

OUR WIVES.

THE CHANGES THAT OCCUR IN THE FIRST TEN YEARS OF MARRIED LIFE.

A young woman during the first week of her married life entertains vague suspicions that the statements of older wives, that the way to a man's heart is through his mouth, are true. Her Charles, who is almost, if not quite, exempt from human failings, has already manifested a profound admiration for veal pies, and has openly expressed his detestation to over-done mutton. She accordingly builds up within her a fortress of resolution, in which to guard that sacred treasure of a husband's affection. In her girlhood this young woman had spent much time in cultivating her musical taste, in reading Emerson and Carlyle; she had been fond of pretty landscapes and could use her pencil with effect, and she had been heard to declare with pride that when she married she would give up none of these things.

Let us visit her now at the end of ten years of matrimony, and we will find that she has broken her vow and thrown it to the winds. We find a tiresome sort of person whose whole intellect is absorbed in attending to the cares of house-keeping, and in getting stylish dresses for her children. Her conversation rises seldom above the level of infant gossip and servants, and the only ideas developed by time and experience are expressed in her conviction that men are the most unreasonable and selfish of creatures and women the most abused and self-sacrificing.

There is a great evil somewhere, but what is it? The husband acknowledges to himself that he is disappointed in the wife he has chosen, and yet he finds difficulty in pointing out his mistake, and hardly finds cause to blame her, for is she not a faithful wife, a devoted mother and a most frugal manager? The mistake is a national characteristic. So passionate is the American mind in pursuit of its temporary interests, that the men will suffer the chains of business to bind them down, and throttle them, while their wives bend beneath a similar yoke of duty at home.

What is lacking is the power to rise above the petty annoyances of daily life; we need to learn to distinguish trifles from affairs of moment, to know that every mole hill is not a mountain. We need not forsake the upper strata of sentiment, thought and ideality—the atmosphere of the soul—because we know that there is a lower one of routine and small vexations, in which our feet are told to tread. To breathe in the one is to receive strength and refreshment for exertion in the other. It is a very good plan to pick up needles and pins from the floor, but picking pins ought not to be made the chief object of existence, for if we move along with our heads constantly downward, we most assuredly will see nothing better than pins and needles to the end of our days.

HEARTH AND HOME.

MATERNAL INSTINCT.—One of the most touching instances of maternal instinct, as it has been called, in children, once came under Douglas Jerrold's notice. A wretched woman with an infant in her arms—mother and child in very tatters—solicited alms of a nursery-maid who was passing with a child clothed in the most luxurious manner, hugging a wax doll. The mother followed the girl, begging for relief, "to get bread for her child," whilst the child itself, gazing at the treasure in the arms of the baby of prosperity, cried, "Mamma, when will you buy me a doll?"

DEATH IS BIRTH.—No man who is fit to live need fear to die. Poor faithless souls that we are! How we shall smile at our vain alarms when the worst has happened! To us here death is the most terrible word we know. But when we have tested its reality, it will mean to us birth, deliverance, a new creation of ourselves. It will be what home is to the exile. It will be what the loved one given back is to the bereaved. As we draw near to it a solemn gladness should fill our hearts. Our fears are the terrors of children in the night. The night, with its terrors, its darkness, feverish dreams, is passing away; and when we awake it will be into the endless sunlight.

GOODNESS AND WICKEDNESS.—If there is one lesson which history and revelation unite in teaching, it is this—that goodness and wickedness ever have been, and, as long as the world lasts, ever will be, mixed up in this state of our existence—that social progress and civilization will never make goodness universal, eradicate vice, or bring the flesh into final subjection to the spirit. They teach also, like a "voice for ever sounding across the centuries, the laws of right and wrong. Opinions alter, manners change, creeds rise and fall, but the moral law is written on the tablets of eternity. For every false word or unrighteous deed, for cruelty or oppression, for lust or vanity, the price has to be paid at last, not always by the chief offenders, but paid by some one."

DELAYS.—Fortune is like the market; many times, if you can stay a little, the price will fall; and, again, it is sometimes like Sibylla's offer, which at first offereth the commodity at full, then consumeth part and part, and still holdeth up the price; for occasion (as it is in the common verse) turneth a bald noddle after she hath presented her locks in front, and no hold taken; or at least turneth the handle of the bottle first to be received, and after the belly, which is hard to clasp. There is surely no greater wisdom

than well to time the beginnings and onsets of all things. Dangers are no more light, if they once seem light; and more dangers have deceived men than forced them; nay, it were better to meet some dangers half-way, though they come nothing near, than to keep too long a watch upon their approaches; for if a man watch too long, it is odds he will fall fast asleep.

WALKS IN TOWN.—We prefer the country a million times over for walking in general, especially if we have the friends in it that enjoy it as well; but there are seasons when the very streets may vie with it. If you have been solitary, for instance, for a long time, it is pleasant to get among your fellow-creatures again, even to be jostled and elbowed. If you live in town, and the weather is showery, you may get out in the intervals of rain, and then a quickly-dried pavement and a set of shops are pleasant. Nay, we know days, even in spring, when a street shall outdo the the finest aspects of the country; but then it is only when the ladies are abroad, and there happens to be a run of agreeable faces that day. For whether it is fancy or not, or whether certain days do not rather bring out certain people, it is a common remark, that one morning you shall meet a succession of good looks, and another encounter none but the reverse. We do not merely speak of handsome faces, but of those which are charming, or otherwise, whatever be the cause. We suppose that the money-takers are all abroad one day, and the heart-takers the other.

MARRIAGE.—Marriage is to woman at once the happiest and saddest event of her life; it is the promise of future bliss raised on the death of all present enjoyment. She quits her home, her companions, her occupations, her amusements—everything on which she has hitherto depended for comfort, for affection, for kindness, for pleasure. The parents by whose advice she has been guided; the sisters to whom she has dared impart every embryo thought and feeling; the brother who has played with her, by turns the counsellor and the counselled, and the younger children to whom she has hitherto been the mother and the playmate—all are to be forsaken at one fell stroke. Every former tie is loosened, the spring of every hope and action is to be changed; and yet she flees with joy into the untrodden path before her. She bids a fond and grateful adieu to the life that is past, and turns with excited hopes and joyous anticipations to happiness to come. Then woe to the man that can blight such fair hopes, who can, coward-like, break the illusion that has won her, and destroy the confidence which love has inspired.

THE MISTRESS.—The best household mistress is that woman who has a practical knowledge of household duties. A knowledge of cookery will enable her to point out to inefficient cooks the cause of mistake and failure; and she should not only know how things should look and taste when sent to table, but be able to judge of, and choose well, every kind of provision. It will not be easy for cooks to impose on a lady who knows exactly how much of every ingredient is requisite for each dish, and who is able to estimate the quantity of food required daily for her household. It may not, under all circumstances, be necessary for a lady to exercise her knowledge in these important matters; and if she has a cook who has proved herself trustworthy, she will do well to delegate large powers to her. But it is obvious that, to judge the skill and honesty of her cook, the lady must possess the knowledge indicated. Nothing can be done to make domestic life better, until all women who take the conduct of households are properly educated for their business; nor can any reform in the present sad condition of our cooks and cookery be looked for until ladies courageously determine to fit themselves to work this reformation.

WHAT MEN NEED WIVES FOR.—It is not to sweep the house, make the bed, darn socks, and cook the meals that a man chiefly wants a wife. If this is all he needs, servants can do it more cheaply than a wife. If this is all, when a young man calls to see a lady, send him into the pantry to taste the bread and cake she has made, send him to inspect the needlework and bed-making, or put a broom into her hands, and send him to witness its use. Such things are important and the wise young man will look after them. But what the true man wants is a companionship, sympathy and love. The way of life has many dreary places in it, and man needs a companion to accompany him. A man is sometimes overtaken by misfortune; he meets with failure and defeat; trial and temptations beset him; and he needs some one to stand by him and sympathise. He has some hard battles to fight with poverty, enemies, and sin; and he needs a woman who will help him to fight—who will put her lips to his ear and whisper words of counsel, and her hand to his heart and impart courage. All through life, through storm and sunshine, through conflict and victory, through adverse and favouring winds, man needs a woman's love. His heart yearns for it. A sister's or a mother's love will hardly supply the need.

LONDON society possesses two ladies who both bear the name of Isabella, and who, standing to each other, as they do, in the relation of mother and daughter, are presumably of different ages, though indeed the difference might easily pass unperceived. A friend was heard lately to give the following account of them: "The one is named Isabel—the other was a belle."

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

A WIT recently defined a masked ball as a merciful institution for plain women.

HERE is your writ of attachment," said a town clerk, as he handed a lover a marriage license.

AN exchange tells of a man and his wife who were struck dumb. Now, why should a man be afflicted in this way?

IN the United States there are 530 females practising as doctors, 420 as dentists, 5 as lawyers and 68 as preachers.

AN Irishman recently expressed his admiration for a lady by the following remarks: "I wisht I was in prison for the staling ov ye."

IT is useless to try to tire out the women. They are still asking to be emancipated, while we have hardly strength enough to call for a fan.

THE hight of politeness is passing round upon the opposite side of a lady, while walking with her, in order not to step upon her shadow.

"JENNY, what makes you such a bad girl?" "Well, mamma, God sent you the best children He could find, and if they don't suit you I can't help it."

LITTLE Johnny ran into the house the other day with the perspiration streaming from every pore, and shouted: "Mamma! mamma! fix me; I'm leaking all over."

A CAUTIOUS lover: "When I courted her," said Spreadwater, "I took a lawyer's advice, and signed every letter to my love, 'Yours, without prejudice.'"

WHAT is the difference between a provident widow and a wife who talks about her "liege lord?" One husbands her means, and the other means her husband.

"MADAM," said a physician to a patient, "you have grown wonderfully thin of late." "Yes, doctor," she replied, "I am getting more and more emancipated every day."

INDUSTRY does not always pay. Let a husband be seen oiling the hinges of the doors in his house and his wife will at once charge him with intending to remain out till midnight.

THERE is a fortune in store for the genius who can invent a way of carrying home a mackerel so it will resemble a parcel containing twenty-six yards of silk for his dear wife.

"I suppose," said little five-year-old, in her quiet, thoughtful way, "I suppose there are men under ground that push up the flowers, don't you, mamma?"

"WHY are the men of genius so often bachelors?" asks Miss Kate Sanborn. As genius is merely another name for excellent common-sense, any answer is apt to make the married man look bad by contrast.

A MAN whose knowledge is based on actual experience says that when calling on their sweet-hearts young men should carry affection in their hearts, perfection in their manners, and confection in their pockets.

"What would you call a model Sunday-school?" asked the superintendent of a mal-content pupil, who had threatened to leave. "Well, one where they pass around apple-pie every Sunday, and don't have no lessons to learn. That's the hair-pin of a school for me!"

"See here, captain," said a sharp boy, who was seeking employment from an old seafaring man, "first father died, and my mother married again; and then my mother died, and my father married again; and somehow or other, somehow, I don't seem to have no parents at all, nor no home, nor no nothing."

ACCORDING to a Bohemian popular superstition, it is unlucky for a lover to visit his sweetheart except on Thursdays and Sundays. The saving in candles is simply incalculable, and the young women of the country being thus enabled to get five nights' sleep every week, preserve their singular beauty for many years.

"Not one man in a thousand marries the girl he most wanted."—(Exchange.) That's just what's the matter at our house, only more in kinks. Our girl was very sure she did want us, before the knot was tied, and said she would breach-of-promise us, and writ-of-rouster us, and ne-exeat-regnum-us, besides another writ we forgot the name of to draw-our-salary-for-us, if we didn't.

A YOUNG lady in Vassar college, at an evening party, found it apropos to use the expression, "Jordan is a hard road to travel," and, thinking it too vulgar, substituted the following: "Perambulating progression in pedestrian excursion along the far-famed thoroughfare of fortune cast upon the banks of the sparkling river of Palestine is indeed attended with a heterogeneous conglomeration of unforeseen difficulties."

WHEN Socrates was asked how he endured Xantippe, he said he studied with a school-master how to treat a woman, and he found Xantippe kept him studying. He was content to be a student and treat his subject as something worth finding out and understanding, and in trying to learn of his wife's nature, he was sure to treat her with some respect. Study each other before marriage, and never let the study be neglected.

THAT was a delicate compliment a seven-year-old Milwaukee boy paid his mother the other evening. The family were discussing at the supper-table the qualities which go to make up a good wife. Nobody thought the little fellow had been listening, or could understand the

talk, till he leaned over the table and kissed his mother, and said: "Mamma, when I get big enough, I'm going to marry a lady just like you."

THEY were standing at a window. "In looking out-doors do you notice how bright is the green of the grass and leaves?" asked an elderly gentleman of a little girl whose home he was visiting. "Yes, sir." "Why does it appear so much brighter at this time?" he asked, looking down upon the bright, sweet face with tender interest. "Because ma has cleaned house, and you can see out better," she said. The elderly gentleman sat down.

"I HAVE calculated," said the eminent arithmetic man, "that the average man speaks three hours a day, at the average speed of 100 words a minute—say twenty-nine octavo pages an hour, or 600 a week; consequently, in the course of a year, the average man talks fifty-two large volumes." "Sir," said one of the audience, a man of scant respect for the sex to which he owed his mother—"does your calculation apply also to women?" "It does, sir," coldly replied the eminent arithmetic-man; "all you have to do is this," and he put an 0 after the 52.

GLUE AND THE EMOTIONS.—We shall never forget, relates Max Adeler, that evening we spent at Magruder's years ago. We admired Miss Magruder, and we went around to see her. It was summer-time, and moonlight, and she sat upon the piazza. The carpenters had been there that day gluing up the rustic chairs on the porch, so we took our seat on the step in front of Miss Magruder, where we could gaze into her eyes and drink her smiles. It seemed probable that the carpenter must have upset the glue-pot on the spot where we sat, for, after enjoying Miss Magruder's remarks for a couple of hours, and drinking in several of her smiles, we tried to rise for the purpose of going home, but found that we were immovably fixed to the step. Then Miss Magruder said, "Don't be in a hurry;" and we told her we believed we wouldn't. The conversation had a sadder tone after that, and we sat there thinking whether it would be better to ask Miss Magruder to withdraw while we disrobed and went home in Highland costume, or whether we should give one terrific wrench and then ramble down the yard backward. About midnight Miss Magruder yawned, and said she believed she would go to bed. Then we suddenly asked her if she thought her father would have any objection to lending us his front steps for a few days, because we wanted to take them home for a pattern. We think Miss Magruder must have entertained doubts of our sanity, for she rushed in, called her father, and screamed. Magruder came down with a double-barrelled gun. Then we explained the situation in a whisper, and he procured a saw and cut out the piece of step to which we were attached. Then we went home wearing the patch, and before two o'clock crushed out our young love for Miss Magruder. We never called again, and she threw herself away on a dry-goodsman. There is melancholy satisfaction in recalling these memories of youth, and reflecting upon the influence of glue upon the emotions of the human heart.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

JANAUSCHEK, who is now in Kissingen, will return to this country in September.

THE subscriptions at the Royal Theatrical Fund dinner amounted to about £1,000, the Queen contributing £100.

GEORGE FAWCETT ROWE is putting the finishing touches on the adaptation of one of Charles Dickens' novels.

IT is said that Ralph Modjeska, son of the great Polish actress, is shortly to appear in concert as a pianist. He has finished his studies under Liszt.

MADAME NILSSON has gone to Paris for a month's sojourn for the benefit of her health. She has arranged to make a provincial tour in England during the autumn.

M. GOUNOD's new opera of "Polyeucte" has had its first reading, which is declared to have been successful. It is announced for production on the 20th of August.

MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS, it is said, is arranging to go on the stage once more, and will reproduce the pieces that have been made famous by her deceased husband.

MADAME CAMILLE URNO will return from Paris about the first of September, and will be accompanied by the same corps of artists who so ably assisted her during the past season.

SOTHERN is expected shortly in New York from London. He is merely coming over to smoke a cigar and drink a bottle of wine with the boys, and returns in time for the London autumn season.

A MONSTER concert was given by a number of singing associations in the gardens of the Tuilleries in Paris, on Sunday afternoon, the 14th ult. The performers numbered 22,000, comprising French, Belgian, Dutch and Swiss musicians.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP will return to England in the autumn, and will devote her time to her autobiography, for which she has much valuable material already collected. Her recollections go back a long way. It was she who taught Grist to tread the boards.

IT is said that the piece selected for the opening of the season at Wallack's Theatre is a dramatization of Richardson's novel of "Clarissa Harlowe" by Mr. Boucicault, who will not appear in this production, but will come forward later in an Irish play on which he is now engaged.

ROSE EYTINGE's debut at the Olympic Theatre, London, is described as successful, but the play, a new version of "Oliver Twist," was frequently hissed on account of the realism of the situations. When Bill Sykes was wiping the blood from his boots after the murder he was greeted with cries of "Come, that will do." "This is too horrible." "Cut it short," etc. London audiences are quick to take offence at this sort of thing and to show it unmistakably.