

The Alleghanlian.

A. A. BARKER, Editor and Proprietor.
J. TODD HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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VOLUME 5.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1864.

NUMBER 48.

DIRECTORY.

LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Offices.	Post Masters.	Districts.
Bethel Station	Enoch Reese,	Blacklick.
Carrolltown,	Joseph Behe,	Carroll.
Chess Springs,	A. G. Crooks,	Chest.
Conemaugh,	J. Houston,	Taylor.
Cresson,	John Thompson,	Washint'n.
Fallen Timber,	Asa H. Fiske,	White.
Gallatin,	J. M. Christy,	Gallitzin.
Hemlock,	Wm. Tiley, Jr.,	Wash'tn.
Johnstown,	I. E. Chandler,	Johnst'wn.
Loretto,	M. Adlesberger,	Loretto.
Mineral Point,	E. Wisinger,	Conem'gh.
Monster,	A. Durbin,	Monster.
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Roseland,	G. W. Bowman,	White.
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Wilmore,	William McConnell,	Wash'tn.
	Morris Keil,	S'merhill.

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

Presbyterian—Rev. D. HARRISON, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.

Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. J. S. LEXOW, Preacher in charge. Rev. W. H. M'BRIDE, Assistant. Preaching every alternate Sabbath morning, at 10 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.

Wesley Independent—Rev. L. R. POWELL, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M. Prayer meeting on the first Monday evening of each month; and on every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evening, excepting the first week in each month.

Calvinistic Methodist—Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 7 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.

Disciples—Rev. W. LLOYD, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock.

Particular Baptists—Rev. DAVID JENKINS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 7 o'clock, P. M.

Catholic—Rev. M. J. MITCHELL, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock and Vespers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.
Eastern, daily, at 11 1/2 o'clock, A. M.
Western, " " 11 1/2 o'clock, A. M.

MAILS CLOSE.
Eastern, daily, at 8 o'clock, P. M.
Western, " " 8 o'clock, P. M.

The mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongsburg, &c., arrive on Thursday of each week, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

Leave Ebensburg on Friday of each week, at 8 A. M.

The mails from Newmarket's Mills, Carrolltown, &c., arrive on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, at 3 o'clock, P. M. Leave Ebensburg on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 7 o'clock, A. M.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

CRESSON STATION.	
West—Halt. Express leaves at	8:18 A. M.
" Fast Line " "	9:11 P. M.
" Philadelphia Express " "	9:02 A. M.
" Mail Train " "	7:08 P. M.
" Emigrant Train " "	3:15 P. M.
East—Through Express " "	8:38 P. M.
" Fast Line " "	12:36 A. M.
" Fast Mail " "	7:08 A. M.
" Through Accom. " "	10:39 A. M.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Courts—President, Hon. Geo. Taylor, Huntingdon; Associates, George W. Bailey, Henry C. Devine.

Prothonotary—Joseph M'Donald.

Register and Recorder—James Griffin.

Clerk—John Buck.

District Attorney—Philip S. Noon.

County Commissioners—Peter J. Little, Jno. Campbell, Edward Glas.

Treasurer—Isaac Wike.

Poor House Directors—George M'Callough, George Delany, Irwin Rattledge.

Poor House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahm.

Auditors—William J. Williams, George C. Zahm, Francis Tierney.

County Surveyor—Henry Scallan.

Coroner—William Flattery.

Mercantile Appraiser—Patrick Donahoe.

Sup't. of Common Schools—J. F. Condon.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

AT LARGE.
Justices of the Peace—David H. Roberts, Nathan Kinkadee.

Burys—A. A. Barker.

School Directors—Abel Lloyd, Phil S. Noon, Joshua D. Parrish, Hugh Jones, E. J. Mills, David J. Jones.

EAST WARD.
Constable—Thomas J. Davis.

Town Council—J. Alexander Moore, Daniel Evans, Richard R. Tibbott, Evan E. Evans, William Clement.

Inspectors—Alexander Jones, D. O. Evans.

Judge of Election—Richard Jones, Jr.

Assessor—Thomas M. Jones.

Assistant Assessors—David E. Evans, Wm. J. Davis.

WEST WARD.
Constable—William Mills, Jr.

Town Council—John Dougherty, George C. Zahm, Isaac Crawford, Francis A. Schoenberger, James S. Todd.

Inspectors—G. W. Oatman, Roberts Evans.

Judge of Election—Michael Hasson.

Assessor—James Murray.

Assistant Assessors—William Barnes, Daniel C. Zahm.

Select Poetry.

Somebody's Darling.

Into a ward of the whitewashed halls,
Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls,
Somebody's darling was borne one day—
Somebody's darling, so young and so brave,
Wearing yet on his pale sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
Somebody's darling is dying now.

Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow
Brush all the wandering waves of gold,
Cross his hands on his bosom now,
Somebody's darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer soft and low;
One bright curl from its fair mates take,
They were somebody's pride, you know;
Somebody's hand hath rested there—
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in the waves of light?

God knows best! He has somebody's love;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.

Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him—
Yearning to hold him again to his heart:
And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling child-like lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head—
"Somebody's darling slumbers here."

In Field Hospitals—Sketch by an Officer.

I began to be sick—knew I was going to be sick, for my appetite began to fail me—always a dead certain indication. A contrary thought took possession of me, and I concluded not to be sick anyhow—The case at this point stood, Will vs. Nature. After a hard fight, Will ran and Nature had the victory. Went to the field hospital; dirty Doctor came up and asked me what was the matter with me. Told him I did not know. "Of know," said he looking at me as if I had stolen something, "you are going to have typhoid fever." Told him I was glad to hear it. Doctor smiled and asked me how I felt. I said I hankered after something good to eat and for a pretty girl to fan me, and in conclusion said I would like some oyster soup. Medical man laughed a laugh of derision and asked me if I thought he was Delmonico; but oyster soup was oyster soup, and I would like some. Medics told me he could not get that article, but could in a half a day or so get me a beef bone to pick. Disgust here approached and sat in sullen dignity on my manly brow. Concluded not to wait for the bone, and hobbled along to the ambulances.—Found about three thousand of them in a row, and asked one of the drivers where my division ambulances were. Driver said about five miles ahead, he guessed.—Traveled on and saw the red Maltese cross; knew that was where I belonged; showed my pass to the Doctor, who was in charge of the dead carts. Doctor said he was glad to see me.

At this speech, which Esculapius delivered with a benignant smile, I felt both flattered and mad. Did not know whether said Doctor cherished a high personal regard for me, or whether he felt a professional pride in my horrible condition. Finally the Doctor told me in a confidential way, that, as my legs were not shot off, I should have to walk. I then, spoke to him with emphasis, and succeeded in impressing upon his mind the impossibility of my perigrinating. At last got in an ambulance, inhabited by three men, each minus a leg. Presently a man came along with a lot of beef tea, and gave the three men some of it. Told the man in a very weak voice that I hadn't had anything to eat in three days; man asked me if I was wounded. Replied no, I wasn't wounded, but I was hungry. Sequel—came off minus beef tea. Three men in ambulance smacked their lips and looked insultingly at me, and asked me if I was really hungry; made me mad and I asked them if they could dance the gallop.—They felt bad, and a huge smile illuminated my handsome though meagre face.

By and by ambulance started and went about two feet and stopped for two hours and a half, after which it went ten feet further, then at intervals succeeded in getting a mile ahead. Stopping all night here, went to sleep; dreaming of sweet

bread and porter house steak, and wished I was near Bloomer, for I knew he would give me some beef tea. Woke up next morning and found a straggler making coffee. Immediately made his acquaintance and said army coffee was mighty good; straggler said yes, and immediately began to tell how many battles he had been in. Interrupted straggler with the remark that I had not had anything to eat for three days. Straggler looked attentively at me, (hope began to revive in my tender bosom,) and said, "by George you must be awful hungry," and drank up all the coffee. Rose up in desperation and got in the ambulance.

Three men minus one pedestal each drinking beef tea and laughing; ambulance started and performed a feat hitherto unknown; it succeeded in going to Fredericksburg, five miles, before night. Arriving in that town, was shown into a room. Man in room told me I could have a place one foot and a half wide between a man with a leg off and one minus an arm.—Respectfully declined, and man told me I need not put on airs. Felt too weak to remonstrate, and told him I was not putting on airs, but would like to have some beef tea. Man told me to go to the steward; went to the steward; steward told me to go to the ward doctor; went to the ward doctor; ward doctor told me to go to the division surgeon; division surgeon told me to make an application in writing, and he would forward it to the medical director, and if he approved of it, he (the division surgeon) would order the ward doctor to tell the steward to command the man to give me some beef tea.

Left the hospital in disgust; went two squares in town and saw a fat woman standing in a door; asked her if she was a Union woman, and she said, "of course." Felt encouraged, and asked her if she had any beef tea that I could get a small cup full of, without sending a petition numerously signed by the most respectable citizens in town, through the proper military channels, to Mr. Lincoln. She said she had some beef in the house and could give me some tea in about six hours, but she never had or never would have eating between meals in her house. I tried my winning smile to coax her, but she said I had gone without for so long, a few hours would make no difference; she said I could go to bed and sleep it off. She gave me a bed and some apple jack; got on the bed and drank up the apple jack; felt good and tolerably happy; asked the old woman if she didn't belong to the F. F. V.'s; she said yes, and they never could be conquered. I told her that she was a brick. She intimated that it would not be safe to run against bricks. I replied that we would not run against them, but would smash them. Old woman got up and told me she had no beef tea for Abolitionists, and asked me to leave.

Thought I would make love to the old lady, and began by asking her if she was married. She said "yes, twice." Asked her if her marital was both dead. "No they ain't," said she, "they're neither of them dead." Felt horrified, and asked for an explanation. Woman said one husband was in Jeff Davis' and the other in old Abe's army, so that they never came together. Asked the old lady what she would do if we should take her rebel spouse a prisoner. Woman said she had thought of that, and had made up her mind to accuse him of being a spy and get him hung. Listened in horror, and finally ended by asking the old lady for some beef tea. Old lady said that she had made up her mind that she could not supply me, as she had made a mistake; it was the woman next door that had beef, but she had not had anything to eat for six months.

Got up, went out in the street, and started in a wagon for Belle Plain; got there after twenty-four hours' riding; was informed by a contraband that the Sanitary and Christian Commissions had coffee and bread; went to Sanitary's tent, and stood outside of a big rope; noticed a lot of employees devoted to the soldiers, which devotion they showed by filling their own receptacles for food; climbed over the rope and got in among the crowd of employees; seized upon a loaf of bread and a tin cup of coffee that had just been poured out by a young man who wore patent leather gaiters and a boiled shirt; went further; took some sugar and condensed milk the folks had in there; saw some butter in a can, and got up and took that, and then sat down close in the gutter.

Pretty soon young man in gaiters and boiled shirt missed his coffee, and a big fat man said he could not eat bread without butter, so they all hunted for it. Discovery inevitable—discovered. Young man asked me what I was doing there anyhow; old fatty said the butter was only intended for the attendants, and the milk too; felt compelled to take some po-

lice; rose up and made the following speech: "Gentlemen, I have been four days without anything to eat, and have succeeded by that compulsory means in starving out quite a severe case of fever. I once paid some twenty-five dollars out of my slender income at one of your Sanitary Fairs for nothing. I have earned what I am eating, and paid for it besides, and if you don't let me alone, I'll mash your noses into your d—d ugly faces!" I was left alone.

Bill Jones Among the Girls.

The following story, contributed by a country friend to the N. O. Delta, is too good to be lost; "though," says the Delta, "its raciness may not accord with the exalted tastes of the Miss Nannities who dress the legs of their tables in frilled pantalettes, and faint over a nude cherub."

Old Squire Parish was an hospitable old soul. Every Friday evening it was the delight of the girls at the Academy, and the boys at the schools and college, to go to old Squire Parish's farm, about six miles from town, and stroll in the woods, bathe in the creek, search the orchard and the hens' nests, and turn everything about the premises upside down. And old Squire Parish would sit in his chimney corner, pipe in mouth, and tell them stories about the first settlement of the country, and how "Old Hickory" whipped the Indians—for the old Squire had been in Jackson's army—and never let the boys off without at least one story about the "old man," as the Squire delighted to call the General.

One Saturday, about the middle of the afternoon, Bill Jones—a wild, harum-scarum young man of some sixteen winters—rode up to the Squire's door and hailed the house. His summons was answered by that black young rascal Josh, who told Jones that the boys were gone a squirrel-hunting; "but you better believe Massa Bill," continued Josh, "that the gals is carrying on high. Why, Massa Bill, you can hear 'em squealing up here." Jones soon learned that the girls had gone to their usual bathing place, which was at the foot of a high precipice, and only approached by that side by a solitary foot-path, which was guarded by "Dinah."—On the other side of the creek lay a broad sand bank, so that no one could approach it without being seen. Jones had been at the Squire's house so often that he knew all his stories by heart, and it was almost impossible to find the boys in the woods; so he determined to have some fun out of the girls. About a quarter of a mile up the creek lived "Old Aunt Judy," and there Jones and his attendant, Josh, immediately proceeded. While Josh went to the old woman, and for a fo' pence purchased the largest gourd in her possession, Jones slipped behind the garden and threw off his clothes; then cutting off enough of the handle end of the gourd to admit his head, and making two holes for his eyes, he slipped it on his head and jumped into the stream. So soon as the gourd reached the point above the bathing place, it commenced floating towards the shore until within a few yards of the bathers, when it drifted against a limb which overhung the stream, and lodged. If Jones had looked through the loopholes, (he swears he didn't) he would have seen a sight that would have made the gourd itself blush. On one rock were three or four swimmers, alternately squatting down and rising up on their heels, and imitating the cry of a bulfrog, and when one would say "chug!" they would all plunge into the water, frog fashion. At another place they were striving to duck each other, while a third party was leading, by force, into the water a coy damsel, who had been too modest to undress before so many folks. But Jones' gourd did not long remain unnoticed in the water, and the damsel who espied it sailed up to it, seized it, and with slight resistance it came off, and disclosed the curly head of Bill Jones!—Miss Betsy screamed, and Bill Jones yelled! Miss Betsy and the other bathers rushed up the bank, and Jones, in his fright and confusion, followed them.—Here the girls turned on him, seized him and threw him on his face, twined his arms around a sapling, and having bound his hands with a haudkerchief, Jones lay defenceless in the power of his captors. The girls now leisurely dressed themselves, and then each provided herself with a trim birch or willow rod, and without further ceremony began applying them to the back, sides and legs of poor Jones. Jones twisted, and Jones writhed; he drew himself up and spread himself out; he begged and he prayed.—But in vain. His captors were insensible to pity, until their arms were fatigued, and their rods frayed into ribbons. Alas, for poor Jones; he was not yet to escape. His tormentors provided them-

selves with fresh instruments, and stationed themselves in a row along the footpath from Jones' tree to the water's edge; and on the rock from which he was to plunge was posted a stout country lass, whose strength he had often tried in a wrestle, and whose endurance he had often tested in a "bran dance." At last he was released, and told that he must run the gauntlet. He could not but comply. Straighting himself up and drawing a long breath, he started at full speed, as he tho't, but at every step something touched him that accelerated his motions, and as he was about to take the last final leap, such a blow fell on his rear that the sparks flew out of his eyes, and he bounded half across the stream at one leap. This rock has been known as Jones' Leap ever since.

Without stopping to see any more of his fair friends, Jones hastened to Aunt Judy's cottage, dressed himself, gave Josh a thorough kicking, borrowed a sheep skin from Aunt Judy, mounted his horse and rode slowly back into town. And from that day to this, Bill Jones has never shown his face, nor any other part of him, in good old Squire Parish's house, nor the stream that runs by its door.

Jeff Davis' Terms of Peace.

At Pawtucket, a few days since, Mr. Gilmore (Edmund Kirke) delivered a lecture, describing his interview with Jeff Davis during a late visit to Richmond, and giving the substance of their conversation on the terms of peace. The following is an extract therefrom:

"I went to Richmond with the Rev. Col. Jaquess, and went with the hope of making negotiations which might result in peace. If we should succeed, we thought that the consciousness of having served our country would pay our expenses. If we failed, we might still serve the country by letting the people of the North know what was the reason of our failure; for I went with propositions on the basis of which I might have made an arrangement for peace with Mr. Davis, and if we were unsuccessful, it would be useful for the country to know what propositions were rejected. We went to Richmond in an ambulance, and were three hours on the way after we entered the rebel lines. We entered Richmond at 10 o'clock, and planted our white flag in the very heart of the rebel capital. As we stopped, Judge Ould, the rebel commissioner of exchange, directed Col. Jaquess to baton up his overcoat, as it was dangerous to be seen with a blue uniform in the streets of Richmond. We were taken to a hotel, and shown up to 'No. 60,' a shabby room with some fine furniture in very bad order. We were provided with supper, and directed how to apply for an interview with the President. The next morning we directed a note to Secretary Benjamin, asking an interview with the President, and were invited to call upon him, when we made an engagement to meet the President that evening, which was Sunday.

"On meeting our engagement, we were shown into the State Department, where we saw Mr. Benjamin, a small, plump, black-haired, black-eyed man, seated at his usual place, and at his right a pale, thin man, dressed in a suit of darkish gray, with a mouth and chin expressive of the greatest determination. The latter was Mr. Davis. We told him simply that we came without official authority, but knowing the opinions of our Government, to see on what terms peace might be made. Mr. Davis replied, quietly, 'Withdraw your armies from our territory, and peace will follow of itself.' We told him that the Northern people would never agree to any plan which did not include the establishment of the Union. Mr. Davis said that we never could live in peace. The North had sowed such a bitterness between the two sections that we never could have peace in this generation. We then urged upon him that it was his duty to use every effort to put an end to this monstrous bloodshed. He acknowledged this, and declared that none of the blood shed in this war could be laid to his own charge. They, the South, were not fighting for slavery; they were fighting for independence; and independence or extermination they would have. We then tried to show him that the position of the rebel armies was such that it was better for them to give up the contest while they could do it with honor; but he was unwilling to admit that his armies were in such a desperate position. He laid the blame of the barbarity of this war entirely upon the North, utterly ignoring the instances of rebel barbarity which we brought to his notice. I then had a considerable conversation with Mr. Davis, in which I indirectly offered him the terms which I had been authorized to suggest; but as he did not show any disposition to meet me, I did not state them explicitly.—

These terms will be given through the newspapers in a short time. They were, in general, entire abolition, a general amnesty, no confiscation, the debts of the South to be ignored, the debts of the General Government to be borne by all the States. Mr. Davis declared that such terms could never be accepted by the Southern people, and that rather than submit to them they would stake their whole property and their national existence.

Among the Mormons.

Artemus Ward has been on a tour to Salt Lake City, where he saw and became intimate with Brigham Young. He relates a portion of his experience:

In private conversation with Brigham, I learnt the following fact: It takes him six weeks to kiss his wives. He don't do it only once a year, and says his wuss nor cleanin house. He don't pretend to know his children, there is so many of um, tho they all know him. He says about every child he meets calls him Par, and he takes it for granted it is so. His wives are very expensive. They allows want something, and ef he don't agree, they set the house in an uproar. He says he don't have minits peace. His wives fite among themselves so much that he has bilt a fitin room for thare speshul benefit, and when too of em git into a row he has um turned loose into that place, where the dispoist is settled according to the London prize ring. Sometimes they abooz himself individually. They have pulled the most of his hair out at the roots, & he wares many a horrible scar upon his body, inflicted with mob handles, broom sticks, & sich.

Occasionally they git mad and scald him with bilin hot water. When he got any was cranky, the'd shut him up in a dark closet, prively wippin him arter the style of muthers when their offspring gits unruly. Sumtimes when he went in swimmin, they'd go to the banks of the lake & steal his close, thereby compellin him to sneek home by a sircutious row, drest in the Scanderlus stile of the Greek Slayr.

"I find that the keers of married K's way hey me," sed the Profit, "and sometimes I wish Ide remained single." I left the Profit & started for the tavern where I put up to. On my way I was overtook by a large crowd of Mormons, which surrounded me and stated that they was going into the show free.

"Well," sez I, "ef I find a individual who is goin round lettin folks into his show free, Ile let you know." "We've had a revelashun bidden us to go into A. Ward's show without payin nothin?" they shouted.

"Yes," hollered a lot of femal Mormonesses, seizing me by the cote tails & swingin me round very rapid, "we're all goin in free, so says the Revelashun!" "What's Old Revelashun got to do with my show?" sez I gettin putty riled—"Tell Mister Revelashun," sez I drawn myself up to my full hite and lookin round upon the ornery crowd with a proud and defiant mean—"Tell Mister Revelashun to mind his own business, subjact only to the Konstitution of the United States."

"Oh, let us in, that's a sweet man," sed several femals, puttin their arms round me in luvlin stile. "Becum I of us; becum a Priest, and hev wives sealed to you."

"Not a seal," sez I, startin back in horror at the idea.

"Oh, stay, sir, stay!" said a tall, gawnt femal, ere whose head 37 Summers must have pased; "stay, & ile be your Gentle Gazelle."

"Not ef I know it you wont," sez I—"Awa, ya scanderlus femal, awa! Go & be a Nunery." That's what I sed, and jest so.

"&," sed a fat, chunky femal, who must have wade more than too hundred lbs., "I will be thy sweet gidin Star." "Sez I, "Ile bet two dollars and a half you wont! Where ere I Rome ile still be troo 2 thee, O Betsy Jane!" (N. B.: Betsy Jane is my wife's name.)

"Wilst thou not tarry with us into the Promis'd Land?" sed several of the miserable critters.

"Ile see you all espeshally cussed b4 I wilst," roared I, as mad as cood be at their infernal noncents. I girded my Loins & fled the Seen. I packt up my duds & left Salt Lake, which is a grand Soddum and Germorrer, inhabited by as vane and on-principled a set of retches as ever drew breth in cny spot on the Globe.

The following is a most heart-rending war epigram:

Says U. S. Grant to R. E. Lee—
"Surrender Petersburg to me."
Says R. E. Lee to U. S. Grant—
"Have Petersburg? Oh, no you shan't."

"I shan't?" says Grant, "Oh, very well—
You say I shan't, I say I shan't."
The heart, like a watchman, sho'd
confine itself to its regular beat.