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THE EXACTING LOVER, OR, BACHELOR NOTIONS.

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First catch your fish.—Mrs. Glasse.

"Upon my word, Harry, I don't know

whether to consider you a rascal, or only

a simpleton, exclaimed a young man to

his companion, as, at a late hour in the

evening, they descended the steps of a

handsome house in Broadway.

"You do me too much honour in al-

lowing me the alternative," was the laugh-

ing reply; "indeed, if your polite remark

had been made by any body but my own

good cousin, it would probably have been

met by a knock-down argument."

"You deserve far more severe repre-

hension, Harry, than I am either able or

willing to inflict upon you; it seems to

me that you are wantonly trifling with the

affections of a young and artless girl, who

loves you, and is too guileless to conceal

her attachment."

"If such is your firm opinion, Tom, I

shall certainly make no attempt to change

it."

"Why do you act a part so inconsistent

with your usual mode of thinking?"

"My dear fellow, my conduct is per-

fectly consistent. I have a certain theory

in relation to women—a certain system in

my manner toward them, and to that system

I mean to adhere rigidly, even in despite

of my own impulses."

"For heaven's sake, Harry, do not at-

tempt to weave your fragile, fine-spun

theories into the web of actual life; you

have been a dreamer of dreams, and a

projector of schemes all your life, yet

what have you gained or can you gain by

them all?"

"I have gained, as Byron says, 'A

deal of judgment.' I am no longer a

passionate boy, looking upon woman as a

being of a higher sphere, whose image is

to be 'ensky'd, ensulted, worshipp'd.' I

have been in too many love affairs—

have knelt too often before an idol like the

image seen in the prophet's vision, whose

head was of fine gold, but whose feet

were of clay. I look upon woman now

as only a gentle and loving minister to

man's happiness;—inferior to us in mind

and in vigour of character, she is our su-

perior in passion, fortitude and devoted-

ness; the very creature, and devoted

to whom a slave, not a queen, is made.

id and gentle, into such a proud, exact-
ing, haughty, domineering creature; and
I became convinced that the evil might
be traced to man's mistaken homage.
Henceforth, I mean to treat woman as
we do children; to regard them as beings
capable of reason, but utterly unfit to be
left to their own guidance, and who, in
place of being deified, require to be influ-
enced."

"And pray how are you to obtain the
opportunity of influencing them, except
by interesting the affections?"

"It is by the affections only that they
are to be ruled, Tom."

"Then there must yet be a season of
homage, Harry, for women are not to be
won unsought."

"That is true, but neither are they to be
wooed by such blind and humble devo-

tion as we usually pay. Byron knew the
female heart well, and I am convinced
his rule is the true one—'Pique them
and soothe them by turns.'"

"Aye, Byron knew the heart of wom-

an as it exists in the tainted atmosphere
of fashionable life, where the weeds of
passions grow the more rankly because
nurtured by luxurious self-indulgence; but
you would not, surely, follow Byron's rule
in your choice of a wife."

"Indeed I should; what would a man
gain by humbling himself before a woman
during courtship, when he knew that his
future happiness depended upon her slav-

ish submission to him after marriage?"

"I mean to marry a delicate, refined, and
gentle woman, who will love me earnestly
and devotedly to whom my slightest
wish will be law—who shall have no wish
but to please me—no pleasure, unshared
by me—no enjoyments, save such as are
directly derived from my will; a woman,
in short, who shall be all that a wife was
first designed; 'a help-mate—subject to
her husband, and patient under his will.'"

"You are as despot as a Turk, Harry;
where do you expect to find such a
modern Friselda?"

"I have found her already, Tom."

"You do not, certainly, expect to train
Isabella Forrester to such submission?"

"Indeed I do, and what is more, I
have no doubt I shall succeed. I love
her better than I ever did any other wo-

man, but I mean to try her to the utmost,
before I place my happiness in her keep-

ing."

"And I suppose this new system, will
account for your violent flirtation with the
new belle; this evening, while Isabella sat
neglected in a corner."

"You have guessed right; I met Isabella
in the street this morning, and I man-
aged to insinuate a wish that she would
refrain from dancing at Mrs. Anson's
party, to-night. It was a first experi-

ment in testing my power, but it succeed-

ed perfectly; she is passionately fond of
dancing, but she steadily refused all so-

licitations on the subject."

"And you rewarded her attention to
your wishes by almost total neglect?"

"That was part of my policy; she
doubtless expected to be rewarded for
her self-denial by a double portion of my
attention, and had I been weak enough
to bestow it, her forbearance would have
been no sacrifice. As matters now stand
she has learned that I have power to afflict
her, and that is a great point gained."

"So you expect to win her by wound-

ing her—this might do in buffalo-hunt-

ing, but will scarcely succeed in love mak-

ing."

"Don't you see that I excite a new in-

terest by awakening her apprehensions? I
she probably felt sure of my preference
for her until this evening, and the doubts
which my conduct has excited, will make
her think of me until we meet again. A
woman is easily managed by one who is
allowed to engross her thoughts."

"Will you allow me to give my candid
opinion of your scheme, Harry?"

"Certainly, my dear fellow."

"I think it a most selfish, cold-hearted
rascally method of trifling with a woman's
feelings."

"You are complimentary; but n'im-

porte; you are in the toils of a pretty girl
who tyrannizes over you, without mercy,
Tom, and I cannot hope to bring you to
my way of thinking at present."

"Nor in future, I trust, Harry; it
seems to me unprincipled."

"You are wrong, Tom; I mean to
marry Isabella as soon as she is perfectly
broken in."

"And suppose she proves intractable?"

"That will be a sufficient proof of
want of affection on her part, and of
course I shall be the only sufferer."

"Well, you certainly have a cool and

comfortable way of discussing affairs of
the heart; but I do not envy you the pow-
er. When the feelings are seared, as
yours seem to be, they must have suffer-
ed frequent scathing; and I would not
go through such an ordeal of fire, even to
obtain the prize of insensibility."

"With these words the young men part-

ed—one to dream of his beautiful but co-

quettish lady-love, the other to speculate
upon the effect which his unkindness had
produced upon a gentle and loving heart."

Harry Walsingham was one of those

'men about town,' who are always to be
met in gay society. He began his career
by falling in love at twelve years of age,
with his cousin of twenty, and from that
time until he had counted his thirtieth
summer, he had been continually under
the influence of some fever dream. A
bright smile, a soft eye, a sweet voice, a
delicate form, a pretty foot, were each in
turn sufficient to bewitch him for the time,
and the ease with which he became en-

chanted and disenchanted, seemed to him
less the effect of his own fickleness, than
the result of his over-estimation of the
power of woman's spells. His handsome
person and elegant manners made him
always welcome in the circles of fashion,
while his lucrative profession and rising
reputation gave him interest in the eyes
of prudent parents. He had met with so
much success in society, that he had
learned to think too highly of himself as
well as too humbly of his neighbours, and
his opinion of women had become more
degrading and unjust, in proportion as
he had received new proof of their refined
susceptibility of feeling. He had been
loved, fondly and truly, by more than one
noble-hearted woman, but these things
occurred at a period when he could not
summon courage enough to resign his
brilliant position for the comparative un-

interesting character of the married man,
and he had coolly extricated himself from
such a dilemma without difficulty. He
had no faith in the stability of woman's
feelings, and could not be made to believe
that the agreeable flirtations, which were
so pleasant while they lasted, and occa-

sioned so little pain to him in their ter-

mination, were productive of more serious
grief to the belle than to the beau. But
he had now become wearied of his aim-

less and roving life. He wanted some
one to minister to his whims, to study his
comforts, to wait upon him more faith-
fully than a hireling, and he therefore de-

cided to marry.

Isabella Forrester was no heroine of ro-

mance—no creature of improbable per-

fection. She was a meek, quiet, tender
girl, with faculties yet to be developed by
circumstances, and warm affections, which
from childhood had been lavished upon
every thing and every body around her.
She was perfectly unsophisticated in feel-

ing, and the idea of saying or doing any
thing merely for effect, never entered her
mind. Walsingham's experience in the
world had made him master of the arts of
pleasing, and it is not surprising that he
soon should have excited an interest in
the bosom of the artless girl. She did
not begin to speculate upon his motives
for distinguishing her by his attentions—
no true-hearted woman ever thinks of
such things, till they are suggested by
some officious friend, nor did she at once
calculate her chance of matrimony—she
was influenced too much by the impulses
of feeling, to be so fully awake to selfish
interest. She liked Walsingham, and she
was charmed with his adroit adaptation of
himself to suit her tastes. She loved po-

etry, and he was an admirable reciter;
she was a fine musician, and he had a
decided taste if not a talent for 'sweet
sounds,' she was fond of reading, and his
choice of books was excellent; in short,
he left no means untried to convince her
of the congeniality which existed between
their minds. As soon as he was convinc-

ed of her preference for him, (and a man
of the world soon discovers this) he com-

menced his system of training. He did
not at once presume to condescend to
her, but he believed that would tend to rouse her
pride—but he insinuated his wishes, and
Isabella, with the devotedness of a true wo-

man, endeavoured to mould herself to his
will. He at first undertook to correct
her taste in books; and to this Isabella sub-

mitted with the meek humility of one,
who was conscious of her mental infer-

iority. He then scrutinized with a criti-

cal eye her style of dress, and lauded a
severe simplicity of attire, until Isabella ban-

ished gay colours, ribbons, and jewels,
and assumed a garb of almost Quaker
neatness. Her rich curls were braided
back from her brow, her dresses were all

selected from those grave, sombre tints,
always so unbecoming in fresh youth,
and an embroidered handkerchief, which
she ventured to exhibit, after having met
a trade against such follies from the lips
of the sage Mr. Walsingham, cost her a
night of sleeplessness and tears.

So far, Walsingham's schemes suc-

ceeded perfectly, but he determined to
try still more severe experiments. His
conduct on the evening before alluded to,
was his first attempt, and what it cost
Isabella may be best imagined by those
who can remember the first awakening
of distrust in the youthful and confiding
heart. That Walsingham loved her, she
could not doubt, for his looks, his man-

ners, all disclosed his attachment, but the
words which bind heart to heart in
that contract, which the world holds to be
only less irrefragable than the church's
bond, had never yet been uttered. They
were not affianced lovers, and there-

fore Isabella, though feeling herself wrong-

ed and outraged, knew she had no right
to complain. That night, Isabella's
head pressed a sleepless pillow, but with
the morning came a feeling of pride, and
a sense of shame such as she had never
before experienced. For the first time
in her life she had something to conceal,
[and it is too often the first grief which
teaches the first deception] and with a
pale cheek, but calm brow, she took her
 accustomed seat in the drawing room.

At an earlier hour than usual Walsing-

ham made his appearance. He was pre-

pared for sadness and reproaches, but
Isabella's cold, proud demeanor, made him
feel he had gone too far. He had no
wish to lose his influence over the lady,
for Isabella was an heiress, and in his an-

xiety to regain his power, he uttered those
expressions of tenderness and love,
which, when once spoken, are never to
be recalled. They had met with cold-

ness and distrust, and they parted as be-

trothed lovers, and thus, in despite of his
theories and his systems, Walsingham
found himself, after all, the victim of nat-

ural impulses.

Notwithstanding his pleasure at having
secured the lady and her fortune, Walsing-

ham was seriously alarmed when he
reflected upon the consequences of his
precipitation. He fancied that Isabella
would now assert her sovereignty, and he
knew that the opinion of society would
uphold her in claiming her right to his
attentions. The situation of an engaged
lover, compelled to dangle forever at the
side of his lady-love, about as useful to
her as her reticule, yet as much in de-

mand as really essential to her hourly ex-

istence, had always struck him as su-

premely ridiculous, and even while seer-

ely rejoicing in his success, he determined
to guard against any advantage which
Isabella might hope from his weakness.

His first step, therefore, was to enjoin
the strictest secrecy concerning their engage-

ment, and when Isabella cheerfully ac-

ceded to a wish, which still seemed to
her very unaccountable, he resumed his
former habits of dictation and direction.

A woman will bear much from one
she loves, so long as no doubt exists of
his affection—so long as she is rewarded
by a proper appreciation of her tender-

ness. Isabella sometimes felt a sort of
meek wonder at Walsingham's exactions;
she sometimes caught herself wishing
that he was less difficult to please, and
less fastidious in his ideas of womanly
duties and womanly impulses; but the
thought of paying no heed to his sugges-

tions and counsels, never occurred to her
as possible. She considered it her duty
to begin at once the task of assimilation
—to adopt herself immediately to the
tastes of him who was to be her future
companion through life, but she was
scarcely prepared for so much self-denial
as this was now called to practice. In
the course of a very short time she found
herself completely shut out from society,
restricted to the coldest and most cer-

emonious intercourse with former friends,
debarred the privilege of walking or talk-

ing with whom she pleased, forbidden to
mingle in the dance, her modes of think-

ing and acting marked out for her, and
her very impulses restrained or directed
by the will of her lover. Yet Isabella bore
with all his caprices, for she truly loved
him, and considered his whims rather as
proofs of the jealous tenderness of his
nature, or at the worst, but as the slight
infirmities of temper. There was no sa-

crifice, however great, which she would
not willingly have made for him, but it
can scarcely be wondered at if the thou-

sand petty exactions which were con-

stantly marring the quiet of her life,

should, in the course of time, weary her,
and perhaps suggest a doubt of the high-

minedness of one whose thoughts dwell
so much in trifling details.

Isabella had borne for months with Wal-

singham's freaks of coldness, his capri-

cious devotion to others, his occasional
outbreaks of anger, and his unreasonable
control over her actions. But at length,
circumstances, too trivial to be recorded,
yet taken in connection, forming a chain
of continued evidence not to be disputed,
led her to suspect that his apparent cap-

rice was the result of a systematic plan.
At first the thought was too painful to be
indulged for a moment, but distrust, once
admitted, was not to be repelled, and in
sadness of spirit Isabella was compelled to
admit the belief of her lover's selfishness.

A conversation which she accidentally
overheard, between Walsingham and his
cousin, removed all doubt on the subject.
She heard Walsingham congratulate him-

self on his success in training her; she
heard herself spoken of as the nearly sub-

dued, devoted creature who had barely
attained the requisite point of perfection,
and from that moment resentment took
the place of her relying love.

She felt herself outraged and insulted;
her affections had been used as fetters to
bind her to a victor's car of triumph; she
had been made the sport of man's selfish-

ness; her heart had been as a sweet in-

strument in the hands of a cunning play-

er, and every stop had been sounded, not
in response to the voice of love, but in
obedience to the will of a cold experimen-

talist. Isabella was a proud as well as a
true-hearted woman. She would not re-

proach Walsingham, she would not re-

even ask an explanation, but with that
quickness of feeling which is a woman's
greatest error, as well as her sweetest
charm, she concluded that he had never
loved her. Once convinced of his object
in guarding her with such jealous care,
—once assured that it was less the ten-

derness of affection than the selfish
wish to rule, and Isabella became again
her own mistress. The submission which
love might have exacted through a long
life of cheerful self-denial, was refused to
cold, calculating tyranny.

Without one word of explanation or
deprecation, Isabella returned to society,
and resumed her former habits. Her
voice was again heard in the cheerful
song, her step was once more lightest in
the dance, her beauty once more dazzled
and delighted a circle of admiring wor-

shippers. To Walsingham's fierce and
angry remonstrances, she turned a deaf
ear, to his earnest professions she re-

sponded with a smile of incredulity, to his
real anxiety of mind she gave not the
slightest credence. Whatever regrets
she felt, were hidden beneath a calm de-

meanor, or dissipated in the gay scenes
of busy life, and Isabella proved, in pro-

gress of time, as every proud woman must
do when convinced that her heart has
been given to one unworthy of its trea-

sure, that she grieved less for the lover
than for the love, which had passed away
from her as the dew from the early rose.

The youth of her early heart was gone,
she had learned her first lesson in disap-

pointment, and for her the romance of
life was passed forever.

Walsingham knew not how much he
loved Isabella until she was lost to him.

In vain he endeavoured to regain his in-

fluence over her; in vain he tried to con-

vince her how entirely his happiness de-

pendent on her.

"You deceive yourself, Mr. Walsing-

ham, was her cold reply; "I am not the
person calculated to make you happy."

Some Circassian beauty, who would feel
honoured in being permitted to be your
slave, would better suit one who uses af-

fection but as a toil to ensnare the free
will. Had you given me one honest feel-

ing—had you yielded to one true impulse
while I was pouring out the fulness of
my heart at your feet,—had you been
any other than the cold, calculating man
of the world, which your conduct has
since shown you, I might have forgiven
you; but now, I could wed with the
merest clod that ever wore human form,
than give my hand to one who could offer
the spurious coin of false affection in ex-

change for woman's true and loving
heart."

Walsingham thought long on Isabella's
last words, and he remembered them with
deeper bitterness, when he afterwards be-

held her the honoured and apparently
happy wife of one who had long loved
her with a more unselfish and confiding
tenderness. Years have passed since
then, but he has never yet found the

creature worthy or willing to become his
wife. He is now fast falling into the
sear and yellow leaf—the weight of half
a century lies heavy upon him, and all
the skill of the perriquier, the dentist,
and the tailor cannot conceal the fact
that:

Time may fly with the wings of a hawk, but his
steps

Are marked by the feet of the crow.

A lonely and disappointed bachelor,
leading an aimless and joyless life, toler-

ated in circles where he was wont to be
courted,—with the comely matrons who
were his contemporaries, while those who
were unborn in the days of his early tri-

umphs, now elbow him from the course,
he has learned to repent his vain attempt
to manage a tender and truthful woman
by other means than the rule of love.

STORY OF HERCULES.—The ancient
Greeks who flourished two or three thou-

sand years ago, have left behind them a
great many curious, and a great many
useful records. One remarkable thing
in respect to what remains of their writ-

ing as the mixture of truth and fable they
contain. Even their histories have
as much poetry as fact; and we are often
puzzled to separate one from the other.

The story of Hercules, one of their
heroes, will serve to illustrate all this.

He is represented as a man of prodigious
strength, and the Greek poets have de-

lighted to embellish his story with extra-

vagant fictions. It is said that even while
an infant in his cradle, Juno, the wife of
Jupiter, sent two snakes for the purpose
of killing him. His father, however, re-

ceived him as the infant Hercules, and
himself as the infant Hercules, and he
greatest strength and courage, and he
snakes in his hands and smothered
them to death.