

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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## STAR OF THE NORTH.

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## MAJ. MOSES VAN CAMP'S EARLY LIFE IN COLUMBIA COUNTY.

"My first service was in the year 1777, when I served three months under Col. Jno. Kelly, who stationed us at Big Isle, on the West Branch of the Susquehanna. Nothing particular transpired during that time, and in March, 1778, I was appointed lieutenant of a company of six-months men—Shortly afterward, I was ordered by Col. Samuel Hunter to proceed with about 20 men to Fishingcreek, (which empties into the North Branch of the Susquehanna about 20 miles from Northumberland) and to build a fort about three miles from its mouth, for the reception of the inhabitants in case of an alarm from the Indians. In May, my fort being nearly completed, our spies discovered a large body of Indians making their way towards the fort. The neighboring residents had barely time to fly to the fort for protection, leaving their goods behind. The Indians soon made their appearance, and having plundered and burnt the houses, attacked the fort, keeping a steady fire upon us during the day. At night they withdrew, burning and destroying everything in their route. What loss they sustained we could not ascertain, as they carried off all the dead and wounded, though from the marks of blood on the ground, it must have been considerable—The inhabitants that took shelter in the fort had built a yard for their cattle at the head of a small flat at a short distance from the fort; and one evening in the month of June, just as they were milking them, my sentinel called my attention to some movement in the brush, which I soon discovered to be Indians, making their way to the cattle yard. There was no time to be lost; I immediately selected ten of my sharp-shooters, and under cover of a rise of land, got between them and the milkers. On ascending the ridge we found ourselves within pistol-shot of them; fired first, and killed the leader, but a volley from my men did no further execution, the Indians running off at once. In the mean time the milk pails flew in every direction, and the best runner got to the fort first. As the season advanced, Indian hostilities increased, and notwithstanding the vigilance of our scouts, which were constantly out, houses were burnt and families murdered. On the return of the army I was taken with the camp-fever, and was removed to the fort which I had built in '78, where my father was still living. In the course of the winter I recovered my health, and my father's house having been burnt in '78 by the party which attacked the before mentioned fort, my father requested me to go with him, and a younger brother to our farm, about four miles distant, to make preparations for building another, and raising some grain.—But little apprehension was entertained of molestations from the Indians this season, as they had been so completely routed the year before. We left the fort about the last of March, accompanied by my uncle and his son, about twelve years old, and one Peter Pence. We had been on our farms about four or five days, when on the morning of the 30th of March, we were surprised by a party of ten Indians. My father was lunged through with a war spear, his throat was cut, and he was scalped; while my brother was tomahawked, scalped, and thrown into the fire before my eyes. While I was struggling with a warrior, the fellow who had killed my father drew his spear from his body and made a violent thrust at me. I shrunk from the spear; the savage who had hold of me turned it with his hand so that it only penetrated my vest and shirt. They were then satisfied with taking me prisoner, as they had the same morning taken my uncle's little son and Pence, though they killed my uncle. The same party, before they reached us, had touched on the lower settlements of Wyoming, and killed a Mr. Upon, and took a boy prisoner of the name of Rogers. We were now marched off to Fishingcreek, and in the afternoon of the same day we came to Huntington, where the Indians found four white men at a sugar camp, who fortunately discovered the Indians and fled to a house; the Indians only fired on them and wounded a Captain Ranson, when they continued their course till night. Having encamped and made their fire, we the prisoners, were tied and well secured, five Indians lying on one side of us and five on the other; in the morning they pursued their course, and, leaving the waters of Fishingcreek, touched the headwaters of Hemlock creek, where they found one Abraham Pike, his wife and child.—Pike was made prisoner, but his wife and child they painted, and told *Joggo, squaw*, go home. The continued their course that day, and encamped the same night in the same manner as the previous. It came into my mind that sometimes individuals performed wonderful actions, and surmounted the greatest danger. I then decided that these fellows must die; and thought of the plan to dispatch them. The next day I had an opportunity to communicate my plan to my fellow-prisoners; they treated it as a visionary scheme for three men to attempt to dispatch ten Indians. I spread before them the advantages that three men would have over ten when asleep; and that we would be the first prisoners that would be taken into their towns and villages after our army had destroyed their corn, that we should be tied to the stake and suffer a cruel death; we had now an inch of ground to fight on, and if we failed, it would only be death, and we might as well die one way as another. That day passed away, and having encamped for

the night, we lay as before. In the morning we came to the river, and saw their canoes; they had descended the river and run their canoes upon Little Tunkhannock creek, so called. They crossed the river and set their canoes adrift. I renewed my suggestion to my companions to dispatch them that night, and urged they must decide the question.—They agreed to make the trial; but how shall we do it, was the question. Disarm them, and each take a tomahawk, and come to close work at once. There are three of us; plant our blows with judgment, and three times three will make nine, and the tenth one we can kill at our leisure. Disarm them to disarm them, and after that, one take possession of the guns and fire, at the one side of the four, and the other two take tomahawks on the other side and dispatch them. I observed that would be a very uncertain way; the first shot fired would give the alarm; they would discover it to be the prisoners, and might defeat us. I had to yield to their plan. Peter Pence was chosen to fire the guns, Pike and myself to tomahawk; we cut and carried plenty of wood to give them a good fire; the prisoners were tied and laid in their places; after I was laid down, one of them had occasion to use his knife; he dropped it on my feet; I turned my foot over it and concealed it; they all lay down and fell asleep. About midnight I got up and found them in a sound sleep. I slipped to Pence, who rose; I cut him loose and handed him the knife; he did the same for me, and I in turn took the knife and cut Pike loose; in a minute's time we disarmed them. Pence took his station at the guns. Pike and myself with our tomahawks took our stations; I was to tomahawk three on the right wing, and Pike two on the left. That moment Pike's two awoke, and were getting up; here Pike proved a coward, and laid down. It was a critical moment. I saw there was no time to be lost; their heads turned up fair; I dispatched them in a moment, and turned to my lot as per agreement, and as I was about to dispatch the last on my side of the fire, Pence shot and did good execution; there was only one at the off wing that his ball did not reach; his name was Mohawk, a stout, bold, daring fellow. In the alarm he jumped off about three rods from the fire; he saw it was the prisoners who made the attack, and giving the war-whoop, he darted to take possession of the guns; I was as quick to prevent him; the contest was then between him and myself. As I raised my tomahawk, he turned quick to jump from me; I followed and struck at him, but missing his head, my tomahawk struck his shoulder, or rather the back of his neck; he pitched forward and fell; and the same time my foot slipped, and I fell by his side; we clinched; his arm was naked; he caught me round my neck; at the same time I caught him with my left arm around the body, and gave him a close hug, at the same time feeling for his knife, but could not reach it. In our scuffle my tomahawk dropped out, and almost suffocated me with his blood. I made a violent spring, and broke from his hold; we both rose at the same time, and he ran; it took me some time to clear the blood from my eyes; my tomahawk had got covered up, and I could not find it in time to overtake him; he was the only one of the party that escaped. Pike was powerless. I always had a reverence for Christian devotion. Pike was trying to pray, and Pence swearing at him, charging him with cowardice, and saying it was no time to pray—he ought to fight; we were masters of the ground, and in possession of all their guns, blankets, match coats, &c. I then turned my attention to scalping them, and recovered the scalps of my father, brother, and others, I strung them all on my belt for safe-keeping. We kept our ground till morning, and built a raft, it being near the bank of the river where they had encamped, about fifteen miles below Tioga Point; we got all our plunder on it, and set sail for Wyoming, the nearest settlement. Our raft gave way, when we made for land, but we lost considerable property, though we saved our guns and ammunition, and took to land; we reached Wyalusing late in the afternoon. Came to the narrows; discovered a smoke below, and a raft laying at the shore, by which we were certain that a party of Indians had passed us in the course of the day, and had halted for the night. There was no alternative for us but to rout them; we got over the mountain; the snow on the north side of the hill was deep; we knew from the appearance of the raft that the party must be small; we had two rifles each; my only fear was of Pike's cowardice. To know the worst of it, we agreed that I should ascertain their number, and give the signal for the attack; I crept down the side of the hill so near as to see their fires and packs, but saw no Indians. I concluded they had gone hunting for meat, and that this was a good opportunity for us to make off with their raft to the opposite side of the river. I gave the signal; they came and threw their packs on the raft, which was made of small, dry pine timber; with poles and paddles we drove her briskly across the river, and had got nearly out of reach of shot, when two of them came in; they fired—their shots did no injury; we soon got under cover of an island, and went several miles; we had waded deep creeks through the day, the night was cold; we landed on an island and found a sink hole, in which we made our fire; after warming we were alarmed by a cracking in the crust; Pike supposed the Indians had got on to the island, and was for calling for quarters;

to keep him quiet we threatened him with his life; the stepping grew plainer, and seemed coming directly to the fire; I kept a watch, and soon a noble racoon came under the light. I shot the racoon, when Pike jumped up and called out: "Quarters, gentlemen; quarter, gentlemen!" I took my game by the leg and threw it down to the fire: "Here, you cowardly rascal," I cried, "skin that and give us a roast for supper." The next night we reached Wyoming, and there was much joy to see us; we rested one day, and it being not safe to go to Northumberland by land, we procured a canoe, and with Pence and my little cousin, we descended the river by night; we came to Fort Jenkins before day, where I found Col. Kelly and about 100 men, encamped out of the fort; he came across me from the West branch by the heads of Chillisquaque to Fishingcreek, at the end of the Nob mountain, where my father and brother were killed; he had buried my father and uncle; my brother was burnt, a small part of him only was to be found. Col. Kelly informed me that my mother and her children were in the fort, and it was thought that I was killed likewise. Col. Kelly went into the fort to prepare her mind to see me; I took off my belt of scalps and handed them to an officer to keep. Human nature was not sufficient to stand the interview. She had just lost a husband and a son, and one had returned to take her by the hand, and one, too, that she supposed was killed. The day after I went to Sunbury, where I was received with joy; my scalps were exhibited, the cannons were fired, &c. Before my return a commission had been sent me as captain of a company to be commanded by Capt. Thomas Robinson; this was, as I understood, a part of the quota which Pennsylvania had to raise for the continental line. One Joseph Alexander was commissioned as lieutenant, but did not accept his commission. The summer of 1780 was spent in the recruiting service; our company was organized, and was retained for the defence of the frontier service. In Feb. 1781, I was promoted to a lieutenancy, and entered upon the active duty of an officer, by heading scouts; and as Capt. Robinson was no woodsman nor marksman, he preferred that I should encounter the danger and head the scouts; we kept up a constant chain of scouts around the frontier settlements, from the North to the West branch of the Susquehanna, by way of the headwaters of Little Fishingcreek, Chillisquaque, Muncy, &c. In the spring of 1781, we built a fort on the widow *McClure's* plantation called McClure's Fort, where our provisions were stored.—*Sherman Day's Historical Collections of Pennsylvania.*

### BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY.

Mr. Crittenden was engaged in defending a man who had been indicted for a capital offence. After an elaborate and powerful defence, he closed his effort by the following striking and beautiful Allegory:

"When God in His eternal counsel conceived the thought of man's creation, he called to him the three ministers who stand constantly upon the throne—Justice, Truth and Mercy, and thus addressed them:

"Shall we make man?" Then said Justice, "O, God, make him not, for he will pollute thy sanctuaries." But Mercy, dropping upon her knees and weeping up through her tear, exclaimed, "O, God, make him—I will watch over him with care through all the dark paths which he may have to tread." Then God made man, and said to him, "O, man, thou art the child of Mercy; go and deal with thy brother."

The jury, when he finished, were drawn in tears, and against evidence, and without must have been their own convictions, brought in a verdict of not guilty.

### THE FARMER'S CREED.

The following we extract from the *New Jersey Free Zeitung*, German:

I believe in small and well cultivated farms.

I believe that the soil wants nourishment, as well as man does; consequently, it needs manure.

I believe in good crops, not exhausting the soil, but enriching it as well as the proprietor.

I believe that everything ought to be tested to the bottom; therefore, I believe in deep plowing.

I believe that all the lime, gypsum, bone dust and guano in the world, cannot render affam profitable, unless combined with intelligence, care and industry.

I believe in good fence, good barns, good farm houses, good orchards, and plenty of children to gather the fruit.

I believe in a clean kitchen, and a neat woman in it; in a clean dairy, and a clear conscience.

I believe that farmers who do not improve their soil; farms, which grow poorer every year; cattle, that look like so many skeletons; farmers' sons, who are bent, by all means, upon growing into clerks and merchants; farmers' daughters, who think themselves too noble for work; farmers, finally, who are ashamed of their station, and attempt to draw this feeling in liquor—all of these I believe to be worth nothing.

An editor, who had been fined several weeks in succession for getting drunk, coolly proposed to the judge that he should take him by the year at a reduced rate.

### PAPERS.

The papers having the largest circulation.—The paper of Tobacco.

### PEW-TALK AND CHURCH SCANDAL.

That tall young fellow's here to day!  
I wonder what's his name?  
His eyes are fixed upon our pew—  
Do look at Sally Dame.

Who's that young lady dressed in green?  
It can't be Mrs. Leach;  
There's Mr. Jones with Deacon Giles!  
I wonder if he'll preach?

Lend me your fan, it is so warm,  
We both will sit in prayers;  
Mourning becomes the Widow Ames—  
How Mary's bonnet flares.

Do look at Nancy Slooper's veil,  
It's full a breadth too wide,  
I wonder if Susannah Ayres  
Appears to-day as bride?

Lord! what a voice Jane Rice has got;  
Oh, how that organ roars!  
I'm glad we've left the singers seat;  
How hard Miss Johnson scours!

What ugly shawls are those in front!  
Did you observe Ann Wild?  
Her new straw bonnet's trimmed with  
I guess she's lost a child.

I'm half asleep; that Mr. Jones!  
His sermons are so long;  
This afternoon we'll stay at home,  
And practice that new song.

### BLACKBERRYING.

"Ah! Sam, she's gone dead."  
"Is she dead, Bones?"  
"Yes, Sam. She sent for me three days after she died."  
"Oh, no, Bones; you mean three days previous to her disease."  
"No. She had no niece. She was an orphan."  
"I mean three days before she departed this earthly tenement."  
"Sir?"  
"That is, three days before she died?"  
"Oh, yes! Well, I went down to see her; went up to the bedside and bed in my eyes."  
"You mean with the tears in your eyes."  
"Yes, with the pillows in my eyes. Sez she, 'Bones, I'm going to leave dis world of care.'"  
"What did you reply?"  
"Sed I didn't care much. Den she asked me if I would go to de potterary shop for some medicine? I sed yes; so I went down to Dr. Night Bell."  
"No, not to Doctor Night Bell, that's the name of the bell on the door—the night bell."  
"Well, I called him 'Doctor Night Bell' any how."  
"I presume he was a good physician?"  
"Oh, he wasn't fishin'; he was home."  
"Oh, no; I mean he was a doctor of some note."  
"Yes; he was counting out his notes when I went in."  
"No, Bones! You do not understand.—I mean he was a doctor of some standing."  
"No, he wasn't standin'; he was sitting on a three-legged stool."  
"Pshaw! I mean he was a doctor of some reputation."  
"Yes; he was dat; he was a nice feller. He was de clerk."  
"Who was the clerk?"  
"Reputation."  
"Well, what did the doctor give you?"  
"He gabe me a piece ob paper."  
"A prescription."  
"No, it was paper."  
"Of course it was on a paper, nevertheless, a prescription. What did it say on the paper?"  
"It was full of chalk-marks made wid a pencil. He sed I must get two dozen fish hooks No. 7, an' put in a quart ob molasses an' boil it down, den gib her de broth, so I went up to de bar—"  
"No; you mean the counter?"  
"He didn't count them; he weighed 'em out."  
"Well, was there efficacy in the dose?"  
"No, noffin in it but fish hooks!"  
"I mean, was the medicine any way efficacious?"  
"Now, look here, Sam, be so kind as to dress me in de English languish."  
"Well, then Bones, I mean did the medicine do her good?"  
"It would have cured her, but the poor gal in absence of mind, instead of takin' the broth, took the fish-hooks, and dey killed her."  
"Then that must have been her funeral I saw last Wednesday."  
"No, it wasn't. De doctor says I can't bury her until next summer."  
"Why not Bones?"  
"Kase dat's de best time to go out black-berryin'!"

### Rather Fishy.

"Dear Charles always gives me a new dress, or takes me to the opera, when I ask him," said a smiling wife, "and on my part I make no objection to his having a night-key."  
"Humph," growled her cynical uncle Horace, "Throwing out a club to catch a Salmon."

"I can tell you how to save that horse," said a dandy to a man in West street, who was looking very earnestly at a skeleton of a horse attached to a vehicle heavily loaded with oysters.  
"Will you—say on."  
"Why, just slip him away while the crows are at roost."

Open your heart to sympathy, but close it to despondency. The flower which opens to receive the dew, shuts against rain.

Do your duty and defy the Devil.

### From the Richmond (Va.) Dispatch, Mo. American Love of Titles.

If there is a weakness in American character which may well excite the wonder and derision of even those strangers who desire to think well of us and our institutions, it is the inordinate fondness for titles which exists among a nation whose pride it ought to be that it did not descend from a titled class, that it has prohibited by law orders and titles of nobility, and that it has made its own greatness. It can do us no harm to look sometimes at our faults and foibles, as well as our superlative virtues, and he is no friend who fails to make known to a friend his errors, or to prevent him from making himself ridiculous. We hold that no one has more just reason for pride than the man who, originally poor, humble, and unaided by powerful friends of influence, has made himself one of the pillars of the State, one of the chief members of the learned professions, or a leader in any prominent department of human enterprise. Great Britain, France, and even the despotic countries of the Continent, can show such men, and they are revered there among kings and courtiers; they are often "the power behind the throne" that is greater than the throne; sometimes they control cabinets, lead armies, and decide the destinies of empires. In this country such cases are more numerous, for here there is a fair field for each and all, and a list of the names who have risen in the United States, from the humblest origin to the high places of the land, would fill a volume. Our country itself was settled mainly by the middle classes, and agricultural and mechanical laborers of Great Britain. They were men who valued pitch, muscle and manhood—qualities which are more highly appreciated in a new country than gentle blood and ancestral renown.—By the exercise of these qualities the Republic has become, in the lifetime of a man one of the great powers of the earth, and it would have a moral grandeur equal to its physical, but for a universal hankering after the fashions of aristocracy which consoles the most envious and sardonic of its enemies.

If, in this tide-forbidding nation, this people which professes to despise the ancient nobility of Europe, there could be published a book containing all the titles applied to, or appropriated by American citizens, a stranger would come to the conclusion that the whole population is composed of Generals, Colonels, Majors, Captains, Honorables, Commodores, Doctors, Professors and Esquires. The plain title of "Minister" has become a mark of distinction. Who is willing to be only "Minister"? Who will consent to serve as a private in this Republican army? When these titles, so various and innumerable, are not mere ornamental handles to ordinary names, when they indicate superior knowledge or merit, it is right an proper that they should be bestowed. But, as a general thing, the very reverse is the case, and handles of silver and gold are stuck on to earthen jugs with the evident conviction that by this new kind of alchemy the jug will become of the same precious metal as the handle. Military titles, belonging to a profession of which is less known in this country than any other, are more common than all the rest combined.

Every member of Congress, Sickles included, is Honorable, and every private citizen an Esquire. Hitherto the Navy, being a vocation of the sea, has been able to keep its titles from the hard earned honors of our gallant naval defenders, who get little else but honor and hard knocks in the way of compensation, are no longer sacred. The yacht club of New York, we perceive, has converted its vessels into a squadron, and invested one of their Captains with the title of "Commodore." They intend to do things quite man-of-war fashion, and very likely will altogether eclipse the regular service in seamanship and fighting qualities in a very short time. In other departments, we find even more ridiculous examples of affection and imposture. Nothing is more common than to see the honored name of "Professor," a name which has a technical significance, and belongs exclusively to a public teacher of the sciences in a University or College, assumed by every mountebank and humbug, by balloonists, phrenologists, rope dancers, and we have even heard of a Professor of Corns.

The colleges and universities of the country have some reason to complain of such an appropriation and application of their peculiar property; but we think it can be shown that it is, after all, only retributive justice, and that they, who have conferred honors with so little discrimination, ought not to murmur when they are despoiled of own badges of distinction. How few are the colleges in America in which a degree confers any evidence of merit. In the bestowment of honors upon outsiders, especially the title of D. D., the colleges in the country have done more to multiply unnecessary titles, and have committed swinish injustice, than all the impostors and graders in the land. In former times, the title of "Doctor of Divinity" meant something, and it was rare and discriminating bestowal. How is it now? Let every man look around him, and decide if this title is always an evidence of extraordinary theological learning; nay, if extraordinary theological learning is not often given to the merest sciolists it is not often given to theology, while (and smatterers of clerical honors,) men really deserving are passed by, and thus lowered in the estimation of the community, who naturally regard them in their profession, because the tribunal which dispenses the rewards of merit has not conferred upon them that badge of superior desert which it is its province to bestow, and of which it is supposed to be the best judge. It would be better to dispense with the title altogether than to lavish it so indiscriminately, and with as little judgment and justice as it is now often applied.

A Phragment of an Owed to a Phreemont Pole Who was a Bein Cut Down for Stove wood:  
Woodman! spare them poles,  
Touch not a single wan;  
Last fall they cheered our soales,  
Just let 'em stand for phn.

It was our Phreemont Clubb,  
That first did place them there;  
Oh! please, sur, let 'em stand,  
Or else yew'll here us sware.

A SIMPLE CURE FOR THE CROUP.—The *Journal of Health* says, when a child is taken with the croup, instantly apply cold water—ice water if possible—suddenly and freely to the neck and chest with a sponge. The breathing will almost instantly be relieved. Soon as possible, let the sufferer drink as much as it can; then wipe it dry, cover it warm and soon a quiet slumber will relieve all anxiety.

"Joe, why were you out so late last night?"  
"It wasn't so very late—only a quarter of twelve."  
"How dare you sit there and tell me that lie! I was awake when you came, and looked at my watch—it was three o'clock."  
"Well isn't three a quarter of twelve?"

"Come here, you mischievous rascal!" "Won't you whip me father?" "No." "Will you swear you won't?" "Yes." "Then I won't come, father; for Parson Atwood says, 'He that will swear, will lie.'"

"My son hasn't I told you three times to go and shut that gate?" said a father to a four year old.  
"Yes, and hasn't I told you three times that I wouldn't do it. You must be stupid."

Kissing a pretty girl down South, a young gentleman asked her—"what makes you so sweet?"  
"Oh," she replied in utter innocence "my father is a sugar planter."

"Weigh your words," said a man to a fellow who was blustering away in a towering passion at another.  
"They won't weigh much if he did," said the antagonist coolly.

The Salem Gazette says the following notice may be seen at a blacksmith's shop in the town of Essex:  
"No horses on Sunday 'cept sickness or Death"

In Cork, a short time ago, the crier of the court endeavored to disperse the crowd by exclaiming: "All ye blackguards that isn't lawyers quit the court."

What one of the planets is supposed to have the most species? The moon; because she is continually changing quarters.

A young man in New York having advertised for a wife received word from eighteen married men that he might have them.

A young thief, charged with picking pockets, protested that he didn't pick them at all, but took them as they come.

Aunt Betsey has said many good things, one among them that a newspaper is like a wife, because every man should have one of his own.

"That's what I call capital punishment," as the boy said when his mother shut him up in the closet among the preserves.

A man, who undertakes to reach a position by making speeches, is like a parrot that climbs with his back.

A young woman in Newark, on being asked how she could bring her mind to marry an old man of seventy (which she had recently done,) replied that she had had an old man of an old age would generally buy a young heifer; meaning, that as her old man was rich, it would be all right by and by.

John, said a master to his apprentice as he was about starting on a short journey, "you must occupy my place while I am absent."  
"Thank you sir," demurely replied John, "but I'd rather sleep with the boys."

A foot-race took place a few days ago at Rochester, New York, between two men, called respectively "The American Deer" and "North Star." They ran five miles for a wager of three hundred dollars. The deer was not fleet enough for the Star, who made the five miles in thirty seven minutes.

A common domestic clock, having run down, Tibbs, with unblushing effrontery, observed that it had come to untimely end!

Make no mischief by meddling with other folk's matters.