



WEDDING NIGHT



PHYSIOLOGY

OF THE

WEDDING NIGHT;

BY

M. OCTAVIUS DE ST. ERNEST:

WITH AN

INTRODUCTION,

PHILOSOPHICAL, HYGEINICAL, AND MORAL,

BY

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INTRODUCTION,

PHILOSOPHICAL, HYGEINICAL, AND MORAL.

To what delusive hopes the wedding night, —
Prelude alike of pangs and pleasures gay, —
What sad dispersion of illusions bright,
Of rapture and repentance, shows the way !

THE WEDDING NIGHT ! — Such is the piquant and original title of a new work on the vast and important subject of marital physiology, that my friend and publisher, L. Terry, tells me he has in press, by an author no less spiritual than observant, and to which he requests me to prefix some pages of my own.

I hasten the more willingly to respond to this flattering confidence, which I owe to my many scientific and popular works on GENERATION, IMPOTENCE, BARRENNESS, SEXUAL DEBILITY, SECRET AFFECTIONS, and their CURATIVE AND PRESERVATIVE TREATMENT, etc. etc., that there are few questions which so strongly attract the attention of the philosopher, the moralist and of every inquiring mind, as those to

which the mutual approach of two lovers, who unite in marriage to secure their own happiness and furnish the state with new and useful citizens, naturally gives rise.

On the first night of matrimony, we all think to ourselves, "Great God! what a night!" How ravishing are our hopes! how enchanting our illusions! But then, too, how dismal our apprehensions! how fatally we deceive ourselves! how many gay or sombre thoughts may pleasantly, or otherwise, affect the minds, the hearts and the souls of the several parties made irrevocably one by solemn vows!

A new life is about to begin. Will it be calm and serene, or dark with the thickest clouds, and troubled by furious tempests? A new path opens before them. Will it be strewed with the most fragrant and delicious flowers, or choked with thorns and bitter-bearing brambles?

Lo! a bride, with blooming cheeks and bashful brow, attractive and radiant with the lustre of virtue and agreeable modesty. Is her mien, alas! but the veil of the most unbridled lust and the deepest corruption? Lo! a modest bridegroom, courteous and delicately respectful. Is his outside but the rind of a diseased trunk, the infected and infectious cess-pool of the most loathsome vices?

The hope of a delightful defloration

doubtless animates the husband ; but may he not find anticipated blight and usance in the object of his affections and choice ? Her sparkling ornaments, the so-powerful weapons of artificial coquetry, the magical effects of a spell-bound imagination, render her the more ravishing in his eyes ; but, alas ! awakening, on the nuptial couch, from a deceitful dream of rapture, may he not discover a livid pallor, a fetid breath, a flaccid and withered bosom ? Will the bride, usually chosen as the youngest and handsomest obtainable, find in her husband the procreative vigor for which the generality of women so naturally sigh ? or will she have obtained a suffering valetudinarian, exhausted by early excess and fatal habits ? Are these nuptials the fortunate fusion of two truly sympathetic hearts, predestined to the interchange of the purest, the most constant, the sincerest affection, forevermore ; or are they but the contract of the most sordid interest, the most blameworthy speculation ? Is not the heart already fixed on another object, for which, maugre the imperative voice of duty, it cannot help deeply and ardently sighing ? In a word, are the bride and bridegroom, in this latter point of view, really a husband and a wife, or but the effigies of such ?

There are wives, whose hearts are ir-

revocably given to former lovers, who pass long years with the most unexceptionable husbands, and yet can never feel the slightest physical pleasure in their embraces. These are generally called *cold*, but are not, therefore, the less susceptible of the most ardent flame, in the arms of the object of their first love. Most husbands of such wives have a confidence in them the more blind, that they believe them utterly indifferent to mere sensual pleasures. They sleep quietly, absence occasions them no uneasiness, and they take no umbrage at visitors and acquaintances. Jealousy never troubles them; their security is perfect and unalterable in all circumstances.

Besides the so frequent, and, I might say, inevitable attachments among girls little acquainted with the world prior to marriage — that is to say, who have been little accustomed to balls, concerts, theatres, &c.—may not the bride have been addicted, from the earliest age, to the enervating pleasures of Onanism, which often bring on the most thorough aversion for the most happily-constituted, the most intellectual, the most ardent, the most courteous, and the most amiable men? Such lamentable cases are but too common. What grief, what wretchedness, for an impassioned husband, worthy of a commensurate return, to exhaust and wear himself out in fruitless

efforts to communicate reciprocal transports to a wife already and forevermore subdued, ruled, and preoccupied by other pleasures, who can offer him nothing in return but indifference, icy coldness and repulsion!!!

We but too often see the most insurmountable aversion kindled by the sudden sight of this or that nudity, of a vice of conformation, by the least physical defect, by aught in the least laughable in the tone or manners, by any obliquity of mind, an awkward or stupid manner of answering, an erotic petulance untimeously manifested, by too respectful a reserve, or a thousand other causes impossible to enumerate. Therefore it is that a great many individuals can never but once cohabit agreeably with the same woman. If it be true that love springs from the veriest nothings, it is also true that the saddest trifle can banish it, never to return. How many exceedingly slight causes are adequate to produce great and serious effects, decisive of the destiny of feeble mortals!

Those to whom the predilection and favors of women fall, and especially their animal love, are assuredly not those most worthy of them, and *vice versa* with the other sex. There are women who enslave our hearts by what the English call *nonsense*; we call these *agreeably ingenuous*. With them, brilliant mind, transcendent talent,

and genius, are all-powerful ; with others, these precious gifts are but idle dreams and vain pedantry, and are to the last degree wearisome. In one woman, innocent modesty is seen to kindle the flame of love ; in another, an outrageous effrontery inflames the senses to more or less delirious passion. In the eyes of these, gentleness, reserve, and respect, are cowardice, insipidity and nonsense, while they are delighted to be attacked boldly and roughly. The subject is a real labyrinth of conjectures and arguments, among which the mind loses itself. Even the most distinguished physiologists and the closest observers are often unable to see aught but clouds and darkness in the origin and cessation of sympathies, whose causes are inexplicable.

May not the husband, set on perpetuating his race, name, titles, &c., find his wife hopelessly barren ; or, may she not bear him puny and abortive offspring ? There are a great many women, whose organization is apparently faultless, who can produce such children only ; and there are also men, with every appearance of the most vigorous constitutions, who can transmit only an imperfectly elaborated seminal fluid to the uterus, inefficient, without consistency, and utterly devoid of any procreative power, as I have shown in my *GENESIS*,

or *Art of Curing Impotence, Barrenness, Sexual Debility, &c. &c.*

Shall not that wife take rank among those *viragins* and *nymphomaniacs*, whose insatiable appetites the most vigorous athletes could not appease; who, fearing scandal and the indiscretion of their lovers, call the Jupiters and satyrs of fable to their aid? It is a strange and lamentable perversion of instinct, liable to induce the most serious accidents, and often terminates in fatuity. *Vide* a remarkable example cited in my SECRETS OF GENERATION.

One of the married pair may have a vice of conformation, that more or less hinders the act propagatory; such a defect as I have described in my PHYSIC WITHOUT A DOCTOR, or *Medical Science within the Reach of all Classes*. One of them may have one of those fetid and contagious fluxes whose history is traced in my PHYSIQUE OF VENUS, or *Cure of Syphilitic Affections by a purely Botanical Treatment*.

The husband may be addicted to those unnatural and extraordinary practices, of which examples are cited in my PORNOLGY, or *New, Complete, Universal History of Debauchery and Prostitution, and of Aberrant Tastes and Habits*.

If there are aberrant inclinations in men, there are women, also, called, in a certain

language, *tribades*. (*Vide* remarks well worthy of attention in the work before quoted.) These women do not evince less furiously blind passion for their *mistresses*, than the perverted of the other sex for their Socratic darlings. Strange accouplement, truly, and disastrous unison!

There are men and women, between whom the most perfect sympathy exists in conversation, occupation, studies, travels, music, &c. &c., and who, nevertheless, have no feeling towards each other in the bed of physical pleasure. This latter antipathy sometimes exists in only one of the parties; but it is not the less, therefore, almost always, a permanent cause of irregularities and accidents greatly to be lamented.

Thus, we see, the first night or nights of marriage may be the prelude to ineffable felicity or incalculable misery. It either brings pleasure or pain, weal or woe, gayety or discontent, love or hatred, peace or war, the most smiling scenes or the most horrible catastrophes, life or death, the most delicious paradise or the most frightful hell imaginable. On what slight causes do these alternatives often depend, and consequently the happiness or misery of females who sit down at the banquet of Hymen!

Hence, how important the judicious and suitable choice of the partners with whom

we unite ourselves by indissoluble ties! There are many precepts to be observed in this important business, as also upon the art of living as happily as possible in the marriage state. There is an hygeia for married persons, and I believe I have sufficiently explained its rules in my works, especially in the one entitled *NEW PHYSIOLOGY OF MAN AND WOMANKIND* — a work that may also be considered one of the surest guides in the invaluable art of living long exempt from the too numerous infirmities to which departures from good order, and faulty regimen, unbridled passions, the neglect of moral and religious duties, &c. &c., infallibly expose us.

This is, perhaps, a very melancholy and discouraging picture of the chances of matrimony; but it must be so considered only so far as it regards evils purely physical, and moral depravities. Cemented by the gentle, sympathetic bonds of perfect esteem, nourished with great and constant virtues, drawn closer, day by day, by the noble sentiments of pure and sincere religion, it is the most natural, the holiest union, the best calculated to insure prosperity in life, exempt from the fatal eventualities to which melancholy isolation, dark cares, and dangerous caprices, every day changing, and ever being renewed, expose us.

MOREL, *De Rubempré*, M. D.

PROLEGOMENA.

As the writer of this work never had much of the pride of authorship, he will in no wise glorify himself upon the publication of a little emanation from his pen, that some years afterwards gave occasion to the works entitled the *Conjugal Code* and the *Physiology of Marriage*. He would speak of the *Conjugal Grammar*—a work of which many thousand copies have been given to the public.

The author now publishes a few chapters, also, upon marriage and its preliminaries, with moral, historical, and amusing particulars. He avows that, if he has availed himself of many works to perfect his *Physiology of the Wedding Night*, he has only, at all events, drawn from such books as appeared to him richest in historical facts and singular matters, and that he has taken great pains to have the authority of some name, sacred or profane, of usages remarkable for their oddity, and of moral facts that his readers would not, perhaps, consider essentially moral. He may say, with a

celebrated writer, "Therefore I entreat my readers not to cry, 'Stop thief!' when they find things in my work which very few persons have, at any rate, read any where else." Moreover, these things are completely new, as far as it regards style and arrangement. For all that, if this book does not happen to hit the public taste, it will share the fate of many another, in being consigned to the grocer, or used by the binder on the backs of better books than itself.

The emperor Caligula condemned bad writers either to be cast into the Rhone, or to efface their own works with their tongues. If the author of this book had lived under Caligula, he would have seen Caligula in —— heaven, before he would have written it.

In dramatic literature, the writer, to go according to rule, must kill the personage whom he robs. In book-making, the great secret is to dress the author from whom he pilfers; that is to say, to turn his ideas wrong side out, and, scalpel in hand, to study his anatomy. Exhume a striking fact, exhibit it to all eyes clad in the prevailing fashion, and it is as good as new. You get a round of applause, you are praised for your imagination as a storyteller, and this reputation sticks to you two hundred years. The great art consists in

taking a skilful stand, and passing yourself for better than your neighbors, though you are but their equal, or, perhaps, their inferior.

If the author did not devote a chapter of this Physiology to widowhood and second marriage, it was because he intended to say a few words on these subjects here. Tertullian maintains that second marriages are abomination. He calls them an opprobrium, a shameful lechery, mere wantonness. The ancients honored women who remained widows with the crown of chastity. This testimonial of their continence was usually graven on their tombs. Those who married again were not attended in procession to their husbands' doors, and there was neither song, nor supper, nor rejoicing at their spousals; they were even forbidden to touch the statues of Chastity and the female Fortune. Gorgona was the first widow in Greece who dared to marry the second time, in violation of the custom of the Grecian women; for Cornelia, after the death of Tiberius Gracchus, according to Plutarch, preferred the obscure name of *widow* to the pompous style of *queen* and *wife* of Ptolemy.

The Armenians allowed second, but held third marriages in abomination. Among them, again, a widow could only marry a

widower, and a bachelor only a reputed virgin.

The early church held second marriages to be certain proofs of incontinence, and allowed them only on the following conditions: Widows could not marry till a year after the demise of their husbands, and with the consent of priest and congregation. The parties did not receive the nuptial benediction, nor were they entitled to the alms of the church, in case of need. Lastly, all who married again were subjected to a public penance.

If the author has not, in like manner, treated of celibacy, it is because he considers it an utterly unlawful condition, a wilful persistence in sin, and because he pities the lot of Michael Perrin, of Florence, though he did leave such fine distichs behind him. This madman preferred letting himself die at seventeen to prolonging his life by matrimony.

The author of *Serious and Comic Amusements*, a zealous apostle of celibacy, allows an exception in favor of the Faculty, nevertheless. "Is it not just," he asks, "that they should provide the state with a few subjects in the place of the thousands of whom they hourly deprive it?"

What the author of the *Physiology of the Wedding Night* most fears is, to be accused of immorality; and if, therefore, in

sketching the several parts of his book, an ungracious word has here and there unhappily escaped him, he protests that it was inadvertently. His book should only be read by the married, or those who intend to marry, and is to be considered a sort of introduction to the state of matrimony, which St. Paul declares to be honorable to all men. He thinks, therefore, that the father and mother of the intended bridegroom ought to present him with two copies of the *Physiology* a few days before the wedding day and night, and that he should place one of them in the hands of his bride the morning after. A single perusal of it would save any reasonable, sensible beauty the painfully ridiculous effort of affecting a foolish surprise at her husband's proceedings, and him the deceitful attempt to seem pleased at it.

Again, the most innocent Abigail, once familiar with the idea of the attacks to be made on her, and accustomed to the thought of the adversary with whom she is to contend, will not fear to meet him when he appears. Instead of letting herself be dragged, a trembling victim, to the lists, she will enter them with a good grace, and meet her conqueror half way; sure, eventually, to conquer him. Thus it was that the docile dogs, taught by a certain knight of Malta, worthy to live in story forever, ven-

tured to attack, and fearlessly fought, an enormous dragon, who had carried amazement and terror to the hearts of all the inhabitants of Rhodes, and succeeded in stretching him on the field of his ravages, and reddening the soil he had so often drenched with human gore with his own.

Finally, he declares to the ridiculously squeamish who may impugn his morals, that he has thought it his duty, in defiance of the opinions of several persons, to suppress an entire chapter, entitled *The Bride's Chemise*, thinking that the charms the said garment so modestly veils ought to be held sacred, and that the secrets of the marriage bed ought not to be painted in the colors of allegory, which are not the less transparent for being chaste.



PHYSIOLOGY
OF
THE WEDDING NIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

OF MARRIAGE.

Matches, young maidens, are made in heaven,
No doubt you have all heard tell ;
But try it, and six of you out of seven
Will find they smack stronger of hell.

THE end of marriage was not love, to which it is in no way necessary ; but maternity, the necessity of providing women with the means of livelihood, and the intention to furnish a soil that was then to be cleared and cultivated, with inhabitants.

Nature, says a modern writer, has formed the one sex for the other, and hence the so ardent and powerful inclination that attracts and draws them together. Apart, they may be considered two halves of the same whole, separated by some fortuitous cause.

A happy marriage, according to Montaigne, is a pleasing life-companionship, insured by constancy, mutual faith, and the discharge of an infinite number of solid and useful services and reciprocal obligations.

Marriage is a natural institution, and the moral bond of society.

The true foundation of marital authority is the fact that, in a partnership of two persons, the deliberative voice of the one or the other must prevail ; and, as men are usually more capable of managing particular affairs than women, it is good policy to establish, as a general law, that the voice of the husband shall rule, when there is no private agreement between the parties to the contrary.

The Jews, who couple malediction with celibacy, marry before the age of twenty.

Some rabbins have held that a Jew without a wife cannot be called a man, because it is said, in the first chapter of Genesis, that " God created *man* in his own image ; *male and female* created he *them* ;" and that he cannot be blessed, because, in the same chapter, he " blessed *them*." They argue that he cannot know joy, because, in the ninth chapter of Ecclesiastes, it is written, " Live *joyfully* with the wife whom thou lovest, all the days of thy life." They infer that a single man can possess no property, because we are told, in the eigh-

teenth chapter of Proverbs, that "Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good *thing*;" and they confirm all these opinions with the fact, that God, before he created the woman, said, "It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him a help meet for him."

The Romans made bachelors incapable of receiving testamentary legacies, decreed public honors to women who had borne eight children, gave them a pension conformable to the dignity of the empire, and assigned a place in the Capitol to their statues. Louis XIV., who affected greatness even in the matter of names, would, in 1667, have granted privileges and pensions to such of his subjects as had had a dozen children; but, unhappily for the fruitful, who, perhaps, went untimely to work thereupon, the monarch's intentions were not carried into execution.

The inhabitants of Corinth denied the rites of sepulture to old bachelors.

The Athenians scourged them before their altars at public solemnities.

In the Commonwealth of Plato, a man who passed the age of thirty-five unmarried, was condemned to a yearly fine proportionate to the income of his property, and, if that did not drive him into the noose, he was accounted infamous; the young despised and contemned him, no one

listened to or obeyed him when he spoke, and if he was impelled by anger to retaliate upon any of his tormentors, who treated him as a bad citizen, all and several were required to fall upon him and aid his adversary.

There are some tribes of Tartars who consider marriage so essential a thing, that, when their children die before marriage, they honor their manes by burning their contracts of marriage and dower on the funeral pile — pictorially.

APOPHTHEGMS.

Whoso feels an aversion to matrimony is either an oyster or an angel.

Matrimony is an urn containing gold — and a viper, too.

The territory of matrimony has this peculiarity: strangers all want to live there, while most of the inhabitants would rather live any where else.

While you are young, you may plead that you are not yet old enough to marry; when you are old, you may say it is too late.

Matrimony and old age have this in common: all desire to attain both, but no sooner is either attained than we are sorry for it.

A happy marriage is another name for the philosopher's stone.

CHAPTER II.

THE PROPER AGE TO MARRY.

Hymen hath charms, and wedlock is a net
Some couples, certes, do not find a hell ;
And he who marries may, perhaps, do well,
But he who marries not, does better yet.

THE procreation of children is, or ought to be, the principal end of marriage ; though, if Juvenal is to be believed, mankind think less of the end than the means ; and Plutarch thinks that, if we wish for strong and robust offspring, we ought not to marry too young. Among the ancient Greeks, he who married before twenty was accounted infamous. In some parts of Spain, girls could marry at ten. Women cannot now marry in America after fifty, because their faded beauty has at that age lost the power to charm. As for the Stoics, who preferred age and ugliness to youth and beauty, they may be compared to the gnats who shun honey and swarm about vinegar.

The maids of Hungary are usually married at eleven, because the men consider themselves sure of the earliest spoil by being first in the field ; and, they are so solicitous in the premises, that they hold widows in no regard, however young, or

in other respects meritorious they may be ; whence it comes that those Hungarian women who sigh for a second union, are compelled to marry infinitely below their condition. The effect of this state of things is, that they are especially careful of their first husbands, and are often seen, after their deaths, to marry tavern and bath keepers, and men of the coarsest cloth. It were to be wished, for the sake of the widows of Hungary, that their countrymen were like the Scytes on the frontier of Thibet, who, Herodotus avers, were glad to cede the rights of which the Hungarians are so jealous to others. The same custom, too, prevailed among the ancient inhabitants of Micaragua. Girls are often married among the Ostiacks at seven or eight, with a view to accustom them to the humor of their masters betimes. Each Ostiack has two wives ; an old one to keep his house, and a young one to share his bed.

In France, where every thing is arranged in the best possible way in this best of all possible worlds, the age at which marriage may rationally be contracted, is fixed by the civil code, which, in its all-wise prescience, provides that, in case of accident, independent of the will of the parties, a dispensation may be granted in regard to age.

CHAPTER III.

OF HUSBANDS.

Husbands — take my word, ye fair —
Much like watermelons are ;
Half a dozen ye may tap
Ere ye on a good one hap.

THE laws of Lycurgus required the husband to carry off his wife forcibly in the first place, and to seek a secret place and occasion to exchange proofs of reciprocal tenderness with her afterwards, after which he was to return to his couch in one of the Spartan public dormitories. This he was enjoined to repeat frequently, that their mutual ardor might conspire to plan opportunities to see each other without being caught, and that all their pleasures might be stolen. There was a disgrace attached to detection, and they were not entirely at liberty till they had been several years married, and had had several children.

Husbands are like Mandrabulus, who, when he had found a treasure, vowed a golden sheep yearly to Juno. He kept his vow the first year, but only paid a silver mutton the second; the honest goddess had to put up with a brass one the third, and then, Mandrabulus stopped payment alto-

gether. Just so it is with most husbands, before marriage. They promise their intended wives mountains and marvels; they swear a thousand and a thousand times, by all that is sacred, that the flame they burn with shall last for life. Once married, the love of these languishers may not, perhaps, lose much for a year or so; but the year is no sooner gone, than they become stingy, deceitful, ill-natured and inconstant.

APOPHTHEGMS.

The bed of hymen is the grave of love.

The thermometer of passion is above boiling on the wedding-day. Before the next morning, it falls many degrees.

Pleasant nights make fine days.

There are but two happy days of wedded life, for the husband — the wedding day, and the day he buries his wife.

Two contradictory passions balance every action of civilized man — love and ambition. To love he owes all the pleasures of the senses; to ambition, some of the joys of the soul. There is a great analogy between the ways, tastes, and inclinations of man and woman, and a yet greater difference in their qualities.

Independently of social life, man is the most helpless of animals.

MORALITY OF THE MARRIAGE CONTRACT.

Voltaire was very right in saying that opprobrium debases the soul. There was a certain Marquis, who, after losing all hope of recovering the riches he had lost, and being bowed down by poverty, heard of a woman of large fortune and unequivocal character, who had resolved to lead a virtuous life. He accepted a proposal from this woman to exchange his name and titles for her hand; and here is the correspondence relative to their amusing contract, in full: —

“Monsieur the Marquis will marry me on such a day, and, as I have no time to attend to the preparations, or the publication of the bans, he will take that care on himself, in consideration of fifty crowns to be paid to him by me, after signing these articles.”

The Marquis answered, “Time accepted, and I take every thing on myself, as far as fifty crowns will go; but I beg you to notice that I cannot stir out, for want of a coat and boots.”

“Immediately after the signature of the registration of the celebration of the marriage, I will deliver three hundred francs, being the first quarterly payment of a life annuity of twelve hundred francs, to Monsieur the Marquis, which annuity I bind

myself to pay him till it shall please God to remove him from this world; he taking for security for the said annuity a contract made in my favor by a former lover.

“Monsieur the Marquis will take care to have the receipt for the three hundred francs, signed, in his pocket.”

Answer — “Agreed, as to the three hundred francs, of which I am in great need; but, as to the contract, not accepted, unless with good security; for, in a word, my name is worth something.”

“Monsieur the Marquis will agree to recognize my daughter and three sons as his own, and to permit them and me to take his name, arms, titles, and livery.”

Answer — “Granted, if it must be so; but it is getting four children for a morsel of bread.”

After these preliminaries, the wedding took place, the lady took the title of Marchioness, the boys his name and the correspondent titles of Viscount, &c., and the putative father of this harlequinade died within eight months after selling his name.



CHAPTER IV.

OF WIVES.

In damaged goods, however low the cost,
Who traffics least is sure to gain the most.

GENTLENESS is the prime, most important quality of a wife. Born to obey a being so imperfect, often so vicious, and always so faulty as man, she should accustom herself to suffer wrong betimes. Heaven did not give her a musical voice to scold with; she was not created weak, to be insolent and abusive; her sweet features were not formed to be disfigured by wrath.

French women are lively, joyous, gay and frisky.

Spanish, tender, impassioned, and governed by the blood.

German, frank, cool and systematic.

Italian, vivacious, ardent and impassioned.

English, melancholy, sentimental and voluptuous.

Dutch, loving and constant.

Furious, momentary passions are endemic in Spain.

Love is most deeply felt in Italy.

There is more self-command in Germany.

In France, women are most agreeable,

In Holland, happier and more tranquil.

French women exact attention.

The Spanish ask for worship and worshippers.

The German are satisfied with simple kindness.

The Italian require transport and zeal.

The English wish for sighs and constancy.

It follows, from these modes of being and feeling, that

French women surrender,

The Spanish yield,

The German give,

The Italian deliver themselves up, and

The English grant.

Nature has endowed women with a peculiar organization of mind, that inspires them with a perpetual desire to be agreeable, and sometimes drives them into paroxysms of coquetry. Pythagoras, therefore, being asked why he had given his daughter in marriage to his bitterest enemy, replied, that he "could not do him a more grievous injury than to give him a wife."

A wife comprises every thing that can contribute to a man's ruin in her own person.

QUESTIONS.

Is it better to marry a rich or a poor wife?

Neither. The poverty of the one makes her a burden, and the other is no less onerous by her arrogance. In reference to this, the Hebrews had a saying, "One should descend a step to take a wife, and go up one to choose a friend, that he may obtain protection from the one and obedience from the other."

When Lycurgus ordained that girls should marry without a dowry, he perhaps had the peace of men as much in view as the settlement of women, who, by favor of this law, seldom carried their virginity to the grave. Whatever may have been his views, the same practice obtains in Japan, now.

Ought one to choose a wife of higher birth than his own?

The plebeian president of Metz (Vignier) would have been very unfortunate in marrying Katherine, daughter of the Marquis of Nuribeau, and widow of Cæsar Augustus de Saint-Lary, called De Termes, Grand Equerry of France, if her disposition had been like Mlle. Du Tillet's. This damsel asked her friend how she had come to marry "that fellow of a president." "Because I was in a delicate situation," was the answer. "Madam," returned the damsel, "six bastards would have disgraced you less than one legitimate child of such an alliance."

A marriage is incomparably happier when birth and fortune are nearly equal on both sides, or when the advantage, if there is any, is on the side of the husband, who is usually less disposed to reproach his wife, than she is to glorify herself at his expense.

MEDITATIONS.

A handsome wife is like a jewelled gold repeater, that strikes the hour every minute, without any regularity.

A fair face is but the outside of a vessel to hold a witless brain.

To live happily in marriage, the wife should be blind and the husband deaf.

OF THE TOILET.

Once there were laws in Greece against sluttishness. Women who showed themselves in public clad in a manner unworthy of them, were fined a thousand drachmas, (about \$70;) judges of such matters were appointed, who, to shame such offenders the more, posted their sentences upon a tree, in the most public part of the city. The same thing was done in Lacedæmon.

In France, a woman's dress commonly corresponds with her conduct. If one find her in a showy undress, she will easily grant him certain liberties; when her at-

tire is more studied, her manner is more reserved.

Women can turn what was first suggested by modesty or necessity into ornament. Every part of their attire has required their particular attention, and seems to challenge ours; and, therefore, we ought to consider the sexes unceasingly in a state of warfare, each seeking to avail itself of its peculiar advantage.



CHAPTER V.

THE CONDITIONS OF CONNUBIAL HAPPINESS.

Don't lend, or give, far less abuse
What should be kept for household use;
For, spend as little as you may,
You'll have enough upon your hands
To meet the family demands
That drain you dry from day to day.

HENRY IV. said that his wife must have these qualities, among others — beauty of person, modesty of conduct, complaisance in temper, fruitfulness, high birth, and great states in possession; “but I believe,” he added, “that the woman is dead, or unborn, or not very soon to be born.”

Men must be conscious that their frailty is more than women's; else why do they expect to be forgiven by them for every thing, while they forgive nothing in them?

The way for women to command is, to obey. By obeying, they show their sense and their affection for their husbands.

Conjugal love is indispensable in a household, because the union and concord that results from the mutual affection of a married pair, will alone establish a great many habits in a family that are useful to its prosperity and continuance.

A united pair are fond of their home, and seldom leave it; they study the details of family economy; they attend to the education of their children; they command the respect and fidelity of their domestics; they hinder all mismanagement and waste, and they live respected and in comfort by their judicious conduct.

The home of the ill-matched pair, on the contrary, is the theatre of troubles and quarrels; they stir up strife among their children and servants; they give up these and those to all kinds of vicious habits; each and every one of the household steals, wastes, pilfers, and hides; the income is expended without return, debt follows, the discontented partners separate and go to law with each other, and the whole family falls into decay, ruin, degradation and want.

Of all the affections from which man derives what little happiness he enjoys here below, there is not one that has so many charms as conjugal love.

Among the ancients, love consisted rather in animal enjoyments than intellectual and spiritual pleasures; among the moderns, the household hearth of love is in the heart.

APOPHTHEGMS.

The need of loving and being beloved is a part of woman's self; her virtue is but a relative matter.

Love in itself constitutes the entire wisdom or folly of most women. Men of extraordinary genius seldom give themselves up to love, though they employ their leisure in making it.

MEDITATION.

Such love as Eloisa felt, is a concurrence of soul, mind, heart, and senses, to exalt all the human faculties to rapture. Such love as the Germans represent in the person of Werter, lives on recollections, reverie, and presentiments. Madame de Staël calls it metaphysical love, and compares it to faded roses, still retaining their perfume. Mark Aurelius defined love as a slight convulsion. Lastly, mystic love confounds the intoxication of the passion, the virtues and ecstasies of love divine and happiness, all together.

The Peripatetics made happiness consist in the very knowledge of itself; the Stoics placed it in virtue; the Platonists, in wisdom; the Bramins, in the love of God; Epicurus, in sensual enjoyment. It cannot be analyzed; for it differs as much from pleasure, which is but a brief, transitory joy, that never can be a state or a condition, as it does from felicity, which is but an intimate enjoyment of happy successive events.

CHAPTER VI.

CAUSES OF UNHAPPINESS IN MARRIAGE.

Tell me why this man's tickled with a feather,
And that one can't abide the smell of leather, —
Why for a woman Spanish Juan fries,
And for a bubble the gay Frenchman dies, —
And I'll tell you all causes that can be
Why married people do or don't agree.

THE ancients held that virtue was the best portion for a maiden ; but such notions are out of fashion now. Money has taken the place once occupied by modesty, probity, and honor. In these times, women are swayed solely by interest. Merit without fortune goes for nothing with them ; they must have husbands of expensive tastes, able to indulge them in them. If they are in their second childhood, hunchbacked, lame, dwarfs, or less than men, still, provided they keep one carriage for themselves and another for their ladyships, they pass for agreeable husbands. Ruin yourself for a woman, and you lose her esteem ; she complains of the fate that united her with you, she charges you with bad temper and brutality, insults you, and breeds strife between your respective families.

N. Bouthillier, the widow of Messire

Brulart, senior president of the parliament of Burgundy, and mother of several children, took for her second husband the Duke de Choiseul, with the laudable motive of getting the entry at court, and triumphing over the Marechale de Clerembault, her sister. When she consulted the senior president, Harlay, to whom she was already verbally engaged, against the advice of all her relations, that magistrate replied, "Madam, as far as it regards M. the Duke de Choiseul, there is not a word to be said; but to you, who are advanced in life, and have children, I will say, plainly, that your oldest son's* head went before his tail; but that, with his mother, the order of precedence is directly reversed."

The unhappiness of marriage often proceeds from our error in choosing a wife solely for her beauty, without considering whether she has other qualities to compensate for so perishable an advantage, if she should happen to lose it. In that case, if we do not absolutely hate our wives, we at least hold them in sovereign contempt. Ovid was right, therefore, in comparing women who are only handsome to rose-trees, the sight of which pleases the eye while they are in bearing, but which we care not a straw for after they have shed

* He was killed by a fall from a balcony.

their flowers. Happy would it be, if women renewed their beauty like rose-bushes; and, to follow out the poet's idea, the woman is not comparable to the shrub; for this revives every year, while the faded charms of that never return. We can rid ourselves of a rose, too, whenever we please; but there is no casting off a displeasing wife. Lastly, it costs scarcely any thing to keep a plant, while a woman who cannot or will not set any bounds to her desires, may at once ruin her husband in body and goods.

The Turks have a saying, that, when a man renders the tribute of marriage to his wife on the nights of Wednesdays and Fridays, which are consecrated to that duty, and finds her in bread and butter, rice, wood and coffee, with silk and cotton for clothing, she is perfectly satisfied, and never thinks of asking for a separation. I doubt if our French women would ever be willing to marry Turks, or whether the proverb, "as vigorous as a Turk," could be properly applied here.

We think that there is neither delicacy, nor politeness, nor gallantry among the Orientals; they affirm that, among us, there is nothing but favor, passion, folly and extravagance. We regard the servitude in which the women of the East are held as barbarism; but if they are savage and

dangerous creatures, there is wisdom in confining them. I have heard it said that they are not a whit the less ferocious and sanguinary for being civilized and petted.

We make it a point to have our house-keeping well ordered, with every thing of a piece; we do not like to keep two horses of different ages and colors; but when marriage is in question, interest is the only point we regard, and whatever difference there may be between the parties, whether of age or temper, provided there is property, we look no farther. Afterwards the couple agree, if they can, and are as happy as possible — the inevitable consequence of a shameful philargy.

Most young women employ their time in making snares instead of cages. If they would reverse the practice, lay their nets aside, and apply themselves to cage-work, there is no doubt but that they would make marriage more happy, or that their husbands would love them infinitely better.

There is nothing more frail or less lasting than feminine beauty, which is not always accompanied by the purest possible virtue.

A handsome wife gives her husband the headache; an ugly one makes his heart ache.

Beauty is a letter of credit available at sight, but not long after.

CHAPTER VII.

OF JEALOUS HUSBANDS AND LOVERS,
THEIR COADJUTORS.

To make sure of fidelity,
Never show jealousy ;
Let a happy credulity
Still be the rule of ye.
Suspicion of ill
Itself will fulfil.

JEALOUSY is the pain a man feels when he fears that he is not beloved by the being who is the sole object of his desires with a fervor commensurate with his own. In excessively susceptible persons, love is inseparable from jealousy, which is often caused by distrust of their own merit or want of confidence in the one beloved. When jealousy is merely susceptible and affectionate, it is a delicate feeling ; but, when it is sullen, suspicious, and vexatious, it cannot but be offensive, and, if it degenerates into a passion that takes umbrage at every thing and every body, and escapes from the control of reason, it leads to the most violent outrages. As a friend of mine was lately affectionately caressing and embracing his wife, he happened to raise his eyes to a glass opposite, and was so angry

at seeing his better half kissed by a man, that he struck the glass and broke it, without an instant's hesitation. If he had given even a moment's time to reflection, he probably would not have assaulted the unconscious telltale, which, after all, only told him what he was doing himself. But what may not fury do; especially the fury of jealousy? Every shadow irritates the unhappy man it afflicts; so true it is that a jealous person exposes himself, as far as in him lies, to the gossip of an always ill-natured and uncharitable public.

But jealousy, though it misbecomes a married man, does not look amiss in a lover. As the least atom of coquetry enhances the charms of woman, so a very little spice of jealousy, well played off, shows the love of man in strong relief. A man utterly devoid of it does not owe his feeling of security so much to the high esteem in which he holds his mistress, as to a silly stupidity, or, perhaps, an extravagant opinion of his own merit. It is natural to dread to lose what we deem exceedingly precious, and a rational jealousy is a real proof of esteem. Besides, love languishes and dies in prolonged inactivity; it cannot live long without food; which food is, certain troubles and little anxieties, which render the repose that follows more touching and agreeable. This is why a

husband is jealous of his honor, and a lover of his claims on his mistress's heart.

What would become of the jealous of France, if the nuptial practices of the ancient Bretons and the modern Cingalese should be put in force among us? The night of a girl's wedding in the Island of Ceylon is for her husband, the next for his brother, and, if he has a third and fourth, they each take their turn, and so on to the seventh; but if the brethren are more than seven, the seventh and those after him have not the privilege of their elders. After the first week, the husband is no further privileged than his brothers. When his wife is alone, he may go to her; but if one of his brothers is with her, he must wait at the door. They bring their earnings to him, and the children are the common property of the brotherhood, and call them all *father*, indiscriminately.

When the Cingalese are visited by a friend, or a great noble, they offer him their wives and daughters. They do not consider this prostituting them, nor do they allow them to share the couch of any but a man of as good or a better family than their own — a disgrace they punish with death.* If the same ideas of hospitality obtained every where, we should see our friends oftener, and with less ceremony.

* Voyage Historique de l'Europe.

Jealousy is the greatest of all evils, and the least pitied by those who cause it.

Was the very *naïve* reply I am about to quote, of a certain husband, who saw his wife surrounded with lovers and admirers, the necessary result of the true maxim of La Rochefoucauld?

An intrigue existed between the wife of this other George Dandin and one of his friends. A marquis, always fortunate in his amours, became enamored of the lady, and the natural consequence actually happened. For a while, the double treachery of this Messalina in lower life was an impenetrable secret; but at last, chance, which meddles with every earthly affair, gave both husband and lover irrefragable proof that there was a third partner in the firm. The despair of the first lover was such that he fell seriously ill, when the husband, whom he had abused in the same measure that another had taken advantage of him, lavished the most moving attentions on his sick bed. "She could not but be false to one who loved her as I did!" cried the marquis. "Why do you grieve in this way, my poor friend?" replied the husband, clasping him to his bosom; "it is really ridiculous. You very well know that my wife loves nobody but you. I am sure of that, I think; for she tells me so every day!"

OF COADJUTORS.

Can a man resist the allurements of a woman? If so, how?

He must shun the danger as much as possible, and his peril must be great, indeed, when he has lost the power to avoid it. No offence to the author of the *Physiology of Marriage*, I shall literally copy from him a parable that he has not unnaturalized in his work without sufficient reason.

A duchess, whose duke was absent, was present at a sermon delivered by a young monk at a taking of the habit, and was so struck by the personal graces of the preacher, that, to make a long story short, she conceived a violent passion for him, and determined to gratify it, *nolens volens*.

The next morning, she pretended sickness, and sent for the friar to confess her. As soon as he came into the chamber, every body else went out, and the door was closed and locked, as the duchess had ordered. She then declared her passion, adding that, if he made the least scruple to appease it, she would cry for help, and accuse him of attempt at rape. Thereupon the friar was in a terrible quandary; but at last Heaven suggested to him a means of escape, of which he successfully availed himself.

When the duchess had made an end of speaking, he quietly answered, "Madam, yesterday was a day of fast at the convent, and if you would order me a breakfast, I should feel greatly obliged." The duchess, construing this in her favor, had an excellent breakfast brought in, and the friar ate and drank with a good relish, enlivening the repast with many good sayings, to the reciprocal content of the duchess. When he had done eating, he left the room, like one who had a sudden colic, and went straight back to his convent.

The duchess, after waiting a long while in vain for the friar, had him sought in every nook and corner; but — no friar. The Swiss replied, on being asked if he had seen any thing of him, that the man of God had been gone an hour.

I leave the reader to imagine the rage of the duchess at this news. She was compelled to digest her shame, vexation and remorse in silence.



CHAPTER VIII.

OF CUCKOLDS.

A beggar once refused a bounteous treat,
Because his neighbor, like himself, might eat ;
Though, had a troop at table spent the day,
No eye had missed the food they took away.
The fool ! what if a host at that board dined,
So they but left his belly-full behind ?

PHILOLOGISTS have been excessively bothered with the etymology of this so unpleasant word to a married ear. There can be no doubt that, thanks to the exemplary teaching of their wives, the horned brotherhood could discuss the thing very pertinently, though few of the professedly erudite are agreed about the meaning of the word. *Cuckold*, says one, comes from *cock used up*, or driven from the pit, because cuckoldom is a misfortune that usually befalls old men — a singular argument, seeing that young husbands are every day as essentially cornuted as old ones. *Cuckold*, another contends, is derived from *coquus*, or cook, because cuckolds entertain their wives as cooks do, who buy and dress meat for others. For my own part, I am little grounded in the science of etymology ; but I think, and I believe . may without fear

of recrimination affirm, that this melancholy matrimonial epithet originated with wives, and that they alone can argue this grave question understandingly.

The leap from marriage to cuckoldom is not the greatest of calamities, if we take it for granted that it does little harm to such husbands as are aware of their wives' doings, and none at all to those who are not. The author of the *Privileges of Cuckoldom* is not satisfied with such consolation; he goes much farther, and maintains, by long and specious arguments, that cuckoldom is

- A bond of love ;
- The condition of social life ;
- The insurance of the continuance of families ;
- The solace of the afflicted ;
- The help of the feeble ;
- The support of the state ;
- The happiness of individuals ;
- The inheritance of the rich ;
- The restoration of decayed houses ;
- The joy of parents ;
- The sure and infallible means of making fortunes ;
- The source of honors and dignities ;
- The parent of felicity ;
- The amusement of the forlorn ;
- The delight of ladies ;
- The highest possible title of nobility ;

The multiplication of friends ;
And the night and day watch of husbands.

It remains to be ascertained whether all cuckolds are of the same way of thinking with the author of the Privileges. For my own part, I can only regard the adulterous wife as a woman who gives herself up to public scorn, and prostitutes herself as shamefully as the common night-walker.

Among the many quite authentic stories I might tell to show in what contempt even the most depraved of men hold wives and mothers who lead licentious lives, I shall select this : —

A merchant's wife, whose youth only existed in her memory, worn out by amours whose number would more than balance the debit side of the national budget, so grossly ridiculous that she wore transparent silk stockings, to show a mark she pretended to have on her calf, became enamored of a very noted actor, and, as the susceptible dame could never deny herself anything, she levelled her batteries at the comedian accordingly. A female go-between, whom, for her children's sake, I will not name, took it upon herself to prewise the player of the lady's favorable intentions toward him. One evening, when he was not to perform, the two friends went to the theatre. The hero of the adventure soon

made his appearance, and handed the fair innamorata a billet, which she read in his presence. A meeting was agreed upon for the next day. The Hippolytus, who had only heard the praises of the light-headed Phedra, and only seen her by lamp-light, in a point of view essentially favorable to women whose charms have been worn out by immoderate indulgence, was punctual to the appointment. They were to dine at Peltau's, and there the crime was to be consummated. The victim was ready for the sacrificial knife, and, on the way, the sacrificator, who had conquered too many beauties not to be fastidious, cast a scrutinous eye on the lady — a glance by no means to her advantage. At every look, it followed that he found his position getting less and less desirable, and his desires cooling. The lady was foolishly gay; the moment of her happiness was at hand, — at least she thought so, — when, near Peltau's, accident miraculously befriended the artist. An empty fiacre was passing. "Coachman!" cried he. "Sir?" "Open the door." The lady had not the least suspicion of what the object of her flame intended to do, and allowed him to hand her into the coach without remonstrance. The actor uncovered, and, while the coachman was still holding the door open, thus addressed her, in the most insultingly indifferent tone: —

“When a woman has children, madam, and a young and gallant husband, her time ought to be occupied in the care of her house, and in studying her husband’s happiness. I have the honor to wish you a good day, madam.”

Another equally historical anecdote, which I shall relate, will prove that, if there are husbands base enough to sanction the excesses of their wives by their silence, there are others, who, without giving any occasion for scandal, have a very proper sense of their duties as husbands.

On the day he had chosen to vindicate his outraged honor, the husband of whom I speak ordered a dinner of twenty covers, invited his best friends, including his wife’s gallant, got a post-chaise ready, went to his strong box, and took out ten bank bills, which he placed in a pocket-book, and put into the box of the chaise, and then spent a good part of the day with his wife, who was surprised by the delicate attentions he paid her. When the company assembled, he seated his wife’s seducer by her side, the dinner was served, and none of the guests had any idea that he entertained the least suspicion. Gayety presided over the family repast, and the wronged husband did the agreeable as on his wedding day.

Over the dessert, the husband turned the conversation on the allurements of women,

upon the lot of hapless husbands and their wrongs — sad consequences of marriages of inclination! Fancy the position of the faithless wife and her lover, to whom every word was a stab. “I must now,” the unhappy husband continued, “tell you the story of what lately happened to a friend of mine.

“A year after his marriage, he discovered that his wife was false to him; and with whom? Why! the very man he thought his most devoted friend! You will perhaps suppose that the outraged husband sought, in his frenzy, to sacrifice the ingrate, who had dishonored and wounded him in the tenderest point, to his just resentment; but no, my friends, no. In such a case, scandal does no good, and therefore my friend took a resolution worthier of him. He one day invited his best friends to dine with him, not forgetting his wife’s seducer. He showed him to a seat beside the adulteress, confounded them both with his politeness, and, over the dessert, told his story, which had this ending —”

(During this recital, the eyes of all present were involuntarily fixed on the two culprits, who hardly dared to hold up their heads.)

“My friend,” he continued, “addressed himself to the seducer, still without calling him by name,” (just what he was himself

doing,) "and then to his deceitful accomplice, and after reproaching them with their odious conduct, he added, 'I will not aggravate the scene,' and then advised them, as they loved each other so well, to live together for the future."

The two culprits sat confounded, uncertain whether the husband was speaking seriously or jesting; but, when he told them that he had discovered their intercourse, and resolved on an eternal separation, the eyes of the woman, who had never had any cause to weep before, unless with pleasure that she was united with so excellent a man, streamed with tears. "I have engaged a post-chaise for you both," he continued, "and you will find ten thousand francs in a pocket-book in the box. You, sir," cried he to the seducer, (and the narrator addressed his wife's gallant,) "will give your hand to my wife, and you, madam," (speaking to his wife,) "will leave the house with this man."

The gallant obeyed his host's direction without losing countenance, looked at his mistress, and offered her his hand, which she accepted, trembling. Both rose from the table, traversed the saloon, went down to the yard and got into the post-chaise, before the other guests had recovered from their surprise at this piece of dramatic effect.

I once knew a lady who had very strange notions of her duties as a wife. She was well enough pleased to have a gallant; but she never would crown his hopes till she thought herself sure that her husband had put her beyond fear of consequences. It was in vain that the lover complained; he was obliged to wait with patience. Thus she reasoned: "After I am once lawfully in the family way, I shall wrong nobody but myself, if my husband does not suspect me. What I do is my own private affair, for I only dispose of my own property.'



CHAPTER IX.

OF WHAT PRECEDES MARRIAGE, PREVIOUS
TO THE CIVIL CONTRACT.

Love and tobacco operate one way —
Too much will make you sick ; a little — nay.

It is always better, doubtless, to be the dupe than the knave ; but, in gallantry, fools only are the dupes, and the laughs are always on the knaves' side. Therefore I agree with Vauvenargues, that it is laughable to prescribe modesty as a rule of conduct for women who like nothing so well as effrontery in men.

The life of women may be divided into three epochs.

In the first, they meditate on love ;

In the second, they make it ;

In the third, they regret it.

The design of this work will only allow me to consider women in the first of these epochs ; for, for a well-bred young lady to dream of love — what is it but to dream of a husband, and of becoming a wife from a maiden ?

“ Are you older or younger than twenty-eight ? Have you a respectable position

in society? Are you a notary, a lawyer, or a merchant?"

Another general question often asked you is, "Why, then, don't you marry?"

The answer is, "There is no lack of women; but there is of the dowry I should need to pay the price of my place, or to set me up in trade."

The word *money*, therefore, solves the origin of marriages; with few and rare exceptions, if any.

"Your daughter is nineteen, has a pretty figure, some abilities, and half a portion, and yet you don't think of marrying her. What the devil, then, do you expect to do with her?"

The better to mask the real difficulty, the young lady's parents at first dwell upon her extreme youth, and end with, "Well, show us a creditable match, a man who won't exact too much, with a fair character and some prospects."

Money is the main point on both sides. In this hypothesis, the girl is a piece of furniture, that the chapman wants to get with considerable boot, and that the owners are desirous to get off their hands at as small loss as may be; that is, they consider it of little value by itself.

A match offers; the three first interviews are charming; gallantry takes precedence of interest; but at the fourth, Interest steps

in, with his mincing, disinterested air, and it is not till after vehement discussions, always disinterested, that the respective parents of the intended couple end by disagreeing upon the subject of litigation.— Let us suppose that the reverse is the case; that the match is decided on; and let us see to what misery the unfortunate husband expectant is doomed, and to the fulfilment of what duties, in compliance with our idle customs and no less absurd prejudices.

ANTE-MATRIMONIAL MISERIES.

To listen to the lamentations of your mother-in-law upon her approaching separation from her dear daughter, and to answer them in monosyllables.

To see your intended's cheeks crimson at the least word spoken to her.

To have to laugh at your father-in-law's jokes.

To play boston with the grandmother, if there is one, or fondle her lap-dog.

To endure every possible vexation for six whole months.

To nail up your opinions, whether literary, political, or artistical, in a box.

To be obliged to answer a letter —

“ My dearest Anna :

“ I exceedingly regret that it is out of my power to dine with you in the coun-

try ; but a sudden communication from my father-in-law-that-is-to-be, compels me to forego pleasure for tedium."

Or,

" My good Julius :

" You will easily conceive how vexed I must be to decline your friendly invitation ; but imperative duty, you know, chains me to my intended's side. One must keep up heart against misfortune. Pity me that I am obliged to relinquish your agreeable company and a breakfast that — no offence — was not less attractive than you all are."

Lastly ; it sometimes happens that, after assiduously paying court to the young lady for several months, the parents tell you they have thought better of it, and do not wish to marry their daughter.

THE YOUNG LADY'S REFLECTIONS.

I can't leave you, mamma ; pray don't make me marry.

He is very ugly, mamma ; I like the other a great deal better.

This or another, it is all the same to me, mamma.

Poor Ernest ! what will become of us ? I will drown myself.

He looks like a polite man — if there was any trusting to looks —

When he learns that I have deceived him, I shall be no more.

THE FATHER'S AND MOTHER'S REFLECTIONS.

Well, you see we were right, not to be in a hurry to marry her off.

You will not deny that our daughter would have been better off if you had taken my advice two years ago.

Unfortunate child! — if he only remains in ignorance of your error.

It is high time she should marry, you may take my word for it; she is everlastingly getting into some scrape or other, in spite of all we can do.

QUESTIONS.

Ought a mother-in-law to allow her intended son-in-law to kiss her daughter? and has the kiss of a man who comes in an accredited character any moral influence on the young lady, or not, in case the match does not come off?

Saint Augustin observes that kisses given to a virgin were once considered deserving of punishment. At Naples, a man was heavily fined for embracing a virgin, and banished thirty leagues from the place where the offence was committed. Bossus relates a still more surprising fact; that a man was once beheaded, in France, for

kissing a woman recently married! What would they do in Holland, if kisses were as rigorously interdicted?

The end of morality is to regulate manners. Good manners consist in the constant practice of all the virtues. If you would teach your daughters the love of proper habits without everlastingly dinning, "Be virtuous!" in their ears, make it their interest to be so; show them the value of virtue, and you will teach them to love it.

According to Saint Augustin, a mother ought not to allow a son-in-law to take such liberties with her daughter. A son-in-law, in his view of the case, comes into the family in the position of a suppliant, who asks for something, who seeks to please, and whose object it is to obtain all he can — to obtain the virgin, and nothing else; because, when his relative interest is once settled, his constant company, or, in other words, his reiterated attempts, only tend to seduction. Now, what impression may not the kiss of the man with whom she is about to be united, and who is at liberty to forsake her at any time, make upon a young girl! In the eyes of whosoever understands the kiss of the New Eloisa, the mother who permits the lips of a man to commit such an offence, is both weak and criminal; for no synallagmatic contract but spoken words binds him to her whom he seeks, and I

know of no tribunal, down to the present day, competent to judge of the validity of words in the air.

These reflections are so just, and may have such and so much influence on the future fate of the girl, that I find, in the *Bibliothèque Germanique*, an instance that gives additional weight to the inference. A young man played so well on the harpsichord, on the night before his wedding, that his intended, who was listening, exhausted all the language she was mistress of in praises of his talent and thorough knowledge of music. Transported with joy, he forgot himself so far as to snatch a kiss. Indignant at such want of respect and disregard of propriety, she offered him the other cheek, with, "I know my Testament by heart, sir," and the match was broken off. Could this girl have more spiritedly shown her sense of her affianced's insolent boldness? If all ladies would so reply to the insults of cavaliers, there might be an improvement in manners.

Should a girl accept a man who uses tobacco for a partner?

In the first place, it would hardly have done for consumers of tobacco to have lived in the reign and under the rule of Amurath IV., who prohibited the use of it on pain of death, and, to show his subjects

how strictly he was resolved the ordinance should be obeyed, sawed off the legs and arms of two wretches detected, the one selling, and the other using, tobacco, and then exposed them, so mangled and mutilated, to the view of the people, in order to intimidate them by an example so terrible. A man and woman were also impaled alive for the same offence, with a roll of tobacco round each of their necks.

Before tobacco came in fashion, beggars considered marriage the supreme good; they now marry, snuff, and smoke.

To return to the solution of the problem above stated; the *Vade Mecum of the Wants of Woman* will furnish it. A marriage for seven years took place in A. D. 1677, in the county of Armagnac, between two very noble persons, who reserved to themselves the right to renew their union at the end of this term, if they should suit each other, and if the husband, who was passionately addicted to snuff, should have had the forbearance, for the first two years of marriage, to abstain from it. It was stipulated in the contract, moreover, that, in case they should separate at the expiration of the aforesaid term, the issue, male and female, of their union, should be equally shared, and that, if the number of children should chance to be odd at the time of separation, they should draw lots for

the odd baby. The husband took snuff privately during the first three days after the wedding; on the fourth, he carried his snuff-box in his pocket, and he made no bones of snuffing openly ever after. Notwithstanding the insuperable disgust of the lady for tobacco, the marriage was renewed at the end of the first seven years, for fourteen more.

Tobacco is not, therefore, a valid objection against a husband; and, as the law allows whatsoever it does not forbid, there is good reason for saying nothing against what it authorizes.

Happy is the affianced husband who is scurvily used. A wife soon reproaches herself for having so used him, sees her injustice, and ends in being kind.

Love never dies of want, but often of a babbling tongue.

A man is not permitted not to be gallant who lives in society.

The passions are the daughters of nature. Women love the lover, the first time — afterwards, it is love they love.



CHAPTER X.

CONNUBIAL PATHOLOGY AND THERAPEUTY.

THERE are four principal temperaments in matrimony — the nervous, the lymphatic, the sanguine, and the bilious.

If it is requisite that couples should be assorted in the bonds of matrimony, one ought, as far as practicable, to seek a character like his own, and an organization corresponding to that with which Nature has endowed him.

The characteristic of the nervous temperament is an extreme susceptibility to the physical attributes by which it is known. Women who have it are, generally, lean, and not muscular, lacking in physical energy, and very easily fatigued. Of all the colors of the human hair, the flaxen least often belongs to nervous women.

Sensation is as obtuse in women of lymphatic, as it is active in those of nervous temperament. They find physical luxury only in repose, feel few emotions, and rarely any passion.

Lymphatic women generally have flaxen hair, fine white skins, thick lips, large joints, soft flesh, and are distinguishable, as they

advance in life, only by their lack of sensibility.

The woman whose temperament is sanguine, feels more keenly than the lymphatic subject, and less so than the nervous one. She exhibits more active power and greater physical energy than either; her passions are violent, but transitory; she often carries love, anger, and rage to extremes, but they are easily dissipated. Sanguine persons are vivacious, frivolous, and inconstant; but kind and generous. Their hair is chestnut, their eyes brown or blue, their physiognomy animated, their figure good, their proportions rounded, and their muscular force sufficient.

The impressions felt by bilious subjects are less keen than those of nervous and sanguine ones, but more durable. Bilious women are ambitious, firm, and inflexible.

Their hair is black, their skins yellowish or tawny; they are very vigorous, passably fleshy, and inclined to melancholy.

It is of great importance to the happiness and security of a husband that he should coolly analyze these physical attributes of the temperaments I have enumerated previous to making his choice; for characters once placed in opposition bring nothing but sorrow and ill-will to the domestic hearth, and, in that case, the parties are really

patients, striving, at the cost of their respective lives, to prolong an existence that, by its moral effects, cannot allow them so much as to dream of the happiness that is the source of all good in the matrimonial commonweal.

The most common and abiding maladies, against which the parties should be constantly guarded in their union, may be reduced to five, which involve all others; viz. : —

Ennui,
Anger,
Indifference,
Susceptibility, and
Satiety.

Ennui, in married life, principally proceeds from the too frequent repetition of the same thing and the same pleasures, which, having lost the attractions which charmed them at first, become unnatural in the eyes of the parties, and are but a wearisome burden.

Anger, that violent and disordered agitation of the mind and senses, is a sudden and violent aversion, that influences the sufferer with a blind longing for vengeance. A certain philosopher defined anger, *a short madness*.

Indifference is that calm position in which the mated mind feels neither inclination

nor repugnance for its mate, and is no more affected by enjoyment than by deprivation of it; in a word, that had as lief be caressed as let alone, and almost as lief be let alone as caressed.

The symptoms of domestic susceptibility are a proneness to take offence, through an extreme sensitiveness, and from a want of acquaintance with the value of words in the Dictionary of Synonymes.

Lastly, satiety, being nothing more or less than the disgust that follows excessive indulgence, even in the best things, diminishes pleasure, and deprives the charms of a wife of the power to excite. The husband is satiated, and can then be excited only by other and fresher stimulants. In other words, he becomes inconstant.

We reach peace through despair. Matrimony is a state of constant warfare, and therefore all the terms of its vocabulary are military — *conquest, conqueror, chains, strife, flames, darts, &c.*

Inconstancy in married life is suicide by inches; for illicit pleasure is the grave of feeling.

Death is the cessation of the pulse of the heart; weariness, its impediment. It is the lassitude of the soul, the inevitable consequence of over-action.

THERAPEUTIC.

Of all maladies, *ennui* is undeniably the worst. The Providence that decreed, in its wisdom, that *ennui* should succeed to exhaustion of the sensations, also ordained that the exhaustion of the physical powers should be recruited by sleep, and that we should momentarily forget our cares and griefs.

The efficacious remedies for *ennui* are —

Foresight,

Feeling,

Thought,

And the combination of bodily labor with mental cultivation.

Anger interferes with the reasoning faculties, and is one of the principal obstacles to peace and health. Its physical characteristics are acceleration of circulation and respiration, flushing of the face, and sparkling of the eyes, accompanied by menacing tone and gestures, or else pallor, trembling and incoherence.

Copious bleeding, and stimulant or refrigerant bathing of the feet, are the only remedies for this cruel malady, which, unlike epilepsy, leaves behind it a painful recollection of suffering.

The antidote to indifference is found in a proper admixture of jealousy, exhibited before the disease attains its apogee.

Susceptibility requires a clinical conjugal treatment, at once gentle and severe. Honey and milk of almond ptisans should be administered in preference to all the tonics of the new pharmacopœia.

For satiety, lastly, the remedy most generally used in marriage, is the judicious alliance of sympathy with aversion, pleasure with disgust, and love with desire.

As the art of pharmacy matrimonial consists of the choice of partners, the knowledge of their good qualities, mixtures properly compounded to achieve the enjoyment of a happy tranquillity by the simplest and least anti-phlogistic measures, so the end of conjugal therapeutry includes all known means of cure, and all the resources of a patiently-studied clinic.



CHAPTER XI.

MUNICIPALITY — CHURCH.

Finis malorum. Finis coronat opus.

THE continence enjoined on priests, to make them seem sanctified, says Dulaure, has had the reverse of the effect intended, having soured and fanaticized the minds of those who have submitted to it. This rule of conduct for men born in the midst of turmoil and ignorance, approved at one time and condemned at another, has always been broken, because it is in direct opposition to the supreme and irresistible law of nature. By attempting to stop a torrent, it has been made to overflow and ravage its banks.

Those servants of the altar who have been allowed to marry — priests of the early ages of Christianity and ministers of the Protestant form of worship — have furnished, and will furnish, no such dissolute examples of conduct.*

We are compelled to believe that matrimony is not so very disagreeable as zealous

* *Note by the translator.* — The records of the criminal courts of the United States by no means bear out this inference.

disciples of celibacy and mysogamists would persuade us, by the statistical fact that, in France, the vast number of EIGHT MILLIONS TWO HUNDRED AND NINETY THOUSAND AND SIXTY-FOUR marriages were registered between the years of our Lord eighteen hundred and eighteen hundred and thirty-five.

During this period, seventeen millions a hundred and thirty-five thousand four hundred and forty-four male children have come into the world,

And sixteen millions ninety thousand nine hundred and seventy-eight female ;

Proof positive arithmetical, stronger than the most heart-rending eloquence.

The visit of the affianced couple to the town-house must awaken very contradictory feelings and reflections in both. In most cases, the bridegroom only contemplates the accomplishment of a formality that fixes his position in society forever, and the interests involved in the contract he signs ; he thinks but of the pleasure of having a handsome, agreeable wife ; or else he muses on the weariness that always results from a marriage whose sole motive is money — a misery that Fortune is nevertheless taking it on herself to simplify perfectly.

What must be the feelings of the girl on whom so many curious eyes are fixed !

Before her, or at her side, stands a man who has besieged her with his persuasions and gallantries for six months. Can this maiden, cased in a corset, this willing martyr to the coquetry of exhibiting to all eyes all the advantages with which nature has endowed her, and which she now holds for the benefit of one person only, with a coronal of artificial flowers on her head, and an enormous bouquet of white ones in her bosom, — can this maiden, who blushes without knowing wherefore, can she understand, at a moment when she looks without seeing and listens without hearing, the full scope of the laws that impose on her the obligation punctually to fulfil their requisitions? does she even suspect the import of the words *obedience to* and *cohabitation with* her husband? No; and that she does not is so true, that the explanation of the marriage articles by the civil magistrate originated from the exclamation of a widow who, thinking that the mayor, while reminding her of the nature of the obligations she was contracting anew, for *et cetera*, said *et se taira*,* cried loudly out against it, insisted on taking back all that had gone before, and would not proceed with the ceremony till she was thoroughly certified that silence was not enjoined by the code.

* “And shall hold her tongue” — a joke that cannot be perfectly rendered.

The word *yes* very faintly articulated, a more imposing ceremony awaits the bride at church. Can she, then, persuade herself that she is no longer her own property ; that a new life, of joy or of tears, is before her ; and that one little hour and one word have given her a master or a slave ?

If the nuptial benediction, in our days, breathes an air of somewhat profane coquetry, at any rate, its holy effects are respected, and there are no longer any such barbarities recorded in the history of our manners as are related by Gregory of Tours.

Among the retainers of a Duke of Rauching were a young man and maid, the latter related to the duke by blood, mutually and desperately enamored, who asked his consent to their union, according to the laws of the church. The duke consented to their wishes, and asked the priest to grant them absolution. "You know the respect due to the acts of God's church," said the priest ; "you know that, in giving away this couple, you must bind yourself by oath to keep them together and exempt them from corporal punishment."

The duke made no answer, but appeared to hesitate. Finally, he made up his mind and took this oath upon the altar : "I swear never to separate this pair, and promise that this man shall never marry any other

woman, or this woman any other man." After the ceremony, the duke ordered a tree to be cut down, its trunk to be hollowed into a coffin, and a grave to be dug. The hollowed tree was lowered into the pit, and the new-married pair were bound together and placed in it. Then, a lid was fastened upon the coffin, and the whole was covered with earth. "It is no breach of my oath," said the duke; "I have not separated, but united them through time and eternity."

On hearing of this atrocity, the priest hastened, warmly demanded, and with difficulty obtained, the exhumation of the pair. The happy bride was found suffocated; the unfortunate young man was still alive.

The clergy, always ready to thunder at the things of this world, complain bitterly from the pulpit of the prevalence of irreligion. If so many marriages acquire no additional degree of moral force by the nuptial benediction, it is only because the exactions of the clergy speak too loudly against it, and because the expense of a mass is not so easily paid by all who marry as the just indemnities claimed by the mayoralty, which are never more than from fifty centimes to a franc.

The origin of the insatiable thirst of the clergy for money, dates as far back as the popedom of John XXII. By the way, it is

worthy of remark, that Saint Peter's at Rome was built by a tariff on sins. John himself raised the scale of prices of the absolution of all contingent crimes beforehand. A rape might be indulged in at forty-eight sols. It was Pope Leo X. who had this tariff printed, in the Field of Flora, and sent out monks to peddle pardons and indulgences all over Christendom.

Luther, in a rage that his order was not privileged to preach up pardons, — for the trade brought in good returns, — rebelled against these taxes and the tariff on perspective sins, brought about the reformation, on the one hand: on the other, Leo X. built the greatest church in the world with the money raised by it.

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The early church enjoined continence for the first two or three days after the wedding, on all who married for the first time, or, at least, on the wedding night. It was also prescribed every Sunday, and, moreover, during the vigils of the great festivals, which lasted several days. It was the same in Lent. "This," says Saint Augustin, "is the time when husbands separate from their wives, to devote themselves to prayer; albeit it is what they

ought also to do, on certain days, all the year round. The more they abstain from each other, the better they do; for he who abuses the promises offends against him who has promised." Continen- ce was especially observed during the week before Easter, and also the week after Pentecost and Advent.



CHAPTER XII.

THE WEDDING BANQUET.

When I accepted of your tiresome dinner,
An act more foolish never did a sinner ;
And if I don't in kind requite your pain,
'Tis that I won't endure the like again.

LADEN with the benedictions of the Swiss, the beadle, and the worthy and unworthy poor, the horseleeches of the church, the happy pair are rapidly borne to the restorateur's. On entering the saloon, already decked for the banquet, the bridegroom, who commonly burns rather with vexation than love, imprints a kiss on the lips of the bride, embraces the members of his new family and their friends, shakes hands with the guests, and responds to their compliments and congratulations in phrase whose construction goes back to the origin of the French language.

Surrounded by a little circle of ladies, the bride, while she steals glances at her moiety, resumes her habitual tone of gossip. She can now think more coolly of her new position.

The business of the day, the disposition of so many different characters, of persons given to reflect upon the usages of life, of

individuals to whom the wedding feast is the most important part of the affair, the main business of the day, may be thus summed up. For gormands it consists of, —

The action of the vital functions, comprehending

Digestion, which subjects the aliments to their essential elaboration ;

Absorption, which subjects them to the action of the chyle, and conveys them into the circulation ;

Respiration, which achieves the fabrication of blood ;

Circulation, which conducts it to the extremities ;

Nutrition, which incorporates this fluid with the organs ; and,

Lastly, the secretions, which drain off the refuse of nutrition ;

For the merry, of smart sayings, the point of which horribly puzzles the hearers ; for a good joke requires some wit, and much judgment and good humor, — qualities rarely found in professional jokers.

For the women, of conversation about dress and coquetry ; for why do they spend so much time at the toilet, if not to practise and study the air, the gestures and style that become them best ? They dress not so much to cover, as to adorn themselves, and, while alone before the glass, think

more of the men than of themselves; and it is but fair that the men should do something in the same way for them.

I once knew a young lady of good style, who was simply modest, at home, in her every-day dress, and whose pride and vanity expanded in the measure that she saw her charms developed by her attire. When full dressed, she lost in power of pleasing what she gained in self-esteem.

The somewhat tedious hours before dinner passed, the bell rings. Intrigues will presently be shadowed forth at that table, around which the guests are about to take their places. How many husbands are doubly deceived on a wedding day! How many intrigues owe their inception to the conventional courtesies of the table and its multiplied pleasures! Love, gossip, desire, vexation, pleasantry, stupidity, immorality, sadness, gluttony, indisposition, lawsuits, disputes, and singing, make up, with the regular courses, the front and side dishes, the wine, the cordials, and the coffee, the real physiology of the wedding dinner.

SHOULD A MARRIED WOMAN TO DRINK WINE?

Romulus condemned women who drank wine or committed adultery to death, alleging that adultery opened the way to every other crime, and that wine opened the way

to adultery. The Romans obliged their wives to kiss their relations, that their breath might bear witness whether they had observed the law of abstinence or not.

In the times when they began to relax on this point, they contented themselves with depriving wives, who had not been dutiful in this particular, of their dowry. They feared to trust to their discretion on the chapter of drinking, lest it should come to pass that they should drink so deeply as not to be able to distinguish their husbands from other men; for it is clear that nothing but the scruples of the men who found them in that condition could save the honor of wife and husband. Let us copy, here, a remarkable passage from Montaigne:—

“A widow of unblemished reputation, feeling the first symptoms of pregnancy, told her neighbors that, if she had a husband, she should think herself in the family way. The cause of suspicion daily growing more apparent, till, at last, it amounted to certainty, she made proclamation in church, at Sunday lecture, that she would forgive the person who would own himself the author of her situation, and marry him, if he desired it. Imboldened by this proclamation, a farm-servant admitted that he had found her so drunk, and in

so indecent a posture, on a holiday, that he had made use of without awakening her."

HAS COFFEE ANY INFLUENCE ON A MARRIED WOMAN?

In Constantinople, husbands are obliged to provide their wives with coffee; else, they can demand a legal separation. Happy would our husbands be, if they could satisfy their wives with coffee! Saint Evremont thinks that coffee is a sovereign remedy for melancholy, and that it revives the relaxed spirits. He relates, in support of his assertions, that a lady once exclaimed, on hearing that her husband had been killed in battle, "Ah! hapless that I am! bring coffee!" As soon as she had swallowed it, she was consoled. Among us, the offer of an agreeable man's services is much more consolatory to hapless widows; and, accordingly, we see such offers eagerly accepted as soon as made. We may therefore assume that coffee has little moral influence on women, which, doubtless, was what once gave occasion to a philosopher to say that he had found all the widows he had paid his addresses to, engaged beforehand.

The dinner over, and the ball opened by the just-married pair, Gravity paces up and down, Folly frisks, Avarice sits down to the card-table, Intrigue waltzes, Sorrow

makes himself felt as extensively as he can, and the bride, tired out by Politeness, rejoices, though she trembles, to hear the solemn words, "The bride's carriage waits."

The dance of Hymen was anciently performed at weddings by youths and damsels, who enacted the hearty joy of the occasion in gesture, step, and feature.

The nuptial dance, at all weddings, was in vogue at Rome, and was a most licentious picture of all the private acts of matrimony. We have a dance, now, that, judging from its motions, may well be somewhat akin to it.

APOPHTHEGMS.

Wine is nothing but water stagnated in wood.

Nobody is drunk while he can tell a man from a load of hay.

Liquors whose basis is alcohol are sugared poisons, from which the venders get their living and the consumers their death.

OF DRUNKENNESS.

To what excesses does not the immoderate use of wine lead! Noah exposed himself to his sons as he had not done for six hundred years. Lot committed incest with his daughters in his cups. Alexander slew one of his dearest favorites. And how many wives do we not daily see abused in word

and deed by intoxicated husbands ! This vice is carried so far now-a-days, that parents to whom a match is proposed for their daughter always make it their business to inquire whether the party is addicted to the bottle in the first place.

All other faults are overlooked, excepting poverty, which is the capital crime of our era.

When the soul is drenched in wine, its purity is corrupted ; to retain its virginity, it should remain dry. It is a mirror whose clearness is tarnished by the earthy and impure vapors of the day.



CHAPTER XIII.

THE FIRST INDISCRETION OF THE BED-
CHAMBER.

Pray what avails the costliest sacrifice,
Unless 'tis precious in two pairs of eyes ?

The Bride's Mother to her Daughter.

“ OF all the conditions of life, my child, virginity may be considered the most honorable. The difficulty of contending with nature is certainly one reason why it is held so commendable by the world, in which it is,

“ The ornament of manners,

“ The sanctity of the sexes,

“ The peculiar property of modesty,

“ The peace of families,

“ And the source of the holiest friendships.

“ It is a flower carefully reared in a garden walled on every side. Not Christians alone reverence virginity ; the pagans, the very heathen, had a special regard for it. The Romans raised a temple and a statue to Virginity, which they constituted the judge of the purity or infamy of girls ; witness the daughter of the king of Vola-

terra, who put her finger into its mouth without getting bit, and thus cleared herself of a slander spoken of her by a loose-tongued woman. The daughter of Sejanus, not having attained the age of puberty, was deflowered by the executioner before she was strangled, that virginity might not be dishonored in her person. The poets, too, have recorded their esteem for it: the fable tells us that Daphne, turned to a laurel, cannot feel the fire to this day without complaining—emblematic of her chaste avoidance of unhallowed fires of old.

“A certain young wife, whose husband was wrapped in thought, though he lay by her side, asked him if he was ill, or asleep, to which he replied that he was neither.

“‘Why, then, don’t you find some use for your time?’ said she.

“In Lutheran states, when one of the parties denied the other the conjugal right without sufficient excuse, the tribunals first admonished him or her, and then confiscated the personal effects of the offender. If neither of these proceedings had the desired effect, a divorce was decreed, and the complaining party was permitted to marry again. I flatter myself, daughter, that your husband will not need to have recourse to such means to teach you the duties you take upon you as a married

woman. Think not that there is any thing censurable in your husband's kisses ; yield to all his requirements, and, above all, do not think there is any thing derogatory to you in the proofs of his passion.

“ You weep, my poor child if you will believe me, I it is just forty years to-day that just about this time of night I just as you are and your father

 Adieu Ah ! sir, make her happy for all her life
 poor child ! ”



CHAPTER XIV.

THE NUPTIAL CHAMBER ON THE WEDDING
NIGHT.

Know ye the sentient plant, that is but made
To spring at sunrise and at eve to fade?
It shuns the touch; the very breath of shame
Destroys this blossom, Innocence by name.

THE sovereign pleasure, even of kings, is to be found in the arms of an agreeable woman, by whom one is, or believes himself, beloved. It is so far superior to any other, that the wise men of one of the most populous nations on earth have defined it "concentrated beatitude." *

How different is the lot of the lover husband from the libertine's! The one sees in love but sensual pleasure; the other combines with it the raptures of the heart and mind: this thinks only of pleasing himself; that aims yet more to give pleasure to her whom he loves. The delight of the libertine is as vivacious as the lightning's flash, and as transient; the husband adds to it a gentler and more durable pleasure, like the liquors that leave an

* Journal des Savans.

agreeable perfume behind them, which it is pleasant to breathe after we have drank.

Above all pleasures is that which immediately precedes the rest. It is inferior to them, indeed, but to them only. Excepting them, there is nothing earthly to be compared to it.

If Nature had not graduated the pleasure she keeps in store for and grants us, we should have frustrated her intention to prolong it; but she has wisely provided against this by making us anticipate throughout something more delightful than aught that has yet come, even to the end. Besides, we ought to feel greatly obliged to her for raising us gradually to the summit of felicity. If she were sudden in her motions, could we, not to speak of what we might lose in point of duration, withstand the shock? Sensual men, prepared as they are for it, sometimes sink under the excess of pleasure. It is very natural, then, that it should be too much for young women who feel it for the first time. What would be the consequence if we tasted it without preparation? We should run the risk of dying of too much transport.

Though the wedding night, thanks to its pleasing difficulties, has the precious power to stay pleasure several times, and sometimes to recall it, it is yet but an inferior sample of the happiness the married pair

enjoy a few days after the wedding ; for, to both, a first caress is but the echo of the last accents of a song sung by the most pleasing voice in the world.

In order to account for the sensations experienced by wives after marriage, we must take into consideration their sex ; and I return daily thanks to Heaven for having created me a man. They are in the right to blush when questioned on this subject, and to be ashamed to talk of what they, not less properly, do not shame to do, every day. Some will tell you they know not what you are talking about, and others will own their feelings. I believe we must ordinarily deduce the truth from the contraries of what they say, and that it is not otherwise to be expected from their mouths.

What heartfelt pain must attend the entrance of a young girl so suddenly taken from her family, and wrenched from all her habits of life, on her entrance into the nuptial chamber ! Doubtless, the emotions of the day are not to be put in comparison with what she must feel when her husband, in virtue of his privilege as master of his own house, slowly takes off her bridal ornaments. The words, unintelligible to her innocence, that the bride has heard from the lips of her mother ; the couch upon which she finds herself thrown, so to speak,

by force ; the husband, already presuming on his rights, and saying, "Do you love me?" and then instantaneously changing from the respect of an hour ago to the familiar tone that, for twenty years, has never met her ears — Ah ! it must be admitted that this new life, with the strange phases that usher it in and follow it, and which maiden modesty cannot guess at, with its secret incidents, is quite enough to upset and revolutionize the frail organization of a young bride.

" Love
 forever Ah !! . . . hurt happy . .
 suffer for . .
 pleasure ! "



CHAPTER XV.

THE MORROW.

I fell asleep, and, as I thought, in clover,
And wept, at waking, that my dream was over ;
For, finding underneath me many a thorn,
I cursed my luck in ever being born.

At his awakening, a new-married husband
must be intoxicated with love,
Tormented by doubt, or,
As he looks at the future through either
face of the prism, every thing appears to
him either

Roseate,
Dark green,
Or, black as night.

The husband is therefore called upon to
live an excellent life ;

To live with, but not love his wife ; or,
To make himself even with her.



CHAPTER XVI.

THE CONJUGAL CALENDAR.

Here's a new day to date from in your houses ;
Not very lucky, ah ! for many spouses ;
But take it, for my almanac is lost,
And I must haste, or I shall lose the post.

THE hours, days, months, and years of married life, present a great variety of aspects. With some — I mean happy pairs — time flies too fast ; to others — and their name is legion — the months and years seem to have lost their wings. The household of any of these is a prison, and their life a constant struggle to break a chain that defies all their efforts.

To united couples, the different parts of the day bring in and give birth to sensations and pleasures more or less lively and keenly felt. Morning is Nature's awakening hour, which the birds hail with their songs, when the hearts of the married are most predisposed to light and delicate emotions.

Noon develops muscular energy. Then the arterial motion is most perceptibly felt, and then the flowers expand.

The approach of evening brings melancholy, and glad tears, with its obscurity,

silence, and coolness. It is the time when women are weakest, and the passions of men are strongest.

The regular variety of temperature of the months has, like that of the different portions of the day, a physiological and psychological influence upon the married — an influence with which it is important they should be acquainted.

In January, the month of hoar frosts, nature is in a state of apparent inaction. The influence of cold upon organic beings is remarkable. In love, this month counts fifteen unpleasant days, on an average, for wives.

The temperature begins to meliorate, and husbands begin to thaw in February. Their last frosts are in the last days of this month, after which their passions begin to revive.

Spring comes in March, and man and beast seem to revive with nature. The aged feel a new life, and therefore this month is always welcomed by old women. To young husbands it is the season of love, which sprouts vigorously, during from one hour to three minutes in the morning, and for forty-six minutes in the evening. The flowers of spring are white; those of summer, red; autumn's are yellow. Women have a much stronger predilection for some than for others.

April, the epoch at which buds open and blow, sprang from Venus, the goddess of love and fecundity. In this month, the raven builds his nest; the swallows — feathered emblems of fidelity — return to the eaves; and the cuckoo's disagreeable note is heard. Presently is heard the nightingale's delicious warbling, and the wren arrives. The nights are still somewhat cool.

May, the most agreeable month of the twelve, is the season of the finest and most abundant flowers, when the quails frolic and the turtles mourn on every side. Then wives flourish, and embalm the nuptial bower, and then the dew is most copious.

June is the time most important in the incubation of birds. Conjugal warmth then becomes more regular, and is on the increase.

Men are more agreeable for twenty-eight minutes in the morning, and as many in the evening, in July.

August notifies many couples of early peaches, and snipes flock in. Quarrelsome days, 10; agreeable, out of doors, 12; variable, 14; calm, 16; angry, 3; tears shed by wives in this month in the conjugal dwelling, 1 inch $10\frac{1}{2}$ lines.

Love, in September, enters Libra, the sign of equality of conjugal nights and days

to all husbands. Their mercury ranges considerably lower, and falls, mostly, in the night; birds moult, generally; slight family breezes in families, occasioned by wind at south and south-west.

The first married pairs of wild ducks come in October, as well as balls and woodcocks, who are followed by pigeons and sportsmen. Larks are left for fashionable concerts. Husbands leave off singing, and grow yellow.

November is the time of the decay and decrepitude of the conjugal passions, and the retirement of the bees. Household frosts begin.

Lastly, in December, when the days are shortest, and the nights longest, as they consist of fifteen hours fifty minutes, matrimonial iconology very properly represents husbands under the form of an old man carrying a lantern, with a fagot on his shoulders.

The affections of marriage are attributed to the colors of flowers. Hope is said to be green, innocence white, and modesty roseate. The ancients assigned a flower to each hour of the day.

The first hour formed a bouquet of full-blown flowers;

The second, a bouquet of heliotropes;

The third, a bunch of white roses;

The fourth, a bunch of hyacinths;

The fifth, citrons ;
The sixth, lotus ;
The seventh, lupines ;
The eighth, oranges ;
The ninth, olive leaves ;
The tenth, leaves of the poplar ;
The eleventh, marigolds ;
The twelfth, pansies and violets.





