

You want one to look after you—to sew on your buttons, scold your servants, and keep your room in order. I was up in your room the other day, when you was out, and John, I was actually ashamed of it. The chairs were scattered all around, your slippers were in the middle of the floor, the gun was standing up in one corner—just think, it might go off, and kill some one.

Why, Sis, said I, it wasn't loaded; and besides, was pointed at the ceiling.

I don't care for that, was the reply; guns are dangerous things to have around; and there were boots tucked away under bureaus, and there were ever so many cigar stumps on the stove hearth—and—and—and, said Lucy, the dog—that is, one of them, was under the bed, and I looked behind the bureau, and I don't believe it had ever been swept out there; your best hat was hanging on the bedpost, and we looked in your drawers, to said Mary, and such confusion. Here you had as many as three or four pounds of shot tied up in one of your best silk stockings; your hair grease was in the same drawer with your cravats, and there was a dog-collar lying on your collars; and then there was a whole lot of fish-hooks wrapped in a white handkerchief, your razor soap and brushes were each in a different drawer, and your shirts were scattered about promiscuously, and such shirts! echoed Lucy. The bosoms said Mary, were good enough, if the buttons had not been gone; but that was about all there was to them. The flaps were all torn off!

Now, girls, said I, you really must not scold so; those were really very good shirts when they were new; but when I go shooting I sometimes get out of wading and I (I would not mention it to any ladies except you) I tear off the flaps to supply the deficiency.

You extravagant fellow, said Lucy, to tear up your shirts for gun wading. Just let me catch my husband at anything of the kind!—and she shook her head in so determined a manner, that I thought it was very lucky for me that fate had not made her Mr John R. Smith's wife instead of his sister.

Your stockings, continued Mary, had holes in the toe, and in the heels, said Lu, and then they both commenced talking together, and I could only once in a while distinguish a word or two. Shirts, collars, tooth brushes, powder, boot-jacks, fish-rods, stockings, seemed to be mixed up all together, but at the end of their speeches they both came to the same conclusion, that John needs a wife, and that they wouldn't give him any peace till he got one.—Now, the question is—must I get a wife?

Which is the most endurable, the intermittent lectures of two women, or the continual discourse of one? Both are evils, but which are the least? Let me imagine a Mrs Smith on the premises at this moment, and try to fancy the feelings of a Benedict. The first exclamation of the madam would be; John do take that nasty cigar out of your mouth; I've told you again and again that I will not allow smoking in the house, and you pay no more regard to me than if I were a stone; and get that ugly dog out of the house. Here take that you rascal; and then Turk would have a taste of the broomstick. I told you I would be at him if I found him in this room again; he's an ugly good for nothing cur, and yesterday nearly killed the cat. Well, I declare, if you have not got your feet on the window sill, which it took me an hour to clean this very afternoon; you don't seem to care one bit how much I slave and toil for you. When you came home this afternoon you laid your dirty gun right down on the clean sofa, and now it don't look fit to be seen. You left gun, boots, and boot-jack in the middle of the floor, for me to pick up, and—

Bah! I can't begin to think of a wife any more. She would kill my dogs, hide my gun, burn up my boot jack, put my cigars in the water, and raise the devil generally. I should not live two years under such government. I suppose there are such things once in a while as wives that are worth having, but they are scarce. I know quite a number of men who have been married since I knew them, and there is not one who has been improved by it. Then there was Ed Carrington. Five years ago he was one of the best fellows that ever lived; could sing the best song, and tell the best story of any one I was ever acquainted with. He knew everybody, rich and poor, and there was no one who did not like him.

Well, Ed took it into his head to get married. He got a rosy checked, black haired little wife, one of the meekest looking little bodies imaginable; and now Ed walks about sober as a deacon, is very obedient to his wife, and left off his acquaintances. His wife does just as she likes with him, and yet she is not five feet tall, and he is a six-footer.

The women we read about are pretty hard cases, most of them—from Eve down to Lola Montez. Women are evils that a fact—necessary evils, I suppose, and mighty wicked ones; I won't get married—No sir-ee! Ah! softly, there's Mary and Lu—they're enough to tease the life out of any man, or any dozen of men. They've reduced their husbands to complete submission, and have nothing to do but plague me. They come here two or three times a week, to put things in order, and then I can never find anything I want. If I was married, my wife might keep them out of my drawers—she might be useful in that way—I never

thought of that before. Poor consolation that however, for the loss of liberty! Bah! what a horrible fix I am in. I've a great mind to emigrate—go to California, Japan—somewhere—anywhere where I have no feminine relations. What a plague these Madam Petticoats are.—I can appreciate the truth of these lines:—

“Women but a fleeting show,
For man's vexation given.”
That's so, by Jove! and it's a great consolation to know that there is one place where they will never plague us, and that is heaven. The heart feminine is naturally more prone to evil than the masculine organ, I firmly believe.

The different nature of the sexes are shown by their different pursuits and tastes. An old bachelor surrounds himself with dogs, and has a passion for horses. A dog is one of the noblest of animals. There is nothing mean or cringing in his disposition; all open and above board—affectionate and true. No change of fortune affects him, and even hard usage fails to alienate his love. But an old maid fills the house with cats, and the town with scandal, most detestably hateful articles, both of them. There is nothing noble in a cat. It sneaks about the house with a noiseless tread—will not scratch if you smooth the fur the right way, and is as much gratified with the touch of a stranger as with the caress of its mistress;—will stay with you as long as it is fed well, and afterward until it can find a richer home. No wonder the old maids like them, for no two dispositions are more thoroughly alike than those of a cat and a woman.

There's Miss Jerusha Darnwell, over the way keeps seven cats, and she is a very decent sort of an old maid—that is, compared with the rest of the genus. I wonder if she don't think Smith is a more eponymous name than Darnwell. She has been very affectionate towards me lately. I must be on my guard.

In the newspaper, this morning, I noticed some very sensible and excellent lines on woman, expressing my own sentiments exactly:—

The frown of woman—'tis a fearful thing;
The wit of woman—shield me from its sting;
The faith of woman—fragile as her glass;
The face of woman—mercury and brass;
The charms of woman—serve to lead astray;
The eye of woman—dazzling but to slay;
The head of woman—with strange vagaries filled;
The love of woman—thousands it hath killed;
The youth of woman—foolism, sing-song dress;
The age of woman—scolding fretfulness;
The smile of woman—harbingers of guile;
The tears of woman—chiefly crocodile's;
The heart of woman—flinty, ruthless, cold;
The hand of woman—bought with land and gold;
The heels of woman—they who're wise will shun;
The nails of woman—oft they've made me run;
The tongue of woman—'tis hung in the middle,
The wrath of woman—now I'll hang up my fiddle.”

Pshaw! I won't get a wife. I'd rather go to Japan. Come Carlo, Turk, Brutus, we'll go hunting, and no woman shall stop us.

ALLIGATORS IN AMERICA.

At daylight we found ourselves in the Red River—a sullen, sluggish, red ochre-coloured stream; floods from the Rocky Mountains had occasioned it to overflow its banks, through some where about one hundred miles, which we ascended; which gave us the appearance of steering right through the forest. The effect was grand and novel; the stream was rapid; and the great red flood rushed through the trees as far as the eye could reach. On every log or uncovered bank lay numbers of alligators; we fired with our rifles at many of them, and although close to them, the ball had no effect, except in the instance of a very small one, which a Yankee killed. They seldom prove the attacking party, but such instances have occurred; it is said that the best means of escape is for the attacked to get to a tree, and run constantly round it. The alligators cannot turn quickly; all their strength, when on land, is in the tail, with which they sweep their prey into their mouths; from their extreme length they can only move in an angular direction, and find it impossible to turn quickly enough to catch a man describing a small circle round a tree.—Captain LeVigne.

THE REALLY GOOD WIFE.—It is a blessed thing for a poor man to have a contented wife; one who will not wish to live in style beyond her husband's income, just because her next door neighbour does; one who can be happy in the love of her husband, her home, and its beautiful duties, without asking the world for its smiles or its favour.

APPLICATION AND SUCCESS.—Application is one of the great secrets of perfection.—Success is the offspring of cheerfulness and courage.

UNWILLING TROOPS.—The Emperor of Russia is setting the whole of his militia in motion. Doubtless it will be a forced march with most, if not all of them.

QUERY.—When a lady writes a novel can her copy be legibly called waugh scrip?—Punch

Incidents of the War.

BATTLE OF KARS.

The following letter, giving a full account of this sanguinary engagement, is copied from the London Times.

Kars, Oct. 2.—We have had, as you are aware, for the last seventeen weeks, a most tedious and painful blockade, maintained by a formidable Russian army of at least 35,000 men whose numerous cavalry—regular and irregular—did their duty so well that we could scarcely contrive to get a letter through their lines.—The neglected state of our own army, which after having been delivered over to the worst of commanders, had been beaten in five battles, and since then neither paid or re-inforced, forbade all idea of our acting in any manner on the offensive. Since the arrival of General Williams and his staff, however, the most has been made of the army, the men have been cared for, encouraged, and instructed by Captain Thompson and Teesdale, the most formidable batteries have been planned and erected by Colonel Lake; and General Williams has worked incessantly to encourage, feed, and take care of the soldiers, and to arm and inspire the citizens of Kars.

For some days past, we have observed large convoys of heavy-laden waggons proceeding from the Russian camp, which movements, occurring as they did after the receipt of the most glorious news of the fall of Sebastopol and the landing of Omar Pasha, made us suppose that the enemy was intending to raise the siege and prepare for the defence of Georgia. One gallant officer, however, General Kmetz (Ismael Pasha) persisted in the opinion that the Russians would try an assault before their departure, and this officer commanded the works on the heights on that side of the town nearest the Russian camp. Before I proceed to narrate what happened on the 29th, I must give you a rough description of Kars. The city, a truly Oriental one, lies at the base of a line of rocky hills, about four miles in length on the north. The forts of Tahmasiie on the western extremity of this range, which is cut in the centre by a deep gorge through which flows a river; the eastern extremity terminates in a large rocky hill called the Karadagh, well fortified, and on the eastern brink of the gorge is a strong earthwork, called Arab Tabia. Between the eastern and western extremities of this ridge, and to the north of the town, are placed a line of earthworks, connected by breastworks, called the English Tabias, and the nearest to the Tahmasi forts is that called Fort Lake, which contains a blockhouse, and is the key of the whole position. On the south of the city a certain portion of the plain is enclosed by a square line of forts and breastworks, like the rest, all of earth and of recent construction.

On the morning of the 29th, or rather at midnight, the distant rumble of guns was heard by the centres on Tahmasi, and General Kmetz at once called all the troops in that direction under arms, but after this long interval of silence ensued. About an hour before the dawn, sundry suspicious noises were again heard, and at last, by the feeble light of the crescent moon, a large dark moving mass was observed advancing towards a battery in which was Captain Teesdale, a most gallant young soldier; at once the guns were opened on the column, when a loud hurrah rung from enemies unseen, who had almost surrounded the whole of the north-west works. All suspense was now at an end, the corps of Turks in this position found themselves assaulted in front and flank, while a column was moving round in the rear. It was still nearly dark, so that in this, the commencement of the action, very little of our powerful artillery could come into play. The Russian columns advancing with wonderful steadiness, were met with volleys of musketry at point-blank range, directed from flanking breastworks, while from time to time Teesdale's guns poured out murderous grape. At the extreme point of Tahmasi the enemy actually penetrated into the batteries, and were at once bayoneted. While this murderous struggle was going on, a vigorous artillery fire from the enemy was kept up on Kanli Tabia, in the plain, far removed from the real point of the danger. This, of course, was but a feint. Fort Lake, the key of the whole position on the north, and the English batteries immediately behind the town, which I have mentioned, were now attacked, and the latter being defended by a very weak force, chiefly irregulars, were carried by assault, and the enemy then began shelling the town.—But daylight now showed clearly each position and movement of the enemy, General Williams despatched two or three companies of Rifles to the English Tabias under one of our best officers, Kadir Bey, and these, with troops from Fort Lake, charged the Russians, and fairly drove them out of the batteries at the point of the bayonet; meantime, from Karodagh, Captain Thompson had, with the eye of a general albeit a young one, despatched one or two companies over the gorge of the river, who took up a flanking position in the midst of rocks commanding these English Tabias, and by immense exertions he also got some heavy guns to bear on them, so that he soon changed the Russian retreat into a rabble rout. Some Russian

cavalry made a gallant charge here, but soon came to grief among some *troups de loup*.

Meanwhile the battle was raging at the original point of attack; the rolling fire of musketry was incessant, and the thunder of the artillery from the numerous batteries, never ceased for a moment. At one time, and only once, some little symptom of giving way was observed, but no sooner observed than the fresh fire from reinforcements, despatched by General Williams and Colonel Kmetz, changed the backward into a forward movement; the loud hurrahs of the Russian hosts were soon mingled with the yells of the Turks, who fought with the ferocity of tigers, charging repeatedly with the bayonet. White-turbaned citizens were seen rushing into the fight hewing with their scimitars, and Lazi mountaineers springing like wolves from behind rocks, and charging with the clubbed rifle or broad two-edged dagger. The gray-coated Russians, too, fought with wondrous courage; again and again they advanced to the deadly breast-work, and were blown from the very mouths of the guns or bayoneted in the batteries. As the action continued, and each new movement of the enemy was tried, the excellency of Colonel Lake's batteries was fully proved. Wherever the columns of the enemy were directed they found themselves under a flanking fire of heavy guns; if they gained possession of a battery weaker than the rest, they were again pounded by our artillery from some battery which commanded the weaker point; meantime any assault on the keys of our position was altogether hopeless—the colonel himself, under a heavy fire, directed the artillery of the two principal batteries, and well did the Turkish officers, who are second to none in the world in their practical skill in this branch, second his efforts.

I am unable to do justice to this gallant affair of the Heights of Kars; the battle continued without intermission for seven hours, and about midday the Russian columns were seen running down the hills much faster than they had advanced, their cavalry and horse artillery protecting their retreat. Two of our forts, named Chim Tabia and Tak Tabia, or the one gun battery, both of which were out of reach of the enemy's light guns, fired into their retreating columns with heavy ordinance, the former battery especially doing much execution. Oh for two regiments of cavalry to complete our day's work! But we had none, and so were mortified to see the Russian army, or what remained of it, quietly retreating to their original camp, but not without considerable symptoms of disorder. I rode round the batteries soon after the action, which ended about 11 a. m., and seldom has the oldest soldier seen a more terrible sight, there were literally piles of dead stripped of their clothes and lying in various postures, while the plaintive cries of men with shattered limbs arose from all sides from amid these acres of defaced humanity. I have no time to go into further details, nor will I endeavour to form a calculation of the Russian loss in killed and wounded, lest I be accused of exaggeration, but I will give you unadorned facts. We have already buried upwards of 4000 dead Russians, numbers of the enemy also crowd our hospitals where the Turks treat them as musafirs or guests, a sacred word used by the Musfir Vassif Pasha, as he directed them to be taken care of even more than our own men. Our own losses are scarcely above 1000.

P. S. October 3.—I re-open this letter to say that we have buried already 6300 Russians; numbers were carried off by the enemy besides. A deserter came last night into our camp, and he tells us that the second in command was killed, and numbers of the highest Russian officers. Some thousand carts were sent to Gumri this morning, full of wounded. A heavy rain has fallen during the night, which prevents Mouravieff from moving. Had we but two regiments of cavalry the entire destruction of his army would be a certainty. I must mention that when the English batteries were carried several Lazi flags were taken; these are small mountain standards belonging to the villages, and are almost the only trophies the enemy has got in exchange for the ruin of his army. If Omar Pasha show a little enterprise, the conquest of Georgia will present no difficulty whatever. During the attack, Mouravieff ordered up reserve after reserve, until his camp was almost entirely unprotected. A large body of Kurdish and Circassian irregulars, in Russian pay, were unable to resist so fine an opportunity for indulging their predatory habits, so they fell upon the camp and pillaged it.

ODESSA FROM THE SEA.

As I am neither a voluntary tourist, a universal gazetteer, nor a potographer, I shall not attempt to describe the city, which must indeed be well known to Englishmen, though few artists can do justice to it. These barbarous Russians have a rare knack of building graceful, light, cheerful, and clean looking cities, which even the "Stones of Venice" might not utterly despise, and if it be distance which lends enchantment to the view, they have at least the satisfaction denied to more civilized people of saying there is one point of view from which their cities win the senses. As we slowly drew up to our inevitable "five miles S. by E. off Odessa," we passed a wonderful creation, which, compared to the slow efforts of our ancient builders, seemed almost the work of enchantment. There stood an extensive city, built on