

## AN UNMARRIED FEMALE.

I suppose we are about as happy as the most of folks, but as I was sayin', a few days ago to Betsy Bobbet a neighbourin' female of ours—"Every Station house in life has its various skeletons. But we ort to try to be contented with that spear of life we are called on to handle." Betsy haint married and she don't seem to be contented. She is awful opposed to wimmens rights, she thinks it is wimmens only spear to marry, but as yet she can't find any man willin' to lay holt of that spear with her. But you can read in her daily life and on her eager willin' countenance that she fully realizes the words of the poet, "While there is life there is hope."

Betsy haint handsome. Her cheek bones are high, and she bein' not much more than skin and bone they show plainex than they would if she was in good order. Her complexion (not that I blame her for it) haint good, and her eyes are lttle and sot way back in her head. Time has seen fit to deprive her of her hair and teeth, but her large nose he has kindly suffered her to keep, but she has got the best white ivory teeth money will buy; and two long curls fastened behind each ear, besides frizzles on the top of her head, and if she wasn't naturally bald, and if the curls was the colour of her hair they would look well. She is awful sentimental, I have seen a good many that had it bad, but of all the sentimental creeters I ever did see Betsy Bobbet is the sentimentalest, you couldn't squeeze a laugh out of her with a cheeze press.

As I said she is awful opposed to wimmin's havein' any right only the right to get married. She holds on to that right as tight as any single woman I ever see which makes it hard and wearin' on the single men round here. For take the men that are the most opposed to wimmin's havin' a right, and talk the most about its bein' her duty to cling to man like a vine to a tree, they don't want Betsy to cling to them, they *won't let* her cling to 'em. For when they would be a goin' on about how wicked it was for wimmin to vote—and it was her only spear to marry, says I to 'em "Which had you ruther do, let Betsy Bobbet cling to you or let her vote?" and they would every one of 'em quail before that question. They would drop their heads before my keen grey eyes—and move off the subject.

But Betsy don't get discouraged. Every time I see her she says in a hopeful wishful tone, "That the deepest men of minds in the country agree with her in thinkin' that it is wimmens duty to marry, and not to vote." And then she talks a sight about the retirin'

modesty and dignity of the fair sect, and how shameful and revoltin' it would be to see wimmen throwin' 'em away, and boldly and unblushin'ly talkin' about law and justice.

Why to hear Betsy Bobbet talk about wimmens throwin' their modesty away you would think if they ever went to the political pole, they would have to take their dignity and modesty and throw 'em against the pole, and go without any all the rest of their lives.

Now I don't believe in no such stuff as that, I think a woman can be bold and unwomanly in other things besides goin' with a thick veil over her face, and a brass mounted parasol, once a year, and gently and quietly dropping a vote for a christian president, or a religious and noble-minded pathmaster.

She thinks she talks dreadful polite and proper, she says "I was camein'" instead of "I was coming," and "I have saw" instead of "I have seen," and "papah" for paper, and "deah" for dear. I don't know much about grammar, but coumon sense goes a good ways. She writes the poetry for the Jonesville *Augur*, or "*Augah*," as she calls it. She used to write for the opposition paper, the Jonesville *Gimlet*, but the editor of the *Augur*, a long haired chap, who moved into Jonesville a few months ago, lost his wife soon after he come there, and sense that she has turned Dimocrat, and writes for his paper stiddy. They say that he is a dreadful big feelin' man, and I have heard—it came right straight to me—his cousin's wife's sister told it to the mother-in-law of one of my neighbours' brother's wife, that he didn't like Betsy's poetry at all, and all he printed it for was to plague the editor of the *Gimlet*, because she used to write for him. I myself wouldn't give a cent a bushel for all the poetry she can write. And it seems to me, that if I was Betsy, I wouldn't try to write so much, howsumever, I don't know what turn I should take if I was Betsy Bobbett that is a solemn subject and one I don't love to think on.

I never shall forget the first piece of her poetry I ever see. Josiah Allen and I had both on us been married goin' on a year, and I had occasion to go to his trunk one day where he kept a lot of old papers, and the first thing I laid my hand on was these verses. Josiah went with her a few times after his wife died, a 4th of July or so and two or three camp meetin's, and the poetry seemed to be wrote about the time *we* was married. It was directed over the top of it "Owed to Josiah," just as if she were in debt to him. This was the way it read: