CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT

CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 15, 1870. NO. 22.

Sheriff's Sale.

BY Virtue of one writ of Venditioni Exponas, issued out of the Circuit Court for Kent County, and to me directed, at the suit of George Vickers, agent for Mary J. Hall, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Ezekiel Anderson, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title, claim and interest of the said Ezekiel Anderson, of, in and to, the following property:

LOT OF GROUND

AND IMPROVEMENTS THEREON,

situated at Locust Grove, Kent County, Md.,

ONE HORSE, ONE CARRIAGE AND HARNESS.

And I hereby give notice that on *MONDAY, 17th day of October*, 1870, in front of Court House door in Chestertown, I will sell, at Public Sale, to the highest bidder for cash, the said property so seized and taken in execution, to pay said debts, interest and costs, due and to become due thereon.

R. W. CALDER, Sheriff.

Sept. 24, 1879—tds. [3.75.]

NEW STORE AND New Goods

AT BUCK NECK WHARF.

J. BELL & BRO. invite the attention of the public to their well selected assortment of DRY GOODS and GROCERIES, BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, HARDWARE, &c.

FLOUR by the barrel at city prices.

☞ ALL GOODS SOLD CHEAP FOR CASH.

J. BELL & BRO.

Sept. 24, 1870—tf.

BOWERS' COMPLETE MANURE,

At Reduced Rates!

THE ABOVE FIRST CLASS FERTILIZER we are offering at

$56 and interest, per Ton of 2000 lbs. on Ten Months Time,

to parties with approved security, subject to a discount of 40 cts. per ton per month, thus reducing the price to

$52 Cash,

delivered either at Chestertown or in Baltimore for any Landing in Kent.

When delivered in Baltimore $1 allowed towards freight.

T. W. ELIASON & SON.

Sept. 10, 1870—tf.

LIGHT! LIGHT! LIGHT!

Combination Burning Fluid,

THE CHEAPEST,

SAFEST, AND BEST

article, for illuminating purposes, ever offered to this community.

[illegible] cents per Gallon, retail:

[illegible]holesale, 20 cts. per gallon.

[illegible]KINS, Esq., has been using the [illegible] oil for some months, and allows [illegible] name as a reference.

[illegible]chased the exclusive right to [illegible]l sell this oil in Kent county, [illegible] upon being always able to [illegible] either wholesale or retail.

[illegible]nts, Lard, &c.

[illegible] kinds of Groce- [illegible]d quality, and [illegible]et the place:

[illegible]STORE,

[illegible]r the pump.

[illegible]NTRY PRO- Cash or Trade.

[illegible]870—y.

[illegible]STORE.

[illegible]t Smithville, [illegible]ood stock of

[illegible]DS,

[illegible]oes,

[illegible]NS;

[illegible]o accommodate [illegible]heretofore.

[illegible]M V. LUCAS.

[illegible]70—3m.

[illegible]BRIDGE,

JOHN P. RINGGOLD,

175 Balt. street,

OFFERS the following inducements to the citizens of Kent and Queen Anne's Counties:

For Ladies.

Patent Merino Vests.
Patent Merino Drawers.
Fine Wool Under Vests.
Fine Wool Drawers.
Scarlet Cashmere Vests.
Fine Cardigan Jackets.
Balmoral Stockings.
Kid and Buck Gloves.
Castor and Cloth Gloves.
Roman Scarfs and Sashes.

For Misses.

Patent Merino Vests.
Patent Merino Drawers.
Patent Merino Stockings.
Scarlet Cashmere Stockings.
Black Cashmere Stockings.
Kid and Buck Gloves.
Cloth and Castor Gloves.
Fine Cardigan Jackets.
Fleecy Cotton Hosiery.
Roman Scarfs and Sashes.

For Gentlemen.

Shirts, Collars and Cuffs.
Undershirts and Drawers.
All Wool Undershirts.
All Wool Under Drawers.
Scarlet Cashmere Shirts.
Scarlet Cashmere Drawers.
Buckskin Shirts & Drawers.
Buck and Cloth Goves.
Kid and Castor Gloves.
Scarfs, Ties and Socks.

For Youth.

Patent Merino Shirts.
Patent Merino Drawers.
All Wool Undershirts.
All Wool Drawers.
Fine Woollen Hosiery.
Knitted Mits and Gloves.
Wristlets, Mittens.
Suspenders, Ties.
Merino Stockings.
Roman Scarfs and Ties.

Dec. 11, 1869—y.

J. Bell & Bro.,

BUCK NECK WHARF,

INVITE the attention of Farmers to their LARGE STOCK OF FERTILIZERS:

Soluble Pacific Guano: Terms, $56 per ton of 2000 pounds, cash.

Zell's Ammoniated Phosphate of Bones. $60 per ton of 2000 pounds; 90 days time.

Wilson's Super Phosphate of Lime. $56 per ton of 2000 pounds, on 90 days time.

Wattson & Clark's Crosdale. $54 cash or $56 on 12 months time, per ton of 2000 lbs.

Bower's Complete Manure. $52 cash or $56 on 4 months time, per ton of 2000 lbs.

Sphagnine, the Great Delaware Fertilizer. $40 cash, $42 on 6 months, or $44 on 10 months time, per ton of 2000 pounds.

Bone Flour, a pure article, $36 per ton.

Land Plaster; also,

FARMING IMPLEMENTS

At prices to suit the times, viz: Bickford & Huffman Grain Drills, with Guano and Seed Attachments; Tripple Screen Dixie Grain Fans, Fodder Cutters, Corn Shellers, &c.

J. BELL & BRO.,

Sept. 24—tf. Buck Neck Wharf.

LOUIS F. DETRICK,

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT,

No. 51 Pratt street,

BALTIMORE, MD.

AND GENERAL AGENT FOR

B. D. SEA FOWL GUANO,

AND WEYMOUTH GUANO.

Both very rich in Ammonia and Soluble Phosphates, and considered fully equal to Peruvian Guano by Planters in Georgia, Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Maryland.

W. L. Bradley's

Ammoniated Bone Super-Phosphate.

The best Farmers of Maryland, after 12 years' experience with this Phosphate, pronounce it superior to all others in this market.

Send for Circulars.

LOUIS F. DETRICK, *Gen'l. Agent,*

July 30, 1870—3m. *Baltimore, Md*

WM. TOMLINSON. WM. T. TOMLINSON

WM. TOMLINSON & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

FOR THE SALE OF

Grain, Live Stock and Country Produce Generally,

[illegible] **112 Light St. Wharf, Balto.**

[illegible]R GROCERIES, SEEDS, [illegible]Fertil[illegible]rs, Farm Implements, and other [illegible]handise promptly filled.

[illegible]Consignments respectfully solicited.

[illegible]ry 19, 1870—y

[illegible]UTHERN LITERARY INSTITUTE,

[illegible]st Class Boarding & Day School FOR YOUNG LADIES,

[illegible]2 & 504 W. Fayette Street

[illegible]Franklin Square, between Republican and Carey Streets,

BALTIMORE, MD.

[illegible]eorgie A. Hulse McLeod,

PRINCIPAL.

[illegible] premises are spacious, pleasant and [illegible]ful. The arrangements combine to [illegible] a *First Class Education* with the com- [illegible]*of home.* Instruction in all depart- [illegible]s thorough.

[illegible]NCH is taught by a resident Parisian [illegible]nd is the language spoken in her

[illegible]The 13th Annual Session commences [illegible]*ay, September 13th.*

[illegible]culars, containing Terms and other [illegible]n, apply to the Principal.

[illegible]e, Sept. 3, 1870—3m.

[illegible] Bullet Farm Bellsll

[illegible] Received this week [illegible]n Works, and for sale at the Tin, [illegible]ardware Store of

J. K. ALDRIDGE.

Selected Poetry.

MY HEART AND I.

BY MRS. BROWNING.

I.

Enough! we're tired, my heart and I;
We sit beside the hearthstone thus,
And wish the name were carved for us.
The moss reprints more tenderly
The hard types of the mason's knife,
As Heaven's sweet life renews earth's life,
With which we're tired, my heart and I.

II.

You see we're tired, my heart and I:
We dealt with books, we trusted men,
And in our own blood drenched the pen,
As if such colors could not fly.
We walked too straight for fortune's end,
We loved too true to keep a friend;
At last we're tired, my heart and I.

III.

How tired we feel, my heart and I!
We seem of no use in the world:
Our fancies hang gray and uncurled
About men's eyes indifferently;
Our voice, which thrilled you so, will let
You sleep; our tears are only wet;
What do we here, my heart and I?

IV.

So tired, so tired, my heart and I!
It was not thus in that old time
When Ralph sat with me 'neath the lime
To watch the sun set from the sky,
"Dear love, you're looking tired," he said:
I, smiling at him, shook my head.
'Tis now we're tired, my heart and I.

V.

So tired, so tired, my heart and I!
Tho' none now take me on his arm
To fold me close and kiss me warm,
Till each quick breath ends in a sigh
Of happy languor. Now, alone
We lean upon his graveyard stone,
Uncheered, unkissed, my heart and I.

VI.

Tired out we are, my heart and I.
Suppose the world brought diadems
To tempt us, crusted with loose gems
Of powers and pleasures? Let it try.
We scarcely try to look at even
A pretty child, or God's blue heaven,
We feel so tired, my heart and I.

VII.

Yet who complains? My heart and I
In this abundant earth, no doubt,
Is little room for things worn out;
Disdain them, break them, throw them by;
And if before the days grow rough,
We once were loved well, used; well, enough
I think we're faded, my heart and I.

AND SHE SAID "GOOD NIGHT."

I think Edith St. Ledger was the haughtiest, proudest woman I ever saw. I do not believe in pride of any description. Let us have unlimited self-respect, and something of self-esteem, but no pride; for all pride is false and sinful in the sight of Heaven.

Yet Edith St. Ledger had it in almost every form. She was born with a taint of it, and it had been the daily and hourly lesson taught her by her proud father, until, at twenty-one years of age, she was all his vain old heart could desire.

She was proud of her ancient and romantic name, brought down through many generations from a princess whose beauty and accomplishments had made her the envy of queens; proud of her aristocratic home, of her untarnished name, of her own fair self. Indeed, like Miss McBride, "She was proud of her beauty, and proud of her pride."

Yet she was not at all supercilious or overbearing, with all her pride; she was too well-bred and *too proud* for that.—And she had many friends, though no intimates; and she had many offers, as one so fair and attractive must needs have—eligible ones, too; young Walace, son of a retired merchant, and worth half a million—spotless integrity, and the beauty of an Apollo; Carroll James, widower, rolling in wealth; Albert MacLeon, wealthy and a scion of nobility. But Edith St. Ledger turned haughtily away from these and many others, and still sat beneath her father's roof,

——"in maiden meditation, fancy free."

"Waiting for a king in a golden chariot, drawn by twenty-four steeds, to come and call for her." So said some.

But whatever the cause might be, I was very glad that she still sat there, on one morning in June when I received a note from her.

"It is very lonely here just now," she wrote, "and I am pining for something of society. I want you and few friends to come down for a fortnight or three weeks. The country is at its best, and I promise you a pleasant visit. Jerrold extends an invitation to your brother, and requests him to bring a few of his friends."

Jerrold was Miss St. Ledger's brother, a gay pleasant youth, one year younger than his sister, and with only a small portion of the family pride. I showed the letter to John.

"We will go, of course?" I asked.

"Of course," John responded. "It seems to me Miss Edith has come down a peg to ask us, and we ought to encourage her in her efforts to reform. Yes, we'll go. I will take Charley Dorris, Jerome Leicester, Leander Covil, and Ben West. That will be just a nice little company."

"Ben West!" I exclaimed. "Why, John, he mustn't go."

"I'd like to know why?" demanded John.

"Plain enough," I answered; "he is neither rich nor aristocratic, and is not at all with the St. Ledger set. He is a wild, reckless wag and wit, and I am sure they will never forgive you if he goes."

"I can't help it, then," said John.—"Jerrold said bring some friends, and Ben West is my friend, and he goes, if I go."

I was vexed and alarmed, but I knew it was useless to say more. Ben West, the wildest, strangest, most unceremonious of mortals, who had nothing but his handsome face to recommend him; he to be a guest of the St. Ledger's!

"Not a bad fellow, I guess," people said of him, "but so peculiar—but so wild," always the after clause following whatever meagre praise had been bestowed.

That he was peculiar, was undeniable. He had been half around the world, and worked his passage all the way. He had been expelled from college when not half way through for non-obeyance of rules; had studied law and medicine, and after six months at each, discovered that neither was congenial to his tastes. Then he became a temperance lecturer. Ben's father had died a drunkard, and I used to think his only serious and earnest thoughts were upon the temperance question. At length he took to farming, and in this he succeeded well, and as he told us, had one of the best farms in the West. But he tired of that, and renting his farm, came East, and was now clerk in a mercantile establishment. Brother John was a partner in the house, and I think this clerk was dearer to him than any of his upper ten friends. And it was through this that Ben West got into our set. He never sought it, never was presuming or familiar in any way. But there was not a man of my acquaintance that carried his head any higher than Ben West. And somehow he commanded respect, with all his wild ways and careless witticisms.

Nevertheless, I shivered a little when he was introduced to Edith St. Ledger. But he carried himself like an emperor, and Edith was as coldly gracious as to Leander Covil the millionare.

"Perhaps she doesn't know who he is, I thought, and dreaded the time when she should. Not that she would be at all uncivil, or by word or deed express her displeasure; but I felt that John and I would lose favor in her eyes; and she was *such* an aristocratic friend to claim. I was only a silly girl, you know.

We chanced to stand by the hall door that evening, when Mr. St. Ledger and lady, and brother John, came from the garden.

"Who is this Mr. West, John? He is the only gentleman of the party I have never seen."

It was the even the voice of Mr. St. Ledger. I watched Edith's face as the answer came.

"One of my clerks; the best fellow that breathes,"—but her face was cold and reserved as ever.

"A clerk! Ah! he must be quite remarkable to deserve such praise from you, Mr. Defoe." And I knew his old heart was shut forever to Ben West by his freezing tone.

"This is the gentleman who has pursued so many different vocations, and is altogether so peculiar, is it not, whom I heard your brother speak of last winter?"

It was Edith St. Ledger who spoke, and I saw now that she knew Ben's history.

"Yes," I said, "and I ought to apologise for his presence. He is not of our set; but John calls him his best friend, and was determined to bring him. I was much opposed to it."

"It is damp here in the air; let us go in," and Edith closed the door and turned toward the parlor.

So the conversation ended, and I was no nearer her feelings upon the subject than before.

The next morning we entered upon the pleasures we had planned. There was an exploring expedition to the woods in search of a suitable spot for a prospective picnic.

Miss St. Ledger was unusually brilliant that day, and Leander Covil lingered at her side, spellbound. Everybody knew the bachelor millionaire was "head and ears" in love with Miss St. Ledger. And everybody knew that Miss St. Ledger was as cold to him as she was to his predecessors. Coquetry was not her line. Her lover [illegible] never [illegible] con- cerning her feelings, for that cold look in the clear eyes, and the proud turn of the head, meant "no" as surely as the spoken word did. And yet they never would believe it until it came from her lips.

She was icily cold to Leander Covil that day. I walked just behind them, and saw it all. Every attempt at a compliment was met with that proud curve of the neck and head. And I said to myself:

"His fate is sealed, and why can't he see it."

We had prepared ourselves with small baskets containing dinner, to be eaten in the woods. Our respective escorts carried them, but Miss St. Ledger held her own.

"I beg of you let me carry your basket," pleaded Mr. Covil for the third time.

"Let us all rest under this tree," was Miss St. Ledger's only response. And there was a general halt along the line, and a rest for a few moments.

"Come, laggards," cried Ben West, starting up. "I am in haste to reach the wood. Let us go on and get dinner."

Everybody laughed, as they always did when Ben West spoke. He said so many funny things that people were always prepared for them, and laughed whatever the words proved to be.

"Mr. West," called the voice of Edith St. Ledger, and all the conversation was hushed to listen. Mr. West turned courteously.

"Well, Miss St. Ledger?"

"Will you be so kind as to carry my basket—it is getting tiresome?"

"With the greatest pleasure," and Ben West resumed his place with basket in hand.

No wonder there was a moment's silence, and Leander Covil's lips curled.—For he never knew the proud Edith to ask a favor of any man before.

We reached the wood, and our escorts resigned the baskets for us to prepare lunch, while they cleared away the underbrush.

"Ah!" sighed Leander, as he seated himself in the circle around the dainty feast, "it was the thought of this moment that strengthened me through our weary pilgrimage. This was the beacon light luring me on—this the staff on which I leaned."

A general laugh went around, but Mr. Covil curled his lip.

"What a clown the fellow is!" he said just loud enough for Miss St. Ledger's ears.

I saw her curve her neck, and when we returned she walked with Ben West.

The next day we had an equestrain excursion. Mr. Covil sought my side—to pique Edith, I thought. But she rode on, seemingly unconscious, with Jerome Leicester, until his girths had to be tightened, when Ben West, who had ridden alone, filled the vacancy.

I heard Edith St. Ledger laugh as she had never laughed before that day; and I wondered if she had really turned coquette. He did not seek her side on our return, and she rode with Charles Dorris, her old self again.

Our picnic came off in due time just when strawberries were ripe. It was largely attended, and Ben West was the life of the company. It was that day I read the proud heart of Edith St. Ledger. We were standing together, with Mr. Covil, under an oak, a little apart from the others, Ben had said something very funny in that grave way of his, and there was perfect shout of laughter raised.

"What a brainless clown that West is," Covil said. "I believe he never had a serious or sensible thought in his life."

Edith St. Ledger turned away her face, and seemed to be looking at a group of children. But I saw a deep, quick color rise to her face, her lips quivered, and her large, cold eyes grew warm, and filled with tears. And then I knew that Edith St. Ledger loved Ben West.

They did not seek each other's society after this, openly, at least, and I think I was the only one of the party who had a suspicion of her secret.

It was the third week of our visit, and we were to start cityward in two days.—Ben West was not going back with us. He had received communications from the West, and must return to his farm.

I was out in the garden, sitting just outside a rustic arbor. It was late twilight, and I did not see that there were forms approaching until I heard the voice of Ben West and Edith St. Ledger as they entered the arbor. Well, I could have gone away, but I sat still and listened. And dare you say you would not have done the same?

"I was mad, crazed, I know, ever to think of you," I heard Ben West say.—"But I did think of you—and to think of you is to love you. I give you the first and the last love of my heart. I did not know I *could* love until I saw you. I know now I am not the shallow senseless clown you think, Edith St. Ledger. I sometimes feel like grinding these men who sneer and scoff at me under my heel, knowing and feeling that, in the sight of God, I live a better life than they. The mortal does not live—never lived—who could say I ever harmed soul or body.—And many a one *does* live, thank God, who thinks kindly and gratefully of me to-day. I tell you this not to boast, but because I cannot bear to go away, never to see you again, without telling you what I *am*, not what I seem."

He paused here, and I heard the voice of Edith, low and tremulous.

"I have not thought as harshly of you as you think I have thought. I think—" and something of a sob choked her speech.

"Edith, can it be—O Edith!" and I knew that Benjamin West was a happier man just then than he ever dreamed of being on earth. The silence was broken by him.

"I go West to-morrow night on the 12 [illegible] have an humble, very humble home to offer you. There will be no voice to bid you God *speed*; but will you go with me?"

"If I go, it must be without the consent of parents and friends. You know what they would say. I love you, but oh! how can I leave them and you—" she broke off, weeping softly.

"You must think of this, Edith, and do just as your heart tells you. I offer you my whole life, and God knows I will tenderly care for you. But do not come unless you can give yourself in love and faith to my keeping. I shall bid farewell to my friends to-morrow evening. If you say "good-by," I shall know it is forever. If only "good-night," I shall know what it means, and at eleven I will be in the lane with a carriage. Good-night, Edith," and he kissed her and was gone.

The next evening the gentlemen lingered long over their wine.

"Come, Ben, drink with us this last night of a pleasant month," cried young St. Ledger, holding up a glass invitingly.

"I never drink wine, or any liquor whatever," I heard Ben answer as we passed out of the room. And a beautiful flush of joy and content stole over Edith's face.

An hour later Ben West made his adieux. He passed around the room, shaking hands and speaking words of farewell, and came to Edith last.

"I may never see you again, Miss St. Ledger," he said quietly; but I saw his hand tremble and his face quiver. "Good by."

And I held my breath to hear her response. It was low, and not audible across the room.

"Good night, Mr. West. I trust we shall meet again," and she gave him her hand. And I alone knew the emotions of those two hearts.

I did not retire with the household that night, but waited in my room, till almost eleven. Then I stole softly down to the hall, just as Edith St. Ledger, cloaked and veiled, was gliding through the door. I laid my hand on her arm.

"Hush!" I said, as she started in terror. "I heard all in the arbor last night, and I want to ask you if you know what this step means. No more ease and idleness, luxury and pleasure. Ben West is a poor man and a farmer."

"Yes," she said, "I know. It means a better life than I have lived. It means something nobler than I have ever known. Ben West is the only man I ever loved, and I am going with him. Good night." And she was gone.

"She is won; they are off over bank, bush and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow, quoth young Lockinvar,"

I said to myself, as I sought my pillow.

You can imagine the next morning. A little note told the story, and Edith St. Ledger's haughty father crushed it under his heel, and cursed his daughter forever.

But curses are not as fatal and terrible as they used to be, in this cursing age. For Edith West is very, very happy, she writes me, and her husband is dearer to her every day, and her beautiful children are the flowers of the West. And she hasn't a bit of pride left. Besides all this, her father and mother were out to visit her last fall, and he brought back with him, and showed me, proudly, a curl of "the baby's" hair. So it ends like a fairy tale. "Surely love casteth out pride."

Curiosities of Breathing.

The taller men are—other things being equal—the more lungs they have, and the greater number of cubic inches of air they can take in and deliver at a single breath. It is thought that a man's lungs are sound and well developed, in proportion to his girth around the chest, yet observation shows that slim men, as a rule, will run faster and farther, with less fatigue, having "more wind" than stout men. If two persons are taken, in all respects alike, except that one measures twelve inches more around the chest than the other, the one having the excess will not deliver more air at one full breath, by mathematical measurement, than the other.

The more air a man receives into his lungs in ordinary breathing, the more healthy he is likely to be; because an important object in breathing is to remove impurities from the blood. Each breath is drawn pure into the lungs; on its outgoing the next instant, it is so impure, so perfectly destitute of nourishment, that if rebreathed without any admixture of pure atmosphere, the man would die. Hence, one of the conditions necessary to secure a high state of health is, that the rooms in which we sleep should be constantly receiving new supplies of fresh air through open doors, windows, or fire-places.

If a person's lungs are not well developed, the health will be imperfect, but the development may be increased several inches in a few months by daily out-door runnings with the mouth closed, beginning with twenty yards and back at a time, increasing ten yards every week until a hundred are gone over, thrice a day. A substitute for ladies and persons in cities is running up stairs with the mouth closed, which compels very deep inspirations, in a natural way, at the end of the journey.

As consumptive people are declining, each week is a witness to their inability to deliver as much air at a single outbreathing as the week before; hence, the best way to keep the fell disease at bay, is to maintain lung development.

It is known that in large towns, ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, the deaths by consumption are ten times less than in places nearly on a level with the sea. Twenty-five persons die of consumption in the city of New York, where only two die of that disease in the city of Mexico. All know that consumption does not prevail in hilly countries and in high situations. One reason of this is, because there is more ascending exercise, increasing deep breathing; besides, the air being more rarified, larger quantities are instinctively taken into the lungs to answer the requirements of the system, thus at every breath keeping up a high development. Hence, the hills should be sought by consumptives, and not low [illegible] ous.—*Hall's Health Tracts.*

Up in Lively Timepiece.

Up in [illegible] county, Pa., a clock peddler was trader, and tired, when along, hot and dust; house, wherein sundry [illegible] gaged in silent devotion. tradesman thought he would rest himself. He took a bench, doffed his hat, and placed his clocks upon the floor. There was a painful stillness in the meeting-house, which was broken by one of the clocks, which commenced striking furiously. The was in agony, but he hoped every minute the clock would stop. Instead of that, it struck just four hundred and thirty times, by the actual count of every Friend in the meeting; for even the best disciplined of them could not help numbering the strokes. Then up rose one of the elder Friends at the end of the four hundred and thirtieth stroke, and said—

"Friend, as it is so *very* late, perhaps thee had better proceed on thy journey, or thee will not reach thy destination, unless thee is an energetic as thy vehement timepiece.

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