Saint Mary's Beacon

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Aug 24, 1871—tf.

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may 4, 1871—1y.

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Aug 17, 1871—tf.

WOOING AND WINNING.

"They've come!" cried Lucy May; and the pink on her fair face deepened, and her glad eyes grew gladder, as she rushed out to meet the friends they had been long expecting from Europe, and whose arrival had been put off from time to time, until Lucy's impatient spirit had more than once rebelled. She drew back suddenly, for among them there was one she had not expected, had not hoped to see. He, however, stepped forward eagerly to greet her.

"Don't try to run away from me," he said. "Why——"

But she had run away from him off into the garden, whither he was bold enough to follow her. She stood under a willow tree with her back to him, and did not see him coming. When he stood close by her side, she started and made an ineffectual attempt to clamber over the wall.

'You can't do that,' said Harry. 'I knew you couldn't.'

'O dear,' said Lucy, 'I wish I had my vail'

'I'll get it, for you, if you'll promise not to take it,' said Harry, the least bit significantly.

'There will be no use in getting it,' said Lucy, 'unless you let me wear it.'

'Then promise to wear it for my sake,' said Harry, boldly, and with evident intention.

Lucy remained silent, picking the bark off the trunk of the tree.

Harry sat down.

'You haven't answered my last letter,' he said.

'You didn't give me time,' said Lucy.

'Answer it now,' he said.

'Pen, ink and paper,' said Lucy, looking about her and shaking her head.

'I like Europe,' said Harry, 'and I'm going back again soon.'

Alas! for Lucy's tell-tale face; it betrayed so much disappointment that it encouraged Harry to continue:

'I'm going back; but there's one thing I left behind me when I went last time that I missed all the while I was gone.—I mean to take it with me this time, if I can.'

'Can't you?' asked Lucy.

'You know better than I,' he replied.

'I do?'

'Yes,' he said confidently, 'and I mean to take it.'

Unfortunate Harry! Lucy did not quite like his confidence; so she said, gazing at the rugged willow and wishing it would walk up to her and let her resume her picking:

'If I do know what it is, I am afraid you will go back without it.'

Harry's face changed suddenly.

'Don't deny me, Lucy.'

But Lucy, now that she started to be wayward, could not resist the temptation to continue so.

'The sun is getting very hot,' she said. 'I think we had better go in.'

'Here is your vail,' said Harry, courteously handing it to her.

Lucy took it and put it on, and they walked back to the house silently.

'Here are the truants,' called Lucy's mother. And everybody looked up at Lucy and her attendant.

Lucy was apparently undisturbed, and fell at once into a lively conversation with her cousin Emily. Harry, on the contrary, was moody and silent; and no one thought his European tour had in any way improved him, except perhaps he was a trifle handsomer.

He had come home from Europe confident of Lucy's love for him, and he found that she was only trifling with him. No wonder that the next day after his arrival he started upon a home tour, which was to occupy the Summer. Lucy was quite too proud to show how her own foolishness annoyed her, or how sincerely she regretted Harry's going away. She bade him adieu with a smiling face, and lightly wished him a pleasant journey.

Then followed the long, weary Summer; but Lucy kept up a brave heart, saying:

'He will come home in Autumn, and then——' She would be more careful.

Autumn came, and Harry came, too.—Lucy heard that he had come, but did not see him. Somebody told her that he was going South to spend the Winter.

'He will surely come and see me before he goes,' said Lucy.

And so he did, and he had hoped, and she had hoped, that something would be said; but a few commonplace words were all that passed between them, and Lucy's heart sank within her when she saw him departing.

At Christmas time he came back from the South with the avowed purpose of attending a church fair, about which he did not care a straw. Lucy was all engaged in this fair also, caring about as much for it truly as Harry himself. She was making an affghan, and was one day working busily upon it, when the door opened, and Harry walked in upon her.

Lucy sprang up and dropped her scissors and her worsted. Harry stooped to pick them up for her, and caught his foot in the trailing affghan.

'Making a rainbow,' he asked, as he disentangled himself.

'Yes,' said Lucy, 'and it's an endless task.'

Harry regarded her attentively a moment as she began working rapidly on the bright affghan.

'Supposing,' he said, 'you should get that all done but the last stripe, should you be glad or sorry?'

'Not sorry,' said Lucy.

'Then, supposing the person you were making it for should——'

'I'm not making it for a person, but for a Charity Fair,' said Lucy.

'Very well,' said Harry, 'supposing the Charity Fair should take it when you had got it up to the last stripe and ravel it all out, every stitch?'

'Don't!' said Lucy; 'the thought is dreadful!'

'Then,' continued Harry, remorselessly, 'supposing you should go patiently to work——'

'I wouldn't,' said Lucy.

'And get it up to the same stripe again, perhaps a row of stitches further, and then the Charity Fair should ravel it all out again?'

'Harry!'

'What would you do?'

'I should die,' said Lucy, pathetically.

'But supposing you had hopes that the Charity Fair might relent, or that it had been unaware of the injury it had done, and that if you completed the rainbow blanket——'

'Do say affghan.'

'It would no longer destroy it, but accept it from your hands, would you try again?'

'For a reasonable, repentant Charity Fair, I think I would.'

'And how am I to know,' asked Harry, 'whether the Charity Fair is reasonable and repentant?'

'I don't know,' said Lucy, 'how you could tell, unless you asked the Charity Fair.'

'I'll ask her, then,' said Harry; and he looked questioningly into Lucy's eyes.

She blushed, but smiled, and timidly holding out her hand:

'Forgive your naughty Charity Fair,' she said.

He caught hold of the hand and kept it. It was his forever.

'We might have been happy so long ago,' said Lucy, 'if it hadn't been for my foolishness.'

'And my misunderstanding,' said Harry. 'How slight a thing will make the whole world wrong!'

SENSE AND SENTIMENT.—Honey is not for the mouth of an ass.

Every one is the son of his own works.

It is not always the dark place that hinders, but sometimes the dim eye.

Liberality may be carried too far in those who have children to inherit from them.

Wisdom is the talent of buying virtuous pleasure at the cheapest rate.—*Fielding.*

Prefer loss before unjust gain; for that brings grief but once; this, forever.—*Chilton.*

Poverty, like other bullies, is formidable only to those who show they are afraid of it.

Virtue, though in rags, may challenge more than vice set off with the trim of greatness.

He who gives advice to a self-conceited man stands himself in need of counsel from another.

Wit should be used as a shield for defense rather than as a sword to wound others.—*Fuller.*

But the greatest error of all is the mistaking or misplacing of the last or farthest end of knowledge.—*Bacon.*

Nothing that is not a real crime makes a man appear so contemptible in the eyes of the world as inconstancy.—*Addison.*

The study of literature nourishes youth, entertains old age, adorns prosperity, solaces adversity, is delightful at home, and unobtrusive abroad.—*Cicero.*

When Socrates was told by a friend that his judges had sentenced him to death: 'And has not nature,' said he, 'passed the same sentence upon them?'

There are few mortals so insensible that their affections cannot be gained by mildness, their confidence by sincerity, their hatred by scorn or neglect.—*Zimmerman.*

A beautiful form is better than a beautiful face; a beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form; it gives a higher pleasure that statutes and pictures; it is the finest of the fine arts.

It is by the promulgation of sound morals in the community, and more especially by the training and instruction of the young, that woman performs her part toward the preservation of a free government.—*Webster.*

When you have anything to communicate that will distress the heart of the person whom it concerns, be silent in order that he may hear from some one else. O nightingale! bring thou the glad tidings of spring and leave bad news to the owl.

Whenever you argue with another wiser than yourself, in order that others may admire your wisdom, they will discover your ignorance When one manages a discourse better than yourself, although you may be fully informed, do not start objections.

I protest against the unfair distribution of the world's work, which can only be well done when every man and woman is fitted to work, left free to choose the field in which to work, and condemned by public opinion if they refuse to work.—*Celia Burleigh.*

Like a morning dream life becomes more and more bright the longer we live, and the reason of everything becomes more clear. What has puzzled us before seems less mysterious, and the crooked paths look straighter as we approach the end.—*Richter.*

Some people say that dark-haired women marry soonest. We differ: it is the light-headed ones.

BURNING OF [illegible]

As everything [illegible] fires has a peculiar interest [illegible] time, we reproduce the [illegible] historian Tacitus concerning [illegible] tion which occurred at [illegible]

There followed a [illegible] whether fortuitously, [illegible] contrivance of the prin[illegible] determined, for both are [illegible] torians—but of all the [illegible] ever befel this [illegible] this was the most terrible and severe.—It broke out in that part of the circus which is contiguous to mounts Palatine and Cœlius; where, by reason of shops in which were kept such goods as minister aliment to fire, the moment it commenced it acquired strength, and being accelerated by the wind, it spread at once through the whole extent of the circus; for neither were the houses secured by inclosures nor the temples environed with walls; nor was there any other obstacle to intercept its progress; but the flame spreading every way impetuously, invaded first the lower regions of the city, then mounted to the higher; then again ravaging the lower, it baffled every effort to extinguish it, by the rapidity of its destructive course, and from the liability of the city to conflagration in consequence of the narrow and intricate alleys, and the irregularity of the streets in ancient Rome. Add to this the wailings of terrified women, the infirm condition of the aged, and the helplessness of childhood; such as strove to provide for themselves, and those who labored to assist others; these dragging the feeble, those waiting for them; some hurrying, others lingering; altogether create a scene of universal confusion and embarrassment; and while they looked back upon the danger in their rear, they often found themselves beset before and on their sides; or if they had escaped into the quarters adjoining, these two were already seized by the devouring flames; even the parts which they believed remote and exempt were found to be in the same distress. At last, not knowing what to shun or where to seek sanctuary, they crowded the streets and lay along the open fields. Some from the loss of their whole substance, even the means of their daily sustenance, others from affliction for their relations, whom they had not been able to snatch from the flames, suffered themselves to perish in them, though they had opportunity for escape. Neither dared any man attempt to check the fire, so repeated were the menaces of many who forbade to extinguish it, and because others openly threw fire-brands, with loud declarations "that they had one who authorized them;" whether they did it that they might plunder with the less restraint or in consequence of orders given.

Nero, who was at the juncture sojourning at Antium, did not return to the city till the fire approached that quarter of his house which connected the palace with the gardens of Mæcenas; nor could it, however, be prevented from devouring the house and palace and everything around. But, for the relief of the people thus destitute and driven from their dwellings, he opened the field of Mars and the monumental edifices erected by Agrippa, and even his own gardens. He likewise reared temporary houses for the reception of the forlorn multitude, and from Ostia and the neighboring cities were brought up the river household necessaries, and the price of grain was reduced to three sesterces the measure. All of which proceedings, though of a popular character, were thrown away, because a rumor had become universally current that at the very time when the city was in flames, Nero, going on the stage of his private theater, sang the "Destruction of Troy," assimilating the present disaster to that catastrophe of ancient times.

At length, on the sixth day the conflagration was stayed at the foot of Esquilæ, by pulling down an immense quantity of buildings, so that an open space, and as it were, void air, might check the raging element by breaking the continuity. But ere the consternation had subsided, the fire broke out afresh, with no little violence, but in regions more spacious, and therefore with less destruction to human life, but more extensive havoc was made of the temples and porticos dedicated to amusement. * * * Nero seemed to aim at the glory of building a new city, and calling it by his own name; for of the fourteen sections, into which Rome is divided, four were still standing entire, three were leveled with the ground, and in the seven others there remained only here and there a few remnants of houses, shattered and half consumed.

It were no very easy task to recount the number of tenements and temples which were lost, but the following, most venerable for antiquity and sanctity, were consumed—that dedicated by Servius Tullius to the moon; the temple and great altar consecrated by Evander, the Arcadian, to Hercules while present; the chapel vowed by Romulus to Jupiter Stator; the palace of Numa, with the temple of Vesta, and in it the tutelar gods of Rome, moreover the treasures accumulated by so many victories, the beautiful productions of Greek artists, ancient writings of authors celebrated for genius, and till then preserved entire, were consumed; and though great was the beauty of the city in its renovated form, the older inhabitants remembered many decorations of the ancient which could not be replaced in the modern city.

☞ The crime of jerking the hair out of your wife's head is not so sinful as it formerly was. It is just as ungentlemanly as ever, but it doesn't hurt as it used to.

CLAY AND BUCHANAN.—Henry Clay never fully forgave James Buchanan for his part he played in 1824-'25 in the celebrated bargain and sale by which it was alleged that Clay gave the vote of Kentucky to John Quincy Adams instead of Gen. Jackson, in consideration of his subsequent appointment by Adams to the department of State. Buchanan was then a representative in Congress from the old Lancaster, Chester, and Delaware district of Pennsylvania. Chosen originally as a [illegible], he became a Democrat under the influence of Jackson's popularity, while Clay originally a [illegible] a violent Whig antagonist of Jackson and his party. In 1824-'5 Buchanan was in his thirty-fifth year, and Clay in his forty-eighth.

The accusation that Clay had supported Adams for a place in his cabinet, long insisted upon by his adversaries, aroused the bitterest passions, and was haughtily and indignantly repelled by himself. He was made to believe that the story was started by the young member from Lancaster; but this was always denied by the latter, and he wrote several letters effectually disproving it, but they were not satisfactory to the imperious Kentuckian. It will be recollected that John Randolph of Virginia was one of Clay's fiercest assailants, and he carried his enmity so far that it led to a duel between them, which terminated without bloodshed. Some ten years later, Clay and Buchanan were in the United States Senate together, and the latter was one of the leaders of Democracy.

Clay did not conceal his dislike of the Pennsylvanian, and sought every occasion to show it. One memorable day he rose and made a studied attack upon the Democrats, and especially upon Gen. Jackson. Mr. Buchanan was put forward to answer him, which he did with his best ability. When he took his seat, Mr. Clay rose with well-feigned surprise, and sarcastically remarked that "he had made no allusion to the Senator from Pennsylvania. He was referring to the leaders, not to the subordinates, of the Democracy." Upon which Buchanan took the floor and said that the Senator from Kentucky was certainly in error, because he had pointedly and repeatedly looked at him while he was speaking.

Clay quickly and sneeringly retorted by alluding to Buchanan's slight obliquity or vision. "I beg to say, Mr. President," he remarked, "that the mistake was the Senator's, and not mine. Unlike him, sir, I do not look one way and row another." It was a cruel thrust; and when a gentleman reproached Clay for his harshness, he shrugged his shoulders and said: "Oh, hang him, he deserved it! He writes letters." On another occasion Buchanan defended himself against the charge of hostility to the second war with England by showing that he had formed a troop of Lancaster horse, and rode to Baltimore to resist the invader. "Yes, Mr. President," was Clay's prompt rejoinder, "I remember that event, and I remember also that by the time the Senator got into Maryland the enemy had fled. Doubtless they had heard of the approach of the distinguished gentleman and retired before the prestige of his courage."

But times, if it does not make all things even, mollifies the passions of men. Mr. Buchanan was too much a man of the world—too accomplished a courtier—not to soften the asperity of so proud a spirit as Clay. They frequently met in society in after years, especially at the dinner table. If they did not become friends, they at least ceased to be enemies. And in 1856, when Buchanan became the Democratic candidate for president he had no more heartier supporter than the son of the great Kentuckian, James B. Clay, who, after having served in the confederate army, died at Montreal on the 29th of January, 1864.

Benton, who had always opposed Buchanan's aspirations, because he regarded him as weak and timid, powerfully championed him in that year, even against his own son-in-law, Fremont. Rufus Choate, Webster's nearest friend, was on the same side; so were John Van Buren and his father, notwithstanding both held Buchanan's friends accountable for the nomination of Polk in 1844.

HOW HE PROTECTED HIS MELON PATCH.—A Canadian farmer named Harvey, and whose melon patch had suffered much from the stealing propensities of boys in the neighborhood, recently attempted to put a stop to his trouble in an ingenious way. One night as some men were passing his farm they heard the report of a gun, and ran to the place whence the sound proceeded, and there found Harvey standing over a boy who lay moaning, said he had been shot in the back, and refused to tell his name. The farmer ordered the men to leave, telling them he intended to shoot any other person he might find stealing his melons. So the neighbors were terrified, and boys refrained from robbing the patch thereafter. The joke consisted in the fact that no one had been shot at all, the boy being in collusion with the man, and merely pretending that he had been wounded.

☞ A reckless female suffragist was recently holding forth at Farwell Hall. In the course of her remarks she shrieked: 'What shall we do with our helpless female children?' 'Smother 'em!' cried a wag from the audience. 'No, no!' shouted a benign old lady; 'mother 'em. It'll do a heap of good.

What did that young lady mean when she said to her lover: 'You may be too late for the cars, but you can take a buss?'

A-gent wanted—by every single woman.

THE ROAD TO DATHROIT.—There is nothing so funny as the newly-arrived son of the 'Green Isle of the Sea,' who is sure he is not going to be done, and determined to show the Yankees that he is as sharp as any 'wan av 'em.' One of this class stepped into one of the ticket offices in the International Hotel block, at Suspension Bridge, the other day, and the following dialogue ensued:

Pat: Shure is this the road to Dathroit?

Agent: Yes—went you right through.

Pat: Shure it's the [illegible] mane, an' none o'this [illegible]

Agent: [illegible] Western from [illegible] the Grand Trunk from Buffalo?

Pat: Divil a bit! I've no clothes for a trunk, let alone money for the buyin' av wun.

Agent: Well, you want to go to Detroit and M——?

Pat: Shure I do.

Agent: Which line will you take?

Pat: Och! any line, shure—a fish-line fur a throut or two, perhaps.

Agent: No, no, how would you like to go—which way?

Pat: How would I like to go? Shure like a gintlemon, an' the same way me cousin, Mick Dolan, wint.

Agent: And what way was that?

Pat: Shure he said it was a mighty quick way.

Agent: Then you want a ticket on the express line; give me ten dollars.

Pat: Tin dollars! What wud I give yees tin dollars fur?

Agent: For your ticket by the express.

Pat: Shure it's no express I warnt at all; it's the way to Dathroit.

Agent: I know that: but there are three 'ways,' as you call 'em—Express, Trunk line and Central; what line will you take?

Pat (puzzled): Ah—eh!

Agent (leaning over counter): Come, my good fellow, what will you take?

Pat (glancing at a big ink bottle that stood on the counter): Shure, I'll take a dhrop o' whisky, if it's the same to yure honor.

(This reply elicited an explosion of laughter from half a dozen other ticket agents who were in the same office, one of whom, thinking to better matters, took Pat in hand.)

Agent: You want to go to Detroit?

Pat: You may say that.

Agent: And you want to buy a ticket?

Pat: Divil a bit.

Agent: What do you want then?

Pat: Shure I warnt to know the way to go to Dathroit.

Agent: Well, buy a ticket, and that will show you the way.

Pat: But wouldn't yure honor show me the way?

Agent: But how can you get there without the ticket?

Pat: Shure, I mane to walk.

There were two ticket agents, but no ticket, sold by this operation.

A FAMILY INCIDENT.—A gentleman who went to California from Daviess County, Mo., twenty years ago, returned recently to visit a married daughter. He went to her residence, and, giving a fictitious name, he began asking his daughter questions about her parents, and as to the probability of her knowing her father after so long a separation. 'Know him!' she replied, 'why, I'd know him as far off as I could see him!' She then proceeded to describe him as he appeared twenty years ago, and grew eloquent in her praise of the beauty of his jet black hair, his stately walk, and 'his voice,' added she, 'I'll never forget *that!* I'll know that voice when I hear it in heaven!' The gentleman was so overcome with his emotions that he could sham no longer, but clasping his daughter in his arms, he proceeded to administer a shower of kisses, much to the bewilderment of her husband, who happened to step into the room just at that moment.

He soon comprehended the situation, however, as did also several grandchildren of the returned Californian, and soon there was a joyous time in that household. The father had grown gray and corpulent, but his daughter vowed she would have known him had he worn the same suit of clothing that he left in. The gentleman is a respectable and wealthy citizen of Tulare county, California, Yancey B. Stokes, Esq., and the incident related occurred just above the Missouri line, in Decatur county, Iowa, the present residence of his daughter.

SPEAKING OUT IN MEETING.—How is this for a scene in church? The place is a sacred edifice in Bath, Maine. The pew is crowded. The sermon is long.—A respectable citizen goes to sleep. In close proximity to him is a lady. The preacher was in the midst of the closing prayer, when the slumberer astonished the congregation by grunting in a tone of complaint: 'Come, come, Sarah! lay along: don't crowd so! Lay over! lay over!'—Sarah, who was fortunately in the pew also, never for a moment lost her presence of mind, but administered a timely poke with her parasol, which awakened her dormant lord, and prevented any further remarks on his part. A warning to sleepy auditors or long-winded preachers—no matter which.

A Terre Haute man refused to pay for the funeral notice of his mother-in-law.—Most men would pay it with pleasure.

Marry into a different blood and temperament from your own.

Brigham Young is three score and ten, so are his wives.

PLAYING CARDS.—It has often been asked why the nine of diamonds is called the 'Curse of Scotland,' and as an answer has lately been given by a writer in *Notes and Queries*, we give the three historical facts which he assigns as having caused the saying. In the distracted state of the country, during the reign of Mary, a man, George Campbell by name, attempted to steal the crown out of Edinburgh Castle. In this he was unsuccessful, but managed to abstract nine valuable jewels, and escaped safely to a foreign shore. To replace these, a heavy tax was laid upon the country, which the poor, oppressed people thought so great a grievance that they termed it the curse of Scotland; and until very recently, the card itself bore the name of George Campbell in the Highlands.

The second explanation relates to the well-known massacre of Glencoe. The mandate for this cruel deed was signed by the eldest son of the Earl of Stair, who was at the time the Secretary of State for Scotland. The coat of arms belonging to this family bears nine diamonds on its shield, and the people, not daring to stigmatize the Master of Stair as the curse of Scotland, applied it to his armonial bearings. The last explanation relates to the battle of Culloden, which extinguished the hopes of the Stuart party and was at the time considered a national curse. The Duke of Cumberland, who was known to have been a gambler, is said to have carried a pack of cards in his pocket, and when he had won the famous field he took out the nine of diamonds and wrote his account of the victory on it.

ONE OF NATURE'S NOBLEMEN.—Silas Wright, with his estate of four thousand dollars, was really wealthier than many others of a hundred thousand dollars.—He owed no man anything, he met his obligations with the utmost promptness, and never indulged in any luxury that he could not pay for. He was a model of republican simplicity. It should also be understood he was not mean in saving money. There was something glorious in seeing a great statesman like Silas Wright—never asking a pecuniary favor, or accepting one, yet possessing only an income that could support him and his wife in frugality. When he was elected Governor of the great State of New York he was known to be too poor to furnish his house. His friends got together, and, without his knowledge, made up a subscription, which was tendered to him as a gift to furnish his mansion. This he respectfully but kindly declined, saying, with a true Roman grandeur, he could not consent to receive such a favor from any, even from his most esteemed friends. He was elected by the people to be Governor of the State of New York, and considered it his duty to live on the income while he was Govereor, in good style, but with no ostentation.

NINE YEARS ON TRIAL.—A correspondent now traveling in Tennessee writes: At Steven on I saw Governor Foote, who was returning from the Federal Court at Knoxville, having secured the release of an ex-Federal soldier, who has been in jail three years for murder. During the war he killed a man, was tried by court martial and sentenced to be hung. Mr. Lincoln pardoned him. After the war he was indicted in a civil court, tried, and again sentenced to be hung. He appealed to the Supreme Court, and, pending a decision, lay in jail three years. His lawyers finally applied to the Federal judge for a writ of habeas corpus, which was granted, and upon hearing the case Judge Trigg released him. The man's life had once been in jeopardy, he had been pardoned, and the civil courts had no right to molest him further. After a nine years' journey through the civil and military courts of the country, including a good assortment of jails and guard-houses, the prisoner finally pulls the right legal string and gets out of his difficulties. This is an illustration of the fact that the law is a 'complex science.'

The Comanche Indians are disgusted with the employment of colored troops on the frontier, because they are so hard to scalp.

If you are in doubt whether to kiss a pretty girl, give her the benefit of the doubt.

If you court a young woman and you are won and she is won, you will both be won.

When a wife reigns, it seems natural that she should storm, too. She generally does.

A stupid exquisite, at a wedding, wished the bride 'many happy returns of the occasion.'

An Indian groom was 91 and the bride 106. They were married without the consent of their parents.

New Orleans girls complain that the young men "don't tease them enough."

A Liverpool man was arrainged for genially seating his wife on a red hot stove.

Marriage is often the end of a man's troubles—but which end?

Nearly all women like soldiers, and some would like a good offer, sir.

Men often strike women before marriage, and oftener afterward.