

A Propos for the years 1825—*ad infinitum*.  
Waiting! Fondly waiting!  
How the time just meanders along.  
You've waited for the Echo  
Till you've tired of this song.  
Waiting! (Always) waiting!  
Will the Herald ever come out on date?  
We rather guess not—we confess not—  
For *we're* waiting—it's the printer that's late!

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Success to our Successors!

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THANK YOU

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(*Curtain*)