

Rafferty's Journal.

FREE AS THE WIND, AND AMERICAN TO THE CORE.

BY H. BUCHER SWOOPE.

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"THE LAST LEAF."

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.
 I saw him once before,
 As he passed by the door,
 And again
 The pavement stones resound,
 As he totters o'er the ground,
 With his cane.
 They say that in his prime,
 Ere the pruning knife of Time
 Cut him down,
 Not a better man was found,
 By the crier on his round
 Through the town.
 "But now he walks the streets,
 And he looks on all he meets
 Sad and wan;
 And he shakes his feeble head,
 That he seems as if he said,
 They are gone.
 "The mossy marble rests
 On the lips that he has prest
 In their bloom,
 And the names he loved to hear
 Have been carved for many a year,
 On the tomb.
 "My grandamama has said—
 Poor lady she is dead
 Long ago—
 That he had a Roman nose,
 And his cheek was like a rose
 In the snow.
 "But now his nose is thin,
 And it rests upon his chin
 Like a staff,
 And a crook in his back,
 And a melancholy crack
 In his laugh:
 "I know it is a sin
 For me to set and grin
 At him,
 But his old three-cornered hat,
 And his breeches, and all that,
 Are so queer.
 "And if I should live to be
 The last leaf upon the tree
 In the spring,
 Let them smile as I do now,
 And the old forsaken bough
 Where I cling."

[From the Pittsburg Evening Times.]

Mrs. Swishelm and the Cathedral Dedication.

Mrs. Swishelm was hoeing new potatoes or picking some of those glorious strawberries one Saturday, when she "got up a tremendous thinking" about attending the Cathedral Dedication. And she decided to attend, and did attend. In the last number of the *Visitor*, we glow over the luscious, rich, rare and racy three or four columns, descriptive, denunciatory, humorous, original, and wital true, or very near it—the fruits of the Sunday spent in and about the Cathedral. Now, what does Mrs. Swishelm say?—We shall see:

The ceremonies of consecration began at 5 o'clock. Mrs. S. was perched in a window and saw "a little group of men and boys, about a dozen, wearing black petticoats, some with white lace shirts, heavily embroidered, worn over the back and descending to the feet, with a loose waist of thick white muslin; one with a short gown of embroidered lace, coming half way to the knee, and some with common white muslin gowns of the same pattern. Two of these had a trimming of broad lace at the bottom, and two had none. Two boys in book muslin short gowns and black petticoats were holding unusually long candles in very long candlesticks, and one of the men with the lace skirt on the muslin polka was holding up a large gilt cross highly ornamented. One had a smaller silver cross, another had a gilt crook. In the centre was a little fat man in petticoats with what appeared to be a large, showy cradle quilt pinned around his shoulders without any folding, the corners all hanging before, and it drawn tightly across the back. One man at each side was holding back the corners; and on his back was a queer kind of square cape. On his head there was a pasteboard cap running up in the shape of a smoothing iron, and not far, we judged, from being 18 inches high. Presently a man in a white gown lifted this off his head as he stood before a small table. In about half a moment he pressed the edges apart and slipped it over the head again, and we noticed that from the back part depended two broad yellow streamers, which hung quite down to the waist of the wearer. He carried a gilt ball, the size of a large apple, fastened on one end of a round stick, and the other end he held in his hand. Some of the men carried books from which they appeared to be reading and we could hear the murmur of voices as they passed around the house—the two candles and crosses in front, the man in the cap making passes with the gilt ball towards the walls of the house, and at each pass the ball emitted a little shower like a watering pot."

After watching their priestly manoeuvres awhile, Mrs. S. got tired and went back to bed. "In half an hour we were called up. The procession was at the front door again, with an addition of three bishops in purple silk petticoats, with white lace jackets and sleeves, and scarlet undersleeves, and capes of purple silk, something the shape of a fireman's cap. They also wore smoothing-iron caps with long streamers, like that of the Archbishop, but somewhat different in color. Four priests had a little table with handles like those of a bier, and something on it covered with a table cloth. Four men carried a crimson canopy over it."

"In the last procession, a boy went before, carrying something that looked like one of those brass lances which used to hang in nearly all churches. This he kept most industriously swinging back and forth, as a school girl swings a satchel. A priest carried another behind the host, and we supposed they were censers, but the wind and rain would let neither these nor the candles burn. Bishop O'Connor was the finest looking man in the group, and a priest in a black petticoat and lace

shortgown, who was stout built, has a good head, altho' his nose turns up badly. Some one said his nose was Father Reynolds, and he had a busy time acting master of ceremonies all day."

Now, she comes to the morning services, having found a very good seat for hearing the sermon, at the low price of \$1.00. She describes the procession:

"At about eleven o'clock, a procession formed some place, marched out of the side door and in at the middle door in front. The leaders had to stop to have their candles relit, and with candles burning, two gold crosses and one silver one, they all marched up the middle aisle in solemn silence. There were about sixteen of those pointed caps with split tops, and such dresses!—scarlet, gold and embroidery! No two of the bishops dresses were exactly alike; and again Bishop O'Connor had the advantage. His tall pointed cap was a glittering white, as if overlaid with spun glass, while most of them were gilt; and as he has a really intellectual looking head, and we did not get a full length view of him, he was not so totally disfigured as some of the others."

A priest in a gown and surplice, in a reading desk or pulpit, looks very well; but set any man to striding about in skirts, and he is a comical sight. The priest who bore the big gilt cross has a fine military bearing, but something in his face makes us think we should not like to live in the country where he was Czar. Some of the heads in the procession positively made us shudder with their sinister, snaky expression, which said no gentle affection had ever moved the current of their blood. God help us all if ever there should have any controlling power over the destinies of our country. We never have seen as many ugly heads in our life as were in that one procession. We do not remember ever before seeing any but three positively ugly men, and here were a full dozen or more." She talks in this wise of John of New York.

"His face is not bad, but it gives no indication of great intellectual power. He looks rather querulous and quarrelsome than anything else, and if anybody else could have made a poorer sermon it would be strange.—His delivery is execrable. He kept putting his fingers up to his lips as if he were literally drawing out his sentences, precisely as Signor Blitz draws ribbons out of his mouth."

She thinks her right to indulge in these criticisms undeniable: "When any man puts himself on exhibition, and admits the public to so much a head, the usage of the press establishes the right of any one of the audience to criticise his appearance and performance, no matter whether he be Bishop Hughes or Barney Williams."

The Bishops perspire: "The Bishops did not look as if they could possibly be thinking of anything but the streams of perspiration running down their backs under those great bed spreads, which looked like the trappings on Mordecai and Ahasuerus's horse in the old plates in Josephus."

The whole performance strikes her operatically: "Some of the mantles were quite as preposterously ugly as the patchwork quilts exhibited at agricultural fairs. The entire altar performance appeared to me like a very bad representation of Norma. The principal prima donna was boxed up in the choir gallery, and although she sang very well, her voice is quite inferior to that of Madame de Vries, whom alone we have seen in that character.—She appeared to sing the self-same airs, but not so well, and did not act worth a cent."

Doesn't she pitch into Bishop Hughes right and left about "substance and form?"

"He told us that these forms were manifestations of God's saving grace, quoted Scripture to prove that God manifested himself by forms, and stated that he never manifested himself in any other way than by forms—never crept into men's hearts, but exhibited himself to their senses. Christ came in a human form, and the testimony of the Spirit appeared on the day of Pentecost in the visible form of cloven tongues. He did not specify the particular text in which they had received the pattern of the green and white patchwork quilts worn by several of the Bishops, or where the revelation was given for the form of the split-topped cap. Neither did he hint at the particular spiritual significance of any one of all those strange forms. They all signified religion; and we concluded such religion was a very piebald affair. It occurs to us that the bishops, as successors of twelve fishermen whose honors have descended to them in a straight line, have singular insignias of their trade. St. Peter would have had a good time catching fish in one of those jackets, and after the ascension of the Saviour they must have had a sweltering time travelling in the land of olives with a mule's load of toggery on their backs, and those open-topped, rimless fixtures on their heads. It was a singular attire for men who spent their lives travelling about generally in hot countries. It is a wonder they did not all go blind for want of some protection to the eyes, and die of sun stroke for lack of a covering on the top of their head."

And she winds up with the fervent hope that God may "save us from the power of these men who pretend to represent the Majesty of God in their own persons, by donning the toggery of a ball room or a buffoon, and permit their fellow worms, immortal as themselves, to kneel before them as in the presence of the

Most High. God protect us from the political influence of the men who erect *bona fide* thrones in our land and ask their fellow citizens to kneel before them as they sit surrounded by the ensigns of royalty."

Thus saith Mrs. Swishelm. We are glad she went to the Dedication, for it was needful to have some out-spoken, honest, untrammelled reporter like herself present. In her own peculiar style, full of oddities, rough with burlesque, and as free as the wind, she speaks the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and glad we are she had her say.

HENRY CLAY'S ELOQUENCE.

FROM CLAY'S "LIFE AND TIMES."

Among the lost speeches of Mr. Clay, the memory of which lives while they who heard them live, and the thought of which awakens to new life the feelings they produced, was one delivered at Lexington, as late as May, 1843, the occasion and history of which are as follows: After Mr. Clay had retired from the senate of the United States, in 1842, till the next year, during which time it was expected that he would be nominated for president in 1844, great efforts were made in Kentucky, and throughout the Union, by his political opponents, not only to vilify him, but to bring into odium the twenty-seventh Congress, which was the last in which Mr. Clay had had a seat as a senator, and the endeavors of which were chiefly directed to establish the policy and measures called for by the political revolution of 1840. Mr. Clay was virulently traduced by some base persons in Lexington, and that neighborhood. As a perpetual dropping wears a stone, so these incessant attacks, tho' false and foul, and known to be such, if unnoticed and unrepelled, might produce injurious effects on the common mind. He, therefore, resolved, and caused a notice to be published, that he would meet his fellow-citizens of Fayette and the adjoining counties, at Lexington, on a day specified, to reply to these charges. His friends, whom, on this occasion he had not consulted, regretted the step, as being unnecessary. They thought these attacks unworthy of notice. This difference of opinion was painful to Mr. Clay, and no doubt contributed not a little to that depth and power of feeling, which he manifested on the occasion. The notice brought together a great concourse of people, whom no place, but the public square, could accommodate. The patriarch-statesman was to appear before his old friends and neighbors, of forty years' standing, *once more, and for the last time*, in that capacity, in which he had not been heard for many years, and in which no one ever expected to hear him again. And it was the vile tongue of calumny that was to be encountered.

The following account of this address was furnished for the author, by a highly-respected fellow-citizen of Mr. Clay, and the words of the opening, as quoted, are exact. When Mr. Clay rose, he was evidently excited. He commenced by saying, with marked emphasis—"Fellow-citizens: I am now an old man—quite an old man." Here he bent himself downward. "But yet, it will be found, I am not too old to vindicate my principles, to stand by my friends, or to defend myself"—raising his voice, louder and louder, at each successive member of the sentence, and elevating his person in a most impressive manner. He then proceeded:

"It so happens, that I have again located myself in the practice of my profession, in an office within a few rods of the one which I occupied, when, more than forty years ago, I first came among you an orphan and a stranger, and your father took me by the hand, and made me what I am. I feel like an old stag,* which has been long coured by the hunters and the hounds, through brakes and briars, and o'er distant plains, and has at last returned to his lair, to lay himself down and die. And yet the vile curs of party are barking at my heels, and the blood-hounds of personal malignity are aiming at my throat. I SCORN AND DEFY THEM, AS I EVER DID."

When he uttered these last words, he raised himself to his most erect posture, and elevated his hands and arms, wide extended above his head, seeming to have nearly doubled the height of his tall person. The effect was overwhelming!—indescribable!

To have any approximate idea of the effect of this speech, which continued for hours, fully sustained throughout, in vindication of the twenty-seventh Congress, of whig policy and principles, and in defence of the orator himself against his calumniators, one should have a view of all the attributes of eloquence ascribed to Mr. Clay, the use of scarcely one of which was wanting on that occasion. Nor should it be forgotten that he was then 60 years old, it may be asked, if any orator can be named in all history, who ever produced such an effect, in so few words, and those the mere exordium of his oration? They all knew, that what he said was true. "I am an old man." Didn't they know that? And the moment he said it, they began to weep. When he pointed to his present office, and to the place of the old one, a few rods distant, they all knew that "I came here, more than forty years ago, an orphan and a stranger." They knew that, "Your fathers took me by the hand and made me what I am." It is impossible to conceive of the effect of this. They wept like children, and only wished they could do as much. They could at least stand by him. "I feel like an old stag." Now he is speaking to Kentucky hunters. Their ears are all erect for what is coming. And by the time he had gone through with the figure, and its application, the struggle between the sympathy which streamed from the eyes of some, and the indignation which clenched the fists of

* See Johnston's Lives.

others, of that vast multitude—all knowing it was all true, every word of it—was like the throes of a mountain in agony. A part of the sublimity of the spectacle consisted in a concern, what might be the fruit of such passion. For some of his defamers were present. But when Mr. Clay rose, in all the majesty of his own loftiness, threw his arms on high, and his voice out into the heavens—he stood under its canopy—and said, "I SCORN AND DEFY THEM, AS I EVER DID," they dashed away their tears, and resolved to be as stout of heart as he, and to vindicate his honor. A reply was expected.—But prudence got the better of the purpose.

Many of the lost speeches of Mr. Clay are among the most effective he ever delivered.—None of those uttered by him during the agitation of the Missouri question, are preserved; and it is said, that he spoke between twenty and thirty times. He was the master-spirit of that exciting and thrilling debate, and was alone the cause of the settlement of a question which shook the nation to its foundations. Some of those addresses have been spoken of as exceeding in power and effect anything Mr. Clay ever did. All his speeches, social, popular, forensic, and parliamentary, from the beginning to the end of his career as an orator and debater in these several spheres of action, if they had been preserved and collected, would make a small library.

THE WOLF OF SCANDAL.—Mr. Wilberforce relates that at one time he found himself chirocited at "St. Wilberforce" in an opposing journal, and the following is given as an instance of his Pharisaism:—"He was lately seen," says the journal, "walking up and down in the Bath Pump Room reading his prayers, like his predecessors of old, who prayed in the corners of the streets to be seen of men." "As there is generally," says Mr. Wilberforce, "some slight circumstance which perversion turns into a charge of reproach, I began to reflect, and I soon found the occasion of the calumny. It was this:—I was walking in the Pump Room in conversation with a friend; a passage was quoted from Horace, the accuracy of which was questioned, and, as I had Horace in my pocket, I took it out and read the words. This was the plain bit of wire which factions malignity sharpened into a pin to pierce my reputation." How many ugly pins have been manufactured out of even smaller bits of wire than that.

THREE ELEMENTS OF NATIONAL GREATNESS.

"Three things," says John De Witt, the eminent statesman of Holland, "are essential to national prosperity and greatness—popular liberty, perfect religious toleration and peace." Nothing, he says, is so utterly wasteful of national strength and riches as War. Its cost all comes upon the people. It enriches nobody but contractors, demagogues and tyrants. It always ends by increasing the power of the few and diminishing the rights and liberties of the many. Republics must mind their own affairs, and let other nations fight out their own quarrels and settle the balance of power to suit themselves. So long as Holland kept to these maxims of her great statesman, she was a first-rate republic. She has long ago forsaken them, and is now about a fifth rate monarchy.

ARTIFICIAL STONE.—An Albany paper recently published a call for a meeting to form a company for the manufacture of artificial stone by a process for which a patent is said to be obtained. It is claimed that a substance equal to sand stone can be obtained by this process, and that while in its green state it can be moulded to any pattern desired. It is said also that this material can be supplied for one quarter or less of the cost of freestone. We have some curiosity to see it, and to read authentic reports of adequate experiments to test it. Until witnessing these, we shall regard the statement as "important, if true."

THE Paris correspondent of *La Progress* is epigrammatic on "Monsieur Bonapart." It says, speaking of the Crimean Vandalism:—"There were, in the Crimea, two cities, a seat of war and a seat of art, Sebastopol and Kertch. The one terrible, and ready for combat, the other charming and open to hospitality. At Sebastopol ten thousand pieces of cannon, a fleet, and a heroic garrison; at Kertch a port crowded with merchantmen, elegant promenades, an old temple of Esculapius—women and children. M. Bonaparte has taken Kertch."

The Methodists of Canada West, at their meeting, made two important changes in their church policy. They have consented to extend a period of a minister's residence on a circuit from two to five years, in any case where a request to that effect emanates from a quarterly meeting of a circuit. They have also consented to admit an equal representation of clerical and lay members at the annual district meeting of the convention.

A NICE POINT OF LAW.—It has been suggested to our friend, Mr. Briefless that the question would be very valuable on the question, whether a man, who dies before he has settled with his creditors may be considered to have shown an undue preference in paying the debt of nature before his other liabilities.

Work is the weapon of honor and he who lacks the weapon will never triumph.

CHARLES DICKENS.

BY THACKERAY.

As for the charities of Mr. Dickens, multiplied kindnesses which he has conferred upon us all; upon our children; upon people educated and uneducated; upon the myriads here and at home, who speak our common tongue; have not you, have not I, all of us reason to be thankful to this kind friend, who soothed and charmed so many hours, brought pleasure and sweet language to so many homes; made such multitudes of children happy; endowed us with such a sweet store of gracious thoughts, fair fancies, soft sympathies, hearty enjoyments. There are creations of Mr. Dickens' which seem to me to rank as personal benefits; figures so delightful, that one feels happier and better for knowing them, as one does for being brought into the society of very good men and women. The atmosphere in which these people live is wholesome to breathe in; you feel that to be allowed to speak to them is a personal kindness; you come away better for your contact with them; your hands seem cleaner from having the privilege of shaking theirs. Was there ever a better charity sermon preached in the world than Dickens' Christmas Carol? I believe it occasioned immense hospitality throughout England; was the means of lighting up hundreds of kind fires at Christmas time; caused a wonderful outpouring of Christmas good feeling; of Christmas punch-brewing; an awful slaughter of Christmas turkeys; and roasting and basting of Christmas beef. As for this man's love of children, that amiable organ at the back of his honest head must be perfectly monstrous. All children ought to love him. I know two that do, and read his books ten times for once that they peruse the dismal preachments of their father. I know one who, when she is happy, reads Nicholas Nickleby; when she is unhappy, reads Nicholas Nickleby; when she is tired, reads Nicholas Nickleby; when she is in bed, reads Nicholas Nickleby; when she has nothing to do, reads Nicholas Nickleby; and when she has finished the book, reads Nicholas Nickleby over again. This candid young critic, at ten years of age, said, "I like Mr. Dickens's books much better than your books, papa;" and frequently expressed her desire that the latter author should write a book like one of Mr. Dickens's books. Who can? Every man must say his own thoughts in his own voice, in his own way; lucky is he who has such a charming gift of nature as this, which brings all the children in the world trooping to him, and being fond of him.

I remember when that famous Nicholas Nickleby came out, seeing a letter from a pedagogue in the north of England, which, disdual as it was, was immensely comical. "Mr. Dickens's ill-advised publication," wrote the poor schoolmaster, "has passed like a whirlwind over the schools of the North." He was a proprietor of a cheap school; Dotheboys-Hall was a cheap school. There were many such establishments in the northern counties. Parents were ashamed, that never were ashamed before, until the kind satirist laughed at them; relatives were frightened; scores of little scholars were taken away; poor schoolmasters had to shut their shops up; every pedagogue was voted a Squeers, and many suffered no doubt, unjustly; but afterwards school-boys' backs were not so much canded; school-boys' meat was less tough and more plentiful; and school-boys' milk was not so sky-blue. What a kind light of benevolence it is that plays round Crummles and the Phenomenon, and all those poor theatre people in that charming book! What a humor! and what a good-humor! I consider with the youthful critic, whose opinion has just been mentioned, and own to a family admiration for Nickolas Nickleby.

One might go on, though the task would be endless and needless, chronicling the names of kind folks with whom this kind genius has made us familiar. Who does not love the Marchioness, and Mr. Richard Swiveller!—Who does not sympathize, not only with Oliver Twist, but his admirable young friend the Artful Dodger? Who has not the inestimable advantage of possessing a Mrs. Nickleby in his own family? Who does not bless Sairey Gamp and wonder at Mrs. Harris. Who does not venerate the chief of that illustrious family who, being stricken by misfortune, wisely and greatly turned his attention to "coals," the accomplished, the Epicurean, the dirty, the delightful Micawber?

I may quarrel with Mr. Dickens's art a thousand and a thousand times, I delight and wonder at his genius; I recognize in it—I speak with awe and reverence—a commission from that Divine Beneficence, whose blessed task we know it will one day be to wipe every tear from every eye. Thankfully I take my share of the feast of love and kindness, which this gentle, and generous, and charitable soul has contributed to the happiness of the world.—I take and enjoy my share, and say a Benediction for the meal.

Mr. Snowball. I want to ask you one question dis ebenin.' Well, succeed den.' 'Spouse you go to de tabern to get dinner, and don't hab noffin on de table but a big beet, what should you say?' 'I gib dat up afore you ax it. What should you say?' 'Wy, under de circumstances ob de caso I should say dat beets all!'

OUT-DOOR AMUSEMENTS.—[We take the following from "Brace's Home Life in Germany." The suggestions here thrown out are worth pondering and practising upon. The author is speaking of "Winter amusements in Berlin," and of skating in particular.]

I have never seen a more graceful exercise for women, and the most here were accomplished in the science. It has only been tried among the ladies of Berlin for a few years, since one of the princesses set the fashion, though now it is quite the mode. The most surprising thing to an American was the number of elderly men joining in the sport—men of station—the professors and students together, or the worn-out business man coming out to have one of the free sports of his youth over again.

I know of nothing in the habits of foreign nations which struck me at first as so entirely new as this love for out-door sports. In England, I did not pass through a village without finding the green cricket-ground; and be it remembered, not with boys at play on it, but men—men often of rank and character. Later in the season were the boat-races, where the whole population gathered; gentlemen of the highest rank presiding, and the nobleman and student tugging at the oars as eagerly as the mechanic or waterman.

In September, we were taking our foot trip through the Highlands of Scotland, and we scarcely found an inn so remote which was not crowded with gentlemen shooting, riding, or pedestriating through the mountains, and with the zest and eagerness of boys let out of school.

On the Continent, with the exception of Hungary, there is not such a passion for exciting fieldsports, but the same love for the open air. In Paris, a pleasant day will fill the Camps Elyses with cheerful parties, sipping their coffee under the shade, or watching the thousand exhibitions going on in open assemblies. And in the provinces, the man who can have a spot six feet by ten in the free air uses it to sip his wine, or take his potatoe therein.

In Germany, the country houses seem to be made to live out of doors, and people everywhere take their meals or receive their friends in balconies and arbors. Every city has its gardens and promenades, which are constantly full. There are open air games too, where old and young take part, and in summer, the studying classes, or all who can get leisure, are off on pedestrian tours through the Hartz, or Switzerland, or nearby home.

There is throughout Europe a rich animal love of open-air movement, of plays and athletic sports of which we Americans, as a people know little. A Frenchman's nerves quicken in the sunlight, even as the organization of plants; and a German would be very old and decrepit when he should no longer enjoy a real tumbling frolic with his children. The Englishman, cold as he is in other directions, would lose his identity when his blood did not flow fresher at a bout of cricket, or a good match with the car. We, on the other hand, are utterly indifferent to these things. We might pull at a boat-race, but it would be as men, not boys; because we were determined the Yankee nation never should be beaten, not because we enjoyed it. We do not care for children's sport. We have no time for them. There is a tremendous, earnest work to be done, and we cannot spare effort for play. It is unmanly to roll a ball in America. Our amusements are labors. An American travels with an intensity and restlessness which would of itself exhaust a German; and our city enjoyments are the most wearying and absurd possible.

We like being together well enough, but our gregarious tendencies are nearly always for some earnest object. We can crowd for a lecture or political meeting, but as to gathering in a coffee-garden or in a park, it would be childish (or vulgar).

We work too hard, and play too little.

SKIN RESULT.—A good priest once said: "Marry a pint of rum to a lump of sugar, and in less than an hour there will spring from the union a whole family of shillshalls and broken heads. The marriage ceremony can be performed with a toddy stick."

"Jim, I believe Sam's got no truth in him." "You don't know, boy; dare's more truth in dat nigga dan in all de res' in de plantation." "How do you make out dat?" "Why he never lets any out."

A clergyman was censuring a young lady for tight lacing.

"Why," replied the Miss, "you would not surely recommend loose habits to your parishioners." The clergyman smiled.

"Why may we conclude that lawyers and doctors are better men than ministers?" Because the latter preach while the former practice.

Girls who 'aint handsome hate those who are—while those who are handsome hate one another. Which class has the best time of it?

When is a bedstead not a bedstead?—When it becomes a little bug-gy.

A man will sometimes make a fool of himself in spite of his better judgment.