

I called on an old gentleman and his wife, seemingly well mated, who had reared a large family—amassed a fine fortune, and now had come to spend the remainder of their days in the village. I had the “Lives of the three Mrs. Judsons.” The old lady expressed much joy at meeting with the book, and desired that I should go to her husband, and see if she could take it. I went to him, and told the good lady’s wants. He took it, looked it over, and remarked that it was a book he should care nothing about, but would subscribe for the “Life of Wilbur Fisk,” if I could furnish it as cheap as it had been offered him—below its retail price. I told him his wife wanted the “Three Mrs. Judsons” for herself; he said she could read his books. Indulgent man! I prayed the wife might possess that most desirable of all human virtues—a perfect submission—seeing through her husband’s eyes, fully trusting that he knew best for her. If not, O Lord! be merciful and comfort her! If St. Paul is permitted to behold the scenes of this mortal sphere, and to see the result of his beautiful injunction, as it is carried out by thousands of the executives of his mandate—aye, I trust he groans, even in heaven!

I saw beautiful ladies in richly furnished parlors, reclining on soft sofas, imitating nature’s handiworks in worsted flowers wrought on canvas, who were as delicate as the white lily that bloomed beneath their artistic touch. O! the tender ones—how I would take them all in my arms, yes, and carry them out into the sunshine! Dear Jane, don’t you see how they would scramble back into the house again; with both hands to cover their faces, wishing for the first time in their lives that they had larger hands, and muttering, if ladies do mutter, of freckles, impudence, and getting tanned? I should feel a conscious pride in arousing their ire for once, even if I was the culprit.