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Mater Amabilis.

Down the goldenest of streams, Tide of dreams, The fair cradled man-child drifts; Sways with cadenced motion alow,

To and fro. As the mother-foot poised lightly, falls and lifts.

He, the firstling, -he, the light

Of her sight,-He, the breathing pledge of love, 'Neath the hely passion lies

Of her eyes,-Smiles to feel the warm, life-giving ray

She believes that in his vision, Skios olysian

O'er an angel-people shine. Back to gardens of delight, Taking flight,

His auroral spirit basks in dreams divine. But she smiles through auxious tears:

Unborn years Pressing forward, she perceives. Shadowy muffled shapes, they come Deaf and dumb

Bringing what? dry chaff and tares, full-eared sheaves? What for him shall she invoke?

Shall the oak Bind the man's triumphant 1 row? Shall his daring foot slight On the height? Shall he dwell amidst the humble and

the low? Through what tears and sweat and pain, Must he gain

Fruitage from the tree of life? Shall it yield him bitter flavor? Sha'l its savor Be as manna midst the turmoil and the strife?

In his cradle slept and smiled Thus the child Who as Prince of Peace was hailed. Thus anigh the mother breast, Lulled to rest, Child-Napoleon down the lil'ed river

Cownell or crucified-the same Glows the flame Of her deathless love d vine. Still the blessed mother stands,

In all lands, As she watched beside thy cradle and by

Whatso gifts the years bestow, Still men know.

W die she breathes, lives one who see (Stand they pure or sin-defiled) But the child

Whom she crooned to sleep and rocked -Emma Lazarus in Scribner.

Uncle Ben's Ghostly Ride.

My Uncle Ben believe in ghosts? Of course he did; he used to say: "No modern mansion of stucco and plaster for me; give me a grand old house, ail covered by ivy and hidden by trees. whose walls are lung with tapestry, and whose passages, extending from room to room, make the blood curdle with their gloom and length. Why, sir, there is something enlivening even in its decay; the dampness of its walls, and the cracks in the discolored ceilings, which only suggests to the vulgar mind ague and rheumatism, are evidences to me of its venerable age and respectability. The very mice that scamper up and down in the time-worn wainscoting give me a friendly greeting that I never meet in your new-fashioned houses, built for a race of mammon-worshipers who have made their wealth out of shoddy and petroleum.'

I really believe that Uncle Ben valued the shade that was said to haunt his house far higher than all his more tangible property. Nothing made him more angry than for any one to doubt its existence; he was always ready to break a lauce with any skeptic on the subject, and to offer him a bel in the haunted room; and, although many of the young members of the family scoffed at the story, very few had the courage to accept

One winter night, when the wind was mosuing round the chimney-pots and through the eaves, singing a dirge among the leafless branches of the gaunt old spectral trees for the joys of the dead summer, the family was gathered round the fire in the drawing-room.

Uncle Ben, who was standing with his back to the fire, said to his nephew : "I think, Joe, we had better put on another log of wood; I don't feel inclined for bed yet, and I suppose you young-sters intend to sit up half the night, as

"I don't mean to turn in yet for one, uncle," replied Joe. "Tell us one of your ghost stories; a regular blood-

"Ah, Joe," said the old man, "I am afraid you are a thorough skeptic. You disbelieve in all supernatural appear-

"Certainly," answered Joe, who was secretary to the Literary Debating Society in the little town of Mudborough, and who had written an essay to prove the non-existence of everything, and that we are simply the creations of our own thoughts. "Certainly these impalpable specters are only illusions which the dis-ordered condition of our west physical organs bring before us."

'I own you are a clever lad, Joe, but I don't care a button for your arguments. I believe in ghosts because I have seen

introduce me to a bona fide ghost I'll give in. I believe only in the things I

"Joe, if you only believe in what you understand, your creed will be shorter than that of any man I know."

"Can you give us any proof? Can you mention one instance in which the specter has appeared to any one you

"A hundred, if you wish it," said the old man.

"One will do; give us one genuine case and we will believe."

"I will; listen. The story that 1 am about to relate is an incident that happened to myself some twenty years ago, and for the truth of which I can vouch."

"We should prefer a ghost that can be seen, if you have ever met with one." "You must understand that the vil-lage in which I lived, like many others, possesses its spectral visitor. About 100 years ago, an ancestor of mine start-ed for London in his traveling carriage, one evening about the latter end of June. He was an exceedingly irascible mas, and, the coachman was not sufficiently quick in preparing the vehicle, he became much euraged, and used exceedingly passionate language. For some time the coachman bore his abuse patiently, but, at last, he lost his temper, and struck the old gentleman in the face.

"In those days everybody wore a sword; and my ancestor, who was al-ways ready to draw, snatched his weapon from his sheath, and, with one blow, severed the unfortunate man's

blow, severed the unfortunate man's head from his body.

"Conscience-stricken at this fearful crime, and terrified by the dread of its consequences, he gazed upon the headless body for a few moments, and then, being seized with a fit of apoplexy, was carried into the house by his servants, where he died in a few hours."

"Well," said Joe, "although the story is horrible enough, it has nothing of the supernatural in it. It is quite possible that an angry old man may

possible that an angry old man may commit a murder and die of fright." "Yes, you are right; if the tale ended there, there would be nothing to doubt; but what I am going to tell you, I am afraid, will be scoffed at by my skepti-cal young friends, who disbelieve every-

thing they do not see or hear.' "That's meant for me," said Joe, with a laugh. "Never mind, uncle; go on

"Yes, my boy, now I come to the marvelous part. Every year, as the hands of the clock point to the hour of midnight, a traveling carriage, with four horses, driven by a headless coachman, leaves that village, and passes down the London road."

"He must be clever if he can see to drive without his head," interrupted the still skeptical Joe.

"That I cannot explain; some ghost-seers say that it is possible for people in clairyoyant stat; to read from the pit of the stomach; at all events, a dead wan may be possessed of faculties that we do not understand; for a man becomes considerably altered when he

dead." "He does, I admit." "And if you allow that a dead man can drive at all, the small matter of a head more or less is of very little im-

"Just so." "You know that when a man dies he

becomes a spirit.
"That's rum," said Joe. "No, sir, it's not rum, nor whisky e ther; and, if you cannot listen to my

portance.

story without endeavoring to turn it into rid cule, I had better leave off," replied Uncle Ben, who was as peppery ashis ancestor. "Oh I pray go on, nucle," exclaimed

all the listeners, "We'll try to keep Joe in order."

"Well, as I was saying, this apparition made its appearance once a year, as the clock was striking twelve. Many of the villagers had heard the tramp of horses and the rattling of wheels as the ghostly cortege went by. Now and then some favored individual witnessed the headless driver, as he whipped his horses on toward London. But, in all cases, the coach passed too quickly for any one to see whether the old gentleman was really inside or not,"

"And did no one ever see him?"

asked one of the party.
"You shall hear. I will confess that,
until the night when the incident which I am about to relate took place, I was as great an unbeliever as any of you, and always treated the whole account as an old woman's tale, only fit to frighten children. But, one evening, as I sat smoking with some old friends, one of them, a devout believer in everything supernatural, began to talk about the family legend, I, as usual, threw ridi-cule upon the affair. I horrified some of the company by stating my intention of venturing out to wander down the road, and see if I could meet the phantom cavalcade. I swore that if I did, I would ask the old gentleman to give me a lift, and offered to bet a £100 that the

whole legend was a pack of lies,"
"And did you go?" "Yes; although some of the more superstitious of the party tried to prevent me, I persevered, and wandered out into the night ready to meet with ghost or goblin.

"And did you meet them?" "Just as I emerged from the lane the village clock chimed the three-quarters, and I sat down upon a moss-covered are about to return. "Oh, I am pen to conviction; if you milestone to wait and watch for the

I wrapped my cloak around me, I began to shudder, as I wondered if, by any possibility, there could have been any about young Cavalier, and painted the truth in the strange story that I had 'March to Finchley' in words that did heard. I gradually felt, like the man ir full justice to Hogarth's picture. The the play, that all my courage was cozing out at my fingers's ends."

"Oh, uncle, afraid !" cried one of the

boys.
''Yes, my boy, I must confess it, for the moment I began to wish I was back in the comfortable dining-room. "Suddenly the clock struck the hour

"As the last echoes died away, I heard in the distance a sound like the "Well, proceed."
"I would give you the history of the specter attached to this house, but that only appears to a favored few, and I have not yet seen it, although I have often enough heard the noises it furious pace.

"For a moment I was speechless, but, mustering all my courage, I cried out to the coachman to stop. He did so, and then, to my intense surprise, I saw that his head had been severed from the trunk. The ghastly head lay by his side on the coach-box, which perhaps accounted for his being able to hear my

"As the carriage stopped he sprang to the ground, flung open the door, let down the steps and signed for me to enter. By this time my nerves were well braced up, and I jumped in without

any fear.
"Upon entering the coach and taking my seat I found myself opposite an old gentleman who was dressed in the costume of the commencement of the reign of George III. Upon his head was an old-fashioned tie-wig, and in his hand was a naked sword which was still covered with blood. His face was of an unearthly pallor, and had upon it a soured, scared look, which did not make him a very pleasant-looking traveling com-

"For some time we sat face to face, and when I found that he did not appear to take the slightest notice of me, I began to be more at ease. At last I thought it would be very uncivil to ride in the old gentleman's coach without speaking to him, and I also felt inclined, as I had never before met with a real ghost, to make his acquaintance. So I, by way of opening the conversation, said:

"A splendid night, sir."

"The elderly party in the tie-wig

made no reply. "'In a hurry to get to town, I pre-

sume? I am very much obliged to you "Still no answer. After this we both

sat for some time in silence; the ghost seemed buried in thought, and I remained watching him with great interest. At last, the night being chilly for the time of year, and the coach having about it a peculiar atmosphere like that of a vault, I began to feel extremely

After a while the old gentleman grew quite sociable, and began to talk; he complimented me upon my bravery in daring to stop his carriage. For just one century he had, once a year, driven along this road without meeting any one who had the courage to ride with him; and, through me, he would be released from all further punishment, which was to last until some brave fellow accompanied him in his drive and conversed

"For this release he heartily thanked me, and said that, for my courage, I should be lucky to my business speculations; and, as you are aware, he turned out a true prophet."

"Did you talk about anything else?"

"Oh, yes. My old friend had as much curiosity as a woman," said Uncle Ben, who, I need not say, was an inveterate bachelor. "We had a conversation about London. It appears that he had been a great beau in his time, and he considered himself an enormous favorite with the ladies. He wished to know who was the reigning toast, and was much disgusted when I told him that toasts had gone out of fashion."

"Was that all ?" "Oh, no. He told me where the best civet and pematum were to be bought, and who was the best pernke-maker; and was still more surprised when I said that no one wore wigs now, except law-yers and coachmen. He asked if traveling was as dangerous as ever; though he confessed that he had not been much troubled lately by the knights of the road. He said that one rode up to stop him twenty-five years before, but the sight of his headless driver had so frightened him that he put spurs to his horse and disappeared as if he had had twenty Bow-street runners at his

"Did you not ask what became of him on the other nights of the year, when he was not out for his drive?

"He said that, in company with the innumerable shades who were condemned to occasionally visit the earth for crimes committed during their past lives, he passed his time hovering round his old haunts, longing to become visible to his descendants, and to assist them in times of trouble, but unable to do so. As we conversed, the time rapidly slipped away; and at length the lamps of London became visible in the distance. After thanking the old man for his courtesy, I suggested that I might now alight as had a great many friends in town that I should like to visit; but he shook his

"'No, no,' said he; 'we are at the mercy of my coachman; he has the entire command during our drive, and he will only stop at the place he picked you up. See, he is turning the horses round: we

"If the journey to town seemed short, (Pa.) Eagle,

phantoms that 'come like shadows—se the journey back was still shorter. The depart.' The night was chilly, and, as old man told me a hundred anecdotes of March to Finchley' in words that did statesmen, wits, and soldiers of the last century appeared to stand before me in the flesh, and I never enjoyed a drive betterthan the one I had with my ghostly ancestor.

"As the clock struck one, we pulled up at the old moss-covered milestone where I first stopped the coach. Once more thanking me for the inestimable favor I had done him, the old gentleman signed to the driver to open the carriage door. I got out, and, as I turned round to bid him good-by, I found that the whole cavalcade—coach, horses, driver, and old gentleman—had vanished into thin air and I was also also as a second secon thin air, and I was alone.'

"Alone?" exclaimed his hearers,
"Yes," said Uncle Ben; "but the strange thing was that I became insensible, and knew nothing more until I was found the next morning lying beside the

"I thought so. You fell asleep and dreamed that you saw the phantom cor-

tege," said Joe,
"No, sir, it was no dream. When I saw that carriage, and when I rode in it, I was as much awake as I am now; and when you are as old as I am, and have seen as many wonders, you will be sur-prised at nothing, and will own that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your phi losophy,"-Belgravia,

Fashion Notes.

The short dress for the street is at last an accomplished fact. Several rows of knife-pleated lace will

be used for trimming mantles, Most of the wide collars and cuffs have

lace frill to stand around the neck and New ties are of plain silk, the ends finished in embroidery and fringe to represent the tip of a peacock feather.

Get sheer striped muslin, or else dimi-ty, and work the edges in colored scalops for drapery for an infant's basket. Satin will be much used for trimming spring and summer dresses. Some of the new grenadines are trimmed entirely

with black satin. A half-long sacque or else a dolman mantle of black silk or of camel'-shair, with jet and fringe for trimming, is what you want for the spring.

Cashmere suits are coming more and more into favor. Cashmere made over silk is exceedingly attractive. Rich cellar under our stable, and it has garnitures of all kinds are employed on proved so satisfactory that we venture to these much admired and very serviceable give a brief description of it. The divipromenade and dinner suits,

Carrick capes promise to be much worn on various spring garments. They are seen on cloth sacques, on basques of plain costumes, on polonaises, on dolmans, on English cloth traveling cloaks, and finally on linen ulsters.

The furnishing stores display new costumes of percale, cambric, and Scotch ginghams, trimmed with pleated frills of the material, on which fall scant ruffles of white Hamburg embroidery. The favorite design for these is the pleated basque.

Cambric wrappers are also being fancifully made at the furnishing houses The prettiest of these have a yoke with Watteau pleating in the back, and are made of bordered cambrics, with the border used for trimming down the yoke, pockets, collar and cuffs,

Silks of light quality with raised figures are offered for spring costumes, or as parts of combination suits. These are more stylish than checked or striped silks sold for the same money, but they do not wear so well, as the raised figures are apt to fray; they serve, however, for a season, or as long as the capricious fashion lasts.

To make yourself look more slender you should wear the princesse underclothing with yoke skirts and with closefitting chemises that add nothing to the figure. Arrange your hair so that it will add nothing to the size of your head. Braid the back hair, and make a coil of it high on the crown; wave the front hair, and comb it back from the temples.

Put velvet buttons on a silk dress trimmed with velvet. Put wide panels of velvet down the sides of the overskirt, and edge it with fringe. The velvet flounce should be so deep that the bottom of the over-skirt will cover the seem to be entirely velvet. Turn the edge of the flounce under, and face it with silk. Gathered flounces are very scant. Pleated velvet flounces are twice the length of the space to be covered.

A Kind Act Rewarded.

The bread on the waters has returned to a young lady in Clappertown, Pa., after a few years. On December 28, 1873, she met, on a railroad train, a lady who was very ill, and she kindly ministered unto her, taking care of her and accompanying her to her place of destina-When they parted, the sick woman offered to reward the young lady for her kindness and attention, but she would take nothing. The old woman wrote down the name and address, nodded familiarly to her, and said "You will be paid some day." young lady never saw her chance acquaintance again, but the sum of \$90,-000 has recently been bequeathed to her. The old woman had no relatives in this country, and left all her money to the girl who had befriended her. - Reading

CURE FOR HOARSENESS.—Spikenard oot, sliced and bruised, and then steeped in a teapot containing equal parts of water and spirits, and the vapor inhaled, when sufficiently cooled, will relieve the soreness and hoarseness of the throat or lungs, when arising from a cough or

REFRESHING DRINKS IN FEVERS, Boil one and a half ounces of tamarinds with two ounces of stoned raisins and three ounces cranberries, all in three pints of water until two pints remain strain, and add a small piece of fresh emon peel, which should be removed in

ing, remove the stockings and rub the feet and ankles briskly with the hands. During the day, wear two pair of stockings composed of different fabrics, one pair of silk or cotton, the other of wool, and the natural heat of the feet will be preserved, if the feet are kept clean, and the friction of the same is not omitted at night.

RULES FOR THE SICK ROOM. -1. Bring in fresh flowers or something new every day; even the commonest green thing is day; even the commonest green thing is better than nothing. 2. Don't talk about anything unpleasant. Talk about something that will lead the patient's thoughts away from his aches and pains, and leave him in a cheerful and restful state of mind. 3. Follow the doctor's byways, too, so far as they lend themstate of mind, 3. Follow the doctor's directions implicitly. 4. Never ask a sick person what he wants to eat. If he asks for anything that will not injure him get it if you can. Never bring him much at a time. A little bit in a dainty dish will sometimes tempt the appetite when a large quanity would cause nausea. 5. Expect sick persons to be unreasonable. They will fret and complain, no from the hands of those who had done matter what happens, and must be born nothing to entitle them to participation in with patiently.

Fruit Cellars.

In order to keep fruit, several condi-tions are important. In the first place, the atmosphere of a fruit room should be dry, there should be no more damp-ness than ordinarily exists in the cold outside air. The room should be susceptible of ventilation in proper weather, not by direct currents of air, but by air modified before it reaches the fruit, air modified before it reaches the fruit.

A fruit room must be frost-proof; it must be cleanly and accessible. As regards location, it may be placed on a side hill, the excavation opening to the south; or it may be placed under a barn or stable, or other convenient out-build-

Ten years ago we constructed a fruit sion walls are constructed of brick, and the apartments are two in number, an outer and inner room. The outer room is but partly underground, and is ten by twelve in area, and eight feet high. The inner coom is wholly underground, and frost-proof; it has four brick walls and a cemented floor. In this room the fruit is stored early in December, when the weather becomes cold. The outer room holds the fruit during the autumn months after it is gathered, and is cool, well lighted and dry. The windows are left open and a free circulation of air allowed so long as no danger from frost exists When the fruit is taken to the inner room, the door is closed, and no light admitted. Ventilation is secured in moderate weather by opening the inner door and throwing down a window in the outer room. In this cellar we kept apples of last season's growth until the present winter, in perfect condition. Some of these apples, exhibited at the autumnal agricultural fairs, were pronounced as fresh as those of last season's growth .- Boston Journal of Chemistry.

Frozen Combs of Fowls. In cold climates fowls with very large combs, like those of the Leghorns, are liable to get frozen; in fact, these large comb breeds must be kept in a warm house if freezing is to be entirely pre-vented. When the comb of a bird is found to be frozen, it should be thawed out by the application of cold water, either by pouring the water over the head or by immersing the comb while the fowl is held in the hand. After the frost is entirely removed, and the comb and wattles carefully rubbed dry with a soft cloth, they should be smeared with glycerine, to be followed by a fresh application every day until the comb is restored to its usual appearance. If the frozen comb has been already thawed top of the flounce, and make the skirt out, the glycerine may be applied just the same to prevent the soreness Grease of any kind may be used, and some poultry breeders make an ointment for frozen combs by melting a little rosin in hot salt lard. Almost anything which will exclude the air from the raw flesh will assist healing and do good.

Propagation of Hyacinths.

The gardener to the University of Berlin has found that hyacinths may be propagated by their leaves, and this method would appear to specially recommend itself where the object in view is to raise a large number of specimens of new rare varieties. The leaves require to be cut off as near to the bulb as possible, put in a saucer, and covered over with a thin layer of sandy leaf mold, the same as geraniums are propagated. The saucer having been placed in a greenhouse or frame close to the inner surface of the glass, in eight or nine weeks' time the extremities of the leaves will begin to turn dry, a sure sign that bulbs are growing out of them. The leaves selected for propagation must be fresh and green, the latest time at which they should be removed from the plant bair, which often falls in glossy being the close of the flowering season. | below the waist.

Turks Sacking a Town, The Elena correspondent of the Lon

don Tmes writes : We are in Elenaafter a sharp day's fighting, characterized, I am glad to say, by few of those acts of ferocity which have disgraced so many Turkish successes. There is not a sterner opponent to the Bashi-Bazouk system than Suleiman Pasha, but these Turkish and Circassian free lances have been raised by the central government into a situation quite beyond control, and any attempt at suppression would transform them even into less controllable brigands. We are in Elena, and the sack of the place is now in full swing. From the window of the house in which I have sought a few minutes of quiet to jot down these notes, and which overlooks the long main street of this little town, To KEEP THE FEET WARM.—Previous I see the ruin progressing fast. To give to retiring at night, and before undress- an idea of the scene in this street it needs to be photographed in panorama and presented in its ensemble Wordpainting gives but a feeble notion of it, because the simultaneity of the incidents is lost. Thus, if I say that the Bashi-Bazonks and Circassians are battering doors and shutters with the butt-ends of their muskets, slashing window-frames to pieces with their yataghans, blowing off locks with their revolvers, throwing the contents of house and shop into the street, still it is only two or three houses selves to such work, the depredators are at work howling and hooting, drunk with the joys of spoilation and red-hot with the excitement of destruction. It had been intended to take precau-tions to prevent the sack of the town by

irregulars. Three companies were to have been told off to protect the spoil the loot; but in the excitement of the victory it was not carried out, and thus the irregulars are securing for themselves or recklessly waisting, the great bulk of the booty. I was in so soon after the troops that when I went up the street it was comparatively empty. On a little bridge over a rivulet which crosses one end of the town lay three Russians dead, and the way was almost barred by a dead horse lying still harnessed to a broken fourgon; but as I went on the Bashis came rushing past and soon the street was filled. Shop after shop was burst open. Now a grocer's, from which skins and bladders filled with cheese and Russian butter were thrown into the street; here sugar was the attraction, and the Bashis thrust the white sugar lumps by handsful into their breasts and into the folds of their turbans, and when they were stuffed, scattered the rest about the street. It must have been a Bulgarian feast day yesterday, for in all the grocers' and bakers' shops there was holiday cake, upon which the Bashis pounced with childish delight. Now a draper's shop was tapped, and the yarns and rougher goods were thrown out to be trampled under foot, while the long yards of calico and cloths were dragged forth, the pillagers chopping off with their yataghans such lengths as they could secure. From the vintners the casks of wine were rolled into the street and the heads stove in, bottles were hurled into the air and came smashing down among the crowd by the score. From time to time a troop of scared pigs would come rushing into the street, hounded out of their styes by the side currents of the looters. Then there was a shout and a chase, and the poor beasts were bayoneted or shot by rifles and revolvers recklessly fired amid the crowd. Before a silk store lay an old Bulgar, sho through the chest, lying as he fell, and a little further, laid out stiff and straigh under the projecting front of a cook's shop, was the body of a Russian, clad in shirt and drawers, clean and fine of texture, apparently the remains of some civil functionary.

Rhyming Legislators,

During a recent dry debate in the House wing of the Virginia Legislature a resolution was circulated among the members, drawn up by "the committee on game," and offering a prize for an man who would find a rhyme to "Terr pin." A Richmond correspondent say the resolution brought out the following poetical donations: You ask for a word to rhyme with Terrapin, I could bet my drink were all pure gin.

— Hanger.

Would rbyme with hair-pin.

(It ought to but it don't.) The wretch who kills a Terrapin

- Wallace,

- Henkel.

Commits a most egregious sin. Soup made of the Terrapin Will not hurt a fellow's within. A good stew made of Terrapin Is fit for a seraphim.

Were I asked what is a Terrapin, Would call it a fish without a fin The blamed fools who rhymed on Terrapin, Ought to have a larrapin, —Spenker Allen The way to give value to a diamond-blas Terrapin, Is to change its back as though the diam

would rather be a cresping scarapin Than a skill pot Terrapin.

How sweet to sit in your merry inn and eat good stews of Terrapin. I would fight sooner a Terrapin Than an old female harridan.

I think there is no fairer din Than to hear the bounds trail a Terrapis