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Original Poetry.

Written for the Bedford Gazette.
NIGHT THOUGHTS.

I
Twilight, so vague, is passing by,
And night is glowing into birth;
There's light and glory in the sky,
And love and beauty on the earth!
Most glorious!—Eternal God!
There is thy witness! In yon page—
Flung to the world, full bright and broad,
The same, unchanged, for age on age—
Is there an eye, that may not trace
The hand of some Almighty One,
Who there hath writ on boundless space,
In star and moon, and cloud, and sun—
His might, and majesty, and love?
And none—theo' all-illiterate—
Who may not read that book above,
Nor ask a wiser to translate,
And I have gazed, as I do now
Upon the cloud-less, star-gemmed sky,
And marvelled if, upon thy brow,
O Night! has e'er been bent an eye,
That spite of Nature's eloquence,
Denied a God's Omnipotence!

II
Of old, Chaldean's sages read
The language of the stars and drew,
From thence, a science which hath led,
Since then, the weak to deem it true.
The wise eschew that mystic lore—
The old Chaldean's stary dream—
And but as words, with age all hoar,
They view those orbs that on us beam—
But with the untaught shepherd's eye,
I would look on ye, Gems of Night!
And deem that ye were set on high,
The Watchers o'er man's bloom or blight;
And deem that ye have power to sway,
For good, or ill, his destiny—
To shed a mild, or baleful ray,
Foreshadowing the years to be!

III
It is the night;—and some in sleep,
Seek for oblivion of their woes;
And they, who toil up Labor's steep,
Refreshment court in sweet repose:
And some are met for revelry,
Where Music's strains, voluptuous, rise;
And some are mad with drunken glee:
And some in prayer scale the skies
For mercy for the sins of Time;
And some are seeking to be wise,
And some are doing deeds of crime,
But nature, woeless, or by mirth,
Or toil, demands, alike repose;
And sleep and silence fill the earth,
And lull, awhile, its joys and woes.

Miscellaneous.

A BOAT-JOURNEY ON THE GANGES.

A very lively and entertaining work descriptive of military adventure in India, during the revolt, has been published in London, under the title of *Billets and Bivouacs*. The hero of the story, who is his own biographer, is a military officer, and, in company with others, embarked from England to join their regiments some time previous to the outbreak of the revolt.—One of these gay and light-hearted comrades was Captain Harry Percy, of the Lancers, whose sad fate is told in the following narrative of a boat-journey on the river Ganges:

A NARROW ESCAPE.

With me were three native boatmen and a certain want of skill in the management of the little craft, together with their tall persons and that indescribable something which, through any disguise, betrays the well-drilled soldier, led me to suspect that these worthies were deserting Sepoys. If so, I could scarcely flatter myself that their designs with reference to me were other than sinister, and I determined to be vigilant. I was dressed in a garment usually termed a bloomer, in camp parlance, a loose scarlet compromise between a shell jacket and a dressing gown, and wore my sword and revolver, so that I was in comfortable fighting trim if the worst should betide. The after part of the boat was covered in with a sort of awning, in which it was intended I should repose, and on a little platform over this the steersman was perched. Now, as this personage could see me distinctly through the interstices in the roof, it occurred to me that he could also dispose of me with much facility, with a single prod of any sharp instrument with which he might be furnished; so I determined at once not to occupy this precious cabin. I observed these three patriots, as may be supposed, with a close interest, and from signs passed rapidly between them, and various trifling circumstances, such as the discovery of several sets of soldiers' accoutrements in the bag which I happened to kick over, my suspicions were confirmed into conviction.

My discovery of the pouches and belts was, I believe, observed by the natives, though nothing was said about it. That they would attempt any violence by daylight, I thought improbable, and I took advantage of a cool attempt made by one of the men who had been seated for'ard to come aft to converse with the helmsman, to assume a decided position, which I did by ordering the fellow peremptorily back to his old place. At the same time I seated myself in the middle, the hilt of my sword conveniently to the front, and producing my revolver from its holsters, looked to the charges and nipples.—My amiable companions correctly concluding that I did not understand Bengalee, then commenced a conversation in that euphonious language, but I enjoined absolute silence, and enforced the injunction with a savage scowl, and a persuasive click of the pistol lock. The silenced native smiled upon me—smiled that innocent, helpless, deprecating smile, which only your thorough nigger can accomplish.—While they smiled, I was meditating whether or not to shoot them there and then, without waiting their attack. But as I doubted if I could manage the boat in the strong current alone, I determined to let them live and take me to my destination, where I could have them comfortably hanged by the sentence of a drum-head court-martial. And thus we all sat in grim silence. The wild boar was at bay, but the shikarees paused and marvelled at his tusks.—Night came on apace—a black tempestuous night. The wind howled dismally over the turbid Ganges, and the great waters rushed and roared along, bearing our little bark towards the perilous rapids and eddies of the Colgong rocks. I fancy that it must have been about ten o'clock when we approached these enormous masses of boulders which obstruct the course of the river and form an insular extension of the Rajmahal hills. The interval had been spent in profound silence and vigilance. The two men for'ard I could not see, as they crouched down in the shadow of the bows, but I caught a glimpse of the helmsman occasionally, when the waves lifted the stern above the horizon, and his figure was faintly relieved for a moment against the sky. Once or twice the moon peered through the swirling clouds; these fitful lights only served to render more palpable and oppressive the succeeding darkness. Instead of keeping in the stream, close to the northern bank of the river, as more experienced boatmen would have done, my Sepoys suffered the boat to become involved in the whirling eddies that swept fiercely round the rocky islets; the light craft no longer answered his helm, but rushed furiously along borne away by the roaring waters, like a dry leaf in autumn upon a torrent; it was a moment of extreme peril, and the two worthies in the bows rose up and took long bamboo poles, such as all native boats are furnished with, in the vain hope of fending off from any rock against which we might be impelled. Such an event involved a certain destruction. The river, swollen much by the rains, and more by the melted snows from the Himalaya, had risen fifty feet above its lowest level and dashed along with inconceivable violence and velocity.

The periodic fever, to which I had recently been subject, threatened me with a pre-attack, and, despite my utmost efforts to fix my attention and remain alert, a fatal languor and indifference to the danger of my position gained upon me. Suddenly I became aware that a corpse had drifted against the side of the boat. There was something remarkable in the circumstance; in the course of the afternoon I had seen many carcasses of both men and beasts floating along, with crows and vultures seated on them. The close proximity of the present one, however, was extremely offensive, and I stopped down and took a bamboo, with the intention of shoving it off. In the act of doing so, something glittering on the breast of the corpse attracted my attention, and, dropping the pole, I reached over and seized it. Such was the strength of the hand that secured the ornament around the dead man's neck, that, in wrenching it off, I forced the gunwale so low that the water bubbled over it and rushed into the boat. Fortunately, at the moment the link of the chain parted, and the body, which was half raised from the water, fell heavily back, inundating my face and person with a putrid shower.—An instant the moon peered through "the blanket of the dark," and, holding up the trinket, I discovered that I held the emerald locket with the brilliants that Percy was wont to wear. God! was it possible that the hideous object that still floated near me was all that remained of Harry Percy. I saw it distinctly—so close was it that I could have touched it with my hand, but there was nothing I could recognize. The body had evidently been some days in the river. The trunk and limbs were horribly swollen, part of the bones of the face were laid bare, the lips had been utterly torn away by the birds, and the large white teeth glittered horribly. Some long river weeds had wound themselves round the neck, and streamed over

the face and chest. The fever was now rising in my blood, and delirium making mischief in my brain. The fate of my friend struck my wild fancy as ludicrous rather than terrible, and I laughed aloud, and stretching out my hand, trifled with the weedy festoon that rose and fell with the water on the breast of the dead. "Ah, Harry Percy," I said, mockingly, "you were always longing for honors and decorations; rejoice now—ay, grin with those white teeth—glory in the rank accolade of Death, the insignia of Siva, the Destroyer, from whose dread heart flow the sacred waters that bear thee." Then the apathy of the fever, or sleep, or insensibility came over me, and for a time I remembered no more. How long this lasted, I know not, but I was roused by a glare of light close to my face, and springing up, I perceived two of the natives close to me. One of them had placed the muzzle of a firelock to my temple, and pulled the trigger, but the charge being damp, the powder had ignited without exploding, and merely fizzled in my face like a spub, while the bullet dropped off harmlessly on my shoulder. Even as the light flashed in my face, a full consciousness of my position burst upon me. The two Sepoys advanced to seize me before I could gain my feet, but I lodged a ball from my revolver full in the chest of the foremost one, who fell violently against his comrade. The second ruffian, who, I perceived, was armed with a bayonet, staggered under the shock, and ere he could recover himself, I dashed forward; he fell over the gunwale and the black waves rolled unheeding over the living and the dead.—The fellow at the helm had left the tiller, and now sat in front of the platform, steadying himself with his feet against a stay, whilst he covered me dead with his musket, and took a regular pot shot. Whether the violent motion of the unsteered boat served me, or whether the rascal's nerve was shaken by the sudden disappearance of his comrades, I know not, but certain it is that, although the distance between us was not more than four yards, he missed his aim, and the bullet did no further mischief than carrying away the crest of my pith helmet. And there he stood at my mercy. My finger

—it is a terrible thing thus deliberately to take a human life when the excitement of action is over. The fellow knew his life was forfeited, and awaited death with a stoical insensibility, which Asiatics rarely fail to evince.

A quiet voice in my heart whispered of mercy, but then there came to my mind the image of that horrible object floating away in the darkness, the cries of my outraged country women seemed to ring through the howlings of the storm—might not even then frenzied virgins be struggling in more than the agonies of death in the clasp of the detested ravisher? That little pair of infant's shoes—those immortal little shoes on the Cawnpore road, found with the little white feet in them, the story whereof had made the hearts of the most callous to beat wildly through the length and breadth of many lands—those little shoes arose to my memory in judgment. I thought of the many innocents, the many fair-haired darlings, who had been wont to say "Our Father" at their mother's knees, ruthlessly butchered, mutilated, burned. A savage joy possessed me, and I sprang up to the platform. I placed my hand upon the athletic shoulder of the Indian, and held the pistol to his brow. Resistance, he knew, was in vain. Kismet—it was destiny. He stood up, erect and calm, to meet death as became a man and a soldier. Again I paused, and then I seemed to hear again the trembling voice of Percy say:—"Poor little Gertrude, she was a mere child," and I pulled the trigger! With the hand I grasped him with I felt the shudder of death strike through the strong frame—a heavy fall—a roll to the leeward—a splash in the water—and I was alone!

THE MYSTERIOUS HORSEMAN.

A LEGEND OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

There is a tale reported by Lord Lytton, (we mean, of course, the young of that name,) which shows the tendency in the minds of even the shrewdest men of the world to give a respectable audience to the marvellous and supernatural. It may be found in the twenty-first of Lord Lytton's letters.

He says that in the early part of the life of —, one of his friends, he attended a hunting club, when a well mounted stranger, of genteel address, joined the club, and rode with a courage and an address that astonished everybody. The animal he rode is described as one of amazing powers and endurance; the huntsman who was left far behind swore that the man and horse were devils from hell. After the sport he was invited to dinner, and astonished the company as much by his conversational powers and the elegance of his manners, as by his equestrian prowess.

He was, says Lord Lytton, an orator, a poet, a painter, a musician, a lawyer, and a divine; in fact, he was everything, and the

mag of his discourse kept the drowsy sportsman awake long after their usual hour. At length they retired, but had scarcely closed their eyes when they were awakened by the most horrible shrieks resounding through the hall. Inquiring of the servants, they were told that these horrible sounds proceeded from the larger chamber, and on approaching his room—per groans of despair, and shriller shrieks of agony, astonished and terrified them. After knocking at the door, he answered them as if awakened from sleep, declared he had heard no noise, and in rather angry tones, desired not to be disturbed.

His company accordingly retired, and had scarcely begun to communicate their sentiments to each other, when a repetition of the most horrible sounds broke in upon their conversation; yells and shrieks, which from the horror of them, seemed to issue from the throats of damned spirits. They immediately followed the bands, and traced them to the stranger's chamber, the door of which they instantly burst open and found him on his knees in bed, in the act of scourging himself with the most unrelenting severity; his body streaming with blood.

On their seizing his hand to stop the strokes, he begged them, in the most wringing tone of voice, as an act of mercy, that they would retire, assuring them that the cause of the disturbance was over, and that in the morning he would acquaint them with the reasons of the terrible cries they had heard, and the melancholy sight they had seen. After a repetition of entreaties, they retired, and in the morning some of them went to his chamber, but he was not there, and on examining the bed, they found it to be one gore of blood. Upon further inquiry the groom said, as it was light the gentleman came to his stable booted and spurred, desired his horse might be saddled, and appeared to be extremely impatient till it was done, when he vaulted into his saddle, and rode out of the yard at full speed. Servants were immediately dispatched into every part of the surrounding country, but not a single trace of him could be found. — has since been seen by any

Lord Lytton proceeds to state that the circumstances of this strange story were immediately committed to writing, and signed by all who witnessed them, that the future credibility of any one, who should think proper to relate them, might be duly supported. Among those who witnessed it were some of the first men in England.

The charm of this marvellous narrative, in which Lord Lytton evidently suspected something supernatural, is somewhat dispelled by the fact that, about the date of the narrative, an American gentleman, by the name of Hogur, was in England, who was just such a person as described above, as fine a horseman, a man of very elegant manners and splendid powers of conversation, but who had the ugly habit of whipping himself in his sleep, precisely as described by Lord Lytton.

A TALE OF THE GREAT SARATOGA TRUNK.

Old Anthracite has a very dear wife—so dear that she costs him, on her own private account, about fifteen thousand dollars a year. Mrs. Anthracite always has the latest fashions, so when the great Saratoga trunk was exhibited in Broadway, Mrs. A. instantly purchased one for her summer trip.

Every one knows that the great Saratoga trunk is an unexceptionable trunk. It is colossal—of Titanic proportions. Cheops, the builder of the great pyramid, might have found ample accommodation for her entire household in the great Saratoga trunk.

Accordingly, down went Mrs. A. to the great watering place, with her great trunk. She had not been long there, however, when old Anthracite received a private telegram, from a friend, to inform him that Mrs. A. was flirting desperately with young Belzebub, the son and heir of old Belzebub, the great soap boiler.—Anthracite instantly takes the train, appears at the hotel, and inquiring the number of his wife's room, quietly walks up stairs. His wife's door is shut. Anthracite knocks; door opens after some delay. Mrs. A. appears flustered, which fluster increases to dismay when she sees her husband. Husband enters coolly; explains that he just came to see how she was getting on, and seats himself on the Saratoga trunk. Drops a glove, the picking up of which enables him to look under the bed. No one there. Mrs. A. looked as if some one ought to be there.—Husband talks of the weather, and the pair are sitting down to a little light conversation when old Anthracite remarks quietly:

Mrs. A. there's a rat in your trunk.
Mrs. A. turns pale through her paint. No—Husband is mistaken. The rat is in the waistcoat. They are always there, those rats. Husband is sure it is in the trunk. He smells him; he will examine. Mrs. A. is very anxious he should not. He can't. The trunk is shut, and she has lost the key. Husband begs to contradict. The key was in the lock, and what was more—the lid was open.

Husband, amid the protestations of Mrs. A., has raised the lid. No crinoline, no shawls, no lace, no furbelows in the great Saratoga trunk; only young Belzebub's glossy curls and killing moustache are visible.
Mrs. A. instantly faints. It's the privilege

of her sex; on such occasions. What does husband do. Shoot young Belzebub? Not a bit of it. He smiles grimly and shuts the lid down again, locking the great Saratoga trunk. He rings the bell, tells the waiter to bring a gimlet. Bore a few holes in the great trunk. Orders up the porter and goes off to New York, accompanied by the great Saratoga trunk. What would the trunk not have given for cigar in a baggage wagon, when it smelt the tobacco smoke that was so liberally puffed about? The trunk, although nearly suffocated, thought it best to keep quiet. Arrived at New York, old Anthracite told the people at the depot, loud enough for the great Saratoga trunk to hear him, that he would leave his trunk at the office for a few days, when he would send for it. He then went off. This was more than the great trunk could bear, so it kicked, shouted and made a noise, until it was broken open, and to the amazement of everybody, poor Belzebub crawled out in a limping condition.

He tried to tell the people that 'twas done for a bet, but somehow the truth leaked out, and I predict that next summer there will be fewer great Saratoga trunks at the springs.—I think old Anthracite had the best of it; don't you?

A SPEECH THAT ACQUITTED A CLIENT.

"Thou shalt not kill." Now if you hang my client, you transgress the command as slick as grease, and as plump as a goose egg in a leader's face. Gentlemen, murder is murder, whether committed by twelve jurymen or by an humble individual like my client. Gentlemen, I do not deny the fact of my client killing a man. No such a thing, gentlemen. Ye may bring the prisoner in "guilty," the hangman may do his duty; but will that exonerate you? No such a thing. In that case you will be murderers. Who among you is prepared for the brand of Cain to be stamped upon his brow to-day? Who, freemen? Who in this land of liberty and light? Gentlemen, I will pledge my word not one of you has a bowie.—No, gentlemen, your pockets are odoriferous with the fumes of cigar cases and tobacco.—You can smoke the tobacco of rectitude in the pipe of a peaceful conscience; but hang my unfortunate client and the scaly alligators of remorse will gallop through the eternal principles of your animal viscera, until the spinal

circumstances into a railroad for the grim and gory goblins of despair. Gentlemen, beware of committing murder. Beware, I say, of meddling with the eternal prerogative! Gentlemen, I adjure you, by the name of woman, the main spring of the ticking time piece of time's theoretical transmigration, to do no murder! I adjure you, by the love you have for the esculent and condimental gusto of our native pumpkin, to do no murder! I adjure you by the American eagle that whipped the universal game cock of creation, and now is roosting on the magnetic telegraph of time's illustrious transmigration, to do no murder! And lastly, if you expect to wear store-made coats; if you ever expect free dogs not to bark at you; if you ever expect to wear boots made of the Rocky Mountain buffalo, and, to sum up all, if you ever expect to be anything but sneaking, low-fung, rascally, braided small ends of humanity whittled down into indistinctibility, acquit my client and save your country.

The prisoner was acquitted, of course.

ANECDOTE OF HENRY CLAY.

The anniversary of the birth of Henry Clay was celebrated by a festival at the Commercial Hotel, Memphis, on the evening of the 13th April. Hon. H. S. Foote presided. There was a good time generally. Among those who made speeches were the President, and R. H. Stanton, of Kentucky. Mr. Foote related an interesting incident as follows:

I shall never forget a scene which occurred in the city of Annapolis, in Maryland, during the summer of 1850. Mr. Clay had become greatly exhausted with the severe labors through which he had been passing; those labors, a continuation of which was so soon afterwards to terminate his valuable life. An old and valued schoolmate of my own, Senator Pratt, of Maryland, invited Mr. Clay and a few others of his friends to spend a day or two at his hospitable mansion. Mr. Clay accepted the invitation, and proceeded to Annapolis, attended by several gentlemen quite well known to the country. Mr. Dickinson, of New York, was among the invited guests, Mr. Bright, of Indiana, and Mr. Dawson, of Georgia, whom you all know so well, and value so highly. I had the honor of being in company also. The day after we got to Senator Pratt's, it was proposed that we should take a short walk through the city, and visit that ancient, time honored building, within the precincts of which the Revolutionary Congress held its session at the close of the War of Independence.

We went thither accordingly, and entered the venerable room where Washington performed one of the most striking acts of his life. I allude to the surrender of his sword to the Continental Congress: When Mr. Clay entered the hall he inquired for the spot where Washington stood when this scene was enacted. It was pointed out to him. He stepped forward and occupied it for a moment, gazing solemnly and earnestly around the room, which is precisely in the condition it was in when occupied by Congress. A crowd of citizens gathered about him. I never saw him when his appearance and bearing were altogether so majestic

and imposing. He seemed really to be for the moment the grand personage upon whose glories his mind was meditating. The multitude assembled demanded to hear his august voice. He addressed them. The speech was short but impressive beyond any oratorical effort I have ever witnessed. He took a rapid view of the condition of the country; the commotion existing; the danger of the hour; the expedients necessary to be resorted to in order to rescue the Republic from destruction. He especially enlarged upon the danger of showing too much respect at such a moment to party and its bests; closing with the memorable declaration, "That party shall in future be my party which shall prove most faithful to the Union."

FIRST LOVE.

A PLEASING SKETCH.

"Am I your only and first love?" asked a bright eyed girl, as she reclined her classically moulded brow upon the shoulder of her lover.

"No, Lelia, you are not my only, not my first love; I have loved another. Long years before I saw you, I loved another—and I love that other still."

"Love that other still, and better than me? Paul, why do you tell me that?" asked she, raising her dark blue eyes and gazing steadily into those of her lover, half in astonishment, half in sorrow, while her jewelled fingers tightened convulsively upon his arm.

"You asked me, Lelia, and I answered with truth and sincerity; you would not have me deceive you, would you?"

"You love her still, then?"

"I love her still."

"And better than you do me?"

"Not better, but as well."

"And will you love her still?"

"Until death, and even beyond death, over her last resting place will I strew spring's earliest flowers, and bedew the sacred spot with the purest tears that love ever shed?"

"Handsome than I, is she not?"

"Her eyes were black as night, and her hair in glossy blackness outvied the wing of the raven. She hasn't your sweet blue eyes, nor your soft brown hair; yet, oh! Lelia, her eyes have been the sweetest eyes, to me, that ever looked the look of eternal love."

"Paul, do you wish to break my heart?—Why have you taught me to love you so wildly and blindly, and then, in the midst of my happiness, tell me that there is an impassible barrier between us! This night, Paul, we must not part! I would not have believed this, with tears."

"Be not too rash, Lelia; hear me to the end; you love me too dearly to part with me thus!—Think you that you could not share my heart with one that I so dearly love?"

"Never, Paul, never!"

"You shall, Lelia, and must! Listen for a moment, while I tell you of my first love, and I am sure you will be willing to share with her then."

"I will listen, Paul, but will not share your love; I must have all or none; I am selfish in that respect, and who, that loves as I do, is not? Forget me, Paul, or forget her forever!"

"Forget her, Lelia? Never! I would not lose one jot of her pure affection for the fairest face that ever bloomed; no, not for the girle of Venus, or the love of a second Helen!"

"Then, Paul, you are lost to me forever, we must part. Farewell to your every dream of brightened future. I love you too well, and am too proud to share your love with aught created. O! Paul! you have wronged me deeply, and her exquisitely chiselled lips curled with indignant sorrow."

"Stop, Lelia, or you will deeply wrong me, also. I met this loved one as I said before, long years ago, in one of the sweetest and sunniest valleys of our broad Illinois; wandered with her, hand in hand, for years, beside the sparkling waters of my childhood's home. First, by her smiles of exquisite sweetness, she taught my heart that she loved me with unutterable fondness; and never have I doubted; my trust in her has ever been steadfast and fearless; never has her eye looked coldly upon me, and never will it fill the breath of the death angel shall dim it for the long sleep. Oft in the still hours of night have I awakened, as if by the gentle fanning of the sleep-god's wing, and beheld that face, those eyes gazing upon me with all the beatific tenderness of a guardian angel over a repenting prodigal; and a kiss would fall upon my brow more soothing than the dew of Herman. The same gentle hand has led me along life's flowery way and beside its unruined waters; and if ever my arm was raised to do a deed of wrong, or my heart steered to conceive it, that gentle admonitory voice came whispering in my ear, and stayed the one midway and drew the iron from the other. And I well remember in my manhood's riper years, when deep sorrow fell upon my soul, and I would fain have drunk oblivion from the wine cup's fiery brim, that same dark-eyed woman came, and bade me, in the name of God, to shun the fatal snare; and, twining her arms around my neck, while her eyes beamed with love's deep inspiration, she poured oil upon the troubled waters; told me of purer hopes and higher aims, and in my ear whispered a golden word that has out-lived all sorrow. Lelia, would you know the name of my first love? 'Tis my MOTHER!"

"O, Paul, I'll forgive you and will share your love; indeed I will."

"I knew you would, Lelia. Second love is as dear as the first."

"A celebrated lawyer once concluded an eloquent harangue to the jury against the prisoner, with 'He bared his arm to heaven—and stole the sugar.'"

"To prevent your hair from coming out, never let your wife catch you kissing the servant girl."