

REVERIES OF AN OLD MAID,
EMBRACING IMPORTANT
HINTS TO YOUNG MEN,
ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE
Notable Arrangements
OF THAT CELEBRATED ESTABLISHMENT,
“CAPSICUM HOUSE.”



EMBELLISHED WITH FORTY-THREE ORIGINAL ENGRAVINGS,
BY EMINENTLY DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS

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PREFACE.

THERE never was a greater error, than supposing that delicate satire is inseparably connected either with libel or abuse. It is only those who feel the shaft, or imagine that they are selected as objects of covert attack, who give to satire such rude parentage. Dr. Young maintained that all that Swift wrote was abuse ; and Swift, on his part, averred, that Pope's Dunciad was also abuse ; and Sir William Draper, so unsparingly handled by the elegant Junius, declared that all he wrote was Billingsgate.

The finest composition that ever appeared under the name of satire can be readily construed into abuse. Who dislikes reviewers more than authors ? No one but Poets and Painters, says Horace, have dared everything. The faculties fail when persons begin to be angry with raillery upon their well known defects. Satire, based on good nature, kills the disease, but does the patient no harm. Punishing wits, said Lord Bacon, enhances their authority.

While we protest that in the following pages we aim the shaft at no person, and have no invidious objects to attain, we must confess that there are abuses in society, in manners, in habits, in institutions, in customs, which cannot be reached and reformed in

PREFACE.

an open, fair, and just denunciation, because proscription is a rude and rough weapon, which frequently cuts beyond the wound.

The end of all fairly pursued satire is the reformation of manners and of vices. Juvenal, Perseus, and Horace boldly avowed that they had no other object, and they succeeded. We live in what is called a progressive age; but domestic habits, economy, and appropriate employments form but a slight portion of that progress.

Females will aim to accomplish what they cannot attain, and are ambitious to enjoy rights and privileges which appertain exclusively to males; and, in grasping at the shadow, they too frequently lose the substance. They wish to shine in borrowed light, neglecting that pure and brilliant flame which is exclusively their own.

The following pages, with characteristic embellishments, aim only to improve the age, to correct error, to reform manners, to avoid abuses, in a kind, conciliating, reproofing spirit; free from malice or personalities, yet coloring from nature, and displaying follies, errors, fashions, and customs, in a spirit of fair sarcasm, which may lead to a most desirable reform.

The author, with such legitimate objects in view, claims the indulgence of his readers, and throws himself on their kind opinions and fair judgments, for a verdict in his favor.

J. W. F.

NEW-YORK, *January*, 1851



PROSPECTUS.

MISS GRIFFIN—having*quitted her former residence for her present more extensive establishment—deems the occasion peculiarly auspicious for the further development of what she ventures to call the *Griffinian System of Education for Finishing Young Ladies*. Were it necessary, Miss Griffin would not, for a moment, hesitate to specify the number of years that has elapsed since she was first struck with the conviction that the education of females began and ended in an entirely erroneous principle. When Miss Griffin looks—as she constantly does—round about the world, she feels that Woman, to be thought more of, should think more of herself. For what, it may be demanded—what do we not owe to her? Without her, where—it may be confidently asked—where would be your Army? Where your Navy? Where your Merchants? Where your Manufacturers? Where your Farmers?

Man boasts of his triumphs by flood and field, but how rarely

does he remember who it was that first taught him to run alone! But the Emancipation of the Female Mind is at hand. For six thousand years—and we don't know how much longer, according to Professor Agassiz, Dr. Buckland, Mr. Lyell, and other celebrated Geologists—all the so-called Male Sex have worn a mask, and gone under a false name; but Miss Griffin feels that it is her mission to expose the fraud. In Capsicum House things are called by their proper titles. There Man, so long disguised, is taught to be what he really is, a natural enemy. It cannot be doubted that, in an age that has given us the Electric Telegraph, the Benevolent Oblivion of Ether, the Baby-jumper, and the Hatching of Chickens by Steam, it cannot—Miss Griffin fearlessly observes—be doubted that the Female Mind will burst, at least, to the dimensions of that of her unholy oppressor. The Griffinian System is the great discovery that will effect this revolution; elevating Woman to a pinnacle that even the most hopeful scarcely dare to raise their eyes to.



To effect this, Woman must assert her Natural Position and become the Master of Man. The tenderness of the Dove must—(the Griffinian System might add shall)—be united to the wisdom of the Serpent. Education is the great lever that will

lift Woman into her Proper Place. But then it must not be the education of the Mind, but of the Feelings. Man—(this Prospectus is written for the eye of the Lady of the house alone)—Man being a selfish animal, must be subjected by means of his selfishness. Like a trout—so to speak—he must be tickled, to be taken. Now Miss Griffin has, with inexpressible pain, observed, that the “Modern Accomplishments” (as they are audaciously called) of females are by no means calculated to hold man in that proper subjection for which he was undoubtedly created.*

Why? it may be asked, was Woman made less physically strong than Man? Simply that she might be morally more powerful! Man is weaker than the whale; yet Man, by his superior wisdom, harpoons the fish (and supplies the stay-makers). Thus, from the very weakness of Woman may we expect the greater strength. *The weapons to subdue Man are not to be found in the Library, but in the Kitchen!* The weakest part of the alligator is his stomach. Man is an alligator! Let the young wife fascinate her husband with the tea-pot!—Let her, so to speak, only bring him into habits of intoxication with that sweet charmer, and make honeysuckles clamber up his chair-back and grow about the legs of his table—let the hearth-rug be a bed of heart's-ease for the feet in slippers,—and the wickedness of the natural enemy must die within him.

Miss Griffin does not desire to depreciate the elements of

* A certain Dr. Channing has had the absurdity to assert that there is a native dignity in labor. We are not surprised at the extravagance of this proposition, considering the writer was an American and had a natural turn for Jonathanisms. Can anything be more ridiculous or disgraceful than to see a tradesman's daughter neglecting her Italian and guitar for the household duties of life? If any proof were wanting of the utter inutility of labor, we would adduce the conduct of those legislative sages whose opinions would be of much greater importance than our own, even had we different views on the subject. We look forward with indescribable impatience to that beautiful time, when we shall be an entire nation of independent Ladies and Gentlemen, undefiled by the presence of one “vulgar mechanic,” and when its furrowed plains shall be converted into parks and pleasure-grounds unscarred by the labor of the husbandman.

“Modern Education;” nevertheless, she has her little mission to fulfill in the world; her mission, as her niece of three years old is wont to observe when she gives milk to the kitten—to fulfill, and will not shrink from the peril involved in it. Miss. G. then declares—and not without emotion—that she knows not in the wide world a more pathetic object than a Young Lady returning home from what is called a “Finishing Establishment.” Poor thing! What does she really know to arm her for the battle of life? She becomes a wife, we will say, and, the ring upon her finger, one by one she moults all her “Accomplishments.” She might as well never have been “Finished” at all.



Lightly over the boards he trips,
Swaying his body about from the hips,
As much as to say
If you wish to convey
That you're made out of porcelain clay,
You'll own that my style is the right time o' day!

She has learned to play Mr. Thalberg, Mr. Herz, and Mr. Listz. She knows all their variations, which are nothing more

or less than Fire-works on the Piano. She knows *Music Time* wonderfully, but does she know *Kitchen Time*? She can play and sing “SOFTLY THE MOON, MY LOVE,” “THE GREEN MOSSY BANK WHERE BUTTER CUPS GROW,” “COME, OH COME WITH ME,” “OH, DO BUT TAKE ANOTHER CUP OF TEA,” &c., but can she tell—the weight given—how long it will take to boil a Leg of Mutton? She can dance the



Boys' Highland Lady,
Cachuca,
Chucky-Ducky Waltz,
Cracovienne,
Five Step Waltz,
Highland Fling,
La Gitana,
La Smolenska,
La Sylphide,
Mazourka,
Mazourka Bolero,
Military Jig,

Pas Styrien,
Polacca,
Polka,
Polka Mazourka,
Polka Quadrilles,
Polka Schatteshet,
Poppet Waltz,
Redowa,
Redowa Waltz,
Sailor's Hornpipe,
Tiddley-Iddledy Quadrilles,
Tootsey-Pootsey Polka,

but can she rise with the lark, do up her hair, and get the breakfast in good season? She knows the use of the Globes. She

will put her little finger upon Arabia Petræa at a minute's notice, and, in fact, go round the world quite as well as Captain Cook; but though she can turn the Globe up-side-down, can she put her hand to an Apple-Dumpling? She can paint a peacock on velvet, but can she tell the age of a simple fowl (to say nothing of ducks and geese)?

Miss Griffin might proceed in the enumeration of what are called "Accomplishments." She will pause—and ask of what *earthly* use are the qualities (if they may be so called) already specified, to the Young Lady in the Proper direction of a husband? It is more than serious to think—no use whatever. Music, Painting, and Geography, may be looked upon as the extras of life, which married men care nothing about.* Now breakfasts, dinners, and suppers are things of daily interest. *She who directs the husband's appetite guides the husband.*†

Man as a lover—hideous hypocrite!—professes to admire the theory of knowledge in all matters of fillagree. As a husband he demands the sternness of practice. He who with his affianced will talk of mounting to the stars, when married, will expect his wife to descend to the affairs of the kitchen. Man is a monster, but we must make the best of him. It is our mission.

* Pieces of music seem to be monopolizing all the namby-pambyism of the present period. If we were judged by our songs, we should be the most loving, affectionate, doting, sentimental, stupid people that ever existed out of a French romance. There are the Pet Polkas and the Butterfly Waltzes, and "Dost thou love me now as then?" and the answer to it, "I do not love thee now one half as well as then," and we do not know how many more questions and answers which heart-broken ladies and gentlemen are continually putting to one another at the piano in all the varieties of Flats and Sharps.

† People may say what they like, but there is no earthly pleasure in which mutual minds can share like that of eating and drinking. All other tastes will decay with age; but a taste for good things will leave us but with life. Let us hope, then, in the happy bonds of Hymen, to live and eat together while life's brief span shall last. And when, in the decline of our days, we lose our teeth—what matter?—we'll have a new set of terro-metallics, "mounted in fine gold," which will enable us to eat away as fast as ever;—yes! till the cold grave shall hide us, in spite of our teeth we will feed on

Miss Griffin will here venture an illustration. She will take the ingredients of Plum-Pudding—if she may be permitted. The "Finished Young Lady," looking at the currants, raisins, candied lemon-peel, brandy, flour, bread, and all the harmonizing beauties of plum-pudding, will discourse upon them. She knows their national and social history. She will tell you that currants come from Greece, which also gave birth to Pericles! That raisins are from Valencia, and straightway she will talk of Spain: of lemons, and then she will speak the lines of Goethe, beginning—

"Oh know you the land where the lemon and myrtle bloom?"—



of brandy, and that will take her to France—and—and all that: but there she stops; she cannot make the plum-pudding. She is too "finished" for that. Now the pupils of Miss Griffin superinduce upon the theory of knowledge—for Miss G. will ven-

ture to use the expression—the practice of the Boiler: her Pupils can make the Pudding!

Miss Griffin is not unconscious of the fact that ever since the creation of man, Divine Providence has been sadly baffled for want of fitting agents and adapted means in his subjugation. In a word, Miss G. professes really to Finish Young Ladies for Dinner-making Wives.* Miss Griffin feels that she was born with a call—a mission, namely, to Humble man to the Dust; and with this purpose, she has removed to her present extensive establishment, that thereat her principles may be more fully developed.

As it is, Miss Griffin cannot refuse to herself the gratification of reflecting that at least three hundred of her pupils—married, and with families—are carrying out those principles at three hundred firesides. She might—but she will not—make many references. She may, however, be permitted to say, that, by a curious coincidence, eleven of her pupils have married the sons of bishops; and, what is equally gratifying, the Young Men themselves made the first proposals of marriage. Miss G. has also been peculiarly fortunate in those Young Ladies who, bent upon the benign purpose of marriage, have left her establishment for California.

Miss Griffin feels that one sheet of paper cannot half contain all that she has to say upon the momentous subject of Female Education. She must therefore endeavor to content herself with observing, that her System, in a peculiar manner, embraces the Useful with the Elegant. At Capsicum House, Young Ladies are taught all the Varieties of Cooking, Pickling, Preserving,

* As long as girls only excel in the "Modern Accomplishments," neglecting, nay despising, the useful and essential, let them not wonder at the large portion of young men remaining unmarried. How can a man, with any forethought, but shrink at connecting himself, with a woman who is ignorant of the commonest duties of a wife? Blind indeed must love have rendered him who would take to his hearth and his bosom a being, whose chief recommendations are, that she can play and sing, dance the polka, and entertain company; and this is the gross amount of requisites many candidates for matrimonial honors can command. Of what use is a fidgety simpering doll to a man of sense?

Carving; in fact, in every sense, are made—when married—Young Men's Best Companions (and more than that).

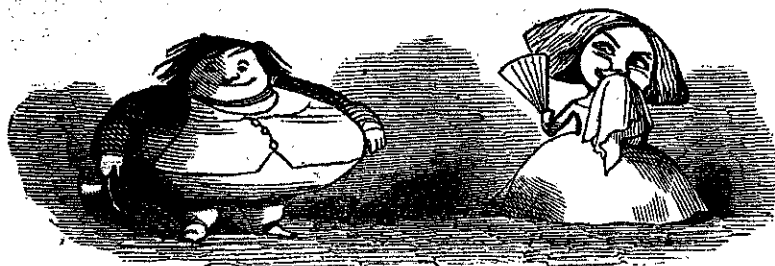


Miss Griffin does not dispute that men may be necessary in the world; but, at the best, they are only necessary evils. It is thus that every really sensible woman should consider them. In the vulgar attributes of brutes—mere muscular strength—they are certainly our superiors; but how immeasurably beneath us are they in all that constitutes true greatness—in delicacy, liberality, tenderness, friendship, fortitude, and taciturnity! And, in their hypocrisy, they confess as much; for they call us angels—(though Miss G. is proud to say, no man ever so insulted *her* understanding)—yes, angels, that they may make us slaves! How any woman can read the marriage ceremony without having her eyes opened to the real intentions of the creatures, is to me most wonderful. "Love, honor, and obey!" My very blood boils when I think of it! To the ears of a woman of spirit every syllable rattles like a dog-chain. In fact, by this villainous trap,

not only all that a poor woman has appertains to her husband, but her very will is subject to his.

In conclusion, Miss Griffin would assure those patronizing her Establishment, that no expense has been spared to make the Institution as perfect as possible, that the Young Ladies may attain that elevated position which the demands of the present day so imperiously require.

Of the numerous Letters and Testimonials from Clergymen, it may suffice to subjoin the following, received from the late Rev. Job Von Pronk, D. D.



"It gives me great pleasure to say that my attention has been strongly drawn, for some seven or eight months past, to Capsicum House School for 'Finishing Young Ladies,' and that the more I have seen and heard of it, the greater is my confidence in its excellence. I have five beloved daughters in the Institution, and have had repeated opportunities of witnessing the course of instruction pursued in the various departments of Housewifery and Cookery. I consider Miss Griffin eminently qualified to conduct the education of Young Ladies. The location of her Seminary may be said with truth to be remarkably healthful, while it is as retired and as beautifully rural as the Garden of Eden.

"JOB VON PRONK."

Every young Lady is expected to bring a carving-knife, a fore-pin, a dozen silver skewers, and a rolling-pin. Corsets and Bustles are not permitted, as articles of dress.

Circulars, containing further information, may be obtained on application to Professor Corks, at Capsicum House.



CHAPTER I.

VISIT TO CAPSICUM HOUSE—MISS GRIFFIN ON THE FIRST PRINCIPLES OF HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

"When awful beauty joins with all her charms,
Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms?"

We shall never forget the emotion that we experienced on our first visit to Capsicum House. We know not how it is, but we have always felt a particular respect for "Boarding Schools for Young Ladies." We are open to allow the oddity of the taste; we confess to the eccentricity, but so it is. We have a knack of looking upon such abiding places as the great manufactories of the "Domestic Virtues,"—as the Salt-cellars of a vain and foolish world. And we are prone to consider them as Towers and Castles—we speak of course of schools "Finishing"—whence

the dear creatures (bless their sweet hearts,) issue forth to elevate and purify ungrateful, wayward, earthy man.

We have seen whole clouds of swallows congregating on the sea-shore for their mysterious flight—*where*, still remains a mystery. This multitudinous fluttering of wings, can give but a faint idea of the gathering of “better halves,” bound to earth, and “trailing clouds of glory” from the home they are about to leave. The earthy mind of man cannot grasp the marvel in its entirety; yet it may do something. We see the myriads of winged souls—we hear their fluttering: we see that they are like one another as swallow is like swallow; their chirp is in the same key; no soul asserts a dignity over its fellow-voyager; each has the same length of wing. These are lovely creatures not yet provided with lodgings; they are souls, so to speak, in the abstract. Well, swoop they come down on earth, and, like the swallows we have spoken of, take their residence in clay!

Alas and alas!—sweet creatures!—some are doomed to the parlor, some gad the streets, some to swallow quack nostrums, and ail and ail, and every day is but the wretched repetition of the past. And yet with all this certain evil harrassing and crushing the sex, how few among them would consent to draw their lot again, if Destiny were to hold forth her luck-bag to give another chance! “No, no,” says one, with a proud downward look at her pretty feet—“no, no; I don’t draw again; for who knows? I might be doomed to the kitchen.” “No lucky bag for me!” cries another, adjusting her ringlets; “I might lose my charming curls, and turn up an old maid.”* “Much obliged to you,” says a third; “I’d much rather remain as I am than run the risk.”

Now the fact of the matter is, man should feel extremely grateful to Destiny for making woman what she is. As Miss Griffin

* Geologists and Antiquarians appear to be unanimous in the opinion that the first old maid was created on the 29th December, on a Friday, in the afternoon. Adam must have been created on the 1st April

herself was wont to say, sometimes with little tears glistening like pin-heads in her eyes—as that wonderful woman was accustomed to observe of her pupils—“Dear little things they are made too good for men; but then—poor souls! it is their mission.”

Slightly chastened and humiliated by those truths, we repeat it, we always contemplate establishments for “Finishing Young Ladies” with growing respect; and touching, very pretty, and very suggestive it is, to see a Boarding School “Walk.” With school-girls, gravity is, of course, a matter of height; hence, the tallest—next the mistress—are ever the most serious; while the little ones, like rebuked kittens, are just as serious as they may be. Dear little things! we never see their line of bonnets, that we do not drop down—fathoms deep in contemplation. We ask it of time—and of course have to wait for an answer. Sweet creatures! where, at this moment, are your husbands? How many of them are playing at top, wholly thoughtless of the blessings blossoming for them? How many trundle the hoop, and dream not of the wedding-ring that even now may be forged for them? How many fly their long-tailed kites, without a thought of coming curl-papers? How many, heedless of the precious weight of matrimony, play goosey, goosey, gander? How many jump at leap-frog? And how many at ring-taw, oblivious of the “Holy State,” at this very moment knuckle down? But the picture is too affecting; our eyes begin to water over the page, as if it were an onion-bed.

The serious reader may imperfectly understand our emotion as we approached Capsicum House. It was a building worthy of its purpose. A large, square, massive brick house, a house that somehow revealed the solid comforts to be had within. A house, it was plain, with a magnificent cellar for its heart—a cellar that at all seasons sent its red blood throughout the whole body of the building. The contemplative man, his eye for the first time resting on the dining-room windows, would inevitably subside

into calculation; and count the number of elbows that might be allowed honest play around the mahogany circle of that room.

The house was approached through an avenue of limes, curiously cut. One bent to the wind, a large green shoulder of mutton—another had a sirloin shape—while shrubs came up in frying-pans and fish-slices; and cruet-stands grew in a box; and all things around had a learned presence significant of the studies pursued by the rosy dwellers in the House of Capsicum. There were many beds of sweet herbs; knotted thyme and lemon; sweet marjoram, and the sober green of sage; and the bees, jolly little burglars! singing—singing as they broke in upon the blossoms, and secured the property about their persons. And from a neighboring bed arose the bright green threads of tender onions; and fancy went half-an-inch into the ground, and saw their white waxen faces feeding at the breast of mother earth for future ducks! We could have wept.

A few steps further, and we got among the small sallad. In one bed were these words in mustard and cress, sown in a very fine Italian hand—"Welcome little stranger!" Well, we confess it, we have had twopenny triumphs in our time; but never felt so highly flattered as by this green pungent compliment, "Welcome little stranger!" Yes, it is plain, we pondered, that Miss Griffin, expecting our visit, has sown—or caused to be sown—this flattering sentence. There is a delicacy in the attention that we must take all to ourselves. Well, we reflected, if we are so much pleased with the mustard, how will it fare with us when we come to the beef!

Softened, we were rapidly passing from flower to flower, when Miss Griffin, turning the angle of a holly-hedge, came suddenly upon us. She had a bunch of parsley in her hand, and bore a snow-white apron high up, succinctly drawn across the bosom. Meeting her in the garden, and with the parsley in her hand, we gallantly observed, from some poet—

"Plucking the flowers, herself the fairest flower!"

"Why the fact is, dear Sir"—said Miss Griffin, blowing the dew in silver drops from the parsley—"the fact is, I am just now a little busy with some of the girls. The Plum-pudding and Apple-dumpling Classes are on, and there is one girl, Miss Fluke—whatever will become of her in the world I can't tell—I never can get her to understand the proper proportions of parsley. Now I hold Cooking to be one of the bases—if not the basis—of education." We bowed. "A woman ignorant of Cooking," said Miss Griffin solemnly, "is ill-calculated to meet the prolific trials of married life. You cannot tell how the giddiness of that girl distresses me. However, I have a mission to perform, and humbling man to the dust is a part of it. Still Miss Fluke is my great trouble. It has always been my pride to turn my girls into the



world with such unmistakable marks about them, such staring accomplishments, if I may be allowed the phrase, that those who

know my system, can at once exclaim—"That's a *Griffin*!" Now, I do not wish to prejudge anybody; nevertheless, when I sometimes lay my head upon my pillow and think of Miss Fluke, I own it, I am inclined to despair; I do not think she will ever be a *Griffin*."*

We essayed some words of comfort, as in manly duty bound, and then endeavored to turn the conversation. Sidling up to the writing in mustard and cress, and taking Miss Griffin with us, we observed, removing our hat,—"This is flattering and announces your expectation."† "Sir!" cried Miss Griffin, and she dropped the parsley, "Expectation!"

* "Where do men usually discover the women who afterwards become their wives?" is a question we have occasionally heard discussed; and the result invariably come to is worth mentioning. Chance, it is true, has something to do in the affair; but then there are important governing circumstances. It is certain that few men make a selection from the ball-rooms, or other places of public gayety; and nearly as few are influenced by what may be called *showing off in the streets*, or by any allurements of dress. Our firm conviction is, that ninety-nine hundredths of all the finery with which women decorate or load their persons, go for nothing, as far as "husband-catching" is concerned. Where and how, then, do men find their wives? They find them in the quiet homes of their parents or guardians—at the fireside, where alone the domestic graces and feelings are demonstrated. Against these, all the finery and airs in the world sink into insignificance.

† It is fearful to reflect how many persons rush into matrimony totally unprepared for the awful change that awaits them! A man may take a wife at twenty-one, before he knows the difference between a chip and a Leghorn. We would no more grant a marriage-license to anybody, simply because he was of age, than a license, on that ground only, to practise as an apothecary. Husbands ought to be educated. We would like to have the following questions put to young and inexperienced persons "about to marry:"—Are you aware of the price of coals and candles? Do you know which is more economical, the aitch-bone or the round? How far, young man, will a leg of mutton go in a small family? How much dearer now is silver than German-ware? Do you know the price of a four-poster? Declare, if you can, rash youth, the sum per annum, that bonnets, veils, caps, ribbons, flowers, pelerines, cardinals, cuffs, gloves, corsets, bustles, &c., would probably come to in the lump? If unable to answer these inquiries, we would strongly advise you to "go back to school!"

He that "would be a husband" should also undergo a training, physical and moral. He should further be examined thus:—Can you "hook-and-eye" a lady's

"I assure you, madam, that I feel the compliment; you know I promised to come, and herein I read your graceful welcome;" and again we bowed.

"Oh!" cried Miss Griffin, with rather a long gasp, and we thought—but it could not be; no, impossible—with a slightly contemptuous glance. And then she picked up the parsley, and we imagined we heard her mutter, as we saw one of her hands close very tightly, "It's that Miss Fluke!"

"You have delicious sweet herbs here," we observed.

"Yes! they are the girls' beds, all of them. I teach 'em from *first principles*. A girl, sir, should know all the wonders of the vegetable world,—be as well skilled in plants and herbs as the great Solomon himself, who, we are told, knew them from the 'cedar-tree which is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall.' Nor does this knowledge suffice. She must be also acquainted with their uses for pleasure, health, or food." We bowed. "You see, sir, women sent into the world who don't know lemon-thyme from hollyhocks." We

dress? Can you read or write amid the yells of a nursery? Can you wait any given time for breakfast? Can you maintain your serenity during a washing-day? Can you "cut" your old friends? Can you stand being contradicted in the face of all reason? Can you keep your temper when not listened to? In a word, young sir, have you the patience of Job? If you can lay your hand upon your heart, and answer "Yes," take your License, Mackintosh, and Umbrella, and go ahead! Yes-sir-ee! your Mackintosh and Umbrella, for we tell you that there never yet was a marriage that was not a perfect St. Smithin affair. Nor should any one—unless he have a soul of Gutta-Percha—thoroughly water-proof, think of going to a wedding with less than half a dozen pocket-handkerchiefs; and, even then, a sponge is better adapted to the "joyful occasion." Men take wives as they do pills, with plenty of water—excepting indeed when the "little things" are well gilt. In fact, nobody can feel more truly wretched than on the "happiest day of his life!" A wedding is even more melancholy than a funeral! The bride weeps for everything and nothing. At first she's heart-broken because she's about to leave her "Ma" and "Pa;" then because she hopes and trusts "Chawles" will always love her; and when no other excuse is left, she bursts into tears because she's afraid he will not bring the ring with him. Mamma too is determined to boo-hoo for the least thing. Her "dear girl" is going away, and she is certain something dreadful is about to happen.

again bowed. "Now my girls cultivate the sweet herbs, they know cooking, as I may say, from first principles. You must go out with us some dewy morn' when we Mushroomize. I once knew a beautiful child killed—he would have come to charming property—killed because his ignorant mother made catsup from toadstools. Ah! Had that mother been a *Griffin*—acquainted with—

' Every virtuous plant and healing herb
That spreads his verdant leaf to the morning gray'—

her babe would have been living at this hour. But, as Mr. Wordsworth says—

' The girl is mother of the wife !'—

It is, sir, my intention, next year, to have that magnificent sentence planted in lavender."



CHAPTER II.

MISS GRIFFIN UPON THE TEA-POT—MORALS AND EXAMPLES—WASPS AND HUSBANDS.

You've all heard of Bridget O'Toole,
From the beautiful town of Drumgoole;
She had but one eye,
To ogle ye by—
Och, murther! but that was a jew'l!

MISS GRIFFIN was about to plant her foot upon the door-step: she paused. "With your leave," she said, "we'll take a turn down the Tea-Table Walk. A little more air will do me good; for that Miss Fluke does so distress me! I suppose I must go through with it; but sometimes I fear I have hardly strength for

my mission. I feel that the eyes of a benighted world are upon me, but I'm determined to return the stare! We have been a despised race; but we'll now hold aloof our heads!"

Anxious as we were to enter Capsicum House—the Great Vestibule, as we considered it, to all the "Domestic Virtues,"—nevertheless, we suppressed the wish with the strong hand of gallantry, and, with Miss Griffin turning, turned about. Three or four minutes, and we entered the Tea-Table Walk. Here, as in other parts of the garden, were household lessons for the female mind in the greenest and fullest leaf. In one bed was a most charming tea-service, in the tenderest colored and most delicate box; while on either side were two huge bushes, trimmed and taught to shoot as tea-kettles. They struck us with a blow of fine art. "How noble!" we cried.

"What! the kettles? Yes, they're fine," said Miss Griffin, with humble, chastised pride; "the kettles are natural, and when the bees are buzzing about 'em you'd positively think they boiled."

"And a complete tea-service!" we exclaimed; and admiration simmered in our soul.

"Everything but the spoons," remarked Miss Griffin; "but all in good time. As I say to the girls, be patient; patience is a virtue—peculiarly a female virtue, for though it is greatly encouraged, it meets with so little reward. Pardon me, my dear sir," said Miss Griffin, laying the sprig of parsley very gently on our coat sleeve, "but I feel that I can talk to you as a sister."

We made no reply to this; but it was plain that Miss Griffin saw doubt rippling the corners of our mouth.

"Pray understand me," she quickly followed. "I mean, I am so impressed—have such a rock-like confidence in your sympathy with women, in their great social struggle with their natural enemies—"

"Natural enemies!" we cried. "Impossible!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Griffin, "it's no use denying it—none at all, now."

There was emphasis in this that enforced a polite confession. We therefore bowed.

"To be sure," said Miss Griffin, "I knew I might rely on your frankness. Well, sir, I will be equally so. The whole aim and tendency of the Griffinian system is to confound and conquer this natural enemy; or, as I once happily remarked to the girls in this very Walk, to turn the tables upon man."

"The happy thought," we observed, "was no doubt suggested by the genius of the place. Nothing can be more charming, more natural, than this ever-green service. What cups and saucers—what a tea-pot!"

"I assure you, my dear sir," said Miss Griffin, "in the depth of winter, walking here, you may, with a very little fancy, absolutely smell the toast and muffins. Once a week, in summer, I deliver a lecture here; I have a complete series—'*On the Use and Abuse of the Tea-Pot in connection with the Social Position of Woman.*'"*

"A large subject," we observed; "a subject with many branches."

"Not a tree in the garden has a greater number," said Miss Griffin, a little vivaciously, "I look upon the tea-pot, properly directed, as a great engine in the hand of a woman—an engine, sir, of subjugation of her natural enemy."

"Can it be possible? Is it really so?" we said a little doubtfully.

"As I observed," said Miss Griffin, "I can—I am sure of it—speak to you as a sister. Such a large, pure, and tender heart as you possess is quite thrown away upon a man. I know all your goodness, my dear sir; and I will say—you deserve to be nothing less than 'one of us.'"

At this we made the lowest of bows, all but touching the gravel-walk with the tips of our fingers.

* A person's appetite for scandal grows by what it feeds upon. The same may be said of a donkey's appetite for thistles.

"And some afternoon, when I'm upon the tea-pot, I trust I may be honored with your presence. If I am proud of anything, it is perhaps my Gunpowder Class, Sir.* The classics—people who never knew what real Pekoe was—talk of their herbs, philtres, and love-charms. Now, sir, every wife with a tea-pot at her command may be more powerful than any good-for-nothing goddess of 'em all. Let her, so to speak, tickle him with that implement, and the wolf must die within him." Unconsciously, we shook our head.

"Don't tell me," said Miss Griffin; "kindness is the true killer. I often illustrate the agreeable fact; for in Capsicum House no natural object is lost upon us. For instance, last Friday, while the Milk-Punch Class was on, an enormous wasp came like a Lilliputian dragon sailing into the room and flew from girl to girl. Immediately, they began to scream and put their hands over their eyes. I own it; this is the sad weakness that I have to fight against; but, somehow, girls consider screams as property they're born to. Some of the girls flew at the wasp with handkerchiefs, and that rebel Miss Fluke seized a fire-screen. Feeling that the time was come for me to show my energy, I exclaimed with all my natural vigor, 'Silence, ladies! silence, for a moral and an example!'—my usual mode of speech when about to submit any natural object to a social, or I should rather say, a conjugal illustration.

"A moral and an example!" cried the girls, and, except that Miss Fluke, they were still as mice. 'Bring me the salad cruet,' was my command; and, in a twinkling, it stood before me. 'Now, young ladies,' I observed, taking a pen; 'now for the moral and example. You are here to be finished for sensible, affectionate, but, above all, controlling wives. You are here to learn how best to subdue your natural enemies, that is, to govern the men

* If a married woman is guilty of slander, the husband and wife must be sued for it, so that a man with a scurrilous "helpmate" ought to put a bridle on her tongue as speedily as possible.

who may become your husbands. Yes, ladies,'—for somehow (I can always tell,) I felt the flow of words was coming, and it was not for me as a woman to stop it—'yes, ladies, the Griffinian System will teach you how to control and overthrow your unholy oppressors! Man, marrying us, puts a gold ring upon our third finger, and, in the arrogance of his heart, makes us, as he thinks, his blushing captive. And shall not man, also, wear a ring—our ring? Yes; he shall!' Here that Miss Fluke proposed three cheers, but, with a look and a brow of thunder, I stopped her. 'If,' said I, 'we must wear *his* ring upon our finger, let him—and not know it, poor wretch! for that's the true triumph—let him wear *our* ring in his nose!' Here Miss Fluke jumped upon a chair and huzza'd, and—well, this time I did not attempt to suppress the natural burst of delight so honorable to their feelings—all the other girls joined in the shout.

"A ring in his nose!" I repeated; 'not the bit of shining metal that declares our slavery, but an invisible, a fairy ring, that—like a fish with a hook, he knows nothing about (the Sockdologer, for instance,) only that he must follow wherever it pulls. Bless you, my dears! there's such rings in the noses of thousands of husbands, though—for all they shave every morning—they never see 'em.'

"And dearest madam," asked Miss North, a girl I have the greatest hopes of—"Dearest madam, how is the nose of our enemy to be wrung?"

"Listen," said I; 'listen and attend, and you shall have a moral and an example. When the wasp now in the window entered the room, you flew at it with violence. I wonder it didn't sting every one of you. Now, in future, let a wasp when it comes have its little bout, and make its little noise. Don't stir a muscle—don't move a lip—but be quiet as the statue of Venus or Diana, or anybody of that sort, until the wasp seems inclined—as at this moment—to settle. Then do as I do now.' Whereupon, dipping the feather end of the pen in the cruet of salad oil, I approached

the wasp in the softest and tenderest manner possible, just oiled it upon the body—the black and yellow—when down it fell, turned upon its back, rolled up the white of its eyes—just like a duck in a thunder-storm—and was dead in a minute.

“‘There girls,’ said I, ‘see what kindness, what a little oil does. Now here’s my moral and example: when your husband comes home in ill-humor, don’t cry out and fly at him; but try a little oil—in fact, treat him like a wasp!’”



CHAPTER III.

ARRIVAL OF PROFESSOR CORKS—THE MARRIAGE-SERVICE CLASS.

At this moment a wild, giddy thing, with eyes as blue and sparkling as a Damascus blade, and rolling with fun, and her hair in lumps of curls, bobbing about her ears—a girl in the sweet insanity of seventeen—came running from the house.

“Oh, ma’am!” she cried, just dipping us a curtsy by the way, “Oh, ma’am! Miss Wintermute has burst the pudding-

bag, and wishes to know if the Plum-pudding and Apple-dumpling Classes are to be heard this morning?"

"You will return to your Class, Miss Fluke," said the majestic Griffin, deigning no further answer; and Miss Fluke made a passing cherry-bob with her lips, and skipped and jumped into the house. "That's my great trouble," said Miss G., with a sort of calm despair; "I can hardly expect it, but I can only hope she'll not break my heart."*

Every minute's communion with Miss Griffin charmed us with the growing belief that Nature, just for once, to show what she could do, had made in the mistress of Capsicum House a perfect woman. Every minute she rose in our opinion; and—it is the faculty of genius—she seemed to elevate us at the same time: we rose with her. Thus, albeit we were prepared for an admirable, and withal original discipline of the Female Mind in its tremendous development of girlhood into womanhood; we were yet to be astounded by the genius of Miss Griffin in her preparation of the giddiness of maiden life for the serious truths of wedlock. Miss Griffin, however, felt the solemnity of her mission, and, in the matter of marriage, began with the beginning. Hence, her pupils were, on the first Wednesday in each month, collected into the Marriage-Service Class, that, by a proper examination as to household duties, and rehearsal of the ceremony itself, they might be perfect in all fitting self-possession when the anxious—the ever longed-for time for the all-important change should actually arrive.

"My dear sir," said Miss Griffin, "I have seen weddings that have sent me into a twitter. Tears and tremblings! Oh, I have felt compromised by the weakness. The moment the ceremony is over, the mother, bride, and bridesmaids retire to say 'Good-bye,' and have a cry all together up stairs. Then the blessing

* The Camel has a peculiar way of remonstrating when too much is being put upon her back. She turns round, and sighs. If the sighs take no effect, she weeps. The tears are generally irresistible, and she is allowed her own way.

and weeping begin, again with renewed vigor. The bridesmaids cry till their noses are red, and their hair as straight as if they had been bathing. And when the time comes for the 'happy couple' to leave, in order to 'catch the train,' every soul in the house boo-hoo-hoos—even down to the old cook, who 'know'd her ever since she were a baby in long clothes.'

"No, my dear sir," continued Miss Griffin, "I like to see a woman give herself away with dignity; as if she very well knew every scruple of her own worth; every atom of the treasure which, at the most liberal moment of life, she was bestowing upon man. It is a great gift, sir, a very great gift; and therefore, as I say, I acutely feel the humiliation, when I see a young lady throw herself into the arms of a man as though she, forsooth, was the obliged party. All wrong—all very wrong!" said Miss Griffin with a sigh. "A woman, sir, should deal by her heart as she does by a trinket at a Church Fancy-Fair; ask a man treble price for it, and give no change."

"No change, Miss Griffin! no reciprocity of love!" we cried.

"Well, not exactly that," said Miss Griffin; "but you know what I mean." Not quite; nevertheless, in all gallantry, we bowed.

It was on an early visit to Capsicum House, that its mistress revealed to us thus much of her discipline: we were therefore not wholly unprepared for an introduction that in a few days followed. We had paused at one of the girls' beds, and with dreamy eye were wandering from thyme to parsley, from parsley to sweet marjoram, thinking of marriage as treated by Miss Griffin, when that lady, attended by a grave looking gentleman, approached us.

"Dear sir," said that wonderful woman, "allow me to introduce Mr. Calvin Corks, Professor of the Plum-pudding, Apple-dumpling and Marriage-Service Classes."

"A clergyman?" we observed in a half-voice to Miss Griffin.

"And how are the young ladies?" said the Professor, running the scale; "brilliant as dew-drops on the damask rose, eh?"

"Just so," said Miss Griffin, slightly iced; "but you know Mr. Corks, I do not admit of such language here."

"Madam," rolled Corks, like a muffled drum, "then I will take the liberty of sacred friendship to say you are wrong. Again, I will say it. To make the education of your young creatures complete, you must have the Flattery Class."

"I am afraid of it," said Miss Griffin; and she looked upon the earth.

"Then, my dear madam," reverberated Corks, "you will send them into a dangerous world with a raw and imperfect education. Flattery is the spring by which it is moved, the tone from every chord that's touched. You must not think, madam, that a silly compliment is intended as it is spoken." A brief spasm seemed to convulse the soul of Miss Griffin at the imputation; but she tossed her head, and broke into a placid smile. She would not believe it. Mr. Corks, evidently glancing toward us for support, continued—"Poor, unprotected things! Unless, with the other transcendent accomplishments acquired at Capsicum House, they are not steeled—I should rather say plated—against the wiles of flattery, they are made doubly hazardous. Depend upon it they'll marry at the first offer; and that's a responsibility, Miss Griffin." Miss G. was silent—contemplating the smallness of her foot. "And therefore you must have a Flattery Class, where all sorts of sugar-plums in syllables are flung about, that when the young ladies get into the world they may be invulnerable to the shot."

"There will be, my dear madam, occasions when it may be necessary to use considerable address. You must not flatter one at the expense of another; that is, when you have equal hopes of each. A Belgian lady friend of mine, who had lived all her life at court, told me a story that will illustrate what I mean. It happened that the king and queen were on the green, and some of the courtiers with them. My friend was called by the king.

Now it happened that their majesties were so placed, that my friend could not go to the king without turning her back—an act at court only a little less than high treason—upon the queen. Here was a dilemma. 'And how did you get out of the scrape?' I asked my friend. 'In this way,' she answered,—'I walked sideways.' Ah! my dear madam, I have known many ladies in life get to the golden gate of fortune by walking every inch of the path—sideways."*



"Depend upon it—and I say it with feelings I hardly confess to myself—depend upon it, Capsicum House must have a Flattery Class: indeed, without it the Plum-pudding, Apple-dumpling, and

* In your flattery of mankind, you must discriminate character, lest you throw away a valuable commodity. We have known men so unprincipled, that they have received the incense of adulation half their lives, and, dying, have left the man who burnt his myrrh and frankincense for them, nothing in reward but a miserable jest in the codicil. Your patron is an ass: you hear his braying—you see his ears: *asinus* is written all over him in Nature's boldest round-hand. Well, by delicately dwelling upon the melodious wisdom of his words—by

Marriage-Service Classes—though I, as the examiner, say it—are altogether premature. A Flattery Class, with the lessons selected from the Dramatists. I have every Dramatist here”—Corks clapped the tip of his forefinger to his forehead—“and could do it in a week. A Flattery Class, eh, Miss Griffin?”

“I can’t say,” said that thoughtful lady; “isn’t it playing with edged weapons?”

“Not at all, my dear madam,” replied Corks; “and, to make the thing perfect, Crim. Con. and Jealousy Classes should be added.”

At this moment a lady with a serious look, authorized by five-and thirty years in a very serious face, came from the house.

“Miss Wintermute,” said Miss Griffin, “Mr. Corks, you see, is here. Are the ladies ready?”

“Been waiting, ma’am,” answered Wintermute, “this quarter-of-an-hour and more.”

“Dear creatures; they’re always so punctual! Now, sir, if you please: we shall make no difficulty about you. Besides, as a marriage is very seldom performed without the presence of some strangers, it is necessary, for the acquirement of a proper demeanor during the ceremony, that the girls should not be alone. This way, sir, if you please,” said Miss Griffin; and she mounted the steps of Capsicum House.

We followed, crossing the threshold. We gently, tremulously, trod the floor, for varied feelings throbbed in our soles. In our time we had visited many abodes of learning. Our heart had palpitated and melted almost to tears with the Theology and

adroitly touching on the intellectual beauty with which fate has endowed him, you make him for the time love wisdom because he thinks it a part of himself—you draw his admiration toward the expression of the intellectual every time he looks in a mirror. You are thus, in an indirect way, serving the cause of wisdom and intellect by juggling a fool into a worshiper. Let it be granted, that you have your reward for this—that, in fact, you undertake the labor for the wages of life: what of it? Is not the task worthy of payment? When men, in the highest places too, are so well paid for fooling common sense, shall there be no fee for him who elevates a nincompoop?

Mathematics of old Cambridge, but never did we feel so overcome as on this occasion.

Miss Griffin swept along the passage, and in a minute—we knew it—would arrive at the class-room door. For a moment how we hated yet envied the indifference of that strong-hearted woman. She evidently thought no more of the visit she was about to pay than a shepherd thinks of his morning and evening lambs. This, too, when our heart beat thick—thick—and we dissolved into a soft perspiration.

This was—well no matter—it was years ago. Ere time had coined the silver hidden in our locks; ere the quaking, blushing spirit, bathed in the sour, bitter Styx of ink, looked coldly, blackly, upon human life! That sweet, ingenuous time, when a mad dog was thought a far less dangerous animal—a something much more easy to manage withal—than a young lady, in the mute terrors of her dumbfounding loveliness! That time when the heart flew toward lodestar eyes—flew to the mouth, and could not say a word when there!

(Here the reader stares and asks, “How long, sir, may this be ago?” To which we make answer, “Perhaps, after all, the weakness is not yet extinct within us. After all, we may not be so hardened as we would wish the world to believe.”)

And now, Miss Griffin touches the handle of the fatal door. In that room are fifty marriageable young ladies. The door opens. Oh, ecstasy! How to describe them! * * * Pshaw—it’s a dream—a delusion!—

Oh! we idolize the ladies! They are fairies
That spiritualize this earth of ours;
From heavenly hotbeds, most delightful flowers,
Or choice cream-cheeses from celestial daries.

See at the very edge of our ink-bottle—Apollo on the banks of Illissus—stands our aforesaid spirit. Stands, with its head—large and lustrous as a diamond shirt-stud—gently bent, its hands closed, palm to palm, its body gracefully bowed.

B*

And what, asks the reader—(if he likes)—what does your spirit in such a place and posture?

Why, sir, our spirit is about to dive into that black sea; to bring, if it can, from the very bottom of that inky ocean, diamonds and pearls, and coral, and fair bright tints of mermaid skins, and the gold of mermaid tresses, and all wherewith to adorn the fifty marriageable young ladies, at present assembled in the next room for due examination in the Marriage-Service Class.



CHAPTER IV.

THE MARRIAGE-SERVICE CLASS—MISS FLUKE IN FULL BRIDAL DRESS.

It is often the case that when folks are in love,
They find themselves soaring a little above;
So, sleeping one night, with my mind in a gloom,
I dream't that young Cupid flew into the room.

REMEMBERING that spasm of the heart as the door opened, we think with moderated admiration of the valor that takes man

clean up to "Artillery Practice." For resolutely jumping from our natural timidity, we are sure of it, we caught a sublimer heroism than ever yet surprised the early soldier, one moment pusillanimously sick at heart, and—(the cannon thunder)—and the next the aforesaid heart burning with the blood of dragons! For—in all sobriety we ask it—what, what is a field of artillery, what fifty guns conscientiously loaded to the muzzle, to fifty young ladies charged to the mouth with the Marriage-Service?

There are in our country—brave, fragmentary men—remnants of war, who would wince at the question; would heavily shake the head at the provocation of the comparison. And therefore we took the liberty of crowning ourselves with a chaplet of immortal greenness when we found that we had conquered the craven within us; and stood, with only here and there a nerve vibrating—like harp-strings touched by "beauty's fingers"—stood, receiving the fire of a hundred eyes, leveled at point wed-lock. And then the hero melted in the man! Two minutes, and we had subsided from the audacity that confronted the danger, to softest, humblest admiration. We felt that we stood in the presence of fifty of the future wives of America, and our spirit bowed to them as to creatures sent into the world to make it habitable for men. What love! what tenderness! what capacity in these fifty sweet creatures, to make this otherwise cold, bleak, dirty, sloppy world warm, trim, and snug to man as a ring-dove's nest! Such were our thoughts—such the music that broke in our brain. And then we looked into their eyes; and then we thought—"Sweet little things if they only knew their strength! But they never do!"*

We say it, there were fifty marriagable young ladies all in a

* The following directions when confronting a mad dog may be found serviceable: Look the "brute" with your face between your legs, hold out the skirts, and running at him thus backward, head below, shins exposed, and growling angrily; most dogs, on seeing so strange an animal, the head at the heels, the eyes below the mouth, &c., are so dismayed, that with their tails between their legs, they are glad to scamper off, some even howling with affright. We have

row. Fifty young ladies; the homeliest of the fifty, beautiful; the others, by the most delicate gradation, sublimating to the angelical.

"Where is Miss Fluke?" said Miss Griffin, with a cold, edgy voice; and no young lady would take it upon herself to answer. In a moment we had counted the class: there were but forty-nine. "Where is Miss Fluke?" repeated Miss Griffin; and we could see it, Miss Wintermute (the Assistant Governess,) shrank at the query as from an east wind.

The door swung open. "Here ma'am," cried Miss Fluke, and that young lady bounded into the room as a wild colt would jump a board fence.

Miss Griffin drew herself up as though determined never to come down again. "Why, what mockery is this?"

"Mockery, ma'am!" cried Miss Fluke, as though she ran all the syllables into one. "What mockery ma'am?"

We may here make it known that Miss Fluke, being the last comer, had never before attended the Marriage-Service Class. But that young lady possessed an earnestness of disposition that at once carried her into the very heart of a subject; her treatment of Plum-pudding, before lamented by Miss Griffin, always excepted. Hence, the pupil had determined to do all honor to the tuition of Professor Corks, and to appear in the fullest bridal dress that her wardrobe rendered possible. She wore a white satin gown or slip; (though why a gown should be confounded with a *slip* we cannot discover). And over this gown was another of lace. She had a veil, hanging in white clouds about her like a fairy in a pantomime; and tenderly clasping her head—and seeming very comfortable there—was a wreath of orange flowers. Indeed, if we except a certain audacity of sparkle in her eye, Miss Fluke looked a bride to the life—to the tenderest and warmest life.

never tried it with a thorough-bred bull-dog, nor do we advise it with them; though we have practised it, and successfully, with most of the other kinds, it might fail with these, still we cannot say it would.

"Miss Fluke," said Miss Griffin, a little confounded by the saucy, rebellious demeanor of her pupil—who with the prettiest eyes, as fixed as they could be for the laughter that was lurking in them, staring at her awful-looking governess—"Miss Fluke, I should very much like to know where you expect to go to?"

"To the altar, ma'am," snapped Miss Fluke, as though she had anticipated the question.*

"To the altar!" echoed Miss Griffin; and then she raised her eyes to the ceiling, and, as though soliloquizing, solemnly ejaculated, "Poor man—whoever he is!"

"Isn't this the sort of dress ma'am?" asked the sparkling, unabashed Miss Fluke. "Except the diamonds, and the lace isn't real Valenciennes, I'm sure I've made it all up from a wedding at St. —, in one of the morning papers. The bride fainted ma'am."

"And do you read newspapers, Miss Fluke?" asked Corks, in his deep and dulcet tones.

"Yes; I like the politics—I don't care for anything else," answered Fluke.

"Politics!" whooped Corks.

"Yes, you know: the 'births, marriages, and deaths.' Wouldn't give a pin for anything else," repeated the pupil."

Here Miss Griffin armed herself with the worst of terrors. Nobody could know what she suffered to threaten such a penalty; but certainly Miss Fluke—unless she compassed complete and immediate amendment—would be ignominiously expelled from Capsicum House; and what would then become of her!

* The Roman Catholic Bishop Geiger, in Switzerland, has published a work on Patience, and in defence of Celibacy. Among the many arguments in favor of "single blessedness," is the following: "Should marriage be allowed to the Catholic clergy, they would—I know it from experience—never be content with one wife only; and it is therefore as well not to give them any at all." "As to patience," says this inveterate old Benedick, "I am convinced that the greatest trial to which a man can be subjected, is looking for his night-cap after blowing out the candle."

Miss Fluke bore the threat with the hardihood of a confirmed criminal; and she merely brushed out her flounces with her hand, gave a twitch to her orange wreath, as though to tighten it for the ceremony, and slightly bent back her shoulders with an expression of energy and self-decision. Her whole manner said—"Let us to marriage directly."* It was clear that Miss Griffin was a little appalled by the demeanor of her latest and youngest pupil; and in momentary helplessness, turned her gaze upon Corks. That worthy man immediately lightened the dilemma. He put on his gayest look, and spoke in his most cherished falsetto.

"After all, madam, the young lady may have only responded to the promptings of her genius," said the Professor.

"Genius!" cried Miss Griffin; and she shuddered, as though she had been entrapped into a forbidden expression.

"Some actors, my dear madam," said Corks, "always play better after a dress rehearsal. There is a—a what is it?—a metaphysical connection between the spangles of the wardrobe and the—the poetry of the dramatist. A bride, like a bird of Paradise, ought to be dressed in a mist of orient silver, flounced with aphrodite lace. She ought to wear the veil of the morning, and be crowned with the apples of the Hesperides.† The brain, my

* Of 350,000 couples married in the United States during the last year, only $\frac{186000}{120000} \times 5 \times 09$ went into houses of their own; and the remainder, who all took lodgings, only $1200 \times \frac{2}{14}$ went into first-floors, while a great portion of the enormous residue rented garrets. Of 60,000 wedding-rings, that weighed when new 1,000 ounces, there were only 5 that were worn into two, 59,994 had lost a trifle in weight, and the remaining one had been dropped in the streets and never picked up again. Of 300 couples taken promiscuously in one District, 295 had come to the church in cabs, and the remaining 5 had never arrived, having got drunk on the road by treating the drivers. Of the 295 couples that came to the church in cabs, 294 haggled about the fare, and the remaining 1 having frankly confessed that he was without money, borrowed the amount of his wife's sister, who acted as bridesmaid.

† Mr. Corks is mistaken, Birds of Paradise are dressed in Rainbow-Polkas, with Apple-Blossom Skirts of the Garden of Eden.

dear madam—the brain feels dressed when the body is characteristically habited. A wonderful piece of work is man, as the great Dr. Dobbs says. I can say it, I never felt the true color of a part until I had the rouge on.”



“You!” cried Miss Fluke, with piercing emphasis, and vehemently winking at the same moment. “As my friend S——W—— once observed,”* was the adroit amendment of Corks. “And, therefore, Miss Fluke may feel that the orange-flowers, and the lace, and all the bridal appointments may make the illusion of marriage more complete. Is it not so, my dear young lady?”

* We ought to rejoice in the high state of civilization which it is the happy lot of this country to enjoy, and do our utmost to disseminate so great a blessing among our barbarous brothers of other and less fortunate climes. What can be more painful to the noble philanthropist than the knowledge that in this, the nineteenth century, there exists upon the face of the earth human beings so lost

Miss Fluke was about to answer; but Miss Griffin suddenly lifted her hand edgewise, as though ready to chop in two any sentence that her audacious pupil might dare to venture. It was very extraordinary—Miss Fluke was silent.

“And now, my dear madam,”—and Corks sounded the words like a ring of bells—“now, shall we go on with the Marriage-Service?” As Corks said this, he smiled very widely, and one eye half slumbered, half winked on the cheek of Miss Griffin; who, all unconsciously to match the smile that opened the mouth of Corks, smiled very widely herself.

“Ha! ha! ha!” roared the sharp-eyed Miss Fluke, laughing in every bone of her body.

“How dare you laugh?” exclaimed Miss Griffin, and her cheek tingled with blood as with a nettle—“Is there to be no propriety, Miss Fluke? What are you laughing at?”

“Please, ma’am,” answered Miss Fluke, laughter still bubbling from her, “please, ma’am, it’s Miss Palmer tickling me.”

Miss Palmer—Fluke’s next companion—a fair, quiet girl of nineteen, with flaxen hair and blue china eyes, looked wonderingly at Miss Fluke, and was preparing herself to meekly deny the imputation, when Fluke, sharply nodding her head, said—“You know you did, dear; but never mind.”

Miss Griffin looked hopelessly upon her youngest pupil; and then, with suppressed desperation, and something like a ghastly smile, said to Mr. Corks—“Its no use; we had better go on with the Marriage-Service. That may tame her.”

Then there was a rustling sound, as the fifty pupils smoothed themselves and took “close order;” and we had seen enough of Miss

to all refinement and reason, that they actually are degraded enough to wear their rings through their noses instead of their ears. Does not the eloquent voice of enlightenment and humanity call upon us to contribute to our utmost to rescue those poor, benighted creatures from that deplorable state of ignorance and barbarism which prompts them to embellish their countenances with *yellow ochre* instead of *carmine*, and to add a new charm to the complexion by the application of Cocoa-nut oil rather than Kalydor?

Fluke to feel assured, from her busy expression of face, that, come what might, she was determined to distinguish herself. She had not endued her person with white satin, lace, and orange-flowers for nothing.

"It is not to be forgotten, ladies," said Miss Griffin with a practised air, "that, according to the most authentic returns, the population of the world is—is—it's very odd; but what is it, exactly, Mr. Corks?"

"The learned Mr. Pinnock"—said Corks, in thorough bass, to give weight to the authority—"the learned Mr. Pinnock, who was a patient man, and had doubtless counted heads, says, 800,000,000."

"I should say"—observed Miss Fluke, desolately ignorant of political economy—"I should say, the more the merrier." Miss Griffin would not hear the rebel, so Corks proceeded.

"Eight hundred millions. And it is one of the many instances of the wisdom of Nature—Divine Goddess!—that of the millions that are every year born the numbers are equal; when I say equal, I mean so many million little boys to so many million little girls."

"That's nice," cried Miss Fluke.

"Nice!" shouted Miss Griffin.

"I mean, ma'am, it's just as it ought to be," said Miss Fluke, a little confidently.*

And Miss Griffin could not deny it.

* A lady's chance of getting married is at its maximum between the ages of twenty and twenty-five. Before twenty, a lady has but one-fifth, and from twenty-five to thirty, but one-third of that maximum chance. After thirty her chance, as may be supposed, gradually dwindles away to zero; and hence we conclude the great length of time some ladies take in arriving at that age. Men, as is well known, marry later than women; yet the great majority of marriages are contracted while both parties are under twenty-five. Men, however, retain the power of contracting matrimony to a later age than women. Out of 29,875 single persons who married last year, there were only three spinsters above sixty years of age (at least *confessedly* so), whereas there were eleven bachelors. A widower, it seems, selects a more steady age than a bachelor; while a widow, invariably, prefers that her second or third husband be very much younger than herself.



CHAPTER V.

THE MARRIAGE-SERVICE CLASS CONTINUED. "I WILL."

"Halloah! Halloah! what's all this precious clatter?
Why bless me, madam, what can be the matter?"

MISS GRIFFIN, looking down the line of girls, but loftily avoiding the eye of Miss Fluke, proceeded. "Now it is particularly necessary, young ladies, that the population tables of the world should enter into your most serious thoughts. Every young lady apt to marry"—

"'Apt' is a very good phrase—sweetly veiled word," said

the accentuating Corks, ringing his silvery notes upon the syllables. Miss Griffin drooped her eyelids, smiled, juttied a little curtsy, and went on. "Every marriageable young lady is to consider—so to speak—the 'state of the market.' Thus, before she gives away her hand, she is to remember the millions of young men there are to pick from. If ever there was a mistake in the world—if ever there was an alarming error, most injurious to the peace of respectable families—it is the pagan superstition that '*people were made for one another*;' that they came into the world paired like pigeons, or like—"

"Hooks-and-eyes!" cried Miss Fluke, coming to the rescue, as Miss Griffin paused.

"Will you take my words when they're out of my mouth, Miss Fluke, and not before?" said the Governess, very freezingly. "It is this dark mistake, ladies, that tends to enslave us. Out of our very ignorance!" cried Miss Griffin, vivaciously, "do we forge our own fetters!"

"Beau-ti-ful!" exclaimed Corks, applauding with the tips of his fingers; "Beau-ti-ful!" re-echoed the Professor, of Intonation, "and so true!"

Miss Griffin, slightly flushed with the plaudits, continued. "'Hooks-and-eyes,' indeed! Why, there was my worthy aunt, Emeline, who married Deacon Winterbottom seven years ago, at which time gowns were fastened by eight hooks-and-eyes only. For the first year of poor aunt's marriage, old Winterbottom hook-and-eyed the whole eight; the second year, he peevishly restricted his attention to seven; the third, to six; the fourth, to five; the fifth, to four; and so on, decreasing; until last Friday morning, as she informs me—the anniversary of the seventh wedding—when you would have supposed him possessed of the dearest and fondest recollections, he dropped another hook-and-eye, intimating that for the term of his natural life he would restrict himself to one—the hook-and-eye at the top.

"The craftiness of man is truly frightful! Take warning then

by the example now given; stipulate for a due performance of *toilet attention* on the part of your husbands. It is the alarming bigotry that '*people were made for one another*' that makes thousands upon thousands of young ladies throw themselves away every year."

"Could we come at the returns," groaned Corks, from his cavernous chest, "they would doubtless be tremendous!"

"It is this benighted belief in woman that the first man who asks her for her hand is the very man sent on purpose into the world to put the question, that leaves her, so to speak, no power over herself. Poor darkened thing! She instantly thinks her time is come, and so at the first question, rounds her lips like a wedding-ring, and says—'Yes!' Lamentable superstition!" sighed Miss Griffin.

"Strange infatuation!" groaned Corks.

"Now, ladies, this sad mistake arises from our defective education; but that woman will, ultimately, take precedence, is evident from the fact that she was *last* created. Creation began at the bottom of the scale, with plants and reptiles, then it ascended to quadrupeds and birds, then to man; and last of all—as the glorious Burns tells us—to woman. Listen:

' Dame Nature swears the lovely dears
Her every work surpasses, O!
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O!'

This places Woman at the very Top of Creation; only before she could positively reach that top, she was doomed (for some reason or other, not mentioned,) to an apprenticeship of subjection to man, not only to prepare her for her elevation, but in order to vindicate Divine justice by giving each sex its turn of precedence.

"Only think, ladies, of the weary millions of our sex who yet remain enslaved! and who are still toiling under the cruel yoke of their unholy oppressors! but, fortunately, this state of things

is rapidly drawing to a close ; and the only matter for astonishment is, that woman (who is by nature a warlike creature) should have so long endured it.

"Was ever there such a selfish conceited creature as man? He reminds us of the 'stuck-up' impertinence of the 'Hen-Protector' or 'Lord of the Poultry-Yard,' who firmly believes that when the sun has risen it is by his command! It seems as if the creature would go into convulsions with vanity. The crowing is more like a fit than a spontaneous movement. The same sort of fit takes place if, after defying the creature, you turn your back upon it and retire. It then thinks it has defeated you, and up it raises the shrill gallicant. This is to tell all the hens how well it has defended them! and that the enemy is put to flight! The mischief, ladies, lies in this little nutshell—we women don't think enough of ourselves."*



"Oh, don't we!" cried Miss Fluke, jumping up, and coming down upon her toes; "when a hen has laid an egg, does not a

* It cannot be doubted, that a woman is better acquainted with her own virtues than any other person can possibly be. And if she did not occasionally let the world know the high opinion she entertained of herself; her "unholy oppressor" would naturally infer that she who knew herself best, had weightier reasons than mere modesty for hesitating to give herself a good character.

similar spirit take possession of her? She does not care a pin for the dawn of the day, or the rising of the sun. These are matters of inferior importance to a hen, because she can go to bed and get up when she pleases!—"See what an egg I've laid," cries she—"Cuck—uck—uck—awe!" The creature goes into convulsions; becomes possessed! It is not a voluntary act, the cackle; it is a—a—a powerful fit which almost chokes her!"*

The Governess would not notice her pupil, but turned to Mr. Corks.

"Fact, madam—fact, women don't think enough of themselves," said the Professor of Intonation, and we felt that, at least, an affirmative was required of ourselves. We paid it.

"Now suffer me, ladies, to give you a moral and an example," said Miss Griffin. "I will suppose all of you what is usually called 'settled in life,'—as if a poor woman's life, heaven help her! ever was settled! But no matter. You want to purchase a melon—the very best melon—for a dessert. You ride or walk, as the husband may be, to the market. Well, the very first melon you behold may be a very beautiful one, indeed; nevertheless, you don't immediately buy it. Now, ladies, it should be with husbands as with melons. Listen. You don't, I say, directly purchase the first melon; but you take a turn round the market, resolving, should you meet with no better bargain, to return to the first."

"That's all very well," rattled Miss Fluke—for her words seemed fighting with one another—"that's all very well; but suppose, in the meantime, somebody else should come and take that very melon away?"

Miss Griffin swelled in silence. She then burst into speech: "Miss Fluke, I don't know that we are safe under the same roof

* A singular discovery has been made in Madagascar. A fossil-egg of enormous size has been found in the bed of a river. The shell is $\frac{3}{4}$ ths of an inch thick. The circumference of the egg is 2 feet $\frac{3}{4}$ ths lengthwise; and 2 feet $\frac{3}{4}$ ths round the middle.

with you—I don't. For your effrontery is enough to set the house on fire."

Here gentle Miss Palmer ventured to twitch Miss Fluke's frock and whisper—"Don't love; you'll make her so angry." This advice was confidently and pleasantly acknowledged by a movement of Miss Fluke's elbow.

"Ladies," said Miss Griffin, "you know what I mean." And this liberal assumption, as in so many daily cases, saved a world of inquiry. "We now return to the population tables. 800,000,000, I believe, Mr. Corks?"—the Professor bowed. "Well, we'll say we are half; that leaves 400,000,000 to you. 400,000,000. Half of them, we'll say, are already married; that leaves us 200,000,000. Half of this number we must deduct for the aged and the youthful, the too old and the too young; which leaves us exactly 100,000,000 of eligible men to marry with."

"One hundred millions!" cried several of the girls with staring looks.

"How very curious!" half whispered the timid Miss Palmer.

"How very satisfactory!" exclaimed the keen Miss Rodgers.

"Never forget the number, ladies," said Miss Griffin. "The memory of it will be as an armor and a stay to you. Never forget it—there are," said Miss Griffin, taking breath, "100,000,000 of eligible husbands. Perhaps more, Mr. Corks?"

"No doubt, ma'am," said Corks; "no doubt. In so vast a calculation—and permit me to say that you have certainly the finest mathematical head since Sappho—in so vast a calculation, what are a few millions of people more or less, to play with? 100,000,000 of husbands!"

"Is that counting Blackamoors and Cannibals?" screamed the precise Miss Fluke; "or are they to go for nothing?"

"Go for nothing!" Do you call yourself a Christian?" cried Miss Griffin, not knowing exactly what accusing question to put. And she turned to the Professor. "Let us, if we can, proceed; but there's no supporting a theory with that girl in the room!"

"All that we wish to arrive at in this Class," said Mr. Corks, "is the proper intonation of the words 'I Will.'"

"It is the proper utterance of these terrible words, sir," said Miss Griffin solemnly, now looking at us, and then along her line of pupils, "that once and for all fixes the position of the wife. In her pronounciation—I beg your pardon, Mr. Corks—in her intonation of those two words lies the fate of her future existence! It is impossible to overrate the value of those two fearful syllables. A woman should, at that moment, throw her whole character into them. If ever a man is softened—and, I confess it, I am ready to support any theory to the contrary—"

"Dear madam," warbled Corks, in deprecation.

"Oh, I am," said Miss Griffin, with a little hurried laugh. "If he is ever softened, it is at the marriage minute; and that is the time for the wife to make the impression. Thus, sir—for as I've said before, I quite think you 'one of us'—thus all the discipline of our present class is to arrive at the triumphant pronounciation—I beg your pardon, Mr. Corks—intonation of that short reply, 'I will!'"

"Very true," we observed, breaking a long silence. "Very true. The words themselves arn't much; but it's what they convey."

"That's it, sir; that's precisely it," said Miss Griffin, solemnly.

"Can't you understand the possibility of a situation where even a monosyllable properly intonated," said Corks, "may be most sublime? What is 'No!' 'Yes!' 'Pooh!' In themselves nothing. And yet, sir," said the Professor, turning to us, "I have known an actor—who shall be nameless—who, intonating either one of those syllables, would make it sound"—here Corks slowly descended, word by word, into the depths of his voice—"sound, sir, like the knell of a broken heart."

"Exactly—that's it"—said Miss Griffin, and she unconsciously flourished her handkerchief. "However, if you please—now—Mr. Corks."

"Immediately, dear madam,"—and the Professor took his place at the end of the class. It was the first day of meeting since the vacation, and Miss Jenks, the eldest young lady—as in more likely danger of matrimony—headed the file.

"Now, Miss Jenks, if you please—'Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband to'—but we'll come at once to the cue, which is—'so long as ye both shall live?'"

"I will," said Miss Jenks, with the greatest composure.

"My dear young lady," said Corks, "that will not do. Where is your intonation? Pardon me; but you answer 'I will,' as though you were asked to take a custard, and not a husband."

"Very flat, indeed," said Miss Griffin. "Try her again, Mr. Corks."

"You see, Miss Jenks—pardon me; but you should seem to have a sense of the immense value of what you bestow—for though only two syllables, you must remember what they give away! Eh, sir?" and the Professor of intonation glanced at us.

"True, sir; very true," we said, to give poor Miss Jenks time; "they've a wonderful brevity; it's a pity conveyancers can't adopt it; 'twould save a world of parchment."

"Now, dear young lady. You are to remember the peculiar honor you are about to convey; you are not for an instant to forget that you have in the handsomest manner chosen one happy person from the whole world," said Corks.

"That is, from 100,000,000," chimed in Miss Griffin; "leaving ninety-nine million nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine for the one obliged individual standing at the altar." Here Miss Griffin took breath.

"Dear madam!" cried Corks, "what rapidity of calculation! Oh, what a chair you ought to have filled at Cambridge!"*

* Flattery, in skillful hands, is a powerful weapon; but it will not adhere when "laid on too thick." The following is a case in point. A bear, who was taking a lesson in dancing, and who believed that he could not fail to be admired, paused on his hind legs to ask an ape how he liked his dancing? "To

"Let us proceed," said Miss Griffin, deprecating praise.

"Once more, Miss Jenks," said Corks, "and as you are about to speak, as you are about to answer 'I will,' you must be good enough in your mind's eye to see the 99,000,000 and, upward that you have rejected for the one chosen—and this will give you an elevation of mind that will naturally impart the proper intonation of utterance. That 'I will' ought to be struck—I should say—like a silver arrow through the husband's heart, fixing it forever!"

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Miss Griffin, rather loudly to herself.

"You will, my dear young lady, receive the cue again, if you please," said Corks. "Now then—as you both shall live?"

Miss Jenks, a little abashed, hesitated; whereupon, "I will!" like two roasted chestnuts, popped from the mouth of Miss Fluke.

"You will!" exclaimed Miss Griffin, vehemently: and then she moderated her passion. "But I should hope—never!"

"Dear madam," said the pacificator Corks to Miss Griffin, "I can see it; Miss Jenks is a little fluttered. Will you, my dear madam, be kind enough to re-assure her? Will you assist her to make the response? Miss Wintermute (the Assistant Governess) will give the cue."

Miss Griffin meekly assented, Mr. Corks standing up as bridegroom. Miss Wintermute put the question, and Miss Griffin, tolling the words like a bell, answered, "I will!"

Miss Fluke danced round and round, clapped her hands, and, stifling with laughter, whisked from the room.

say the truth, friend, you dance very badly; you are too heavy." "But surely I do not want grace: and what you call 'heaviness,' may it not be dignity of carriage?" and Bruin recommenced his practice with somewhat of an offended air. "Bravo!" cried an ass, who now passed by, "such light and graceful dancing I have never seen; it is perfection itself." But this unqualified praise was too much for even the self-love of the bear, and, startled by it into modesty, he said within himself, "While the ape only censured I doubted, but now the ass praises me, I'm sure I must dance horribly."

Could Miss Griffin have screwed herself to Amazonian pitch—could she have arisen to her own ideal of feminine firmness—sure we are she would have sacrificed Miss Fluke upon the spot, by denouncing her as “the expelled one!” But for the milkiness of human nature seething in the bosom of the mistress of Capsicum House, the forlorn Miss Fluke—with all her boxes—would have been sent forth into the wide world, to travel onward to an obscure grave, a rejected Griffin. This judgment, though deserved by the offender, was too terrible to be pronounced by the mistress; who, it may be, thought also of the scandal that might fly-spot the white fame of Capsicum House. And therefore, mingled motives of benignity and profit made Miss Griffin tolerant of the audacious Miss Fluke; who, by the laughing willfulness of seventeen, confounded and governed a horrible old maid of thirty-seven.

As Miss Fluke whisked from the room, carried out of it by the unchecked vigor of her laughter, an infectious gayety fell upon the remaining forty-nine young ladies. Mirth ran from face to face, like a line of sudden light. Eyes, black and blue, were dissolving with the fun that shone within them; and lips put themselves into all shapes and contrivances to repress the laughter that—like heart-delighting wine—gently whizzed and oozed at the corners, ready to burst into sparkling foam for man’s sweet intoxication. Forty-nine pair of lips, some in little red lumps, some growing redder beneath the biting pearl, some tightly pressed, some involving one another, and all vainly trying to imprison and slay the God of Mirth, that engendered in the heart, at length burst forth upon the air with a silvery “Ha! ha! ha!”

Miss Griffin, for the first time, knew she had a secret, at the moment it was discovered. Those forty-nine melodious voices were so many accusing spirits, taking all shapes and sounds. Now they tinkled in her ears like a chain of wedding-rings; and now, like the softest and most honeyed notes of a church-organ, they accompanied the hymeneal cherubim—all heads and

voices chanting—“‘I will!’ Ha! ha! ha! ‘I will!’ Ha! ha! ha!”

In that prophetic flash, Miss Griffin saw Mr. Calvin Corks in a new blue coat and white watered satin waistcoat. (She saw no more.) He held the ring; and she felt a cold shiver run to the root of her third finger. Corks smiled—to her thought—looked like Cupid as a bird-catcher, the picture of her earliest valentine. In that lightning moment Miss Griffin felt her marriage minute was come! Ay, come! All things sympathized with the time. The pigeons cooed loudly down the chimney; the orange buds broke in the conservatory; and in the garden, as singeth Planche, the lyrist—

“The lily of the valley rang her peal of silver bells.”

And all this, credulous reader, all this came into the mind of Miss Griffin, struck there by the leading laugh of Miss Fluke, conscientiously followed by her forty-nine schoolfellows. But Miss Griffin was not alone in her reveries on this subject, for we, too, fancied ourselves at the wedding-breakfast, and delivering the following poetical effusion:

“Ladies and Gentlemen,—In rising, on this auspicious occasion, to propose a toast, I feel deeply penetrated with the force of that line of Byron—

“‘Who hath not felt how feebly words essay?’

“My thoughts are too deep for utterance. This morning we have assisted at a joyful ceremony, a ceremony which—which—which—like the sun arising in glory on the ocean, diffuses a halo of joy over the bosom, like brightness over the billows of the dark-blue sea. May the morning which has dawned on requited Affection be succeeded by the noon of Domestic Bliss! Yes, ladies and gentlemen, the cold ones may sneer and swallow their spittles all alone—all alone; but ah! the heart that responds to the echo of sympathy will exclaim,—oh! burningly, gushingly, overpoweringly exclaim,—that

“‘Love is Heaven, and Heaven is Love!’

and that the nuptial knot, consecrated by the torch of the hymeneal altar, is—what shall I say?—is the beacon,—

“ ‘ Which makes a Paradise on Earth,
When hearts and hands combine.’ ”

“ Let us hope that such will be the case in this instance. Let us hope that Miss Griffin—I beg her pardon, she is now Mrs. Corks—will roam throughout her sublunary span, heart linked to heart and hand to hand with the man of her choice, down the long vista of many happy years. Oh! far in the windings of Life’s flowery vale, in their sequestered cottage near an embowering wood, may the happy couple who have just quitted this scene of festivity, harmoniously, like two nightingales in their tranquil nest, live and love together through many changing years—sharing each other’s pleasures and wiping each other’s tears. Ladies and Gentlemen, I give you the health of Mr. and Mrs. Corks!” (Tremendous cheering.)

But Miss Griffin—shaking her feelings as if nothing worthy of note had occurred—became calm, solemnly calm. “The Marriage-Service Class is dismissed,” she said, with a stern serenity; as though with the words she turned away Hymen from her own heart, like an importunate office-seeker whose services were by no means required. “The Marriage-Service Class is dismissed,” she repeated; and the young ladies demurely, as kittens bent on mischief, walked as with velvet feet from the room, every one of them carrying about her lips the beginning of another “Ha! ha! ha!” to be duly finished up stairs.



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF “DOMESTIC BLISS,” OR “CHOPS FOR TWO.”

CHAPTER VI.

MISS GRIFFIN'S SECRET—THE GRAY MARE.

Sweetest creature,—Do not my boldness blame,
Nor treat with scorn my fervent flame,
But pray attend while I declare
My unfeigned love for thee *O rare,*
Soup-herb, delicious, charming *fare!*
With constant love for thee I *burn;*
My proffered heart then do not *spurn;*
Nor deem it *meat* for you to *turn*
Your *head* away, and take *amiss*
My vain attempts your *chops* to *kiss:*
Which often puts me in a *stew;*
And robs me too of all my *pluck.*
Then Oh! relent my dear, my *duck;*

And kinder prove, *sweet maid*, to one
Who loves you thus, or he is done
Completely *brown*! deny me not,
Or all my hopes will "go to *pot*."
But oh! the happy day appoint
When we by Hymen shall be *joint*.

"WHAT will become of that Miss Fluke," said Miss Griffin, still avoiding the eye of Corks, as though it were a bullet; "who can tell?—It is not pleasant to ruin a young lady for life."

"No," said the sepulchral Corks.

"Otherwise," continued the Governess, "I would send her with a penny-post letter home. However, I am afraid that go when she will from this house, she will never leave it with the Gray Mare."

"The Gray Mare!" we cried. "What of the gray mare?"

"Oh, a symbol—merely a symbol," replied Miss Griffin. We gracefully pressed for an explanation. "Well, then, you must understand," said the Governess, "that when a young lady, fitted with all the acquirements of a wife and a housekeeper—a young lady, educated at Capsicum House, to guide her husband as Minerva guides her peacock, with reins unfelt, unseen—mere reins of moonshine,—"

"Sunshine," we suggested, as an improved material for conjugal harness.

"Say sunshine," consented Miss Griffin. "When she quits this place, duly furnished for the altar, the dining-room, and the pantry, she is always taken to her home by the gray mare. When married—if she remain a true Capsicum, and I am proud to say I have known but few backsliders,—when married, sir, she is carried to the home of her husband by four gray mares. For in a gray mare, sir,—you shall by-and-by see our darling in the pasture—in a gray mare, as you ought to know, there is a proverb and a symbol."

We bowed to the existence of the proverb; and then—for we marked that Miss Griffin desired to talk—and then we observed,

"The saying is very ancient. Yes; the gray mare is old—doubtless very old?"

"I am assured, sir, by Professor Waghistail," answered Miss Griffin, "that she came out of Noah's ark with Noah's wife and Noah's sons' wives."

"No doubt of it," sounded Corks. "I have somewhere read that the Amazons—we have few such women now," and Corks looked at Miss Griffin—"the Amazons always strung their bows from a gray mare's tail; and I believe it is not saying too much of those distinguished ladies to assert, that their arrow never missed their man, and their bow never wanted a string. Happy women!"

"The world was worth living in then," said Miss Griffin, with a sigh.

"It is for you, madam," said Corks, "to roll back that world. As for the Gray Mare, her history—I mean her domestic history—is yet to be developed. I have no doubt she is a—a myth"—finished Corks, looking somewhat appealingly for an explanation of the syllable he had ventured.

"It has just struck me, Mr. Corks, that as in some highly favored parts our world, they have the Order of the Sheep, the Order of the Elephant—if I am right," ventured Miss Griffin, "the Order of the Lion, and the Order of the Bear (an excellent Order), for men,—that it would be an admirable institution, to have the Order of the Gray Mare, for women."

"Splendid!" shouted Corks. "Splendid!" re-echoed the Professor of Intonation, "and why not found the Order yourself, dearest madam, and hold your first Chapter—if I am not wrong—here in Capsicum House?"

"I almost feel it my mission," said Miss Griffin. "Nevertheless, society is hardly ripe for it. To be sure, until the proper time shall come, the sisterhood might be one of secrecy. Every wife found worthy of the Order of the Gray Mare need not show it."

"At least, not before company," we ventured to remark.

And then Miss Griffin shook her head and cried—"My dear sir, on second thoughts, only think of the temptation!"

"Very true," we answered; "no; it is not to be expected. 'Twould be like wearing diamonds under a nightcap."

"Mr. Corks!" exclaimed Miss Griffin, as though she looked to him for protection; and then, with cold composure, she said, "if you please, as we are upon the subject, and the school is up for the day, we will walk to the pasture."

Mr. Corks, bending his arm like the bow of Cupid, offered it to Miss Griffin, who just laid her five fingers on the proffered limb, as though playfully afraid of it.

We descended into the garden, and turning zig-zag, right and left, came into the poultry-yard. Suddenly Miss Griffin stopped, and pointing to a gander that stood motionless beside a small, low shed, observed, "Look there! The goose has been four weeks, last Friday, on her eggs; and, except to eat a bit, and now and then to wash himself, that faithful creature, her mate, has never left the spot."



Corks moved his head up and down in solemn admiration; and then, with his searching eye upon the gander, slowly remarked, "Philoprogenitiveness very large."

Feeling that some word was required of us, we said, "Such tenderness in an irrational creature, madam, is a touching sight."

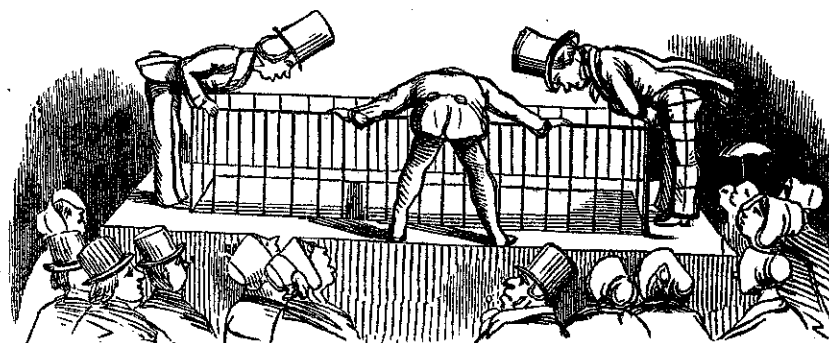
"Oh, sir," cried Miss Griffin, and pathetically, too, "Oh, sir, when I sometimes read the 'Woman's Rights Monitor,' and think of the faithfulness of the birds of the air (to say nothing of water-fowl,) I confess it, I blush for a *part* of my species."

"It is very kind of you, Miss Griffin," said we.

"Not but what I sometimes think we wrong poor animals. Now, geese, Mr. Corks,"—and suddenly the Professor of Intonation looked quite alive to the subject—"I think geese very much slandered; I am convinced of it, geese have great judgment."

"Well, my dear madam, I must say it—my experience as a minister of the—cannot wholly deny it," and Corks feebly smiled.

"And do the young ladies," we inquired, "pursue their studies here? Have you a Poultry-Class?"



"Most certainly," said Miss Griffin, as she walked on. "How defective is the education of a woman who cannot detect a chicken from a maternal hen; a duckling from the grandmother of ducks; a young stubble-geese from a goose grown gray with years! Reflect, sir, for a moment on the domestic acerbity likely to be occasioned by old poultry brought to table. I have known,

sir, men of the best tempers—with tough poultry to carve—turned into demons. Now, sir, at Capsicum House the pullet is watched, I may say from the egg to the spit; and thus the serenity of the future husband is secured. But here, my dear sir," said Miss Griffin, suddenly halting, "here is the pasture with the Gray Mare."



CHAPTER VII.

MISS FLUKE RIDES THE GRAY MARE—THE DRUNKEN HUSBAND.

Whan the rain raineth, and the gose winketh,
Litell woteth the gosling, what the gose thinketh.

"STAY, madam," we observed; "we may disturb the young ladies." Saying this, we shrunk behind a tree, and Miss Griffin, gently pressed by Mr. Corks, felt herself squeezed aside from the gate she was about to open. At a glimpse we saw that all the school was assembled in a corner of the field, gathered about the Gray Mare, whose keen, proud, handsome head—bearing a garland of Bachelors'-buttons, Jump-up-and-kiss-me's, and Venus'-looking-glass, selected and woven, as we afterward learned, by Miss Fluke—rose above the talking, laughing crowd that with white, small, tender hands patted the Mare's satin skin, or braided her silken mane, or offered her delicate grass or sweet hay.

"Dear young ladies!" we cried; "they seem very fond of the creature."

"It is a part of their education, sir," said Miss Griffin, "always to remember what is due to the Gray Mare. It is always"—

Here Miss Griffin was interrupted by a loud musical shouting, and clapping of hands; and the crowd of girls breaking apart, the Gray Mare, throwing up her head, as though proud of its beauty, leaped forth like a hound, Miss Griffin—with beautiful presence of mind—killing a ready scream by stopping up her mouth with her pocket-handkerchief. "It's that Miss Fluke," she cried at length, in a smothered voice, at the same time unconsciously pinching the arm of Corks, to relieve her feelings.

It was Miss Fluke mounted on the Gray Mare, and without saddle or bridle—her little hand buried in the creature's mane—she sat as easily and as smilingly as though she was upon a cushion; and as the mare broke into a gallop, Miss Fluke let her have a taste of the silver spurs, waved a green branch over her head, and laid it on the animal's neck; and sure we are that Apollo, with his keen eye for beauty, must have pulled up his team for one little point of time to admire Miss Fluke's horsemanship.

"Fluke"—"Fluke, dear"—"Fluke, love, don't," cried and shouted the girls, as the mare galloped faster and faster; the young lady dug into her sides "like sixty" with the "ticklers," and mightily enjoyed the fun, and waving a graceful bravado with her green branch, cried "Hooray!—Capsicum House forever!—Hooray!—The ——— take the hindmost! Ha! ha! ha!"

"She'll break her neck," cried Miss Griffin, with solemn resignation. The next minute the Gray Mare leaped the five-barred gate like a wild-cat.

Miss Griffin screamed. "I said I'd do it, and Palmer's lost the gloves!" cried Miss Fluke, as, in a second, she sprang off the creature, shook her rumpled curls, dropped a curtsy, and bounded like a ball out of sight.

"Dear madam," said the sonorous Corks, "if she can only

ride the Gray Mare in that fashion all her life, what a *Griffin* she'll make—what a glory she'll shed upon Capsicum House!"

Miss Griffin smiled—a flurried smile, and begged for some minutes to be excused. She must follow that rebel.* Mr. Corks could not suffer her to cross the Poultry-yard alone; and left us to open the gate for the re-admission of the poor mare into her pasture. This done, we sauntered with premeditated leisure—not to interfere with the Professor of Intonation in his excursion to the Poultry-yard—back to the garden.

We entered a "Walk," and were musing now on the hopes and vanities of life, and now on the bursting buds of peonies, when we heard a sharp, short sound, that revealed the near presence of soda-water. Guided by our ear, we turned with speed into another "walk," and instantly beheld a man, seated in a garden-chair, with a goblet to his mouth. Looking full at us with his hat slouched over his right eye, he undisturbedly drank; took the glass from his lips; threw it aside; fetched a deep breath; jumped up; and, with a ragged voice, said—"Good morning, sir."

"Good morning. A nice cool draught that," we answered.

"Ha, sir! They're all very well, these nice cool draughts," cried the stranger; "very well in their way; but oh, dear sir, what a pleasant thing brandy-and-water would be, if there was no to-morrow morning in it!"

The man had a loose, potable look. It was plain that his face, like hot-house fruit, had ripened under a glass. It seemed to us

* Avarice, ambition, terror, may have energy; but there is one passion lurks within the human breast whose very instinct is murder. Once lodged within the heart, for life it rules—ascendant and alone!—sports in the solitude like an antic fiend! It pants for blood, and rivers will not sate its thirst. When is it that woman has no eye but for the plucked-out heart of her she hates; no hand but for that clutch—that one last clutch? Who is it that has been wise, yet now will cast away reason; was kind and pitiful, yet now mimics the humanity of the hyena? Who is it hews his foe to pieces—writes "Acquittal" on his tomb—and dies? That wretch is *Jealous*!

very strange that such a man should be found in a place of floral purity and sweetness. We had as soon looked for distilled juniper in the cups of tulips. He looked heavily at us, and without another word put his hand to his head, as though remembrances of last night—like hammers—were beating there.



"Pray, sir," we said, with our best politeness, "do you belong to Capsicum House?"

"Not yet: I'm only here on trial; and I'm a little afeard I shan't quite answer. They tell me I ain't half quarrelsome enough. I'm sorry for it; and nobody can say more. I'm sorry for it," he repeated emphatically.

Finding him so far communicative, we proceeded. "What, sir, may be your profession here?"

"Oh, I'm on liking for the Drunken Husband," answered the stranger, and we stared very widely. "Oh, I am, as sure as my name is Peter H. Lathergrass. But, as I said, I'm afeard I shan't answer—I'm too peaceable by half."

"The man is intoxicated," we thought; and immediately Mr. Lathergrass divined our opinion, for he very knowingly shook his head, and cried, "No, I ain't; not a bit on it!"

"The Drunken Husband!" we exclaimed. "And is it possible that Miss Griffin can entertain, even in fiction, so horrid an animal?"

"Miss Griffin," replied Mr. Lathergrass, "is a lady of the world; and though I may not be fort'nate enough to suit her—though I may be too peaceable for the average run, as she says—I won't hear a word agin' her. Last night, you see, was my night for coming home dead drunk, and I'm suffering for it. But then, it's all in the way of bus'ness, and a man must live. Finding ourselves in this world—dust and ashes as we all are—we must make the best of it. Still my mind tells me that I don't answer; I'm too peaceable in my liquor. If I could only remember to break a few windows, I should begin to have hopes. I would then get the Medal."

"You never mean to say," we observed, "that it is your sole business to addict yourself to drunkenness?"

"No, not my principal employment, certainly, not; it's only a job for over hours," replied Mr. Lathergrass. "My reg'lar business, you see, is this—I'm a dealer in Mince-pies and Cream-cakes, but they are poor affairs of themselves. Now if I can only add to them, for a certainty, the Drunken Husband, I shall feel myself a gentleman for life. 'Two dollars a-day and roast beef,' eh?"

We could not distinguish the true meaning of the man through his haziness of speech. We confess that we were not prepared for such an attachment on the part of Miss Griffin to *first prin-*

ciples—though they were the especial pets of the Lady of Capsicum House—as to imagine that, for hire and reward, she engaged the representative of a bacchanal husband as a necessary agent in the complete education of young ladies for the future wives of America. In our ignorance, as it will be shown, we greatly undervalued the enthusiasm of a devoted woman.

“You say, Mr. Lathergrass,” we continued, “that last night was your night for coming home drunk? You do not mean to infer that Capsicum House is your home?”

“Most undeniably, sir, I do,” replied Lathergrass boldly. “Look here, sir, and understand me if you can.” We bowed. “Miss Griffin—who knows the heart of man as she knows A, B, C, and can put together and spell all sorts of feelings—Miss Griffin takes it upon herself to be mother to so many young ladies for so much a year—and hard work it must be, take my word for it. She teaches ‘em life, as I may say, in a puppet-show, afore they’re called upon, poor little things! to go and squeeze for themselves. Every young lady here is brought up for a wife. Now, sir, Miss Griffin says that the whole philosophy—yes, I think that’s it—the whole philosophy of a good deal of wedlock is to make the best of an early misfortin.”

“Humph! a sad employment,” we observed.

“Picking oakum’s nothing to it,” said Lathergrass, a little softened.

“Well, sir, it can’t be denied—and Miss Griffin, as a woman of the world, knows it—drunkenness is a good deal about just now.”

We nodded in mournful affirmation.

“A husband, sir, with drink, is a wild beast—a lion coming home to lay down with the lamb!” cried Lathergrass, his eye slightly twinkling with emotion.

“You seem quite alive to the evil of the vice, Mr. Lathergrass?”

“I’m all over alive to it, sir; and I intend to ‘bolish it. That’s

why I’m so ill this morning. You see, I’m hired—or, as Miss Griffin says, my mission here at Capsicum House is this,—to take the part of the Drunken Husband; and to do it so to the life—to make such a thunderin’ noise at the door when I come home o’nights—and such a hubbub when they let me into the passage—and to shout and sing and sit upon the stairs, and swear I’ll never go to bed—so that all the young ladies, seeing what a tipsy husband is, should take the pledge one among another never to have anything to do with the animal. That’s my Mission,” said Lathergrass.*

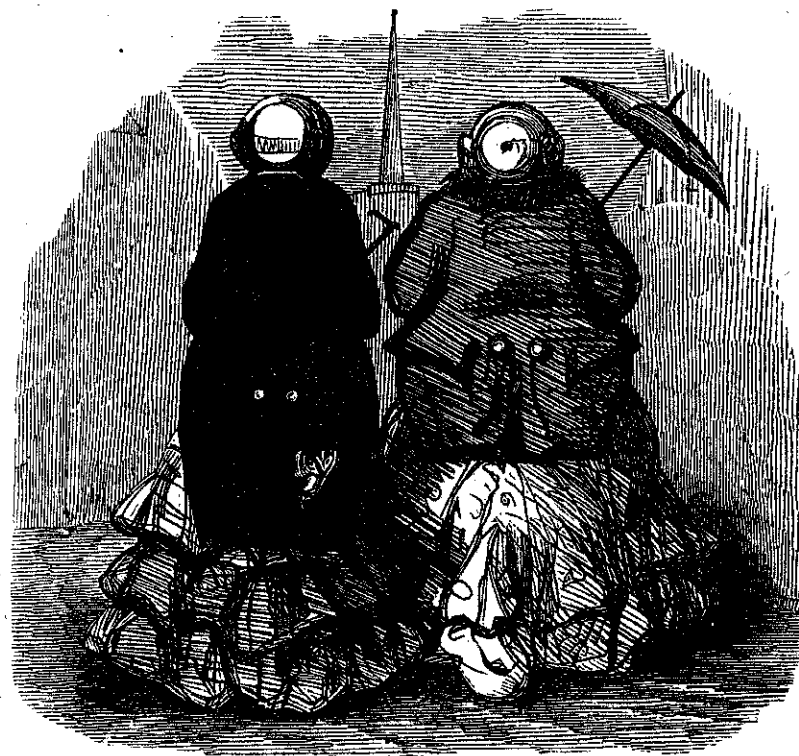
“Very noble, indeed,” we observed.

“Only the worst of it is,” urged Lathergrass, with a mild melancholy—“the worst of it is, I can’t be violent enough. To be sure, they tell me that I would kiss Miss Wintermute last night; that’s getting a little better; a little.” And Mr. Lathergrass wanly smiled with self-encouragement.

“Oh you’ll do, no doubt: and then the cause is so noble,” we said.

* The husband—man should be careful in picking a wife, to prefer money to every other recommendation. If we consider that there are rent and taxes, butchers, poulterers, milliners, &c. to pay, it will at once convince the ambitious Benedick that a Medusa with an annuity is far more desirable than a Venus with nothing but “all the virtues to recommend her.” We have heard of love-in-a-cottage, or what is synonymous, in a second-pair back, where a finely-chiseled nose, a dark lustrous eye, and lips like the rosy lining of the ocean shell, have converted a potato and a red herring into a banquet worthy of the gods. But gentlemen with appetites larger than their incomes, will find that a snub-nose, with \$5,000 per annum, is a far more agreeable companion than even the purest Grecian without a shilling to call her own. If the suitor be poor, and finds that he cannot fascinate any of the “6 per cents,” he should, in selecting a partner equally poor with himself, be certain to give the preference to “Elegant Accomplishments,” rather than to that vulgar article—*utility*; for where is the man so dead to the graces of life, as not to see the superior advantages attendant upon a knowledge of the Italian language to that of Italian irons? What is a hole in your stocking to one in your wife’s manners; or a buttonless shirt to an embroidered kettle-holder? Who would not rather lend his ears to the dullest harmonies of Rossini or Ransford, than listen to the grating discord of the hearth-stone, or the scrubbing-brush?

"It's Miss Griffin's notion, and she carries it out beautiful. Every young lady, wrapt up in three shawls, with short candles, takes it in turn to sit up till three in the morning, to see what a wretch I am. Miss Wintermute (the Assistant Governess) lets me in; and when I've had a good wrangle with the banisters, and show what a brute a lord o' the creation can be,—why then Miss Griffin leads me to bed. It's all in Virtue's cause,—but just now what a precious headache I've got, to be sure!"



CHAPTER VIII.

THE INJURED WIFE—A NEW ARRIVAL.

"That husbands are wretches all wives will allow;
But reciprocal nature, reciprocal mind;
Now Beelzebub and man being mortals alike,
That we have bad husbands is wonder but slight."

"WOMAN'S MISSION," Chap. CXXIX, p. 5001

"THERE's a young lady's footstep!" we cried; and Mr. Lathergrass received the intelligence as though prepared for it. "No doubt it's my rib—that is, the lady that sat up last night—coming, with Miss Palmer," said Lathergrass. "It's about din-

ner. Get behind that holly-bush, and you'll see how Miss Griffin—she's a wonderful woman, sir—teaches her gals to 'do for the men,' as she calls it. This young lady, you'll find, is learning the 'Injured Wife.'"

We followed the direction of Mr. Lathergrass, and saw Miss Palmer—meek, blue-eyed Palmer—accompanied by her guardian, Miss Wintermute (the Assistant Governess), slowly moving down the "Walk." Yes; behind the holly-bush—like hopeless love—we gazed at beauty through a maze of thorns. Miss Palmer—though significantly encouraged by the elbow of Wintermute—could not carry her injuries with dignity. Her face was as fair, bright, and open, as though she had gone to early sleep with the lilies of last night. Surely, we thought, no temper—small, domestic thunder-cloud—will ever threaten in those soft blue eyes; no words, like swarm of angry bees, will ever issue from that honeyed mouth. It is quite impossible, we thought, that the wedding-ring can score one sharp or angry line about those lips, now so frankly, sweetly ripe! And then we remembered that we looked at youth and beauty on the *other* side of the holly-bush—and we thought of the piercing, cruel thorns that *might* oppose them in the worldly way.* Miss Palmer, timidly as a

* The son of the great Irishman, "Fithil the Wise," asked him what was the best thing to maintain a family or a house? Fithil answered, "A good anvil." "What anvil?" says the son. "A good wife," says Fithil. "How shall I know her?" says the son. "By her countenance and virtue," says Fithil, "for the small-short is not to be coveted, though she be fair-haired, nor the thick-short, nor the long-white, nor the swarthy-yellow, nor the lean-back, nor the fair scold or talkative, nor the small fruitful who is fond and jealous, nor the fair-complexioned, who is ambitious to 'see and to be seen.'" "What woman then shall I take," says the son. "Hang me, if I know!" says Fithil, though the large flaxen-haired, and the white black-haired, are the best; but I know no sort fit for a man to trust to, if he wishes to live in peace." "What shall I do with them, then?" says the son. Fithil answered, "You shall let them all alone, or take them for good or evil, as they may turn out; for until they are consumed to ashes they will not be free from imperfections." When taking the leap through the wedding-ring, how seldom do we ascertain that the blanket of wedded existence is held tight on the other side!

dove, approached Lathergrass, and tried to frown. Beautiful are such trials, that is, most beautiful in their failure. Success, as sometimes in other matters, spoils all. And therefore let wives—if they *will* be pretty wayward—let them, by all means, try to frown; but—oh, ye "household gods," that pinch dimples in unwrinkled cheeks—never let them succeed. At such a time defeat gives to them the sweetest grace. Miss Palmer tried to speak upbraidingly; but her lips broke into a set of smiles, and her full white throat seemed as though swallowing her laughter. "That will never do, Miss," said the old maid, Wintermute, in a low voice. "If you don't frown, and speak your mind, you'll always be put upon. Look at me." Hereupon, Miss Wintermute—rehearsing the "Injured Wife"—threw back her head, and swept up to Lathergrass. In a moment, there was a storm in every corner of her face; black and all black. Her lips were bent, and, to our thought, barbed like Sockdologer fish-hooks. Notwithstanding that Wintermute was an old maid, it was clear she had great imaginative powers; for it was impossible to look connubial injury more to connubial life. Lathergrass—not sufficiently hardened in the iniquities of a husband—acknowledged the fine ideality of the passion; for he hung down his head, and shook like a tame rabbit, eyed by a snake.

"And I suppose," said Miss Wintermute, rehearsing with energy, "I suppose, Mr. Lathergrass, you call yourself a Man?"

"Why—yes—that is, if I may be so bold,"—and he breathed, and courageously added—"my dearest honey."

"Don't dearest honey me, Mr. Lathergrass; you know I hate it." Nevertheless, a little bit of red and white dawned in Wintermute's face; and her eye broke with a mild forgiving light upon the fictitious husband.

"Pray, Mr. Lathergrass, if I may be allowed to ask the question, do you dine at home to-day?"

"Yes, sweetest darling"—and Lathergrass affected to shiver at the endearment—"in course. Never so happy, you know, as

when at home—never! So my love,”—Wintermute remained very calm—“my dearest honey, I don’t know what it is that’s put it into my head, but—what do you think of a goose?”

“A goose!” said Wintermute, evidently relenting, “I’m sure it’s a shame to put innocent geese to any such use. A goose!”

“Well, you do stuff the poor things so nice, my dear,” said Lathergrass, “you fairly drive me to it. ’Tisn’t the drink at night as I cares for, but the goose the next day! I never have goose, my darling, that I don’t feel happy for nearly a week, perhaps more.”

“You don’t deserve that anybody should care a fig for you,” said Wintermute, observing that Miss Palmer had wandered into another “Walk.” The teacher, however, was not made the less earnest in her task by the neglect of her pupil; certainly not. For, moved by the passion of her assumed part, she sidled, wife-like, nearer to Lathergrass, and, looking in his eyes, and holding out her hand, she repeated the opinion, that he was an old humbug and undeserving of the love of any mortal creature.

Mr. Lathergrass—not to be behind-hand as a husband—took the proffered palm, squeezed it, and with the quickness of a serpent, as Wintermute afterward declared, wound his arm about her waist and endeavored to kiss her. At this harmonious moment, the voice of Miss Fluke—like a bird’s—rang through the garden with a tremendous “Ha! ha! ha! Go it, ye cripples! Ha! ha! ha! Go it, ye cripples! Ha! ha! ha! Palmer!—Palmer dear!” cried Fluke, and she came bounding down the path.

“Here, love,” answered Miss Palmer, turning a tall white rose-bush; and, to our fancy, looking as though she was a part of it. “Here, dearest.”

“Oh, come away from this nonsense!” said Fluke, running up to her.

“Nonsense!” cried the old maid, Wintermute; “are you aware, Miss Fluke, that Miss Palmer is pursuing her studies?”

“Studies! I say all nonsense. Miss Griffin might as well teach

people to sleep. Do you suppose, when I’m married, I shan’t know how to scold my husband? Teach ducks to swim. I warrant me! You only find the husband, and I’ll find the injuries.”

“I shall report your conduct to Miss Griffin!” said Wintermute; and with rigid eyelids she walked to the house, Mr. Lathergrass, a little sheepishly as we thought, taking another “Walk,” and singing, in half-voice, the song commencing—

“ ‘They may talk as they will of the feeling that lies
In the flush of the face, or the glance of the eyes;
But, dearest of women, I’d rather by halves
Catch a fortunate glimpse of those exquisite calves.’ ”

“Miss Griffin!” exclaimed Fluke; “why, you see this little thumb, Palmer?” And the young lady exhibited one of the smallest and prettiest samples of thumbs we ever beheld. “Well, Miss Griffin, as tall and fat* as she is, is right under it.”

“You don’t say so!” cried the simple Miss Palmer. “Why, what do you know?”

“I know,” said Fluke, “that when people—specially when people are of a certain age—to go down upon one’s knees to ’em, why, then, people ought first to stop up the key-hole!”

“Why, you never mean”—and Miss Palmer, in excess of wonder, could say no more.

“Don’t I mean? But I do though! And when, too, people

* If an individual, having a tendency to corpulency, desire to realize the exuberant description of Falstaff by Prince Henry, the best plan is to eat abundantly of fat meat, oil, sugar, butter, imbibe liberal supplies of ale and wine, avoid exercise, let the brain lie fallow, and snore away in bed a moiety of the twenty-four hours. This is the way to create “a huge hill of flesh”—“a globe of sinful continents.” And the way to subjugate an annoying obesity, is to do precisely the contrary to this—to follow Dr. Radcliffe’s pithy advice, “Keep the eyes open and the mouth shut.” In numerous instances, through dread of an unbecoming fatness, we have known young ladies produce serious mischief to their health, by taking immoderate quantities of vinegar, and other supposed preventives of corpulency, for the purpose of reducing themselves to what they deemed the proper slimness. It is astonishing what sufferings they will voluntarily undergo to attain this.

leave letters for people in the strawberry-beds! Bless your chicken-heart, I know everything,—I have seen them billing and cooing. That Miss Griffin is as much my slave—only I wouldn't hurt her, poor soul—as much as if she was any blackamoor. Why, that Mr. Corks is a play-actor!"

"Is it possible!" cried Palmer, really alarmed.

"A positive play-actor, my dear. He played the Ghost in Hamlet when Miss Griffin fell head-over-heels in love with him."

"In love! Miss Griffin! Oh, Fluke!" cried Miss Palmer; "you scandalizing little creature."

"Fell into love—or rather, walked into it, for people don't fall into it at her time of life—thirty-seven. Well, she admired Mr. Corks for his deep voice and thumping proportions. For several weeks she was going about the house thinking of him. One day—you were at home then—one day, at the Turtle-soup Class, not thinking of any of us she held up the Soup-ladle, and said in a solemn way to herself, 'Remember me!' All the girls stared; but I shouted out, 'Alas, poor Ghost!' Well, she colored up so, I wonder she didn't set her cap afire."

"You *do* surprise me!" cried the mild Miss Palmer. "But are you sure, love?"

"Sure! I've got the play-bill hid away in my box; and unless Miss Griffin behaves herself, some of these days won't I flourish it!"

"Girls, girls!" cried the bouncing brunette—Sophy Candytuft, aged eighteen—as she ran down the garden, followed by two or three giggling angels—girls, what do you think? There's a letter came from Miss Hitchcock, that went to California, as Governess says upon the Marriage-Service."

"Well, is she Married?" asked Miss Palmer.

"Married, to be sure she's Married!" cried Candytuft, "and sent us a turtle."

"Real or Mock!" exclaimed Miss Fluke, jumping and clapping her hands.

"You foolish creature," replied Candytuft, "a live turtle. And moreover there's such a splendid-looking Officer, trimmed all over with gold, that's brought it."

"La!" cried Miss Fluke, "a handsome Officer! What have they done with him? Not tied him up, I hope."

"He's now in the parlor, with his Niece," said Candytuft, and Fluke and Palmer immediately—without at all thinking of the matter—arranged their curls, and gave a twitch here and there to their gowns.

"I hope they'll not bring him here," said the gentle Miss Palmer.

"I hope they will!" cried Miss Fluke. "Tell me, Candytuft," said Fluke, "has he got black eyes, curly hair, and skin of a nice sailor-brown?"

"Miss Fluke!" exclaimed Candytuft, opening up her mouth to nearly its fullest capacity.

But at this moment Miss Griffin herself appeared at the top of the "Walk;" and in her hand an unfolded letter.

"Oh, Candytuft!" screamed Fluke, how I should like to go to California!"

"Why, Fluke!" cried Miss Jenks.

"Did you ever hear the like?" said the timid Palmer.

"I should though," said Fluke, for there—

"No goose so gray, but, soon or late,
She finds a gander for her mate."—

"You don't say so," cried Miss Wintermute.

"Yes I do though," repeated Fluke, and she danced round and round the room.

"Well I'll admit," said Candytuft, "it's a great place for husbands, but, then, the risk is great."

"So it is, Candytuft," observed Palmer.

"Risk!" screamed Fluke—"the risk be hanged! There's no risk about it! Why, the moment a Steamer arrives at any of the landings—having ladies on board—the bachelors crowd and—

hover about her after the manner of coachmen, and sing out, 'Have a husband, Miss?—Have a husband, Miss?' In fact," cried Miss Fluke, with the utmost enthusiasm, "to such an extent is veneration for females carried at St. Francisco, that a party of Oregonians—only a few months since—stopped to have a dance round an old cast-off bonnet!" And again Fluke danced round the room.



CHAPTER IX.

A LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA—A TURTLE.

Buy my loves! Such does! plump as patridges, and tender as chickens:
Those that come first will be best served, because they'll have the pickin's.

As Miss Griffin came down the "Walk," Mr. Corks appeared in the back-ground. His face seemed, we thought, ripe with

satisfaction. His eyes—his lover's eyes!—drooped tenderly upon Miss Griffin, as she swept along the path. As she advanced upon the holly-bush that screened us, we sauntered round it, as though lackadaisically strolling from another "Walk."

"I came to seek you," said Miss Griffin, all of a glow. "Ladies,"—and she turned to her pupils, suddenly huddled together, Miss Fluke, however, standing out from the crowd in very bold relief,—“Ladies, to your tasks. In five minutes I shall be prepared to examine the Turtle-Soup Class.”

"If it's real turtle, ma'am," said Fluke, "I'm not yet in it. You know, when you examined me, I hadn't got beyond Calf's-head."

Miss Griffin now really felt that the moment was arrived when, with a tremendous rapartee, she ought relentlessly to crush that daring girl, once and forever. Miss Griffin's mind was made up—she would do it. And then, frowningly she looked above her—then below her—but, somehow, the withering retort would not come: then she looked to the left, into the very middle of a bush of worm-wood—then to the right, on a bed of capsicums—still, neither sharp nor bitter syllable would present itself.

Deep was the vexation of Miss Griffin. She felt "majestic pains," (akin, no doubt, to those of Jupiter, when he would coerce rebellion, but has somewhere mislaid his thunderbolt). And then Miss Griffin smiled, and said, "Nevertheless, Miss Fluke, you will attend the class. Go in child; when you are able to write a letter like this,"—and Miss Griffin laid her hand as reverently upon it as though it had been a thousand dollar Bank-note—"then, for all this care, all this indulgence, how you will bless me!"

Miss Fluke, without condescending to award the least hope of any such future benediction on her part, just jerked a curtsey, and, like a fan-tailed pigeon, minced her way to the house, followed by her companions; whose sides—had Miss Griffin turned to view them—were shaking with laughter in its softest sounds.

"I suppose I shall be rewarded for my trouble with that little

minx—pardon the expression," said Miss Griffin, shrinking from the epithet with all the delicacy of a woman.

"No doubt, madam," said we, comfortingly. "No doubt, your Mission is, indeed, a trial—"

"Sir, but for consolation, for encouragement like this,"—and Miss Griffin shook the letter—"it would destroy the marble statue of a saint. But this conveys with it a real solace."

"The most delicious I ever looked upon," cried Corks, coming up to the word, and rubbing his hands, as we at first thought, in affectionate sympathy with the Governess. "I wonder how much it weighs! You should see the turtle on it's back! A disc, sir—a disc that would have covered Achilles. I cannot account for it,"—and Corks, suddenly intonated in his oiliest falsetto,—“but I do feel a sort of—of—sympathy—of tenderness, when I see a turtle thrown upon it's back! In a moment, my imagination transports me to those waters of cerulean blue—to those shores of golden sand—to the impearled caverns of the deep—where the creature was won't to swim, and bask, and dive; and I do feel for the creature! I always feel for it!”

Miss Griffin's eyes—as the Professor of Intonation ran up and down his voice—dilated with sensibility. Hurriedly she cried, "But this, and things like this—to say nothing of the turtle—are my best reward. It is, sir,"—and Miss Griffin turned to us,—“it is from a dear pupil of mine, the late Caroline Hitchcock, now Lady Colonel Bullwhistle. She went out in 'The Forlorn Hope,' with goods for the Californian Market.”

"And has married well?" we ventured to observe.

"She has married, sir, the man of her choice." She was ever a girl of energy, sir; always would have her own will. And such are the girls, sir, to send to California. They make us respected at home and abroad."

"And, as you say, Miss Hitchcock—landed from the 'The Forlorn Hope'—married the man she loved?"

"I meant to say, sir—that at the very first ball—she made her

own mind up to the man she proposed to make *happy*; and if marriage can insure happiness"—

"*Can!*" echoed Corks, spreading his hands across his waist-coat.

"Caroline has done it! Here is her own sweet letter. I wish I could read it to you, every line"—said Miss Griffin—"but that's impossible. The female heart has so many secret places—unthought of—unsuspected—unvalued"—

"For all the world like a writing-desk"—said the figurative Corks—"a writing-desk with secret drawers. To the common eye—the unthinking eye—there looks nothing: all seems 'fair and above-board'—and then you touch the hidden spring, the drawers fly open, and discover, who shall say what yellow gold, what rustling notes? And such"—said Corks, dropping his voice like a plummet—such is woman's heart."

Miss Griffin sighed, and continued. "Nevertheless, I think I can pick you out some delicious little bits—what I call real bits of feeling."

"That will do, my dear madam," said Corks, "from the little toe of Diana, we may judge the whole of the Parian statue."

"Now, this is so like her," said Miss Griffin, and she read,

"You will naturally inquire, my dear, dear Governess, what I wore at my first ball. You know that I always detested the meretricious show of jewels. A simple flower was ever my choice—a rose-bud before a ruby!"

"And there nature, divine nature"—said Corks—"is such a kind creature. Always keeps open shop."

"Therefore, as you may well imagine"—read Miss Griffin—"I did not wear a single gem. I appeared in my white muslin, voluminously flounced; nevertheless, how I *did* blaze. For what do you think? Inside my flounces I had sewed 365 fire-flies, alive, and, as it were, burning! You can't imagine the effect and the astonishment! Women—who by their looks had lived forty-four years in the country, smothered, I may say, with flies day and night, had never before thought of such a thing—and I'm sure some of 'em, for spite—the wicked creatures!—could have eaten me for it. Colonel Bullwhistle has since told me—"

"That is her husband," said Miss Griffin, so very solemnly, that we

almost felt inclined to touch our heart. Miss Griffin, after a pause, continued,

"Colonel Bullwhistle has since told me that the cheapness of my jewelry touched his heart; but—being resolved to die a bachelor—he would not be *subdued*. Nevertheless, as he confessed, those fire-flies imprisoned in muslin did for him. You will, my dear Governess, perceive that Colonel Bullwhistle is from the balmy South. Providence conferred honor upon the flourishing town of Barkersville, by selecting it for his birthplace. Yes, dearest Governess, my taste, my economic taste, was not altogether lost. Think how pretty—and how cheap! Fire-flies captive in white muslin bonds!"

"I don't know," said Corks, "but I think there's some meaning in that."

"None—none!" cried Miss Griffin, with prettiest mirth; "how should there be? But let us go on. The dear girl then says,

"My final triumph was, dearest Governess, as you ever predicted; it was the triumph of the kitchen. Colonel Bullwhistle visited the dear friends who protected me. I had heard of his love for his native land and everything belonging to it. How often he wished to lay his bones in the church-yard of Barkersville, though he continued to sit upon the Bench of San Francisco. Colonel Bullwhistle was to dine with my friends. I felt that my hour was come. I asked one boon—only one: the sole direction of one cook the coming day. Need I say it was granted? It was in that interval that I felt the strength of the principles I had imbibed in the Pantry of Capsicum House. A something in my heart assured me of conquest; and I was calm—I may say, desperately calm!"

"Beau-ti-ful!" shouted Corks—"Beau-ti-ful!" re-echoed the Professor of Intonation. "Quite Siddonian." Miss Griffin smiled, and went on with Lady Colonel Bullwhistle's letter.

"The dinner-hour arrived. Colonel Bullwhistle—it had been so settled—took me down! Course after course disappeared; and Colonel Bullwhistle took no more than his usual notice of them. At length a dish was placed before him. His eye gleamed—his lip quivered—he snatched off the cover. He saw his native Sucker!"

"What is 'Sucker'?" asked Corks.

"Why, Mr. Corks!" cried Miss Griffin, "don't you know what a 'Sucker' is?"

"Can't imagine, my dear madam," said Corks, solemnly, "unless—unless—unless it be a—a—a young pig stuffed with all manner of sweet things and baked in a—a * * bladder!"

Miss Griffin waved her hand, and read——

“Colonel Bullwhistle looked at the hostess; and she—dear soul—instantly said, and very audibly—‘The cook, Colonel Bullwhistle, sits beside you!’ He smiled; but—I since know his character—his judicial prudence rose within him. He would not commit himself! he would first taste the Sucker. He ate—and ate—and ate—and his face grew red and bright; and as he ate, I could see it, Barkersville rose before him. He saw his own sweet home! A tear—a patriot tear—trickled from his eye! I could have kissed it from his cheek! The guests saw and respected his emotion, and were silent. For years had they beheld him on the bench, in the most exciting moments, and yet had they never seen the strong man weep before! And now he dropped a tear upon his native dish—and I had unlocked that tear, and made it trickle from its sacred source! Why should I further describe? In three days—Colonel Bullwhistle having first with his own eyes supervised my preparation of a second Sucker—in three days, I became

“Your Affectionate Pupil,
CAROLINE BULLWHISTLE.

“P. S.—I send you a turtle. Love to all the girls.”

“Beau-ti-ful!” cried Corks.

“Beautiful, very beautiful; I may say so, too,” said Miss Griffin, wiping away a tear that trickled down her cheek. “Ah, gentlemen,” she continued, “nothing gives me so much pleasure as to see my beloved pupils playing a prosperous game in this eventful world of ours. Let others call it a ‘vale of tears,’ if they like, but this I know, that a *thorough-bred Griffin* will walk through it with a continual chuckle. Let others groan under the tyranny of their unholy oppressors; the pupils of Capsicum House will have their teeth white with milk, and their eyes red with wine.”

“Beau-ti-ful!” repeated Corks.

“Let others look with longing glance at pauper sixpences, doled out one-by-one from the grasp of their contemptible possessors; but, be assured, that a true—a full bred Griffin, will know *where* to put her hand upon ingots,” and Miss G. twitched out her pocket-handkerchief, and made for the house.

“Very odd, sir,” we observed, “very odd that a man should be caught in matrimony by a—a—what the *déuce* did she call it?”

“A ‘Sucker!’—a ‘Sucker!’—a ‘Sucker,’ sir!” roared Corks.

“Yes, by a ‘Sucker.’ If cookery’s to do it, the chains of Hymen may be forged out of links of sausages!”

“I can’t say, sir,” replied Corks, “but one thing is, I think, plain—that to catch and keep a husband, it is necessary to tickle his stomach; and to do this to perfection, Miss Griffin has very wisely classified the organs of that most wonderful apparatus”—here Corks leaned gently forward and opened his capacious mouth to its fullest extent, as if to get a glimpse of the mechanism, and then continued,—“into *four* great divisions, viz: 1. *Sustaining Faculties*—which take cognizance of bread, beef, mutton, and other viands which are supposed to be essential to the sustenance of animal life. 2. *Sentiments or Affections*—by which the more delicate appetites of husbands are gratified by the contemplation of fish, game, pastry, &c. 3. *Superior Sentiments*—which direct the stomach to the investigation of sauces, French cookery, and other abstruse subjects. 4. *Intellectual Taste*—or the faculty of reasoning and reflecting upon the abstract qualities of olives, and Italian salads, of comparing American cheese with French ‘from-age,’ and tracing the relation subsisting between turtle-punch and headache. Of the first-mentioned class, sir—the *Sustaining Faculties*—it may be only necessary to observe, that they are to be found in every stomach, and are particularly active among ‘*vulgar mechanics*’ and the rabble, generally; whose principal aim is to gratify their appetites whenever they feel hungry with some common aliment, as bread or pork, without reflecting upon the higher and more important duties of the stomach. The *Sentiments or Affections* draw us by a mysterious and irresistible power towards those viands which are calculated to afford us more refined pleasure than we could derive from mere repletion—while the *Intellectual Taste* analyses what the Affections select, and lead to Epicurism, which may be termed *Metaphysics of the Stomach*. Dr. Kitchiner, Alderman Dobbs, and my late much lamented friend, Rev. Job Von Pronk, and, indeed, all the eminent

philosophic gourmands, exhibited an ample development of the organs of Intellectual Taste.

"Ah, sir," said Corks, smacking his lips and rubbing his hands briskly together, "it would be impossible for me to enter here into all the details of the 'Griffinian System' or 'Stomachology,' but I think it must be conceded that, when brought fully into operation, it will form a most valuable indication of the human character, and that bachelors will be guided by it in the choice of wives; politicians in the selection of members of Congress, &c. What can, my dear sir, be imagined more rational than to choose a partner for life by the development of her affection for stewed mushrooms, or by similarity of sentiment in the article of hare-soup, and to reconcile a matrimonial difference by the intervention of the roast duck principle?"

"Very true, sir," we said, "but surely you would not recommend such an antidote on every frivolous occasion?"

"Oh, as to that," said the metaphysical Corks, solemnly, "it would depend a good deal upon circumstances."



CHAPTER X.

THE TURTLE-SOUP CLASS—MISS FLUKE ON MILK-PUNCH.

The pleasures of eating all pleasures surpass,
The sweetest are they of the sweet:
Whoe'er he be, boys, that man's but an ass
Who loves not a dish of good meat.

WHEN we entered the class-room, we found all the pupils assembled. All, too, were in full dress. "They think a turtle an illustrious visitor," was our belief, "and have resolved to do it all toilet honor." We admired, too, the rapidity of the change: in a very few minutes many of the girls had turned morning into night—that is, had changed their early wrappers for evening silks and muslins. As for Fluke, she never looked so mischievously pretty. Miss Griffin, with much dignity, unfolded Lady

Colonel Bullwhistle's letter, handing it to Corks. "You will be kind enough, Mr. Corks, to read her Ladyship's missive in your *own* manner."

Corks smiled at the delicacy of the emphasis, and began his task. His intonation was sweetly impressive, conveying in the subtlest manner all the hopes and fears of Miss Hitchcock into the bosoms of his hearers, and ending with the hymeneal triumph of Lady Bullwhistle. As Miss Griffin afterwards observed to ourselves, "It was Courtship and Marriage set to the Sweetest Music." Five or six of the girls shed tears. Miss Fluke, however, as usual, clapped her hands, and crowed a loud "Cuck—uck—uck—awe!" Miss Griffin was again shocked. "What would I give," she whispered to us, "if I could only see her weep! But she has no sensibility; and a woman without tears—what a defenceless creature she is!"

"Is the turtle to be brought in?" asked the old maid, Miss Wintermute.

"Certainly—laid upon the table," answered Miss Griffin. "As you have very properly observed, Mr. Corks, the presence of the turtle itself may sharpen the sagacity and assist the imagination of the young ladies."

"Assuredly, my dear madam," answered Corks. "They may see in it the future Alderman—the Mayor—the Husband in Civic Robes. Turtle, truly considered, Ladies"—said Corks—"has most wonderful associations."

"And, Ladies," said Miss Griffin, "I trust that the letter, so very beautifully read by Mr. Corks, will convince you of the utility of what I have ever called Cosmopolitan Cookery. In this harlequin-colored life, who knows to what far land fate may call you? The first Mandarin of the first peacock's feather—the Sultan of both the Turkeys—the Emperor of Morocco—the King of the Sandwich Islands—each may be caught by his national dish, even as the beloved Caroline Hitchcock caught Colonel Bullwhistle: and, therefore, no young woman's education can be

thought complete who has not made, I may say it, a Cook's Voyage round about the Globe."

At this moment Mr. Peter H. Lathergrass—the Drunken Husband—assisted by the housemaid, bore in the turtle, and laid it on its back upon the table.

"What a horrid-looking thing, to be sure!" cried Miss Fluke.

"Pardon me, dear young lady," said the flowery Corks, looking affectionately at the turtle, "but, properly thought of, nothing in the whole expanse of nature—divine goddess—is ugly. When I think of the soup dormant—I should say latent—in that magnificent piece of helplessness, I could bow to it."

"Now, Ladies, if you please," said Miss Griffin, "we will suppose you are all married."

"Yes, ma'am," cried Miss Fluke, very vivaciously.

"You will wait your turn, Miss Fluke," was the icy response; and Miss Griffin continued. "You have a turtle presented to you Ladies," and Miss Griffin elevated her voice—"you are to consider that a turtle has entered your house. How will you dispose of it? What would be your first act?"

"Hang him up by the tail," said Miss Mott, with some hesitation.

"By the gills," cried Miss Davis, with great rapidity.

"By the fore-paws," said Miss Smith.

"By the hinder legs!" cried Miss Kelly.

"Very good; by the hinder legs," said Miss Griffin. "Take her up, Miss Wintermute; and Miss Kelly was taken to the head of the Class. "Well," continued Miss Griffin, "we have the turtle hanging by his hinder legs—what next?"

"Coax him that he mayn't draw in his neck," said Miss Beecher, "and then,"—and she smacked her lips—"and then fix him out!"

"You cruel creature!" screamed Miss Fluke.

"Silence!" cried Miss Griffin, "Miss Beecher is quite correct. 'Fix him out' is perfectly right. No false sensibility, if you please. Well, the turtle's done for. Go on." It was Miss

"Palmer's turn, who timidly proceeded. "Cut off his fins; divide his yellow-plush—"

"Callipash!" exclaimed Miss Mott.

"Take her down, Miss Wintermute," said the Governess. "Callipash with a turtle! How do you think you'll get through the world? Go on Miss Dobbs."

"Divide the yellow-plush from the filagree—"

"Callipee!" roared Miss Jenks.

"Of course you will go down, Miss Jenks," said Miss Griffin. "After the pains, too, that I have taken! What will your parents say to me? Go on Miss Haines."

"Break the bones and put them into a saucepan—take beef and veal, bones—herbs, mace, and—"

"Why, Miss Haines, you've got from real turtle to mock!" cried the Governess.

"Had I, ma'am?" asked Miss Haines, too innocent to know the difference.

"But I see," said Miss Griffin, with a struggle for resignation, "I see the examination is premature. As yet, turtle goes quite over your heads. None of you can reach it." Here Miss Fluke giggled. "I wrong your intelligence, Miss Fluke, perhaps you can dress turtle."

"No ma'am," said Fluke; "don't know that I can, ma'am, quite. But if you please, ma'am, I think I know all about the Milk-Punch that's to be drunk with it!"

"Oh, indeed!" said Miss Griffin.

"Yes ma'am;" and Fluke for a moment took a long breath. "Yes, ma'am. Two large lemons—rough skins—ripe; ripe as love, ma'am." Miss Griffin started, but was silent. "Sugar, large lumps; introduce sugar to skins of lemons—rub hard, as though you liked it. Drop lumps into bowl; drop, like dew-drops, lemon-juice. Squeeze lemon upon the sugar; and mix as for lasting friendship. Mix with boiling milk, hot as vengeance!"

"Miss Fluke!" cried the Governess.

"New milk's best. Pour in Rum blindfold, as you can't pour too much," said Fluke.

"Did you ever hear such principles?" exclaimed Miss Griffin.

"Ice, and drink with turtle," said Fluke, and she folded her arms with a sense of achieved greatness.

"Did you ever hear the like,—and from such a girl, too?" cried the Governess.

"The recipe is not quite correct," said Corks; and then his face was sunned with the blandest smile—"not quite correct. But we may pardon a few errors, where there is so much enthusiasm."

Men without appetite, with stomachs no larger than a Newtown pippin, may rail against the "Griffinian System," may sneer at the "Delightful Science of Cooking from First Principles," but it is vain—and we say it boldly—that they raise their voices and wield their pens in opposition to the progress of Griffinism or Stomachology. In the age to come, a husband will not be known by the fashion of his dress, but by the capacity of his stomach; in fact, young men are, even now, becoming sensible of this dawning enlightenment, and shrink from it by reason of their own gastronomic incapacity. Meanwhile they pretend to hold high living as a vice against which wisdom should lift a loud and imperative remonstrance. Miserable device! as well might the sickliest infant attempt to stay the torrents of Niagara, or with ignorant hardihood oppose the progress of "a special engine."

The man who aims to be a first-rate epicure, and to enjoy his talents, must submit to many most unpleasant ordeals. Perhaps the first will be to conquer the betrayal of a violent dislike for any dish on the table. This is no easy task. To swallow a disgusting mouthful with a smile is an accomplishment indispensable to the adequate fulfillment of the vocation of an epicure. Professor Corks himself—as that gentleman has informed us—betrayed his ignorance of the epicure's vocation, when, dining with Miss Griffin and her pupils at Capsicum House, he cast back a

hot mouthful into his plate, saying "A fool would have swallowed it." With due deference to the wisdom of the Professor, we are of opinion that, on the contrary, a wise man would have swallowed it, inasmuch as we believe this mastery over the palate to be one of the fundamental principles upon which a permanent popularity must be based.

Some epicures think well of Dutch beef. It should be prepared as follows: Procure the lean of a round of beef, hang it till it is tender, and then rub it well with coarse brown sugar; place it in a pan, where rub it every hour for seven days—day and night. After which proceed to mix a quarter of a pound of saltpeter, and an ounce of pounded juniper berries, with a pound of common salt, which rub into the beef, allowing it to remain in the pan. Turn it daily for seventeen days, and baste it with the brine, after which put it in a cheese-press during thirty-five hours. Then hang it up to be smoked; finally, boil it in a woolen cloth, allow it to stand afterward for three days, quite dry, and then eat it in slices. Wash down with Milk-Punch.

To dress a Calf's-head, take your head and rub in a thick lather all over the face, then pare off with a sharp instrument. Wipe well with a clean towel, and place pieces of starched linen about half way up the cheeks. Lard the crown with any kind of grease,—a few drops of oil may be an improvement—and your Calf's-head will be dressed in the most approved style.



CHAPTER XI.

THE CHICKEN-CURRIE, BISHOP, AND GROG CLASSES.

Dearest will you still be cruel,
Coldly refuse me rest,
While your eyes are adding fuel
To the fire in my breast?
Cannot tears, in seas and rivers,
Melt your adamant heart?
O for Cupid's shafts in quivers—
"Hallo! here's a precious start!"
"Go along, my hearty!"

Never will I cease to woo you,
Never for a moment rove;
There's a chain that binds me to you,
And the links are made of love.
O for a moment's heaven—
E'en the twinkling of a star—
All in thy sweet smile is given—
"You're a nice young man, you are,
"For a small tea party."

MISS GRIFFIN next proceeded with the examination of her pupils on the leading questions of Housewifery and Cookery.

The young ladies were assembled in a row, and their examination gradually rose from Rump-Steaks to Mock-Turtle. It was quite delightful to listen to the silvery voices of the lovely girls, as they prattled of "ketchup" and "shreds of shalots," and then deepened into "onions." One young lady carried off a prize—for fitting prizes were bestowed—a very handsome SILVER BUTTER-CUP, given as a reward for the admirable manner in which she described the cooking of Calf's-head, throwing in various original suggestions that proved, from her "intimate knowledge of the subject," she would be a fortune to any man.

Another pupil received HALF A DOZEN SILVER SKEWERS for the adroit and elegant way with which she carved a fowl, making no more of it than if it had been a roasted Cupid. A bright-eyed "little thing," not above sixteen, "took down" a whole row, getting at once to the head of the "Pastry Class" upon her "intimate knowledge" of "Topsy-Cake." The entire class was at fault as to the relative proportions of brandy and other ingredients, when she cried out, "Seven spoonsfull of Stewart's best white," when, as we have said, she took them all down, and won for a prize a splendid Rolling-pin.

The "Chicken-Currie Class" was particularly interesting, from the solemnity with which the examination was carried on. Miss Griffin evidently felt that her movements were watched; and therefore commenced her interrogatories with beseeching gravity. And the class—twenty-nine bouncing girls—felt the presence of their visitor, and were in a state of very proper trepidation.

"How would you make a Chicken-Currie?" asked Miss Griffin, in a solemn voice.

"Cut up the chickens raw," said the head girl, "slice shalots—"

"Onions!" cried the second.

"Take her down, Miss Wintermute," said Miss Griffin, and the first girl was taken down to the foot of the class accordingly.

"Slice onions, and fry both in butter of a fine auburn-brown,"

said the third. "Lay the joints in a stewpan, with veal or mutton gravy, and a clove or two—"

"Clove of what?" cried Miss Griffin,—and number four was at fault.

"Clove of garlic!" shrieked number five; and of course she took number four down.

In this way the different Classes went through the "Cookery Book;" winding up with the "Bishop" and "Grog" Classes; and, we must say it—the progress of the young ladies as to the mixture of "Bishop," &c., was delicious to listen to. The "Grog Class" was no less excellent: we must give a sample. It was the "Chicken-Currie Class," again examined.

"Young ladies," said Miss Griffin, "it ought to form the reasonable hope of every young lady entering upon life, that some excellent endearing man may think her worthy of being exalted to the honor of the marriage state. In looking at the various vicissitudes of this changeful world, every young lady cannot do better than keep her eye wide open to the probability of the wedding-ring. Now it is not enough to catch the affection of a husband—no; the grand secret is, to hold what you hook. Husbands are like those little delicate love-birds on sale at the corners of the most fashionable streets; easy, as I am told, to cage, but difficult to keep. Now, it is the weakness of most men to be, at times, addicted to spirituous admixtures; and it will ill become me, as a teacher of Female Youth—as the Principal of the Finishing Housewifery Establishment, and, as I may say, a Living Guide to the Marriage-Service—to suffer any young lady to leave my tuition without having passed her examination as to what I may call *the proper conjugal mixture of brandy-and-water, and other grog or grogs.*" Hereupon Miss Griffin drew herself up, and asked, "How to make a Husband a *first* glass of brandy-and-water?"

"Half-and-half!" cried Miss Mott; and Miss Griffin bowed assent.

"How a second?"

"Two waters and one brandy," answered number two; and all the responses, varying with the supposed number of glasses, showed equal wisdom and foresight on the part of the scholars.

We have not room to dilate upon the "Pig-Stuffing" and "Pickling" Classes, but must say, until then we never saw the latent beauties of the *Griffinian System*. In brief, we left Capsicum House with a high appreciation of the noble qualities of the Female Mind. And we shall be happy—in confidence—to send Miss Griffin's card to every mother in the United States, (including Jersey City,) and the Canadas—interested in "COOKING FROM FIRST PRINCIPLES," or in the Prospect of—it may be—an "ONLY CHILD."

Oh, dear reader, how the world would stagnate were it not for the follies of the hair-brained and enthusiastic! Happily, they now and then make the sides of the "Grave and Wise" to shake with wholesome laughter, even though the aforesaid gravity and wisdom quick subside into compassion—profoundest pity of the Utopians. How many laughs has "Wisdom" enjoyed at the cost of speculative folly! There was one Harvey, who avouched a discovery of the *Circulation of the Blood*; and the world laughed, and then rebuked him; and finally—punished him by depriving him of his practice. And there was, also, one Jenner, who—having speculated upon the hands of certain dairy-maids—theorized upon *Vaccine Virus*, and declared that in the cow he had found a remedy for small-pox. And the world shouted; and the wags were especially droll—foretelling, in their excess of witty fancies, the growth of horns from the heads of vaccinated babies.

When it was declared that streets should be illuminated by *Ignited Coal-Gas*—the gas to flow under our feet—the world laughed; and then, checked in its merriment, stoutly maintained that some dark night or other the city would be "blown up." When the *Experimental Steamboat* was first essayed by the immortal Fulton, and went "stern foremost," the river rang with

laughter. In fact, there was never such a wise man's holiday! When Stephenson was examined by the Parliamentary sages upon a "*Railway Project*," by which "desperate people" were to travel at the rate of "fifteen miles an hour," the Quarterly Review laughed a sardonic laugh, asking, with killing irony, "Would not men as soon be shot out of a gun, as travel by such means?"

The "Wise World" has laughed at the Circulation of the Blood—at Vaccination—at Steamboats—at Railways—at Electric Telegraphs*—at the Hydro-Electric Light—at the Hatching of Chickens by Steam—at the Baby-Jumper. Why should not the world enjoy its horse-collar grin at the "*Griffinian System*" of Education for "*Finishing Young Ladies*?" Why should not Miss Griffin's discovery (until an accepted principle) be quite as ridiculous (until triumphant) as vaccination? If Jenner was a QUACK, why should not the mistress of Capsicum House—the glorious inventor of "*Cooking from First Principles*,"—be pronounced *A most Ridiculous Old Goose*?

There are few people who are without their hobbies, and those who are without hobbies are not worth knowing, inasmuch as their minds must be very suggestive of a blank sheet of "Post." Now though the presence of a hobby marks a thoughtful mind at least, it is nevertheless very often a terrible nuisance to those persons upon whom it is inflicted. We once knew a woman who had a most absurd hobby—that of collecting nightcaps—and on the subject of these mysterious appendages to the human toilet, she would discourse for hours. And then she would insist upon showing her collection; exditiating, as she drew them one by

* It has been suggested that the Electric Telegraph is too good a thing to be confined to public use, and that it may be introduced with considerable effect into the domestic circle. It sometimes happens that a husband and wife are not, for a time, upon "speaking terms," though communication between them may be requisite. Short signs could be used expressive of "When do you mean to get out of your ill-humor?" "I'm ready to make up, if you are," and other amiable approaches to reconciliation, which could not be so well conveyed by word of mouth as by the mute eloquence of the wire.

one from an immense wardrobe, on their several beauties and defects. She had a Greek nightcap, a Turkish nightcap, a Russian nightcap, and a great variety from Paris, whither she had traveled for the express purpose of making a collection of them. On all subjects but nightcaps this lady was sane enough. She was well informed, could paint a peacock on velvet, and had contributed many very valuable papers on "Woman's Rights" to the literature of her country; but on the subject of nightcaps she was a madwoman.



CHAPTER XII.

WOMAN'S MISSION—NATIONAL DOMESTICATING COLLEGE FOR YOUNG LADIES—UNITED STATES UNION WIFE AGENCY AND ASSURANCE COMPANY.

WOMAN is generally a timid and retiring creature. She comes down to us with some six thousand years' character to such effect;

we believe the truth of it: fire would not melt the creed out of us; wild horses could not tear it from our bosom. And yet we have our eyes; and therefore cannot but perceive that woman—the gentle, the trembling, the meek and butter-mouthed—has for some time past been crying out and swaggering prodigiously, in all reviews, and magazines, and newspapers. Every day and hour of our reading life does the fair creature, woman, (blessings on her cherry lips!) bounce upon us with some startling interrogative. For the last year or two has she—the modest and reserved—stood out boldly asking questions of all sorts of people.

“CAN A WOMAN REGENERATE SOCIETY?” This is one of the queries which have now and then beset us; and as we never could find it in our heart to contradict the dear creatures, we really know not what to say. We hesitate ere we answer—like the time-hallowed echo of our beloved friend—“in the affirmative;” while we are more than perplexed at the mere thought of—“No.” The truth is, we have looked upon society so long—have seen so much abominable wickedness in it—that we tremble at the idea of handing over such a world of defiling iniquity to the consideration of that household goddess—woman. We should as soon think of clapping a besom into the hands of Hebe, and insist upon her doing task-work of scavengery. Nevertheless, as woman will continue to put her interrogatives, and that in a manner sufficiently indicative of her own confidence in her powers, we know not whether Mrs. Eve ought not to have a trial. Yes; we consent. However, until she begins in good earnest the laborious work, we may every day expect her to put a few more questions in the way of regenerating title-pages to regenerating volumes. We have been favored with a few, which, without any advertising fee, we most magnanimously subjoin.

“Can a Woman become President of the United States?”

“Can a Woman become Commander-in-Chief of the Army?”

“Can a Woman become Commodore of the Navy?”

“Can a Woman become Attorney General of the United States?”

“Can a Woman become a Mayor?”

“Can a Woman become an Alderman?”

“Can a Woman Stuff Ducks?”

“Can a Woman Pop the Question?”

“Can a Woman become President of ‘Old Yale?’”

“Can a Woman dispense with Corsets and Bustles, and live?”

The “Mission of Woman,” as we understand Woman, though some people may doubt whether anybody understands Woman, is two-fold. Some great philosopher—we forget whom—observes that it resembles that of a candlestick!—Woman, like that piece of furniture, being destined for utility and ornament. But perhaps Woman is rather like the candle than the candlestick, she being universally admitted to be the light of life. On which point the profoundest sages, inclusive, we believe, of “the wisest man the world e’er saw,” are agreed; as likewise are all the poets, with the exception of Euripides and Juvenal. (*See Gilroy’s ‘Pastoral Life and Manufactures of the Ancients,’ pp. 13 to 92. New-York: William H. Starr*). The Physical conformation of Woman is admirably adapted for certain purposes of utility, for which the clumsier sex is disqualified. When we consider the female hand, we observe that it is furnished with peculiarly delicate and taper fingers; thus exhibiting an admirable provision of Nature for darning the stocking—pleasing task!—and for hemming the pocket-handkerchief. The female middle finger will be seen, on examination, to have been especially fashioned for the thimble; for, though an implement of that name is used by the tailor, it is quite another thing. It is like a tub with the bottom knocked out—open at both ends, and wants the elegantly conical form, which is characteristic of that of the sempstress.

To replace the shirt-button of the father—the brother—the husband—which has come off in the washtub or on putting on the vestment; to bid the variegated texture of the morning slipper on the waistcoat grow upon the Berlin wool; to repair the breach that incautious haste in dressing has created in the “un-

mentionables," which there is no time to be sent out to be mended—are the special offices of Woman; offices for which her digital mechanism has singularly fitted her. The immortal Milton, in his lovely poem "L'Allegro," sings with much feeling of the "savory dinner" of

"Herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat hand of Phyllis dresses."

The neatness, therefore, of the hand of woman is evidently, in the bard's opinion, a qualification for culinary proficiency; and to this, though we may not owe the brisket on the sirloin (the Phyllis of the kitchen being generally the reverse of neat-handed), we are certainly indebted for the tart. "Woman's Mission," in short, is to make herself as useful and agreeable to man as possible! The writer of the book (we have not read it), whose title has formed the subject of these remarks, has perhaps included among her duties those of setting little boys and girls a good example and teaching them their alphabet. If not, she has been guilty of an omission. Whether the said writer considers the study of Metaphysics, including Geology, Politics, &c., to be involved in "Woman's Mission" or not, we do not know, but we would not recommend ladies to be wedded to those pursuits, who contemplate any other kind of wedding. That the getter's-up of these works are most awfully ignorant on matters of domestic economy, the following examples sufficiently prove. The first young lady, Miss Emeline Phillips, is the Author of "Can a Woman become President of the United States?"

Miss Emeline Phillips examined—is the daughter of General Phillips. Has several brothers and sisters. Is engaged to be married to a young surgeon, as soon as he gets into practice. Has an idea that she ought to know something of house-keeping; supposes it comes naturally. Can sing and play on the Piano; draw and embroider. Cannot say that she ever darned a stocking. The price of brown soap is from one shilling to one shilling and sixpence the package; cannot tell what yellow comes to;

never bought any. Circassian cream is seventy-five cents a pot; does not know the price of pearlash. Knows how to furnish a house; would go to the upholsterer's and buy furniture. Cannot say how much she would expect to give for an easy-chair, or for a wash-hand-stand, or a set of tea things; should ask mamma, if necessary; never thought of doing so before. Papa paid for the dress she has on; forgets what he paid for it. Has no notion what his butcher's bill amounts to in the year.

Miss Sarah Williams, (Author of "Can a Woman become Commander-in-Chief of the Army,") examined—Papa is a Colonel. Is unable to say whether he is a Colonel in the Army or not. Expects to be married, of course! Would not refuse a young man with \$5,000 a year. Has no property of her own. Has some skill in needlework; lately worked a "Bishop" in red, blue, green, and worsted. Can make several washes for the complexion. Cannot tell how she would set about making an Apple-Dumpling. Loaves should remain in the oven till they are done; the time they would take would depend upon circumstances. If she were married, would expect her husband to be ill sometimes; supposing him to be ordered calves' foot jelly, should send for it to the pastry-cook's. It never occurred to her that she might make it herself. If she tried, should buy some calves' feet; what next she should do cannot say. Likes dancing first rate.

Miss Harriet Davis (Author of "Can a Woman become a Commodore of the Navy,") examined—Is the daughter of a grocer. Looks forward to a union with an Alderman. Was five years at a Boarding School for *Finishing Young Ladies*. Really cannot say what a ledger is; it may be the same as a day-book. Has an Album. Has painted flowers in the album; also butterflies. Has never ironed a shirt. Knows what a receipt is; it tells you how to dress things. Should suppose that a receipt in full was a receipt that told you all the particulars. Never heard of a balance-sheet; it may be a calico sheet for aught she knows

Cannot say whether papa buys or sells at prime cost. Has eaten fowl occasionally. Never trussed one. Does not know how to make stuffing for a goose.

Miss Eliza Hitchcock (Author of "Can a Woman become an Alderman,") examined—Is the daughter of a Gentleman of the Bar. Will have a little money of her own shortly, when she comes of age. Is not aware whether she is a minor or not. The property was left her by an aunt. Cannot say whether she is a legatee or testatrix. Her property is real property. Is sure of that. It is in the funds. Should say that it was not personal property, as it was not anything about her person. Knows what consols are; has read about them in history; they were ancient Romans. Mamma keeps house. When she marries, expects to do the same. Is unable to say what the family milk-score is a week. Starch is used to stiffen collars; has no notion what it is a pound, or what made of, or whether it is used with hot water or with cold. Drugget is cheaper than a Turkey Carpet; but how much, cannot say. Her time is principally occupied in fancy-work, reading novels, and playing quadrilles and waltzes on the Piano.

Out of one hundred and thirty other fashionable young ladies examined, three only knew how to corn beef, five what a sausage was composed of, and seven how to make onion sauce. They all could tell what the last new song was; but none of them knew the price of beef. Every soul of them meant to marry as soon as possible. What is to become of their husbands? Echo answers "What!"

To remedy this shocking state of ignorance among fashionable young ladies—intending to marry, a College is about to be established on MASON AND DIXON'S LINE. We can only hope that the institution will be fostered and patronized by the anxious parents of the rising generation, and that we may no longer be obliged to hear that a young lady is ignorant of the price of yellow soap, or that she knows not how to make an apple-dumpling.

PROSPECTUS.

NATIONAL DOMESTICATING COLLEGE FOR YOUNG LADIES.

PATRONIZED BY

PROPRIETORS OF THE PRINCIPAL HOTELS

AND

EATING HOUSES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY!

Professor of Plain Washing MISS CAROLINE HOBBS.
 Professor of Getting up Fine Things . . . EMELINE BALDWIN.
 Professor of Ironing KATE H. MEIGS.
 Professor of the Italian Iron SIGNORA FLANAGAN.
 Professor of Housemaid's Work SARAH CHAMBERS.
 Professor of Apple-Dumplings HARRIET DANFORTH.
 Professor of the Theory of Petticoat Economy JEMIMA ROGERS.

LECTURES ON THE FOLLOWING INTERESTING SUBJECTS WILL BE DELIVERED BY EMINENT PROFESSORS.

1. On the Economy of Soap and Soda, with remarks on the use of Potash.
2. On the Utility of Joint Oil and Elbow Grease, as applied to the polishing of Furniture.
3. On the Advantages of "Day and Newell's Patent Locks," as applied to Larders and Pantries.
4. On the prejudicial effects of Cousins from the Country on Housemaids and Plain Cooks.
5. On the Utility of Save-Alls, and their effect upon the price of Kitchen-stuff.

It is likewise contemplated to institute a class for the study of Irish and Dutch "hangers-on," as connected with area gates, with their influence on larders and cold mutton, for which purpose names will be received at the office of the College.

Every pupil will be expected to bring a rolling-pin and find her own butter.

N. B.—Linen washed on moderate terms. A mangle will be provided.

Celibacy is either voluntary or involuntary. To those who remain single from choice, the following considerations are respectfully submitted. It is to be premised that they are addressed to the sterner sex, of whom that class of persons is chiefly, if not entirely, composed:

1. When, on putting on our clean Corazza of a cold morning, we discover that the collar of it is *minus* a button, how fearfully excited we become! How painful the interval during which, shivering and wretched, we rummage everywhere for a pin! for what bachelor's toilet is ever graced by a pin-cushion? A yet longer period must elapse ere the process of pinning—troublesome, tiring process to accomplish by one's self—can be effected, and the chances are that our finger is pricked in the attempt. Are rage, frenzy, and imprecations conformable with a state of single blessedness?

2. Equally exasperating it is to find that we have only one clean pair of stockings, with a great hole in the end of each; that our every wash-waistcoat is at the Laundress's, or that our last pocket-handkerchief has been used. The mind of man, engrossed in study and contemplation, is unable to adapt itself to linen and hosiery, matters to which the feminine intellect "acquires" (in the beautiful language of Shakspeare,) "a natural and prompt alacrity" in attending. To look over sheets when they come from the mangle—how uncongenial an employment for the philosopher!

3. The bachelor, for the most part, resides in lodgings. The

dusty mantelpiece, the patched carpet, the scanty window curtains, the tremulous table, the rickety chair, are all so many sources of discomfort and annoyance. With what bitter disappointment does the single occupant of the two-pair back discover that the tea-pot has been filled, for his morning's breakfast, with luke-warm water by the maid-of-all-work! And with what yet more painful feelings does he observe the marks of her fingers on the sugar-basin? How indignantly, too, does he remark that his tea-caddy has been invaded!—his bottle of brandy abstracted therefrom.

4. We have generally heard it pleaded by young men, that their reason for remaining single is their inability to maintain a wife. We have not pried into their affairs, but we have known them to sit hour after hour in the bar-room of a Hotel or Tavern, smoking cigars, and drinking tumbler after tumbler, followed by chops, stewed cheese, anchovy, toast, and scalloped oysters. In a domesticated state, they would have had tea instead, which would have been much more economical, and every one knows, indeed, it is painful to see, how little ladies generally eat.

5. It is to be remembered that smoking and alcoholic liquors are superseded by matrimony. The "go" is resorted to as stimulant to the spirits, depressed by a life of loneliness; the tobacco as a sedative to the heart, whose cravings, equally with those of the stomach, it allays. Addition to either is incompatible with domestic bliss.

Involuntary celibacy arises from two causes. One of these is poverty; the other, ineligibility. The latter misfortune, in very many instances, is remediable. Why should locks of a dye a little too golden, why should a slight obliquity of vision, why should a trifling exuberance of form, debar, as is too often the case, an amiable young creature from happiness? Is the heart to be beggared because the foot is large? Why should maturity, united with worth, be husbandless? By a bountiful provision of Nature, mediocrity of person is commonly combined with plenti-

tude of pocket. We know how transitory is beauty. The handsome but pennyless youth will, if a philosopher, jump at good-nature, which, though ordinary, is well off. To unite comely indigence with plainness is, therefore, one of the principal objects of the—

UNITED STATES UNION WIFE AGENCY

AND

ASSURANCE COMPANY.

CHAIRMAN AND TREASURER, ELIZABETH HITCHCOCK.
ACTUARY, SARAH HORN.

DIRECTORS,

ALL THE RESPECTABLE UNMARRIED LADIES IN THE COUNTRY
(OVER TWENTY-NINE YEARS OF AGE),

ASSISTED BY A LIMITED NUMBER OF

INFLUENTIAL GENTLEMEN, AND MEMBERS OF CONGRESS.

Capital, unlimited; to be raised by shares of twenty-five cents each, as speedily as possible. A deposit of five cents to be paid by each shareholder.

TO THE PUBLIC.

The object of this Society is purely philanthropic, being to relieve the frightful amount of matrimonial destitution now so

extensively prevalent. Perhaps the united classes are not aware that there are at this moment many, very many, of from one-and-twenty to thirty years and upward, dragging on their existence in a state of cheerless celibacy; the female portion of them without a "protector," the male with nobody to look after their "things." Now the Wife Assurance Society will place within the reach of almost every man

A PARTNER OF HIS JOYS

AND

A SOOTHER OF HIS SORROWS:

AS WELL AS

A DECIDED ORNAMENT TO HIS ESTABLISHMENT.

THE COMPANY'S TERMS.

The payment of the sum of five cents annually, for bachelors or widows, of Twenty-one Years of Age, and an extra cent for every additional Ten Years of life, will secure the Assured the yearly refusal of One Wife each. Two refusals to be had for double that amount of Assurance; and so on in proportion. Policies of 25 cts., and upward, to entitle to a *bonus* of refusals, in the ratio of ten per cent. The object of the Assured, whether Beauty or Competence, to be stated on effecting their insurance; and strict regard will be paid to it. For the accommodation of those persons anxious for immediate felicity, a large number of Hands

will be constantly ready for disposal, on the following scale of fees:—

A good serviceable wife	\$3 25.
Ditto, with "accomplishments"	5 50.
Ditto, handsome	7 75.
Ditto, intellectual	9 50.
Ditto, of superior beauty and fascinating manners	13 25.
Ditto, extra-superfine in every respect; all that the imagination could picture or the heart desire.	15 75.

Moneyed wives at *one per cent.*, each, on their capital.

Ladies are respectfully invited to register their names *gratis*; for the present at the Principal Bookstores; but to accommodate the rush of applicants, and to prevent obstruction in the streets, the Company *intend* to establish an Office on Coney Island—with a Branch in Jersey City. Further particulars will be duly announced.

N. B. The amiability of all wives guaranteed *if* required, on payment of *five per cent.* extra.



APPENDICES.

APPENDIX A.

ON BEAUTY: WITHOUT PAINT.

Young Cupid one day took a freak,
To spend a short season on earth;
And decked out in modern costume,
He sought for fun, frolic, and mirth.
He met with a coquette, whose eyes
Were bright as the blue skies above—
He told her she'd better by far
Be constant, and marry for love.

"For love I'll not marry," said she;
 "This Love is a comical child,
 And, like other children, I ween,
 Is very inconstant and wild.
 I swear by his arrows and bow
 I've loved half a hundred or more,
 And if I must marry for love,
 At least I must marry a score!"

Young Cupid was silenced at this,
 And greatly surprised to discover
 That any gay damsel of earth,
 Should own she had more than *one* lover.
 He vowed that this fair one should wed,
 And as woman can't live upon honey,
 Appealing to prudence, he said,
 "My dear, will you marry for *money*?"

"Oh, no, sir," said she, with a smile,
 So sweet that the god felt its power;
 "I've gold, sir, bright gold of mine own,
 And thousands of dollars for my dower.
 So wealth cannot tempt me to change
 My fairy summer of life;
 I'm happy, nor will I, forsooth,
 Become a disconsolate wife."

As Cupid was not very willing
 To yield up his crown to young miss,
 Again he addressed the coy maiden,
 And prefaced his speech with a kiss:
 "Since gold has no charms for you, lady,
 And free is your heart from all passion,
 Allow me to add, with due honor,
 That marriage is now quite the fashion."

"Good sir, if your statement be true,
 And Hymen's the lord of the day,
 How foolish to you I must seem
 To idle my nonage away;
 And though pretty vows could not tempt me
 To taste of the conjugal bliss,
 I would not be out of the fashion
 On a matter so trifling as this!"

Every one understands what it is to be "born a beauty;" although some months must elapse before the "dear little thing" can give any great promise of the "charms that are to enchant the world." Still undiscerned, and undiscernible, the germ is there. The most fatal and fascinating of gifts is enclosed in that "little bud." It will expand into a "matchless flower," if "born a beauty;" if not, it may, to outward view, be an unsightly weed. The various acquirements of "a perfect female beauty," are—

1. White skin, hands, and teeth.
2. Black eyes, eyelashes, and eyebrows.
3. Red lips, cheeks, and nails.
4. Long body, hair, and hands.
5. Short teeth, ears, and feet.
6. Wide chest, forehead, and space between the eyebrows.
7. Narrow mouth, figure, and ankle.
8. Plump arm, thigh, and calf of the leg.
9. Slender fingers, thin lips, and fine hair.
10. Small breast, nose, and heart.

Those whose beauty does not tally with these "essential requisites" stand convicted at once—branded, as outcasts from the dearest benefits and first honors of our being. What peace can there be in the world under such a dispensation of its blessings? If "a perfect face" is the only bait that can tempt an angel from the skies, what is to be the recompense of the unfortunate with a wide mouth and turned-up nose? The extravagant influence claimed for "beauty" has this peculiar ill effect, that it produces nothing but fretfulness and bad fellowship. Those "without the pale" are burning with envy and malice against those within, who, in their turn, are harrassed by the same order of feelings, and by others not at all more gentle or friendly toward one another. With ladies, the very name is a watchword that calls to arms and to battle; like some hereditary feud of political party, incapable of settlement, and never to be discussed or thought of without heat and rage, and unappeasable contradiction.

The lady, who is "ugly," makes her life miserable, by her ceaseless anxiety to prove that there is such a quality as "beauty;" while on the other hand, she who is "beautiful," is equally removed from happiness, by the restless pains with which she insists that it is the lot of no one but herself. Such a woman will praise one of her sex for anything but her beauty; that is, she will praise her for any or every honorable distinction, for the very purpose of denying that she has the smallest pretensions of "face." Miss — is very clever, and plays charmingly on the Piano,* but she is anything but handsome."

Madame de Stael, with all her genius and knowledge, and with no imperfect conscientiousness of her own merits, is reported to have declared that she would cheerfully yield all her accumulated and various distinctions, for the single attribute of "beauty." Her name is high authority certainly, but will not sanctify such profanation as this. If she really made so silly a declaration, and made it from her heart, it proves only that profound sensibility and a generous ambition were among the number of her many "eminent qualifications." The woman—the Frenchwoman—was uppermost in spite of all her philosophy. If fame, the notice of numbers, was her object, she must have been a loser by the exchange; for she never could have been so extensively known. If it was the dominion of "love" that she calculated upon, we must conclude that, being already married, her pride would have been not to please a husband but a host.

So weak an aspiration might be pardoned in a "Boarding-School miss"—a girl too young to feel a sterling passion—but

* Any man, though he "have no music in his soul," will at once perceive the value of the art by placing himself in the position of a landlord with an unruly tenant, or a tenant with an unruly landlord; and surely then he cannot fail to discover the benefits, not to say the harmony, which would result from a quarter's lessons on the "*Æolian Attachment*." This application in no way interferes with or injures the mechanism of the Piano, being entirely independent of the same. The emotions which it excites are, it is said, similar to those raised at sixteen, in reading some delectable passage of "Fashionable Novel," or falling into a frenzy with a classic face of the *opposite* sex.

one who, without "beauty," had already secured its noblest triumphs, what was the gift to do for her? What influence was it to bring that could aid—nay, in the spirit in which it was coveted, that would not distract her feelings and duties, as a wife and a mother? Her husband, we may presume, was satisfied: for whose sake, then, was she so desirous of personal charms, eh?*

St. Evremond has declared that "a woman would sooner lose her lover than her beauty;" and the fact is certainly conceivable. It is possible that some would even resign a husband for that which won him; the particular attachment of any single heart, for the glory of "general conquest;" the man for the species. She may dote upon William, perhaps; but would see him drown himself, rather than lose the lustre of a pair of eyes which have been the ruin of William, and may destroy, if she pleases, Dick and Harry, and as many more as she may chance to look upon. *There is nothing anti-Gallician, we fancy, in this liberal mode of feeling.* Where there is no domestic privacy, where the whole business of life centers in public exhibition and display, it is but natural that a woman's chief care should be to make herself as diffusive as possible.† *In our own country, where a woman does not*

* A lady of fashion came for advice to Mr. Arnold, the celebrated English lawyer, as to how she could get rid of a troublesome suitor. "Oh, marry him," was the advice. "Nay, I had rather see him hanged first." "No, madam, marry him, as I said to you, and I'll assure you he will not be long before he hangs himself."

† The opinion has of late become pretty general, that as the ball-room is to be the arena of a Young Lady's conquests, she cannot devote too much time to the study of the *Waltz* and *Gallopede*, and to those other graces which will be the means of procuring her a partner not only for the next set, but also for life; for it is plain that the chief care of a young lady should be to win the admiration of the lover, and not to secure the devotion of the husband. The foundation thus laid will be sure to promote that domestic estrangement which every one with the slightest pretension to fashion naturally desires. The finer sensibilities, as they are called, are by these means sufficiently blunted to prevent them from becoming a source of inconvenience to the mother; and the helplessness of infancy divested of those anxieties which would otherwise attend the transfer of the maternal duties to the nursery-maid.

consider her loveliness as misapplied in the Nursery, or altogether thrown away upon a husband, such heartless levity would be scorned.

What is it, then, to be "born a beauty?" Is it not to be set apart from the cradle as a PRIESTESS OF VANITY? To be taught by times to dwell and ponder on those "charms" all Female Education should induce their possessor to forget? Are not the advantages of "face" (to say nothing of brass) and "form" of "surpassing loveliness" frequently, by the folly of those around, ruined by the sad and repelling drawbacks—frivolity, egotism, and self-worship? Alas! among the hosts of old maids with which the world is infested, how many owe their joyless state to that great but unsuspected enemy, their "beauty!" How often do we hear people exclaim—"Oh, she must have been a great beauty!—what a wonder she never got a husband!"

Yes! she was a "beauty"—she knew it—how could she but know what she had heard from her cradle—what was repeated before she knew the meaning of the words—repeated, with many a hug, and exulting caress, by the proud and silly mother; re-echoed by the sillier father; broadly asserted by the nursery-maid with every new bit of finery; insinuated into the little head with the first plume stuck in the white beaver hat, and conveyed into the little heart with the first gaudy sash and glittering necklace? Yes, that sad, subdued, and disappointed "old maid," with what the French so graphically call *de si beaux restes*, with such fine features, such an air of command, and yet such a look of desolation, but for her once brilliant beauty she might now be a fond and cherished wife, living her youth over again in that of her children, glorying in her daughter's modest charms and her son's manly virtues and attainments. There is nothing so unlovely as selfishness, and nothing so selfish as a woman "bred a beauty." No homage suffices—no conquest contents her. She cannot love; and those who cannot love cannot long be loved: they may enthrall the senses for a time, but the heart they have so easily won they as easily lose.

A "beauty" cannot render her dupes more contemptible than she renders herself. A true-hearted woman shrinks from inspiring love where she cannot retain it; but the "beauty" lures to betray, and, like the arch-fiend, triumphs in the ruin she makes; she won't condescend to confine her "Smiles" and "Accomplishments" to one only, but will put him on the rack when she leaves him, and says, "Don't cry, darling; I shall soon be back."* She is just the creature for keeping an ignorant young man in "hot-water," and a husband "on the fidgets." We should not like to live with such a one, unless in a large double-house, and divided by an iron grating, one-half of which should be entirely our own, and the other half "my lady's," who might invite us to breakfast or dinner occasionally, or say "Good morning," and "How do you do?" as she passed on the other side. It would give one the "blues" to be on more intimate terms with her.

In fact, beauty is a dangerous property, tending to corrupt the mind of a wife, though it soon loses its influence over the husband. A figure agreeable and engaging, which inspires affection, with the ebriety of love, is a much safer choice. The graces lose not their influence like beauty. At the end of thirty, a virtuous woman, who makes an agreeable companion, charms her husband perhaps more than at first. The comparison of love to fire holds good in one respect, that the fiercer it burns the sooner it is extinguished. The lady who would become really beautiful must make the cultivation of her mind—of those intellectual and moral powers with which her Creator has endowed her—her first and principal care. Pure affections must be cherished; amiable dispositions encouraged; *useful knowledge* acquired; and a mild, even, and obliging temper assiduously cultivated; or all her endeavors to obtain real beauty will prove to have been in vain. A woman who is "handsome" and "well made," excites admira-

* When I hear of a coquette's marriage, says Ritcher, I am reminded of the Doge's custom of marrying Venice to the Sea, which, spite the ceremony, is as free to all flags as before.

tion; but the sentiment inspired by a graceful elegance has much more of sweetness and vivacity.

Those who may be disposed to matrimony should bear in mind that happiness in the married state depends not on beauty, but on good sense and good temper. He will never tire of a woman whose love he takes pains to keep alive. If he be not well guarded, he will probably fall a prey to beauty, or some other external qualification of no importance in the matrimonial state. He sets his heart on a pretty face or a sprightly air; he is captivated by a good singer, or a nimble dancer, and his heated imagination bestows upon the admired object every perfection. A young man who has profited by the lessons of experience is not so easily captivated. The picture of a good wife is fixed in his mind, and he compares it with nearly every young woman he sees.

"She has white skin, hands, and teeth," says he, "but can she bake, make plum-pudding, and apple-dumplings? She has thundering black eyes, eyelashes, and eyebrows, but can she wash and iron shirts? She has red lips, cheeks, and nails, but can she make a shirt and keep the buttons on? She has a long body, hair, and hands, but can she wipe and dust furniture, scrub a floor, and wash dishes? She has short ears, teeth, and feet, but is she a gad-about? She has a wide chest, forehead, and space between the eyebrows, but has she got good sense? She has a small mouth, figure, and ankle, but can she turn out with the lark, kindle fires, and get the breakfast in good season? She has slender fingers, thin lips, and fine hair, but can she milk cows and feed chickens? She has small breasts, nose, and heart, but will she love her husband? She has a plump arm, thigh, and leg, but is she good tempered? She can imitate *Fire-works on the Piano*, and sing with expression, but is she not vain of these trifles?"

The conduct of men, *since the Deluge*, has proved that love—true love—is not mere fealty to a face. The least "angelical," who reasonably contend for all the mind and feeling of the sex, should know, that all which is most profound and impassioned in that sentiment which "beauty"—to say the worst of it—can no more than inspire, will be given to their worthiness; and with this distinguished advantage, that, being raised on the only safe foundation, it will, when once accorded to them, endure for ever. If an "ugly woman" of wit and worth cannot be loved till she is

known, a "beautiful" fool will cease to please when she is found out!

"The sands, in their rough state,
The richest jewels bear;
The rugged rock that breasts the wave
Contains the diamond rare.
So the human frail-like form
Enshrines a nobler soul,
Worthy the power that draws it forth;
To give it sweet control."

"Whoso findeth a wife,"—this is a word pregnant with meaning—"findeth"—as if it were a thing not to be obtained by diligence—not to be gained by a wise exercise of our faculties—it is not he who "chooseth," as if the understanding had anything to do with it; but he maketh it a mere matter of chance—of finding. "A wife"—women were plenty enough then, we dare say; perhaps superabundant, and a thousand willing yeses, sporting from the glottis to the dentals, waited a chance to pop the welcome question; but a "wife"—none of your everlasting gadders abroad—none of your feathery high-tops, that expend every "rap" they can get hold of on their backs,—none of your sly, smiling, simpering backbiters, who can "pshaw" or wink away a neighbor's reputation with more pleasure than she sweeps down cobwebs.



"Do now, for mercy's sake, tell us all about it."

A man of judgment and sagacity will not be likely to commit

his happiness to the care of a "beauty." Love will come with marriage, and in that state it makes an illustrious figure. In looking for a wife, a man cannot be better directed than to a family where the parents and children live in perfect harmony, and are fond of each other. A young lady of such a family seldom fails to make a good wife.

"I do not care for those mere picture faces,
That look upon one as from forth a frame,
And which, though met in twenty different places,
Are everywhere and evermore the same.

Give me the eyes that may with tears o'erflow,
Or eyebrows that may frown—if there's occasion;
Cheeks that with dimpling smiles can warmly glow
In all the living beauty of expression.

The soul (itself ethereal) most esteems
The loveliness akin to its own nature,
And of mere outward beauty little deems,
But *mind* that glows and speaks in every feature.

In short, I do not seek some peerless beauty,
With sculptured charms and graces superhuman,
But something fitter far for earthly duty—
A loving, pleasing, kind, and thoughtful woman."

The power of a wife for good or evil is irresistible. Home must be the seat of happiness, or it must be forever unknown. A good wife is to a man wisdom, and courage, and strength, and endurance. A bad one is confusion, weakness, discomfiture, and despair. No condition is hopeless where the wife possesses *firmness, decision, and economy*. There is no outward prosperity which can counteract *indolence, extravagance, and folly* at home. No spirit can long endure bad domestic influence. Man is strong, but his heart is not adamant. He delights in enterprise and action; but to sustain him he needs a tranquil mind, and a whole heart. He needs his moral force in conflicts of the world. To recover his equanimity and composure, home must be to him a

place of repose, of peace, of cheerfulness, of comfort; and his soul renews its strength again and goes forth with fresh vigor to encounter the labor and troubles of life. But if at home he finds no rest, and is there met with bad temper, sullenness, or gloom, or is assailed by discontent, or complaint, hope vanishes, and he sinks into despair.*

In regard to slander, none but gad-about blackguards are addicted to it, and, therefore, we should be extremely cautious in believing an evil report of our neighbor, for, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, there is not a word of truth in such reports; and why should we load ourselves with the reproach of being unjust to the character of another? If the report concerns *us*, soon will we know more of the truth; if it concerns *us* not, why should we indulge on the dissocial and unamiable qualities that love to dwell on the faults and weaknesses of a fellow being? Who would rather look on the dark and cheerless morass than view the beautiful and smiling landscape? The prudent course is to turn on the slanderer the eye that reproves, and then turn from him the ear that refuses to listen.†

A man who had by his own unaided exertions become rich, was asked by a friend the secret of his success. "I accumulated," said he, "about one-half of my property by attending to

* The proud, haughty, and capricious woman delights to show her power over her husband, even at the expense of his reputation, which never fails to affect her own. Men are frequently the slaves of such women. There is another kind of woman that rules men; the cold, calm, unexcitable, and ever self-possessed; the woman that never forgets *herself*. We never saw such a one as a wife, that the husband was not, more or less, the subject of her will. In both instances an intense selfishness is the predominant principle; in the first, combined with vanity; and in the second, with that and a large slice of self-esteem into the bargain. In a true woman—and by a true woman we do not mean one of your "Woman's Rights" humbugs, but one in whom the nature of her sex is the most completely developed—candor will be the distinctive attribute, inasmuch as it is the distinctive attribute of the intuitive life which in her must prevail; but it is remarkable that these women, the true archetypes of their sex, are exactly those who have the least influence over common-place men; for, to understand and appreciate such a woman, a man must be as noble and candid as herself.

my own business, and the other half by letting other people's entirely alone."

A celebrated character, who was surrounded by enemies, used to remark: "They are sparks which, if you do not blow, will go out of themselves." Let this, then, dear reader, be your feeling while endeavoring to "live down" the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute, you do but as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor things talk—there will be but a reaction. If you perform your duty, hundreds who were once alienated from you will flock to you and acknowledge their error.



APPENDIX B.

ON OLD MAIDS—THEIR ORIGIN, ODDITIES, ETC., ON THE AGE OF WOMEN, AND THE PREVENTION OF GRAY HAIRS; ON FORTUNE-TELLING, ETC., ETC.

How sad is the lot through life's bleak wilderness to stroll,
And feel the leaden hand of Care upon your soul!

Echo—Upon your soul!

THE heart of a true-blooded woman is a fountain of everlasting love; without it, it dies; with love alone, it rests contented. It

craves some object on which to pour the pent-up floods of its affection. The object may be fantastic, the passion may be curiously distorted, but the craving must be satisfied in some way or other. Observe how in the *Old Maid* this distorted affection, cut off from its natural channel, manifests itself in the extravagant attachment to *Monkeys*,* *Dogs*,† *Cats*,‡ *Parrots*, &c.

Among the feats which love, under the influence of disappointment, has achieved, is that of turning night into day. Miss Peg Hart, an old maid of small fortune, who died in Lowell, Mass., in 1847, having met with a disappointment in matrimony in early life, vowed that she would "never see the sun!" Accordingly the windows of her apartments were closely shut up for years, and she kept her resolution to her dying day. Another old maid, Miss Mary Ann Freeland, of Boston, was found dead on the "Common." She had, for many years, lived by lamp-light, to fulfill a similar vow, from the same cause. Now, this taking to the lamp by day and the moon at night, is, to say the least of it, a sorry sort of existence. A woman who has sustained disappointment in love, should rather betake herself to some all-absorbing pursuit, or she dies.

It is supposed by Dr. Darwin and other eminent philosophers,

* The following advertisement lately appeared in a Jersey print: To be sold by private contract, a beautiful Rooster-monkey, a Parrot, two Spaniels, and a Tortoise-shell Tom-cat, the property of a lady just married, who has no further use for them.

† There is a vast deal of philosophy in a dog's tail. It is as great a tell-tale as a lady's fan. If a dog be pleased, his tail is immediately in a wag-ish humor; if he be afraid, it droops; if angry, it "sticks out." You can tell the character and disposition of a dog by his tail, as well as Mr. Fowler can decipher yours from the bumps.

‡ An old maid, in describing an insane Tom-cat, said, "He dashed under the bed, where he converted his eyes into two balls of phosphorus, and his tail into a Bologna Sausage," while his voice assumed an "unearthiness" that reminded her "of the old scratch himself." She got him "out of the house by shooting him with the slop-pail."

that the vivid white reflected from the "winter snow," is the cause of animals in the high northern latitudes becoming *white* in winter. This singular change takes place in our country in two instances. The Alpine hare and the mountain partridge, though brownish-gray in summer, become wholly white as soon as the snow begins to cover their places of resort. Darwin's opinion on this subject seems to be derived from the chameleon, which is said to take the color of every object at which it looks. If it looks at an Irishman, it becomes green; if it looks at the sky, it becomes blue; if it looks at the snow, it becomes white. He accordingly maintained that it was the action of the "white snow" upon their eyes, which turned all the Polar animals white in winter; and for a similar reason he would infer that larks are gray, because they frequent sandy fields; and canaries yellow, because they are reared in brass cages.

On the contrary, we are strongly inclined to believe that the winter white color of the Polar animals is mainly to be attributed to cold. For were it possible by any means to contract the skin at the roots of the hair, so as to compress the tube, and prevent the colored oil from rising, there would only remain the dry body of the hair, and it would of course be *white*. Such contraction of the skin may be produced by cold, by grief, or fear, as well as by fevers and other disorders of the system; and the skin, independent of the hair, will assume a similar appearance to a fowl stripped of its feathers. Every one has heard of instances of the hair being, by grief, or disappointment in love, turned white in a single night.*

* In a communication to the Academy of Padua, Dr. Nardo has imparted some singular observations in reference to the growth of hair after death; nay, even after it had been forcibly plucked from the skin. The Dr. having torn up a hair by the roots from his own head, inserted it in a pore he had opened with a needle in his breast, excited a trifling inflammation around it by rubbing, and in a short time remarked that the hair had taken root, and continued to thrive and grow perceptibly.

THE RED-HAIR BELLE.

MAMMA ! see what a horrid thing's
 Stuck in the paper here !
 " A gentleman, aged thirty-five,
 With five thousand a year,
 Would fain in wedlock's bonds unite,
 With some kind lady fair,
 He's not o'er nice, but none will suit
 Who chance to have red hair."

Now, ma, I know I'm carrotty,
 I'd ne'er the truth deny,
 But wherefore should this booby scorn
 My vegetable dye ?
 My cousin Joey whisper'd me,
 Last night behind my chair,
 I look'd like spring by autumn crown'd,
Because—I had red hair.

I can't see what there's to admire
 In hair as black as night ;
 There's Mary Gill has raven locks,
 And isn't she a fright ?
 And then that nasty dirty drab,
 Which some folks *will* call fair,
 La ! bless them, ma', I'm sure 'tis worse
 Than e'en the reddest hair.

Your auburn locks, which poets prize,
 Are just like rusty screws ;
 If I'd the power to change for them,
 I vow-I would refuse ;
 And then your browns, which unto fogs,
 Half day, half night, compare ;
 Give me a thing with character !
 I really like red hair.

If I were vex'd at what folks say,
 Or were as vain as some,
 I might, perchance, be dark as they,
 So let them look at home ;
Spring-wigs are cheap, and *jaseys* hang,
 Mark'd three-and-six the pair
 But I'll remain as nature will'd,
 For Joey likes red hair.

There is nothing so difficult as to ascertain, with any degree of preciseness, how many summers a lady has enjoyed after she has passed the rubicon of youth. Some time ago, a lady who, when young, was much flattered for her beauty, but who, although advanced in life, was as much a coquette as ever, paid a visit to a gentleman, a very old friend of hers, who thoughtlessly asked her age. She replied "Twenty-eight years." "But, madam, how old is that young man, your son, who is alongside you?" rejoined the gentleman. The son, answering for his youthful mamma, replied, while a bitter smile played on his lips, "*Oh, sir, I am a year older than my mother.*" This reminds us of a story told of an Irish clergyman, who, having gone to visit the portraits of the Scotch kings in Holyrood House, observed one of the monarchs of a very youthful appearance, while *his son* was depicted with a long beard, and wore the traits of extreme old age. "Sancta Maria!" exclaimed the good Hibernian, "is it possible that this gentleman was an *old man* when his *father was born*!"

In the course of the memorable trial of Lord Baltimore, at Kingston, in March 1768, his lordship cross-examined the prosecutrix, Sarah Woodcock, when the following questions and answers occurred:—

Q.—How old are you?

A.—I am *twenty-seven*.

Q.—Will you swear you are?

A.—I will swear that I am that.

Q.—Will you swear you are no older?

A.—I do not know, that I need not tell. I am *twenty-eight*, and that is my age. I cannot exactly tell.

Q.—To the best of your belief, how old are you?

A.—I believe I am *twenty-nine* next July; I cannot be sure of that whether I am or no. Is perfectly well aware of the consequences of perjury.*

* While Mr. B— was engaged in "Taking the Census" in one of the "up-town wards," a lady's age happening to be questioned, she affirmed she

Q.—Will you swear you are no older?

A.—I may be *thirty*.

Q.—Will you swear you are no older?

Objected to answer any more questions. (Objection allowed.)

The age of a lady could be ascertained a short time ago by the number of flounces she wore on her dress. Thus, if not more than twenty, she had only two flounces. If above thirty, she had three flounces; if she had passed the woman's rubicon—forty, then she displayed four deep flounces; and so on, adding an additional flounce for every ten years. Since this scale of measurement, however, has become generally known, the preposterous fashion of having the dress all flounces, running from the pavement up to the waist, has been gradually "going out." It is a rare thing now to meet a lady whose dress displays more than one flounce. We even saw a lady the other night, whose *mousseline* had no flounce at all, which we thought was carrying the thing a *little too far*; but, on peeping under her bonnet, we at once saw the difficulty she must have labored under, for she certainly looked as if—like Shakspeare—she was of no time, but of all ages.

FORTUNE-TELLING.

FEMALE DEPARTMENT.

1. DREAMS.—To dream of a barber, denotes losses. Hairs may be expected to turn gray, and "fall out."

2. To dream of a millstone about your neck, is a sign of what you may expect if you marry an extravagant husband.

3. To dream of having a great number of servants, is madness.

was but 29, and called upon a gentleman who was in company for his opinion. "Cousin," said she, "do you believe I am in the right when I say I am but twenty-nine?" "I am sure, Miss," replied he, "I ought not to dispute it, for I have heard you say so for these fifteen years!"

4. To dream that you are a widow, is a sign that you will die an old maid.

5. To see Apples in a dream, betokens a wedding, because where you find apples you may reasonably expect to find pairs.

6. To dream of soap betokens a combat with your husband, in which you may expect to get lathered.

7. To dream of bell-ringing, indicates that there is probably a lady at the door—with a small bill from the milliner.

8. It is very lucky to dream that you pay for a thing twice over; since afterward, you will take care to have all your bills receipted.

9. To dream of a Boar, forebodes a call for the last quarter's rent.

10. To dream of a Bear, forbodes mischief; which your vision shows you is a Bruin.

11. To dream of Bagpipes is an agreeable omen. On the principle that dreams are to be interpreted by contraries, you may expect to hear music—"God save the King," for instance.

12. To dream of Sulphur, betokens that you will marry a Frenchman and dance a jig to the "Scotch-fiddle."

13. To dream that your nose is red at the tip, is an intimation that you had better leave off Corsets and Milk-punch.

14. To dream of a Coffin, indicates that you should instantly discontinue going to balls, and go warmly and thickly shod in wet weather.

15. To dream of a ducking, is a sign that you should not venture out without your umbrella.

16. To dream that you are lame, is a token that you will get into a hobble.

17. To dream of an Apothecary, betokens that you will get married to a Banker.

18. To dream of ice is a favorable omen, provided you relate your dream to an agreeable young man on passing a Pastry-cook's shop on a hot day.

19. To dream of a Filbert, is a sign that your thoughts are on the Colonel.

20. To dream of the altar, denotes some heavy affliction. Next morning you may expect to lie in bed till eleven o'clock.

21. To dream of "Small-beer," is a sign that you may expect "Pot-luck."

22. To dream of Tears, is a sign that you may safely speculate on a fall in blubber.

23. To dream of walking barefoot, denotes a journey—which will be bootless.

24. To dream of Eggs, is a sign that you will soon find a Mare's-nest, and have a chicken for dinner.

25. If you are married, and dream that the sheriff has sold you "out," it is a warning to your husband on no account to accept a bill.

Oh know ye the land where malice produces its bitterest fruit,
And the voice of detraction can never be mute ;
Where the tints of the story, the shades of the lie,
In number though varied, in falsehood may vie,
And the venom of scandal is deepest in dye ;
Where virgins of fifty strange ringlets entwine,
In the fond misconception of looking divine ?
'Tis the land of *tea-pot*, the realm of the *tray*.
Can we smile when we know what their votaries say ?
Oh ! false as the curls of their ancientest belle,
Are the hearts which they bear and the tales which they tell.*

DIVINATION.

MALE DEPARTMENT.

1. RULES FOR THE HAND AND FACE.—If you have any lines on your hands in the present state of the Railway Market, it is a sign that you had better get them off as soon as possible. A

* A Clergyman of the Universalist denomination was accused, while in Lowell, Mass., of violently dragging his wife from a revival meeting, and compelling her to go home with him. He replied as follows:—"1st. I have never attempted to

double fist portendeth a black eye. A close fist is the mark of a "Universal Philanthropist."

2. CARDS.—The Deuce of Clubs is domestic unhappiness, occasioned by keeping married gentlemen away from their hearths and homes. In France the Deuce of Clubs is conspiracy and rebellion. The Tray of Clubs brings broiled bones and sandwich. The Deuce of Diamonds is, that ladies are very fond of them, and are so dreadfully expensive. The QUEEN OF HEARTS denotes JENNY LIND. Whatever Spades turn up, take care that you do not put your foot in it.

3. TEA AND COFFEE GROUNDS.—Among the various grounds on which the future can be predicted, are those of Tea and Coffee. The Sloe-leaf indicates that you have been cheated by your Grocer. Grains of sand suggest the propriety of going to another store for Sugar. The form of the Moon is a sign that you are consulting your oracle under the influence of that planet.

VOICE OF THE STARS.

MALE DEPARTMENT, CONTINUED.

4. MARCH.—Governors are harrassed by opposition, which proceeds from the unruly portion of Young Men. The Rising Generation will frequent Bar-rooms and smoke cigars, and will not be "in" by 10 o'clock. They will speak openly and advisedly of their "Domestic Rights," and compass and imagine imprudent matrimony.

5. APRIL.—The aspect of the Stars on the 1st indicates a \$25,000 prize coming to the "Getter-up" of this book—one of these days.

6. JULY.—Mars now enters Taurus. This pugnacious planet,

influence my wife in her views, nor in her choice of a meeting. 2ndly. My wife has not attended any of the revival meetings in Lowell. 3rdly. I have not attended even one of those meetings for any purpose whatever. 4thly. Neither my wife nor myself have any inclination to attend those meetings. 5thly *I never had a wife.*"

in conjunction with the Bull, evidently relates to Canal and Railway digging, where a batch of "Grand Rows," originating in the Brandy-bottle, may, for the thousand and first time, be calculated on.

That women have an inveterate dislike to die in a state of "Single Blessedness," we have abundant evidence. The OLD MAID'S ODE TO AN EXPIRING FLY, is a case in point. (*See Fly on her knee.*)



I see thee, little fly,*
Slowly shutting up thine eye—
I see thy heaving breast draw in its long deep sigh—
Pray tell me, pretty dear,
What is it brings that tear,

* It is as curious as well as an interesting fact in the natural history of the old maid, that she invariably pulls off the left stocking last.

And why art thou *alone* when lying down to die?
When thou wert young and gay,
Was thy pure heart, love, stole away
By some hard-hearted wretch who called himself thy lover?
Didst say he kissed thee on thy cheek
Seven evenings every week,
Then left thee pining while he wooed and kissed another?
Then did another come,
And round thee gently hum,
And did he promise thee his love should prove more true?
And did thy little breast
Begin to feel at rest,
When all at once he said, "he thought it wouldn't do."
And didst thou then in vain
Walk up and down the window pane,
To find some mister fly who still might prove polite?
Didst paint thy little wing,
And gently, softly sing,
When some "mean, low-lived thing" exclaimed, "you couldn't come
[it quite?]"
And hast thou, pretty dear,
Oft shed a tiny tear,
To think that unappreciated thou must die?
Ah, yes!—now close thine eye—
Good-bye, dear love, good-bye!—
Oh that 'twere flies alone who feel this misery!

With the present promise of progression in *Painting*, it is thought that beauty will soon become stationary, and that the portion of age which is addressed to the eye, will be fully as attractive as in youth. In M. Debay's work, recently published at Paris, entitled "Medicine du Visage," each feature is treated in a separate chapter. Distinct specifics and treatment is laid down for the nose, lips, chin, complexion, forehead, eyebrows, smile, expression, etc., etc.

The charms exercisable by the face are philosophically analyzed, and the liabilities to age and damage provided against, in all their various approaches. The work might, with propriety, be called "The Coquette's Prayer Book," or "The Devil's Guide to Heaven."

The popular advocates of civilization appear to consider yellow ochre and peacocks' feathers the climax of barbarism—marabouts

and kalydor the acme of refinement. A ring through the nose calls forth their deepest pity—a diamond drop to the ear commands their highest respect.

The philosophy of the present age is peculiarly the philosophy of outsides. Few dive deeper into the human breast than the bosom of the shirt. Who could doubt the heart that beats beneath a cambric front? or who imagine that hand accustomed to dirty work which is enveloped in white kid? What Prometheus was to the physical, the tailor is to the moral man—the one made human beings out of clay, the other cuts characters out of broad-cloth. Gentility is, with us, a thing of the goose and shears.

Certain modern advocates appear to be devout believers in this external philosophy. They are touchingly eloquent upon the savage state of those who indulge in yellow ochre, but conveniently mute upon the condition of those who prefer carmine. They are beautifully alive to the degradation of that race of people which crushes the feet of its children, but wonderfully dead to the barbarism of that race, nearer home, which performs a like operation upon the ribs of its females. By them, also, we are told that "words would manifestly fail in portraying *so low a state of morals as is pictured in the lineaments of an Indian chief*,"—a stretch of the outside philosophy which we certainly were not prepared to meet with; for little did we dream that this noble science could ever have attained such eminence, that men of intellect would be able to discover immorality in particular noses, and crime in a certain conformation of the chin.

When girls learn common sense instead of broken French—when they learn to prefer honest industry to silly coxcombry, and when men find that woman is a "helpmate" instead of a burden, then we may expect to find few old maids—not till then.



APPENDIX C.

ON THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

An Eastern sage of old in his proverbs writes,
 Good wives are jewels above all cost and price;
 Alas! we not only cannot buy them,
 But like the philosopher's stone, we cannot find them.

"BOTHER the women!" said I to myself, why cannot a single gentleman go through the world quietly without being harrassed within and without about a wife and wedding? Is it so imperative upon a man to be linked to a creature that is not himself, and who may, perhaps, be a thorn in his side and a mote in his eye, a messenger of Satan to buffet him—that a man must remain a legitimate subject for taunts, and "chaff," and suspicion, and jest, until he has doubled himself, by a feminine addition to his own masculine self? Created single by Nature, Art insists upon his dup—duplicity—(that's the word for doubleness, and describes the matrimony of some folks I know most etymologically—thus, "dupe-lie-sigh-tie").

Created male Art or Artifice insists upon his becoming female also, by civil contract with a strange being, who exercises a right over his person as if it were her own. And yet Nature seems to back this presumption of Art by supporting her claim. If I give way, then I am captured—I am no longer my own master; and if I remain as I am, then I am no Joseph after all, for he was a

fruitful bough, and I am as bare of branches as a fish is of feathers. In this deplorable state of mind, I went to see my friend Jacob L. Stickney—commonly called “Old Stick-in-the-mud,” and revealed to him my thoughts, when he spoke as follows :

“These, my dear friend, are merely the infirmities of the flesh, and will yield to resistance, and die like snakes by knocking them on the head. I keep up my resisting power still, by merely visiting married folks. Whenever I feel inclined to yield, I take my cane and pay a visit to some care-worn Benedick—one with a hen-coop and a brood of screamers. I seem very easy and begin to talk—I tell the priest-blessed pair a pleasant anecdote, or at least I try to tell it. As soon as I begin, Mamma tells the youngsters to be still; then she seems to listen—then she turns round and says, ‘That child is quite intolerable, would you speak to him, Pa?’ Pa says, ‘You villain, I’ll give it you—by-and-bye.’* So I go on again, but the young brood care quite as little for Pa and Ma’s authority as for my story. The noise still goes on, and both parties at last simultaneously declare that it is altogether too bad—they ‘can’t hear Mr. Stickney speak.’ By this time the story is quite spoiled for want of good telling, and I am disheartened. Yet I have gained my end—I have inwardly resolved to remain as I am, and not to raise any progeny of my body, merely to destroy the progeny of my mind, for my thoughts are my progeny—the olive-branches of my spirit that sit around my table, eh? He, he, he! Ha! ha! ha!”

With that “Old Stick” poked me in the ribs with the joint of his forefinger, in order to impress more deeply on my mind the truth of his observations. I was particularly struck with the poetical beauty of the olive-branch comparison, for I never could see how a family of peevish, discontented, quarrelsome, sickly,

* Hook being told of the marriage of a political opponent, exclaimed, “I am very glad to hear it.” Then suddenly added, with a feeling and compassionate forgiveness, “And yet I don’t see why I should be, poor fellow, for he never did me much injury.”

influenzy, feverish children—as most families more or less are—could bear so beautiful and poetical a comparison as that of the olive-branches; but the children of the mind—the thoughts of a single gentleman at his own table, expressing the peace of his own tranquil spirit, and playing in concord with his own fine-toned will—seemed to me to be the only progeny with which a man could enjoy unsullied happiness. “Old Stick” was still going on talking while I was cogitating, and I caught the end of his discourse by an effort of the mind to lend him an ear.

“Only think, my dear sir, for a moment, of the everlasting weakness of women—their innumerable ailments and reckless habits of doctoring and drugging themselves at every corner the complaint turns, and every new face the ailment puts on. The fact is, sir, *the present generation of women is altogether broken-winded*. What is the cause of it I know not. Some attribute it to corsets, bustles, &c., &c., &c., but every woman says she wears her “things” so very loose that she might as well be without them, only she won’t. But whatever is the cause of it, woman, my dear friend, woman is a *bag of wind*; and this wind stitches her in the side, rises in hysteric-balls in her throat, presses upon her stomach, throws her into fits, vapors, low fevers, qualms, brings apothecaries’ drugs and apothecaries’ bills into the house to disturb the peace both of body and soul; and instead of that agreeable social converse which a young man naturally expects when he marries one of the ‘dear creatures,’ he finds that, after all, marriage only makes him a sort of apothecaries’ errand-boy—a foot-pad that robs himself instead of his master, with the doleful consolation of hearing at home the sighs and groans of his wind-bound partner—”

This was a little too strong, as I thought; and he seemed to have a great deal more to say, but I cut him short, and suffered him only to finish the diatribe, in which he launched out most eloquently upon the expenses of “baby-getting,” as he called it, the inconvenience of being thrust out of your own apartments by

monthly nurses, and silently and contemptuously neglected by your servants, who smile at the privations to which you are subject, and inform you with great independence of speech, as if yourself were the servant and not they, that there is no help for the disturbances you complain of, and that a man, with all his sufferings, suffers little or nothing in comparison with his wife.

"I have, my dear sir," continued 'Old Stick,' "seen-all this over and over, and if ever I marry I will marry an elderly woman—a forty-sixer, one that has "gone through the mill"—weathered the storm, eh? He, he, he! Ha! ha! ha!" With that the old fellow again punched me in the ribs with the joint of his forefinger, to fix the impression, then rubbed his hands, and looked into the pier-glass, and seemed pleased with himself, as if he had said a good thing. I was deeply impressed; notwithstanding I could not but wonder that he should be so very neat and precise in his dress.

In this perplexity I went to pay a visit to my aunt Caroline, a most excellent matron, and told her all that Mr. Stickney had said. She was greatly offended with his criticism, and said it was a one-sided perversion of the truth, and that "he ought to be exposed," and that she very much wondered at my want of gallantry in hearing so fierce a declamation against the sex, without any attempt on my part to reply. I told her that I had stopped his mouth; that he would have gone on much longer, and spoken much more offensive critiques upon woman and marriage, if I had not interfered; and I claimed to myself, at least, the merit of bringing him to a speedy conclusion.

"Speedy conclusion!" cried my aunt; "you are no man at all, or you would at once have demolished his arguments by stronger of your own. Whatever faults woman may have, both natural and artificial, man has, at least, as many; and marriage is as great a sacrifice of peace and liberty in the one case as in the other. If woman is weak in body, and subject to afflictions from which man is fortunately free, man, on the other hand, is

addicted to habits which create as great an amount of domestic misery, and involve as great an amount of domestic expense, as the ailments of woman. All the drugs that a poor woman swallows throughout the four seasons will seldom, in any instance, cover the expense of cigars, wine, and mercy only knows what, which the husband swallows beyond the moderate allowance which his own reason apportions as enough, but which his passion refuses to be content with. As for the 'baby expenses' they are his as well as hers. I will take no account of them; but merely reckoning up the personal expenses of each, I feel quite convinced that the average expenses of the husband are, at least, one-fourth, if not one-half, more than the wife's."

This was powerful; and I felt somewhat pleased while aunt went on to demolish "Old Stick's" arguments, *seriatim*.

"At your time of life," said she, "it is impossible for a man to be so happy without as with a wife. Unsullied happiness we cannot expect in this world; but so long as we have feelings and passions, and affections lying not dormant, but craving within us, and, like hungry children, importuning us for food, which we never present them, it is vain for any philosophy to preach about happiness. *Nature is stronger than philosophy, and passion is more arbitrary than reason.* No man ever was governed by reason. It is a pilot; but the pilot is not the governor. It is a conductor; but the conductor is not the owner. There is no enjoyment whatever in reason.

"We enjoy our innocent passions, our affections, our loves, our sympathies, or gentle revelries, and *charming little jealousies*; they make us laugh with delight, weep with joy, exult and bound with satisfaction and mirth, and are the source of all the pains and pleasures we have. *Reason is merely the labor of the mind*; and it never brings any comfort at all until it brings its produce to a feeling, or a passion; but it is the passion that feels it. Reason has no feeling whatever. As for the troubles of matrimony, they become the very proofs of its pleasures. What is there in this

world of any value that does not trouble us? Do not riches trouble the possessor? Does not power trouble the ambitious? Beauty troubles the owner; and reputation creates a man enemies. The weak has few rivals, the strong many. The wifeless man is a homeless man; a mere estray on the fenceless common of life. It has been so from the time of Adam, for—

'The world was sad—the garden was a wild,
And man, the hermit, sighed, till woman smiled.

"The pleasures of matrimony," continued aunt, "must balance its enjoyments; but the matrimonial swing between *pain* and *pleasure* is more pleasureable and more exciting, and more salutary to body and mind, than the tame and listless monotony of a bachelor's life rather than a maid's, for a maiden life is even more natural than a bachelor life. A maid may have a home, but a bachelor never;* and there is more domestic companionship between women than men; so that a maid may have a friend, but a bachelor not one; and, in the helplessness of age, if he have no female relations, he becomes the equivocal pet or nursling of a maid-servant or house-keeper; and, perhaps, submits to marriage at last, when dried up—too late to enjoy it. *Follow nature and be wise.* Reason is merely judgment, but wisdom is judgment and feeling. No bachelor ever was wise! There is no instance on record of a wise bachelor—they are merely rational. At present you are a mere cipher of humanity, but with another figure added, you will, as Mr. Jervis says, become a respectable member of the human multiplication table.

'There is double beauty whenever a swan
Swims on a lake, with her double thereon;
And ask the gardener, Luke or John, of the beauty of double blowing;
A double dahlia delights the eye,
And it's far the loveliest sight in the sky
When a double rainbow is glowing.

* "I wonder how on earth bachelors live!" is an exclamation often heard from the lips of the fair. "Who sews the buttons on their shirts?"

But double wisdom, pleasure, and sense.
Beauty, respect, strength, comfort, and thence
Thro' whatever the list discovers;
Are all in the double blessedness summ'd,
Of what was formerly double drumm'd,
The marriage of two true lovers!"

This was strong, but if you had heard her utter it, and perceived the feeling of voice and manner she put into it, you would have been quite subdued. I have not transcribed one-half of it; and the better part, the feeling, the soul and spirit of it—the intranscribable—I have not transcribed at all. I felt quite wound-up, and anxious to have a wife at once! If the "widow-maid"—the "forty-sixer" of "Old Stick-in-the-Mud," had been there, I would have made her an offer on the spot! I felt quite fidgety, and so confoundedly heated, that I could almost have been persuaded to take my aunt's servant to church that very day, and marry impromptu! What annoyed me most was, that I did not know any ladies. I therefore asked my aunt if she knew one that would suit me. She said it did not become her to choose for me—that I must select for myself. "But where the—shall I select from?" said I. This puzzled me sadly.

I left my aunt, resolved to get acquainted with some lady immediately. But the more I thought on the subject, the more difficult it seemed. I could not ask my bachelor acquaintances to introduce me; this would create suspicions, and rouse laughter. And when I thought of waiting on Providence, it seemed as if a faintness came over me. I was in too desperate a hurry to wait on anything. To strike while the iron was hot seemed the dictate of prudence. If I suffered it to cool, or if, by any chance I should happen to meet with "Old Stick-in-the-Mud," I would once more be reduced to rationalism, and become as great a fool as ever! I saw the force of my aunt's observation—that *reason is not wisdom*. It was a touch of the passions and the mysterious feelings to enable it; otherwise, it is a low turf, a dry cold, a senseless lump of cold matter.

O, I want a wife,
To cheer my life!—
I care not if she's *minus* beauty,
So I but find
That she is kind,
And knows and practises her duty.

I want a wife
Averse to strife—
A gentle unaffected creature;
One that can pass
A looking-glass
Sans stopping to survey each feature.

I want a wife
With vigor rife,
Whose nerves are never in a flutter;
Who will not roam,
But stop at home,
And brew, and bake, and make the butter.

I want a wife,
Upon my life
For lack of one I'm getting *thinner*;
A punctual one,
Who'll scorn and shun
To keep me waiting for my dinner.

I want a wife,
Who through her life
Was never known to flirt;
Who'll bring to me
A recipe
To keep the buttons on my shirt.

If such a one
Dwells 'neath the sun,
And don't mind leaving friends behind her,
She'd better write
To Mr. White,
Informing him where he may find her.

When I reached my lodgings, I flung myself into an arm-chair, and my feet into another. Here were two chairs occupied, but how awkwardly—a head in one, and the feet in the other. How much more comfortable, I thought, if there were a head in

each, and the feet where God intended they ought to rest when he made the soles flat. I looked around and saw everything in confusion; the carpet was covered with crumbs, little pieces of clay, bits of paper, string, broken seals from letters, in fact, everything covered with dust. The window-curtains tinged with a dirty yellow tint; one of them was torn, and the tassel lying on the floor; while a pair of dirty boots were standing in the middle of the room. The breakfast things were just as I had left them eight or ten hours before. "Oh, desolation!" said I to myself, "I shan't stay here another day! I shall go and look for better apartments to-morrow." Meanwhile, I had got into such a fever about the discomfort of my home—if lodgings can be called such—and anticipated so much satisfaction from removal to better quarters, that I thought it would be about as well to take the subject of matrimony a little more coolly.

"Nothing," said I to myself, "is so foolish as haste in a matter of such tremendous importance." I remember Old Stickney telling me that "every look, every action, of a husband, however innocent, is made a subject of doubt, and the basis of reproach; nay, his very thoughts are anticipated, and turned into weapons of annoyance! In lieu of being a help-mate to counsel him on the state of his affairs, and soothe his anxieties, the wife becomes a prying fiend, who sees only evil, and has pleasure only in tormenting!"

Here was a new idea, but an important one, and showed me the necessity of caution; and as I reasoned upon the subject, I found that my ardor for a wife began to cool, and that it would after all be just as well, and certainly seem more pious for me to wait upon Providence, who, perhaps, would bring forward Miss *Right* in the right time; whereas, by haste and over-anxiety, I might possibly get myself into a desperate scrape. Meanwhile I determined to look for a lodging. "Apartments to let,"—"Furnished apartments,"—"Unfurnished apartments,"—"Furnished or unfurnished apartments!"—met my eye in every direction.

The "Unfurnished" are principally to let by Milliners and Undertakers. What numbers of milliners and undertakers do let lodgings, to be sure! What can be the reason of this?



It is not difficult to procure every outward appearance of comfort, if you have plenty of money—but if your purse be rather short, and you are obliged to economize, seeking for "Apartments" is a hard task. And then there are so many considerations respecting quiet, cleanliness, &c., that a man feels great anxiety in committing himself and his goods to the mercy of an entire stranger. In the first place, I must know if there be any

children, and whether they are boys or girls, or both. I also want to know the number of people that live in the house, lest there should chance to be any Medical Students, or other riotous characters, who spend their evenings in drinking gin-punch, and singing unchaste or bacchanalian songs. It is necessary, therefore, to inquire respecting the inmates of the house, and I did so, and got very civil answers from many—from some, however, I got such looks as told a tale. One old lady, for instance, told me that all the family she had was her daughter and grand-daughter—that is her daughter's daughter. "Then both you and your daughter are widows!" said I. "I do not consider such questions necessary," said the old woman, with such a vicious look that I was glad to make my escape.

Sometimes the lady was quite debonair, graceful, elegant, and dignified. This was pleasant, but I have been deceived by such appearances frequently, and found that such virtues are often confined to social manners which absorb all the care and attention required for domestic tidiness. How often have I seen women whose persons were elegantly attired, whose manners were most refined, whose conversation was most agreeable, but whose "Apartments" were just like my own! Then what worse are they than myself? Why should I judge myself by one standard, and the ladies by another? Such ladies are as fond of domestic nicety as myself; but they have not the means of procuring it. Perhaps they are fond of reading, as I am, and why should they not enjoy it as well as I? Well, let them escape.

But here is a tidy little woman, with a duster in her hand, and her sleeves rolled up to the elbow—the mistress herself working like a servant. Her house is in admirable condition. She has no airs; she is simple and frank; she is not philosophical; she has not seen "High Life," nor is she a "Woman's Rights" humbug. She knows what real comfort is, and that it is not to be procured without labor and diligence. There is a species of natural polish, which is more perfect than the artificial, and of which the artifi-

cial is merely the awkward imitation, and that polish is often to be met with in those who are almost destitute of education, but who, with honest hearts and industrious habits, and kind and affectionate dispositions, have been all their lives cultivating their minds without knowing it. *For what better cultivation can they receive than that which comes from the heart?* While that which comes from reading trashy publications and philosophizing, and aping aristocratical airs and manners, never fails to impress the observer with suspicions of the heart of the owner.

Among the troubles to which I was constantly subjected in my "Apartments," was that of *Music*. Even the maid-servant was eternally singing some merry "catch" or other. Light-hearted girl! Why should that annoy me? "Music has charms to soothe the savage breast," says the poet. "It may," said I, "but I am not savage enough it seems"—it would soon make me a savage—I can't stand much of it; and of all the music in the world—the human voice (Jenny Lind's always excepted,) is the most annoying to a man of quiet habits. I have taken "Apartments" in the most noisy thoroughfares, merely to drown the sounds of domestic music, and its discords: and the greatest objection which I have to the new pavements, is the opportunity which they afford for hearing human sounds, whose attraction or repulsion is always greater than those of any other sound whatever.

I therefore did not fail to ask, in all the "Apartments" which I visited, whether there were any musicians in the house, and what instruments they played. I had once before been troubled with a bugle in the attics, and once with a young lady "Learning the Piano." On another occasion, a player took up his residence on the floor just above mine, and stamped, and roared, and attitudinized all day long. I therefore never failed to ask if there were any Theatrical gentlemen or Opera-Singers in the house; and if there were children, I inquired if they were sucking ones—whether boys or girls, and if the boys had any trumpets or

penny-whistles; and where they played upon them—sitting on the stairs—as a boy once did to my great annoyance—or in the



yard; and whether they were old enough to go into the streets and rid us of the nuisance. This, as may be imagined, cost me a great deal of time; and as I traversed almost all the respectable districts of the metropolis, looking and inquiring, catechising the Landladies, and giving my opinion of this, that, and t'other thing, and hearing theirs in return, months, and years—ay, years, actually passed on, and I just remained where I was. "Well well," said I to myself, "little chance now of my having a wife and a house full of prattlers."

Heigho! I'm getting to be * * * * no, not a "middle-aged gentleman," for I've been that, any time the last ten years; no, I'm a gentleman declining in years, and may now advertise for a housekeeper without giving a handle to scandal to make free with my character. Why the — was I not married? Poor Lucy Smith; I wonder what made me think of her? People said Lucy and I would certainly make a match, and so we would, I suspect, if it hadn't been for that—old humbug, Jacob L. Stickney. I'm sure she would have married me if I had asked her; but, like a — fool! I kept putting it off day after day, until I got "cut out."

By jingo! there's a new married couple moving into the house over the way, on purpose to plague me, I do believe; they seem to be very fond of each other. That's a nice looking girl that's come to stay with them during the honey-moon; she's the bride's sister, I dare say; I wonder if she's engaged; I don't see any very suspicious young men come to the door, and * * * But what the — is it to me whether she is or not? I'm a dried-up man, and must go down to the grave without leaving anybody to cry for me. I should like though to see the girl nearer; it's easy enough to get introduced into the house; and though I'm too old to marry, there's no reason, that I know of, why an old fellow like me shouldn't do the polite thing to a new-comer into the neighborhood. I've a new coat coming home, that, my Artist says, will make me look fifteen years younger—rather impertinent, by the way. And I'm not so amazingly old, after all. When I sat down to breakfast, I felt rather bluish, and thought myself quite a Methusaleh. Pooh! no such a thing! I can walk as briskly as ever—almost—I can ride, sing, dan—, no, I'd better leave out the dancing; but what of that? I'm a good-looking, middle-aged man, tired of living alone, and hang me but I'll make one more try for the ring, if I die for it! There's a pretty girl over the way, and I'll send her a basket of grapes with my compliments.



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF AN AUTHOR IN LOVE.

Yes, pon my honor, I'm going to marry,
I'm very 'hard-up' for a wife;
Too long I've a bachelor tarried,
I want to get settled in life.

I'm still a gay fellow—worth hooking—
My age is just fifty-two;
So, ladies, if for husbands your looking,
Pray keep this announcement in view.

"Oh, my —!" said I to myself, "what a — ass I have been, to be sure!" I might have been a happy husband and the father of a glorious family—had it not been for that scoundrel, Stickney. Where are my boys? I ought by this time to have seven, besides three girls. Such a group would resemble seven

great sun-flowers tied up in a bouquet, with three delicate pinks or violets. What a sight it would be! How it would gladden my heart to look at such a bunch of flowers!—all of my own raising, too! And then, again, to think how I could transplant all my cherished notions of right and truth—gained in adult years—into the virgin soil of a young heart. But where the — is the use of talking.

The various phases of the life of an old bachelor are correctly indicated by the following table:—

Years.

16. Impatient palpitations, longings, etc., etc., toward the ladies.
17. Blushing, tittering, and confusion in conversing with them.
18. Confidence in conversing with them considerably increased.
19. Angry if treated by them as a "beardless boy."
20. Exceedingly conscious of his own charms and manliness.
21. A looking-glass in his room indispensable—to admire his whiskers, mustachio, etc.
22. Insufferable puppyism.
23. Thinks no woman good enough for him.
24. Caught unawares by the snares of Cupid.
25. The connection broken off—from self-conceit on his part.
26. Conducts himself with much superiority toward her.
27. Pays his addresses to another lady, not without hope of mortifying the first.
28. Frantic at being refused.
29. Rails against the fair sex in general: calls them all (his Mother not even excepted) a pack of ***!
30. Morose and out of humor on all conversations on matrimony.
31. Contemplates matrimony more under the influence of interest than formerly.
32. Considers personal beauty in a wife not so indispensable as formerly.
33. Still maintains a high opinion of his own attractions as a husband.

34. Has no idea but that he may still marry a *Chicken*.
35. Falls deeply and violently in love with one of fifteen.
36. "Au dernier désespoir," another refusal.
37. Roams the city, and indulges in every kind of dissipation.
38. Shuns the best part of the female sex.
39. Suffers much remorse and mortification in so doing.
40. Fresh budding of matrimonial ideas: *no spring shoots*.*
41. A nice young widow perplexes him.
42. Ventures to address her with mixed sensations of love and interest.
43. Interest prevails, which causes much reflection.
44. The widow jilts him, being as cautious as himself.
45. Becomes every day more averse to the fair sex.
46. Gouty and nervous symptoms begin to appear.
47. Dreads what may become of him when old and infirm.
48. Thinks living *alone* quite irksome.
49. Resolves to have a prudent *young* woman as housekeeper and companion.
50. A nervous affection about him, and frequent attacks of the gout.
51. Much pleased with his housekeeper, as nurse.
52. Begins to feel some attachment to her.
53. His pride revolts at the idea of marrying her.
54. Is in great distress how to act.
55. Completely under her influence, and very miserable.
56. Painful thoughts about parting with her.
57. She refuses to live any longer with him *solo*.
58. Gouty, nervous, and bilious to excess.

* The tables of the mean joint life-time, show that husbands and wives married at the age of 26 live, on an average, 27 years together, the widows living rather more than 10 years (10·4) after their husbands' deaths, and the widowers nearly 9 years after their wives' deaths. Where the husband is 40 and the wife 30, the mean term of married life is 21 years, the widows living 13 years after their husbands, and the widowers 5 years after the deaths of their wives.

59. Falls very ill, sends for her to his bedside, and intends espousing her.

60. Grows rapidly worse, has his will made in her favor, and makes his exit.

The following directions in choosing your future companion, may prove useful:—

1. Be not too particular about "face" and figure, for though they may please you *now*, you will find something more is necessary for your happiness in the married state, and "plain features" often conceal a noble heart.

2. Never shrink from a woman of strong sense. If she becomes attached to you, it will be from seeing or valuing similar qualities in yourself. You may trust her, for she knows the value of your confidence. You may consult her, for she is able to advise, and does so at once, with the firmness of reason and the consideration of affection. Her love will be lasting, for it will not have been lightly won; it will be strong and ardent, *for weak minds are not capable of the loftier grades of passion.* If you prefer linking yourself to a woman of feeble understanding, it must be either from fearing to encounter a superior person, or from the vanity of preferring that admiration which springs from ignorance, to that which approaches to appreciation.

3. Let not the object of your choice be too young; rather choose one whom you know, *from your own observation*, to have performed well the duties of a daughter; for where duty and affection are wanting in the child, you will look in vain for obedience in the wife. A girl who neglects the wishes of her parents, and is rude to venerable age, will also neglect you whenever selfish motives prompt, however solemn may have been her vows.

4. That young lady will make a good wife, who does not apologize when you find her at work in the kitchen, but continues at her task until it is finished.

5. When a young lady, while in the act of sweeping, ap-

proaches you with kind words, and gracious looks, and politely requests you to move, for she wants to sweep where you are sitting, depend upon it, she is the girl you want, so far, certainly, as temper is concerned; for never is a woman so petulant, so domineering, as when she has a broom in her hand, except it be when she has a mop.

6. When you see a girl anxious to learn a trade, so as to earn something to support herself, and perhaps assist her aged parents, you may be sure that she will make one of the best of wives.

7. When you see a girl rise early, get breakfast, and do up her mother's work in good season, depend upon it, she will make a good wife.*

The slattern makes the lover fly,
While neatness chains the heart.†

8. Choose a lady whose heart has not been *hackneyed*; and on no account attach yourself to one who is willing to receive your addresses *soon* after her separation from another; especially if that separation has been caused by death; for if in a few short months she could forget him, suppose not for a moment she will be true to you.

9. Join yourself in union with no woman who is *selfish*, for she will sacrifice you—with no one that is *fickle*, for she will be-

* If ever you marry, said a Roman Consul to his son, let it be a woman who has judgment enough to dress herself, pride enough to wash her face before breakfast, and sense enough to hold her tongue when she has nothing to say.

† A man whose first wife was remarkably neat, married a "slut." On one occasion she mustered resolution enough to rub down the old mahogany table. Her good man sat quietly looking at her until she had done, when he burst into tears. She desired to know what had affected him in so unusual a manner. "The sight of that table," said he, "for I now recognise it as an old acquaintance, and it awakens reminiscences of days that are gone, *for it always looked thus when my poor wife was living.*" The insulted lady bounced out of the room, and declared, as she slammed the door behind her, that she would make herself a slave to no man.

come estranged—nor with a *proud* one, for she will despise you—nor with an *extravagant* one, for she will ruin you.

10. Fix not upon one who is ignorant; for however it may mortify your pride now, to find that she is as wise as yourself, when she is the mother of your children you will not regret that she is capable of giving them instruction. An ignorant wife will be excessively self-willed, or stupid; and, however “beautiful,” will soon cease to interest. Nothing can compensate for the evil of vulgarity and ignorance.

11. Notice whether she still regards those families for whom she possessed an attachment a year or two ago; if she does, you may trust her; if not, beware.

12. Leave the ball-goer and the coquette to the asses that flutter around them.

13. Let her own fireside accommodate a scold;* and flee from a woman who loves scandal as you would from the evil one himself.†

14. Never consider the family of your intended wife as not worth inquiring about. Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.

15. Marry not in haste; consider well what you are about.

A friend of mine was married to a *scold*—
To me he came, and all his troubles told;
Said he, “she’s like a woman raving mad!”
“Alas!” said I, “my friend, that’s very bad.”
“No, not so bad,” said he; “for with her, true,
“I had both house and land, and money too.”
“That was well,” said I.
“No, not so well,” said he;

* A woman offering to sign a deed, the judge asked if her husband compelled her to sign? “He compel me?” said the astonished lady; “no—sir-ee! nor twenty more like him!”

† “Now, Papa, tell me what is humbug?”—“It is,” replied papa, “when Mamma pretends to be very fond of me and puts no buttons on my shirt!” The wife who would properly discharge her duties must never have a soul “above buttons.” An Englishman—a married man, too—has left the munificent sum of £3,000 (\$15,000,) for the invention of a shirt *without buttons*!

“For I and her own brother
Went to law with one another;
I was cast; the suit was lost;
And every penny went to pay the cost.”
“That *was* bad,” said I.
“No, not so bad,” said he;
“For we agreed that he the house should keep,
And give to me fourscore Vermont sheep,
All fat, and fair, and fine they were to be.”
“Well, then,” said I, “sure that was well for thee.”
“No, not so well,” said he;
“For when the sheep I got,
They ev’ry one died of the rot.”
“That was bad,” said I.
“No, not so bad,” said he;
“For I had thought to scrape the fat,
And keep it in an oaken vat,
Then into tallow melt for winter store.”
“Why, then,” said I, “that’s better than before.”
“No, not so well,” said he;
“For having got a clumsy fellow
To scrape the fat, and make the tallow,
Into the melting fat the fire catches,
And, like brimstone matches,
Burnt my house to ashes.”
“That *was* bad,” said I.
“No, not so bad,” said he;
“For, what is best,
My *scolding* wife is gone among the rest!”

It was a judicious resolution of a father, as well as a most pleasing compliment to his wife, when, on being asked what he intended to do with his girls, he replied, “I intend to apprentice them to their excellent mother, that they may learn the art of improving time, and be fitted to become, like her, wives, mothers, heads of families, and useful members of society.

Show me the wife that’s on the watch;
For every little rent or scratch,
And cures it with a timely patch,
Before you know it.
She is the woman fit to match
A lord or poet.

In regard to the choice of partners, we shall find that talkative people prefer those of taciturn character; gourmands make a better dinner in the society of those who eat but little; the strong ally themselves to the weak; men of genius choose domestic wives; authoresses and advocates of "Woman's Rights," generally espouse fools; proud individuals cannot endure those who are proud also; little women love men of powerful frame—with short noses; and then again, tall men frequently marry little women. A wise ordination, as a lady once remarked, for it prevents the human race from rising too much steepleward.

When anything abounds, we find
That nobody will have it;
But where there's little of the kind,
Then every one doth crave it.

If wives are evils, as 'tis known
Some husbands have confess'd,
The man who's wise will surely own
A little one is best.

The god of love's a little wight—
But beautiful as thought;
Thou, too, art little, fair as light,
And everything—in short.
Oh, happy girl! I think thee so;
For mark the poet's song—
"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

In a little precious stone what splendor meets the eyes! In a little lump of sugar how much of sweetness lies! So in a little woman love grows and multiplies.

A peppercorn is very small, but seasons every dinner
More than all other condiments, although 'tis sprinkled thinner
Just so a little woman is, if love will let you win her;
There's not a joy in all the world you will not find within her.

And as within the little rose you'll find the richest dyes,
And in a little grain of gold much price and value lies—
As from a little balsam much odor doth arise,
So in a little woman there is a taste of Paradise.

The sky-lark and the nightingale, though small and light of wing,
Yet warble sweeter in the grove than all the birds that sing;
And so a little woman, though a very "little thing,"
Is sweeter than all the other sweets—e'en flowers that bloom in spring.

It is also a very remarkable fact, that tall women hate little men with short noses; and, in our opinion, they are perfectly right in so doing, for it has long since been settled, that a man with a small nose cannot rise in the world: his nose keeps him down. In fact, nobody likes to have anything to do with a man whose nose is contemptibly small. Cock-noses and snub-noses belong to the small order of noses. This description of noses is far more numerous than any other; perhaps two-thirds of the good people of New-York have their faces adorned with fixtures of this fashion.

The family of cock-noses, if not very respectable, are certainly powerful in numbers. You cannot walk the street, or go to meeting, without seeing hundreds of men and women with such noses. The cock-nosed men are a busy, bustling race, remarkable for their self-conceit and cool assurance. The men with snub-noses are rather an amiable class of individuals. There is a rich store of humor and drollery about their noses, which causes them to be much sought after as boon companions.

The last class of noses to which we shall advert, are hook-noses. They belong to the large order of nasal organs, but are not very numerous in New-York, being, chiefly, the property of Bostonians. The paucity, however, of such noses in New-York, is not much to be regretted, as the possessors of them are, frequently, "no better than they should be." They are, in general, sly, insinuating rogues, who, by craftiness, contrive to circumvent and cajole the simple ones of the earth. * * * It is, therefore, much better to have a turned-up nose than an aquiline one; for while the one will lead its owner to "glory and to virtue," the other will involve its possessor in "unheard-of difficulties"—in the world to come.

What description of nose is really the handsomest, we are unable to say. Grecian noses, are heavy. One seldom sees a lively person with such a nose. A straight-backed nose, with a point neither hooked nor turned up, is accounted best for a woman. For a man any kind of nose will do, provided it is large enough, and does not show the nostrils erect, like the double windows of an Anglo-Saxon belfry. Gentlemen with long noses frequently make themselves exceedingly disagreeable at balls and other places of amusement.



APPENDIX D.

ON THE MANAGEMENT OF A HUSBAND ; ON WIDOWS, ETC.

“Of a’ the airts the wind can blaw,
 I dearly like the west ;
 For there the bonie lassie lives,
 The lassie I lo’e best.
 There wild woods grow, and rivers flow,
 And monie a hill between ;
 But, day and night, my fancy’s flight
 Is ever wi’ my Jean.”

To WIVES.—Your first consideration before marriage was, how to please your lover. Consider any such endeavor, after marriage, to be unnecessary and ridiculous ; and, by way of amends for your former labor, let your sole object be, to please yourself.

Be at no pains to look tidy of a morning. A long toilet is tiresome; particularly in cold weather. "Taking the hair out," occupies five minutes; come down to breakfast, therefore, in curl-papers; also in a flannel dressing-gown; and, unless you expect "Callers," remain in *deshabille* all day. Husbands are nobodies, and comfort is to be studied before appearance.

But are you to neglect your attire altogether? By no means. Indulge your taste in dress to the utmost. Be always buying something new; never mind the expense. Payments belong to husbands. If you see a shawl or a bonnet in a window, order it at once. Should a silk or a muslin attract your eye, have it sent home forthwith. Does a feather, a ribbon, a jewel, strike your fancy? purchase it instantly. If your husband is astonished at the bill, pout; if he remonstrates, boo-hoo-hoo! But do not spoil your finery by domestic wear, or for the gratification of your *present* husband. Store them up. Some married ladies reserve their "fine things" for promenades and parties. They seek for the admiration of society, instead of that of their husbands.

Be constantly seeing tables, chairs, window-curtains, and other furniture which you like better than your own; and insist upon their being got. Endeavor to get rid of your "Old Piano," and get a "New One." If your husband has "a considerable balance in the Bank," and keeps a carriage, insist on a better; if he does not, and cannot afford it, complain.

Whenever your desires exceed his means, look unhappy, and hint how much more advantageously you *might* have married. Never smile and hope for better things, but make your husband feel as keenly as you possibly can the inadequacy of his means to support you. Practise, however, a reasonable economy. Take every opportunity of making a cheap purchase; and when asked of what use it is? reply, that it is a "glorious bargain." Don't read Franklin's "Poor Richard."

Enjoy ill-health. Be very nervous: and, in particular, subject to fits; which you must fly into as often as your husband is un-

kind. Make the most of every little ache or pain; and insist upon having a "Fashionable Physician."* There is something very elegant in illness; a prettiness in a delicate constitution—affect this attraction if you have it not—men admire it amazingly. Put yourself under no restraint in your husband's presence. Sit, loll, or lie, in just what way you like, looking only at the ease of the posture, not its grace. Leave niceties of conversation and sentiment to the "Single;" never mind how you express yourself; why should wives be particular?

When your husband wishes to read or be quiet, keep chattering to him; the more frivolous and uninteresting the subject, the better. If he is disposed for conversation, be dull and silent: and whenever you see that he is interested in what he is talking about, especially if he wishes you to attend to him, keep yawning and wriggling. In fact, do everything in your power to get rid of his company.

There are two ways of discharging your household duties. If you are languid and listless, you may let them alone: if not able, you should be continually groaning, belching up wind, and turning the house topsy-turvy, under pretence of "Setting it to Rights." You can either let your "servants" do just as they please; or you may be continually in the kitchen, looking after them. In the latter case, scold them frequently, and in an

* "Well, Emeline," said Dr. W—to a lazy gadder of a wife, "how do you feel to day, Emeline?" "A great deal worse than I was, thank'ee; most dead, I'm obliged to you; I'm always worse than I was, and don't think I shall be any better. I'm very sure, anyhow, that I'm not long for this sinful world; and, for the future, you may always know I'm worse without asking any questions; for the questions make me worse, if nothing else does." "Why, Emeline, what's the matter with you?" "Nothing, I tell you, in particular; but a great deal is the matter with me in general; and that's the danger, because we don't know what it is. That's what kills people; when they can't tell what it is; that's what's killing me. My great-grandmother died of it, so will I. The doctors don't know it; they can't tell; they say I'm well enough, when I'm bad enough; and so there's no help. I'm going off some of these days, right after my great grandmother, dying of nothing in particular, but of everything in general. That's what finishes all our folks."

audible voice, so as to be heard up-stairs. Never think of looking to your husband's shirt buttons; leave that to the Laundress; or, if you must attend to his linen, superintend your "washing" in person; and be sure that you always dry the clothes before the parlor fire. If your husband has to go out to a business-dinner, or to see a friend, never let him have the latch-key—say it is lost; and should he, on any occasion, stay out late, send the servant to bed, sit up for him yourself, and make a merit of the sacrifice to "the wretch."

Above all, have a female Confidant, who will instruct you in all the *ill* qualities of husbands generally, and will supply any deficiencies in these hints. Husbands must be crossed and thwarted continually, or they are sure to be tyrants; and women, to have their "Rights," must stand up for them. The behavior which won a man's affections, is by no means necessary to preserve them. The following hints—being the substance of a letter from a Matron to a newly married lady—may be of service in the subjugation of a husband:—

NEW-YORK, *April 1st*, 18—.

MY DEAR JANE,

Your honeymoon being over, I feel it my duty—as, indeed, it will be my pleasure—to instruct you in the serious purposes of marriage. I have had my trials, my dear Jane, in what is called the blessed state, and could if I chose write this letter in the tears of widowhood.* *Three times* have I been bereft of the tenderest of husbands†—for every one of the dear men was really

* There is, it is said, a country in Asia, where women are compelled to have a finger cut off for every one of their husbands that die, lest they should impose themselves as virgins upon unsuspecting and amorous swains desirous of entering into matrimony. Such a law in this country would save many a worthy man from being "taken in and done for."

† Ven you are a married man, Samuel, said an indulgent parent to his hopeful son, you'll understand a good many things as you don't understand now; but vether its worth while going through so much, to learn so little, as the charity boy said, ven he got to the end of the Alphabet, is a matter o' taste. I rayther think it isn't.

so—and now am I left like the lonely dove, to murmur alone. I have, however, this satisfaction, to know that I managed them all to my heart's content, while they—dear, simple lambs!—believed they managed me.

Men in their extreme ignorance call us the weaker sex! The weaker sex! When—and they know it—we can pull and play with their heart's-strings as little children play with toy harlequins.* However, never disabuse them of the fond conceit. Our weakness, as they are pleased to call it, is our best strength. Continue, my dear Jane, to make your husband think you the most delicate of creatures, and he will treasure you accordingly. We all of us seem pretty well to know and follow out this truth in days of courtship, but forget it almost as soon as the Parson has said Amen! This, my dear Jane, is the great error of our sex: it is this that makes wife the slave and husband the master.†

Now it has ever been my plan to perpetuate the privilege that courtship gives us, throughout every day of wedlock. And very properly. What! is your lap-dog that obediently fetches and carries—is he suddenly to refuse to obey you, and only because you have put a collar round his neck, and hold him by the ring of a chain at your third finger? Therefore, my dear Jane, let your nerves be always delicate: hence, your husband will treasure you like a precious piece of China. Be foolish enough to

* Here I am, said a used-up husband, the ghost, the shadow of what I was! When I first got married, it was a pleasure to look at my own face! Who'd think these pale and whitewashed cheeks were red and plump not quite eleven months since! My appetite's gone, too! I can't eat cold meat without pickles, and, 'once upon a time,' I could bury a waxy tater without salt. As for sleep, I never get any!

† How much is domestic life indebted to absence for its enjoyment! The husband who is continually by his own fireside soon experiences the truth of the very musty adage, that "Too much familiarty," &c. But the man who seeks for contrast in the society of his club or tavern, finds, on returning to his home, even though it be long past midnight, the faithful partner of his bed and bosom anxiously awaiting his arrival! What love exhibited! What happiness bestowed!

appear robust, and, on the contrary, you will have no more care bestowed upon you than a red clay pippin.

There are, I know, *brutes* in the human form, not to be deceived; but your husband is, my dear Jane, I trust, not of them. As a girl, I remember a monster of the sort. My own dear mother—from whom, let me confess it, I learned many precious lessons—she made as much as any woman of her nerves. Well, one day, my father poking the fire, down came—as you know, sometimes they will come, with such a clatter—the shovel and tongs; my mother screamed, declared my father wanted to get rid of her, and immediately retired to her chamber. Though a party was to dine with us, my mother—true to her principles—resolutely went to bed. My father—dear man—was all self-reproach and sorrow. He related the unfortunate event to the monster I speak of, saying something about the “wear and tear of the female constitution.” Whereupon, I shall never forget it, the wretch replied—Pooh!—pooh! Female constitution! It never wears—it never tears: at the worst, it only stretches.” And this—their conduct proves it—is the brutal faith of thousands. My dear father, however, was of the contrary belief: so well too did my dear mother manage, that after this fall of the shovel and tongs, he never after poked the fire as if the poker was really his own. And this—as my daughter Helen says—is just as it should be.

Hence, my dear Jane, cultivate your nerves: you can’t pet ’em too much. Something will always be happening in the house—unless your husband be worse than a Turk—every new fright will be as good as a new dress or a new trinket to you. There are some domestic wounds only to be healed by the jeweler. I don’t advise you, my dear Jane, not to love your husband to *distraction*,—but never show the abundance of it. How men impose upon what I call a superfluity of affection, it is dreadful to think of! No; there is a decent sort of tenderness—a sort of tepid love—that is the safest. It never permits a wife to commit her-

self; it never shows to the dear man that he is supreme in her affections, and so enables him to sport with them. However, do not let him think himself indifferent to you; certainly not; at least, let the dear man have the benefit of the doubt.

In the slightest case of sisterly frailty, be all indignation. It is the very cheapest way of airing your own excessive purity of character. Now and then, too, you can—with great pain to yourself, of course—hazard suspicions of some of your acquaintance.* Suspicion, skillfully used, is a most excellent thing. The art is by no means of difficult acquirement. My daughter Helen, young as she is, is a perfect adept at it. Like a little dust of rouge, if very tenderly laid on, it throws out in fine relief the natural beauty of the wearer. Rouge is a darling little fib, that lies, as my friend Sally Ward says, like truth—and so, I take it, is, if properly applied, a slight suspicion. They may both color false modesty.

There is, too, a sort of *side-wind* way that will enable you at once to please and tease your husband. *Jealousy*—that is, a happy affectation of the passion—is a wonderful weapon in a skillful hand. Therefore, when “walking out” with the dear man, declare that he looks at every woman he meets, and sulk and pout accordingly. Sometimes, however, vary the accusation, and declare that every woman he meets looks at him. From this assumed fact, you can make any deductions, and endeavor in a torrent of words to declare how very, very miserable you ought to be. The man, of course, must think himself very dear to you,

* Talking of scandal, reminds us of a very ancient-looking man we once saw eating hog’s-pudding, by his cottage door. His breeches were of corduroy—waistcoat, he had none. His face was maimed with scars, his eyes were quick and piercing, his teeth, though scattered and decayed by nature, were nimble in their motion. As we passed by, his long hog’s-puddings vanished one by one. Near him stood a dog, upon whose shaggy hide he wiped his greasy fingers; and oh! we thought what a wonderful mortal is this ancient man! We asked him of his history; when, with a stern and unchanged countenance, and looking steadfastly at us, he thus replied, “*What’s that to ther?*”

or wherefore such fantastic jealousy? He must feel, though with a feeling of wretchedness, that you really love him; or wherefore show the love with so much misery to him? Does not puss love the live yet wounded mouse she bites and scratches?*

Again, as to temper, never let it be certain. Husbands—I know them—presume upon evenness of temper. No, let the dear man feel that he is never safe. He will accordingly be gentle, watchful, in his manner. Hence, be at times in the most exuberant spirits; and then, with a thought—at some unconscious look of your husband, some playful word—have a mute tongue, and brows of threatening thunder. In your very gayest moments, let your helpmate feel as if he is called upon to admire some curious gun—very beautiful, but to be most carefully handled, lest it go off, and destroy him. If your husband wishes for Music, declare you have a sudden headache, and add this, he ought to have seen as much, and not have asked you. If, on the contrary, he has a book, or would doze by the fire, immediately turn to your “Æolian Attachment” and play the “*Battle of Prague*,” with all the cannon accompaniments.

If the dear man wish you to go out with him, say he always asks you when he knows you can’t go; and then, on the contrary, desire that he shall take you to *Meeting*, when you are well aware that he has some previous engagement.

On this point, too, be particularly obdurate. When your husband goes out with a likelihood of returning home late, insist upon sitting up for him. He may urge, that he can take the key; that, in fact, it will annoy him to keep anybody from their bed. Meet all this with a cold decisive assurance, that you *will* sit up for him. If he come home late, what delicious triumph for you! There you are, my dear Jane, in your night-cap, and wrapt in three shawls, making up yourself for the picture of a very much

* When a female butcher-bird has secured a victim, she fixes it upon a thorn and then tears the creature to pieces with her claws. What a picture of man and wife!

wronged woman. The culprit at length returns; you watch his eye, and lead it to dwell upon the reproachful stump guttering in the socket—that candle, which, in very weariness of heart and for nothing else, you have every five minutes mangled with the snuffers, as though unconsciously to make the case all the stronger against your offending mate. Sometimes, on such occasions, say nothing, but cold as a statue walk up-stairs. Sometimes, too, it will add considerably to the pain of the criminal, if you carefully draw a sigh, and Caudle-like—“wish you were in your grave.”

As for your husband’s friends, give them always a chilling welcome. If now and then they insist upon staying, as you think, too late, declare that they have had wine enough, and they ought to know it. My dear mother had an admirable way. Two or three times—for my father never tempted her oftener—she sat up guarding the fireplace. No coal did she suffer to approach it. The fire went out; it was winter, and piercing cold; then in a triumph, only known to such a wife, did she retire to her room, comforting herself that they’d “soon be starved out, and must go home.”

I have herein, my dear Jane, thrown out only a few hints; but I can add a great many more to them, if I find you worthy of my teaching.

In the meantime, I remain your affectionate friend,

CATHARINE SNEERWELL.

P. S. Helen writes me that she’s “picked up a nice young man” out in Jersey. The dear girl!

We now come to treat, more particularly, of Husband and Wife, and shall inquire, first, how marriages may be made, which will be interesting to lovers; secondly, how marriages may be dissolved, which will be interesting to *happy* couples; and lastly, what are the legal effects of marriage, which will be interesting

to those who have *extravagant wives*, for whose debts the husbands are liable.*

To make a marriage, three things are required :—first, that the parties *will* marry ; secondly, that they *can* ; and thirdly, that they *do* ; though to us it seems that if they *do*, it matters little whether they *will*, and that if they *will*, it is of little consequence whether they *can* ; for if they *do* and *will*, they *must* ; because where there is a *will* there is a *way*, and therefore they can if they *choose* ; and if they *don't*, it is because they *won't*, which brings us to the conclusion ; and if they *do*, it is absurd to speculate upon whether they *will* or *can* marry.

It has been laid down very clearly in the books, that in general all persons are able to marry unless they are unable, and the fine old constitutional maxim, that “ a man may not marry his grandmother,” ought to be written in letters of gold over every domestic hearth in the Nation. There are some legal disabilities to a marriage, such, for example, as the slight impediment of being married already ; and one or two other obstacles, which are too well known to require dwelling on.

If a father's heart should happen to be particularly flinty, a child under age has no remedy ; but a strong-hearted guardian

* Many ignorant people have stigmatized *Avarice* as a vice. This arose from their blindly considering *Virtue* and *Generosity* as more honorable than *Wealth*. Every person knows that respectability consists in a one-horse chaise ; gentility, in a chariot and job-horses ; nobility, in a carriage, two footmen, a fat coachman, and a hammer-cloth ; all of which are the products of “ a considerable balance at the banker's.” Now, *Avarice* being the acknowledged high road to fame, it can but be looked upon as the noble ambition of an aspiring soul to obtain the good opinion of his fellow men. How glorious is the desire to die and leave behind us something better than a good name ! something which will not only surround our death-bed with anxious and sorrowing relations, but which, when we are no more, will make everything which belonged to us dear to them. There is another benign consolation. The money which we have so unceasingly hoarded and scraped together will become a golden ointment to the lacerated heart of our “ *disconsolate widow*.” It will be the means of destroying the solitude of her heart, and of filling our vacant chair with some sighing, sympathizing single gentleman.

may be macadamised by the Court of Chancery ; that is to say, a marriage to which he objects may be ordered to take place, in spite of him. Another incapacity is want of sense in either of the parties ; but if want of sense really prevented a marriage from taking place, there would be an end to half the matches that are entered into.

Divorce is a luxury confined only to those who can afford to pay for it ; and a husband is compelled to allow money—called *ali-money*—to the wife he seeks to be divorced from. Marriages, it is said, are made in Heaven. We are extremely sorry for it, for very many of the alliances reflect no great credit upon the place.

A husband and wife are one in law—though there is often anything but unity in other matters. A man cannot enter into a legal agreement with his wife, but they often enter into disagreements which are thoroughly mutual. If the wife be in debt before marriage, the husband, in making love to the lady, has been actually courting the cognovits she may have entered into ; and if the wife be under an obligation for which she might be legally sued, the husband finds himself the victim of an unfortunate *attachment*. A wife cannot be prosecuted without the husband, unless he is dead in law ; and *Law is really enough to be the Death of any one*. A husband or a wife cannot be witness for or against one another, *though a wife sometimes gives evidence of the bad taste of the husband in selecting her*.

When taking the leap through the wedding-ring, how seldom do we ascertain that the blanket of wedded existence is held tight on the other side !

When women become Politicians and Statesmen, as recommended and demanded by the Worcester Convention, there will be so many holes in the Constitution to be mended, that those in our Stockings will have to go without darning. In the progress of improvement, we shall all, no doubt, Minerva-like, spring into the world full grown voters ; but, for the present, who is to rock

the cradle? When women shall sit upon the Jury, and stand sentry in our Night Police, we shall hear no more, of course, of the *Men of the People*. The popular cry will then be, "Hurrah for the *People's Mistresses!*"

The fact of the matter is, Woman was made for Man—as the sun was made for the world—to adorn and cheer it. But for woman, where would be the luxuriance with which the spring of youth and the summer of manhood are decked out by the cunning of the Tailor? * As soon would the sunless field be green and gay, as man without woman.

The hand of man is formed to guide the plough, to ply the oar, to wield the sword. The more delicate fingers are calculated for the dexterities of the sempstress—for the neatness of the culinary art. When we survey our wristbands, how striking is our conviction of the debt which we owe to womanhood! The constitution of the universe is such, that buttons are necessary to shirts, unless studs are substituted for them—an expense to

* We wish some ingenious Tailor would invent a wrapper for gentlemen, to answer the purpose of some ten or a dozen coats instead of one, to which necessity sometimes restricts us for a long period. We throw out the following hint, in the hope of attracting the eye of some ingenious member of the "Goose and Lap-board Fraternity;" and, if he can make anything of it or by it, we will give him the benefit of the Patent, on condition of his rubbing off "old scores," and clothing us gratuitously for fourteen years:—Make a good and easy paletot, with double skirts—a pair of long skirts outside and a pair of short skirts under them: 1st. Let down the long skirts, and you have a great-coat. 2d. Fasten them up, and let down the short skirts, when you will have a dress-coat for "Evening Parties." 3d. Pin the long skirts together, and you will have a cloak. 4th. Pin up both pair of skirts, and you will have a comfortable spencer. 5th. Throw one of the long skirts over your right shoulder, and you will have a Spanish cloak. 6th. Take your arms out of the arm-holes, pull the sleeves inside, and you have a cape. 7th. Pin up a portion of the long skirts into the shape of a Quaker "cut-away," and you will be able to turn out in a sporting-coat of the first quality. 8th. Turn the long skirts half up, but leave the lappets of the pockets visible, and the shooting-jacket thus formed will challenge any comparison. 9th. Let down the long skirts entirely, pin them over in front, and you have a dressing-gown. 10th, and lastly, put your legs through the sleeves of the coat, and there you are in a first rate pair of trowsers.

which the vast bulk of mankind are unable to go. Such, too, are the laws which regulate the material world, that these buttons are liable at times to come off. The clumsy male fist would make a poor job of the delicate work of sewing them on again, which feminine skill effects with nicety and despatch, leaving on the unrumpled and unsmirched surface of the snowy Irish no trace where the thumbs have been.

But even if masculine adroitness were competent to replace a button, how could those solutions of continuity, which occur as a consequence of friction about the toes and heels of stockings, be repaired? Instances, it is true, have been known of old bachelors who were wont to darn their own hose; but these are isolated exceptions. Were we of the sterner sex "deft" enough, in general, for this employment, the impatience of our more irritable natures would consign, in most cases, our half-finished handiwork to the flames.

The husband occupied with his counting-house, his office, his shop, his clients, his patients, could not, although he were qualified so to do, superintend the kitchen. But to the man of leisure, the garden, the tool-house, the field, present appropriate objects of amusement. While the sportsman is loading the gun, his wife at home is wielding the rolling-pin; and the jam-pudding that crowns his meal is the offering of female assiduity to the palate of reciprocal affection.

Owing to its physiological relations to the external world, the nervous system of the infant is peculiarly susceptible of irritation from the application of moisture to the skin. The daily removal, however, of the incrustations which would otherwise accumulate on its surface is necessitated by the requisitions of health. In other words, children ought to be washed every morning, and they have at the same time a great objection to being so. Thus infantile hydrophobia is productive, as all domesticated people know, of much screaming and crying. The innate ferocity of savage man would be excited by this noise; and fail-

ing in trying to stop the mouth of the suckling with his handkerchief, he would probably dash its head against the wall. But the screams of the suffering little one excite not rage, but tenderness and compassion, in woman's gentle breast; and with soothing voice and soft caress, she beguiles the vociferous darling into acquiescence and quiet.

When we reflect on the multifarious comforts and conveniences—the clean linen, the hemmed handkerchief, the mended glove, the tidy house, the comfortable cup of tea, the savory “patty,” and the thousand other blessings which are derived from and centre in “Woman,” we are forcibly struck with the propriety of that toast which, in all well-regulated societies, is never omitted after dinner—“The Ladies!”



APPENDIX E.

ON THE ADVANCEMENT OF EVERYTHING IN GENERAL AND NOTHING IN PARTICULAR; EMBRACING SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF THE VEGETO-TRANSMIGRATION ASSOCIATION.

GENTLE reader, this enlightened body is now in session at the Feejee Islands, whither we have dispatched our “better half,” for the purpose of collecting all the interesting information to be had; and we are happy in laying before our readers the following very exciting particulars:

Professor Blowhisnose, in opening the business of the day, was glad to observe so large an attendance of Foreigners. The Chairman began by announcing the gratifying fact, that it was determined by a few leading members of the Association to offer a banquet to their worthy and convalescent friend, General Murphy, on his happy recovery from his late illness. (Hear! hear!)

The arrangements for the dinner were on a scale of great liberality, and the guests included all the principal vegetables. The invitations had been carried out by an efficient corps of Scarlet Runners. Professor Onion occupied the chair. He was supported on his right by the head of the Asparagus family, while Corporal Salad occupied a bowl at the other end of the table, and was dressed in his usual manner. General Murphy, though just out of his bed, was looking remarkably well, and wore his jacket, there being nothing to mark his recent illness, except perhaps a little apparent blackness round one of his eyes.

After the cloth had been removed, Professor Onion got up to propose a toast—General Murphy, their much respected guest. (*Immense cheering.*) He, Professor Onion, had known General Murphy from infancy; and though they had not always been associated in life, they had frequently met at the same table. They had sometimes braved together the same broils, and had found themselves often mingled in such a stew (he alluded to the Irish stew) as had brought them, for the time being, into an alliance of the very closest kind. He, Professor Onion, was delighted to see his friend, General Murphy, once more restored to his place in society; for he, Professor Onion, could say, without flattery, that society had endeavored to supply the place of the General in vain. (*Hear! hear!*) They had heard of Colonel Rice having been suggested to take the place of his honorable friend, but the suggestion was really ridiculous. *Risum teneatis, amici*, was all that he, Professor Onion, had to say to that. (*Great laughter, in which all but Captain Melon joined.*) He, Professor Onion, would not detain them longer, but would conclude by proposing health, long life, and prosperity to General Murphy.

The toast was received with the utmost enthusiasm by all but Lieutenant Cucumber, whose coolness seemed to excite much disgust among his brother vegetables. Professor Onion had, in fact, affected many of those present to tears, and Commodore Celery, who sat next to Major Horseradish, hung down his head

in an agony of sensibility. When the cheering had partially subsided, General Murphy,—though you might before

Have heard a pin fall on the floor,
Such a thundering cheer,
With cries of "Hear! hear!"
Burst from the company far and near,
That the General, poor man, having lifted his hand—
Blushed very much as he thus began:
"Unaccustomed—hem—no—
(I'm afraid that's no go.)
I mean to say that it ain't quite "*comme il faut*"—

Great laughter and much cheering at the General's embarrassment, mingled with cries of "go on!" and it was some minutes before silence was restored. At length the General rubbed his nose—a sure sign of inspiration, and proceeded in his usual happy manner, and nearly as follows:—

Friends and fellow vegetables: It is with extreme difficulty I express the feelings with which I have come here to-day. Having suffered for the last few years from a grievous disease, which seemed to threaten me with total dissolution, it is with intense satisfaction I find myself once more among you in the vigor of health. (*Cheers.*) I should be indeed insensible to kindness, were I to forget the anxious inquiries that have been made as to the state of my health, by those who have held me in esteem, and sometimes in a steam. (*A laugh, in which all but Captain Melon joined.*) I cannot boast of a long line of ancestors. I did not, like some of you, come in with William the Conqueror, but I came in the train of Civilization amidst the memorable luggage of Sir Walter Raleigh, in company with my Honorable friend, General Tobacco, *who is not now present*, but who often helps the philosopher to take a bird's-eye view—through the toes of his boots, of some of the finest subjects for reflection. (*Immense cheering, and a nod of assent from Dr. Turn-Top.*) Though I may be what some of you call a *Foreigner*, I may justly say, that I have taken root in the soil, and though I may not have the grace of my much respected friend, Lieutenant Cucumber, who seems to have

come here in no enviable frame, (great cheering), I believe I have done as much good as any living vegetable; for, though almost always at the rich man's table, I am seldom absent from the poor man's humble board. (Tremendous applause.) If, in the course of my public life, I have now and then altered my opinion, I have never done so but, as I conceive, for my own benefit. (*Hear! hear!*) Neither have I, with false and squeamish modesty, refused to avail myself of the measures of any vegetable or set of vegetables, when—time and place altered—I have deemed them conducive to my own advantage. (*Immense cheering, with cries of "Go it, old fellow!" from Dr. Turn-Top.*) But," continued the General, "let me not get floury, or mealy-mouthed, for there is something objectionable in each extreme. I have undergone many vicissitudes in the course of my existence. I have been 'served up,' ay, and 'served out' (*a smile,*) in all sorts of ways. I have been roasted by some; I have been basted by others; and I have had my jacket rudely torn off my back by many who knew not the treatment I deserved. But this meeting, my friends, richly repays me for all. Excuse me if my nose itches or my eyes are watery. (*Great sensation.*) I am not very thin-skinned; but I feel deeply penetrated by your kindness this day. (*Tremendous cheering.*) Gentlemen, I can only say that if I had the eloquence of a Thurlow, the perspicuity of a Hardwick, the grace of a Hatton, the warmth of an Erskine, the coolness of a Webster, the zeal of a Chalmers, the flow and fervor of a Clay, the brilliancy of a Bracton, the gushing glowiness of a Glanvil, or the pith of a Petersdorff—had I all these—and perhaps a little more than these—I might be able to express the sense I entertain of the compliment you have just paid me. (*Immense applause, and cries of "Go it, old fellow!" from Dr. Turn-Top.*) Gentlemen, I thank you from the inmost recesses of my uttermost soul. (*Hear! hear!*) Gentlemen, allow me, in my own name, and in the name of my 'better half,' Mrs. Murphy, (*cheers,*) once more to thank you."

The General resumed his seat amid the most tumultuous cheering.

After some remarks from Professor Gaptooth, "On the Presence of Prismatic Colors in Potatoes," the Association proceeded to appoint the "Sections," and arrange the business of the week. The learned Professor (Gaptooth) said that he had been led to investigate the subject of Prismatic colors in potatoes from observing a flash of colors suddenly presented to his eye, on its being forcibly impinged upon by a potato. His curiosity led him to examine the projectile which had produced an effect so extraordinary, and, on investigation, he distinctly discovered traces of the red rays, and soon perceived that purple and blue had been communicated to his skin, in the immediate vicinity of the eyelid. He had proposed various modes of accounting for this prismatic coloring, the most satisfactory of which was, that one extremity of a rainbow had rested on the spot where the potato grew, and had imparted some of its colors to the plant: this theory receives further confirmation, from the fact that the wicked urchin who hurled the potato at him exclaimed, in so doing, "Smell that!" which phrase, it occurred to the Professor, might be in allusion to the old popular idea that the rainbow imparted to the dew on which it rested "a most sweete smelle;" which, by absorption, might have communicated to the potato.

SECTION II.

TUESDAY.—Professor Onion was happy to say that the Civil Authorities had met the Association in a proper spirit, and had resolved to throw open to the members the Blind Asylum, the Deaf and Dumb School, the New Prison, (*hear! hear!*) and last, but not least, the Asylum for Lunatics. (*Tremendous cheering.*)

A member wished to know if any order would be required for obtaining admission to the Lunatic Asylum?

The President had no hesitation in saying, that the mere fact

of belonging to the Association would be considered, of itself, a sufficient qualification to obtain an introduction to any Asylum for Lunatics. (*Great cheering, and laughter from several members.*)

Lieutenant Cucumber brought forward his new "Low Pressure Potato-Can," upon an improved principle. It was constructed of tin, and warranted to bear a pressure of twenty potatoes upon the square bottom. The Lieutenant explained that the "stame" (*steam*, we suppose,) had nothing to do with the warmth of the fruit, but was quite independent of it. He showed an ingenious contrivance for protecting the butter to windward. This invention emanated from the classical regions of "Cow Bay."

Various other improvements in street manufactures were shown, including the sixpenny Rat-trap; the Mandrin-rabbit, and the four-feet long Animal Alphabet, colored by the new polychromatic process of Mr. Hardup, who ties six brushes along a stick, and is thus enabled to paint half-a-dozen alphabets at once. The vivid blue of the horses (H) and verdant tint of the brown bears (B) called for general admiration.

Professor Blowhisnose, of Coney Island, had on his table last Sunday a platefull of Mustard and Cress, grown in his own bedroom, in a broken wash-hand-basin. What makes this more remarkable is the fact, that this is the second year in which the Professor has successfully tried the same experiment in the same room, at the same time, and in the same crockery. He has sent the basin to Professor Gaptooth.

Dr. Turn-Top produced a large quantity of preserved leaf, which he had met with in a cupboard of his own residence: it was red and crisp, exhibiting all the ordinary characteristics of pickled cabbage. A committee was immediately formed to set upon it; and they did set upon it in good earnest, for in a few minutes the jar was empty. A verdict was unanimously returned of *preservata vehiculi ætas*; or pickled cab-age.

Professor Sorrytwaddle exhibited some specimens of *Cuba inodorifera*, which had been grafted on the stem of the common

lettuce; they had an exceedingly good effect, and the exhibitor said that they had been kept under a glass all summer; he also stated that he had investigated the nature of the connection between the plants, and found that it was through the medium of a cell.

Professor Chickweed exhibited some Phizanthaceous plants, which had been developed by a peculiar process of pruning, from the roots of turnips; they did not resemble any known species, but it was said that their production was constant under skillful treatment. The petals were tinged with bright red, blue, &c., and altogether they had a very beautiful appearance.

A member read an exceedingly interesting paper on Calves. He deprecated the system of feeding calves from the pail, instead of suckling.

Professor Wibblewabble read a valuable paper on the Ruins of Blarney, being a communication from a Member.

Professor Sorrytwaddle exhibited the skull of a jackass, that had died of the glanders; and which gave rise to an interesting discussion on jackasses, generally.

A good deal of conversation now ensued in relation to the transformations wrought by horticulturists and pomologists. Dr. Turn-Top said that peaches were originally poisonous toadstools, and used to kill the grub-worm; and that nectarines and apricots are hybrids of the hickory-nut and pine-apple.

Professor Twiddletwaddle read a very interesting paper on Coffee. From which it appeared that we are indebted for that enlivening draught to a tree of the family *rubiacæ* and the *pea-stalk*. It also appeared that the use of Coffee, as a beverage, was first discovered by the Superior of a Monastery in Upper Ethiopia, who, desirous of preventing the Monks from sleeping at their nocturnal services, made them drink the infusion of Coffee, upon the report of shepherds, who pretended that their flocks were more lively after browsing on the fruit of that plant. The fame of Coffee was soon rapidly spread; but it was not till 1554,

under the reign of Solymán the Great, that the drinking of Coffee was accredited in Constantinople:

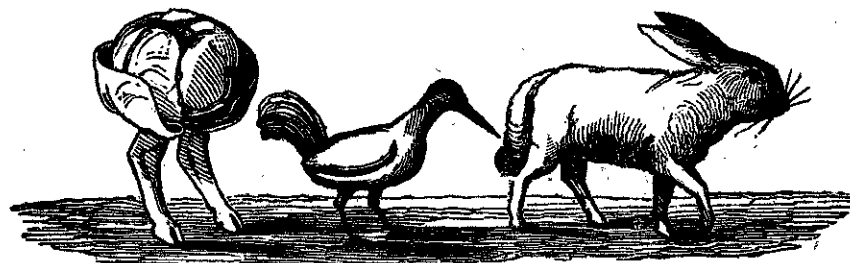
According to Eastern fable,
A dancing Dervise most devout
Perceived how many were unable
Like him to "turn about."
(For by such whisky-frisky motion
He symbolized his deep devotion,
As many holding place and station
Evince their interest for our nation
By some such singular gyration;))
And fearing from this want of capers
All Mussulmen would have the vapors,
Entreated Allah's aid to wake 'em.

Forth to the fields the spirit led
The worthy Dervise on the morrow,
Where six white cows were pastured,
That groan'd
And moan'd
As tho' from calves they'd browsed on sorrow;
Till one matriarchal cow
Perceived a berry-laden bough,
And having sniff'd and conn'd it over,
Munch'd the rich fruit, and lo! she trod
Like some young roe the verdant sod,
And leap'd about 'midst grass and clover.
The Dervise took the hint and fill'd
His wallet from the mirth-fraught bough,
And for the mournful soon distilled
The enlivening draught called Coffee now.

Professor Gaptooth made some curious remarks on the modes of Reproduction in Plants and Animals.

Professor Cuck-uck-awe! alluded to the power exercised by man over animals, generally: including jackasses. "They are," said he, "as plastic as melted wax in his hands, for he fashions them as he pleases. (*Great cheering, in which Captain Melon and Lieutenant Cucumber joined.*) He makes equal changes in pigs, calves, sheep, and other animals; (*hear! hear!*) their figures are so far under his control that he multiplies varieties till

every trace of affinity with the original is lost. (*Sensation.*) But this is not all, for he colors them to any required pattern,



A LINK IN NATURE'S MYSTERIOUS CHAIN.

(*great laughter*)—producing spots wherever he pleases." (*Tremendous cheering.*)

The President read a paper, proving the impossibility of being able to "See into the Middle of Next Week," from known facts with regard to the Equation of Time. He stated that supposing it possible for a person to ascend in a Balloon or Flying-machine, sufficiently high for his vision to embrace a distance of 700 miles from East to West, he would then only see forty minutes ahead of him; that is, he would see places *where the day was forty minutes in advance of the day in which he lived.* Thus he might be said to see forty minutes into futurity. It has also been proved that, in Sailing round the World in one direction, a day's reckoning is gained; so that the sailor, on his return, finds himself to be "A MAN IN ADVANCE OF HIS AGE" by one day. This one day is, however, the farthest attainable limit; and it is, therefore, impossible to see into the middle of next week.

Professor Sorrytwaddle alluded to the great discovery recently made by an eminently distinguished gentleman, and who, he regretted to say, was not a member of the Association. He, of course, referred to the remarkable resemblance between the *human face* and the appearance of *different animals.* He, Pro-

fessor Sorrytwaddle was of opinion that people are frequently impressed with recollections of some friend by looking at pictures of animals. (Profound sensation.) But as soon as we ask in what the resemblance consists, we are at a loss for an answer.



A PHOTOGRAPHIC FAILURE.

Professor Gaptooth said that he had for some time past been investigating the appearances alluded to by his learned friend, Professor Sorrytwaddle, with the differences existing in the human race, by observing different races of mankind. (Hear! hear!)

A member said he paid much attention to *Unity* of structure existing between all classes of vertebrata (including the *asinine*.)

as proof positive of a resemblance between all individuals of this genus, and man. Professor Gaptooth said that from the lowest type of vertebrata up to Man, he had traced one common structure of frame. (*Great sensation.*)

Dr. Turn-Top thought the effect of many of the principles sought to be sustained by this theory have been exhibited by the learned Professor, Gaptooth, in a striking light, and are well calculated, in effect, to place some families of animals above the human race.



THREE NICE YOUNG MEN FOR "A SMALL TEA-PARTY."

Lieutenant Cucumber considered Whiskers and Mustachios as very closely related to the Monkeys, (*hear! hear! and cries of "Order!" from Captain Melon,*) and other animals akin to mankind, in order better to determine the relative position of

the parts and the connections which exist between individual beings. (*Profound sensation.*)

Professor Sorrytwaddle said that by *extending* the line of the human features, a resemblance may be at once traced to different individuals of the animal kingdom.

A member said he had lately seen a Grub-worm at the rooms of the Association, of an extraordinary species, and asked the President what had become of it? The President said he could not tell. The Hon. and learned Secretary had the same answer to give to this question, and believed he was only representing the Association most faithfully when he solemnly declared, in their name, that he knew nothing.

Professor Onion thought it very strange that his Hon. friend, the Secretary, should have forgotten the quadruped alluded to.

The President wished to know if the learned Professor referred to the Great Soft Sawder Grub?

Professor Onion said he did. The grub was then produced. The creature, in its outward conformation, did not very materially differ from other grubs, except in the fact that from its head had sprouted a plant some five feet eleven inches in length.*

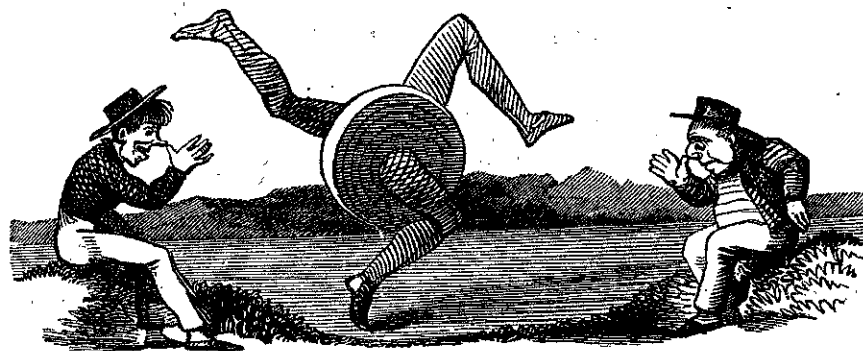
Dr. Turn-Top was of opinion that the animal and vegetable had become extinct, though, from the prismatic appearance of the nose, vitality clearly existed in each when taken out of the ground.

Professor Blowhisnose thought it very remarkable that while the plant continued to shoot from the brains of the insect, the legs distended themselves in all directions in the shape of roots.

Professor Gaptooth was of opinion that the creature lived until killed by a change of season; but whether a general crop of grubs

* A very beautiful, and if we consider it, a very wonderful experiment has been tried, or discovery made, in Europe, and verified by the *savans* of Berlin and Paris. It is this: the needle of a galvanometer, or machine to measure galvanism, has been moved many degrees by the mere action of human will! For example: the operator, standing near the instrument, wills the needle to move one way or the other, and it obeys, moving a greater or less number of degrees, according to the *strength of his will*.

was produced in the seeds, the learned Professor could not say. After some rambling conversation on the quantity of Carbon in Cabbages, the Association adjourned for the day.

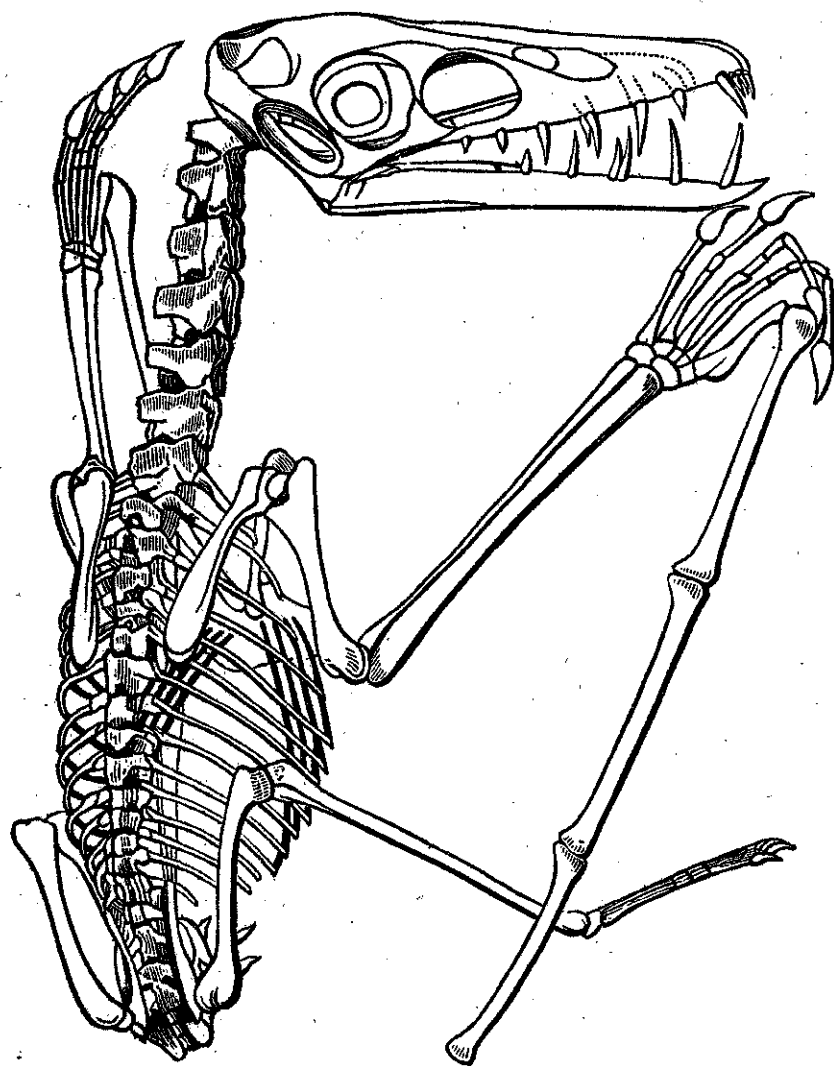


A HINT TO HORTICULTURISTS AND POMOLOGISTS.

SECTION III.

WEDNESDAY.—The President read some extracts from a letter from Professor Parsnips, stating that he had discovered the *Skeleton of a male Flea* in the folds of a mummy-cloth. He had, while examining mummies, in conjunction with his friend the Shah Pyez (Professor of Twigology to the University of Cairo), been so fortunate as to discover not a "buck nigger," but the body of an embalmed flea; and, to his great astonishment, he perceived that, after a few minutes' exposure to the air, it exhibited signs of vitality, and, by a judicious application of animal heat, soon became able to crawl. The Professor, enlarging on the extreme delight he experienced in feeling the first feeble bite of this animal, perhaps twenty-five or thirty thousand years old, claims that none but those who, after having labored long and arduously in the cause of scientific and antiquarian research, have at length prosecuted a discovery exceeding even their most sanguine expectations—"none but such," he exclaims,

"can form the faintest conception of my feelings at the moment when my blood first mingled with (possibly) the blood of one of the Ptolemies." Subsiding into more Platosophic calmness, he



PHOTOGRAPHIC LIKENESS OF THE FLEA.

states that the flea has so far recovered as to be able to leap full nine inches. The Professor (assisted by his brother,) feeds it with

Turnip-seed, and reports it to be in a very thriving condition; in fact, "doing as well as could be expected."

'Twas the mirk midnight, and the taper's light
Right dimly and bluely shone,
When I saw with affright a form in white,
On my chamber floor alone.

He had not the bone of a skeleton,
Nor the scowl of a goblin grim,
Nor the form of a sprite of the silent night,
Who sat in that chamber dim:

He rattled no chain to scare my brain,
Nor was ghastly to the sight;
Yet who he might be, so strange to see,
I could not tell for fright!

But hoarsely he cried, as he scratch'd his side,
"Od rot his body and bones!"
And he turn'd him o'er on the bare cold floor,
With terrible grunts and groans.

Then I knew with relief that he was not a thief—
Ah no! he was none of these—
But I look'd again, and I found out then,
'Twas my brother,—catching fleas!

Professor Gaptooth communicated some curious facts with regard to the extreme vitality of American oak (*quercus vivens*), commonly known by the name of the "live oak." He stated that his friend Captain Oats, of Portland, having had his bulwarks carried away, got new ones fixed, of this oak, and was astonished, about a week after he sailed, to discover young shoots sprouting all round the decks. He took great care of them, and such was the rapidity of their growth, that within one year he cut two topmasts, six main topmasts, a flying jib-boom, and a quantity of smaller spars, fit for top-gallant yards, stud'n-sail booms, &c., all first-rate timber. He also states that the shade afforded the men in the hot latitudes had been of the greatest service to their health, there not having been one on the sick

list since the decks were so sheltered. The Professor here presented the President with a walking-stick cut from one of the trees.

The President, after thanking the learned Professor for the stick and his communication, remarked that from the appearance of the timber, and from his recollections of that which grew from the Horse of Baron Munchausen, a specimen of which was in his possession, he felt confident that they were of the same genus; and was delighted that the doubts which had so long hung over the Baron's veracity, were at last dispelled forever by the more recent and authentic instance now brought before their notice.

Dr. Turn-Top was clearly of opinion that there is Carbon in Cabbages, and that the Albumen or White of an Egg is identical with the Gluten of Plants; so that there is hope that some day or other the Hedges will Hatch Chickens!

SECTION IV.

THURSDAY.—Professor Wibblewabble laid before the "Section" a pair of spectacles belonging to a short-sighted friend of his, who, in looking very hard across the street at an object (a jackass) he fancied he ought to recognize, was suddenly startled by one of his glasses violently cracking. This was brought forward as an argument in favor of the tangibility and force in impact of the visual ray.

The President remarked, that the cause of the fracture was evidently in the short-sighted gentleman's eye.

Mr. Spooks brought forward his new and improved Street Telescope, for looking at the Moon. It was most ingeniously constructed, being to the eye a fine instrument of seven feet long. Mr. Spooks explained, however, that the Telescope itself was only a nine-inch one, the case being manufactured at a Firework-maker's, to increase its importance, in which the real glass was

inclosed. The chief merit of this invention was, that the Moon could be seen equally well on cloudy nights, or when there was none at all, the case inclosing an ingenious transparency of that body, behind which a small oil lamp was hung. Mr. Spooks could always command a view of any of the celestial bodies by the same means from his bed-chamber window.

Professor Gaptooth read the Report of the Committee for the Reduction of Stars, on a method of Hypothetical Representation, as applied to Impossible Results, by Professor Keigtz, of Amsterdam.

It was well known, that if a series of ordinates be taken to denote the approximate formulæ of diverging axes, the corresponding abscissæ will denote the respective values of the variable, upon which the negative equation depends; but if, under these circumstances, infinitesimal media be substituted for the polarization of reflected vibrations, the physical hypothesis merges the elasticity of the oscillating medium in the angle of incidence, and the solution resolves itself by analytical transformation into a molecular equivalent, whose arithmetical mean, with a subordinate maximum superposed, the rectilinear intersection of which must be equal to the area of dynamic fluctuation, will be the calculus of the atomic difference required.

Professor Blowhisnose read an ingenious paper on the probable length of the Mustachios and Whiskers of the Aborigines of ancient Jericho.

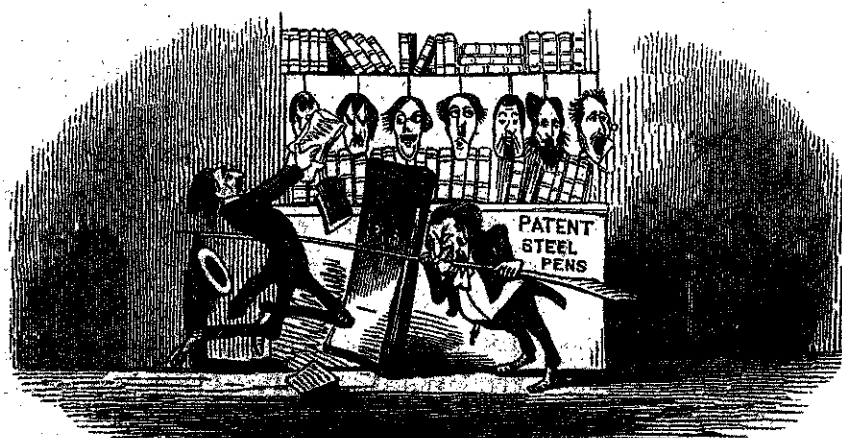
SECTION V.

FRIDAY.—A member read an interesting paper on the Geology of Hearts. The author stated, that his attention had been attracted to this subject from frequently hearing of the phrase "Stony-hearted." His endeavor had been to determine the variety of stones formed in different situations. As far as he had yet extended his investigations, he found that the heart of a Lawyer was of the "trap formation," with strata much contorted, and the surface

of the rocks exceedingly slippery. The heart of an habitual drunkard was changed entirely into quartz.

The heart of a Critic appeared at first to consist entirely of flinty substances; but, on the application of a gold test, some particles of clay became perceptible.

The author has not yet been able to carry his researches farther, except in the instance of the heart of a Universal Philanthropist; from which he inferred that the heart of a good man, in its purest state, would be beautifully crystalline, spangled with dust of gold, and containing rich veins of virgin silver.



THE END.