MATRIMONIAL LIBRARY.

THE

LOVER'S OWN BOOK:

OR,

Mirror of the Soul.

A COMPANION TO THE BOOK OF COURTSHIP

BY AMATOR.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY JOHN BELCHER.

1842.

H. LUDWIG, PRINTER, 72, VESEY-STREET, NEW-YORK.

PREFACE.

I can see no reason why—amongst the various publications that issue from the press, so nemerous, and so respectable, a portion of the community, as LOVERS are, should pass by unheeded. I, therefore, beg to offer MY humble services to conduct them through the "mazy labyrinth" that leads to happiness. If they be accepted—well; if not, I shall still be contented in having made the offer.

CONTENTS.

THE

LOVER'S OWN BOOK.

1.

A HINT TO THE VOTARIES OF CUPID.

"Love's blind they cry," &c.—*Old Song.*

My young friends, who are about to enlist themselves into the service, and intend doing homage at the shrine of Cupid, will bear in mind that they must, of necessity, consent to be led by the hand, whilst performing their vows: inasmuch as they will, for a certain season, be deprived of their eyesight. Yet, let them not repine; for LOVE—their master—is blind also. This may appear strange; but so it is. The "Fates" have so willed it. To alleviate, however, in some measure, the severity of the decree is the object of my present endeavour, and the result of my observations is herein recorded for

the benefit of my suffering friends. When they recover their sight, I hope they will award me their vote of thanks, and acknowledge the truth of my remarks.

2

THE NATURAL CONSEQUENCES OF LOVE,—MARRIAGE.

Let the good man, for nuptial rights design'd,
Turn over every page of womankind;
Mark every sense, and how the readings vary,
And, when he's read them over, let him—marry.
And, *vice versâ*.

Marriage is a delightful institution, intended to complete the happiness of those who have been long sighing and wooing, without 'coming to the point.' When the solemn rites are performed, and the pretty little 'turtles' are assured by the 'gentleman in black,' that they twain are become one flesh, they may take my word for it, their joy will know no bounds. They are now no longer two persons—but one and the same individual—they have now only one mind, one heart, and one object in view,—nor need they (if they act wisely,) care about pleasing any but themselves. In short, they have reached the

pinnacle of human happiness, and the duration of this happiness, be it remembered, entirely depends upon themselves; but, as there are two sides to every question we will consider :—

3.

WEDLOCK, THE END OF LIFE.

Tom prais'd his friend, who changed his state,
For binding fast himself and Kate
In union so divine:
"Wedlock's the end of life," he cried,
"Too true, alas!" cried Jack, and sighed—
"'Twill be the end of mine."

That which makes one man happy, oftentimes proves another's misery. A virtuous and affectionate wife is a treasure indeed, "and her price," as Solomon says, "is far above rubies;" but a shrew—a bad tempered—or a sulky woman, is "the devil all over." I would rather be elevated on a post at Tyburn, than marry such a one—if I knew it. With such a partner for life :—

Rather than I would mount the alter,
I'd cross the road, and buy a—halter!

4.

A SUITABLE OBJECT FOR A MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

Genteel in personage,
Conduct and equipage;
Noble by heritage,
Generous and free;

Brave, not romantic,
Learn'd, not pedantic,
Frolic, not frantic,
Thus must he be.

Honour maintaining,
Meanness disdaining,
Still entertaining,
Engaging and new;

Neat, but not finical,
Sage, but not cynical,
Never tyrannical,
But ever true.

If a woman would have a man to be true, it is quite in her power to make him so. If his temper be hasty, let her bear with it. If his disposition be unamiable, let her strive to improve it by example; but, above all, let her abstain from *reproaches*.

5.

A SUITABLE OBJECT FOR A GENTLEMAN'S CHOICE.

Friends! would you know, if I should change my life,
What kind of girl I'd choose to be my wife?
I would not have her be so fond to say,
"Yes," at first dash, nor dwell *too* long on "nay."
These two extremes I hate, then let her be
'Twixt both—not too hard—nor too free.

There are many damsels whose natural frankness of disposition prompts them to give utterance to the feelings of their heart, at once, without any consideration of the consequences. This I admire, because it is 'nature alloyed with art;' but, not so, the generality of mankind. They are strict arguers for *propriety*, to which they would willingly sacrifice all the better feelings of the heart. I cannot say more, conscientiously, on this subject, but leave my fair readers to put their own construction on the hint I have thrown out. I know it will not be lost upon them; and I would not, for the world, *advise* them to practice duplicity. As for qualifications, if a maiden be of a good temper, lively, cheerful, and of an obliging disposition—affectionate and warm-hearted, little more need be required. If she has had a good education—all the better;

and, if she has been used to take a share in the domestic management of a family, she will, of course, make the better house-wife.

6.

A WORD OF CAUTION TO MAIDENS.

Love not—or, if thou lov'st, and art a woman,
Hide thy love from him whom thou dost worship;
Never let him know how dear he is—
Flit like a bird before him—
Lead him from tree to tree—from flower to flower,—
But be not won, or thou wilt, like that bird, when caught and caged,
Be left to pine neglected, and perish in forgetfulness.

So sings one, who, it must be allowed, was well versed in the knowledge of the human heart. I, also, am, in a great measure of the same opinion. A maiden must not sell herself too cheap, to make use of a vulgarism—she must sedulously endeavour to read the inmost thoughts of her lover, before she ventures to confide to his keeping what is passing within her own breast. A woman's penetration is very keen; and, where she has *reason* to doubt a man's constancy, terrible to encounter. I do not, however, like the author I have quoted, say, "Love NOT;" but be cautious and wary on whom you rivet your affections, before it is too late.

7.

HOW OFTEN CAN A MAN OR A WOMAN, LOVE?

He who marries once may be
Pardon'd his infirmity;
He who marries twice is mad;
But, if you should find a fool
Marry thrice—don't spare the lad—
But flog him—flog him back to school.

It is my opinion that a man can never be in love more than once, under any circumstances. I know many who have married a second, third, and (one or two) even a fourth wife! but, for what reason, is obvious. They knew the comfort of a home, and how delightful it was to have their domestic affairs superintended by an affectionate woman. Their household was kept in regularity and order, and the anxieties of the day were more than counterbalanced by the pleasures awaiting them on their return home. Esteem, in these cases, assumes the place of love, and where love is impossible, esteem is the best substitute. If I were asked my opinion, I should say A WOMAN can love once, twice, yea, thrice, on occasions; though, *why*, I really cannot say; but, that it is so, I have had ample proof.

8

FASHION—NO GUIDE IN THE CHOICE OF A LOVER.

When Lovegood married Lady Jenny,
Whose beauties were not very many,
'I chose her,' said he, 'like old plate—
Not for the fashion but the weight.'

I am glad to see that there are some sensible persons in the world, who disdain to follow in the train of fashion, with a view to provide themselves with a lover. The most amiable are *never* to be found where fashion reigns—every thing connected with fashionable life militates against decorum—fine feeling—and, in most instances, against *fidelity*. Persons in middle life are far more refined—more intellectual—more accessible to that which is really amiable, and far better qualified to make valuable help-mates. Those who retire most from observation, and seem ignorant of their own virtues, are those I admire most; but these, strange to say, such is the absurdity of the times we live in, are too often suffered to lead a "life of single blessedness." We may say with the poet—

'Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.'

9.

COQUETRY.

Cloe, a Coquette in her prime,
The vainest, ficklest thing alive;
Behold! the strange effects of time,
Marries and doats at forty-five.

So, weather-cocks, which, for a while,
Have veer'd about with every blast,
Grown old, and destitute of oil,
Fix to a point, and—rust at last!

A Coquette, properly so called, is one who makes it her business to engage the affections and attentions of all her acquaintances, for the purpose of trifling with their feelings. She first favors one admirer—and then another—and so artfully does she *manœuvre*, that those she torments most, are the most fond of her. I have known several susceptible young gentlemen fall a prey to the wiles of these heartless creatures, and only *one* of them who ever perfectly recovered the use of his senses. He has since married a very amiable woman; and I have heard him say that, great as is his affection for his wife, he looks down upon the rest of womankind with the most ineffable contempt. My youthful readers will, perhaps, avail themselves of *an idea* from my view of a "Coquette." She

breathes, I can assure them, a most pestilential atmosphere, wherever she dwells; nor can she be too carefully avoided. Her last effort is to captivate the heart of some silly old man with a long purse, who, being too brainless to find favor in the eyes of a sensible woman, is contented, for the sake of a wanton's smile, to sacrifice the greater for the lesser good.

10.

FLIRTATION.

'Tis pretty sport to *flirt* a *fan*,
And does nor good nor hurt;
Nor does much harm await the man
Who likes to *fan* a *flirt*.

A Flirt, though not, generally speaking, an amiable character, is nevertheless far more so than a Coquette. She flirts, for the pleasure of the thing, not with a view to trifling with a man's feelings, but rather to tantalize and provoke him to renew his *pleasing* importunities. A little innocent flirtation is by no means to be despised among young people. It often serves *pour passer le temps*, and contributes greatly to the happiness and cheerfulness of a party. Besides, it often ends in something *tender*, and paves the way, not unfrequently, to a happy union; but, in

that case, all flirtation must be at an end, for what is pleasing, when single, becomes, after marriage, *une toute antre chose.* I remember, some time since, being highly amused at the flirtation of an innocent young lady, one of my most intimate acquaintances. It so happened that a gentleman of somewhat austere habits, was on a visit at her father's house. He was a plain matter-of-fact-man—said "Yes," when he meant "Yes," and "No," when he meant "No." He ate his meals regularly, took his glass of grog at ten, and went to bed at eleven. I, being at that time a very mischievous fellow, determined on trying the effect of "woman's art," on his adamantine heart. To effect this, I, in concert with others of the family, prevailed on the beautiful Agatha to take him in hand, and see if she could not *civilize* him. This she did in grand style, and with so much playfulness and *naivette* that it would have moved the heart of a stoic. The effect of her power was seen in an incredibly short space of time—it operated like magic upon her victim, and it is a positive fact that within three days he was a companionable creature! nay, he actually took part in a quadrille on the evening of the third day, on the understanding that the lady Agatha should be his partner!

This little bit of flirtation, which continued during the remainder of his stay (rather more

than a week) kept us in continual good humour; and, not long after my departure, I had the happiness to hear of our friend. Mr. Merriman, having fallen desperately in love and married a very accomplished woman!

11.

'A CHASTE SALUTE.'

"Goodness thinks no ill,
Where no ill seems."

My readers will, doubtless remember the words of a song which did enjoy, and, I believe, still enjoys great popularity. It begins thus :—

Oh, where is the harm of a *lit*-tle, *lee*-tle kiss,
One—one—only one, &c.

And who is there that dare say a word against it? How many prudes are there that have sent their devoted swains home, despairing of ever obtaining the just privilege of a Chaste Salute! out upon them! they know not the luxury of a sanctified opportunity, one of those especial blessings, granted, on particular occasions, by the little god Cupid. But these are things that no man can write about, nor can they scarcely be conceived. Such sacred moments as these

quickly pass away, but they leave a goodly savour behind them. Can young lovers ever forget them?—No! as the ballad says, "They never *can* forget"—nor should they.

12.

LOVERS' QUARRELS.

"Amantium iræ amoris integratio est."
"Lovers quarrel for the sake of making it up again."

Alas! alas! how true it is that those who are most endeared to each other, are generally the most quarrelsome on occasions. I have myself been an eye-witness to the truth of my remarks, but though I have endeavoured to reconcile the parties, I always found I was 'one too many.' Lovers will have their quarrels, it is true, but they will also 'confess' to themselves and to none other. And then how sweet a moment is that which brings about a reconciliation! Both parties seem astonished at their folly, and cannot but wonder how they came to quarrel. However, there are some exceptions to every rule. I remember an instance of two young persons, about twenty years ago, whose innocent flirtations, while they lasted, afforded me infinite amusement. The lady who resided at Exeter, was in every sense of the word, an angel; of a

sweet temper, an obliging disposition, and beautiful countenance; indeed, she was *the* favourite, go where she might. Her swain, an ardent youth, doated on the very ground she walked upon, and never seemed to be in his right senses unless he was in her company. It so happened that the young lady 'cultivated,' as a popular author expresses it, a beautiful lock of hair, (oh! how magnificently it curled,) which hung pendant over her snow-white neck, and which excited the envy of all her admirers, (and they were by no means few, for all who saw her could not help loving her.) It was well understood by all that this lock was sacred, and that it was 'death by the law' for any unhallowed finger to approach it. And this law was like that of the Medes and Persians,—it altered not. However, one fatal evening, our love-sick gentleman, despising all restraint, and dying to possess this "forbidden fruit," watched his opportunity. A pair of small scissors, as ill-luck would have it, lay upon the table. He seized them, and, scarce knowing what he did, or where he was—he suddenly found himself in possession of that, which, while it remained *in statu quo*, was delightful to contemplate—but now! the charm was broken—and he, conscious stricken, a pitiable object to behold. The storm

was not long gathering. It fell—and great was the fall of it.

* * * * * * *

It was, at the least, *two months* after this, before a reconciliation took place, and then, only a partial one. The lady indeed forgave, but never forgot the injury; and her unhappy lover, quitting the scenes of his by-gone happy days, betook himself to the south of France, where he is now living a life of 'single blessedness.' By this, my readers will see that it is dangerous to play with 'edged tools;' and my male friends will, it is hoped, take timely warning—"He loved—not wisely, but too well."

13.

A BOX ON THE EAR.

Firm to your threat, Matilda, stand—
The promise made, maintain it;
And fail not to bestow your hand
On one who won't disdain it.

Some Ladies are fond of punishing their Lovers, when they perceive them to be guilty of any fault, or dereliction of duty. Their mode of punishment, however, is generally alike, and consists of a Box on the Ear, which has always been considered tantamount to asking for a 'Chaste Salute.'

I once knew a young couple who were always at words—words led to blows, and blows—of course—led to 'Chaste Salutes'—so that they were always quarrelltng and always 'making it up.'—Of a verity, these Lovers are very curious animals.

14.

CONTRADICTION.

In all thy contradictions, grave or mellow,
Thour't such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
There is no living with—nor yet, without thee.

My young friends, I counsel you never to contradict each other. It may lead to disastrous consequences—there are some, it is true, of a naturally good disposition and their temper and wit may enable them to turn the spirit of contradiction to a good account. But these are few in number. The only instance I can call to mind, was that of Mr. James Scatterwood, who made a point of contradicting *every body;* and when he had worked up the feelings of all present to a state of frenzy, he, in the coolest manner possible, would say something so *piquant* as to restore them at once to a good humour.

15.

RECRIMINATION.

'Nay, prithee, dear Thomas, ne'er rave thus and curse,
Remember, you took me for better—for worse.'
'I know it,' quoth Thomas—'but then, Madame, look you,
You prove upon trial, much worse than I took you.'

Recrimination, like contradiction, is a dangerous weapon, and can never be safely used. If all the cruel words and hard speeches that are used by lovers, on the most trivial occasions, were committed to paper, and read over to them in their cooler moments, they would be almost struck dumb with astonishment. It is, moreover, a positive fact, that these harsh expressions have little or no meaning, in reality—for though they are uttered, they are the very *reverse* of what is intended, and the heart often bleeds, while it suggests them.

16.

DISCRETION.

'And should some footstep haply stray,' &c.—*Old Song.*

When two young lovers are engrossed with the pleasure of each other's company, they are apt to be too unobservant of what is passing around them, and are often surprised when they least expect it. The ladies, too, do not suffi-

ciently study their dress on these occasions. For instance, who would have on a *silk* gown, while sitting *tete-a-tete* with her lover! It produces very unpleasant results. I remember once suddenly opening the door of an apartment, little dreaming who were within, and being alarmed by a rustling, rumbling noise. It was obvious, from observation, whence it proceeded, for, (though I do not wish to tell tales,) a lady in a silk gown had evidently flitted across the room, and placed herself on the edge of an easy chair, while her lover, poor fellow, remained where she had left him—a prisoner, at the head of a sofa, looking—unutterable things! Balloon-sleeves, are also, foolish articles of dress at these seasons. It is not long since I entered a room, (intending to join a family party at breakfast,) which contained, unknown to me, two lovers. It appears, I was rather premature, for, on my entry, a sudden rush from the sofa took place, by which, and the lady's ample sleeves, a quartern loaf, and a basin of cream were dislodged from the table, and found their way into the middle of the room! These coincidences should be avoided. They certainly do "manage these things better in France!"

17.

ELOPEMENT.

"Women are fond of fun, I've heard men say;
Then 'tis no wonder if they run away—"

There are many young ladies of a romantic turn of mind, and who, rather than submit to a tame, every-day sort of match, would be content to remain spinsters for ever. I once heard one of these charmers say, "that she never would marry a man unless he had a *bit of the Devil* in him." And she kept her word, for, in much less than six months afterwards, she left her father's roof and started off in a chaise-and-four to Gretna Green, and was married to a young officer. 'Tis true he had "a bit of the Devil in him," but the devil a bit of money had he or the lady either. It was a long time before the father was reconciled to his daughter, and it was only on condition of her giving up her "devil of a husband" that she was received again under the paternal roof. Elopements are only justifiable on extreme occasions—such, for instance, as the rapacity of cruel parents who would force their children to marry persons for whom they entertain no affection, with a view to cement family connections. This is the height of cruelty in a parent, and such parents deserve all that may result from their unjustifia-

ble conduct. If a son, or a daughter, were to leave the roof of a parent, (doatingly fond of them, and anxious to secure their interests,) for the mere fun of a run-away match, they richly deserve to feel the miseries of extreme poverty, which would be a better lesson for them than all the reproaches in the world.

18.

ROSES AND TULIPS.

'Where shall we find a rose without a thorn?'

There are some persons so selfish that they expect to reap all the blessings and comforts of this life, witnout experiencing its vicissitudes—but this cannot be. I confess myself to have been often in fault in this particular. I have frequently longed for that which, while it would only have been gratifying for a short season, would have brought with it endless anxiety. I once knew a gentleman equally inconsiderate. He fell in love with the *face* of a very beautiful woman, but 'poor as Job.' One day, while they were doing a bit of flirtation, the lady asked the gentlelman, which he thought the prettiest flowers, *Roses* or *Tulips?* ? "Oh!" quoth he, in an ecstacy of delight, "give me your *two-lips* before

all the roses in the world"—on which the lady delivered herself of the following *impromptu*,—

"That may be, Sir; but this you'll understand,
The man who takes my *lips* must take my *hand*."

The gentleman, on this, immediately changed colour—blessed his stars for a lucky escape—and, in less than a month set sail for America.

19.

YOUNG LADIES EVENING DRESSES.

When dressed for the evening, girls, now a-days,
Scarce an atom of dress on them leave;
Nor blame them—for what is an evening dress,
But a dress that is suited for "Eve?"

Talking of Eve—what would that venerable parent of ours think, could she revisit the earth? I am of opinion she would disown *her* sex, at least. Young ladies must bear in mind, jesting apart, that the freedom in dress allowed them, when giddy and thoughtless, must be entirely corrected when they think of changing their condition. Nothing disgusts a young man of sentiment so much as a laxity or apparel in the female sex. Poor creatures! you little know how you injure yourselves by 'sporting' petticoats of an improper shortness for the purpose of—showing your legs—pretty though they be!

20.

MAIDENS SHOULD NEVER APPEAR IN A BUSTLE.

"From eyes, like Louisa's, how sore is the smart,
Each glance gives a wound time can never erase;
What infinite pangs doth such beauty impart,
So snowy her bosom—so lovely her face.
Look behind! O! how alter'd, no symmetry there,
No grace, but a vast *bustling* hump in its stead;
You would think, so well aimed are the wounds of the fair,
Cupid sat there, and short his darts over her head."

I cannot forbear, in the present place, offering a word of counsel to my fair friends:—And why, let me ask them, *will* they disfigure themselves behind? what *can* be their object? has not Nature been bountiful—nay, lavish of her favours on the female figure? and what does she get in return? nothing but base ingratitude. The ladies say they know best what is becoming, and, to prove it they stick a hay-stack behind them, by way of *ornament!* but let me tell them, as a friend, that tho' this may qualify them for admittance among their own sex and excite their envy and admiration, it fills our sex with disgust and ineffable contempt! What can be compared to the native innocence of a neatly attired and modest maiden? It carries with it its own recommendation, and speaks at once to the *heart.*

DIRECTIONS TO LOVERS

FOR

COURTING THE UGLY.

THERE is not throughout the whole range of the difficult science we are discussing a more arduous task than that of courting an ugly woman. The decided beauty attracts and exactingly demands our admiration and addresses as matters of course. The cut-and-dried compliments which were doubtless handed down to posterity by the inmates of Noah's Ark are frequently fished for and led up to by herself, and one pays them as currently as courtiers do homage to the throne—for etiquette sake. The "plain" attach to themselves a suspicion of beauty which affords sufficient foundation for a superstructure of civil things, the truth and sincerity of which they may be made most implicitly to believe. But the ugly——

Yes, to the mere lover the ugly present a blank. He has no cue for his sighs and tears —no excuse for his preference. Upon what text can he discourse in his first love-letter! To what reasonable cause can he refer the

lighting up of his flame! To the grace of her figure?—that is almost deformed. To the fire of her eyes?—they are small, grey, and lustreless. To the sweetness of her smile?—it wrinkles her face into the puckers of scorched parchment. Where there is nothing to admire, how is he to prove the integrity of his admiration?

Yet there *is* a cause for his preference; but, alas! that spring must ever remain a sealed fountain. Far from daring to hint, he must ingeniously conceal the true origin of his tenderness. Blighted are his hopes should she once suspect he sighs for her fortune instead of herself! And, be it remarked, *en passant*, all ugly women *have* fortunes.

Those who have not are never courted: they are either entirely passed over, or, if the windfall of a sigh should happen to alight upon them, they never lose a chance; they accept and get married as soon as possible, before there is time for the operations of courtship even to commence.

Thus "cribbed, cabined, and confined" in the range of *materiel* for sentiment, what is to be done! Hear our plain directions—they are infallible.

You must in every case begin by using all the dowager and *passe* arguments against beauty. "Fleeting dowry!—evanescent as the summer cloud—worthless as the withered flow-

er—often leading its unhappy possessor into the paths of temptation—abandoning her in the depths of destruction—leaving her at last to mourn over blighted hopes"—and all that. But, on the other hand, "who can sufficiently estimate the lasting blessings of congenial sentiment—of hearts fondly beating in a blissful union?—the never-dying graces of the mind" —and so forth. But the most effectual topic of all—especially in a case where a few thousands a year are at stake—is the delights of content and love in a cottage. "With such a mind as yours, even poverty would be endurable," will always prove a clencher.

You will find that every woman who is remarkable for her ugliness is said to be also remarkable for some especial virtue, accomplishment, or specific perfection. Whenever you hear it remarked that "she certainly is very plain," there will always follow a "but," which introduces an addendum on the amiability of her disposition, the superiority of her talents, or the beauty of her foot.

Behold Frank Kennedy after his signal rejection by Rose Robinson, at the feet of Miss Boulder, and take a lesson from him. His satirical description of her *personale*, recorded in a former chapter, though exaggerated, had some foundation in truth. He afterwards discovered her weak point—otherwise her peculiar accom-

plishment;—it was poetry. With eager hand he turned over the "Keepsakes" and "Books of Beauty" of the last dozen years, until he lighted upon some of her stanzas. Those he most admired were "Lines to my Cousin on entering the Army;" "Impromptu on the Death of Lady Littleton's Squirrel;" "Stanzas to my Sister on the birth of my niece;" and other domestic pleasantries so exceedingly entertaining to the public. What was to be done—how could he address her in her own language who had never penned a verse in his life? He rushed to my rooms, communicated his distress, and demanded my assistance.

"My dear friend," was my exclamation, "you know not what you ask. Write poetry to a poetess! it would be madness."

"On the contrary, I believe it to be the only road to her fortune—or rather, I should say, to her heart. Do throw off something for me, like a good fellow—something touching and romantic."

"No, no; that might answer very well with a city, or a boarding-school damsel, but would prove an utter failure with Miss Boulder. She, of all others, would know how to estimate your passionate protestations and innumerable notes of admiration; she, being herself of the initiated, understands the depths of those feelings which are expended in fishing up rhymes and

agonising for similes. She will take all your passionate rhapsodies at their real value, and curl her hair with them. No, if you *will* be rash, and pelt her with verses, they must be quiet, staid, and respectable."

"Well, I am in your hands. All all events do something for me."

I complied, and the following rythmatic *crescendo* did the business :—

While musing o'er the sweet melodious lay
Traced by thy beauty-teeming pen,
Long ere mine eyes had caught one cheering ray
From thine—I *liked* thee even then.

But when I first beheld thy soul-lit face,
Beaming with smiles, by thought inspired—
Where Love and Genius each have left a trace,
With fervent ardour I *admired*.

Now, dizzy with the magic of thy smiles,
Though 'gainst their influence I strove,
My bursting heart, my fever'd brain beguiles,
Hopeless, I fondly, madly—*love*.

When an ugly woman cannot, with any conscience, lay claim to talent or good temper, the redeeming personal advantage is boasted of in an exquisite foot or a delicate hand. My friend Lady Flabble weighs at least sixteen stone, and is ill-looking in proportion.

"But then," say her toadies, "did you ever see such a beautifully-shaped hand?"

A thick volume of anecdotes may be collected from the small talk of her circle about this celebrated member; such as, how that a popular sculptor, so struck with it as he saw it dangling over a box at the Opera, *would* be introduced to the owner, to ask permission to take a cast of it. And that it is now a substitute for the well-known digits of Madame de Maintenon, hitherto the first hand of the plaster shops—the sole model for the studio. The expedients of her ladyship to bring her favourite *manus* into notice are highly amusing. Her favourite attitude is the stock-posture among portrait-painters for contemplation, the thumb being used as a bracket for the chin, and the fore finger pressing the cheek-bone. This position produces a fine effect; for her ladyship's face being of a deep-red, sets off the whiteness of her cherished hand to great advantage. Her husband—a poor baronet—during courtship, wisely centred all his affections upon this very small integer of her extensive entirety. In the end she gave it him, together with a good fortune.

The last class of ugly women require no directions for being courted, because they take the whole affair out of our hands. They make up for the want of personal attraction by a certain forwardness of manner which occasionally

gains them so-called lovers, but seldom husbands. These people can only be hinted at; they may not be described.

THE END.