

now he's as mild as milk and we hear him singing the glory song all day long over the wall it's perfectly awful the sounds he makes but theres no doubt its doing your garden good job came up this morning with a melon and asked if mother would accept of it and he went away groaning out that will be glory for me yours affectionately gwen

(c) with respect to duels indeed i have my own ideas few things in this so surprising world strike me with more surprise two little visual spectra of men hovering with insecure enough cohesion in the midst of the unfathomable and to dissolve therein at any rate very soon make pause at the distance twelve paces asunder whirl round and simultaneously by the cunningest mechanism explode one another into dissolution and offhand become air and nonextant deuce on it the little spitfire nay i think with old hugo von trimberg god must needs laugh outright could such a thing be to see his wondrous manikins here below (*Carlyle, "Sartor Resartus"*).