

# The Port Tobacco Times.



PUBLISHED AT PORT TOBACCO, CHARLES COUNTY, MARYLAND, EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, BY ELIJAH WELLS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

Volume 31.

PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND, DECEMBER 4, 1874.

Number 32.

SAFE!

OUR NEW IDEA.

SAFE!

NO RISK.

MARK IT.

If we  
do not sell  
the rates we  
advertise  
we will

We are  
positively  
and unequivocally  
selling at  
fully

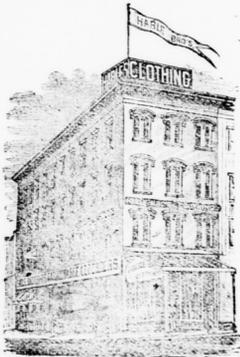
PAY ALL THE EXPENSES

35 PER CENT. LESS THAN

OF YOUR

TRIP TO WASHINGTON.

OUR  
FORMER LOW PRICES.



## Good News for Hard Times!

KEEP WARM—DRESS WELL—SAVE MONEY.

### Immense Fall in Prices!

DOWN! DOWN! DOWN!!! DOWN!!!!

35 Per Cent. Saved.

READ. READ. READ. READ.

\$15 SUITS.....	for \$10.
\$18 SUITS.....	for \$12.
\$20 SUITS.....	for \$14.
\$25 SUITS.....	for \$16.
\$30 SUITS.....	for \$20.

POSITIVE AND ABSOLUTE REDUCTIONS.

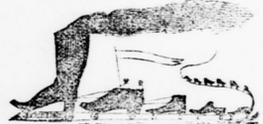
\$12 OVER COATS.....	for only \$ 8	\$20 OVER COATS.....	for only \$14
\$16 OVER COATS.....	for only \$10	\$25 OVER COATS.....	for only \$16
\$18 OVER COATS.....	for only \$12	\$30 OVER COATS.....	for only \$20

No Deviation. Bound to Sell. Come and See.

### HABLE BROS.

MERCHANT TAILORS AND FINE CLOTHIERS,  
Corner 7th & D Streets, Washington, D. C.

oct 30



Now or Never!

\$75,000 Worth of Nobby, Stylish and Best Made

BOOTS, GAITERS & TIES.

Must and shall be sold without regard to cost, by

L. HEILBRUN,

402 Seventh Street, 402

2d door from D St., N. West,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

N. B.—Special inducements are offered to Dealers.

Oct. 2, 1874—4f

Fall Trade, 1874.

THE subscriber has just manufactured one of the largest and best stocks of goods in his line ever offered in this market, which he can afford to sell at prices to suit the times. He names in part—

LADIES', GENTS', MISSES', BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S

BOOTS & SHOES,

OF FINE AND COARSE WORK,

manufactured from the best material, and in the most durable and elegant manner, comprising a great variety of new and handsome styles. Also a large stock of

BOOTS, SHOES & BROGANS

SUITABLE FOR THE

COUNTRY TRADE,

to which he invites the especial attention of country merchants and farmers.

All in want will do well to call before purchasing elsewhere.

W. B. WADDEY,

74 King Street,

ALEXANDRIA, Va.

LUMBER FOR SALE.

Orders Filled Promptly and at Lowest Rates.

LUMBER cut to bill; Hogshead Siding, &c.

SAWING and GRINDING done at short notice and upon reasonable terms, by

JOHN DIXON & CO.,

10 MILL near BENSVILLE, Chas. Co.,

Grinding of Corn done Tuesday of each week

G. O. STEVENS. D. G. STEVENS.

### Window Sashes, Blinds & Doors

MADE IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

SLATE, MARBLE, WOODEN, MANTELS, BUILDERS SUPPLIES, CORNICE, STAIR FIXINGS &c.

GEO. O. STEVENS & CO. BALTIMORE.

HENRY C. HARTMAN, Successor to Teal & Hartman,

No. 139 West Baltimore St., Baltimore,

ADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,

Under Dress, Hosiery, Gloves, &c.

SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER AND READY-MADE.

LADIES' MUSLIN UNDER DRESS,

White Trimmings, Working Cotton, Neck Ties, Bows, Scarfs, Collars, Cuffs, Drawers, Silk, Alpaca and Worsted Goods, Linen Handkerchiefs, Hosiery & Eves, Linen & Cotton Tapes, Suspender, Hat Base, Umbrellas, &c.

AND ALL KINDS OF NOTIONS AT THE VERY LOWEST PRICES.

SCHLIMM & KLEIN, MANUFACTURERS OF

### TIN WARE,

AND DEALERS IN

### Stoves & Ranges for Wood & Coal,

216 West Pratt Street, between Hanover and Sharp Streets,

Wholesale. BALTIMORE, Md. Retail.

D. A. BOONE. W. M. ADELSEGER.

BOONE & AHLSEGER, WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

### FISH, CHEESE AND BUTTER,

No. 47 Light St., near Lombard, and No. 13 Ellicott St., BALTIMORE, MD.

COUNTRY DEALERS WOULD DO WELL TO GIVE US A CALL.

AGENTS FOR

Vanderslice & Co's Excelsior Mince Meat, Apple, Peach and Quince Butters, Jesse Oakley & Co's Celebrated Glycerine, Transparent and Laundry Soaps.

## Poetical.

(Selected for the Port Tobacco Times by JAMES A. KIRBY.)

AN ELEGY.

In the following beautiful Elegy, quotations from which often appear in obituaries, heart-felt sorrow for the death of a dear friend is expressed in fitting, weeping words that find a sympathetic response in hearts similarly afflicted.

On the Death of Joseph Rodman Drake.

BY FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

Green be the turf above thee,  
Friend of my better days!  
None knew thee but to love thee,  
Nor named thee but to praise.  
Tears fell, when thou wert dying,  
From eyes unused to weep,  
And long, where thou art lying,  
Will tear the cold turf asunder.  
When hearts, whose truth was proven,  
Like thine are laid in earth,  
There should a wreath be woven  
To tell the world their worth,  
And I, who woke each morn'g  
To clasp thy hand in mine,  
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,  
Whose soul was ever thine—  
It should be mine to braid it  
Around thy faded brow,  
But I've in vain essayed it,  
And feel I cannot now.  
While memory bids me weep thee,  
Nor thoughts nor words are free,  
The grief is fixed too deeply,  
That mourns a man like thee.

## Selected Miscellany.

A POET'S LIFE ROMANCE.

Fitz-Greene Halleck's Unknown Love at Last Discovered—The Missing Poems.

(Indianapolis Journal, November 29.)

It is the pleasant lot of the *Journal* this morning to be able, through one of its valued correspondents, to clear up a literary mystery of long standing, connected with the memory of one of America's sweetest poets. Persons familiar with the life of Fitz-Greene Halleck will remember an interesting love episode and mysterious correspondence between the poet and a lady under the assumed name of Ellen A. F. Campbell. In Wikham's "Life of Halleck," published in 1869, it is referred to as one of the romances of his life, the memory of which the poet numbered among "the dearest, of his inconsiderable joys." In the life of Halleck "Love referred to the author says: "The lady's poem was of the same length and measure as the poet's reply. I expected to send my inability to recover it, no longer being among Mr. Halleck's papers." The heroine of this romantic episode having died many years ago, and her family gone, no one knows where Halleck himself never saw her. Even as late as 1878, more than twenty years after his death, he wrote a close friend, who was a friend as follows:

Your allusion to the Ohio River like surprise and delights me, for it induces me more confidently to hope that you will hasten to give me happy tidings of the welfare of the lady, in which I am so much interested. My most-cherished romance, whose memory has heretofore been numbered among the dearest of my inconsiderable joys. Mr. Hicks, the painter, some two years since, hinted to me his knowledge of the subject, but seemed very shy and shy about it, so to my exceeding grief and disappointment. I shall impatiently wait for the kindness of your further communications, so as to ascertain as to what my inability to recover it, no longer being among Mr. Halleck's papers, was the result of some other cause.

A party of young ladies and gentlemen of Mount Pleasant, O., assembled at the house of a friend in that village to "celebrate the old year out." The incoming year was 1836—leap year. Amid the merriment of the occasion, some one suggested that the ladies should avail themselves of the privilege which it brought, and open a correspondence with different gentlemen, mentioning, among others, the bachelor poet Fitz-Greene Halleck. The proposal was passed by as a jest; but in a few minutes it was noticed that Miss Abbie Flanner, a young lady of much talent and vivacity, was bidding good night to her friends of the house, she had slipped out and gone home alone. The ground was covered with snow, that sparkled in the moonbeams. Walking along slowly, scarcely noting the beauty of the scene around her, she meditated a poetical epistle to Fitz-Greene Halleck, and, reaching her room, sat down and wrote the following:

NEW YEAR'S NIGHT,  
The Merry Mock Bird's Song.  
O'er the fields of snow the moonlight falls,  
And softly on the snow-white walls  
Of Abbie's cottage shines,  
And there beneath the bright and open  
The honey-suckles gay festoon,  
And multitudes twines,  
And forms a sweet embowering shade,  
Pride of the humble cottage maid,  
Who now transformed and bled,  
Beneath the magic of a name—  
Rights urged by young and old,  
And who is she, to fame unknown,  
Who dares her challenge thus throw down  
Low at the feet of one  
Who holds a proud, contentious stand  
Among the magnates of the land,  
The muse's favorite son?  
As when she roamed a careless child  
To pluck the forest blossoms wild,  
Oft climed some pendant bough  
Of rock or cliff to gather there  
Some tempting flower that looked more fair  
Than all that bloomed below.  
So now, like Eve in Paradise,  
Though numerous offerings round her rise  
Of love and friendship bland,  
With many a soter blessing fraught,  
Would give them all for one kind thought,  
One line from Halleck's pen.

Like that fair plant of India's fields  
That grows when bruised and broken yields  
Its fragrance on the air—  
Such is the heart I offer thee,  
Pride of my country's minstrelsy!  
Oh, is it worth thy care?

She signed this Ellen A. F. Campbell, incorporating her initials with the name of Scott's Lady of the Lake, and forwarded it to the poet. In those days of slow coaches, much time must necessarily elapse before a response could be received, and it is but natural to suppose that during the interval buoyant hope and lively thought alternated with misgivings and doubt as to the reception of her letter. Perhaps when the first glow of adventurous feeling passed, she half regretted her action and felt the natural shrink of a woman's heart from offering itself unmasked, even in jest. And when at last the long looked-for, hoped-for packet arrived, with what trembling eagerness she must have opened and read it.

TO ELLEN.

The Scottish lovelorn-minstrel's lay  
Entranced me in boyhood's day;  
His forests, glens, and streams,  
Mountains and heather blooming fair;  
A Highland lake and lady were  
The playmates of my dreams.  
Years passed away; my dreams were gone;  
My pilgrim footsteps passed alone  
Love's Katrina's staid shores;  
And winds that winged me o'er the lake  
Breathed low, as if they feared to break  
The music of my ears.  
No tramp of warrior men were heard;  
For welcome-song or challenge-word  
Love's Katrina's staid shores;  
And, moored beneath his favorite tree,  
As vainly wooed the minstrelsy  
Of Gray-haired "Allan Bane."  
I saw the Highland heath flower smile  
In beauty upon Ellen's isle;  
And, gazing in Ellen's lowly  
I watched beneath the lattice leaves,  
Her coming, through a summer eve's  
Youngest and loveliest hour.

She came not, lonely was her home;  
Heretofore of my shapes that come,  
Like shadows, to depart,  
Are there two Ellen's of the mind?  
Or have I lived at last to find  
An Ellen of the heart?  
For music like the borderer's now  
Rings round me, and again I bow  
Before the shrine of song,  
Beneath the moon in youth;  
For hearts that worship there in truth  
And joy are ever young.  
And well thy lary responds to-day,  
And willingly thy chords obey  
The minstrel's loved command;  
A minstrel maid whose infant eyes  
Prevent her from the head and feet  
Should be left on the entrails  
My school-book's student land.  
And beautiful the wreath she twines  
Round "Abbie Cottage," howered in vines,  
O'er the slough-bell mirth;  
And lovelier still her smile that seems  
To bid me welcome in my dreams  
Beside its peaceful hearth.

Long shall I deem that winning smile  
But my mockery, to smile  
Some lonely hour of care,  
And will this Ellen prove to be,  
But like her pansy o'er the sea,  
A being of the air?  
Or shall I take the morning's ring,  
And with a pearl and a ring,  
Speed him and vale along,  
And at her cottage-hearth ere night,  
Change into flatterings of delight,  
Or the merry minstrel's song?

Accompanying the poem was a short letter in which the poet, after her beautiful lines, "Though they did not seriously intend to make me a happy man, they have certainly made me a very proud one." He asks her to accept a copy of his poems "in consideration of the beauty of its type and the vastness of its margin," and closes thus: "I am, dear Miss Campbell, very gratefully, or if you are in good earnest, I very much beg you are not, I am, dear Ellen, very affectionately yours,"

"FITZ-GREENE HALLECK."  
Her reply to this is a letter of considerable length, in which she thanks him for the promise of his book, and declares that "eager expectation stands tip-toe on the misty heights of the blue Ohio to hail its approach." She closes, by saying that when he is in "fashion's crowded hall," or listening to the "trump of deathless fame," she would not claim one thought:

But when the busy crowd is gone,  
And brightly on the Western sky  
The changeful sunset hues are thrown—  
Oh, wait thou thither true thine eye  
And I will be there in good earnest,  
Whose spirit ever turns to thine,  
Like Poesia's idol-worshipper,  
Or Moslem to his prophet's shrine.

The correspondence continued throughout the year, growing more and more interesting. The gay badinage ceased and was succeeded by earnestness on both sides. Though still preserving her ingenuita, and shielded by her assumed name, we find the lady growing timid as the poet grows ardent in his protestations of admiration and esteem. At one time she says: "Every step that I have made in your acquaintance has increased my timidity. With a reckless laugh I flung my first offering on the current of accident, little thinking it would ever bring me back tears and smiles, anxious thoughts and fevered dreams." Toward the end of the year she intimates that the terms of her privilege will soon expire, and that the correspondence must close. The poet replies, urging its continuance, and speaking of the happiness it has afforded him, and the desire to know her personally. She replies: "I certainly did suppose I had written to Mr. Halleck for the last time; but you know before I confess it that I am but too happy to be convinced by your profound logic that it is not only my privilege but my duty to respond. Your witty assumption of your extensive privilege has delivered my 'woman's pride' from the 'battlement of a world,' for whose adamantine bars, perhaps, I have not shown a proper reverence." After the interchange of a few more letters, the poet announces his intention of seeking the home of his fair correspondent, and meeting face to face the lady whom as "Ellen Campbell" he has learned to highly esteem. This proposal filled Miss Flanner with dismay. Remembering that she had commenced the acquaintance she reflected that a tacit agreement to the poet's visit would place her in the character of wooer. An ardent admirer of Halleck's poems, nothing could have afforded her more pleasure than to have met him, but under the circumstances she felt that she must not encourage his coming. Her reply was posted at Washington, whither she had sent it in care of a relative, and to that address the poet's subsequent letters were

addressed. She eluded all his efforts to discover her identity, and remained to him always "An Ellen of the mind"—"A being of the air." They never met; a wealth of possible happiness was left untouched. For him the aloe never bloomed. She married, late in life, a man her equal in station, but her inferior in natural gifts and in culture. Whether her brief married life was congenial and happy we do not know. Miss Abbie Flanner, at the time of her correspondence with Fitz-Greene Halleck, was about twenty-six years of age. She is described by one who knew her then as tall, slender and graceful, with cordial and engaging manners. She had brilliant, hazel eyes, attractive features, and a peculiarly sweet smile. When silent and thoughtful, her face wore a pensive, sad expression, but when engaged in conversation it lighted up with animation and intelligence. She was exceedingly sensitive. When her feelings were wounded she would put her hand to her face, and immediately the tears came trickling between her white fingers. She had unusual mental gifts, was a fine conversationalist and the queen of the circle in which she moved. The necessarily brief extracts from her letters given here afford little idea of her talent and culture. Her family belonged to the Society of Friends, or Quakers. She had two brothers and three sisters. The brothers were the eminent physician—the eldest died of cholera when that disease was prevalent in Pittsburgh. She lived but a year after her marriage. Her death was marked by that peace and perfect trust which characterizes the last hour of a Christian. Above and back of the Ohio river is a bluff commanding a wide view of the surrounding country and the misty blue hills of Virginia. Here, beneath the shadowing trees, in whose branches the birds sing all day long, is the grave of Abbie Flanner. L. M. C.

Preparing and Packing Poultry.

Poultry should be fat, and kept twenty-four hours from food before killing to keep the crop empty. Food in the crop sours, blackens the skin, injures the sale of poultry, and buyers will not pay for this use less weight. Opening the vein in the neck or bleeding in the mouth is the proper mode of killing. If bled inside the throat the bill should be pried open with a piece of chip and the poultry be hung up by the feet on a line. This makes bleeding free and prevents bruising. The head and feet should be left on the entrails in a sack. (Others advise drawing the entrails.) The flesh should not be mutilated in any manner. Turkeys and chickens dry-picked keep much longer and sell higher than the scalded. If the picking is done by scalding, the water should be heated just to the boiling point, and the poultry held by the feet of the pin-feathers, after which wash five times, counting three each time in or out. And the work should be done quickly, neatly, and thoroughly.

After picking, hang up the poultry by the feet in a cool, dry place, till all animal heat is out and the poultry thoroughly cold and dry. Avoid freezing, as poultry will not keep long after thawing. Wrap in thin, light, strong paper. Brown and dark, heavy paper, having too much oil in it, injures the poultry. The head should be wrapped separately. Always pack head downward. This throws the soft entrails on the breast bone, and the poultry keeps longer in this position. Pack in clean, dry, tight flour barrels.

Geese and ducks, after being killed, should have all the feathers picked off, then rubbed all over thoroughly with fine rosin, after which dip them in boiling water in and out seven or eight times, then rub off the pin-feathers, after which wash off the fowl with warm water, using soap and a hand brush. Immediately after, rinse them well in cold water, then hang them up by the feet in a cool, dry place till they are thoroughly dry, when they can be wrapped and packed as before suggested. Poultry thus dressed will keep well in moderately cold weather, keep sweet and fresh for fifteen or twenty days, and can be shipped from the extreme West with safety, by freight.

Never pack poultry in straw, as in damp or in warm weather it causes it to sweat or heat. Game, deer, rabbits, coons, opossums, and squirrels should be opened, all the entrails taken out, leaving only the kidney fat; then the insides should be wiped perfectly dry with a soft, clean cloth, after which wrap the small game in paper, packing back downward. Wild turkeys, ducks, geese, grouse, pheasants, quails, pigeons, and birds of all kinds should always be packed in the same manner, and the head and feet left on. They should never be mutilated in any manner. Drawn birds sour in a short time, and sell for less than the undrawn, even if sweet. Wrap the head separately in paper, then the body. Pack head downward in tight, clean barrels, the same as poultry. Shippers should remember well that all game and poultry should be thoroughly cold before being packed, otherwise it will soon sweat and heat. Barrels are the best packages that shippers can ship in.—*Maryland Farmer.*

Making Butter.

A practical dairyman says the first thing to be considered in making good butter is the proper care of the milk, which should be drawn from the cow into clean vessels and carried immediately to the cellar or milk-room and strained. The milk should now stand in the vessel in which it is drawn from the cow a moment longer than is absolutely necessary. Vessels for keeping milk in for the cream to rise, I prefer should be of tin, holding four or five quarts each; they are lighter to handle in milking and in carrying to and from the milk-room, and are never so liable to be opened as earthen jars or crocks. The pans of whatever is used for holding the milk should be washed thoroughly and scalded with boiling water ever time they are used, especially in warm weather, and it is advisable to sun them for a few hours.

The length of the time the milk should stand before skimming depends upon the temperature of the weather and milk room; the warmer the milk is kept the sooner it must be skimmed; the time with me varies from twenty-four to forty-eight hours, the shorter time in very warm weather, when accompanied with thunder. The butter is never so good when it cannot be kept for more than twenty-four hours. I generally succeed in keeping milk thirty-six hours in the warmest weather, with very

rare exceptions, and then it is always in very hot sultry weather, accompanied with thunder; but I always make the best butter when the milk is kept forty-eight hours. One reason is, the weather is always cooler. The milk should always be skimmed when it becomes thick or clabbered, whether the time it has stood be short or long.

Cream may be kept a week in cool weather, and make good butter; but in warm weather, churn twice a week—three times is better, unless kept very cool. I have never used a thermometer, consequently am unable to say the exact temperature at which cream should be churned to obtain the best results; but in the cream be warm, the quantity will be increased at the sacrifice of quality.

Catfish.

The following is from the *Calvert Journal*: "Many of our readers may not be aware of the fact that the catfish trade of the Patuxent river has become quite an important business. For several winters past this branch of trade has been growing, and preparations have been made by Dr. Richard Stanforth, at Deep Landing, to go into the business on a much larger scale than ever before. Dr. Stanforth has just completed a pond in which the fish are placed when caught, and so kept alive to await shipment. This pond has been made in a creek on the Deep Landing farm, by using wire fencing above and below, so that while the water passes freely with the tide, the fish are kept 'till called for.' This pond will hold from two to three thousand bushels of fish, which are taken out when wanted by large 'dipnets,' and when the supply on hand becomes reduced a small seine will be used in catching them. Dr. Stanforth buys all the catfish that are brought to him alive, and quite a number of seines on both sides of the river will be run constantly after cold weather sets in, for the purpose of supplying this demand. After the season fairly opens, it is expected that large quantities of fish will be shipped to market every week; quite a large force of hands skilled in the business will be kept employed in preparing the fish for shipment. The fish are 'dressed,' that is skinned and cleaned, and packed in boxes with ice, and shipped on the Patuxent steamers to Baltimore, and thence through the canal to Philadelphia, which is the great catfish market of the country. Why more catfish should be consumed in Philadelphia than in any other place in the world, except Huntington and its neighborhood, is a conundrum which the *Journal* men can't answer, but such is the fact. As may be supposed a large outlay of money will be necessary to carry on such an extensive business, and as the greater part of this money will be spent during the winter to fill the commodious houses which is now being constructed at Deep Landing, residents of the neighborhood take much interest in the matter, and Dr. Stanforth's success in the business will be conducive to the welfare of many people in the vicinity."

A PUZZLED AND INDIGNANT WITNESS.—A paper in Pittsfield, Mass., relates the following: "They were trying a 'horse case' in court the other day and the lawyer was questioning a witness in reference to the animal's habits and disposition. 'Have you ever driven her?' was asked. 'I have,' was the reply. 'Was there any one with you at the time?' was the next question. 'There was a lady with me,' the witness answered, and he blushed a little. 'Was she a good driver?' was the next question. 'Water in her referring to the animal's witness understood that he meant the lady. 'Was she,' he replied. 'Was she gentle and kind?' asked the legal limb, and the reply was in the affirmative, though the witness, still thinking of the lady, looked a little surprised. 'She didn't kick?' was the next interrogatory, and the witness answered, 'No.' 'Was she a good driver?' was the next question. 'She didn't rear up, or kick over the traces, or put her hind feet through the dashboard, or try to run away, or act ugly, or—the witness was boiling over with indignation by this time, and interrupted the lawyer with, 'Do you mean the horse or the lady?' I mean the mare we're talking about, and she didn't rear up, or kick over the traces, or put her hind feet through the dashboard, or try to run away, or act ugly, or—the witness was boiling over with indignation by this time, and interrupted the lawyer with, 'Do you mean the horse or the lady?' I mean the mare we're talking about, and she didn't rear up, or kick over the traces, or put her hind feet through the dashboard, or try to run away, or act ugly, or—the witness was boiling over with indignation by this time, and interrupted the lawyer with, 'Do you mean the horse or the lady?' I mean the mare we're talking about, and she didn't rear up, or kick over the traces, or put her hind feet through the dashboard, or try to run away, or act ugly, or—the witness was boiling over with indignation by this time, and interrupted the lawyer with, 'Do you mean the horse or the lady?' I mean the mare we're talking about, and she didn't rear up, or kick over the traces, or put her hind feet through the dashboard, or try to run away, or act ugly, or—the witness was boiling over with indignation by this time, and interrupted the lawyer with, 'Do you mean the horse or the lady?' I mean the mare we're talking about, and she didn't rear up, or kick over the traces, or put her hind feet through the dashboard, or try to run away, or act ugly, or—the witness was boiling over with indignation by this time, and interrupted the lawyer with, 'Do you mean the horse or the lady?' I mean the mare we're talking about, and she didn't rear up, or kick over the traces, or put her hind feet through the dashboard, or try to run away, or act ugly, or—the witness was boiling over with indignation by this time, and interrupted the lawyer with, 'Do you mean the horse or the lady?' I mean the mare we're talking about, and she didn't rear up, or kick over the traces, or put her hind feet through the dashboard, or try to run away, or act ugly, or—the witness was boiling over with indignation by this time, and interrupted the lawyer with, 'Do you mean the horse or the lady?' I mean the mare we're talking about, and she didn't rear up, or kick over the traces, or put her hind feet through the dashboard, or try to run away, or act ugly, or—the witness was boiling over with indignation by this time, and interrupted the lawyer with, 'Do you mean the horse or the lady?' I mean the mare we're talking about, and she didn't rear up, or kick over the traces, or put her hind feet through the dashboard, or try to run away, or act ugly, or—the witness was boiling over with indignation by this time, and interrupted the lawyer with, 'Do you mean the horse or the lady?' I mean the mare we're talking about, and she didn't rear up, or kick over the traces, or put her hind feet through the dashboard, or try to run away, or act ugly, or—the witness was boiling over with indignation by this time, and interrupted the lawyer with, 'Do you mean the horse or the lady?' I mean the mare we're talking about, and she didn't rear up, or kick over the traces, or put her hind feet through the dashboard, or try to run away, or act ugly, or—the witness was boiling over with indignation by this time, and interrupted the lawyer with, 'Do you mean the horse or the lady?' I mean the mare we're talking about, and she didn't rear up, or kick over the traces, or put her hind feet through the dashboard, or try to run away, or act ugly, or—the witness was boiling over with indignation by this time, and interrupted the lawyer with, 'Do you mean the horse or the lady?' I mean the mare we're talking about, and she didn't rear up, or kick over the traces, or put her hind feet through the dashboard, or try to run away, or act ugly, or—the witness was boiling over with indignation by this time, and interrupted the lawyer with, 'Do you mean the horse or the lady?' I mean the mare we're talking about, and she didn't rear up, or kick over the traces, or put her hind feet through the dashboard, or try to run away, or act ugly, or—the witness was boiling over with indignation by this time, and interrupted the lawyer with, 'Do you mean the horse or the lady?' I mean the mare we're talking about, and she didn't rear up, or kick over the traces, or put her hind feet through the dashboard, or try to run away, or act ugly, or—the witness was boiling over with indignation by this time, and interrupted the lawyer with, 'Do you mean the horse or the lady?' I mean the mare we're talking about, and she didn't rear up, or kick over the traces, or put her hind feet through the dashboard, or try to run away, or act ugly, or—the witness was boiling over with indignation by this time, and interrupted the lawyer with, 'Do you mean the horse or the lady?' I mean the mare we're talking about, and she didn't rear up, or kick over the traces, or put her hind feet through the dashboard, or try to run away, or act ugly, or—the witness was boiling over with indignation by this time, and interrupted the lawyer with, 'Do you mean the horse or the lady?' I mean the mare we're talking about, and she didn't rear up, or kick over the traces, or put her hind feet through the dashboard, or try to run away, or act ugly, or—the witness was boiling over with indignation by this time, and interrupted the lawyer with, 'Do you mean the horse or the lady?' I mean the mare we're talking about, and she didn't rear up, or kick over the traces, or put her hind feet through the dashboard, or try to run away, or act ugly, or—the witness was boiling over with indignation by this time, and interrupted the lawyer with, 'Do you mean the horse or the lady?' I mean the mare we're talking about, and she didn't rear up, or kick over the traces, or put her hind feet through the dashboard, or try to run away, or act ugly, or—the witness was boiling over with indignation by this time, and interrupted the lawyer with, 'Do you mean the horse or the lady?' I mean the mare we're talking about, and she didn't rear up, or kick over the traces, or put her hind feet through the dashboard, or try to run away, or act ugly, or—the witness was boiling over with indignation by this time, and interrupted the lawyer with, 'Do you mean the horse or the lady?' I mean the mare we're talking about, and she didn't rear up, or kick over the traces, or put her hind feet through the dashboard, or try to run away, or act ugly, or—the witness was boiling over with indignation by this time, and interrupted the lawyer with, 'Do you mean the horse or the lady?' I mean the mare we're talking about, and she didn't rear up, or kick over the traces, or put her hind feet through the dashboard, or try to run away, or act ugly, or—the witness was boiling over with indignation by this time, and interrupted the lawyer with, 'Do you mean the horse or the lady?' I mean the mare we're talking about, and she didn't rear up, or kick over the traces, or put her hind feet through the dashboard, or try to run away, or act ugly, or—the witness was boiling over with indignation by this time, and interrupted the lawyer with, 'Do you mean the horse or the lady?' I mean the mare we're talking about, and she didn't rear up, or kick over the traces, or put her hind feet through the dashboard, or try to run away, or act ugly, or—the witness was boiling over with indignation by this time, and interrupted the lawyer with, 'Do you mean the horse or the lady?' I mean the mare we're talking about, and she didn't rear up, or kick over the traces, or put her hind feet through the dashboard, or try to run away, or act ugly, or—the witness was boiling over with indignation by this time, and interrupted the lawyer with, 'Do you mean the horse or the lady?' I mean the mare we're talking about, and she didn't rear up, or kick over the traces, or put her hind feet through the dashboard, or try to run away, or act ugly, or—the witness was boiling over with indignation by this time, and interrupted the lawyer with, 'Do you mean the horse or the lady?' I mean the mare we're talking about, and she didn't rear up, or kick over the traces, or put her hind feet through the dashboard, or try to run away, or act ugly, or—the witness was boiling over with indignation by this time, and interrupted the lawyer with, 'Do you mean the horse or the lady?' I mean the mare we're talking about, and she didn't rear up, or kick over the traces, or put her hind feet through the dashboard, or try to run away, or act ugly, or—the witness was boiling over with indignation by this time, and interrupted the lawyer with, 'Do you mean the horse or the lady?' I mean the mare we're talking about, and she didn't rear up, or kick over the traces, or put her hind feet through the dashboard, or try to run away, or act ugly, or—the witness was boiling over with indignation by this time, and interrupted the lawyer with, 'Do you mean the horse or the lady?' I mean the mare we're talking about, and she didn't rear up, or kick over the traces, or put her hind feet through the dashboard, or try to run away, or act ugly, or—the witness was boiling over with indignation by this time, and interrupted the lawyer with, 'Do you mean the horse or the lady?' I mean the mare we're talking about, and she didn't rear up, or kick over the traces, or put her hind feet through the dashboard, or try to run away, or act ugly, or—the witness was boiling over with indignation by this time, and interrupted the lawyer with, 'Do you mean the horse or the lady?' I mean the mare we're talking about, and she didn't rear up, or kick over the traces, or put her hind feet through the dashboard, or try to run away, or act ugly, or—the witness was boiling over with indignation by this time, and interrupted the lawyer with, 'Do you mean the horse or the lady?' I mean the mare we're talking about, and she didn't rear up, or kick over the traces, or put her hind feet through the dashboard, or try to run away, or act ugly, or—the witness was boiling over with indignation by this time, and interrupted the lawyer with, 'Do you mean the horse or the lady?' I mean the mare we're talking about, and she didn't rear up, or kick over the traces, or put her hind feet through the dashboard, or try to run away, or act ugly, or—the witness was boiling over with indignation by this time, and interrupted the lawyer with, 'Do you mean the horse or the lady?' I mean the mare we're talking about, and she didn't rear up, or kick over the traces, or put her hind feet through the dashboard, or try to run away, or act ugly, or—the witness was boiling over with indignation by this time, and interrupted the lawyer with, 'Do you mean the