

"Much Ado about Nothing," who after long-continued snarling and incessant battle of words, married a woman he did not love. To punish her, I suppose; quite natural, if he could only have married her to some enemy of his! A little child was once repeating his Catechism, and in reply to the query, "What is Matrimony?" returned the answer for Purgatory: "It is a state of torment into which souls enter to prepare them for bliss." Behold how wisdom cometh from the mouths of babes! "A hit, a palpable hit," though it were the veriest Miss. "A Miss is as good as a mile," did you say? So she is, Solon, and a great deal better if people were only content to let her remain a Miss. Its a mystery why a Miss must always be maid a Mrs.

My friend Smith holds that it should be written, "Been Edictor," as a kind of pitiful remembrance of one who *has been* 'Edictor,' but is now

"Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate"—

full of baneful meaning as the terse, significant phrase of the Roman lictors, *Ixit*, a sad remembrance of the time when he was a pilot and governor of his own affairs, a Prince and Law-giver unto himself—an era, now no more, for man and wife are one, and alas for the lord of creation, that one is the woman!

Jones takes issue with Smith about the name, and holds that it is a "*bene dictum*," a happy saying, applied in sarcastic compassion to a wounded spirit, like an anaesthetic administered during a painful operation. He compares it to the name of the Black Sea, which the Greeks called *Euxinus*, "the kind friend," hoping thus to propitiate the deities of that most tempestuous sea. Or to the *Eumenides*, as they named the Furies, "Gracious Goddesses." It seemed politic to these old lovers of all pleasant and beautiful things to clothe with a fair name the malignant deities, who possessed no graces to invite, nor spells to charm, their devotees; as it is at the present day to cover this "state of torment" with a veil of delight, this *bene dictum* of common report.

Little Dick Hardy says it is a composition of "Benny" and "Dicky;" she calls him Benny,—he, Dicky, her, "*Son of the right hand*," and "*Precious*;" all very fine and romantic, no doubt; but Dick is to be married next week and so can hardly be considered in his right mind. Too bad?