The Polynesian.

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THE HISTORY OF A DAY.

A SKETCH FOR HUSBANDS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Mrs. Lundy had been up for half an hour busy about one thing and another, when Mr. Lundy rubbed his eyes open, and concluded, after thinking over the matter for some five or ten minutes, that it was time for him to be getting ready for breakfast. So he crept out of bed and commenced dressing himself.

'I wish you would get me some hot water, Agny,' he said to his wife. 'I must shave myself this morning.'

Mrs. Lundy was busily engaged in dressing a little resisting urchin.

'Yes, dear,' she replied; 'in a moment.'

Mr. Lundy waited about a minute, and then said, a little impatiently—

'I wish you would get it for me now, Agnes. I can't finish dressing myself until I shave.'

The wife put down the child and went for the hot water. When about half done shaving, he turned to his wife, who was leaving the room, and said,—

'I wish you would tell Bill to clean the old pair of boots. My new ones hurt me.'

'Agnes! Ain't you dressed yet?' exclaims her husband, coming to the chamber door, with his watch in his hand. 'It is ten minutes past eight now. I've been ready and waiting for more than half an hour.'

'I'll be along in a minute.'

'A minute! Yes, I know what your minutes are. I'm sure you've been up long enough to have dressed for breakfast a dozen times over.

'You forget that I had all the children to get ready,' replied Mrs. Lunday.

Silenced, but not convinced, the husband goes grumbling down stairs, and recommences walking the floor.

'Go up and see if your mother isn't most ready. I'm in a great hurry this morning,' said Mr. Lunday to one of her children.

'I'm coming,' he hears, on the stairs, from his wife.

'I'm glad of it,' he rather gruffly responds. 'I knew your minute wouldn't be much less than half an hour. I wish you would try to be more punctual; this ever being behind time annoys me terribly.'

There were some meek words said about the time it takes to dress and see after so many children: but they made no impression upon the mind of Mr. Lundy.

'These sausages are done to death,' said Mr. Lundy.

'The wife remained silent, but looked worried.

'Mere dishwater!' Mr. Lundy set his saucer down with an expression of disgust on his face. The coffee was not to his liking.

'I wish, Agnes, you would look a little after Sarah in the morning. We havn't had anything fit to eat at breakfast time for a month.'

'I don't know how I can do more than I now do, Mr. Lundy. I'm sure I've not had a moment to breathe since I got up.'

'Still, I think you might spare a moment or two to see if things were going on right in the kitchen. Comfortable meals are half the comfort a man has at home.'

Mrs. Lundy sighed, but answered nothing to this ungenerous remark.

'Your head looks like a perfect mop, Agnes,' said the husband, as he leaned back, to pick his teeth, after having finished his breakfast, and made a more careful observation of his wife's appearance. 'You are getting down-right careless about your person.'

Mr. Lundy did not expect any reply to this: and he was not disappointed.

'The children will be late at school,' calls out the punctual Mr. Lundy.

Just then his boots are brought in.

'Why didn't you black the old pair, as I said?' he asks of the boy, impatiently.

'I did'nt know you wanted the old pair,' replies the boy.

'Didn't Mrs. Lunday tell you that I wished them?'

'No, sir.'

'Well, I do. Go and brush them as quick as you can. I ought to have been at the store long ago.'

Mrs. Lundy, who is coming down stairs with the children, at last ready for school, hears what has been said to the boy, and is thereby reminded of her neglect in not having informed him that her husband wanted his old boots.

'I declare, Mr. Lundy, I forgot to tell John,' she says. 'I have so much to think about and see after.'

'No matter—I'll attend to it myself next time. If you want a good servant, serve yourself,' coldly replies Mr. Lundy.

The children off to school, Mr. Lundy about taking himself off also, says, as he stands with his hand upon the door:

'I wish, Agnes, you would see that Sarah has dinner in time. You know how it annoys me to wait.'

'I will try to have it got ready,' replies the wife, an expression of pain and lassitude passing over her face.

'Are you not well, Agnes?' Mr. Lundy asks.'

'No,' she replies, I've been suffering with a dreadful tooth-ache all the morning, and I feel as if every nerve in my head were alive.'

'Why don't you have that tooth out? I had to have every tooth in my head extracted!

Mrs. Lundy turns away with a feeling of discouragement. She is heavily burdened, and has no true sympathy.

Mr. Lundy walks toward his store, health in every vein, and vigor in every muscle; and his wife goes wearily up to her chamber, half mad with pain, and every nerve excited and quivering.

Arrived at his store, Mr. Lundy smiles and chats and pays two or three or four checks, and pays two or three bills. These acts, with a general supervision of what is going on, make up the sum of his doings, and bring him, with a good appetite, to the dinner hour, when he sets off for home, allowing himself just the number of minutes reqired to walk there, and expecting to hear the dinner bell tinkle as he opens the street door of his house.

After Mr. Lundy left for his store, his wife took the baby and carefully washed and dressed it, during all the time of which operation its loud piercing screams rang wildly through her head, caused both tooth and head to throb as if beaten with a hammer. After that, she had to dress herself and go to market.—Walking in the open air made her tooth worse instead of causing the pain to abate. When she came home, she was so completely exhausted as to be compelled to lie down for an hour. This brought for twelve o'clock, when Maggy, Willie and Mary came bounding in from school, hungry and impatient, and the mother had to see about getting them their dinners, and attending to their numberless little wants, until it was time for them to go to school again.

Half past one came, and two was the regular dinner hour. Remembering her husband's last words about punctuality, Mrs. Lundy went into the kitchen to see what progress the cook was making. She found Sarah paring the potatoes, and looking as unconcerned as if it was yet two hours to dinner time.

'Your dinner will be too late again,' said Mrs. Lundy. 'Why is it that you keep things back in this way, when I have told you over and over again, that we wish dinner punctually at two o'clock.'

'My fire got down,' replied Sarah, indifferently.

'Why did you let it get down?'

'It got down, ma'am,' Sarah answered, with a toss of her head.

Well satisfied from former experience, that dinner would only be retarded by any efforts she might make to hurry Sarah, Mrs. Lundy retired, and waited with a kind of nervous excitement the return of her husband.

Punctually at two, she heard the street door open, and Mr. Lundy's decided step along the passage.

'Is it possible! Too bad! too bad!' she heard him say as he paused, on his way up stairs, at the dining room door, and saw that even the table was not set. 'I wonder what good it is for a man to have a house of his own, if he can't have things as he pleases.'

'I declare Agnes! I'm out of all patience!' he said, entering her chamber a few moments afterwads. 'I told you when I went away this morning, that I wished dinner at the hour, and there isn't even the sign of its being ready. It really looks as if it were done on purpose.'

'If I had the cooking to do, you should never wait a minute. But I can't always make servants do as I please,' replied Mrs. Lundy.

'That's all nonsense. I don't believe a word of it. I wonder how I'd get along in my business if I were to let my clerks do as they liked. I have a certain order in my business, and every subordinate has his duties, and knows that they must be done.—Reduce all your household matters to a like order, and keep every one strictly to his duty and you'll have things right, but not without.'

Mrs. Lundy feared her husband; or, rather dreaded and shrunk under his displeasure. If she had been more independent and spirited, she would have silenced, instead of borne his selfish complainings. But she was a meek, patient, suffering woman, who rarely spoke of what she felt, or resented an indignity. She did not reply to her husband's dogmatic and dictatorial words any further than to say, in a subdued manner,—

'If you had ignorant, careless, self-willed Irish girls to deal with, instead of intelligent clerks, you might find it as difficult as I do to have all things in order.'

'Send them away if they don't do as you wish. I'd never keep a girl in the house an hour, if she didn't do everything as I directed.'

'You don't know anything about it, Mr. Lundy. It is easy to say, send off your cook if she is ten or twenty minutes late with a meal, or serves it up badly, or does any other thing that is disordly or objectionable.'

Mr. Lundy met this with one of his sweeping specimens of argumentation, and completly silenced his wife.

'But,' said he impatiently, 'I can't wait your cook's movements—my business has to be attended to.'

And away he flounced from the house. In ten minutes the bell rung.

'Tell Sarah that Mr. Lundy couldn't wait, and that I don't want any dinner,' said Mrs. Lundy to the waiter.

As for the very punctual and amiable husband, he went to his store, and sat through the entire afternoon, without putting hand or pen to business.

After Mr. Lundy left the house, his wife tried to do some plain sewing for her children. But, what with the blinding pain in her head and face, and the binding tears in her eyes, she found it impossible to take a stich correctly. So she laid aside her work, and took the baby.

The doctor was called in. The medicine he gave created a strong revulsion in her system, and did her actually more harm than good. When she was blending under the burden that was to heavy for her, her husband, instead of lightening, as he might easily have done, the load, or given her strength to bear it, laid on the additional weight that crushed her to the earth.

Year after year her duties and her toil increased. The history of a day that we have given, was an epitomized history of her life. Mr Lundy, wrapped up in his schemes of gain and rigid in his motions of order, punctuality, and formal properties, had no real sympathy for his wife, and was ever complaining of the little irregularities incident to his household, and ever adding to, instead of relieving, the oppressive, wearying and ever-occurring duties that were bearing her down. It was a common thing for him, robust, and in high health, to sit in his easy chair, with dressing gown and slippers, and ask his tried wife, who could scarcely move without feeling pain, to hand him this, that or the other thing; to ring the bell for the servant; or even to go up to their chamber, and bring him something from a drawer to which he was not willing that a domestic should go.

Meeker, more patient, more loving in her character, grew Mrs. Lundy. By suffering, she was purified. It made the heart ache to see her moving by the side of her erect, florid, elastic-treading husband, more like a pale, shadowy form than a real substance; and to feel assured, that in a very little while, the places that knew her and the children and friends who loved her, would know her and love her no more.

At last she died, and six little ones were left without the affectionate care of a mother. If her husband, who wept bitterly over her too early grave, did not murder her, we know not the meaning of the word murder. When it was to late, he could remember her long suffering, her patience, her wrongs received at his hands; but while she lived, he was too selfish to appreciate or properly care for her.

Every where, in books of domestic economy, in tales, essays, newspaper paragraphs and in current conversation, do we hear iterated and reiterated the lesson of a woman's duties to her husband and in her household. She must have every thing in order, and study the art of pleasing her lord as sedulously as if he were the most captious, exacting tyrant in the world. And, verily, in his small way, he too often is a miserable tyrant. A woman is expected to be perfect in every thing, and to do every thing. No allowance is made for the ill health consequent upon her maternal duties, nor for the peculiar, wearying and all-engrossing nature of the cares attendant thereon.

But who writes and talks of the husband's duties? Who teaches him lessons of forbearance, patience, and kind consideration for his overtasked wife? Little is said on this score; the world goes on; and hundreds like Mrs. Lundy, go down to the grave years before their time, and no one dreams that their husbands are accessories to their death. But it is even so. Not in maternal duties alone lies the cause of the wife's pale face and drooping form, but in the over-tasks of her peculiar position. She is worked too hard—harder than a slave in the cotton field. Too often she is a nurse and seamstress for for half a dozen children, and superintendent of her household besides. She will bend over her needle, night after night, in pain, or suffering from lassitude, while her husband sits enjoying his volume by her side, not dreaming that it is his duty, in order to save his wife from toil beyond her strength, to prolong his labors, if that be necessary, in order to afford her assistance required in meeting the thousand wants of her children and household. If there are any extra tasks to perform, any extra exertions to make, the husband is the one who should perform or make them, not the wife, for he has superior strength.

We hear a great deal about the husband coming home, wearied, from his store, his counting-room, his office, or his workshop; and the wife is repeatedly enjoined to regard him on this account, and to provide comfort, quietude and repose for him at home. This is all well enough, and she should do so as far as lies in her power. But we doubt if as many men come home over-wearied with toil to their wives, as come home to wives who are themselves over-wearied.

Husbands! if you love your wives, think of these things. Don't say that the story suits Mr. So-and-So admirably. Look narrowly into your own sayings and doings at home, and see if it doesn't suit you in more than one particular.

ANGLING IN NORWAY.

"Early in the morning by daylight, I heard R—— and P—— pulling on their jack-boots, and winding and undwinding their tackle.—The clinking noise of their reels awoke me.

"The Topdal River is uninterrupted by rapids from Christiansand up to our cottage; but, as I mentioned, there is before the door a tremendous fall, and a pool of great depth has been formed by the eternal force and action of the tumbling water. This pool is nearly circular, and about a quarter of a mile in circumference. A large rock, considerably above the level of the water, stands in the middle of the pool; and perched on it the sportsman may presume that he has attained the most choice position for angling * * * Pursuant to the mode of the country and the recommendation of the natives, my two companions embarked in a pram to seek the piscatory treasures of the pool. * * * * P. sat down on the grating over the well of the pram, and gave himself up to contemplation.

"Hollo!" he suddenly exclaimed, "there's that rock; can't I get on it?"

"Let's pull and see," assented R——, and the boatman was desired to row towards it. When the pram was driven by the force of the whirling stream against the rock, P—— jumped on it, but nearly slid off on the other side. "Oh! ah! this is capital," he said, raising himself cautiously by the aid of both hands. "This will do." And after having by several efforts, stood upright, he commenced untwisting his line from the rod.—"All right?" asked R——, impatient to begin. "Yes, all right," replied P——; and away the pram, borne by the thousand intertwining currents, shot with R——.

"R—— and P—— might have angled for five hours, and the result of their assiduity was as diverse as pain is from pleasure, whatever the stoics may have said to the contrary; for P—— caught 15 salmon, and R—— not one. Disappointed, no doubt, that such trifling profit should succeed to so much labour, R—— wound up his 10 or 12 yards of catgut, and desired the boatman to row ashore. It was now 8 o'clock, and when people rise at 2 in the morning, it does not require much calculation to tell how keen the appetite must become when it has grumbled five hours, in vain for aliment. P——, however, was callous to hunger or thrist; and, as he made capture after capure, all thought of food decreased in an inverse ratio. * * * We sat down on a piece of timber by the river's brink, and R—— watched his successful fellow angler. P—'s very soul seemed to be diving about in the pool entirely unconsious of every earthly thing but salmon. "By Jove! there's another bite," exclaimed R——, as P——'s reel spread the tidings with the tongue of a Dutch alarum clock. After a little play, the salmon ceased to live in the Topdal river.—"I can't tell how he manages," said R——, in a sort of soliloquy, "I don't get a rise in two days. My flies must be bad: or I think P—— always has the best place." And R—— pulled his fly-book from his pouch, and began to examine the flies attentively, one by one, from the largest to the smallest. "Your flies are very good," I observed, "but you have not application. Look at P——; he is part of that rock—apathetic to every idea of life, but the idea that he sees his fly." A great deal of it is luck," answered R——; "but let us go to breakfast. I am preciously thirsty; I must swill something."

The couple land, and make themselves uncommonly comfortable in their Norwegian cottage; in utter oblivion of their colleague, and the isolated situation in which they had left, him—on a rock, and close to a waterfall, and without means of getting to shore.

"Is not this delicious?" observed R—— to me; and the gray-blue tobacco-smoke spouted, like a small fountain, from his mouth. "In London I should be just thinking of getting out of bed, and here I have been up these nine hours, and eaten like a bricklayer."

"I should not mind living here, and like this, all my life," I answered, "and paddling about on that river."

"Ja," interrupted the Norwegian, in a broken dialect, but he thought himself a good English scholar, "dat is goot; but you not take carge you roltz down de foss; one old voman's roltz down de foss."

"Ah!" said I.

"Ja," replied the Norwegian; "she row one praam cross de top of the foss, and de praam roltz over, and she vas drowntz."

The same dull, faint, long, cry fell on our ears (they had heard once before without noting it,) but we took no heed of it, for our native companion said it was the signal shout of huntsmen in the mountains. "Did you ever find the old woman's body?" I asked. "Ja," the Norwegian answered, twisting his quid from the left to the right check, "she vas foundtz; and vat is droltz, de bags of flour she have in de praam, dough dey been long timetz in the vater, vere quite drytz." "And what did you do with them?" I asked. "I eatz dem," said my friend.

"Again the long low cry stole mournfully through the still air, and it moaned like a melancholly spirit of the night that had been left behind by its fellow spirits, as they hurried from earth at dawn of day, and which, concealing itself in some mountain cavern, was wailing their absence, and telling the torture it suffered from the glaring light.

"I say, old fellow, have you any goblins in this place?" asked R——, walking close to the Norwegian, and blowing the smoke of the pipe so voluminously in the little man's face that he coughed till he nearly spat his quid out of the window. "Nej, nej," replied the Norwegian, as soon as he could breathe to speak, in a tone of suprise that R—— should suppose such a thing. The Norwegians are superstitious, and believe as confidently in ghosts, as I do in the heat of fire.—"What then," continued R——, "is that confounded groaning about? Some fellow has committed murder. You had better go and see."

"Nej, nej," remonstrated the Norwegian, scratching, his head, and moving nervously in his chair at the suggestion. The Norwegian was stable as his mountains; and R—— laughing at the man's apparent terror, resumed his seat, and increased the generation of his genuine Latakia tobacco-smoke.

"It was now mid-day; and the hollow-sounding tread of human feet clad thickly, made R—— and me turn ours eyes towards the threshold of the cottage. Cased like a shrimp-catcher, up to his hips in water-proof boots, his landing-net gaff and fishing-rod, borne on his left shoulder, P——, the very picture of impersonated anger, stood before us. Dashing landing-net, gaff, fly-book, and his only fly-rod on the table, regardless of crockery. "A pretty trick you have played me," he thundered out. We had never given P—— a thought until the moment we saw him, nor did we for one instant remember that, like Robinson Crusoe, he had been left on a desert rock, and the doleful cry might be his! "It is now twelve," P—— continued angrily, "you have quietly eaten your breakfast, allowed me to remain on that rock since 6 o'clock."—*Ross' Voyage to Norway, Denmark, and Sweden.*

How to cook a Husband.—Many of our married lady readers are not aware how a husband ought to be cooked so as to make a good dish of him. We have lately seen a receipe in an English paper, contributed by one 'Mary,' which points out the 'modus operandi' of preparing and cooking husbands. Mary says that a good many husbands are spoiled in cooking. Some women go about it as if their lords were bladders, and blow them up.—Others keep them constantly in hot water, others again freeze them by conjugal coldness. Some smother them in hatred, contention and variance, and some keep them in pickle all their lives. These women always serve them up with tongue sauce. Now it cannot be supposed that husbands will be tender and good, managed in this way; but they are on the contrary, quite delicious when well preserved. Mary points out the manner as follows:

Get a large jar, called the jar of carefulness, (which, by the by, all good wives have at hand.) Being placed in it, set him near the fire of conjugal love; let the fire be pretty hot, but especially let it be clear. Above all, let the heat be regular and constant.—Cover him well over with equal quantities of affection, kindness and subjection. Keep plenty of these things by you, and be very attentive to supply the place of any that may waste by evaporation, or any other cause.—Garnish with modest becoming familarity, and innocent pleasantry, and if you add kisses or other confectionaries, accompany them with a sufficient portion of secresy; and it would not be amiss to add a little prudence and moderation.