# M'KEAN COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

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## Business Directory.

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Fronting the Public Square, Olean, N. Y. JAMES M. MILLER, Proprietor. The Fobes House is entirely new and built of brick, and is furnished in modern style. The proprietor flatters himself that his accommodations are not surpassed by any hotel in Western New York. Carriages run to and from the New York and Erie Rail Road. 38-tf.

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D. A. [illegible], Proprietor,—at Kinzua, Warren county Pa. [illegible] Table will be supplied with the best the country affords, and he spare no pains in accomodating his guests.

**H. GOLD ROGERS,**

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**[illegible] ELDRED,**

Attorney and [illegible] Law, Smethport, M'Kean County, Pa. [illegible] intrusted to his care for the counties of M'[illegible] and Elk will be promptly attended to. Office [illegible] Court House, second floor.

**DR. L. R. [illegible]SNER,**

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**BENNETT HOUSE,**

Smethport, M'Kean Co., Pa. D. R. BENNETT, Proprietor—opposite the Court House. A new, large, commodious and well-furnished house.

**JOHN C. BACKUS,**

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Smethport, M'Kean Co Pa. Will attend to all business in his profession in the counties of M'Kean, Potter and Elk. Office over O. K. Sartwell & Brothers' Store.

**ASTOR HOUSE,**

J. C. HOLMES, Proprietor, Smethport, M'Kean Co., Pa. Stages to and from this place stop here. Good accommodations and reasonable prices.

**GIDEON IRONS,**

Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Pork, Flour, Salt, Fish Ready-Made Clothing, Boots and Shoes. Store in Easton's old stand, Smethport Pa. General Patent Medicine Agents.

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Corner of Second and Liberty streets, Warren, Pa. R. A. BARBOR, Proprietor. Travelers will find good accommodations and reasonable charges.

**E. S. MASON.**

Dealer in Stoves, Tin Ware, Jappaned Ware, &c., west side of the Public Square, Smethport, Pa. Custom work done to order on the shortest notice, and in the most substantial manner.

**W. S. BROWNELL,**

Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Glass, Nails, Oils, &c., &c. East side of the Public Square, Smethport, Pa.

**A. J. OTTO,**

Dealer in Provisions and Family Groceries generally, at Farmers Valley, M'Kean Co., Pa. Grain, Lumber, Shingles, &c., taken in exchange for Goods. Patent Medicines for sale.

**LARABEE'S HOTEL,**

R. LARABEE, Proprietor,—Allegheny Bridge, M'Kean Co., Pa. This house is situated about nine miles from Smethport on the road to Olean, and will be found a convenient stopping-place

**EMPORIUM HOUSE,**

Shippen, M'Kean Co., Pa. LEGRAND COOK, Proprietor. A commodious and well-furnished house. Strangers and travelers will find good accommodations.

**FARMERS' VALLEY HOTEL,**

By T. GOODWIN. This house is situated about five miles from Smethport on the road to Olean. Pleasure parties and others can be accommodated on the shortest notice.

**ELDRED HALF-WAY HOUSE,**

NATHAN DENNIS, Proprietor. This house is situated half-way between Smethport and Olean. If you want a good dinner this is the place to stop.

**CHORDIS CORWIN,**

Proprietor of the Grist Mill, at Mechanicsburg, McKean County, Pa. Flour, Meal, and Feed, constantly on hand and for sale, in large and small quantities.

**[illegible] RAILROAD HOUSE,**

WILLIAM [illegible], Proprietor, Norwich, M'Kean Co., Pa. Good accommodations can be had there at all times.

**PORT ALLEGANY HOUSE,**

WILLIAM HA[illegible], Proprietor, at Port Allegany, McKean County, Pa. This Hotel is situated at the junction of the [illegible]port and Allegany River roads, nine miles east of [illegible]port.

LOOK on [illegible] medicine [illegible] the United States, and then look in [illegible] old stand of Ford & Smith and you will find [illegible] Mason's Tin Shop all on the nip-eat.

From the Sunday Dispatch.

### NAPOLEON.

[illegible]OM THE FRENCH BY BERANGER.

Am[illegible]he lowly straw built shed,
L[illegible] will the peasant reck his glory,
And[illegible]hen some fifty years have fled
T[illegible] thatch will hear no other story.
A[illegible]d some old and hoary dame
Th[illegible]illage crowd will oft exclaim—
[illegible]other, now till midnight chimes,
[illegible]ll us tales of other times.
[illegible]wronged us! say it if they will;
T[illegible] people love his memory still;
[illegible]other, now the day is dim,
[illegible]other, tell us now of him."

My children, in our village here
I saw him once, by kings attended;
That time has passed this many a year,
For scarce my maiden days were ended.
On foot he climbed the hill and nigh
To where I watched him passing by;
Small his hat upon that day,
And he wore a coat of gray;
And when he saw me shake with dread,
'Good day to you, my dear,' he said."
"Oh, and, mother, is it true?
Mother, did he speak to you?"

"From this a year had passed away;
Again in Paris' streets I found him:
To Notre Dame he rode that day,
With all his gallant court around him.
All eyes admired the show the while;
No face that did not wear a smile.
See how brightly shine the skies!
'Tis for him the people's cries!
And then his face was soft with joy,
For God had blessed him with a boy."
"Mother, oh, how glad to see
Days that must so happy be."

'But when o'er our province ran
The bloody armies of the strangers,
How he seemed, that famous man,
To fight against a thousand dangers.
One evening just like this one here,
I heard a knock that made me fear;
Entered when I ope'd the door
He and guards, perhaps a score,
And seated where I sit, he said,
'To what a war have I been led!' "
"Mother, and was that the chair?
Mother, was he seated there?"

" 'Dame, I am dry!' then he cried;
I set our bread and wine before him;
Then at the fire his clothes he dried
And slept while watched his followers o'er him,
When with a start he rose from sleep,
He saw me in my terror weep,
And he said, 'Nay, our France is strong;
Soon I will avenge her wrong!'
It is the dearest thing of mine,
The glass in which he drank his wine."
"And through change of good or ill,
Mother, you have kept it still."

### OUR OLD GRANDMOTHER.

I find the marks of my shortest steps beside those of my beloved mother, which were measured by my own, says Alexander Dumas, and so conjures up one of the sweetest images in the world. He was revisiting the home of his infancy; he was retracing the little paths around it in which he had once walked; and strange flowers could not efface, and rank grass could not conceal, and cruel ploughs could not obliterate, his "shortest footsteps," and his mother's beside them, measured by his own.

And who needs to be told whose footsteps they were that thus kept time with the feeble pattering of childhood's little feet? It was no mother behind whom Ascanius walked "with equal steps" in Virgil's line, but a strong, stern man, who could have borne him and not been burdened, folded him in his arms and not been wearied; everything, indeed he could have done for him, but just what he needed most—could not sympathize with him—he could not be a child again. (Ah, a rare art is that—for, indeed it is an art, to set back the great old clock of time and be a boy once more! Man's imagination can easily see the child a man, but how hard is it to see the man a child; and he who had learned to glide back into that rosy time when he did not know that thorns were under roses, or that clouds would ever return after the rain; when he thought a tear could stain a cheek no more than a drop of rain a flower; when he fancied that life had no disguise, and hope no blight at all—has come as near as anybody can to discovering the north-west passage to Paradise.

And it is perhaps, for this reason that it is so much easier for a mother to enter the kingdom of Heaven than it is for the rest of the world. She fancies she is leading the children, when, after all the children are leading her, and they keep her indeed where the river is narrowest and the air is clearest; and the beckoning of the radiant hand is so plainly seen from the other side that it is no wonder she so often lets go her clasp upon the little finger she is holding and goes over to the neighbors, and the children follow like lambs to the fold, for we think it ought somewhere to be written:—"Where the mother is, there will the children be also."

But it was not of the mother we began to think, but of the dear, old-fashioned grandmother, whose thread of love "by hand" on life's little wheel was longer and stronger than we make it now, was wound around and about the children she saw playing in the children's arms, in a true love knot that nothing but the shears of Atropos could sever; for summer days are over and autumn winds are blowing as they come bleating from the yellow fields, by the crimson thread we wound about their necks in April or May, and so undo the gate and let the wanderers in?

Blessed be the children who have an old-fashioned grand-mother. As they hope for length of days let them love and honor her, for we can tell them they will never find another.

There is a large old kitchen somewhere in the past, and an old-fashioned fire-place therein, with its smooth old jambs of stones—smooth with many knives that had been sharpened there—smooth with many little fingers that have clung there. There are andirons, too—the old andirons, with rings in the top, wherein many temples of flame have been builded, with spires and turrets of crimson. There is a broad worn hearth, worn by feet that have been torn and bleeding by the way, or been made "beautiful," and walked upon floors of tesselated gold. There are tongs in the corner, wherewith we grasped a coal, and "blowing for a little life," lighted our first candle; there is a shovel, wherewith were drawn forth the glowing embers in which we saw our first fancies and dreamed our first dreams—the shovel with which we stirred the sleepy logs till the sparks rushed up the chimney as if a forge were in blast below, and wished we had so many lambs, so many marbles, or so many somethings that we coveted; and so it was we wished our first wishes.

There is a chair—a low, rush-bottomed chair; there is a little wheel in the corner, a big wheel in the garret, a loom in the chamber. There are chests full of linnen and yarn, and quilts of rare pattern, and samplers in frames.

And everywhere and always the dear old wrinkled face of her whose firm, elastic step mocks the feeble saunter of her children's children—the old-fashioned grandmother of twenty years ago. She, the very Providence of the old homestead—she who loved us all, and said she wished there were more of us to love, and took all the school in the Hollow for grand-children beside. A great expansive heart was hers, beneath that woolen gown, or that more stately bombazine, or that sole heir-loom of silken texture.

We can see her to day, those mild bue eyes, with more of beauty in them than time could touch or death do more than hide—those eyes that held both smiles and tears within the faintest call of every one of us, and soft reproof, that seemed not passion but regret. A white tress has escaped from her snowy cap, she has just restored a wandering lamb to its mother; she lengthened the tether of a vine that was straying over a window, as she came in, and plucked a four-leaved clover for Ellen. She sits down by the little wheel—a tress is running through her fingers from the distaff's disheveled head, when a small voice cries "Grandma," from the old red cradle, and "Grandma!" Tommy shouts from the top of the stairs. Gently she lets go the thread, for her patience is almost as beautiful as her charity, and she touches the little red bark in a moment, till the young voyager is in a dream again, and then directs Tommy's unavailing attempts to harness the cat. The tick of the clock runs faint and low, and she opens the mysterious door, and proceeds to wind it up. We are all on tip-toe, and we beg in a breath to be lifted up one by one, and look in, the hundredth time, upon the tin cases of the weights, and the poor lonely pendulum, which goes to and fro by its little dim window, and never comes out in the world, and our petitions are all granted, and we are lifted up, and we all touch with a finger the wonderful weights, and the music of the little wheel is resumed.

Was Mary to be married or Jane to be wrapped in a shroud? So meekly did she fold the white hands of the one upon her still bosom, that there seemed to be a prayer in them there, and so sweetly did she wreathe the white rose in the other, that one would not have wondered had more roses budded for company.

How she stood between us and apprehended harm; how the rudest of us softened beneath the gentle pressure of her faded and tremulous hand! From her capacious pocket that hand was ever withdrawn closed, only to be opened in our own, with the nuts she had gathered, the cherries she had plucked, the little egg she had found, the "turn over" she had baked, the trinket she had purchased for us as the product of her spinning, the blessing she had stored for us—the offspring of her heart.

What treasure of story fell from those old lips; of good faries and evil, of the old time when she was a girl; and we wondered if ever—but then she couldn't be handsomer or dearer—but that she ever was "little!" And then, when we begged her to sing! "Sing us one of the old songs you used to sing mother, grandma."

"Children, I can't sing," she always said; and mother used to lay her knitting softly down, and the kitten stopped playing with the yarn upon the floor, and the clock ticked lower in the corner, and the fire died down to a glow, like an old heart that is neither chilled nor dead, and grandmother sang. To be sure, it wouldn't do for the parlor and the concert room nowadays; but then it was the old kitchen and the old-fashioned grandmother, and the old ballad, in the dear old times, and we can hardly see to write for the memory of them, though it is a hand's breadth to the sunset.

Well, she sang. Her voice was feeble and wavering, like a fountain just ready to fall, but then how sweet-toned it was; and it became deeper and stronger; but it couldn't grow sweeter. What "joy of grief" it was to sit there around the fire, all of us, except Jane, that clasped a prayer to her bosom, and her thoughts we saw, when the hall door opened a moment by the wind, but then we were not afraid, for wasn't it her old smile she wore?—to sit there around the fire, and weep over the woes of the "Babes in the Woods," who lay down side by side in the great solemn shadows; and how strangely glad we felt when the robin-red breast covered them with leaves, and last of all when the angels took them out of the night into day everlasting.

We may think what we will of it now, but the song and the story heard around the kitchen fire have colored the thoughts and lives of most of us; have given us the germs of whatever memory blooms in our yesterdays. Attribute whatever we may to the school and the schoolmaster, the rays which make that little day we call life, radiate from the God-swept circle of the hearthstone.

Then she sings an old lullaby she sang to mother—*her* mother sang to her; but she does not sing it through, and falters ere 'tis done. She rests her head upon her hands, and it is silent in the old kitchen. Something glitters down between her fingers and the fire-light, and it looks like rain in the soft sunshine. The old grandmother is thinking when she first heard the song, and of the voice that sang it; when a light-haired and light-hearted girl she hung around that mother's chair, nor saw the shadows of the years that were to come. O! the days that are no more! What spell can we weave to bring them back again? What words can we unsay, what deeds undo, to set back, just this once, the ancient clock of time?

So all our little hands were forever clinging to her garments, and staying her from dying, for long ago she had done living for herself, and lived alone in us. But the old kitchen wants a presence to-day, and the rush-bottomed chair is tenantless.

How she used to welcome us when we were grown, and came back once more to the homestead.

We thought we were men and women, but were children there. The old-fashioned grandmother was blind in the eyes, but she saw with her heart, as she always did. We threw our long shadows through the open door, and she felt them as they fell over her form, and she looked dimly up and saw tall shapes in the door way, and she says, "Edward I know, and Lucy's voice I can hear, but whose is that other. It must be Jane's"—for she had almost forgotten the folded hands. "Oh, no, not Jane, for she—let me see—she is waiting for me, isn't she?" And the old grandmother wondered and wept.

"It is another daughter, grandmother, that Edward has brought," says some one, "for your blessing."

"Has she blue eyes, my son? Put her hand in mine, for she is my latest born, the child of my old age. Shall I sing you a song, children?" Her hand is in her pocket as of old; she is idly fumbling for a toy, a welcome gift to the children that have come again.

One of us, men as we thought we were, is weeping; she hears the half suppressed sob; she says, as she extends her feeble hand, "Here, my poor child, rest upon grandmother's shoulder, she will protect you from all harm. Come, children, sit around the fire again.—Shall I sing you a song or tell you a story?—Stir the fire, for it is cold; the nights are growing colder."

The clock in the corner struck nine, the bed time of those old days. The song of life was indeed sung, the story told, it was bed-time at last. Good night to thee, grandmother. The old-fashioned grandmother was no more, and we miss her forever. But we will set up a tablet in the midst of the memory, in the midst of the heart, and write on it only this:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE
OLD-FASHIONED GRADMOTHER.
GOD BLESS HER FOREVER.

### AMUSING.

A few miles below Poughkeepsie, New York, there now lives, and has lived for several years past, a worthy clergyman, a man, however, very short in stature. Upon a certain Sunday, about eight years ago, this clergyman was invited by a pastor of a church in that village, to fill his pulpit for the day. The invitation was accepted, and Sunday morning saw Mr. —— in the pulpit. Now it appeared that the pulpit was a very high one, and accordingly nearly hid the poor little clergyman from view. However, the congregation, out of respect, managed to keep their countenances, and with over pious faces, seemed religiously anxious for the text. They were not obliged to wait long, for a nose and two little eyes suddenly appeared over the top of the pulpit, and a squeaking, tremulous voice proclaimed in nasal tones the text: "Be of good cheer; it is I, be not afraid." A general roar of laughter followed the announcement—the clergyman became confused, and turned all sorts of colors. Many in the general uproar left the church, and it was a long time before the minister was enabled to proceed with his sermon, so abruptly broken off.

Afternoon came, and the little man, standing on a footstool, had a fair view of the audience. The text was announced in due form: "A little while and ye shall not see me." In the course of his sermon he repeated his text with great earnestness, and stepping back, lost his elevated position and disappeared from his hearers. The effect may be more readily imagined than described.

### Sunday in Former Times.

The Puritan Sabbath in the villages of New England commenced on Saturday afternoon. No labor was performed on the evening which preceded the Lord's Day. Early on Sunday morning the blowing of a horn in some places announced that the hour of worship was at hand. In other villages a flag was hung out of the rude building occupied by the church. At Cambridge a drum was beat in military style; at Salem a bell indicated the opulency of that settlement. The public religious services usually commenced at 9 in the morning, and occupied from six to eight hours, divided by an intermission of one hour for dinner. The people collected quite punctually, as the law compelled their attendance, and there was a heavy fine for any one who rode too fast to meetings. The sexton called upon the minister and escorted him to church in the same manner that the sheriff now conducts the judge into our State courts. There were no pews in the church, and the congregation had places assigned them upon the rude benches, at the annual town meeting, according to their age, importance and social standing. A person was fined if he occupied the seat of another. Our local histories reveal that pride, envy, and jealousy were active passions among the men of olden times, and it was a difficult and delicate business to "seat the meeting house," as it was quaintly called.

Many of the early churches of New England had two clergymen; one who was called the Pastor, the other the Teacher. The Sabbath services were as follows: The congregation assembled at an early hour—never later than 9 o'clock. After prayer, a chapter from the Bible was read by one of the ministers and expounded at length. In many of the churches, however, the Bible was not read at all, and it took some years of agitation to carry that "innovation." A psalm in metre was next sung, which was dictated line by line to the congregation; this service was usually performed by one of the deacons. The preacher did not take part in the introductory services.

The baptisms, cases of church discipline, and collections, always took place in the afternoon. The "long prayer" usually occupied from an hour to an hour and a half, and many of the sermons of this period make from a hundred to a hundred and fifty pages. There was a contribution every Sunday, preceded by an appeal from one of the deacons. The boxes were not carried round, but the congregation arose and proceeded to the deacon's seat, and doposited their offerings. The magistrates and "brief gentlemen" walked up first, the elders next, and then followed the "common people;" this ceremony occupied much time. Besides the money given, persons brought various useful articles and goods as offerings. The collections were distributed by the deacons to the ministers and the poor.

The trials of ecclesiastical offenders, at the close of the services, often afforded much excitement and amusement; for some offences in particular dress was worn, and the "confessions" of the offender were heard with much interest. Oftentimes the public services were continued until after sunset. After the benediction, the ministers went out of the church, bowing to the people on both sides of the aisle, as they all sat in silence until the clergymen and their families had gone out. Few persons, we imagine, would be willing to go back to there Sunday ceremonies, to the Puritan Sabbath. It is wise to adapt the religious institutions of each age to the customs of the period and the usages of the same.—*Boston Transcript.*

### A Story as is a Story.

The reader is expected to believe the following in every particular:

When a young man, I was traveling in western New York, and late of a stormy night applied at a log cabin for lodging. The occupant, a woman, refused it, saying her husband and sons were out hunting, and if they found me there they would murder me. I preferred the chance to the storm, and she consented that I might lie down before the fire. In the night I heard them coming, and scrambling up the chimney, thinking I was safe, when at the top, I stepped over the roof, and, jumping down at the back of the cabin, struck plump into a wolf trap. A scream of pain from me brought the men and boys out, and they declared I deserved a much more severe punishment than death, so they kept me both in the trap and suspense until morning, and then heading me up in a hogshead with no light or air, but the bung hole, they put me on a sled, drove me some four miles up a hill, and then rolled me off to starve. This I undoubtedly should have done but for a very singular occurrence. The wolves smelled me out and gathered around my prison, when one of them in turning around, happened to thrust his tail into the bung hole. It was my only chance. I caught a firm hold, and held on like death to a negro, which frightened the wolf, of course, and he started down the hill, followed by the hogshead and me. It was a very uneasy ride over the stones and stumps; but I had no idea how long it was, until the hogshead striking a stone fairly, the staves worn by long travel, were broken in, and I jumped out and found myself way down in the lower end of Cattaraugus county, some thirty miles from the scene of the disaster. To be continued in the New York Ledger.

Man may err and be forgiven; but poor woman, with all his temptations and but half his strength, is placed beyond the hope of earthly salvation, if she but once be tempted into crime.

### F[illegible]

No demonstration in the [illegible] life of the Hon. Mike Wal[illegible] equal the exhibition [illegible] made at his funeral on [illegible] hour of the services [illegible] at that hour the [illegible] the house lately [illegible]. The body was [illegible] door, and when all was ready [illegible] side were admitted to take their [illegible] him who had been their friend [illegible]. For upwards of an hour and a [illegible] continual stream of persons [illegible] silence that [illegible] many a heavy sigh [illegible] eyes of the living fell upon the [illegible] dead.

All classes in the community [illegible] the last sad rites to the memory of the deceased. The highest in the land [illegible] joined in the simple tribute of [illegible] were there who had been strongly [illegible] Mr. Walsh in politics, [illegible] and stoutly upon the [illegible] death had obliterated all former [illegible] they came as sincere mourners [illegible] spirit of manliness and integrity gone from among men. [illegible] said that all classes in the community came to do honor to the deceased; perhaps upon no similar occasion was there ever such a co-mingling of our social elements. Some of the highest officials in the land were present, and as the man of worth and trust passed from the side of the coffin, his place was occupied by some hard-handed laborer, or some fagged urchin who had probably heard his father's praises of Mike Walsh, and was determined to show his juvenile appreciation of his father's, the poor man's friend. Many of the class who are called the "roughs" were present, but every countenance bore the impress of regret, and all showed that there was a deep sorrow at the heart by the manner in which they gazed upon the features of their former favorite. The crowd continued to swell until the moving of the cortege, and there were probably not less than five thousand people in Twenty-first street, near the house of Mr. Walsh, and in Eighth avenue, when the hearse moved from the door.

A few minutes past 2 o'clock the Rev. Mr. Clapp of the Church of the Nativity read the funeral service of the Church of England. At the conclusion of the ceremony [illegible] preparations were made for conveying the body to its last home. The members of the family of the deceased came forward to take their last leave of him who had been so dearly beloved by them on earth, and still dear, although snatched away by death. The parting scene was extremely affecting and drew forth tears from almost every one present.

The funeral cortege consisted of some thirty or forty carriages and a large number of persons on foot. Since the funeral of Bill Poole there has not, probably, been so large a concourse of people in a funeral procession in this city. So has closed the earthly career of Mike Walsh. "The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones." We trust it may not be so with the subject of this article. He has done much good in his time, and it may almost be said of him that

"E'en his failings leaned to Virtue's side."

He scorned a mean action and was never known to do an unworthy one. With such a heart he must have left behind him much of good to be remembered—let the grave forever hide whatever he may have had of fault. "*Requiescat in pace.*"—[New York News.

ARREST OF THE SUSPECTED MURDERER.—Bernard McGaffney, a peddler, was arrested on Saturday night by policemen Conlan and Gilmore of the Seventeenth Precinct, on suspicion of having been in some way implicated in causing the death of Mike Walsh, in Eighth avenue. McGaffney is denounced by the police as a bad fellow, and it is said that he was seen early last Thursday morning in the vicinity of the place where the body of Mr. Walsh was found. Mr. Knapp, who testified before the Coroner's jury that he heard the cry of murder and saw two men, immediately after, going down Seventeenth street, says that McGaffney resembles one of these men. The prisoner was held to await further examination.

A gentleman who was above using common language, in giving a relation of the death of his father, expressed himself thus:

"The intense frigidity of the atmosphere had so congealed the pellucid aqueous fluid of the enormous river Potomac, that with the most eminent and superlative reluctance, I was compelled to procrastinate my premeditated egress into the State of Maryland, for the medical aid, assistance and co-operation of a distinguished son of Esculapius, until the peccant deleterious matter of the arthritis had pervaded the cranium, to which it had ascended from the inferior pedestrical major digit, of my paternal relative in consanguinity, whereby his morbosity was magnified so exorbitantly, as to produce a total extinguishment of vivification."

There are many men who have never gambled, and many women who have never flirted. There are many dogs, too, who have never killed their own mutton, but very few that having once began, have ever stopped.