

How Jack Milman got Married.

PERHAPS, reader, you don't know Jack Milman? I address the rising youth of the town, those who are addicted to frequenting John street after office hours,—between 4 p.m. and dinner time—and whose pasttime it is to admire the young ladies who promenade and drive on that thoroughfare. No, I do not think you do, you are too young. Jack Milman is hardly ever now seen on John street, in fashionable hours, except it be “running home” to his dinner; but there was a time, some years antecedent to ours, when he was the great gun—the pink of dandyism—the Beau Brummell—the Captain Gronow of our society, and of course a promenader of John street. But, dear me! how all has changed,—the good looking, dashing, well appalled, perfumed, and withal fashionable Jack Milman of those days, has changed to the fat and dumpy—the short and ruddy—the great-coated, comfortably comforted—the big red whiskered, and beard-unshaved three days man; in fact, such a change as we witness in old engravings of his late majesty, King George the IV—of happy memory, when he was a young man, and when he was king. Reader, can you tell me what it was that worked this change in our hero? No! Well then, he took one for better for worse!—he got married. Its no use appearing incredulous, young lady, it's a fact; for I heard it from Jack himself, only a short time ago. I am a young man, and I am going to make as much capital out of the moral of his story as any young man can possibly do, with large expectations, and great ambition,—I mean the energy and perseverance, and all that sort of thing, which the young men of these go-ahead times, are in the habit of calling to their aid, for the purpose of constructing “a glorious career,” and “a life of usefulness and honor,” for their biographers to blazon forth, after they, the energetic and persevering young men, have “shuffled off this mortal coil.” I very often go up to smoke a pipe with my old friend Milman,—he is an old friend, although comparatively speaking I am a young one,—for the sake of old times, and to talk of things gone by, which I dare say are not within your remembrance, young gentlemen. One night last winter, two or three of us old cronies, (ha! ha!) were gathered around Jack's red-hot coal fire, smoking and talking of the past. It was a cold, frosty, clear night without, and past eleven. Mrs. Jack and the