

# The Potter Journal.

Devoted to the Principles of True Democracy, and the Dissemination of Morality, Literature and News.

TERMS.—\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

VOLUME XVII.—NUMBER 38.

COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., TUESDAY JANUARY 16, 1866.

## THE POTTER JOURNAL,

PUBLISHED BY

M. W. McALARNY, Proprietor.

Devoted to the cause of Republicanism, the interests of Agriculture, the advancement of Education, and the best good of Potter county. Owing no gratitude except that of Principles, it will endeavor to do in the work of more fully democratizing our Country.

Advertisements inserted at the following rates, except where special bargains are made. A "square" is 10 lines of Review or 8 of Nonpartisan type: 1 square, 1 insertion, \$1.50; 1 square, 2 or 3 insertions, \$2.00; Each subsequent insertion less than 15, 40¢; 1 square, 1 year, \$10.00; 1 square, 6 months, \$6.00; Business Cards, 1 year, \$3.00; Administration or Executor's Notice, 3.00; Special and Editorial Notices per line, 20¢.

All transient advertisements must be paid in advance, and no notice will be taken of advertisements at a distance, unless they are accompanied by the money or satisfactory reference.

Job Work, of all kinds, executed with neatness and dispatch.

## BUSINESS NOTICES.

**H. A. DRAKE, M. D.,**

Physician and Surgeon, offers his services to the citizens of this place and vicinity and desires to inform them that he will practice his profession in the office on Main street, over C. F. Manning's Jewelry Store; Residence opposite the office of the Fox & Ross Estate—17-19.

**Free and Accepted Ancient York Elanons**

Meeting on the 2nd and 4th of each month, at the hall in the 2nd story of the Old Block.

**JOHN S. MANN,**

Attorney and Counselor at Law, Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in Potter, Cameron and McKean counties. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office on Main street, in residence.

**ARTHUR G. OLNEY,**

Attorney and Counselor at Law, Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in Potter, Cameron and McKean counties. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office on Main street, in residence.

**ISAAC BENSON,**

Attorney at Law, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to him with care and promptness. Attends Courts of adjoining counties. Office on Second street, near the Allegheny bridge.

**F. W. KNOX,**

Attorney and Counselor at Law, Coudersport, Pa., will attend the Courts in Potter and the adjoining counties.

**MILLER & McALARNY,**

Attorneys at Law, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to them with care and promptness. Office on Second street, near the Allegheny bridge.

**DAN BAKER,**

Commissioner of the State of Pennsylvania, will receive applications for the office of Justice of the Peace, and for the office of Notary Public, in the several counties of this State, on the 15th of each month. Office on Second street, near the Allegheny bridge.

**M. W. McALARNY,**

Real Estate and Land Agent, will attend to all business entrusted to him with care and promptness. Office on Second street, near the Allegheny bridge.

**F. A. STEPHENS & Co.,**

Merchants, Dealers in Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Flour, Feed, Pork, and everything usually kept in a good country store. Produce bought and sold. 17-19.

**C. H. SIMMONS,**

Merchant, Wellsville, N. Y., Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Flour, Feed, Pork, and everything usually kept in a good country store. Produce bought and sold. 17-19.

**C. & E. A. JONES,**

Merchants, Dealers in Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Flour, Feed, Pork, and everything usually kept in a good country store. Produce bought and sold. 17-19.

**D. E. OLNEY,**

Merchant, Dealer in Dry Goods, Ready-made Clothing, Croceries, Provisions, Flour, Feed, Pork, and everything usually kept in a good country store. Produce bought and sold. 17-19.

**COLLINS SMITH,**

Merchant, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Flour, Feed, Pork, and everything usually kept in a good country store. Produce bought and sold. 17-19.

**H. J. OLNEY,**

Hardware Merchant, and Dealer in Stores, Tin and Sheet Iron-Ware, Main street, Coudersport, Pa., and Sheet Iron-Ware made to order, in good style, on short notice.

**MARBLE YARD,**

The subscriber desires to inform the citizens of Potter county that he has on hand all kinds of Marble work, as cheap and as good as can be had anywhere in the country. MONUMENTS and TOMBS of all kinds, finished on short notice. Coudersport, Pa. O. BREUNER.

**COUDERSPORT HOTEL,**

D. F. GLASSMIRE, Proprietor, Corner of Main and Second streets, Coudersport, Pa. A Large Stable is also kept in connection with this Hotel. Daily Stages to and from the Railroad.

**Potter Journal Job-Office.**

HAVING lately added a fine new assortment of JOB-TYPE to our already large assortment, we are now prepared to do all kinds of work, cheaply and with taste and neatness. Order as usual.

**1865 Philadelphia & Erie Railroad.**

This great line traverses the Northern and North-west counties of Pennsylvania to the city of Erie on Lake Erie. It has been leased and is operated by the PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY.

Time of passenger trains at EMPORIUM.

LEAVE EASTWARD.

Erie Mail Train.....10:32 A. M.  
Erie Express Train.....9:17 P. M.

LEAVE WESTWARD.

Erie Mail Train.....10:12 A. M.  
Erie Express Train.....8:50 P. M.

Passenger cars run through on the Erie Mail and Express trains without change both ways between Philadelphia and Erie.

**NEW YORK CONNECTION.**

Leave New York at 6:00 A. M., arrive at Erie 3:37 A. M. Leave Erie at 1:55 P. M., arrive at New York 1:15 P. M.

**NO CHANGE OF CARS BETWEEN ERIC AND NEW YORK**

ELEGANT SLEEPING CARS on all Night trains.

For information respecting Passenger business, apply at Corner of 30th and Market streets, Philadelphia.

J. W. Beardslee, Erie.  
Wm. Brown, Agent, N. O. R. R. Baltimore.  
H. H. HOBSON, General Freight Agt., Philada.  
H. W. WINNER, General Ticket Agt., Philada.  
A. L. TYLER, General Supt., Williamsport.

## THE CLOSING SCENE.

BY T. HUGHAN READ.

The following is pronounced by the "Westminster Review" to be unquestionably the finest American poem ever written:

Within the sober realm of leafless trees,  
The sunset inhaled the dreary air.  
Like some tanned stealer in his hour of ease,  
Whom all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns looking from their hazy hills,  
Or the steeple winking in the vale,  
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,  
On the dull thunder of alternate falls.

All sights were mellowed, and all sounds subdued,  
The hills seemed fairer and the streams sang low,  
In a stream the distant woodsman hewed,  
His whirry log, with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile armed with gold,  
Or with lance and all was as if dead of old,  
Withdrew afar in Timon's remotest fold,  
And where the breeze sang in the woodsman's fold.

On sombre wings the vulture tried his flight:  
The dove scarce heard a slightest mate's complaint;  
And, like a star slow drowsing in the night,  
The village church vane seemed to patie and faint.

The sentinel look on the hill-side grew—  
Or wither'd and all was as if dead of old,  
Shut, till some joyful warbler blew  
His alien horn, and now was heard no more.

Where erst the joy, within the elm's tall crest,  
Made garulous trouble out of her unfledged young;  
And where the oriole hung her away-going nest,  
By every light wind like a dove's wing.

Where sang the noisy martins of the eaves,  
The busy swallows circling over sea,  
Foregoing, as the rustic mind believes,  
An early harvest and a pious feast.

Where every bird that waked the vernal feast,  
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn;  
To warn the reaper of the day's heat,  
All now was silent, empty and forlorn.

Alone, from out the stubble, piped the quail;  
And crossed the chow through all the dreary gloom,  
The thrush, as if the star were still,  
Sailed slowly by—passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this—in this most dreary air,  
And where the woodbine shod upon the porch  
Its crimson leaves, as if the star were there,  
Flinging the floor with its inverted tress.

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene.

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene.

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene.

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene.

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene.

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene.

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene.

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene.

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene.

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene.

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene.

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene.

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene.

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene.

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene.

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene.

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene.

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene.

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene.

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene.

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene.

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene.

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene.

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene.

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene.

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene.

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene.

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene.

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene.

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene.

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene.

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene.

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene.

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene.

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene.

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene.

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene.

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene.

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
Amid all this, the centre of the scene.

## Home! Did Conductor Hines know

that word meant to the man sitting there so quietly? He thought he did; thought he could understand his feelings, for he himself had served three years as a soldier, and well remembered the home-sickness, the weary waiting, the longing that grew almost insupportable sometimes for one glimpse of dear faces left behind.

Something of this he said in his earnest way, still standing there, his hand on the back of the seat. The soldier grasped it, and the two looked steadily into each other's eyes.

Two faces, so very, very unlike. One pleasant to look upon, though shadowed a little by the cares and responsibilities of middle life. The other showing worn and white under the lamp light, grey hairs about the temple, lines upon the forehead, deep lines around the mouth. The face of an old man, and yet he was but thirty.

His very voice had a curious, unnatural tone in it as he said, still looking at the kindly eyes. "It's three years since I saw my family—two years since I heard from them. I have been a prisoner eighteen months at Salisbury."

What a story was outlined in those few words. Only outlined—the details will never be known till the great day of Remembrance, when the secrets of all prison houses shall be revealed, and black record of Southern cruelty be shown up to the gaze of angels and men. Eighteen months! They had done the work of eighteen years on the once powerful frame of this man whose whole heart seemed centered now on the one thought of getting home.

Home! Who can tell how blessed memories of it had steadied the soldier's brain and kept him from madness during those days, and weeks and months of lingering torment, when hope and courage and many fortunes alike gave way before the horrors of the situation, and brave men who had looked death in the face many a time without blanching, shrank now when it came in the form of slow starvation!

But they lived through it—some of them—this Mark Ryder among the rest.

He stood now on the platform of the car as the train stopped alongside a low-roofed dingy little building, dignified by the name of a station. The station-master stood there, his lamp in his hand, and beside him a man and a boy waiting to get on the train. The man on the platform did not glance once at them nor at the group of a dozen hives on a hill side to the left, though he had many friends there when he went away. He was looking off across the fields to where a mile away, a single light glowed steady as a star.

"Christie's up yet. Likely enough she's thinking of me this minute," voice and hand both trembled with excitement as he turned up the collar of his overcoat for protection against the wind that came sweeping, bitterly cold, across the bit of open country.

A friendly hand was laid on his shoulder as he turned away, and a friendly voice said "Good night comrade—God give you a happy home coming." Then the hand was gone from his shoulder, the train dashed on, and the soldier struck out energetically across the fields straight for the light which glowed steadily in the distance. The air was still biting cold, but he did not feel it. How should he when his heart was a glow?

"It's early yet—hardly eight. I shall find them all up. Dear Christie! what will she say I wonder?"

No shadow of doubt or fear dimmed the eager joy of anticipation, no thought of change. And yet two years is such a long time. This was his home he was coming to—his and Christie's—and Christie loved him. It was Christie he thought of always Christie.

How familiar the old gate looked and the bars beyond. He would not go in that way though; the gate used to creak and he remembered, and he wanted to surprise them—waited, too, to get one look at them all before he made his presence known. The blinds were up, and the light shone full in his eyes as he approached the window, stopping lightly that no footfall might betray him. Nearer and nearer till he stood close to the sill.

What a pleasant room it was with its pretty carpet and burnished stove and the pictures on the walls. A little boy sat with his book and slate beside the lamp. That was Eddie, studious Eddie, and the pink-checked child who leaned on his knee was baby Floy. A woman sat in a rocking-chair before the stove—a fair young woman with Christie's face and smile, and Christie's band of dark hair.

But who was the man beside her, who held her hand in such a confident, lover-like way, and even bent down to kiss her right there in the broad light, before the children, before the very eyes of the husband whose presence none of them suspected? In God's name what did it mean?

Mark Ryder clenched his hand and took a step nearer the door, but stopped as a voice that thrilled to his heart, as it had done so often before, said, "Come Floy, Eddie, it's time for little folks to go to bed." The youngest child came obediently, and the man standing outside saw this other man catch her out of the mother's arms and swing her high above his head, while the little one laughed and shouted in glee, and Christie said pleadingly, "Please don't, husband, it makes me afraid to see you throw her up so."

Husband!

The mystery was growing clear now. The moonlight fell on a white convulsed face, and the angels seeing it, must have pitied the man. There was none other to pity; no kindly human voice, only the remembrance of the conductor's face which stayed by him somehow, and the words that curiously enough returned to his mind now, "God give you a happy home coming." He uttered no syllable of reproach, only the words that were almost a cry, "Oh, Christie—Christie!"

Even at this moment of bewilderment and torture the wronged husband saw clearly how the wrong had been done. He had been reported dead, and Christie, a timid woman always, had married again. He had been married many months—his eyes told him that—and he could not bring shame and disgrace on her. Another train would pass in two hours. He would take it and go far away, back to the army perhaps, anywhere, it did not matter, and she should never know but that he was really dead. It would be best so.

Oh, Christie! if you had only known whose eyes looked upon you that night! Whose useless heart was planning for you, placing your future peace and well being before his own craving hunger for home-happiness and children's love.

When Mark Ryder glanced again towards the window, the strange man had moved aside out of his range of vision, and he saw only Christie sitting there with her child in her lap, while Eddie leaned on the arm of the chair. Home, and wife, and children—all that he had hoped and prayed for through three years of absence and eighteen months of captivity—before his eyes, within his reach at last. I think none but God knew what was in that man's soul then when he gave them all up and elected to become a wanderer. One long look at the dear faces he should never see again this side of heaven—then he turned resolutely away.

He had his hand on the fence to get over when a dog came out of a kennel near by, growling savagely. "Bruno's a good fellow," hearing his name called in that voice, the dog knew his master and sprang up with a quick, glad whine, licking the hand that caressed his shaggy head and the face that bent down close for an instant as the man knelt on one knee upon the frozen ground, his arms about the dog's neck.

"You will see them all to-morrow, old fellow—Christie, and Eddie, and baby Floy—but I shall never see them again until I meet them, up yonder. They'll never know that I have been here to-night and you can't tell them, can you? You'll keep my secret, and when all the rest have forgotten, my dog will remember. No, you must not follow. Back, I say and—good-by."

He did not look back once as he went—kept straight on across the fields towards the station, in the same path he had come over less than an hour before. The wind was in his face now, that bitter, piercing wind which seemed to penetrate the blue overcoat so easily, chilling him, through and through. He shivered at first and shrank as it swept over him, but after a while he did not feel it so much.

It must be getting late, he thought; he was getting very sleepy—walking slower and slower, pausing once as the mournful howl of a dog fell on his ears. "Poor Bruno. He's grieving for me. Nobody else'll grieve. Nobody else knows of our cares. It's strange—what makes me so tired. I must—sit down—here—and rest. There's time—enough. No—need—no—hurry. Christie—is asleep—by—this—time—and I—"

Leaning his elbows on his knees and his face in his hands, he sat quietly. Not asleep, for he heard still the howling of the dog, but it sounded to him miles and miles away. His senses were getting dulled his faculties benumbed.

An hour passed—two—then the shriek of a locomotive broke the stillness, starting the echoes far and near. But Mark Ryder did not move. Had he forgotten that he meant to take this train? When daylight came he was sitting there still.

Later in the morning Christie's husband coming down through the fog fell passed at the sight of a man in uniform, sitting there in that dejected attitude.

"Are you sick, sir? Can I help you in any way?"

But the soldier did not look up or speak. A strange fear fell upon the questioner. He came nearer and gently lifted the soldier's head, pushing back the cap that shadowed the white, white forehead and the closed eyes.

"Dead! Frozen to death with help so near! This is terrible!"

## No slightest glimmering of the truth

dawned upon his mind. He had never seen Mark Ryder, and to a stranger's eyes this pale face, turned up mutely to the winter sky, bore little resemblance to the picture he had seen Christie kiss. So he called a neighbor, and between them, with reverent touch, they lifted the poor pallid image of what had been a strong, loving man and, bore it to the nearest house. And the news spread that a dead soldier—a stranger—evidently a passenger from one of the night trains, was lying at Dr. Purcell's house, awaiting a coroner's inquest.

What impulse was it that prompted Christie, when she heard of it, to take her two little ones by the hand, and go down there? Her husband met her at the door with an awe-struck face. Some one who had known Mark Ryder had recognized the body, and one after another his old neighbors crowded around and also recognized it. They would have kept her away then, but she only said, "I must see it," and putting aside their detaining hands she stepped into the room.

Ere she had stepped into the room, she had seen the man's face, and she knew him instantly. She did not faint or cry out, but just knelt down beside the low bed where they had laid him and dropped her head on his shoulders, kissing his cold lips that would never again thrill under the pressure of her again by name: "Mark Mark, my love, my husband!" and the neighbors standing there lifted up their voices and wept.

In his pocket they found his papers—transportation ticket and discharge—and in his knapsack the gifts he had brought for his dear ones—a shawl for Christie, a music box for Eddie, and a doll for baby Floy. The gifts had reached their destination—but, alas! for the giver.

Oh! true heart strong for right, tender and faithful unto death, do you know, in that "better country" in which you dwell how one walks the earth for the sake of you, longing only for the time when "This mortal shall put on immortality," and the little household band be gathered in an unbroken circle once more.

A REMARKABLE WOMAN.—A woman died recently at Stamford, England, who was born in the last year of the reign of George II., when Gen. Wolf fell before Quebec, three years before George IV. came into the world, just after India had been conquered by Colonel Clive, when Handel was just dead, and Hogarth was still living. On Christmas Eve—105 years ago—she was baptized at the parish Church of Shebbington, Bucks, when she was five years old, and the following is a copy of the register: "Sarah, the natural daughter of Elizabeth Edwards, a traveling woman, was baptized December 16th 1761." Sarah Edwards, afterwards, "widow Rowbottom"—by which last name she was well known—became, like her mother, a "traveling woman," that is a hawk of small wares about the country. She was not a temperate woman, but frequently drank hard, save in her latter years. It was her custom to attend the local fairs and feasts all her life, and on such occasions she was always a conspicuous merry-maker, being especially fond of dancing. She was partially blind before her death but kept her other physical powers in a remarkable manner to the last, and her mental faculties were remarkable too. This woman was twenty three years older than the Independence of the United States. She was followed to her grave by a daughter about eighty years of age.

CAT PARODY ON POE'S RAEN.—The editor of the Montezuma (Iowa) Republican appears to have a great horror of cats and admiration for the style of Poe's "Raven." Witness the following poetic effusion:

The other night while we lay musng,  
and our weary brain confusing o'er  
the topics of the day, suddenly we heard  
a rattling, as of serious hosts a battling,  
as they mingled in the fray. "What is that?" we cried, upstarting, and into the darkness darting  
slap! we ran against the door. "Oh, 'tis nothing," Edward grumbled as o'er a hugo arm chair he stumbled  
'tis a bug, and nothing more." Then said we, our anger rising, (for we thought it so surprising that a bug should so offend)—  
"Do you think a small insect, sir, thus all the air infect, sir! No, 'tis not a bug, my friend." Now becoming sorely frightened, round our waist our pants we tightened, and put on our coat and hat, when into the darkness peering we saw with trembling and much fearing the glaring eyes of Thomas Cat Esq. With astonishment and wonder we