

## THE SCRAGGS CORRESPONDENCE.

To Miss LUCINDA LIVELY, BELGRAVE SEMINARY.

My dearest Lucinda,—Your cousin, James Lovebook, is, I am glad to say, most assiduous in his studies. This is very gratifying, as his father, being only a poor, struggling, professional man, can leave him nothing, and so he must acquire knowledge to enable him to earn his own livelihood.

With you, my dearest Lucinda, it is different. Your respected papa, who started in the race of life unburdened with the mere book-learning so fatal to many promising young men who desire to make money, has acquired a large fortune in trade. It is true that he had trials during his earlier business life, and experienced reverses, but he never suffered from actual penury, as he was a fond husband, and provided handsomely for your darling mamma, so that when he was forced to give up all his property to relentless creditors, he could enjoy the reward of his love and foresight by sharing your darling mamma's fortune, which he had settled upon her in his more prosperous days.

Forgive me, my dear girl, for imparting to you these incidents in your dear papa's life. You cannot have forgotten the dreadful, dreadful fire that burned up his beautiful warehouses. Wicked people said it was done on purpose, and that he suffered no loss, being heavily insured. It was a striking contradiction to their malignant attempts to assail his character, that he became so prosperous, and the very people who so causelessly attacked him, are now proud to be noticed by him, and to enjoy his generous hospitality.

Your dear mamma did not enjoy educational advantages in her earlier years, and still retains little eccentricities in her language and grammar. These, I trust, you will carefully avoid. In the fashionable seminary of Madame Bon-ton, *mé* Scroggins, your manners will be cultivated, and the most desirable accomplishments imported. Her admirable system of bestowing a knowledge of the graces so indispensable to success in fashionable life, you cannot fail to have appreciated. Your progress, which I have carefully watched, has been, indeed, gratifying to the mind of an anxious aunt. No profound, pedantic learning; no deep study; no thorough knowledge of music; no wearisome plodding to fix upon your mind the rules of grammar, either of your own language or of any other. These may be necessary for governesses, and low people of that kind, who have to support themselves by their *talents*, the creatures! But, in modern languages, all you require is to be able to sing an Italian song, without knowing its meaning, and to have a few French phrases, which you can introduce appropriately. As to dead languages, history, science, or any of those stupid, out-of-date things, what does a girl of fashion want with them? The power of conversing fluently on the small topics of the day; an acquaintance with the rules of La Crosse; a very, very little knowledge of the points of a horse; the judicious use of a little

of the fashionable mode of expression among the fast young gentlemen—what ill-natured people call slang—will be found not only useful but necessary. But, you *must* be able to dance not only well, but brilliantly; you must know how to dress *a ravir*; to play dance music dashingly, even if the time be not very exact; you must be able to lift your eyes appealingly, and drop them with a sweet air of bashful confusion. Above all things, you must know how to receive judiciously the attentions of the ineligible—those young gentlemen who have not means sufficient to furnish an establishment complete. They may be used to fetch and carry, but should be under such complete control as not to interfere with the advances of a suitable *parti*.

I have said nothing of house-keeping. Your dear mamma *will* insist on interfering with a department which ought to be left to the house-keeper. Anything like household or domestic work must be carefully avoided. You inherit a somewhat large hand. Let it be your earnest study to keep it white, if you cannot make it smaller. Always go as the French say, *bien gantée, bien chaussée, bien coiffée*, and never allow yourself to be caught in an inelegant *negligée*. After you are married, this will be of less consequence.

Ever, my darling Lucinda,

Your tender aunt,  
SAMUELINA JOHNSON SCRAGGS.

## THE PREMIER'S FUDDLE.

AIR—"Home they brought her warrior dead."

Home they brought the gallant Knight,—  
He'd had hookers not a few;  
He was more than slightly "screwed,"  
As they brought him into view.  
Up the stairs they carried him,  
Showed him water, cold and clear;  
But he only shook his head,  
And he said, "I'm very queer."

Rose Joe Howe, and from his seat,  
Lightly to the sideboard stept:  
"Will not one of soda do?"  
But he sternly silence kept,  
Rose Sir Francis, full of years,  
Placed a bottle on his knee,  
With sudden grasp he eager seized,  
With sudden grasp he eager seized,—  
I'll drink of thee,  
I'll drink of thee.

When is a ship like a lady getting tight-laced?  
When she holds in the wind for another tack.

Which gentleman's ornament is like part of an instrumental music lesson? The finger-ring.

What lady's ornament is like a fish? Her-ring.