

THE MODERN MRS. CHAPONE. NO. II.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS TO OUR JUDY'S BELOVED CLARISSA.

MY DEAREST NEICE,



BEING over and the Bachelors' ball being announced for next Tuesday, I cannot do better than give you a few rules to guide your conduct in the Ball Room. For, as it is the sphere where your greatest triumphs will be gained, it ought to call forth the first thought of your life. No where is greater science displayed—no where more adroitness—no where more manœuvring. In short, a Ball may be compared to a game of chess, in which you adopt a system of tactics to obtain a *chocque-mate*. There are certain general truths which rule here as elsewhere; the principal one is, that the more airs you give yourself, the more people will think of you. I would therefore recommend, a dignified *hauteur* to prove to the world, that your uncle the plasterer—good man, as undoubtedly he was—must not be taken as a criterion of the family respectability. I am in some doubt, as to the dress you ought to wear, short frocks and *pantalettes* have lately proved very attractive, and by some are considered, identical with innocence. At first, I was inclined to recommend the adoption of this costume, only I think that the ground is pre-occupied. This matter I leave to the discretion of your excellent mamma, but I must impress on you, that whatever you wear, let the *crinoline* be redundant. You will then appear fashionable, modest, and attractive. In the dressing room, always snub the tire-woman, the exploded idea of civility to servants can never be sufficiently discountenanced, especially by a young lady of your pretensions.

A ball is nothing unless your partners are somebodies, and I must point out to you that the fustian, about right feeling in which a few weak people indulge, is to be totally rejected. It is ridiculous to think that we are all dependant on each other for little interchanges of civility. Therefore dance only with those who gratify your vanity, and if your hand is asked by any equivocal personage, at once reply that you are engaged, whether so, or not. And do this in a firm dignified and decided manner to prevent a repetition of the impertinence. No matter about the young man being the son of an old friend of your father. That is nothing to you, he is not an old friend of yours. When dancing, (of course with a proper man) never cease laughing; it shows a happy joyous nature—but never forget to blend with it, the stateliness I have before pointed out. This applies to the quadrille; and while, on this subject, I must tell you the etiquette to be observed in *la grande ronde*. See who dances next to you, and regulate your deportment accordingly, giving him your hand, or one finger,—a gaze, or the disregard of contempt, as he may deserve. In the waltz and polka never object to your partner putting his arm entirely round your waist. There are some weak people who while they think waltzing innocent enough, condemn the mode of completely clasping the waist. This is all nonsense. Let your partner do as he likes. Try to rival him in the energy he may display, and at the conclusion, to show the zest, with which you have entered into the amusement, use your fan with an earnest energy, and give audible relief to the panting of your excited heart. Never forget a bouquet, for it makes strangers think that you have admirers to send one to you, and there are many brilliant, generous minded men who never admire a girl, until it is the fashion to do so. If pressed to give away a flower always comply, if the petitioner is of sufficient standing. Above all things be careful not only whom you recognize, but how you recognize them. To some bow with a sweet winning smile, to others with a calm grave countenance, while some people—family bores—mere friends of your childhood, pass them by.

Never cease to remember that your object is to obtain a husband—the richer the better. As to men of intellect and education, I have always found such people prosy, dull, and fond of solitude. But if you should happen to meet a personage of this sort: "I'money, you ought not to refuse him, for a well furnished house is a great set forth against the fact that he cannot dance the polka. Play your game accordingly, and lean affectionately on the arm of every man, who can really give support. If he walk quick, keep up with him in an engaging amble. Men think it effective. At supper always declare that you have no appetite, and whatever your partner helps you to, tell him he has given you too much, and always leave some of it on the corner of your plate.

I have no room to say anything of your flirtations, but they cannot be too deep, and in a pause, you can find topics of conversation, in remarking upon the company present. As I have before said your friends will always furnish you with amusement.

The evening's reminiscences will relieve the insipidity of the following

day. But do not forget to walk up and down Notre Dame Street, the whole afternoon of Wednesday, you will thus get rid of the head ache caused by the late hours of Tuesday, and meet some of the agreeable companions whom you have edified at the ball by your wit and modesty.

Adieu, my dear.

JUDY.

"A FEW WORDS IN SEASON."

The state of our streets—the wet and damp weather, peculiar to the "smiling Spring" of this climate, has generally such a disadvantageous effect upon the nightingales of private life, and the melodious denizens of drawing rooms, that we are induced to publish a song for people suffering from "Cold in the head."

Soreness will invade the throat, and noses run in every family,—we have lately seen noses chiselled as it were, from an alabaster block, grow in one short day as scarlet as our own; as though they blushed for the continual trouble they were giving to their proprietors, whilst the peculiar intonation produced by the conversion of the nasals into liquids, and then of the liquids ultimately into mutes, leads to the inference that there must be a stoppage about the bridge, which should be placarded "No thoroughfare." To do away with the excuse too frequently used as a cover for vocal inability, we give the following as a specimen of several songs we are preparing for the use of the Catarrhed, believing that by anticipating the cold by converting every m into b, and every n into l, we will do away with the necessity for Pectoral Lozenges and Paregoric:—

By Bary Alle is like the Sul,
 Whel at the dawl it fligs
 Its goidel soiles of light upol'
 Earth's greet and lofely thilgs.
 Il vaiz I sue, I olly wil
 Frob her a scornful frowl,
 But sool as l by prayers begil,
 She cries, O to! begole;
 Yes! yes! the burthel of her so!g,
 Is lo! lo! lo! begole!

COLD-CATCHING MADE EASY.

Father Chiniqui has arrived, and for the present, has taken up his residence at Monklands. Punch met the sober and reverend gentleman there on the occasion of "the temperance-and-a-very-little-music" festival, held on Tuesday, the 30th ultimo, a date which in the memory of many will be held dear, from its expensive consequences—cab-hire and doctors bills—medical skill having been required to relieve the mortification arising from the cold-water drunk on the occasion. Punch was pleased to see the cold-water apostle looking so well, and had the honor of taking cold-tea with him. Punch tried to be facetious but could not, and next morning was seized with a severe fit of shivering. He thinks he must have caught cold from sitting near the cold-water jugs, so plentifully introduced on the occasion!

PUNCH'S CLASSICAL ODES.

Integer vltu, scelerisquo purus,
 Non eget murti iuculis neque arcu
 Nec veneratis gravida sagittis.
 Fusco, Phœretrâ.

(This is)

Part of an Ode by a very old Poet,
 Mister Quintus Horatius Flaccus by name,
 He wrote it in Rome, and sent it by mail to
 Fusco, his crosy.

Which being interpreted, something like this runs,—
 "Stick to your principles; go to bed sober;
 Keep your hands out of other people's pockets;
 Buy Punch and read him."

And you'll not want Brother Jonathan's Bowie,
 Prolisome Paddy's elegant Shillelah,
 Or Johnnie Baptiste's venerable duck-gun
 Loaded with marbles.

SOMETHING UNIQUE.

Flasks and Sandwich Boxes.—Punch having been urged by several most respectable inhabitants of Montreal, has entered into a contract for a supply of the above more-than-ever-necessary Pocket-companions for persons who are urged by a sense of duty rather than of inclination to spend their evenings with people

"Who entertain them with nothing
 Nor give them to drink."