

hand, it is time to put one's trust in Allah." Indeed, poor Hamilton stood a very small chance of escape—for the beauty of Caroline was not that of an every day staring belle. Full, radiant dark eyes, that looked exactly as if they *thought*; Grecian stature, animated by a high flow of natural spirits, and set off by airs half modest, half coquetish, were quite enough to put an innocent young man off from the defensive, and Hamilton surrendered at discretion the second week after Caroline's appearance in society, being full in the faith that he had at last found all the cardinal virtues united in one woman. So one beautiful moonlight evening that seemed made on purpose for the occasion, he gathered courage to breathe his vows, and found himself in the seventh heaven of accepted love.

An extract from a letter to his mother, will give a portrait of the lady with whom he supposed himself in love.

"I have at last," he says, "more than realized the visions of romance, and can call my own a creature so perfect that my only fear is that I may not be able to deserve her.

"She is beautiful, my dear mother, surpassingly so, but her beauty is her least charm—it is her warm affectionate heart, her loveliness of disposition, that constitutes the chief charm that binds me. It is true, she has been much in the atmosphere of fashion, one so gifted could scarcely avoid it, but she has not lost a love for domestic pleasures, and will be willing to resign all to make me happy. She seems to me to be exactly the woman fitted to understand and to sympathise in my feelings and tastes—it is seldom that I have met with such an entire similarity of views upon all subjects, such complete oneness of feeling."

We advise none of our gentlemen readers to smile at the profound insight into character displayed by this letter, until they are certain they shall not be caught one day saying as much of some pretty creature whom they have never seen except with all the advantages of fine dress, fine spirits, animating society, and fashionable appendages. Many another man has fallen as irrevocably in love with what was *not there* as did Mr. William Hamilton.

For how could Mr. Hamilton think otherwise? Did not Caroline most emphatically say "certainly," "and so I think," to all his opinions? Did she not listen most devoutly when he read poetry to her? did she not say "how beautiful!" in all the proper places, and say it with such a smile?

In fact, it is rather amusing for people in love to talk about exact similarity of tastes, and conformity of sentiment, as the great body of the conversation that passes, is commonly of a nature so complimentary to both parties, that similarity of taste might be expected as a matter of course.

As to Caroline, she was as much in love as a person without much reflection and entirely absorbed in self can be. She was delighted with being the idol of exclusive homage, pleased to have achieved the most fashionable conquest of the day, pleased with the anticipated bustle of a wedding with five bride's maids, wedding cake, dancing, and so on, and under the influence of all these ideas combined, she thought undoubtedly she was in love to a very desperate degree.

Well, married they were, and now if we did after the fashion of story writers, generally, we should, like the clergyman, close the book as soon as the ceremony is over, but it is not our intention so to do, therefore, our readers may, if agreeable, begin with us another chapter.

CHAPTER II.

A writer on the manners of our country, has remarked on the wonderful change by which American girls become transmuted into American wives; the former she represents as flirting, giddy, living only for fashion and show, and the latter as dignified, retiring, and devoted to domestic pursuits. Certain it is that such a change every day passes under our eyes, a transformation as entire as when your frisking, frolicsome kitten becomes your decorous chimney-corner-loving cat. One reason for this is, that salutary strictness of public sentiment which shuts the married woman up to the duties of her new situation. Her place in society is by common consent declared vacant, she has stepped off the stage, and if she remains in public view, it is as a spectator and not an actor, and what has she to do but set herself about being the grave, orderly, discreet, Mrs. So and So. Accordingly, about two months after all the pride, pomp, and circumstances of the glorious wedding, Mrs. Caroline Hamilton found herself the mistress of a prettily furnished but no way extraordinary house in New York, and the wife of a man of limited income, dependent entirely on his profession for support. Her husband was necessarily obliged to be absent from home all the time during the day, and often in the evening, and Caroline missing the stimulus which had for years been her life, began to find herself getting sadly stupid. In the views which she had entertained of the future, before marriage, she had never thought of her husband in any other light than as the absorbed and attentive lover, who had nothing else to do but read poetry, wait on her to places of amusement, and study her whims and caprices: accustomed as she had been to constant deference and attention, the devotion of her husband to his business, the energy that he put forth to rise

in his profession, though the result of affectionate care for her, seemed to be so much taken from her doers, and she began to complain of negligence, want of attention, and with all those predictions of decreasing affection which, sooner or later, always verify themselves. At first, 'tis true, these little breezes and undulations of feeling had rather a graceful and becoming effect than otherwise; for every body knows that a very pretty lady, with dark eyes and long eye lashes, may weep and fret to much better advantage than persons of less natural endowment, and besides, the golden age of love was not yet past.

Even in the happiest marriage there is a morning hour, when novelty hangs like a glittering mist around every object, giving a brightness not intrinsic, and happy are they who when these mists and shadows are gone, lose nothing by being seen under the steady daylight of reality. Happy is the woman who, when no longer regarded as an angel or a fairy, remains

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command!"

and happy the man who, when no longer regarded as a hero, or a superhuman instance of perfection, can yet be respected and loved as a consistent human being.

We have before stated that William married his wife under the idea that she was in mind and heart not only equal but superior to her person, and his treatment of her, was for a long time grounded on this hypothesis; and when she fretted and complained, he endeavoured to meet it by such appeals to common sense as would have been quite in point if he had been talking to a reasonable woman, and not to a spoiled child. He also undertook to realize some of his domestic visions by making her the companion of his literary recreations; accordingly he was unwearied in furnishing her with books such as might have interested a woman of cultivated taste, and as often as he could pass an evening at home, would attempt to read to her his favourite authors. But he could not conceal from himself that all this was so much labour lost, and when, after he had poured forth his whole soul in reading or reciting some favourite passage, Caroline merely replied "very pretty," and then went on counting stitches in her lace work, or asked some trivial question, Hamilton felt almost provoked, and wondered how he ever could have thought her mind a companion for his own.

But, in a few weeks, a new cause of domestic anxiety developed itself. Caroline had taken the situation of mistress of a family, without an idea of any thing more being necessary than to get a servant and issue orders. The domestic that she had obtained was one of the first of her order; active, capable, efficient, systematic, and every way well disposed. But, entirely ignorant of all domestic matters, Caroline's plans and directions were such as constantly to perplex and embarrass her, while habitual inattention to her comfort and an entire want of sympathy with the difficulties which came in her way, were an increasing source of irritation. Sometimes Caroline would order such a dinner as no unassisted pair of hands could get up, and in the midst of the most critical part of the preparations give some new direction, and order something before forgotten, till the temper and patience of the poor cook would be quite exhausted.

"Well, Nancy is going away, at last," said Caroline one day to her husband, "and I am glad of it on the whole; these smart girls always take liberties, and Nancy was getting quite too free in her answers."

"Indeed!" said Hamilton, "but was she not a good, efficient girl? I'm afraid we shall find it difficult to fill her place."

"Yes, she was smart enough—but disobedient and quick tempered."

"Ah!" said Hamilton, "she was recommended as very good natured."

"Well, I can't say, as to that," said Caroline, "but she has been in a fret about half the time since she has been in my house, and this morning she was so insufferably insolent that I could not hold out any longer, and I told her she might go."

Such was the parlour version of the affair. In the meanwhile, Nancy was giving her story no less volubly to a friend in a neighbouring kitchen.

"As to staying with that Mrs. Hamilton any longer, I ain't a going to—she knows no more about house work than a baby—if you do a thing well she won't know it, and if you don't, she won't half the time. She has made my work three times as hard as it need to be, because she hadn't any calculation. She'd be just as likely to invite a parcel of company on Monday when I had all my washing about me; or if I was ironing and wanted the fire for my flats, why she must have a turkey roasted, and a dozen nic backs besides. 'Oh,' she'd say, 'you can do it some how,' and now this last Monday, just as I got my starch all ready for the collars and fine clothes, she called me up and kept me fiddling about, till my fire was out, and my starch cold, and then when the things come up from the washing, she scolded because they didn't look clear. I told her that she hindered me. She told me I was saucy, and so it went on, till at last I told her that for all there was only her and Mr. Hamilton, I had rather do the work for twenty, under some women, than for two under her, and so away I came."

In this way, by ignorance and want of consideration, Caroline

lost a domestic who might have been a permanent acquisition to her family comfort.

Then came an interregnum of perpetual changes in the kitchen cabinet, with all the varied domestic jars and break-downs incident to such a state of things. Here was a continual state ofarchy and irregularity which Caroline readily laid to the charge of servants, who, she said, were the plague and torment of house-keeping. There are some families which seem to be nothing but a thoroughfare for servants—whenever you hear of them they are in a transition state—it is true, that in many cases this indicates a scarcity of well trained domestic assistance, but may it not also indicate some want of proper management on the part of those who employ them? Such, at least, was the case in this instance. Caroline had not the knowledge to instruct the ignorant, nor the consideration to respect the well taught; nor the self-control to govern the wayward, and very speedily her house acquired such a name that no domestic, who could secure a better place, ever thought of applying there. Hamilton found the comforts of home rapidly decreasing. Irregular and ill gotten meals, broken crockery, damaged furniture, and, above all, the constant fretful cloud that hung over the brow of his wife, made his house any thing but a place of repose, and though not naturally an ill tempered man, he found himself rapidly becoming irritable and fretful.

Now, there is no cure for romantic love like jolting and jostling in domestic realities, especially if that jolting be attended with ill temper; a dinner of herbs, where *love* is, may be a very comfortable affair, but a dinner of herbs seasoned with contention and fretting is another thing altogether.

"My dear," said Hamilton, one morning at breakfast, after silently balancing his spoon on the side of his cup for some time, "my dear, I hope you will have dinner precisely at two, to-day, for I have an engagement that I must be ready for at three."

"That will be as Sarah pleases," said Caroline, frowningly. "I'm sure it's no fault of mine that the dinner is late, for I have told her regularly every day that I *must* have it at two—the fact is, Sarah don't know how to do any thing."

"Well, my dear, you ought to see to it that she obeys your directions; go down and attend to it yourself."

"That is to say, I ought to have all the trouble of getting up dinner every day, I suppose—I might as well be a servant at once."

"Every mistress of a family ought to be responsible for having things properly done," said Hamilton; "if Sarah is ignorant, it is your place to teach her."

"My place, Mr. Hamilton! You are ready enough to discover my duties—well, for my part, if this is marriage, I think it a perfect slavery. I wish I had known as much as I do a year ago."

"So do I," rejoined Hamilton.

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Perhaps you might have made better preparation for your duties."

"More probably I should not have been in the place, at all," said Caroline.

"I don't know that I should have been a loser," replied Hamilton.

"I'm sure I should not," responded the lady; and the conversation having arrived at this interesting result, Hamilton rose and walked off to his business, sighing heavily as he closed the door, for he felt himself degraded by the part he had borne in the altercation, and Caroline set down to think how happy she used to be at home, and what a poor miserable abused creature she was now.

At the close of the first year, the accounts from the various merchants, grocers, etc., came in, for our young people had fallen into the practice of running up accounts, a course dangerous even to the considerate and economical, but fatal to the inexperienced and ignorant, and on casting them up, it was found that they exceeded the sum of their yearly income, by a considerable amount. Caroline knew nothing of prices and qualities, as before marriage, her wardrobe, down to the minutest article, was provided by the care of her mother, and whatever bills she might have contracted, were discharged without any thought of hers. Consequently she had ordered at shops and stores just what struck her eye or suited her fancy, without even a dream of the final amount of her acquisitions, or of her husband's ability to meet them. Here was a new source of vexation. Hamilton had been a young man of accurate habits, and he was mortified and embarrassed to find himself thus unexpectedly involved—his mortification found vent in language. The rebound of the heart from an object it has once over-estimated, is in all cases to be dreaded. Hamilton now felt tempted to lower his wife as much as he once did to exalt her. "She is nothing but a selfish, inconsiderate, spoiled child," thought he, and his manner made this opinion quite obvious.

Concluded next week.

SINGULAR NOTICE.—The following notice was once posted up on the estate of a noble marquis in Kent:—Notice is hereby given, that the marquis of Camden (on account of the backwardness of the harvest) *will not shoot himself nor any of his tenants till the sixteenth of September.*