THE LITCHFIELD ENQUIRER.

Devoted to Politics, Foreign and Domestic News, Morality, Miscellany, etc

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LITCHFIELD, CONN.

TERMS.

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—ADVERTISING.—

Administrators' Notices,	$1.00
Commissioners' Notices	1.25
Estray Notices,	75
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Each subsequent insertion,	20

JOB WORK,

Of all kinds neatly and promptly executed

Frederick D. Beeman,

Attorney and Counselor at Law.

Office in Seymour's Building,

Litchfield, Conn.

WILLIAM G. COE.

Attorney and Counselor at Law,

NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

REMOVAL.

Dr. BOSTWICK has removed his residence to Crossman's U. S. Hotel.

Litchfield, June 3, 1852.

Charles O. Belden.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

LITCHFIELD, CONN.

Office Seymour's Building, South street

Sept. 10, 1852.

D. E. Bostwick, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON,

Office over Sam'l P Bolles store, in rooms for merly occupied by Dr J S Wolcott.

June, 5th, 1851.

Charles Vaill, M D

Physician and Surgeon,

Office over the Post Office—Residence at the "Bissell Place" in East street, Litchfield.

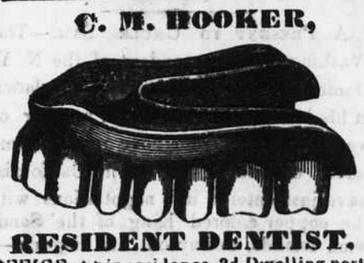
David F. Hollister.

Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

SALISBURY, CONN.

First building south of the Mansion House

C. M. HOOKER,



RESIDENT DENTIST.

OFFICE at his residence, 3d Dwelling north of the Bank.

HENRY B. GRAVES,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law

LITCHFIELD, CONN.

Office over Dr. Buel's Store, recently occupied by the late Gen. Bacon

NOTICE.

THE subscriber gives notice to his friends and former patrons, that it is necessary that all accounts due him on subscriptions and for advertizing, should be settled at once. Having made preparations to leave town on or about the 1st of May, (to be absent for a few months,) we shall be compelled to put such bills as remain unpaid at that date, into a lawyer's hands for collection. This is giving ample time for ALL to adjust their accounts; hence no one has cause to be offended at such a course.

P. K. KILBOURNE.

Litchfield, March 15, 1852.

NEW GOODS

AT THE

LADIES' STORE.

JUST received, a new supply of fashionable Ladies' Dress Goods, Trimmings &c., comprising Plain and Figured French and English Muslin, and Barage De Laines Also French and American Super Mourning and Fancy Calico Prints, Black and Colored Dress Silks, Poplins and Alpaccas, Mourning and Colored Square and Long Shawls, Mourning and White Wrought Swiss Collars, Collarettes and Cuffs, Swiss, Book, Jacket and Lace Edgings and Insertings, Velvet and Silk Ribbons, Ribbon Gimps, Fringes, &c., Alexander's and other, Super Kid, Silk and Thread Gloves, Patent Rubber, and Morocco Shoes. Paper Hangings, a large stock of Muslin and Woolen Shirts and Linen Collars, Bleached and Brown Cotton Sheetings, Shirtings, Tickings, Ticks, &c.

ALSO Groceries. Teas, Sugars, Molasses, Candies.—Also 10,000 Haydens' Bricks and Pine Boards, for sale Cheap.

☞ 200 Sewers wanted on Shirts and Under Shirts.

S. N. BRONSON Agent.

LINSEED OIL.

A PURE Article, manufactured and for sale at the Bantam Falls Oil Mill.—All orders promptly attended to.

☞ Cash paid for Flax Seed.

WM. P. KILBOURN.

Bantam Falls, Sept 1, 1852.

POETRY.

[We do not know when we have seen as beautiful a poem as the following, in the pages of our magazine literature. It is undoubtedly the prettiest poem that 'Ellen Louise' has written, and she has written many fine ones. It is so full of feeling, and clothed with such splendid imagery, yet simple withal, that no one can fail to admire it. Miss Chandler is young, but her name is loved and cherished by many who admire the pure and lofty breathings of poesy that oftimes gush so freshly from that warm, deep fount of feeling—the human heart.]

[*From Peterson's Magazine, for April.*]

THE TWO GRAVES.

BY ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER.

There are two graves, far, far apart,
And the deep sea rolls between;
O'er one they've piled the marble high,
O'er one the grass grows green.

In the one, within a gorgeous fane,
Lies she whom I called my bride;
Before whose feet I knelt of old,
In her father's halls of pride.

In the one behind the village church,
Where wild flow'rs nod in prayer,
Is resting the shade of the purest dream
That brightened my life of care!

The one was a maiden proud and high,
With the waves of her jetty hair
All braided up with jewels rich,
And pearls and diamonds rare.

The other had curls of sunny light,
And a smile as faint and mild
As those which the olden artists paint,
In their dreams of the young Christ child.

One awed my heart with the prideful glance,
From her darkling orbs that fell,
The eyes of the other were purely blue
As the home where the angels dwell.

One brought me a title proud and high,
And pearls, and gold, and lands,
With serfs to bow at my lightest word,
And go at my first commands—

The other brought the earnest love
That glowed in her star-lit eyes,
And blest my heart with the downward rays
From the distant Paradise!

I wedded the one with stately pomp,
In a proud cathedral aisle,
And bells were ringing in high church towers,
A sounding chime the while.

I wedded the other as Quakers wed,
In the forest still and deep,
When hushed were the sounds of noisy life,
And the flowers had gone to sleep.

Oh! blithe was my night-haired love, and fair,
And proud was her daring eye,
But dearer far was my cottage girl
With her angel purity.

But the demons wandering over earth,
For the one spun out a shroud,
And they laid her low where wax lights glow
In the old cathedral proud.

The other, when holy stars shine down,
Was hearing the angels sing,
And a truant seraph folded her
In the clasp of his viewless wing.

They told me that the one was lying dead,
And a tear came in mine eye—
But joy dreams chased the gloom away,
And a smile went flitting by.

They told me the other had gone to sleep,
And I sought the battle's strife,
For I hated the light of the rosy day,
And I cursed the light of life.

The one lies still in her far-off tomb,
Where the tall wax tapers gleam,
And their rays fall down on the marble shrine,
With a fixed and ruddy beam.

But over the other the night-stars swing,
When the light of day has fled,
And the wild winds sigh her gentle name
Till I wish that I were dead.

MISCELLANY.

DONE FOR.—A wag a few years since, procured some eye wash of a quack oculist in this city, to be applied to a glass eye which he wore. The oculist not being very sharp sighted, discovered that there was some defect in the eye, but he thought it so trifling that he warranted it a cure or no pay. The wag took the wash and departed. In a week or so after he returned with the empty vial, and apparently in great distress.

'Oh, doctor! doctor!' said he, 'your stuff has wholly destroyed my eye,' at the same time opening the lids of the empty socket with his fingers, to the horror of the gaping and staring oculist.

'Is it possible? can it be possible?' exclaimed the eye tinkerer. 'I never knew my medicine to operate so before. 'Well, my dear sir, I can do nothing less than return your money?'

'But you must do more, sir. What is five dollars to me compared with the loss of an eye?' replied the wag. 'If you give me two hundred dollars, I will sign a pledge never to expose you; but if you do not, I will prosecute you forthwith, and you are a ruined man.'

The quack forked over a check for the amount, and the covy struck out.

What a Pair of Andirons Cost.

'Peter,' said my uncle, knocking the ashes from his pipe, and laying it on the corner of the mantlepiece, and then fixing his eyes on the andirons, Peter, those andirons cost me one thousand dollars!

Dear me! exclaimed my aunt.

Oh father! cried the girls.

Impossible! said I.

True, every word true. One thousand did I say?—yes—two thousand—full two thousand dollars!

Well, well, said my aunt, folding up her knitting for the night, I should like to kow what you are talking about.

My uncle bent forward and planted his hands firmly on his parted knees, and with a deliberate air, which showed no doubt of his being able to prove his assertion, he begun:

Well, you see, a good many years ago, we had a pair of old common andirons.—Your cousin Letty says one day, Father, don't you think those old andirons are getting shabby? Shabby or not, I thought they would hold the wood up as nicely as if they were made of gold. So I paid no attention to Letty. I was afraid she was growing proud. Soon after that, Peter, your aunt took it up—

There it goes, interrupted my aunt, you can't get along without dragging me in.

Your aunt took it up, Peter, and she said our neighbors could afford brass andirons, and were no better off than we were. And she said Letty and her sister Jane were getting old enough to see company and the stingy looking andirons might hurt their market. I know that women will have their own way, and there is no use of objecting and so I got the andirons.

The price of them was four dollars and a half—

Ah, that's more like it, cried my aunt; I thought you said two thousand dollars.

My dear I wish you would not interrupt me. Four and a half. Well the first night after we had got them, as we all sat by the warm fire talking over the matter, Letty called my attention to the hearth, the stones of which were cracked and uneven. The hearth was entirely out of keeping with the new andirons, and I tho't I might as well have it replaced first as last. The next day a mason was sent for to examine it. He came in my absence, and when I returned home, your aunt and cousins all beset me at once to have a marble slab. The mason had convinced them the hearth would not look decent without a marble slab, and they put their heads together.

La me! exclaimed my aunt, 'there was no putting heads together about it. The hearth was a real old worn out thing, not fit for a pig pen.

They put their heads together, Peter, as I was saying, and continued till I got a marble hearth, which cost me twenty dollars. Yes, twenty dollars, at least. Then I thought I was done with expenses, but I thought wrong. Pretty soon I began to hear sly hints thrown out about the brick work around the fire place not corresponding with the hearth. I stood out a month or two against your aunt and the girls, but they at last got the better of me, and I was forced to have marble instead of brick.—And then the old wooden mantle piece was so out of character, that it was necessary to have a marble one. The cost of all this was nearly one hundred dollars.—And now that the spirit of improvement had got a start, there was no stopping place. The new marble mantle put to shame the old white washed walls, and they must be painted of course, and to prepare them for paint, sundry repairs were necessary. While this was going on, your aunt and the girls appeared quite satisfied, and when it was done, they had no idea that the old parlor could be made to look so spruce. But this was only a short respite. The old rag carpet began to raise a dust, and I found there would be no peace—

Now, my dear! said the old lady, with a pleasant smile, accompanied by a partial rotation of the head—

Now, father! exclaimed the girls.

Till I got a new carpet. That again shamed the old furniture, and it had to be turned out and replaced with new. Now, Peter, count up my lad—twenty dollars for the hearth, and one hundred for the mantlepiece, and thirty for repairs. What does that make?

One hundred and fifty, uncle.

Well, fifty for paper and paint.

Two hundred.

Then fifty for a carpet, and one hundred for furniture—

Three hundred and fifty.

Ahem! There's that clock, too, and the blinds fifty more—

Four hundred exactly.

My aunt and cousins winked at each other.

Now, continued my uncle, so much for this one room. No sooner was the room finished than complaints came from all quarters about the dining room and entry. Long before this I had surrendered at discretion, and handed in my submission.—The dining room cost two hundred more. What does that make, Peter?

Eight hundred, uncle.

Then the chambers—at least four hundred to make them rhyme with down stairs.

Twelve hundred.

The outside of the house had to be repaired and painted, of course. Add two hundred for that.

Fourteen hundred.

Then there must be a piazza in front—that cost two hundred.

Sixteen hundred.

Here aunt began to yawn, Letty to poke the fire, and Jane to twirl over the leaves of a book.

A new carriage came next, Peter, that cost two hundred dollars.

Eighteen hundred.

Then there was a lawn to be laid out and neatly fenced—a servant to be hired—parties given occasionally—bonnets and dresses at double the former cost, and a hundred other little expenses in keeping with the new order of things. Yes, Peter, I was entirely within bounds when I said two thousand dollars.

The opposition was silenced. My aunt immediately rose and guessed it was bed-time. I was left alone with uncle who was not inclined to drop the subject. He was a persevering man and never gave up what he undertook till he had done the work thoroughly. So he brought out his books and accounts, and set about making an exact estimate of the expenses. He kept me up till after midnight, before he got through. His conclusion was that the pair of andirons cost him twenty-four hundred and fifty dollars!—*Pledge and Standard.*

One Thing at a Time.

It was no uncommon thing, in autumn, to see old Gerard surrounded with a youthful throng at eventide beneath the old tree, amusing and instructing them with his homely but useful conversation. It was on one of these occasions that he was so often interrupted by the questions of the group about him, that the cheerful old man resolved to let them have their own way, that they might see how little was to be got by attending to more than one thing at a time. Gerard was about to tell them the whole history of the church spire, which was formed of painted shingles; but no sooner did he begin, by saying that Alderman Grant gave fifty pounds towards the expense of it, than Harry Dobbs asked him who Alderman Grant was. 'Why,' replied Gerard, 'I will tell you. Alderman Grant was a great fat man, that kept his coach, and lived up at the Court House.—Some say he had been Lord Mayor of London, but how that may be I can't say; however, I can whisper something in your ears about him that will surprise you. One summer's day, when it was very hot, when he was rolling along the turnpike road in his open carriage, with his spaniel dog before him, as pretty a creature as ever ran on four legs'—'What color was he?' said Bill Pike, 'had he a long tail?' 'He had a skin,' replied Gerard, 'as white as the driven snow, marked over, here and there, with blotches just the color of a sheep's liver. There was a curious tale told about that dog: when it was a puppy, it was waddling about, outside the iron gate, when Farmer Rickett's bull came up, and just as the puppy had got half way under the gate—but I must first tell you that Farmer Ricketts was rather passionate; he married a half sister of mine; in one of his passions he was near falling into a well.' How was that?' said Tom Billetts. 'You shall beat all about it,' replied old Gerard 'Job Tanner, the pump maker, was employed to sink a well; and in going to work early one morning, he met Frank Hart, who had just come home from the West Indies, where they make sugar.' 'How do they make it?' asked Bill Pike. 'Why,' said Gerard, 'I hardly know whether I rightly understand it myself; but I'll give you the best account I can, I once knew an old sailor, and he had been in the West Indies, and in Africa too, where lions and big snakes, and all manner of frightful creatures are to be found.' 'But how do the people manage to kill the lions and the big snakes?' asked Joe Barnes. 'In different ways,' said Gerard; 'when they set out after a lion with ten or twelve dogs—the dog, I take it, is about as useful a creature as any, except it be a horse, or a cow; for in our country he hunts for us, and guards houses, in another he pulls the people along over the snow in a sledge.'—'What's a sledge?' cried out Ned Hall, 'and how do the dogs pull it along?' 'I will tell you,' said old Gerard. 'In some countries they have snow on the ground all the year round, and the frost is so keen that the fingersends are almost pinched off. 'But do they wear no gloves?' inquired Harry Dobbs, opening his eyes wide. 'Yes, but not such as you see in this country.'—'What sort are they?' cried out Peter Fuller and Ned Hall, both together.—'Why, if you will listen, you shall know from beginning to end; for the old sailor that I spoke of had been there, and he told me about the gloves as well as about the Black Hole of Calcutta, and a score of other things.' 'The Black Hole of Calcutta! what is that?' said Joe Barnes; 'I never heard of that: tell us about the Black hole of Calcutta!' 'That I will and welcome,' replied Gerard; 'but mayhap it will be just as well for some of you to tell me first what you know of the church spire.' 'You began to tell us,'' said Harry Debbs' 'but you didn't go on.' 'Why no, I don't know how I could,' said Gerard, 'when you do you remember what I told you about him that surprised you so, and the tale about the spaniel dog?' 'You never told us anything about it after all, nor about the spaniel either, or we should have remembered it,' said some of the rest of them. 'Well,' said old Gerard, enjoying the joke that he had put upon the young people, in answering their questions, 'perhaps you know something about Farmer Ricketts, and the draw well or how the folks make sugar, and kill lions and big snakes?' But no; not one among them knew anything about one of these things. 'This is very odd, and Gerard, looking first to one, and then at another, 'that you forget so soon; however surely you know what a sledge is, and how the dogs pull it along; and what sort of gloves the folks in cold countries wear; and if you will tell me, then I will tell you all about the Black Hole of Calcutta.'

The boys stood staring, not knowing what to say; while old Gerard, in a pleasant way, gave them the following good advice:—"The hound that runs after many hares at once is not likely to catch one of them; and the lad that will have half a dozen tales told him, without having patience to hear one of them to the end, will find himself just in the same situation. If you had listened patiently, I would have told you all about the church spire, and Alderman Grant and his spaniel dog, and Farmer Ricketts too; and if that had not been enough, in my rough way, I would have made it as plain to you as two sticks, how to make sugar, and to kill lions and big snakes. Every one should have known what a sledge is, and how the dogs pull it along; what sort of gloves the people wear among the snow; and, if there had been any spare time left, you should have had the tale of the Black Hole of Calcutta into the bargain; but after all, the lesson you have learned by your disappointment, may do you more good than all of them put together. Be content, my lads, to hear and to do one thing at a time, and it is ten to one but you will become wiser, and get over more work than if you follow the bad plan of undertaking many things at once. My father used to say to me, 'Gerard, do one thing at a time; don't be reading your Bible when you ought to be at plough, and don't go to plough, when you ought to be reading your Bible. It is right enough, lad, that you should work to get your bread, therefore, be up in the morning and put your hands to the plough betimes; and it is right too, that you should get hold of the bread of eternal life; therefore read your Bible and pray over it, that God's grace may bless it, and make its promises your comfort here and your joy hereafter. But mind, what you do, do heartily, and be content in attending to one thing at a time.'

Female Women.

We respect, admire, and love a female woman. We admire her in the beauty of her person, moral presence, and her position; we respect her simple truthfulness and innocence, and we love her as the embodiment of the highest charms and sweetest attributes of humanity. But a male woman, who can bear? We cannot read of monster meetings in which women perform the leading parts; of lectures on the subject of marriage, to promiscuous audiences, by female tongues; and of the perambulating female spouters who go about the country, without an involuntary emotion of disgust. Many of these women are mothers, who have families of tender age at home, and husbands who should have tender heads. Home duties are forsaken, and the misguided mistresses go about teaching other people their duties! What comfortable wives they must be! What kind and assiduous mothers! How they must hallow a home that is too small to hold them! Gods of war! We would as soon live with a hyena, or steam engine. Don't come this way, we beg of you.

Springfield Republican.

An Indiana paper thus describes a bill of the Wild Cat currency in that State:

'The vignette is a nigger shearing a hog, supposed to be squealing. The President of the Bank stands near, assisting to hold the hog. The *dear people* may be discovered a good ways behind. Thunder and lightning in the foreground. The picture of a seedy individual, 'secured by stocks,' through which his feet run, adorns one corner.

'A man with a very blank countenance, supposed to be the Auditor of State, and being rode upon a rail by a couple of Wall street sharpers, is seen in another corner. The phiz of Gov. Wright, thunder gathering on his brow and lightning flashing from his eye, adorns the centre of the bill. On one side of the Governor is a hawk, on the other side a buzzard. He holds in one hand the scales of justice, one side of which is evidently very light; the other is holding a document, his last message, from which he appears to be reading to a crowd of disconsolate individuals below, who refuse to be comforted:

The Printer.

'I pity the Printer,' said Uncle Toby.

'He's a poor creature,' rejoined Trim.

'How so?' said my uncle.

'Because, in the first place,' continued the corporal, looking full upon my uncle, 'because he must endeavor to please everybody. In the negligence of a moment, perhaps, a small paragraph pops upon him; he hastily throws it to the compositor, it is inserted, and he is ruined to all intents and purposes.'

'Too much the case, Trim,' said my uncle, with a deep sigh. 'Too much the case.'

'And, please your honor,' continued Trim, 'this is not the whole.'

'Go on, Trim,' said my uncle, feelingly.

'The printer sometimes,' pursued the corporal, 'hits upon a piece that pleases him mightily, and he thinks it cannot but go down with his subscribers. But alas! sir, who can calculate the human mind? He inserts it, and all is over with him. They forgive others, but they cannot forgive the Printer. He has a host to print for, and every one sets up for a critic. The pretty Miss exclaims, 'Why don't you give us more poetry, marriages, and *bon mots?* away with these stale pieces.' The politician claps his specs over his nose, and reads it over in search of violent invective; he finds none, takes his specs off, folds them, sticks them in his pocket, declares the paper good for nothing but to burn. So it goes. Every one thinks it ought to be printed expressly for himself, as he is a subscriber; and yet, after all this complaining, would you believe, sir,' said the corporal, clasping his hands beseechingly, 'would you believe it, sir, there are some subscribers who do not hesitate to cheat the printer out of his pay! Our army swore terribly in Flanders, but they never did anything as bad as that!'

'Never!' said my uncle Toby, with the strongest kind of emphasis.

☞ "I've got three cents left," said a loafer, "so I'll buy a paper with it."

"What paper will you buy?" said a friend, curious to learn the literary taste of his acquaintance.

"A paper of tobacco," replied the loafer.

Wanted.

AN ANGEL FOR HEAVEN.—And so death closed those little eyes—shrouded their light glances. Oh, that the sun would not come streaming in on her shrouded form, as if there were no grief in the world!

How sweetly she sleeps, that little angel! How lightly curl the glossy rings on her white forehead! You could weep your very soul away, to think those cherub lips will never, never unclose,—Vainly you clasp and unclasp that passive, darling hand that wandered so often over your cheek. Vainly your anguished glance strives to read the dim story of love in those faded orbs. The voice, sweet as winds blowing through wreathed shells, slumbers for ever. And still the busy world knocks at your door, and will let you have no peace. It shouts in your ear; its chariots rumble by; it smiles broadly in your care-worn face; it mocks you as you sew the shroud; it meets you at the coffin, at the grave; and its heavy footsteps tramp up and down in the empty rooms whence you have borne the dead. But it comes never in the hush of night to wipe away your tears!

Wanted—an angel for heaven! Can you look up? Can you bear the splendor of that sight? Ten thousand celestial beings, and your own radiant child-angel in their midst:

"In her eyes a glory light,
On her brow a glory crown."

Wanted—angels for heaven! Cling not too closely to your beautiful treasures, children of earth!

☞ A brave veteran officer, reconnoitering a battery which it was necessary to storm, laconically answered the engineers who were endeavoring to dissuade him from the attempt:

"Gentlemen, you may say and think what you please; all I know is, that the American flag must be hoisted on the ramparts to-morrow, for I have the order in my pocket."

There is a man in Kentucky so much opposed to progress, that he will not take the newspapers of the year in which they are published. He is now about four years behind, and is served every morning with papers printed in 1849. He has fallen back twelve hours each day for several years past, in his meals and other requirements.

☞ An old lady, being at a loss for a pin-cushion, made use of an onion. On the following morning she found that all the needles had tears in their eyes.

A Quaker Woman's Sermon.—Dear Friends: There are three things I very much wonder at;—the first is, that children should be so foolish as to throw up stones, clubs and brickbats into the fruit trees to knock down fruit; if they would let it alone it would fall itself. The second is, that men should be so foolish, and even so wicked as to go to war and kill each other; if let alone, they would die themselves. And the third and last thing which I wonder at is, that young men should be so unwise as to go after the young women; if they would stay at home the young women would come after them.

☞ What makes the lawyer's position so perilous? Because he has other men's deeds to answer for as well as his own.

☞ A wise man will desire no more than what he may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully and live contentedly with.

An old ballad thus gives the genealogy of Snow:

My father was the North Wind,
My mother's name was water;
Parson Winter married them,
And I'm their hopeful daughter.

A Yankee poet thus 'immortalizes' our beautiful river, the Connecticut:

'Roll on, loved Connecticut, long hast thou ran,—
Giving shad to Northampton, and freedom to man.'

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.—At Erie, Pennsylvania, recently, the cars of the Western train, coming in at the murky hour of midnight, ran past the depot, broke down the barrier erected at the end of the track, dashed madly across the street, and brought up with the locomotive a few inches distant and directly in front of the door of an honest German resident. Hans who was profoundly snoring in the arms of Morpheus and Motlena, was not disturbed by the snorts and screams of the iron horse or the rattling of the machinery. A waggish fellow present, calculating on a little fun, walked to the back door and knocked until he had aroused the Rhinelander from his slumbers, whereupon he informed him that there was a gentleman at the front door who was desirous to see him. The Dutchman started for the door, threw it open with a jerk, and there stood the huge creature, his mouth filled with burning coals, and his Cyclopean eye staring with unearthly brightness directly in his face, while aloft, with the air of a rider to the hellish steed, rose the tall chimney breathing smoke and sparks of fire. A more ready reasoner than poor Hans might well have been astonished by such an apparition. Der tyfel! screamed he, and gasping in the vain effort to get hold of the fag end of a latin prayer, he succumbed into a state of insensibility, from which he was only recovered by the administration of whisky in very unusual quantities.