

Yes, it's too bad, but it's better than /: will be when he becomes a Benedict ; he won't have *any* mind then unless his wife gives him a piece of hers—in this respect most wives are as generous as need be. Let him beware ; he hasn't second sight now, but he will have one shortly, and may find himself thereafter wondering how different it is from the first one.

Marmaduke Robinson gave it as his opinion over at the club the other night that it meant that the victim had *been addicted* to women—and got caught at last I give this without comment ; all Marmaduke's sentiments concerning women, wine and folly, deserve respect, for, as he is fond of remarking, *' experientia does it.'*

It might be derived from the saying, "*Its been a dicker,*" that is, a trade ; either between the match (Lucifer)-making mammas, because "*Its her last chance,*" and "*Charles will have to take her, you know,*" or between the contracting parties themselves, when youth is bartered for power, wealth for position, or beauty for title. Or it might be a shortened form for *Benediction*, hinting that as it closes the services, so to the Benedict marriage is the end of all liberty and peace of mind (unless the piece of his wife's mind, mentioned above). Or it might be half a dozen other things which it is not, for my artist friend, Gervais de Rougevert, avers that it is an Anglicized form of the French, *bien à dicter*, fit to be ruled, tyrannized over, hen-pecked, a sorry witness to man's degeneracy when he voluntarily resigns the gift bestowed on him by nature, full, free, abundant,—the gift of bachelorhood. Oh, the mystery of it ! Misery may lead a man to drink, or despair to suicide, or folly to New York, and we can understand these things ; but that one whose favored lot is cast in

"that happy state,

Favored of heaven so highly"—

should fall off (from a precipice, as it w      ith his eyes open, passeth comprehension. This man entered his bondage freely, a willing slave ; yea, he is ready to swear that though she be a Queen he is a King and no bond-servant. Transformed by her Comus-wand the chains she has flung around him are as gold and gems in his eyes and he presses them to his heart with a miser's delight. While I, the astute and keen-sighted bachelor, stand by and see—what I can see. Therefor I am a bachelor still. Marriage may be a mirage to the ill-fated adventurer, and Benedict another name for beatitude, but as long as Bachelordom is bliss I hold 'tis folly to be married.

*Stobo.*

PETER CARPER.