

## Select Tale.

## THE BACHELORS BUTTON;

OR, HOW A SINGLE GENTLEMAN GOT INTO DIFFICULTY,  
AND HOW HE GOT OUT OF IT.

## CHAPTER I.

Some years ago, when I was a single man and dreaming (as some single men do) of double bliss yet destined to arrive, I went to a concert at the Music Hall of Boston. Music is, poetically and proverbially, "the food of love," and in my sentimental state I consumed a good deal of it; not that I had any object in view. Mine was abstract love; I cultivated it. I increased my stock, so that I might have a good stock of the tender passion on hand whenever I saw an eligible opportunity of investing it. Well, to return to the concert; it was crowded to excess, and the rush, on leaving, to reach cabs and carriages, was very great. I wore on that memorable night a blue coat with brass buttons, and I flattered myself there were worse looking men in the room. I tell you candidly, I admired myself, and next to myself, the other party I was struck with was a fine girl, with dark eyes and black hair, who sat with some young friends a few forms distant. I hoped she noticed me and my blue coat with brass buttons. I looked at her often enough to attract her attention to both; and being as my friends would say, in rather a *spooney* state, worked myself in a towering passion—of love. But how was I to come at the object of my admiration, for I was as diffident as devoted—"as shy as I was vain," as an over-candid friend once said? "Hail Columbia," which concluded the concert, surprised me, as unprepared as on the first glance to "improve the occasion," and the company were shoaling out, while I stood mutely gazing after the object of my love at first sight. She and her party eddied for a while by the inner door of the concert room, and were then drawn out into the retiring current, and lost to sight.

I followed quickly after, lest I should lose forever all opportunity of identifying my idol; but, alas! the lights in the outer corridor were few and so far between, that no glimpse of my star could I get. I pushed and elbowed through the crowd, with a view of getting to the outer door before my fair one's party had emerged, and thus gaining once more a sight of my sweetening.

"Hang it!" I muttered impatiently, as I felt a tug at my coat skirt, and was instantly conscious of one of my hind buttons having hitched to some lady's dress; my progress was suddenly arrested.—"How provoking!" thought I, as I was brought to a stand, for I could not push on without losing a button or tearing a dress; "how provoking the modern fashions; a lady now has as many loops and as many tentacles about her apparel as a sea anemone." It was with some irritation I stopped to undo the button, but my hurry made the task more difficult, and instead of undoing, I only bungled and more twisted the loop around the button.

"Please to let me try," said the lady herself as I bungled over the business; she ungloved her hand—it was a sweet white hand; so I looked at her face. Stars and garters! but it was the very fair one, black hair and dark eyes, I was in pursuit of. As she stooped over the entangled button, a slight flush came over her cheek. Oh, it was delicious. I hoped she would never undo the loop; and, indeed, she never would, for her fingers were twitching nervously, and my heart was beating audibly; I tried to help her; our fingers met.

"Please to make way there," shouted a gruff voice behind. We were blocking up the passage; was there ever such an unlucky spot for so lucky an entanglement.

"You hinder the people from going out, Annie," exclaimed one of her companions with some asperity; "plague upon the tiresome loop, break it!" and suiting the action to the word, the speaker leaned forward, caught the sleeve of her beautiful friend's dress in one hand, and my coat-tail in the other, and giving a quick and decided tug, severed us. The crowd behind bore on, and we were separated; not, however before I gave my "star" a look which I intended to speak volumes. I thought she did not seem unconscious of my meaning—our eyes met, I know, and this was the only consolation left me, for immediately afterwards I lost her and her party to view in the darkness outside.

## CHAPTER II.

"This night I hardly closed my eyes, thinking of my 'bright particular star,' and what means I should use to find her out. I knew little of the town which was a large one, and to expect to know the name of my fair one, by a mere description was hopeless, for there doubtless must be a great many with dark eyes and black hair within the 'bills of mortality' there as elsewhere.

My love fit grew more and more violent during the day; but tired out by my search, I returned to the hotel, and took out my dress coat from my portmanteau to feed my flame even with the contemplation of the inanimate business button that had detained the "black-eyed divinity" so long. It was no little delight I now discovered what did not before catch my eye—a fragment of the silk loop of her dress still adhered to the button, twisted round the shank. I pressed it to my lips; it was lilac in color—and stooped to gently distangle it from the bit of brass as gently as though it were a tress of my loved one's hair, when something clinked in my skirt pocket. I supposed I had left some money there, for in my perturbation and excitement I omitted to search the coat on taking it off the night before. I thrust my hand into the pocket. Gracious me! What did I behold—what did I take out—a gold chain bracelet!

You could have "brained" me with my lady's fan. I saw at a glance how matters stood—in the excitement and flurry of undoing the loop from my button, the lady had undone the clasp of her own bracelet, which had not unnaturally fallen into the coat skirt with which she was engaged, and doubtless, on missing it, instead of regarding me in a romantic light, she put it down that I was of the swell mob, and had purposely entangled in her dress in order to rob her of her jewelry.

Here was an anti-heroic position to find one's self, when I wished to be considered the most devoted of knights, to be remembered only as the most expert of pickpockets! Was ever an honest lover in such a plight, and to make it worse I could not see how I was to escape from such a dilemma. I must go down to the grave remembered only in that dear one's mind as the nefarious purloiner of her bracelet. To find her out was impossible; but a bright idea struck me, as my eye lighted on a newspaper lying on the coffee-room table. I rang the bell and inquired of the waiter, when the local paper was published. "To-morrow morning," he answered. I sat down and wrote an advertisement it was in the following words:

"If the lady, whose dress got entangled in a gentleman's coat button, in leaving the concert last Wednesday, will call at or send to the Tremont Hotel, she will hear something to her advantage."

There, I thought, as I gave the advertisement to the boy, and five shillings to pay for insertion in the *Traveller*, there, if that will not give me a clue to escape from a very unpleasant dilemma, and at the same time to know who my enchanter is, the fates must be very unpropitious.

My plans being thus so far adopted, I ordered dinner, and waited patiently or rather impatiently, the appearance of the newspaper next morning. It was brought up to my room, damp from the press, and then I read, in all the glory of large type, my interesting announcement. But, my stars! with what an advertisement was it followed in the very same column. I only wonder that my hair did not stand on end, as I read as follows:

**REWARD.**—Lost, or stolen, on the night of the Concert, at the Hall, a Gold Chain Bracelet. It is thought to have been taken from the lady's arm by a pickpocket, of gentlemanly appearance, who wore a blue coat with brass buttons, and kept near the lady on her leaving the hall.

Any one giving information as will lead to the recovery of the bracelet, or the capture of the thief, (if it was stolen,) will receive the above reward, on applying to No. 7 Cambridge Place.

## CHAPTER III.

Here was a pretty plight—to be advertised in the public papers as a pickpocket, when my only crime was like Othello's, that of

"Loving, not wisely, but too well."

My determination, however, was quickly adopted. I went up stairs, put on the very identical delinquent blue coat, so accurately described, and taking the paper in my hand, proceeded to 7 Cambridge Place.

I knocked at the door, and asked the servant who answered, the name of the family. Having heard it, I said "Is Miss Raymond in?"

"Yes, sir," replied the servant woman: "Who shall I say wants her?"

"Tell her," I replied, "that the pickpocket, with a gentlemanly address, and blue coat, with brass buttons, who stole her bracelet, is here and wishes to return it to her."

The woman stared at me as though I were mad, but on repeating my request to her, she went in and delivered my message.

Soon there came out, not my fair one, "With all that's best of dark and bright Meeting in aspect and eye," but a stalwart brother.

"That," I said, handing him the bracelet, "is Miss Raymond's property; and though, as you perceive I wear a blue coat, with brass buttons, and am flattered to think my manners are not ungentlemanly, I am bound in candor to say I am not a pickpocket."

"Then, sir, you shall have the reward," said the brother, taking out his purse.

"No," I replied, "for, strange as it may appear though I am no pickpocket, I stole the lady's bracelet."

The man looked puzzled, but when I told the truth, and pointed to my advertisement in the paper, as a proof that I did not want to walk off with the property, he laughed heartily at the whole story, and not the least at his description of the gentlemanly pickpocket.

"Well," he said "you had better walk in and have tea with us, and my sister will be able to say whether she can speak to your identity, after which it will be time enough to canvass the propriety of sending for a constable."

You may be assured that I accepted the invitation. Need I go further with my story. The young lady (to use the words of the advertisement) captured the pickpocket. The bachelors button no longer adorns my blue coat, and I now have framed and glazed over the fire-place, the advertisement in which I have been publicly described by my wife, as "a pickpocket with a gentlemanly address."—When I charge her with the libel, she always does what she has just this moment done, pay damage for the slander in any amount of kisses, declaring though not a pickpocket, I was a thief, and stole her heart and pocketed her bracelet.

So ends the story of "A BACHELOR'S BUTTON."

## Miscellaneous.

**KISSING A BACHELOR!**—A correspondent relates the following incident:—"We have a friend—a bachelor friend—very fond of the society of the ladies, but extremely modest and diffident with all. A few evenings since he went to make a call upon an acquaintance who had recently taken to himself a wife, young and beautiful, and, as a matter of course, overflowing with affection for her husband. Now this lovely wife of a week, like all other wives, could scarcely survive the brief absence of her husband for the discharge of his business; and always upon his return met him upon the threshold, and smothered him with kisses. It so happened, when our friend called, that the husband was absent, but was momentarily expected by the fond and anxious wife. She heard his footfall upon the step, and, supposing it to be her husband rushed forth to meet him; and he had scarcely laid his hand upon the bell-pull before the door flew open, and his neck was encircled by a pair of white arms, and burning kisses fell thick and fast upon his lips and cheeks—while a full and throbbing breast was strained to his! Here was a trying situation for a diffident man, and our friend came near fainting on the spot; but, fortunately the lady discovered her mistake in season to prevent such a melancholy event, and he escaped from the house more dead than alive. The last we saw of him, he was leaning against a tree, fanning himself with his sombrero, in order to recover strength to regain his lodgings."

**SHELLS AND ALL.**—Dr. G. Bachelier after listening with torture to a pressing account of "symptoms" from a lady, who ailed so little that she was going to the opera that evening, happily escaped from the room, when he was urgently requested to step up stairs again; it was to ask him whether, on her return from the opera, she might eat some oysters. "Yes ma'am," said Bachelier, "shells and all."

**AREA OF THE LAKES.**—The Five Great Lakes of North America have recently been surveyed, and it is found they cover an area of 60,000 square miles. The total length of the five lakes is 1,534 miles. Lake Superior at its greatest length, is 255 miles; its greatest breadth 160 miles; mean depth 988 feet; elevation above the sea, 627 feet; area 32,000 square miles. Lake Michigan is 360 miles long; its greatest breadth is 108 miles; its mean depth is 960 feet; elevation, 687 feet, area 20,000 square miles. Lake Huron in its greatest length, is 290 miles, its greatest breadth is 160 miles; mean depth 300 feet, elevation 574 feet area 20,000 square miles. Lake Erie is 250 miles long, greatest breadth 89 miles, mean depth 200 feet, elevation 555 feet; area 6,000 square miles. Lake Ontario has a length of 180 miles, and its mean breadth is 65 miles; mean depth 500 feet; elevation above the ocean 261 feet, area 9,000 square miles.

**SAILORS AND DONKEYS.**—A considerable degree of amusement was created by a scene enacted after a dinner given at Portsmouth. Everybody knows that a sailor can never resist the temptation to have a ride upon any animal that has four legs to stand upon—albeit they know not much about the amount of weight, or rather freight, he is capable of carrying. Now it so happened that there

were three or four donkeys in the field where the dinner had been given. No sooner were they despatched than they were crowded with riders from the ears to the tail. This was rather more than donkeys bargain for, though they do put up with a great deal; so, with a few shakes of the head, a discordant bray, and a display of heels in the air, down came riders, donkeys, and all, to the ground. As the donkeys could not carry all the sailors, it was decided to carry them. No sooner said than done; and, to the astonishment of the animals, who, for the first time in their lives, were treated to a ride, instead of being ridden, they were whipped up and carried in triumph round the field, amid shouts of laughter, and much in the same fashion as many a man has been chaired against his will. We verily believe the humor for fun was so rife, that had Wombwell's menagerie arrived, wild beasts vans, and even the keeper, would have had a hoist in the air.

**MANURING.**—It has been taught by Professors of Agricultural Chemistry, and apparently upon reasonable grounds, that the very worst way to apply manure was to spread it out on the field and leave it exposed. It was argued that this exposure caused a loss of ammonia by evaporation, hence farmers were taught to plough their manures under as soon as they were spread upon the soil, under the penalty of losing a great deal of fertilizing properties. An essay on this subject, by Dr. Voelcker, Prof. of Chemistry in the Royal Agricultural College, at Cirencester, Eng., contains statement that will surprise our farmers. He asserts, that if spread upon the field and allowed to lie until it is washed with rains, it is more beneficial than to plow it in at once. When spread out on a field, fermentation is stopped and volatile matter ceases to escape.—In the case of clay soils, he remarks, "I have no hesitation to say, that the manure may be spread even six months before it is plowed in, without losing any appreciable quantity of manuring matter."—*Olive Branch.*

**THE CITY OF HERAT,** whose recent capture by the Persians threatens to involve England in a war with Persia, and perhaps with Russia, is a place of great antiquity and of commercial and military importance, situated in West Afghanistan. It was formerly a great central mart for the exchange of products from India, China, Tartary, Afghanistan and Persia. For a long time it was the capital of the empire of Tamerlane. Some of its mosques are as old as the 13th century. It was taken from the Afghans by the Persians in 1715—retaken by Nadir Shah in 1731—and recovered by the Afghans in 1749. It was besieged unsuccessfully by the Persians in 1838, at which time its population was estimated at 45,000. They have now taken the place; but the English government cannot, consistently with the position it has taken suffer it to remain in their hands. Russia, however stands ready, as it is said, to back up its ally, the Shah of Persia, and to send 50,000 troops to his aid, on demand.

**ZOUAVE BRAVERY.**—The following incident occurred in an Algerian campaign. In the attack on a village, the enemy held a small redoubt, to take which became of vital importance to the French.—The enclosure was a loop-hold wall about seven feet high, from inside of which some forty or fifty Arabs shot down the French as fast as they could load and fire. A hundred men of the Zouaves were ordered to assault the place. They attempted three times to do so, but failed each time. Their captain was killed, and both their officers wounded, while nearly a third of their number were speedily placed *hors de combat*. Every man who attempted to get over the wall was killed on the spot, and the remainder of the party began to show symptoms of hesitation. Perceiving this, a young sergeant turned round to his comrades and said, "Take me on your shoulders and throw me over the wall. I shall be killed, but the rest of the men will scramble after me somehow, in spite of the bullets."—This, after some remonstrance, was done. The man was thrown over; and in less time than it takes to write these lines, his companions followed him in, and held possession of the place. Strange to say the sergeant, though severely wounded, was not killed. Six months after this event, I hear he has been promoted, and has also had the cross of the legion of honor conferred upon him. I wonder what would have become of such a sergeant in England!—*Household Words.*

**TRUE PLEASURE.**—The unregulated gratification of the lower propensities, is short lived, and unsatisfactory; and when the impulse of excitement is over, the moral sentiments condemn the conduct, so that no agreeable emotion arises from reflection on the past. The indulgence of these on the other hand under the guidance of the moral sentiments, is pleasing at the time, and not painful on retrospection; while the direct exercise of the higher sentiments themselves and intellect affords the highest present delight, and the most lasting satisfaction in eternity.—*George Campbell.*