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THE  
BOOK OF COURTSHIP:

OR,

HYMENEAL PRECEPTOR.

A PREPARATORY LOVE SCHOOL

FOR YOUNG LADIES AND YOUNG GENTLEMEN.

“The girls who remain torpid in their girlhood, cold as the reflection of the moon in a well, are pretty sure to repay themselves for such ill-timed sobriety by a glowing meridian, ten years after date. I detest even virtues that are unnatural. I HATE A MATRONLY MISS. THE CAT SHOULD BEGIN BY BEING A KITTEN.”—Cecil.

*First American, from the Thirty-first English edition.*

NEW YORK:

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1842.

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BOOK OF COURTESHIP:

HYMNICAL PRINCETON

A TREATISE ON LOVE SCHOOL

THE TOWN HOUSE AND TOWN HALL

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THE  
BOOK OF COURTSHIP.

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The Public have so long been familiarized with this little book, which has found its way to the extreme ends of the world, that any prefatory matter here is uncalled for. Besides, the nature of my subject is such, that not a line have I to spare for any thing that may be deemed irrelevant.

Courtship, Love, Matrimony, and Housekeeping, being subjects of vital import, inasmuch as they find full employment for many thousands daily, I shall turn my present attention to the consideration of Courtship, and divers little matters connected therewith. Being a person of some considerable *experience*, I offer myself as a "Guide" to be depended on. My Publisher, in aid of the good cause, has engaged other able hands to complete what I have begun,\* so that Love in all its varieties, Matrimony in all its phases, and Housekeeping in all its economical details, may now be studied for a *bagatelle*. A novice may laugh at the idea of having an instructor in these matters; but he will not have made *much* progress, before he will crave advice.

\* The little works alluded to here, will be found advertised on the cover of this book.

Premising that "Love is blind," let us first consider—

*Courtship,—What is it?*—In few words, it is the time of love—the happiest period of a man's or woman's existence; the time when all miserable thoughts and reflections are banished in forgetfulness, and when dreams of never-fading happiness float before the eyes. It turns night into morning, and, regardless of all remonstrances from *third* persons, exclaims, "Time was made for slaves." It makes its votaries linger by the side of a flowing brook, till the moon is eclipsed by the return of day; or, wander "alone by the light of the moon," till the dews of evening remind them that they are not *quite* in fairy land, and that they must retrace their wandering steps. It makes a man eloquent in the cause of love—it reconciles all seeming impossibilities, and overcomes every obstacle that stands in the way of happiness. Shillings are quickly multiplied into pounds—hundreds of pounds into thousands of pounds; and humble dwellings are magnified into splendid palaces. It makes the "worse appear the better reason." Bad tempers and evil dispositions, are driven like chaff before the wind; nor will it allow a man to believe, that "he who marries an ill-tempered person, attempts to lick honey from off a thorn." In short, such is the *vista* viewed through Hymen's magic glass, that all visionary dreams are quickly turned into tangible realities—so long, at least, as the hallucination lasts.

*Courtship,—Various Modes of.*—There are so many different methods of "making love," that I hardly know how to describe them; and yet I have, I believe, actually witnessed most of them! The most whimsical courtship, perhaps, within my knowledge, was that of an extraordinary man of middle age, and a beautiful girl of about seventeen, whose ringlets hung in graceful profusion adown her snow-white neck, and whose eyes were black as jet. Her manners were arch and sprightly; she was, as we say, all life; and yet was she innocent as an angel, and knew no guile. As for the meaning of love, or a lover, not even an idea of it existed in her virgin heart. This beautiful

creature was, at the period I am speaking of, on a visit at a friend's house in Oxford, and it was I understood, the first time she had ventured so far from her parents' roof, (they resided at Ipswich.) It so happened, during her stay, that another friend of the family called on a visit of a few days, and was, on a sudden, so smitten by her charms, (as it afterwards proved,) as to be lost in a *reverie* during the whole of his stay. Nobody could surmise the cause of his malady : he absented himself from the table repeatedly, both at the hours of breakfast, dinner, and tea ; nor could any one tell the place of his haunts. One day, three of the young ladies, either out of compassion, or a joke, (girls dearly love a bit of mischief!) contrived to rise before he had left his bedroom, and resolved on "marking him down," as the sportsmen have it. They had not long to wait ; his door opened, and out stepped Mr. M., with down-cast eyes, and taking up his hat, proceeded with rapid strides, until he reached a neighbouring wood, about a quarter of a mile distant. The young ladies quickly followed by another, and less circuitous *route*, and, crouching down behind a point of rising ground, listened with intense anxiety, to catch the sound of his footstep. After a short interval, they distinctly heard his approach. He was sighing audibly, and invoking *his dear—dear—dearest IRENE!!* It appears he was fully impressed with the idea, that the young lady was in love with him, too! although, positively, he had not spoken ten words to her during his stay ; nay, he had treated her with positive indifference! Pitying the deplorable situation of their amiable but unhappy friend, the young ladies, much to their praise be it spoken, hastened homewards, resolved on alleviating his sufferings as quickly as possible. With a delicacy of feeling that did them honour, they communicated, in their own delightful manner, the result of their discovery to Miss Irene. The innocent girl could not, for a length of time, be brought to comprehend its meaning ; but, when she did, she laughed heartily—as well she might. That evening, Mr. M. took his seat at the supper-table ; on which occasion Miss Irene addressed him with marked

*kindness*; but this, though it seemed to surprise him, only added to his uneasiness. The following afternoon was fixed for his departure. The ceremony of taking leave was gone through. It was ludicrous in the extreme. He shook hands with all the members of the family, but passed Miss IRENE without any recognition whatever—merely heaving a deep sigh! I was told that the young lady's pity for him was so great, that, in less than three months, the parties were married!

I remember another singular courtship, between two persons of very opposite dispositions: although constantly in each other's company, they took little more notice of each other than if they were casual acquaintances, unless, perhaps, to disagree; and yet, if they were only a mile apart, letters and messages were despatched, each way, out of number! Nay, the gentleman would frequently sit for hours, after the lady had retired to her bed-room, (a distance of 25 feet by 18.) writing notes, which he sent up stairs, receiving sundry *billets-doux* in return; and this, long after midnight! I cannot help pitying poor *papas* and *mamas* and their household, on trying occasions like these; but as it must be done, I say—nothing!

Of all courtships, perhaps the most delightful was one that was related to me by the principal party concerned. It appears that the young lady was of a romantic turn of mind, and determined on not marrying the person for whom her father had destined her, and for whom she entertained the most ineffable contempt. Happening one morning to glance towards the side of the street opposite her father's house, her eye was arrested by the person of a young officer, whose countenance seemed rivetted upon her. She was, at first, abashed, and quickly withdrew; but, woman-like, resolved on taking another peep, come what might!—(praiseworthy curiosity!) These glances were repeated, day after day, and the whole affair kept so secret, that the young people were over head and ears in love—without having so much as spoken to each other, by word of mouth at least. And yet, each had acquainted the other with their feelings, prospects, and desires! All this was accom-

plished by *talking with the fingers!* The affair ended in a run-away match, and, eventually, the young couple received the benediction of their parents. The lady still frequently talks, with much animation, of her "happy courtship!"—The foundation of courtships is also laid at balls, assemblies, pic-nic and gipsev parties, churches, chapels, Methodists meetings, love feasts, &c. &c.; and not a few may be traced to a casual ride in a stage coach!

*Courtship "Comme il Faut."*—Of all the methods of making love, give me the old one—namely, first obtaining the affections of the object you admire; then, seeing how far the parents approve of the match; and then, establishing yourself, as quickly as possible, "one of the family!" This privilege is delightful. It is a passport to every comfort. When papa and mama are on your side, you might face a hundred rivals and beat them all: besides, fancy the luxury of strolling out, arm in arm, with the bride elect!—the envy of the neighbourhood!—the happiest of the happy! And then, think of the envy your charmer excites among the young people at church,—aye, and among the horrible old dawagers, with their bristly beards—on a Sunday morning! It is worth a century of suffering to reach such a pinnacle of delight; and then, the charming *tête-à-têtes!* "Where is James?" says papa—"Oh," replies one of the little *'bread and butter innocents,'* "he is playing at *'La Grace,'* with his *'darling Louisa,'* in the garden—they have been there these five hours." Exquisite reminiscence!

*Courtship—Duration of a.*—It is certainly necessary that both parties should have a pretty good knowledge of each other, to ensure happiness. It must also be allowed that no general rule can be laid down; but, with all due deference be it spoken, I am of opinion that six or eight months is an ample allowance, where the parties have an opportunity of being much together. Indeed, a twelvemonth, under any circumstances, is sufficient. I know instances of no fewer than six persons having been attached to each other, and doing a bit of courtship, for periods varying from six to

fourteen years. They are, it is true, all married—but they are not like husbands and wives—how can they be? That which, at first, was love, is now grown into Platonic affection. They are like grandfathers and grandmothers to each other, and no doubt very kind in *their* way. I would not venture within six miles of their dwellings for the universe!

*Courtships, Libertine.*—I need say little on this subject. A man who makes it his business to be in love with twenty pretty women, every day, and to say “pretty things” to each, is not a *very* dangerous character. Still, however, he should be an object of distrust to every parent. His manners may be very pleasing, and his address good, and thereby he might entangle the affections of an amiable woman. If such were the case, I know sufficient of the female character to advise papa and mama to order the young gentleman to “*Right about, Face!*” and that, to the tune of “*Quick, march!*”

*Courtships, Prudish.*—Readers of the masculine gender! *Have* you ever been so unfortunate as to reside under a roof containing a prudential lady over a certain age, and, perhaps, with a small quantity of bristly beard on the upper lip? And has that person ever *fancied* herself in love, and been courted? *Have* you seen it? I *HAVE!* How the poor creature tries to do the amiable! And, should her gentle swain say any thing *very* tender, how sweetly the *moustachioed* fair one tries to blush! and to look ashamed! Were such a thing *possible*, at that age, I would be the first to believe it. A would-be frisky woman, emerging from prudery at forty-five, (to an agreeable young man,) and a woman of an “*excellent education*,” are *Scylla and Charybdis*. I charge you—in the name of Hymen—cut them *dead*, or sacrifice your peace of mind FOR EVER.

*Courtships, Speculative.*—I remember, in days of yore, when I was wont to take my chop at the “*Cheshire Cheese*,” Fleet-street, (the house Dr. Johnson patronised,) that the ancient waiter there—called, *par excellence*, “*Old Harry*,”—used to bring several more articles into the room

with him than were, at the moment, actually ordered. He did this, he said, to save his legs from more walking than was necessary, and he called it "speculation." How many mothers are there, now-a-days, who imitate the worthy Harry's example, by trotting out their unmarketable daughters on the *chance* of an order! And when they do succeed, *how* they waddle off, to the air of the "Monkey's Fandango!"

*Courtships, Sporting*.—"A squirt, a rolling-pin, two thimbles, a Dutch-oven, a mustard-pot, a tamborine, a German tooth-pick, two Jews'-harps, and a French hurdy-gurdy," are what Mr. GEORGE ROBINS, the auctioneer, calls a "sporting lot." What, then, *can* be said for a young gentleman, (I have my eye on the very man,) who can first court, and then marry—a charming little widow, with a small *ready-made* family of nine young cherubims, together with an invalid, bed-ridden maiden aunt! Surely, *this* is a SPORTING LOT!

*Courtship's Perquisites*.—When a man makes love as he ought to do,—earnestly and devotedly, he expects from his charmer, in return, all she has to bestow; and *vicè-versà*. I make bold to say, that in the "*human face divine*" are contained all the elements of a lover's happiness; and in giving up *this* to be played with, *ad libitum*, a woman fully proves her devotion to the object beloved—*N'est ce pas?* Only think of a lady's *lips!* Lips ARE delicious things, certainly—blessings of many agreeable concomitants, such as smiles, sweet words, and those never-to-be-sufficiently appreciated intensities, denominated "kisses." They are emotion's dwelling-place, and passion's: their breathing giveth vitality to affection of all sorts—a friend's, a parent's, a brother's, a lover's, a mistress'. Eternal praise to lips, therefore—to lips in general, and *especially to the couple we hold dearest*. *Cheeks* are equally divine—be they the unsophisticated ruddy ones of the early walking milk-maid, or the more soft and sweeter hued cheeks of one of Beauty's more fanciful hand-maidens. Excessively to be wished-to-be-kissed are cheeks! *Chins*—which lovers in novels, by

the way, very seldom appear to think about—chins are beautiful things, and generally have more expression in them than we are inclined to give them credit for possessing. Our 'ladye love'—God bless her!—has a most lovely chin, and a ravishing dimple on one side of it—that little cradle in which Cupid sits smiling and reposing, or frolicking in all the merriment of his little godship's quick-silver fancy!

It is a very curious thing, I beg leave to observe, that chins are the only things which Love *pinches*. Cheeks, lips, foreheads, and eyes, Love *kisses*—but, if he takes a fancy to a chin, it is very remarkable that he evinces his regard for it by taking it between his fingers, pinching it, and thus *shaking it up and down*. This, however, is strictly digressive.

*Foreheads* are glorious things,—Intellect's title-pages! Written on them are the name and nature of the human books which lie within them. They are, withal, of themselves, most beautiful; in form, godlike.—Of *noses*, it is impossible to speak so definitely, seeing that they essentially differ. The word nose, indeed, conjures up no abstract image. *What nose?* is the mind's instant inquiry. Aquiline? snub? Roman? heaven-ward, alias turned up? large? small? European Cupid appears to hold a nose in very little estimation—entertaining the opinion, as he perhaps does, that it was only given us to *make up* the face; just as an artist, when he perceives that his design wants something or another, and yet cannot definitely decide what it is—puts a temple or a large tree in the middle of it to 'make up' the picture.

*Teeth*, especially when the lips that cover them often smile, are beautiful things; and *ears*, most especially when it is not denied us to whisper into them, are meritorious. But, reader, are not *eyes* the finest things Nature ever devised? *EYES!* I believe everybody knows and feels they are so. They are the only things which always talk to us. Lips are often silent, but, among other agreeable characteristics, are perpetually social. Neither is their companion-

ship with us to be impeded with facility. The most watchful of *petite-comedie* guardians or fathers, cannot disturb the ocular communion but by the most unjustifiable means. There we sat, at Drury-lane theatre the other night, in the dress circle, O. P. with the pet lady of our fancy on the P. S. ; the whole pit was between us ; we were in the company of some thousands ; and yet, by the assistance of our opera glass, notwithstanding she was supported by her father and mother, we managed to carry on as pretty and pleasant a conversation, as though we were within half a yard of each other ! If all tutors had as much command over their *pupils* as lovers have, what a learned and worthy nation we should be ! The latter, however, are never from under the *lash*, which perhaps accounts for their obedience ! !

*Conversation.*—With a clever girl, a bantering style of conversation is perhaps a good one ; because a mere modulation of voice may turn to jest what you might at times deem it dangerous to say in sober earnest ; but here also tact and quickness are required. Many girls, indeed, cannot take up this style, and gentlemen occasionally substitute coarseness or drivelly for wit. As another maxim, and not confined to our present subject, you may safely say that men of low minds invariably put coarseness forward to act the part of wit, humour, and facetiousness.

*Courting from the Psalms*—A young lady in the West of England, named Grace Lord, by her uncommon beauty and accomplishments had become the object of attention to numerous suitors. The young lady constantly referred them to her father, who being of a whimsical temper, as well as much attached to the society of his daughter, for a long time gave no one a favourable reception. At length a young man, who had remarked that the father was a great humourist, after experiencing a refusal, addressed him in writing, in the following words, from the version of the 67th Psalm :

“ Have mercy on me, Lord,  
And O ! grant me thy Grace ! ”

The expedient succeeded, and he obtained the young lady with paternal consent.

*Early Marriages and Long Engagements.*—It is not my purpose to enter here upon a dissertation as to whether the married life be desirable, or not. It is quite clear that nobody who reads this, would credit anything I could say *against* it. Courtship leads them onwards as blindly as Cupid could wish. Still, however, I must put in a word of advice, in virtue of my office.

Great as may be the inconveniences attending *early marriages*, they are not to be compared to those attending long engagements. The position of both parties is, in a manner, the reverse of that which they will respectively occupy in after-life. The lady commands, the gentleman obeys; and, when this state of things has lasted for any length of time, it is no easy matter to restore them again to their natural state; for although no woman of sense who respects her husband and herself will ever wish to domineer, and no man of spirit would submit to it; yet the precise limits to which authority may fairly be extended on the one hand, and obedience expected on the other, are so ill-defined, that it requires very often great tact and management to adjust the balance; and this difficulty is naturally increased when the parties have been for a long time playing directly the contrary parts. *Lovers, too, are naturally living in a state of deception and hypocrisy, in most cases probably, quite unintentionally; but where there exists a strong desire to please, there must also necessarily exist a strong desire to keep one's faults in the back-ground, and exhibit only the most pleasing parts of one's character.* Half the unhappiness that exists in married life, is to be attributed to the discoveries that are constantly making of the great difference of dispositions *before* and *after* marriage. Then come accusations of deception—very unfairly, for the fraud was an involuntary one, and inherent in human nature; accusations are followed by recriminations, and all the misery and bitterness of married strife, merely *because the lovers expected to marry angels, and find out that they are united to human beings like themselves.*

The passages I have italicized will bear reading more than once!

*English Courtship, the Best.*—The mode of making love in England is agreeable, very. So it is in France.—So it is in Italy. Still, England carries the palm. In *Australia*, where many of our women are now located—God help 'em!—the case is “bad.” The Australian manner of courtship is one that which would *not* be popular among English ladies. If a chief, or any other individual, be smitten by a female of a different tribe, he endeavours to waylay her; and if she be surprised in any quiet place, the ambushed lover rushes upon her, beating her about the head with his “*waddie*” till she becomes senseless, when she is dragged in triumph to his hut, and thenceforth is his lawful bride. It sometimes, however, happens that she has a *thick skull*, and resents his blows, when a battle ensues, and not infrequently ends in the discomfiture of the Adonis. Nothing depressed by his want of success, but rather his ardour being increased by opposition, he lurks about her abode till she and her companions are asleep, when he steals to the sleeping beauty, and gives her such a *striking* “proof of his affection,” that she is carried off without difficulty!!!

*Falling in Love.*—Oh! tell me not of dark eyes swimming in their own ethereal essence; tell me not of pouting lips, of glossy ringlets, of taper fingers, and well-rounded in-steps. Speak not to me of soft voices, whose seductive sounds ring sweetly in our hearts; preach not of those thousand womanly graces so dear to every man, and doubly to him who lives apart from all their influences and fascinations; neither dwell upon congenial temperament, similarity of taste, of disposition, and of thought; these are not the great risks a man runs in life. Of all the temptations, strong as these may be, there is one greater than them all, and that is—*propinquity*! Show me the man who has ever stood this test; show me the man, deserving the name of such, who has become daily and hourly exposed to the breaching artillery of *flashing eyes*, of *soft voices*, of *winning smiles*, and kind speeches, and who hasn't felt,

and that too soon, a breach within the rampart of his heart. He may, it is true, nay, he will in many cases, make a bold and vigorous defence—sometimes will he re-entrench himself within the stockades of his prudence, but alas! it is only to defer the moment when he must lay down his arms. He may, like a wise man, who sees his fate inevitable, make a virtue of necessity, and surrender at discretion; or like a crafty foe, seeing his doom before him, under the cover of the night he may make a *sortie* from the garrison, and run for his life. Ignominious as such a course must be, it is often the only one left. Love, like the small pox, is most dangerous when you take it *in the natural way*; those made matches, which heaven is supposed to have a hand in, when placing an unmarried gentleman's property in the neighbourhood of an unmarried lady's, who destine two people for each other in life, because their well-judging friends have agreed "they'll do very well, they were made for each other,"—these are the mild cases of the malady; this process of friendly vaccination takes out the poison of the disease, substituting a more harmless and less exciting affection; but the really dangerous instances are those from contact, that same *propinquity*, that confounded tendency every man yields to, to fall into a railroad of habit; that is the risk, that is the danger. What a bore it is to find that the absence of one person, with whom you're in no wise in love, will spoil your morning's canter, or your rowing party upon the river! How much put out are you, when she to whom you always gave your arm, in to dinner, does not make her appearance in the drawing-room; and your tea, too, some careless one, indifferent to your taste, puts a lump of sugar too little, or cream too much, while *she*——; but no matter: habit has done for you, what no direct influence of beauty could do, and a slave to your own selfish indulgences, and the cultivation of that ease you prize so highly, you *fall over head and ears in love*.

So much for poetry, now for *prose*. "Broadstairs" says James Smith, "is a capital station for falling in love. I strongly advise all matrons with *growing-up daughters*, to go thither in preference to Margate or Ramsgate. The

double-pier and steam-vessels in the former place, and the view of the Downs from the latter, occupy the mind too much; there is no room for the *tender passion*. But at Broadstairs, after a young man and maiden have eaten their morning prawns, and taken their morning yawns, they have nothing to do but to fall in love till 11 o'clock at night. There is no raffle at the libraries, and the Tract Society meetings only occur once a month."—James SMITH is perfectly right. I was once "stationed" at Broadstairs, with certain members of my worthy family, and positively did nothing *but* fall in love with the girls, from Monday morning till Sunday night. Some people affirm that Broadstairs is a dull place; I found it "quite t'other." The weeks passed so rapidly on, that I could fain have remained at least a month longer. I had "business" on my hands, which it would have taken full that extension of time to arrange to my complete satisfaction. The air of the place is really *wonderful*.

*First Love.*—Who shall tell the luxury of early feelings? It is luxury to sit alone in an old country house, and hear the wind howl without, and see the fire glow within, and to revel in the visions of poesy and romance. It is luxury to return from a distant land, and revisit the spot endeared to us from the associations of childhood. It is luxury to escape from the pent-up city, and wander into green lanes and meadows, to breathe the free air, and gaze upon the clear sky, and hear the soft murmurs of cooling waters. It is luxury to sail upon the blue ocean, and feel the cool breeze, and watch the dancing spray. It is luxury to sit in the gloaming, upon a mossy bank beneath the shadow of a wood, and listen to the melody of the nightingale. It is luxury to meet an old friend in a strange country, and to renew in remembrance the hallowed joys of youth and home. But SWEETER FAR than these, is FIRST AND EARLY LOVE; it stands alone—isolated amid the records of memory, like the first guilty thought that gléamed upon the mind of Eve.

*Female Courtship.*—I am anxious to be gallant towards

the fair sex, and to address myself to *them* more, if possible, than to my gentlemen readers. The following is "confidential" between myself and the ladies, and may be called the "Elements of Female Courtship:"—

Two or three looks when your swain wants a kiss,  
 Two or three "noes" when he bids you say "yes;"  
 Two or three smiles when you utter the "no,"  
 Two or three frowns if he offers to go;  
 Two or three laughs when astray for small chat,  
 Two or three tears tho' you can't tell for what;  
 Two or three letters when your vows are begun,  
 Two or three quarrels before you have done;  
 Two or three dances to make you jocose,  
 Two or three hours in a corner sit close;  
 Two or three starts when he bids you elope,  
 Two or three glances to intimate hope;  
 Two or three pauses before you are won;  
 Two or three swoonings to let him press on;  
 Two or three sighs when you've wasted your tears,  
 Two or three hums when the chaplain appears;  
 Two or three squeezes when the hand's given away,  
 Two or three coughs when you come to "obey."  
 Two or three lasses may have by these rhymes,  
*Two or three little ones,—TWO OR THREE TIMES!!!*

*Governesses.*—Governesses, for the most part, are a charming, though a grossly ill-used class of beings. They are frequently handsome, they must be clever and accomplished, and yet what a hard fate is their's! They are in some measure the servants of their very inferiors; and, not to speak of the unmanly gallantry to which they may be exposed, liable to be treated with cold and haughty disdain—with rudeness even—on account of the very advantages by which they are distinguished. You often see ladies of aristocratic rank using their children's governesses ill, or at least with sufficient *hauteur*; but you never saw any one having the slightest claim to belong to the aristocracy of nature doing so. If I had the choice of a wife, I would marry a governess; indeed, I recommend all bache-

lors called upon to marry, and so happily situated as to have free selection, to look for partners in the ranks of pretty governesses. They will there find beautiful girls, a little chastened by adversity perhaps, free from those foolish fantasies which modern fashions so generally instil into the minds of young ladies—fantasies that tend to deaden the best and most generous emotions of the heart, to awaken only vanity, love of admiration, and desire for display and exhibition. And as envy and selfishness are the legitimate offspring of vanity, you may easily suppose that you marry into a pretty family when you take a piece of mere pretty conceit to your bosom.

*Hint to the Young Ladies of England;—AMERICAN COURTSHIP.*—If a girl has a lover down at Ann Arbour, of course she marries him as soon as her friends consent. If they object, then she goes to bed, and remains there until they give their consent, which generally occurs in less than a fortnight. It is found, by that time, to be *less expensive, and more agreeable*, to call in the *lover* than the *doctor*!!

*Hints on Making Yourself Agreeable.*—To make himself agreeable to the fair sex, is, with some men, a hard task indeed! But as the women vary, as well as the men, and there are some of all sorts, a man must “never say die,” but do *what he can* to please.

As a general principle, I would recommend that you should attract the lady's notice by some peculiar merit before you appear in the character of a lover. The attention of a person who has some reputation in the estimation of the circle or society to which he belongs, is far more flattering, and more likely to make a favourable impression, than those of a better man, who only claims attention by the sentiments he expresses. If you have no real merit, set up something that fools will admire, or even laugh at. With accomplishments of this nature, which the owner must treat as trifles—as mere proofs of “what a fellow he is,” a man must take care, however, that he does not get himself laughed at, before he has obtained a footing suffi-

cient in a lady's favour to stand such a shock. On this point women are unforgiving; they will pardon folly, stupidity, and ignorance, as long as it is known only to themselves; but the man who is exposed to the world's ridicule, is for ever ruined in their estimation. There is, perhaps, something good in this.

Another plan is, to get the whip hand of the pretty dear before you come forward as a regular admirer; for she will afterwards, and when you are once in thralldom, have so much control over you, that you will sometimes find it difficult to secure even fair play. A spooney is not, of course, likely to obtain the weather-gage of a clever girl; but when you can get this advantage, it will be of great service to you. You may then assume a sort of proud humility, which is vastly flattering to the fair, who like to see the haughty bend before their shrine. The pride of which I am speaking is not a mere silly and ill-disguised vanity, followed by a sort of affected condescension towards the dear object; for that would be mere folly. No; we must have an elegant and subdued tone of manners; an easy and playful style of conversation; showing profound deference to the lady fair, without any derogation of your own confidence or self-possession.

*How to choose a Partner for Life.*—It is always to be borne in mind, that matrimony is not entered into for a day, or for a "month's trial."—how delightful soever some people might imagine such an arrangement to be!—but it is for *life*. It will require several "gulphs," I know, before this can be "swallowed." It becomes needful, therefore, to see that the mind of the partner selected be in unison with your own; and that the ideas, habits, customs, and opinions of *both*, nearly assimilate. A man of cultivated mind and understanding can easily raise up a lady—the sort of one, at least, that such a man will choose—to the level of his own excellence; but a lady of cultivated mind and understanding is almost certain to be dragged down to earth, in the arms of a rude, coarse, and illiterate husband. And pity it is; for how much a woman

of heart, mind, feeling, and education, can be to a man really deserving of her affections, is hardly to be explained in words. Even as light and warmth extend their animating influence over the surface of nature, so will the generous kindness of a noble-minded girl cast its bright and gilding beams over all the objects with which it comes in contact.

*How to Cure Love.*—Take three evening parties a-week, where you are not likely to fall in with the object of your affections; a few flirtations with the finest dark eyes you can procure, in the conservatory, after supper; six long waltzes with as many pretty girls, and taking them down for ice afterwards; four ballads nicely sung, without making faces, by the same number of beauties in the intervals of the quadrilles; a few visits to the opera (if you have a box and *one* agreeable companion, *tant mieux*) when Fanny Elssler dances the Cracovienne, or the Cachuca, in order that you may dream of her afterwards.—N. B. The ground tier to be selected, if you can get it. Think, at the same time, Ellen's features are more regular; that Harriet sings much better; that Emily's figure is more perfect; that Betsy's teeth and hands are much whiter; that Louisa has more intellect and mind; and that Mary's connections are far more desirable. If all this fail, your case is desperate indeed, and you must try change of air, and a residence at Paris, Rome, or Venice, during the Carnival.

*Innate Peculiarities of Women.*—That Woman is paradox, few are hardy enough to deny. "Lovely," however, the sex is—"lovely" it must be, for *I* say so! I would do *any thing in the world* for a pretty woman. This premised, I make no apology for saying, *en passant*, that all women are cruelly uncharitable towards their own sex. In love matters, no woman has a particle of pity for another; on the contrary, they are always ready to scorn any sorrow or affliction that may have resulted from such a cause; and have really not a particle of *esprit de corps* or *esprit de sex* among them. They can as rarely be brought to

think well of a good-looking woman as to think ill of a good-looking man, however worthless he may be. In fact, if a man is but handsome, they will forgive him almost every thing, except cowardice and acknowledged stupidity; and it is as much their pride, as any innate admiration of valour and talents, that makes them sticklers on these points: the finger of scorn must be pointed at the object of their admiration.

“*Keep Quiet, do : I'll call my mother!*” (Confidential to the Ladies):—

As I was sitting in a wood,  
 Under an oak-tree's leafy cover,  
 Musing in pleasant solitude,  
 Who should come by but John, my lover!  
 He press'd my hand and kiss'd my cheek;  
 Then, warmer growing, *kiss'd the other*;  
 While I exclaim'd, and strove to shriek,  
 ‘*Be quiet, do! I'll call my mother!*’

He saw my answer was sincere,  
 And lovingly began to chide me;  
 Then wiping from my cheek the tear,  
 He sat him on the grass beside me:  
 He feign'd such pretty amorous wo,  
 Breathed such sweet vows one after other,  
 I could but smile, while whispering low,  
 ‘*Be quiet, do! I'll call my mother!*’

There needs no prophet to arise from the dead to tell us that Fanny's mother did *not* come when called for,—simply because she was called for in a voice that was perfectly inaudible! I speak knowingly on this matter!!

*Keepsakes.*—Few things in this world are so delightful as keepsakes. Nor do they ever, to our heart at least, nor to our eyes, lose their tender, their powerful charms. How slight, how small, how tiny a memorial, saves a beloved one from from oblivion—worn on the finger, or close to the heart, *especially if they be dead!* No thought is so insup-

portable as that of entire, total, black forgetfulness—when the creature that once laughed, and sang, and wept to us, *close by our side, or in our arms*, as if her smiles, her voice, her tears, had never been! She and they, all swallowed up in the dark nothingness of the dust! Of all keepsakes, memorials, relics—most dearly, most devotedly do I love *a little lock of hair*; and oh! when the head it beautified has long mouldered in the dust, how spiritual seems the undying glossiness of the sole remaining lock! All else gone to nothing, save and except that soft, smooth, burnished and glorious fragment of the apparelling, that once hung in clouds and sunshine over an angel's brow! Aye, *a lock of hair is far better than any picture*—it is part of the beloved object herself; it belongs to the tresses that often, long ago, may have been dishevelled, like a shower of sunbeams, over your beating breast! But now, solemn thoughts sadden the beauty once so bright—so refulgent; the longer you gaze on it, the more and more it seems to say upbraidingly, “Weep'st thou not for me?” but, indeed, a tear, true to the imperishable affections in which all nature seems to rejoice, bears witness that the object to which it yearned is no more forgotten, now that she has been dead for many, many long weary days, months, years, than she was forgotten during one hour of absence that came like a passing cloud between us, and the sunshine of her living—*her loving smiles!*

*Kissing.*—The Grammar of the Kiss has not yet been written. True, a young lady being once asked whether the kiss, being a substantive, was *proper* or *common*, archly replied that it was *both proper and common*; but a more enlarged view may be taken of the subject. We find there are only three *regular* kisses, (properly so called,) and these may be denominated—1, the kiss negative; 2, the kiss positive; and, 3, the kiss superlative. The first, or negative, consists in kissing a lady's hand. The second, or positive, consists in kissing her cheek. And the third, or *superlative*, consists in kissing her lips. There are, besides, two *auxiliary* kisses—viz. the kiss *passive*, (horri-

ble!) such as is inflicted by old maiden aunts, nurses, and grandmothers; and the kiss *active*, (delicious!) in use (principally) on the Gretna-green road, *per gli amanti, e novelli sposi*. The first (the kiss *passive*) is generally declined by the *kissee*, whilst the latter (the kiss *active*) governs both *kisser* AND *kissee*, (or, as it is more analytically written, *kiss-he* and *kiss-her*,) in *number* as well as in *gender*. Independent of the preceding *regular* and *auxiliary* kisses, there are, for the convenience of society, a few supernumerary (or *irregular*) ones, such as the incidental, or stage kiss (unsatisfactory!) the cooing, or a *la tourterelle* kiss (rapturous!) the echo, or percussion kiss (ridiculous!) and the barley-sugar kiss, or kiss *en papilotte* (mawkish!) For myself, I like *all* these various modes of kissing (save the kiss *passive*,) and care not how often I am called to "rehearsal" by those I love. But what is kissing, as a pastime, compared to the never-to-be-forgotten—

*First Kiss of Love?*—On writing this word, I feel my breast fluttering beneath a clogging weight of fear, just as it did—I care not to say how many years ago. It is a strange and a beautiful thing—FIRST, INNOCENT LOVE! There is that in female beauty which it is pleasure merely to gaze upon; but beware of looking too long. The lustrous black pupil, contrasting with the pearly white of the eye and the carnated skin—the clear, placid blue, into which you see down, down to the very soul—the deep hazel, dazzling as a sunlit stream, seen through an opening in its willow banks—all may be gazed upon with impunity ninety-nine times; but, at the hundredth, you are a gone man. On a sudden, the eye strikes you as deeper and brighter than ever, or you fancy that a long look is stolen at you beneath a drooping eye-lid, and that there is a slight flush on the cheek, and at once you are in love. Then you spend the mornings in contriving apologies for calling, and the days and evenings in playing them off. When you lay your hand on the door bell, your knees tremble, and your breast feels compressed; and, when admitted, you sit, and look, and say nothing and go away, determined

to tell your whole story *the next time*. This goes on for months, varied by the occasional daring of kissing a flower, with which she presents you; perhaps, in the wild intoxication of love, wafting it towards her; or, in an heroic emphasis, to kiss her hand *in pretended jest*; and the next time you meet, both are as reserved and as stately as ever. Till, at last, on some *unnoticeable* day, when you are left alone with the lady, you, quite unawares, find *her* hand in *your's*; a yielding shudder crosses her, and *you know not how*, she is in your arms, and you press upon her lips, delayed but not withheld—a long, long kiss—a kiss of YOUTH and LOVE.—I dare no more!

*A Lady's Eyes.*—I have read much about ladies' eyes; indeed, I consider myself "*well read*" in this subject, (I have said something about them at page 12;) but I confess it a difficult task to *write* any separate essay worthy of so lustrous an object as the eye of a pretty girl. It beats *me* out of the field. Not so think *all* lovers of the sex. Thus writes a love-sick youth, who had *fancied himself* beloved in return, but who was jilted by his supposed mistress. (His opening sentence, by the way, is intended to exhibit terrible *nonchalance*, but he is a bad hand at concealing his emotion:)—"The loss of a pretty girl (says he) is at no time absolute death, but then *this one* had such peerless eyes. You see fine eyes every day, almost every hour; and having said 'that girl has fine eyes,' think no more about them. This was not the case with *the eyes I am speaking of*, for they had an almost fascinating power, though I can hardly say whence it was derived. We know, indeed, little of the power of the eye: we feel its force, but do not know the charm or magic that renders it thus resistless. The lady in question had, only at first sight, a pretty, quiet, youthful face; though on closer inspection, strangely impressed, for such a face, with marks of thought and fire. The large eye also was calm—cold, for a female eye—you would almost call it stern; but when looked into, the immeasurable depth of blue, more animated and sparkling the deeper you saw, made

the beholder's very heart vibrate again; while at the very depth of that clear, blue, azure sea, you fancied you discovered love, feeling, tenderness, all nestling together, and ready to be awakened and called forth indeed; but still far, far beyond the reach of mortal arm to gain. You often see love, feeling, tenderness, and many other things, floating across the very surface of the eye, calling out, as it were, 'Will no one come catch me?'—but such eyes are not equal to the full, large, azure orbs, that only make you guess at the treasures concealed below."

*Lady-Killers.*—There are, in all societies, a bevy of silly coxcombs, who fancy they have but to look a woman in the face to make her an easy victim. These fellows make what *they* call "love" to every pretty girl they meet. This is a very unworthy practice; and though women have generally tact and discrimination sufficient to see through it, yet they sometimes deceive themselves into a belief that they can render real the passion which is only assumed. But this is a great error, and one which they must strive to avoid; for a man who can be so despicable as to feign a passion merely to give a pretty girl the heart-ache, is as incapable as unworthy of being enchained. A female coquette is bad enough; a male one, fit only to sweep the streets—a scavenger framed by the hand of Nature.

*Law of Love in America.*—In 1647, the General Court of Massachusetts enacted, that if any young man attempted to address any young woman without the consent of her parents, or, in case of their absence, of a neighbouring magistrate of the County Court, he should be fined £5 for the first offence, £10 for the second, and imprisonment for the third. In 1660, Captain D'l Blake was fined the first named sum, but was let off for £4 conditionally, "for making love to Edmund Bridge's daughter, without her parent's consent."—The American laws, and the English laws, are two different things. We in "Merric England" cannot see any fun in making love, in the first instance, *with a parent's consent*. Why, half the poetry of the thing has vanished at once, when this is the case. It is a plodding

way of going to work, which we can never sanction. It is all very well to ask consent, *when all the arrangements have been previously settled* with one's soul's idol." If a parent withhold consent, under *such* circumstances, an "elopement" becomes unavoidable, and a runaway post-chaise is the only polite way of expressing one's real sentiments. This is truly poetical, and every way sentimental.

*Leap Year.*—The following is extracted from an old volume, printed in 1606, entitled, "Courtship, Love, and Matrimonie:"—"Albeit it is nowe become a part of the lawe, in regard to social relations in life, that as often as every bissextile year doth return, the ladyes have the sole privilege, during the time it continueth, of making love unto the men, which they doe either by wordes or lookes, as unto them it seemeth proper; and, moreover, no man will be entitled to the benefite of clergy who dothe refuse to accept the offeres of a ladye, or who dothe in any wise treate her proposal withe slight or contumely."

*Love Letters.*—A Love letter is an heterogeneous compound of lies and nonsense. If you are really in love, you are positively unfit to write; if you are *not* in love, you will only be puzzling your brain to invent falsehoods; which is *ten times worse*. Love letters are the silliest of created things,—and are only enduring when read aloud in a Public Court to afford amusement to a gaping crowd; however, they are "useful" sometimes, in an action at law, to secure "damages!" "Black and white" are awkward witnesses, and "aids to assist the memory" any thing *but* pleasant.

*Love's Telegraph.*—If a gentleman wants a wife, he wears a ring on the first finger of the left hand; if he be engaged, he wears it on the second finger; if married, on the third; and on the fourth if he never intends to get married. When a lady is not engaged, she wears a hoop or diamond on her first finger; if engaged, on the second; if married, on the third; and on the fourth if she intends to be a maid.

When a gentleman presents a fan, a flower, or trinkets, to a lady with the left hand, this on his part, is an overture of regard; should she receive it with the left hand, it is considered as an acceptance of his esteem; but if with the right hand, it is a refusal of the offer. Thus, by a few simple tokens, explained by rule, the passion of love is expressed.

*On Loving :—*

Have something still to love, e'en tho' it be  
 Nought but a flower; yea the worm below  
 Thy feet itself—for Love and Hope are so  
 Twinn'd with each other, closely join'd as the  
 Two rosebuds on one stalk, that still where we  
 First love, there, too, we hope; and these, you know,  
 Are the springheads of being, whence must flow  
 Its relish and its charm; an eye to see  
 All things with love, that is the highest good:  
 Yea, all in one! it is the microscope,  
 With which new worlds of beauty we may ope,  
 E'en in the smallest thing that round us lies;  
 And yet the telescope, with which to show  
 Glories beyond the stars, and open throw  
 The gates of heaven! for where love is, what should  
 There not be also? Love can grasp the skies!  
 And he who simply loves has all he *could*  
 Of bliss in each of its varieties:  
 Lo! in how small a space ALL PARADISE!

*On Making Love.*—Generally, in love as in war, every thing must, in fact, depend on circumstances, and on the character and disposition of the party attacked. Women are like fortresses: some, appearing to be impregnable, are taken at the first onset: others, like the well-constructed works of Vauban, having no appearance of strength, can only be captured by regular siege, carried on by sap, mine, approaches, and parallels. Sometimes, such termagants repulse an attack, after a lodgement has actually been effected in the very breastwork of the place. Some girls, indeed, surrender at the first summons, and say 'yes' on the

first sounding of the matrimonial trumpet; but these are as little worth noticing as those who yield to the matrimonial Mammon; and yet, how many pretty girls sell themselves to age and dullness for the sake of a title and an establishment!!

*Making Love to Married Women.*—Every man who seduces, or makes love to a married woman, should be kicked out of all decent society,—if only for his total want of delicacy, good taste, and correct feeling. Carry a woman from her babes and nursery (oh, Dr. Dionysius Lardner!) I have no patience with such reptiles! especially when there are so many pretty, lovely, blooming maidens dying to make love to any worthy, gentlemanly, good-looking fellow, willing to address them. “The moment the marriage drum beats,” says a German author, “all unmarried girls stand to their arms,”—ample proof they are ready to listen.

“*Matches*,” said a sleek young hypocrite to Sheridan, “are made in Heaven.” “Yes,” replied the wag, glancing downwards significantly, “but very often *dipped* in the other place.” The methodist groaned audibly.

“*Nature, Sir, Nature!*”—I often observe that bashful lovers, somehow or other, are very successful in their wooing. I can hardly account for it, rationally; but then *reason in love* is quite out of the question. The following historiette, though American, will find many a parallel in England:—A Green Mountain boy fell in love with a very pretty girl, and determined to court her. To that end he dressed himself in his Sunday-go-to-meetings, went to her father’s house, and found her alone. “How d’ye du?” said Jonathan. “I’m nicely—take a cheer, Jonathan,” says the girl. Jonathan took a chair, and seated himself in the farthest corner of the room, as though the beauty was a thing rather to be feared than loved. “Aint you cold? hadn’t you better sit up to the fire?” says Sally, supposing he would of course, if he was going to make love at all, do so in a proper manner. “No I thankee, I reckon I’m con-

fortable," returned Jonathan. "How is your marm?" said Sally. "Well, she's a complainin a leetle," said Jonathan. Here a pause of ten minutes ensued, during which Jonathan amused himself by whittling a stick. "There's nothin new up your way, is there?" said Sally; which Jonathan might understand as applying to his present situation, or to his father's domicile. "Here?—oh—yis, you meant *tu hum*, well no that is his—our spotted cow's got a calf," said Jonathan. Sally would have undoubtedly have laughed at this queer piece of information, only she was too much vexed at the bashfulness of the speaker. At length, after another protracted silence, Sally got up a small edition of a scream, and in a loud voice exclaimed, "Let me alone!" "Why," says Jonathan, dropping his knife and stick in astonishment, "why, I ain't a touchin' on ye." "Well," says Sally, in a voice which might be indicative of fear, but sounded very like request, "Well, ain't you *going tu*?" Jonathan thought a moment of this equivocal reply, and then, after p'acing his knife in his pocket, and blowing his nose, he drew his chair by the side of pretty Sally, and the next week they were *married*. I am *not* quite sure, whether this sort of intuitive toying is not vastly agreable. To be drawn out by a pretty girl, one might almost wish to be bashful!!

*Never give it up, girls*—Mr. John Ayrentein lately led to the altar, in Philadelphia, Miss Rhoda Grayson—after a courtship of *thirty-four years!* This shows what *may* be done, if we only *stick* to it!

*Presents.*—It is, I regret to say, against all rule for gentlemen to make presents to young ladies, beyond the value of sixpence; unless indeed, they be acknowledged as *lovers*. A lover has it in his power to prove his affection in a thousand little ways. He can scarcely wander through any of the public streets, without seeing *something* that his "angel" would like; and if his pocket be only *tolerably* well lined, he ought *at once* to possess himself of it and offer it at the shrine of beauty. *I* always did.

*Quick Time.*—A gentleman was one day composing the music of a *rondeau* for a lady to whom he paid his addresses. "Pray, Miss D., (said he) what time do you prefer?" "Oh! (she replied carelessly) any time will do—but *the quicker the better.*" The company smiled at the rejoinder; and the gentleman took her at her word. This is the proper way to do business. It saves time and trouble.

*The Raw Material.*—The young ladies in America, aye, and in England too, have an odious habit of *kissing each other*. A Yankee writer says, and I agree with him, that this is "a great waste of the *raw material.*" All kisses, in fact, bestowed by one female on another, are a direct *robbery* on the "lords of the creation," whose *rights* to these privileges are exclusive and unalienable. A wink is enough to inform us *when we are wanted*.

*Rejected Addresses.*—I am somewhat opinionated on the subject of "refusals;" and must confess that, if I "popped the question" and my charmer were to say "No!" I should at once turn to the right-about and become an absentee from her domicile *for ever*. I hate to *force* myself upon the affection of any fair lady. I must either be *all or nothing* to her, and every man of sense could, and ought to become master of this secret before he avowed his passion. This is *my* opinion; but my readers may differ from me, so I will tell them what somebody else says on the matter, and they can then judge for themselves. The following is from the pen of a desperate lady-lover:—It should be needless to tell a man of sense that he must not allow any refusal he may experience to occasion the slightest *eclat*. In exterior manner he must take the rejection of his hand as calmly as a refusal to walk or ride on a Wednesday. The full conviction of unrequited love is indeed a bitter pang, as I well know from experience,—and as such, a gentleman will feel it, and will express himself accordingly. But he must not, therefore, make a fool of himself,—must not fall by his own weakness, be a spooney, and sink beneath the weight of his affliction. Still less must he act

the part of Orlando Furioso.—rant, and tear, and threaten death in various forms, and break off all further connexion with the disdainful beauty; for a gir' who is worth asking once is worth asking again. And a man must be unskilful indeed, if the circumstance of his having been an avowed suitor does not place him on vantage ground. I am just now making love to a very clever, pretty girl, with incomparable eyes, who tells me at every chance *tete-a-tete* that she will not have me, and cares not a straw for me; and being far above affectation or deception, she is perfectly sincere in these declarations. But though she is the last person to be gained by mere assiduity or persecution, and far more likely to be captivated by glittering novelty than permanent attachment, I still deem it good policy to continue the chase. If you do not lose ground by such a mode of proceeding, you are sure to make some little progress, however slowly; the very habit of listening with indifference to your professions will leave the heart unguarded, and your right to plead your cause places you on a footing of familiarity that cannot fail to be advantageous. You must, of course, take care not to be voted a bore, and be thought troublesome; you must not distress or excite impatience by your importunity; you must neither whine, sigh, nor complain of your hard fate! you must, on the contrary, be cheerful, amusing, laugh at your own disappointment, and banter the lady on as many subjects as you can manage to turn against her in a graceful manner. Defy the power of her charms, great and resistless though they be, to break your spirit, even though they wring the heart; never mind a little contradiction in the matter, it will not be too closely examined; show tact, good taste, good manners, and trust to Fortune, a goddess that has made many an obdurate heart relent.

“*Something like*” a Compliment.—A lovely girl was bending her head over a rose-tree, which a lady was purchasing from an Irish basket-woman in Covent-garden Market, when the woman, looking kindly at the young beauty, said, “I axes yer pardon, young lady, but if it's plasing to

ye, I'd thank ye to *keep your cheek away from that ere rose, or ye'll put the lady out of conceit with the color of her flower.*"

"*A Short and Sweet*" Courtship.—"Pray, madam, do you like buttered toast?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Buttered on *both* sides?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Will you marry me?"

"With the greatest possible pleasure."

*Unlucky Month to Marry in.*—May is considered by the superstitious as an unlucky month to marry in, or, as the Scotch say, "uncannie"—A lady, who was courted in April, being solicited by her lover to name the day in the following month for the wedding, replied that *May* was an unfortunate month; and being asked to name it in June, asked if *April* would not suit just as well!—I like this lady better than I do her lover!

*A Word of Advice to the Ladies.*—A pretty hand and a pretty foot always go together; when we speak of the one, we are sure to think of the other. For this reason, stepping on a lady's foot is equivalent to squeezing her hand, and equally proper; sometimes it is more convenient, as it can be done *under the table*. Be careful, however, never to attempt it at a *crowded* table, for fear of making a *mistake*. We once saw a lady very much confused, who was trying to give a signal to a gentleman opposite, and instead of his, she trod and pressed on the corn-covered toes of an old bachelor. He bore it as long as he could, and very quietly remarked, "Madam, when you wish to step on a gentleman's toe, be particular and *get the foot that belongs to him*—for the last five minutes, you have been jamming *my* corns most unmercifully."

The above is from an American Journal, and shows that Brother Jonathan is "wide awake." I did not know that *my* secret was so extensively known!!

*When to Make Love :—*

When should lovers breathe their vows ?  
 When should ladies hear them ?  
 When the dew is on the boughs,  
 When *none else are near them* :  
 When the moon shines cold and pale,  
 When the birds are sleeping,  
 When no voice is on the gale,  
 When the rose is weeping ;  
 When the stars are bright on high,  
 Like hopes in young Love's dreaming,  
 And glancing round the light clouds fly,  
 Like soft fears, to shed their beaming.  
 The fairest smiles are those that live  
 On the brow by star-light wreathing ;  
 And the lips their richest incense give,  
 When the sigh is at midnight breathing.  
 Oh ! softest is the cheek's love-ray  
 When seen by moonlight hours ;  
 Other roses seek the day,  
 But *blushes* are *night-flowers*.  
 Oh ! when the moon and stars are bright,  
 When the dew drops glisten,  
 Then their vows should lovers plight—  
 THEN should ladies listen !

*What is a "Beauty?"*—The mode of describing a beauty is now reduced to a system ; and we do not see why rules should not be laid down as accurate as those of any other science. The comparative mode, for instance, may be divided into three, embracing the *mineral*, the *vegetable*, and the *animal* kingdom. In the first, which is the richest, we catalogue our mistress's charms as if we were making out a jeweller's bill : namely—1. A pair of diamond eyes. 2. One thick, and one thin, ruby or coral lip. 3. A double row of pearl teeth. 4. A quantity of golden hair. 5. A complete set of silver tones. In the *vegetable* fashion, the complexion is of roses and lilies ; the eyes are violets or sloes ; the hair chesnut ; the lips carnations ; the teeth

snowdrops. In the *animal*, or zoological style, our mistress's hair becomes an eagle's, or a raven's plume; her eyes are those of the dove or the antelope; and her teeth a flock of sheep.

*Widows.*—I dearly love widows, whether I view them weeping, sighing, blushing, or smiling; in *all* they are charming! Here is a widow in miniature:—

The widow she *wept*, and the widow she *cried*,  
For it was but a week since her husband he died;  
And a good soul was he, but just turned of fourscore,  
So, the widow declared *she would marry no more*.

The widow was young, and the widow was fair,  
And her mourning she wore with so touching an air,  
That many folks said—nay, a great many swore—  
'Twas a pity she "vowed" *she would marry no more*.

The widow had houses, the widow had lands,  
And silver-laced lackies t' obey her commands;  
A carriage to ride in, with "rhino" in store,  
Yet, still she declared *she would marry no more*.

The widow she *wept*, and the widow she *cried*,  
'Twas a twelvemonth that day since her husband had died;  
A gallant came in—he *had been there before*—  
"Oh! say not, fair lady, *you'll marry no more*."

The widow she *blushed*, and the widow she *smiled*,  
Of her grief and her tears for the moment beguiled;  
"Well, *perhaps once again*, but although to threescore  
I should live, I'm determined *I'll marry no more!*"

I cannot help thinking it a pity, that pretty little widows *should* marry again, though they are so fond of the thing. They are such excellent company, so knowing, so lively, so agreeable, so "everything that is delightful" in their widowhood, that I would fain have them as they are.

*A Word on Stolen Matches.*—I am no avowed advocate of stolen matches,—far from it; still, for the benefit of those who *will* marry and take the consequences, I insert here the amiable remarks, on this subject, by Charles Lamb:—“It is (says he) a sore trial when a daughter shall marry against her father’s approbation. A little hard-heartedness, and aversion to a reconciliation, is almost pardonable. After all, Will Dockwray’s way is perhaps the wisest. His best-beloved daughter made a most imprudent match; in fact, eloped with the last man in the world that her father would have wished her to marry. All the world said that he would never speak to her again. For months she durst not write to him, much less come near him. But, in a casual rencounter, he met her in the streets of Ware;—Ware, that will long remember the mild virtues of William Dockwray, Esq. What said the parent to his disobedient child, whose knees faltered under her at the sight of him? ‘Ha, Sukey, is it you?’ with that benevolent aspect, with which he paced the streets of Ware, venerated as an angel, ‘come and dine with us on Sunday;’ then turning away, and again turning back, as if he had forgotten something, he added, ‘and Sukey, do you hear, *bring your husband with you.*’ This was all the reproof she ever heard from him. Need it be added, that the match turned out better for Susan than the world expected?”

I have inserted the above, with a view to qualify, in some measure, my remarks, at page 26, on the subject of “Elopement.” I am very anxious not to be misunderstood in this matter, and therefore strive to prevent, as far as I am able, the possibility of a misconception. And now, Reader,—Farewell!