

## Matrimonial Advertisements.

NEW YORK, April 28, 1875.

In one of my letters I made the promise that I would insert a "matrimonial advertisement" in one of the papers, with a view of enlightening your readers as to the character of the class who want "acquaintances with the view of matrimony." Accordingly the following was prepared, dispatched with \$5 by a messenger boy, and it appeared two or three Sundays ago:

"A young gentleman of wealth and leisure, fond of female society, wishes to open a confidential correspondence with any lady who may have matrimony as one of her desires. She must be of undoubted respectability, like the advertiser, and have an income of her own. No objection to one as old as forty. Address 'Only Thirty-Two,' City P. O."

This cleverly worded card naturally brought me several answers by mail, and at the end of the week I had received no less than seventeen responses, from the elegantly embroidered and scented note of the fashionable flirt to the jagged chirography of the illiterate house maid or cook. A few I propose to give you:

## RESPONSE NO. 1.

"No. — Oxford Street, Brooklyn, April —, 1875."

"Sir—If you will drop a note to 'Della,' City Post Office, stating when you will be disengaged and can call upon me, I will arrange to give you an audience in my own house. I am a widow of thirty-nine, without children. If we mutually please each other, you can take a nice suite of rooms I have vacant, and enjoy all the comforts and pleasures of a benedict at reasonable rent. Don't on any account direct the letter to the house, as sister might get it."

## RESPONSE NO. 2.

This was written upon fashionable note, scented with new-mown hay, and bore a peculiar monogram in purple and gold. It read:

"DEAR SIR: If you be really what you profess to be—a wealthy and honorable gentleman, who can appreciate an affectionate woman's love, and can give references and maintain confidence, you may address a note, with description of yourself and your prospects to 'Henrietta Delaney,' Prote Post office, No. — West Twelfth Street. If I then think it prudent, I will arrange for an interview at an early day. I am moving in the best society, have property in my own right, am a blonde, and am but thirty years of age."

## RESPONSE NO. 3.

"DEAR SIR: I have observed your card in the Sunday —, and believing that you are really sincere, I, for the first time in my life, deviate from the conventional rules of society, and write you to say that I am disposed to entertain an acquaintance. I am a student at Vassar College in the graduating class; am respectably connected in the West, where my parents reside. My father is a Member of Congress, if that is a recommendation, and he did not disgrace himself with Credit Mobilier, either. I am, among my companions, called good looking; and, although but eighteen, I would not object to a gentleman of thirty-two, if he prove to be handsome, entertaining, witty and accomplished mentally. If you can entertain the acquaintance of a warm hearted school girl, please drop a line to 'Daisy,' Poughkeepsie P. O., New York."

## RESPONSE NO. 4.

"The writer, a middle-aged lady, whose married life has not been one of complete and never-ending sunshine, has noticed your advertisement, and would like to make your acquaintance, not, however, with the view to matrimony, but for confidential friendship. There is an impediment to matrimony in the person of a cold, uncongenial husband, who neglects me for the society of more fascinating female acquaintances. I am no adventuress, who seeks pecuniary assistance, but a neglected wife, who feels that it is no harm to have a gentleman friend call when her husband spends his evenings away. I am socially well situated, as I shall convince you on meeting. If you are disposed to see me, meet me in the reception room of the Hudson River Railroad (Grand Central Depot), Thursday afternoon, at 2 o'clock."

I will sit in the southwest corner, will be dressed in black silk, with sealskin sacque, and have a tea rose in the upper button hole of my sacque. You can approach me and address me 'Cousin Carrie,' and escort me from the depot. If you cannot be there, write me as 'Mrs. Deansmore,' Station F., city."

## RESPONSE NO. 5.

"SIR—I have seen your 'matrimonial' in the —, and am pleased with its tenor. I, too, have advertised, but have not met with responses that please me:

A YOUNG SOUTHERN LADY, a stranger in the city, desires to correspond with an elderly gentleman of means; view matrimony. Address CECILIA, Herald Up-town Branch Office.

"I received in answer to the above twenty-five replies, but they were from gentlemen who wanted housekeepers to cook, laundry and act as their drudges. That does not suit me. I desire to be a companion and not a servant to any man. Please write me 'Cecilia,' care of Mrs. Harrington, No. —, West Forty-fourth street. She is a lady friend of mine."

## "SOUTHERN LADY."

## RESPONSE NO. 6.

"MONSIEGNER:—If you are not like the elder Mr. Weller (afraid of widows, will you permit a little black-eyed widow, brimming over with life and vitality—I will not say affection—to announce herself a suppliant for your gracious attention. I have an establishment of my own in West Thirty-fourth street, an income of \$20,000 per year, a cottage at Saratoga, and enough money for both of us. I don't care how poor you may be—I would prefer if you had little—so long as you are socially well connected, the possessor of a manly presence, and not addicted to bad habits—gambling, drinking or smoking. If you can guarantee an absence of these, and otherwise meet my expectations, I might be tempted to permit you to be 'my lord' and master to the end of life. I shall not give you now my name. Nor any hint that will establish my identity, but you may write a note to 'Fidelity,' at B——'s stationery store, No. — Union square, and I will send a trusty servant for it. If you can trust me with your photograph, please inclose it and I will return it at once. I can judge better of your character by a photograph, but men are so tricky (like horses, you know) that they cannot always be trusted. Hence I do not intend to compromise myself by giving you the advantage of me in so delicate and perhaps unwomanly a correspondence. If you are really sincere, you should not hesitate to trust me with your picture. You can depend upon me acting in good faith."

The above are a few of the letters received. The others I propose to reserve for a future letter, as I have not had time to meet more than those whose responses are given above.

On receiving the note from 'Della,' (response No. 1) I politely replied, stating that I should be disengaged any evening after seven o'clock. In reply I received an invitation to call at No. — Garden Place, Brooklyn, and ask for 'Mrs. Graham,' the writer stating that on the evening named she would be visiting there with friends, and I could escort her home without suspicion.

I kept the appointment, and at the hour named, with misgivings that I might be made the victim of a joke, I rang the bell of a four story brown stone, upon the door of which was a silver plate proclaiming the name of the occupant. The door was opened by a very pretty brunette, when I asked:

"Is Mrs. Graham in?"

"She is," replied the lady. "I suppose this is Mr. Wagstaff, who was to call?"

"Yes Miss; please inform her I await her pleasure."

"Please step in, sir, and be seated," was the invitation, as I was ushered into a magnificent parlor, furnished in antique style, and the walls of which were covered with some excellent works of American and foreign artists. I was ill at ease, and when I heard from an adjacent room, separated by folding doors from the parlor, a merry laugh, I expected that I had been inveigled to the house by some fun-loving girls, for the purpose of mortifying "Thirty-Two." I was about to beat a retreat, when a tall

and pleasant faced lady entered the parlor, and, reaching her hand, smiled graciously with the salutation:

"I am pleased to see you, Mr. Wagstaff, but sorry to keep you waiting so long for me to dress."

I arose, and, stepping into the hall, hat and cane in hand, watched her kiss three pretty young ladies good-bye, and envied her the pleasure of the caress. We left the residence, and, giving her my arm at the door, she led me to a street car, which we entered. Little was said en route to the car, but after we had entered she turned her face to me, and I discovered her to be a rather pretty woman of about thirty, whose black eyes, peering out from under a widow's cap and veil, were well calculated to attract any one to her. After some common place remarks, the widow said:

"This, sir, is very imprudent for me, but I am not sorry, now that I have seen you. I am agreeably disappointed. I thought you were thirty-two, and you do not appear over twenty-five."

"You are no more gratified than I am," I replied gallantly, "for I, too, am agreeably disappointed."

At this point we arrived at our getting-off place and left the car. A short distance brought us to a quiet part of Oxford Street, and "Mrs. Graham" halted in front of a pretty three story red brick, covered in front by leafless creeping vines.

"There I reside," she remarked, as she pushed the door open with a latch key, and then, as she threw open the parlor door and invited me in, she lighted the gas and continued:

"Excuse me a moment until I divest myself of my things."

I was left alone, and had time to scan the surroundings. Everything in the cozy parlor betokened refinement and comfort. Upon one of the walls, over a grand piano, was a well executed painting of my hostess, and on the opposite wall a portrait of a gentleman apparently about thirty-five. While I was standing in front of this latter portrait, she entered, and detecting my scrutiny of the picture, remarked:

"O, you admire paintings, I see. That was my husband. He was a fine-looking man, but (with a sigh) no matter now. That (pointing to the other) is mine. It was taken five years ago. I have had much trouble since, and look much more haggard."

We sat down and chatted for half an hour. She informed me that she owned the residence, and was supporting herself and two children on the income from two gentlemen and their wives who boarded with her. Finally, she smiled pleasantly, and said:

"Excuse me, for not telling you all. I am not a widow, although I pass as such. My husband was a member of the firm of S— & Co., wholesale produce dealers in Washington street, New York. He became infatuated with a married lady, and three years ago they eloped and went to San Francisco. I am lonely, and want some nice gentleman acquaintance to help me dispel the ennui that settles over me. I have a nice rear parlor and extension on the second floor I can let you have. Won't you go up and see it?"

She led the way to the rooms in question, and lighted the gas, and continued:

"I will let you have this suite for \$75 per month without board. Here is a nice parlor, and there is as nice a bed room as you could desire. And here," she continued (throwing open the folding door), "is my domicile. I occupy this all alone. Here we will be entirely free from intrusion, and no one in the house need ever know that you bear any other relation to me than a lodger, who pays his rent, and comes and goes when he pleases! If you find the temperature too warm in the summer, these folding doors between our apartments can be left open. I think I can trust your honor that far." This last was said with a bewitching smile that was almost irresistible. After expressing pleasure at the arrangement, I took my departure, promising to write her the following day of my decision. Accordingly, the same night I enclosed her letters, with the note as follows:

ASTOR HOUSE, New York,

April —

DEAR MADAM: I have concluded to decline your tempting offer, and enclose your letters. My reasons

are that a pretty little wife would decidedly object to me occupying rooms only divided from so charming a lady as you are, by a pair of convenient folding doors, and that she requires the \$75 per month for pin money. I trust, however, you may be able to let the rooms to a more fascinating tenant than

Yours very truly,

HENRY PAUL WAGSTAFF.

This is all of adventure number one in search of a wife. Those rooms, I presume, are still vacant, unless some member of the Plymouth coterie has housed himself therein.

## ADVENTURE NO. TWO.

It required a deal of diplomacy to get an interview with "Henrietta Delaney," who wanted references, but after the exchange of several letters and sending her a photograph (your correspondent is an Adonis in appearance) I was invited to call at Stewart's up town store, and make myself known to "Henrietta," who described how she would be dressed, and accompany her to a drive in Central Park. One day, two weeks ago, as she stepped out of Stewart's I lifted my hat, cavalierly opened her carriage door for her, and was invited to take a seat. The coachman turned his horses into Fifth avenue and soon we were bowling away to the Park.

"I censure myself, sir," said she, "for this proceeding, very much, but as you do not know my name, I do not care so much. I could not receive you at home until I knew more of you, and had evidence of your thorough respectability."

I quieted her fears with protestations that she should never be compromised by me, and we drove on. This lady, it is proper for me to say, is an old maid, about thirty-five years of age, anything but prepossessing in appearance, but I had the advantage of her, as the moment I saw her I recognized her as the daughter of one of the leading Murray Hill families, who is a lady directress of a prominent charity. Once I had met her at the "Home." It is only necessary to say that during the drive our *tete-a-tete* was of matrimony, and I found that she had no other object in view than a marriage, and to one whose character was *sans reproche*. Returning to the city, at the corner of Thirty-seventh street and Fifth avenue, she said:

"Excuse me, sir, we must now separate. I am pleased with your appearance and candor, and when you give me undoubted references, then I will invite you to my house and introduce you to my parents. You have returned my letters and have received back your picture. Promise me you will not try to discover my name until you give me references and I give you permission to visit me." Here she halted the carriage, and with a mutual "good-bye" we separated. I have not yet supplied references to the "Murray Hill beauty" and hence have never had an invitation to call and be introduced to my prospective mother-in-law.

## DAISEY WANTS A SPELLING MATCH.

In dealing with a school girl the same caution as in cases of widows and married women was not necessary; so it was not incumbent upon your correspondent, "Vidette," to dissemble much. An exchange of two letters did the business, especially when the last one was backed by a photograph of a good looking "lady-killer" in the prime of life. This brought the following response:

Poughkeepsie, April, 1875.

Dear Sir—I am pleased with your charming letter and delighted with the photo you sent, which I return, according to request, although I wish you would let me keep it, as nearly all the girls love pictures of their beaux. (There, you see, I have spelled the word with a final "s" instead of an "x") The reason is that here our teachers insist upon innovations upon the French, and hence you must be one of my beaux instead of one of my beaux. But let that pass, as I see the scholarly Mr. Reid, of the *Tribune*, makes his writers spell the plural of *bureau* with a final "s," so I suppose Mr. Reid knows more about these points in orthographical disputes than annoy school girls than any "professor of dictionary making." I have an invitation to spend Sunday next with friends, Mrs. — and family of No. —, Park Avenue. Saturday night we will be at Booth's Theatre. Se-

cure your seat in the parquette, give me the number of it in a letter to-morrow, and between the first and second acts please get up, after the usual rush for the lobby, and go out. As you leave, with your pocket handkerchief "wipe your face." I will then know you with the aid of your picture, and after you come in will watch your seat and respond in the same manner. We will thus know each other. Then, after the curtain drops in the next act, you can come over, greet me as an old friend, address me as "Eva," and I will introduce you to my friends. After that you will have a trust to a woman's ingenuity to tell you what to do. Don't display any shyness, but act as if you had just met an old friend you had not seen for years. I will introduce you as Mr. Henshaw, of Bloomington, Illinois. Remember the name, please. Now, don't make a mistake and mortify me. You must answer not later than Thursday eve.

DAISEY.

"Vidette" is not easily swerved from a purpose, and consequently he resolved to act upon the programme laid down in the above letter in every particular. On the evening named for meeting "Daisey" he occupied a seat in the third row, and when in a dress coat and white necktie, he left the seat and withdrew his handkerchief from his face, he received a knowing recognition from one of four ladies, who, with a young gentleman, occupied a seat on the left of the aisle. Returning he was flattered to catch the signal agreed upon, and later approached the party and was introduced as "Mr. Henshaw." Of course an introduction followed, and your correspondent was invited to take a seat beside "Eva," which the gentlemanly chaperone of the party had politely vacated. While the orchestra, between the acts, was gliding through a beautiful musical gem, I was engaged in a pleasant *tete-a-tete* with "Daisey," alias "Eva." During the interview she slipped from a muff into my hand a perfumed note, and, as the curtain rose, I bowed to her and her friends, and resumed my own seat, giving place to the young gentleman who had so innocently and politely surrendered. Repairing to my home, cogitating upon the flirtation I had had with as pretty a miss as I had ever seen during ten visits to Vassar College, I drew out the note and read:

DEAR FRIEND LOUIS:—I will leave for the college Monday morning at 8 o'clock, from Grand Central Depot. Can't you take the train and join me after I bid my friends good bye at the depot? You spelled "programme" in your last note "program." Are you, too, a convert to the *Tribune's* orthography? Shall you be there? and then we can have a "spelling match" as far as Yonkers, where you can leave me, and take the down train.

Your friend, DAISEY.

"Vidette" was at the depot at the time named, and, after expending fifty cents for a ticket to Yonkers, had the chagrin of seeing the gallant little gentleman, who so politely vacated his seat in the theatre, arrive with his sisters and "Daisey," and, after the dear girls had kissed her good-bye, this same "brother," cousin, or friend entered the train with her. At Harlem bridge I left the train minus fifty cents disbursed, but with enough to get back to the city. I have a letter from "Daisey," explaining the circumstance of our failure to meet on the train, and inviting me to call at the college; but I am not desirous of pursuing that line of adventure further. It is too distant a point from the city for love-making.

## WOOLING "COUSIN CARRIE."

I kept the appointment made in answer number four, and the lady a well preserved matron about forty years of age. Addressing her as "Cousin Carrie," as she arose and accompanied me to a ladies' restaurant, a few blocks away, where, over oysters and other refreshments, we had a very free conversation, "Cousin Carrie" expressing her pleasure at the acquaintance, and her desire to have a confidential talk.

"But my dear madam," said I, "what if I like yourself am married; you surely do not wish to bear confidential relations with a married gentleman, when there are so many young and handsome men who would only be too glad to seek the relation you wish?"

"There is where you are in error."