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POETRY.

The Coming in of Spring.

BY C. WEBER.

The voice of spring, the voice of spring,
I hear it from afar!
She comes with sunlight on her wing
And ray of morning star!
Her impulse thrills through rill and flood,
It throbs along the main;
'Tis stirring in the waking wood,
And trembling o'er the plain!

The cuckoo's call from hill to hill
Announces she is high;
The nightingale has found the rill
She leaved to warble by;
The thrush to sing is all a-hirst,
But will not till he see
Some sign of Him, then out will burst
The treasured melody!

She comes, she comes! Behold, behold,
That glory in the East,
Of burning beams, of glowing gold,
And light by light increased!
The heavy clouds have rolled away,
That darkened sky and earth;
And blue and splendid breaks the day,
With universal mirth!

Already, to the skies, the lark
Mounts fast on dewy wings;
Already, round the heavens, hark!
His happy anthem rings;
Already, earth unto her heart
Inhales the genial heat;
Already, see the flowers start,
To beautify his feet!

The violet is sweetening now,
The air of hill and dell;
The snow-drops, that from winter's brow,
As he retreated, fell,
Have turned to flowers, and gem the bowers,
Where late the wild storm whirled;
And warmer rays with lengthening days,
Give verdure to the world.

The work is done; but there is one
Who has the task assigned;
Who guides the servicable sun,
And gathers up the wind;
Who showers down the needful rain,
He measures in his hand;
And rears the tender-springing grain,
That life may fill the land.

The pleasant spring, the joyous spring!
Her course is onward now,
She comes with sunlight on her wing,
And beauty on her brow;
Her impulse thrills through rill and flood,
And throbs along the main;
'Tis stirring in the waking wood,
And trembling o'er the plain.

Machine Poetry.

SPRING.

The robins are singing
The grass is upspringing,
And April is bringing
Mid sunshine and showers;
The bellies are out airing,
Gay dresses they're wearing,
And the fields are preparing
To put forth their flowers:
The brooks are swift running,
The snakes are out sunning,
The boys are out gunning,
The fountains are spouting,
The anglers are trouting
Far off mid the hills,
Where the lamkins are prancing,
And the sunbeams are dancing
On the bright sparkling rills:
The partridge is drumming
By the mountain side rude,
And the hornet is humming
His song in the wood;
The spider sits eyeing
The insect, that's flying,
To catch him—the scamp!
The owl is sleeping,
While the bugs are a-creeping,
And the frogs are a-peeping
In yonder old swamp;
The streamlets are flooding,
The lilacs are budding,
And cloud racks are scudding
Athwart the blue sky;
The catbird's roosting
While its waters are pouring,
And the hawk is soaring
With eagle on high;
The wild dove is wooing,
To his love he is cooing,
(I hope he will win, hey)
Bland breezes are blowing,
The cattle are lowing,
And I am now going
To dinner
Sroons, O. G.

THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED.—Remember that a Printing Office is no place for idling, loafing boys and loungers; especially when they are not subscribers.
Remember never to abuse a Newspaper, saying it is not worth subscribing for—and yet never fail to run about to borrow the same paper to see what's in it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the U. S. Saturday Post. OLD FUDGE OF AN UNCLE.

A DOMESTIC STORY.

BY JOHN SMITH.

CHAPTER I.

'But there is certainly some mistake. Your master did not intend to send a message of this import to me,' said Mrs. Burchstead, to an errand boy at the door.

'He told me to go to Mrs. Burchstead's marm!'

'What were you to say?'

'Leave the shoes with her,' he said, 'and tell her to bind them as soon as she can, for I want them; tell her when she crossbacks to be careful of her stich, for the morocco is tender.'

'It is a mistake! Run home and tell Mr. Goodrich I will call and see what he means;' and mortified and angry, she rudely closed the door.

'Will it always be so! Must I live to be insulted daily? Will people never realize the change in my situation—will they never learn what belongs to common politeness?' said Mrs. Burchstead to herself, as she sank upon the sofa and cried like a child. 'Of what use,' she continued, 'is the possession of the handsomest house in town, of the most elegant furniture, and of my expensive parties, if I am eternally to have the shoe binding flung on my teeth! I wish I had been deserted in infancy, wrapped in flannels and laid in a basket at some rich man's door. Then I should have no contemptible uncle venturing upon his relationship to insult me!'

Conscience, in its still small voice, asked her where, but for this contemptible uncle she would now have been? 'Too old, certainly, for romantic adventures in a basket—but not too old for a tenant of the poor house.'

Pride had benumbed, not destroyed her good feelings, and as her thoughts reverted to the hour when an impoverished orphan she was left to the charities of a cold world, the vision of a kind uncle rose in her mind; this kind uncle took her by the hand, wept with her and for her—led her to his own fire-side, kindly watched over and provided for her; and taught her how to know what was once her happiest feelings, by learning her how to maintain herself. Could the remembrance of that redeeming friend ever be lost? Where he and this agree, that now embittered her happiness, one and the same!

She asked herself why this attention, and by what brought about? This mental appeal made her feel ashamed in spite of herself.

'But,' she argued, 'if a captain's wife bound shoes, what would people think! How would they express their sentiments, and what would be her feelings when the emissaries of the false court, established by Mrs. Grundy,' reported the result of their observations?'

With all her false reasoning there was one thing she had to admit—one truth she felt. The girl that in former days sat in the plain furnished room with her work-basket before her, binding shoes, wore a smile on her face, had a song on her lips, and it mattered not how much she was hurried, had time to be happy, and was seldom otherwise. How was it now? That answering sigh was no indicator of happiness. Her eye strayed around the room—Elegance met the glance every where save in the massive glass—there the reflected face said discontent and marred beauty.

'Mercy,' said Mrs. Burchstead, 'I look like a fright! I shall be nervous all day, but I must dress and call on uncle Goodrich and expostulate, or he will send a bundle of cowhide brogans next. I do wish the old man could know a little of gentility, or what belongs to it.'

'Good morning, Uncle Goodrich!' in a kind voice and with cheerful look, said Mrs. Burchstead, as in a short time afterward, she entered the building which served for sales-room, manufactory, and dwelling-place, for its worthy proprietor. The remembrance of her kind uncle was predominant, and had converted the genteel fright to a pretty woman.

'Good morning, Mrs. Burchstead—please to walk through into the house, my wife will be glad to see you; and so am I—looking so well too—I am pleased to see you called, for I want to talk with you, if you can wait a few minutes till I finish off this boot.'

Her kind reception imparted a pang, for she felt she had, in her prosperity, slighted those to whom she could not express too much gratitude. But the demon whose vulgar name is gentility, whispered 'you could not be expected to visit here.' Her Grandfather's portrait still hung over the mantel-piece, where, when a child, she had gazed upon it, wishing that it could speak, as it seemed then to smile approval on her infant gambols. The tear trembling on her eyelid, and upon the heart-felt embrace of her aunt was but the first of many to flow from a mingled feeling of joy and contrition; nor could the good old dame restrain her tears either.

'I believe women can cry when they see fit,' said Mr. Goodrich, who had entered unnoticed, and witnessed the meeting; and he averted his face and hurriedly brushed away what betrayed the fact that men too, are weak at times.

'Now, Mary—for you look so much just now like the same Mary that has made both your aunt and myself happy many is the time, that I must call you Mary—I want to talk to you. You don't know how much confidence the way you meet us this morning has imparted to me. I will not up-

braid you for forgetting your old uncle and aunt, for I know I have offended you deeply already this morning.'

'Indeed, uncle, don't think of it. Aunt has forgiven me, and I am sure you will.' Oh! how fortunate that she was observed. She had forgotten herself and her station in society, and—very indiscreetly, I must say—kissed the good old shoemaker.

'There—there, Mary, I never will think again what I had been led to believe—that you were becoming heartless. I only wish I knew how to say what I want to.'

'Certainly, nothing has happened to my husband?'

'No—no, it is not that.'

'I know, then,' she said dismissing her anxious look. Well, do—for I deserve it; and after it is once over, I shall not be afraid to drop in and see my aunt any time.'

'Oh, Mary, I wish this gentility was never heard of! It is a sad stumbling block now-a-days.'

'But uncle, there is no earthly reason now why I should bind shoes.'

'More, Mary, a great deal more, than when you were under this roof.'

'I can't see it; then I was dependent upon your bounty for all that I enjoyed. Now, the house I live in, every thing around me is mine, inasmuch as a wife may claim a husband's property. Is it not?'

'Your husband, Mary, is a good man, but he has been imprudent. For instance, there was the old house, it was not good enough—it must be modernized. Now, between Gothic windows, Doric columns, porticoes, piazza, I don't know what to compare it to. Next thing, there was the old furniture, it stood to reason it would not answer in the new house; tables, pier glasses, sofas and ottomans—Well, and all this was to be paid for; and to enable him to do it, he mortgaged the estate. Your husband has sailed on a long voyage; the universal depression of trade must affect his interests, and I fear he will not be able to meet his demands, and must become bankrupt!'

This news Mrs. Burchstead buried her face in her handkerchief.

'Mary, don't grieve so,' said her aunt, 'why bless you, my child, you noryours shall never know want while we have a cent. We talked the matter over before sending the shoes to you, and that was only done to make you call and remonstrate, so that we could break the news to you.'

'I don't care for myself, but to think of my husband as a beggar—to feel that I have made him such. I persuaded him to alter the house, it was to please me he extravagantly furnished it. But, thank heaven, I can work, and I will work too, to show him that he has not spoiled his wife, though he has let her ruin him. Now, uncle, give me the shoes, I will take them home and begin at once.'

'There, Mary, set your heart at rest—if your husband cannot command the means to save his property, I know who will lend him the money for his wife's sake. I gave out the shoes I had this morning, but if you don't alter your mind you shall have plenty of work.'

Taking an affectionate leave of her kind relatives, she hurried home an altered and a better woman.

CHAPTER II.

The afternoon of the same day that Mrs. Burchstead called upon her uncle, she was honored by a visit from the Misses Murray. They in their own estimation were ladies—not of a mushroom-growth but born so—or as they expressed it, they came of a very old family. Now, only yesterday the honor of a visit from them would have delighted the captain's wife; they were so genteel—so very select in their choice of society. But with Mrs. Burchstead of to-day their call was of no moment, and though politely received, it was without any ceremony. They were interrupted by another call.

'Mrs. Burchstead, I thought I would just run in,' exclaimed Mrs. Morton, directing the action to the door—but in! I did not dream you had company! This was a whopper!

'I am happy to see you—Mrs. Morton—the Misses Murray. Won't you take off your hat and spend the afternoon?'

'Oh, I could not stop for the world! I wanted to ask you if you could show me how to 'fix' this shoe, I am binding. Mr. Goodrich is so particular, and I have heard you were a capital hand at it.'

'Let me have it if you please. I think I can show you how; I used to know certainly.'

'Was you brought up to bind shoes?' asked Mrs. Morton.

'Yes; and am going to take up my old trade again,' laughingly rejoined Mrs. Burchstead. 'So take care how you do your work or I shall supplant you.'

'Well, there now—our girl said there was a boy brought some here this morning, but I did not believe it.'

'Good afternoon ladies,' said the Misses Murray, 'we must go.'

Mrs. Burchstead did not urge them to stay, neither did she feel hurt by their neglecting to ask her to return their call.

Mrs. Morton resided next door to Mrs. Burchstead, she was of a prying disagreeable nature, and delighted in making people unhappy. She had heard what passed between Mrs. Burchstead and the boy in the morning, and resolved at the time to ask for the shoes herself, and use them as a means of annoyance to her neighbor. Always upon the alert she saw the Misses Murray enter the house, and she considered it as a favorable moment for her persecution.

Failing in her purpose she returned home, as much vexed herself as she hoped to vex her neighbor.

Mrs. Burchstead remained firm to her purpose—Her expenses were reduced every way possible, and the shoe-maker's boy called daily. She was seated one afternoon by the open window with the blind closed, plying her needle, when she noticed the stopping of a vehicle containing a gentleman and lady. They had been struck by the appearance of the cottage, and had stopped to have a better view.

At this juncture Mrs. Morton found it necessary for her to run out to prop a drooping flower that stood in front of her dwelling; and she proceeded to perform her task. She succeeded in her 'ruse,' for the next moment found her gossiping with the travelers; as a slight palling only separated her flower plant from the street. From speaking of the cottage, she alluded to the proprietors; and concluded by saying that she had not the least doubt but that 'the lady who occupied it, would be glad to let it.'

Now she thought no such thing—and regarded the romancing she was guilty of as nothing, if she could only tease her neighbor. Mrs. Burchstead, who had heard the conversation, proceeded to her door; quietly nodded to Mrs. Morton, and politely asked the strangers to alight and look at the interior, as they appeared to fancy the external appearance of her dwelling.

The proposal was embraced with pleasure, Mrs. Morton was also delighted, as she now would have an opportunity, as she said, to 'see every thing' by following the strangers over the house. She was disappointed, however, for Mrs. Burchstead, upon receiving her guests, before Mrs. Morton could run in, slipped the bolt; and led the way to the upper part of the house.

The lady admired everything; it was all in such good taste, and the gentleman coincided in opinion; while in the meantime, Mrs. Morton, to use her own phraseology, 'was as mad as a hornet!' Mrs. Burchstead was given to understand that they were a newly married couple, that they admired the house, and would be glad to hire it, and still more gratified, if they could purchase the furniture and take immediate possession. To this proposition the proprietor asked a few days consideration and the gentleman leaving his address and references, the couple took their leave.

Uncle and niece held a consultation, which made the uncle prouder than ever of his niece. He became her agent, sold the furniture for a fair price, and let the house for a good rent; while Mrs. Burchstead removed to his dwelling. Her face was again wreathed with smiles, and her merry carol as formerly gladdened the hearts of those about her.

Captain Burchstead returned from sea and upon meeting his owners was assured of the welfare of his wife as the 'Co.' and younger member of the firm resided in the same village, and saw her daily. He heard the discomfiting intelligence of the general distress in the business community, saw himself beggared in the prospective, and actually dreaded meeting a wife he loved. However, he proceeded to complete his business, that he might hurry home, while he had a home. As he entered the counting room to report progress before going out of town, he met the junior partner.

'Come, Burchstead,' he exclaimed, 'I have been waiting for you to ride out home with me.'

While Captain Burchstead did not yet know the state of affairs, the gig drew up before the cottage and the captain met his wife there; for she had been invited to spend the day at her former residence. Captain Burchstead supposing himself at home, made himself so, and played the host admirably; much to the discomfiture of his wife, who presuming that he must know all, began to think he was partially deranged.

'Why!' she at last exclaimed, 'any one would think you were at home!'

'At home—well, am I not?'

His wife then whispered him 'that they were but visitors, and that she had been asked there to spend the afternoon, little expecting the pleasure of meeting him.'

'Come, Burchstead, don't look so blank, man!' said his employer. 'I hired the house and bought the furniture of your wife without knowing her—she had an object in view which she has accomplished, my dear fellow—clearing you of debt—and now, though I am tenant here, the house is still your own. I sent my wife, notifying her of your arrival early in the day, so we coaxed your wife here without letting her know who she was to meet. I thought I would amuse myself by punishing you a little. Now, you may congratulate yourself not only for being in good circumstances, but for having a wife who has dared to sacrifice herself as I may say—for she defied gentility by binding shoes!' The decided stare she took has turned the tables; and my wife in love with her example, is about to learn the trade, commencing with a pair of slippers for her husband.'

An Irishman once went out a shooting, and not being much acquainted with the use of a gun, overcharged his piece—at the first discharge, which was aimed at a squirrel, poor Patrick was unceremoniously poked over backwards by the retreating disposition of his gun. The squirrel ran up the tree chattering, upon observing which, paddy jumping up and scratching his head accosted him with 'Arrah my honey, if ye had been at my end of the gun ye would not be after doing the like of that, surely!'

For Agricultural, see fourth page.

THE FIRST LOAF.

An emergency at last came in my domestic arrangements, for which I was wholly unprepared, despite the admonitory warnings of all good housekeepers, to be prepared when such do occur they must, in these days of help wanting. An excellent girl had gone, and her place was supplied by one who I felt, when I beheld her, would never answer that description which had induced me to engage.—She stood demurely before me, awaiting her new instructions.

'You can make some bread, Nancy; now I want you to sift some flour and set some rising.'

'How shall I make it? That never was my work before, but you will tell me how, ma'am, and I can learn quick,' was the reply, and the anxious, yet willing expression of her face, bespoke a teachable spirit, as it did also an inexperienced hand. Heavily did that answer fall upon my ear—'how shall I make it? Yes, that was the question, how! What a world of experience and power did that little word comprehend. I remember my mother talked of 'setting the sponge,' placing it in a warm situation, baking it when it was just enough raised; these snatches of information I well remembered, but the right quantity, quality and number of ingredients, with the just *how*—they should all be put together, was the still unanswered question. There stood Nancy. 'Upon the whole,' said I, after a moment's thoughtful pause, 'as there is so much that is more important to do, we will put this matter off; and try baker's bread,' and I felt thankful for the respite.

Days passed on.

'Cannot Nancy make bread?' asked my husband, at last, 'I am getting quite tired of baker's bread.'

'She shall make some; but this is beautiful baker's bread, George. I don't know but what it is nicer than any home-made bread I ever ate, I replied, in a most recomendatory tone, taking another slice which I did not want.

'There is nothing like good home-made bread, such as my mother used to make.' To the first part of this remark, I did not materially object, inasmuch as it was secretly my own opinion; but when he suggested an equality with his mother's bread, which nothing in his estimation ever excelled, I felt a sad shrinking of heart at my own conscious inability of attaining it.

'May you be blessed with just such an appetite as you had, when a boy, you ate your mother's bread!' was my inward benediction, as he arose to return to his afternoon business. Sometimes I thought of confessing our dilemma. Had it been the first week of our marriage, it had all been well; he could have smiled at my inexperience; but we had unfortunately been married some time; and however lovely inefficiency and want of skill may appear in a lady love or a bride, assumes quite a different aspect, when not to know is inexcusable ignorance. 'Oh, I can't do that,' could no longer be viewed in the light of maiden timidity, or delicate helplessness; besides, it savored too little of 'his mother,' who was a pattern house keeper.

But the bread must be made. I arose one morning, feeling quite cool and courageous, and resolved that day to attempt it. 'I will begin with pearl-ash bread; that I am sure will be the easiest and much less trouble. So upon pearl-ash bread I was decided.

With what deep and earnest interest did I prepare my flour, milk, salt and pearl-ash. With what anxiety did I mix these important ingredients together. 'I will have pearl-ash enough,' thought I. 'I am determined it shall be light,' and another spoonful was added. The bread was made, the pans were ready, the fire kindled, and at last it was satisfactorily deposited in the well-heated oven. I took my seat beside the stove to watch its progress. How anxious was I to see it rise. How readily did I remember the round, plumb-ash of my mother's loaves. Time passed on and despite my watchful inspection and ardent wishes, it was still flat, flat! It grew beautifully brown, but there it lay, so demure, so uninspiring.

Dinner came and my husband, walked in with a friend or two to dine, as, in the hospitality of his heart, he often did. I extended a welcome hand, but I am sure my burnt face and disquieted look were tell-tales of a heart not particularly glad to see them.

We sat down at table; the mackerel was well broiled, the potatoes well done, the butter was melted, but the bread—the bread! the article above all, which my husband considered most important, which he considered indispensable to be good—it was handed round—he took a slice; it certainly did not resemble bread, thickly studded as it was with little brown spots of undissolved pearl-ash; and then how it tasted; a strange mixture of salt and bitter, which was altogether unbearable. My husband looked surprised and mortified, and how did not I feel? 'Is there no other?' he looked significantly at me.

I shook my head, while he involuntarily removed the unpalatable slice afar from his plate. How little did I enjoy the society of my agreeable guests. How distant did I wish them; anywhere but at my own table.

'Had you not better attend to this bread making yourself, Mary,' said George as soon as we were alone, 'and not leave that most important part of cooking to such miserable inexperienced hands?' There was a decision in his gentle tone which I well knew to give me no choice in matter, and I saw that he little imagined the 'miserable inexperienced

hands' upon which he had laid such strong emphasis were neither more nor less than my own; and it did not afford me much consolation, that he expected better things of me.

I went away and wept heartily and humbly with this pitiful lamentation, 'what shall I do!' There stood the piano. What availed all the time, talent and industry, which had long been spent upon learning a few tunes? It added not an iota to the real comfort of my household. Handsome worsted work adorned our parlor. Oh that I could recall an hundredth part of the time spent with the embroidery needle and reaps it, in thoroughly and skillfully acquiring the important arts of house-wifery. From that moment I resolved to study into my domestic duties: not lightly and loosely, as if they were small matters, easily gotten over, but I resolved to know how, to become a skilful, economical, thrifty house-keeper. Upon success in this, how much of family happiness depends. When I have cut my sweet, light, wholesome loaves, there still lingers the sad remembrance of the pain, the anxiety, nay, the mortification of my first efforts; with no one to advise; and no one to aid me. Mine was a long and wearisome probation in bread making, and all because I lightly esteemed these great duties, when time and opportunity were freely offered under a mother's eye.

Let not young ladies look upon these duties as menial, or of slight importance. A household cannot be well ordered and happy unless they are faithfully and intelligently understood. Let no woman imagine that a husband's comfort, enjoyment or prosperity, depends alone upon the smiles and ornaments of his parlor. It is skilful and judicious management in the kitchen which does so much toward making home pleasant and prospects bright. Let every young lady who expects to become a wife (and who does not!) look well to these things before she leaves the maternal care. Let her remember, that to become truly a 'help-meat,' implies prudence, sagacity and experience in domestic duties; and let no one enter into that important and most interesting relation with untied powers and unskilful hands.

BOILED CAT.—A few years ago, a farmer who was noted for his waggers, stopped at a tavern which he was in the habit of calling at, on his way from H—— to Salem.

The landlady had got the pot boiling for dinner and the cat was washing her face in the corner.—The traveller, thinking it would be a good joke, took off the pot-lid, and while the landlady was absent, he put the grimalkin in the pot, along with the beef and potatoes, and then pursued his journey to Salem.

The astonishment of the landlady may well be conceived, when on taking up her dinner, she discovered the unpalatable addition which had been made to it. Knowing well the disposition of her late customer, she had no difficulty in guessing the aggressor, and determined to be revenged. Aware that he would stop on his return, to get a cold bite the cat was carefully dressed and laid away in the cupboard. The wag called as expected, and pussy was smuggled on the table amongst other cold dishes, but so disguised that he did not recognise his old acquaintance.

He made a hearty meal, and washed it down with a glass of gin. After paying his bill, he asked the landlady if she had a cat she could give him, for he was plagued almost to death with mice. She said she could not, for her cat was lost.

'What!' says he, 'don't you know where it is?'

'Oh yes!' replied the landlady, 'you have just eaten it!'

He was never known to boil a cat afterwards.—*Lovell Times.*

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.—Don't pout fair readers, we are not going to preach you a sermon; but will offer you a little advice from the pen of Addison. He says:—'I have found that men who are really most fond of ladies—are seldom the most popular with the sex. Men of great assurance, whose tongues are lightly hung—who make words supply the place of ideas, and place compliment in the room of sentiment, are the favorites. A true respect for woman leads to respectful action towards them; and respectful is usually distant action; and this great distance is mistaken by them for neglect, or want of interest.'

CHUCK FULL.—A man who married a particularly plump specimen of womankind, being a bit of a wag, told her one day that she filled the measure of his matrimonial joys full; for she was beautiful, doubtful, youthful, cheerful, plentiful, and an armful.

'I wish you had been Eve,' said an urchin to an old maid who was proverbial for her meanness.—'Why so?' Because, said he, 'you would have eaten all the apple instead of dividing with Adam!'

Mr. Snider writes to a southern editor thus:—Mistur Edatur—As you profess to give correct information on every subject, I would beg leave to state that I felt very unwell, and would like to know what kind fizzle is best for me to take.

Yours, SOLOMON SNIDER.

To which the editor replies:—'Swoller Murry's Grammer is Pills and wash it down with a decoction of Walkers Dishonury.'

What would you say of a fellow who should mistake these artificial distortions of the female form for natural ones? That he didn't know Bras.