THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

A. J. GERRITSON, Publisher. | MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, DEC. 3, 1863. | VOLUME XX. NUMBER 49.

BUSINESS CARDS.

H. GARRATT,

DEALER in Flour, Feed, and Meal, Barrell and Dairy Salt, Timothy and Clover Seed, Groceries, Provisions, Fruit Fish, Petroleum Oil, Wooden and Stone Ware, Yankee Notions, &c. &c. ☞ Opposite Railroad Depot, New Milford, Pa. Nov 14, 1863.—1y.

A. LATHROP, S. C. TYLER, J. J. W. RILEY.

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DEALERS in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Ready Made Clothing, Boots & Shoes, Hats & Caps, Wood & Willow Ware, Iron, Nails, Sole & Upper Leather, Fish, Flour and Salt, all of which they offer at the very

☞ Lowest Prices. ☜

Lathrops Brick Building, Montrose, Pa. April 6, 1863. y.

EVAN JENKINS,

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FOR SUSQUEHANNA COUNTY.

(Post Office address, Dundaff, or South Gibson, Susq'a County, Penn'a.).

Feb. 3, 1863.—1y50

WM. HUNTTING COOPER.....HENRY DRINKER.

WM. H. COOPER & CO.,

BANKERS.—Montrose, Pa. Successors to Post, Cooper & Co. Office, Lathrops' new building, Turnpike-st.

J. S. M'COLLUM.....D. W. SEARLE.

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ATTORNEYS and Counsellors at Law.—Montrose, Pa. Office in Lathrops' new building, over the Bank.

DR. H. SMITH & SON,

SURGEON DENTISTS.—Montrose, Pa. Office in Lathrops' new building, over the Bank. All Dental operations will be performed in good style and warranted.

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FASHIONABLE TAILOR.—Montrose, Pa. Shop over L. M. Bullard's Grocery, on Main street. Thankful for past favors, he solicits a continuance—pledging himself to do all work satisfactorily. Cutting done on short notice, and warranted to fit. Montrose, Pa., July 2th, 1860.—tf.

P. LINES,

FASHIONABLE TAILOR.—Montrose, Pa. Shop in Phœnix Block, over store of Read, Watrous & Foster. All work warranted, as to fit and finish. Cutting done on short notice, in best style. jan '60.

JOHN GROVES,

FASHIONABLE TAILOR.—Montrose, Pa. Shop near the Baptist Meeting House, on Turnpike street. All orders filled promptly, in first-rate style. Cutting done on short notice, and warranted to fit.

L. B. ISBELL,

REPAIRS Clocks, Watches, and Jewelry at the shortest notice, and on reasonable terms. All work warranted. Shop in Chandler and Jessup's store, Montrose, Pa. oct25 tf

WM. W. SMITH,

CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURERS.—East of Main street, Montrose, Pa. aug tf

C. O. FORDHAM,

MANUFACTURER of *BOOTS & SHOES*, Montrose, Pa. Shop over Dewitt's store. All kinds of work made to order, and repairing done neatly. je2 y

ABEL TURRELL,

DEALER in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs, Glass Ware, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Window Glass, Groceries, Fancy Goods, Jewelry Perfumery, &c.—Agent for all the most popular PATENT MEDICINES.—Montrose, Pa. aug. tf

DAVID C. ANEY, M. D.,

HAVING located permanently at New Milford, Pa. will attend promptly to all calls with which he may be favored. Office at Todds' Hotel. New Milford, July, 17, 1863.

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DR. E. PATRICK, & DR. E. L. GARDNER

LATE GRADUATE of the MEDICAL DEPARTMENT OF YALE COLLEGE, have formed a copartnership for the practice of Medicine and Surgery, and are prepared to attend to all business faithfully and punctually, that may be intrusted to their care, on terms commensurate with the times.

Diseases and deformities of the EYE, surgical operations, and all surgical diseases, particularly attended to. ☞ Office over Webb's Store. Office hours from 8 a. m. to 9 p m All sorts of country produce taken in payment, at the biggest value, and CASH NOT REFUSED. Montrose, Pa., May 7th, 1862.—tpf

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THE INSURANCE CO. OF NORTH AMERICA,

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LIABILITIES. " " 43,063.68.

J. Milton Smith, Sec'y. Chas. J. Martin, President.
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nov29 y BILLINGS STROUD, *Agent.*

S. M. Pettengill & Co.,

NO. 37 PARK ROW, New York, and 6 State Street, Boston, are our agents for the *Montrose Democrat* in those cities, and are authorized to take advertisements and subscriptions for us at our lowest rates.

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To England, Ireland and Scotland.

ABRAHAM BELL'S SON'S DRAFTS, in sums of one pound and upwards, payable in all the principal towns of England, Ireland and Scotland, for sale by

WM. H. COOPER, & Co., BANKERS.
30—'62 Montrose, Pa.

J. B. HAZLETON.

Ambrotype and Photographic Artist, Montrose, Pa.

☞ Pictures taken in all kinds of weather, in the best style of the Art. oct10

THE DYING SUMMER.

Dying Summer's gently gliding
Into Winter's frigid grave;
While the falling leaves are hiding
Beauties that around her wave!

Still are gems of beauty glowing,
As the grove she tesselates,
With the floral wonders growing,
Wonders that her life creates!

Rich and gorgeous is the pillow,
Where she lays her dying head,
'Midst the gold-fruit ripe and yellow,
And the flowers blue and red.

Happy Summer, bright and airy,
Brilliant, transient—linger still;
With thee, life and fay and fairy
Vanish all from mount and rill!

Roses sweet with dew drops weeping,
Woo thee lovingly to stay;
Stilly streams and cascades leaping,
Bid thee not in haste away.

Laughing hours of sunny gladness,
Fall winds still will blow away;
Leaving leaves to sigh in sadness,
As they wither day by day.

While the sultry Autumn's breathing,
Perfume from each dewy flower,
Summer's hand is gently wreathing
Garland's for her parting hour.

Youthful June and July glories,
With their beauties pass away;
Serve but as *Memento Mories*
Of all pleasures bright and gay!

THE DOCTOR'S FORTUNE.

On his door there was a finely polished brass plate, inscribed,

MR. JAMES WOODFIELD,
Surgeon.

When he first came to this small country town—that is, to say, when he first settled there as a professional man—he had been in the habit of passing in and out of that door often, and of looking with some pride at the brass; for he was a young man, only just beginning life, and it was very possible that the shining plate pointed to a future radiant with as bright a lustre as its own. Somehow, unfortunately, that future still continued to shine in the distance, and the days and weeks and months that began to drag rather heavily over the young surgeon seemed to bring it no nearer to him. It was very odd. He had been told on all sides what a promising opening there was in Hollowleigh for a surgeon; he had congratulated himself that the absence of M. D. after his name was of no consequence—a mere sound, often unsought by the greatest men. And, besides, there was already a physician of old-standing in Hollowleigh.

But the most provoking part of the whole affair was, that James Woodfield had scarcely had time to settle in his new house before this Dr. Heath, seeming suddenly to discover that his then residence did not suit him, had actually fixed upon the large and handsome house exactly opposite to that shining new brass plate. It was of no use for James to shake his fist at the Doctor's carriage from behind the window curtains, of no use for him to wish there had been a school opposite, an asylum, anything, in fact, but that commodious residence, with its lawn stretching down to the river on the opposite side, which had proved so attractive to the physician.

"I chose this end of the town on purpose," muttered James, grinning at the obnoxious wagons which brought the Doctor's furniture, "because he lived at the other, and now he has actually followed me here. Well, I suppose there's room enough for both; at any rate it cannot be worse with me than it has been—for, except a poverty-stricken old woman or two, no patient has troubled me."

And then he went to sit at the table of his little study and be miserable, which was of no use either. But the fact was, his eyes, glancing from time to time thro' the window, caught sight of the corner of some luxurious couch or chair peeping from under its cover; of massive picture frames and costly mirrors. And he could not help reverting to certain golden visions of his own whose brightness had faded by this time, and left them before him only the pale ghosts of what they once were. Then that carriage of the doctor's was the very thing he had indulged himself in picturing as fit for—somebody. And as the thought occurred to him, he sighed bitterly; for the time when that somebody might be the ruling genius of his house—even this little den; seemed so far off as to be almost mythical.

But he did not tell her so. He held a certain philosophy, that cheerful letters were better than sad or grumbling ones; and, even with those obnoxious wagons before the window, he, having no prescriptions to write, and nothing particular to do, had actually drawn pens and paper toward him for the purpose of writing to her.

Well, he couldn't help it. Nothing would come this time but the beginning: "My own dear little Margaret"—such a long beginning, that it lost, in fact, all the shapeliness common to beginnings.—But, for all that, we must feel severally guilty concerning these two adjectives, even though our Margaret may have exceeded the average height of woman.

Having written so far, however, Mr. Woodfield's ink dried in his pen. He could not keep his eyes from the window, and the luxurious carriage had just driven up with a lady in it—two ladies; the doctor's wife and daughter, he supposed. Try his best, he could not help giving way to forebodings too dismal for Margaret's eye to read; he could not think of any possible good accruing to him from the doctor's invasion—as he called it—but only harm.

If Dr. Heath had stayed where he was, a few of the people at this end of the town might have had recourse to the new surgeon; but now, of course, all the neighborhood, as well as his old patients, would run after the great physician, who was rich and famous, and did not care about their patronage.

"The way of the world," muttered James, after the fashion of disappointed young philosophers—"the way of the world."

And then he saw Mr. Percival Heath—the doctor's only son—ride up to that door on a horse, which drew him, in spite of himself, to the window, and made his eyes glisten.

"A splendid animal!" soliloquised the surgeon, who kept no horse—pretty well, he thought bitterly, if he could keep himself. "That's the sort of thing I should like now; make perfect action, first rate, and a fine-looking fellow on him, too. I wonder if Mr. Percival goes in for the profession. Perhaps he'll be good enough to take the house next door to mine."

And James, returning to his writing materials, put them away hastily.

In general, Margaret got her letter about once a week as regularly as the country paper came out, and he got his answer as punctually; but she must wait another post this time! To-day he could not write to her, and it was with a sort of grimness of sarcasm that he thought she would put it down to his being so busily engaged with his patients that he had no time to write. No time! That was the greatest evil. He had too much time, and did not know what to do with it.

He had established a slight acquaintance with many of the townspeople, and, among others, with Mr. Percival Heath, whom he liked, but with whom he could not, perhaps, under the circumstances, have much in common, since a struggling man has little sympathy to spare for a favorite of fortune. And he was wont to think that on that young fellow everything smiled, insomuch that it was a marvel to find him so little spoiled and so full of life and energy. Mr. Woodfield wondered too, sometimes, as he looked at the large house opposite, if its inmates ever thought of him in his struggles and unfulfilled hopes. Why should they? He was nothing to them. Dr. Heath had a perfect right to take that house if he chose. Possibly, indeed, if he had remained at the other end of the town, it would have made little difference to James. Everbody would have gone to him just the same—for why should people consult a young, untried surgeon, in preference to a well-known physician, who, moreover, on certain days gave consultations gratis to those who could not afford the fees?

Dr. Heath had done this for years; and the fact of the rash appearance of a young surgeon in town was no reason for the discontinuance of a charity. He began to think it was a mistake to come to Hollowleigh; nevertheless the thing was done, and he must make the most of it.

It was nearly two years since the polish of that brass plate had aroused so complacent an expression on James Woodfield's face, and he was still, to use a significant phrase, struggling to keep his head above water. His friends, too, if he had possessed any near enough to examine his personal appearance, might have observed that there was a slight tendency about the corners of mouth to curve downward, and altogether a want of elasticity about the man very different from his buoyant air of two years ago. Such friends as he had, however, were either unobservant or not sufficiently interested in him to trouble themselves about his looks, and he went on his way drearily, with such hope as he could summon to his help. He had gone so far as to confess that the whole affair was a decided failure. He was at times miserably depressed and anxious, almost ready to give up altogether; but if he did that, what was to become of him? A portion of his capital was gone already; must he throw the other after it? He might try and try, and yet have no more chance than that unlucky fly on the window had of eventually escaping the bloated spider on the watch for him.

And of course, as he looked at the fly and the web, his eyes traveled, as they always did, with a persistency which astonished himself, to that house opposite; and he saw the carriage, which was the ideal of his visions in that department, drive up and deposit the ladies of Dr. Heath's family; three ladies this time, and the third, who was only a visitor, report had decided to be Mr. Percival's affianced.

Then he saw Mr. Percival himself ride up as usual, and noticed that his one hand was bound up in a handkerchief. He wondered idly what that was for, and then as he watched the young man assisting the ladies from the carriage, and marked how he lingered by the side of the third one, who did not yet belong to the family, he was conscious of a feeling so nearly akin to envy that he took himself to task at once for it.

"You are developing into a surly brute, James Woodfield," he said; "a selfish cynic, who would snarl at another's happiness because your own is—ah, well! where is it, and when will the good time come?"

After all, though Dr. Heath's removal had done his cause no good, yet it had furnished him with considerable occupation, speculation, and some amusement. And as it grew darker that night he took his usual position, with his elbows on the window sash, to watch the arrival of the doctor's guests, for there was a dinner party at the opposite house, and he saw amongst the arrivals magnates whose patronage would have made the heart of the struggling young surgeon glad, while, in a professional point of view, Dr. Heath cared very little, if at all, for them.

But the doctor's reception-rooms faced the lawn, so that after the arrivals were over, and he had counted some dozen of ladies in the gossamer attire which needs to be made fire-proof, and as many gentlemen looking mournful in funeral suits, there was nothing for him to do but watch the flickering lamp outside, or turn to the interior of his little room. He chose the latter alternative, and as he turned he became aware of Master Cadger caressing the door-handle, and seemingly awaiting his pleasure.

"What do you want, you rascal? Why don't you—"

"Knock, sir," interposed Master Cadger, briskly. "Did, sir, if you please; wouldn't make you hear. It's only a party as has been telling me *he's* going away."

By a peculiar jerk of his thumb Master Cadger appeared to intimate that "*he*" was Dr. Heath. At least so James understood it.

"Dr. Heath! Going away?"

"Yes, sir. Leastways he's going to foreign parts, and can't come back not in a day exactly, you know."

"Well," said Mr. Woodfield, collecting himself, "what has that to do with me?"

"Nothing, sir. It's only as the party is always doctoring, and was anxious in case she might be took sudden and no doctor to be had. I told her you would be at home, unless, to be sure, some of the country patients sent for you."

"That will do," said James. "You can go."

It is not to be denied that Mr. Woodfield's heart did beat with a spectral hope. If the doctor was going abroad might there not be a chance for him? It seemed only reasonable to suppose there would, since if people were ill a new doctor must be better than none.

The fates were surely in league against James Woodfield. No sooner was his hope conceived, than a rude hand dashed it to the ground. Dr. Heath would leave a deputy behind him.

Mr. Percival Heath was walking down the Hollowleigh road towards the town. He walked slowly, for he had an unusual sense of discomfort which he could neither shake off nor analyze. It weighed upon him with a very heavy oppression; it was like nothing he could think of but terror; vague, unreasoning, but overpowering terror; springing from no cause that he could discover, and pointing to no result. He could not make it out. He had thought to shake it off in the open air, but it seemed to get worse instead of better, so he had turned back towards home. Was he going to be ill? He had been blessed hitherto with such vigorous health that he knew nothing about illness.

He raised the hand that had been bound up, and on which there appeared a slight scar, to his forehead confusedly. As he did so he reached a point in the road where the river, running parallel with it, became suddenly visible by the lowering of the roadside bank.

Mr. Percival started back with a pang of desperate misery. He could not bear the sight of that water; he was afraid of it.

Behind him came two men with some dogs, and he was afraid of them also; afraid of the men, but more so of the dogs. And more than all he dreaded that gurgling water. He was horribly afraid of it.

He stood still and put his hand up again to his forehead, and his eye caught the little scar. A cold perspiration broke over him, and a single ejaculation passed his lips—

"Good God!"

It was no irreverent outburst lightly spoken. It was—no one, however, could possibly tell all, that those two horror-stricken words were meant to express, or a ghastly suspicion had broken upon Mr. Percival's mind—a suspicion that a fate more horrible than anything he could conceive hung over him.

That little scar had been left by the bite of a dog. It was a fortnight now since, in pity to a screaming child, he had attempted to drive a dog from its path, and the beast had snapped at him and passed on. He remembered now that the dog had been killed, and that some idle rumor about his being rabid had floated around for a day or two. Such rumors, however, being things of course, he had never tho't of it a second time, never even experienced a sense of uneasiness until now. But now—

He was a strong-willed, energetic man. To get home quietly, if possible, to keep down this horrible dread, as though his heel were upon it, and walk like other men, that was what he set himself to do. Already the air around him was instinct with mad, lurid eyes and slavering jaws, and he scarcely knew as he walked up the street, whether it was the houses that were bearing down heavily upon him or his fancies that made them to do so. He got into the house and called his servant. He spoke to the man calmly as he could, and gave him a message. It was fruitless. Dr. Heath's deputy had gone out; time of return uncertain.

"William," said Mr. Percival, "I am afraid that the dog that bit me was mad. Go across and fetch Woodfield. Tell him what I say, but not a word to any one else. Be quick."

Mr. James Woodfield was in the little room called by courtesy his study. He had been there pretty nearly all day, not having spirits, perhaps, to get out. By a singular coincidence the subject he had been studying, and which had raised considerable interest in his mind, was a cure that had been performed in India of a case of hydrophobia. He had made himself pretty well master of the details, and it was a certain psychological feature that occupied him when, after the customary knock, Master Cadger ushered in Dr. Heath's servant.

"Beg pardon, sir, party wouldn't wait—must see you directly."

The rest of Master Cadger's speech, which was irreverent, was spoken to himself in the surgery, while Mr. Percival's case already lay before the doctor in his study.

Mr. Woodfield was sensible of a strange thrill through all his nerves as he listened, and a single phrase out of that pamphlet which he had been reading, kept repeating itself like an echo in his brain.

Without a word he followed the man across the street into the hall, where he had seen so many gossamer-robed ladies and black-coated gentlemen, up the wide, semi-circular stair-case, which might almost have swallowed up his whole house, and into young Heath's room.

Mr. Percival sat on the bed in his shirt sleeves, and he was trembling all over, and shrank back with an expression of terror as the doctor entered.

Mr. Woodfield turned and looked full into the servant's face.

"You'll do," he said; "Come in and sit down there, out of sight, till I want you."

He turned the door-key softly and went forward. He seemed to have risen with the occasion out of his despondency into a man of iron nerves and indisputable authority.

"Woodfield," said Mr. Percival, looking at him with eyes scared and bloodshot," you see I know you; keep off for your own sake. Let no one come near me."

James never once took his eyes off the patient's face while he felt his pulse, and Mr. Percival returned the gaze like one fascinated.

"Listen to me," said James, still with his hand on the young man's wrist, and still looking at him with the same steady eye. "There is proof that the dog was mad. You are strong and healthy. You have never been a drinker or tampered in any way with your constitution?"

"No."

"Then there is hope for you. The virus will have less chance, and my treatment more. Are you capable of following what I say?"

"Yes."

"I know that you are energetic and strong-minded. Exert your will. Exert it strongly. Exert it first to believe that all you see or feel is, in fact, delusion; exert it, above all, to keep as quiet as possible. The will may be overrated as well as underrated; but it is an instrument of immense power. If you feel that you are giving way to terror, try to fix your eyes on mine. Come, you are calm already. I am going to bleed you."

"Doctor," said the young man, "you know the dog was mad. Promise me one thing, and I will have perfect faith in you. Swear to kill if you cannot cure."

James responded: "The means I am about to use are certain death or certain cure."

"Did they ever cure?"

"Yes."

"Sir," said the servant, horror-stricken, "you have bled him to death!"

"No," replied James, with a whitening about his lips, "only to death's door."

In fact, the young man lay motionless as a corpse, and colorless; and only the faintest dimness was visible on the glass which the man held to his lips.

"Will he ever get over it, sir?"

"I hope so."

"Oughtn't he to be bound?"

"No," said James, quickly. "I will be here when he comes to himself."

Mr. Woodfield went home, but not for long. He stayed but to take such refreshment as was absolutely necessary, and to go over once again the details of the case, which, by what he conceived to be so strange a chance, he had been studying when the servant called him. Then he went back.

It was night, and the gas under which he had watched those ball-room guests so often shone upon him as he ascended the stairs. In the lobby he was startled by the rustling of a light dress, by the sudden appearance beside him of a radiant little creature whom he had seen before, but only at a distance; and by two small white hands grasping his arm with imploring restraint.

It was that third one—the poor little girl who was to have been Mr. Percival's wife; and she was in her evening dress. Probably she had but just heard the terrible nature of his illness, for in spite of all caution it had oozed out; and as James looked at the wild, dumb agony in the eyes that sought his face to read if there were any comfort there, he experienced once again that strange thrill—that sense of exaltation which had roused him before into the exertion of an unsuspected power.

"Doctor, doctor,"—and then the girl's voice sunk into a gasping whisper—"is it true? Is it, is it?"

Mr. Woodfield took one of the poor little hands in his own. He felt so aged and grave in this sudden crisis which had drawn forth all his strength; he was so sorry for her, thinking, perhaps, for a moment of his own Margaret under such circumstances, that he did not dream of being ceremonious.

"My dear young lady," said James, "I have heard of one recovery from such a seizure, and only one. The means that effected that recovery I am using."

"You would not deceive us! They have telegraphed for Dr. Heath, but they were uncertain of his address, and it might never reach. Sir you must save him!"

The little hand was clinging to his still, and absolutely wringing it in the intolerable misery of this sudden blow. She had been so happy yesterday!

"It is in higher hands than mine," said James, gravely. "But be comforted. I tell you the truth, I have hope."

"Thank you, doctor. God bless you, and help you to save him! I will——"

But he heard no more, for her voice had broken into sobs, and she had turned away from him hurriedly.

James went on into the sick room, which was still quiet as he left it. At another time the possibility of the telegram reaching Dr. Heath and bringing him home to interfere with the case might have been disheartening, but he had now no space to think about it. He was like one in a trance; the strangeness of his owing his first serious case to Dr. Heath's son never even struck him then. He was so resolute to keep his nerves, his whole strength of mind and body strung up to that extreme pitch of exaltation and full belief in his own power, on which he believed that power in a great measure to depend. When the patient awoke to consciousness the doctor's eye must meet his; must communicate by a power which might or might not be mesmeric—James did not stop to argue that—to him some of his own calmness and concentration of purpose must keep him, if possible, by that mesmeric sympathy, from those scared, wandering glances into the distant corners where shapes of horror lurked.

And again the bleeding was repeated, each time to the manifest terror and distrust of the servant, who thought Mr. Woodfield certainly meant to kill his master.

But James persevered. His whole heart was in the case; his whole will set upon saving the patient. Night and day he was with him; his own air and manner were so totally changed that even in the doctor's servants hall there had arisen a certain awed respect for the poor surgeon, once a fair but for witticisms. It was not to be expected that the long strain left no impress upon James Woodfield, but if it had been doubly long and doubly hard he would have undergone it gladly for the great reward of the result.

When Dr. Heath came home in horrible agony of mind, having received tardily and by a mere chance, one of those letters which were sent after him at first, he looked upon the attenuated figure of his son; eyes which recognized him, with no wild light of madness in them, lips that spoke to him calmly and hopefully as upon one restored from the dead.

And at once he hurried across the street to the little house opposite, from a window of which James saw him coming, and hastened to receive him.

The outpouring of Dr. Heath's gladness is of little consequence. It was rumored afterwards that he had offered to take Mr. Woodfield into partnership, which offer, however, James did not accept, and this reticence probably added no little to the furore which began from this date for the young surgeon. This wonderful cure flew about in all directions; it was on everybody's lips. Patients began to flow in a marvelous tide towards the shining brass plate, to the delight of Master Cadger's heart, and the increase of his bodily exercise. (See 4th page.