as against \$926,654,122 for the corresponding period in 1920-21, and \$1,228,820,581 for the twelve months ending October, 1920. The month's returns show a favorable balance of trade of \$35,800,146; the returns for the twelve months' period show a favorable balance of \$75,268,739.

The project of a big Empire trade conference in London is born of the need of seeking ways and means to promote and exchange of goods within the Empire so that every unit may have better markets for what it can produce. Since the war Empire trade has shown a momentary tendency to go to the United States. The increasing tendency of British units to send orders to the United States is lessening the economic strength of the Empire. Britain, in particular, needs these markets in order to provide credits whereon to draw for war debt interest payments to the United States. If the Dominions, with justice to themselves, can turn business to each other and to Great Britain, they should do so.

A by-election is to take place today in Halifax. Two Liberals are contesting the seat. One, Mr. J. J. Power, is charged by the Chronicle with projecting himself into the field in violation of all political conventions. The other candidate, Hon. R. E. Finn, has the support of the Chronicle and apparently the majority of the Liberal Party. There is no public issue, unless the fact that one of the Liberal candidates has made an attack upon Premier Murray, may be termed an issue, but the contest appears to be merely a choice of men.

Mr. Henry Ford makes this startling prediction: "Within a few years—I wouldn't be surprised if it were within five or six years—we won't be mining coal any more. Coal will be burned underground, right where it is found, and the byproducts utilized." It is Mr. Ford's opinion that what heat is wasted by this method won't be nearly as important as the present waste of human energy.

STREETS

(By Berton Bralley.)

You like straight streets that are meted and paved
And lead to a definite place,
Trim, regular streets that are well behaved
And easy to map and trace.
They lead from home to your daily job
And back to your home again,
Broad streets worn smooth by a humdrum mob
Of patiently plodding men.

But I like streets that are queer and quaint.
That lead—well, I know not where;
That dwindle at length to a trail that's faint,
Where the wandering pilgrims fare.
You like the streets where you can't get lost,
I'm fond of them where I can,
The wavering aimless roads, unbossed
By the "practical paving man."

You like the streets that from end to end
Are old and familiar ways,
I love the by-ways that wind and wend
Till lost in the distant haze;
So keep to your street that is straight and fine,
A carefully measured track,
And I'll light-heartedly follow mine,
All over the world and back!

Reminiscences of New Brunswick

The Mysterious Stranger
Henry More Smith

Wednesday the 16th, we entered the prison and found that he had been employed in breaking the plaster off the partition wall with his chains, and broken one of the padlocks, and appeared to have been loose; seemed very vicious, and said "he would burn and destroy the building—would make it smoke before he left it," and that we would see it smoke. I then prepared a pair of steel fetters, case hardened, about ten inches long, which we put on his legs, with a chain from the middle of his chain in such a manner as to prevent his hands from reaching his head and feet then standing, leaving it just possible for him to feed himself when sitting. All these irons and chains he received without displaying the least concern or regard. When the blacksmith had finished riveting the whole, I said to him, "Now Smith, I would advise you to keep quiet after this, for if you are not you will next have an iron band put round your body and stapled fast down to the floor." He very calmly replied, "Old man if you are not satisfied, you may put it on now. I do not mind it, if you will let me have my hands loose you may put on as much iron as you please. I care not for all your iron." In this situation we left him, loaded with irons, the entire weight of which was forty-six pounds, and without anything to sit or lie upon but the naked floor. Although he was thus situated and in an entire dungeon, he appeared not in the least humbled; but became more troublesome and noisy, and exceedingly vicious against the jailer. Despair and madness seemed now to seize him, and he began to sing and would unite with the utterance of prayers and portions of the Scriptures. With a tremendous voice he would cry out, "Oh you cruel devils—you murderers—you man-slayers—you tormentors of man! How I burn to be revenged; help, help, my Lord help me, would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom, gloom, gloom, you villain—you would unite with those devils; help me that I might tear up this place, that I might turn it upside down, that there might not be one stick or stone of it left. My hair shall not be shorn nor my nails cut, till I grow as strong as Samson, then will I be revenged on you enemies." Help, help, O Lord help me to destroy these tormentors, murderers of man, tormenting me in chains and darkness," shouting, "darkness, darkness, O darkness—not light to read the word of God—not one word of comfort from any. All is gloom