

**HYMEN'S RECRUITING-
SERGEANT: OR THE NEW
MATRIMONIAL TAT-TOO
FOR OLD BACHELORS**

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Hymen's Recruiting-sergeant: Or the New Matrimonial Tat-too for Old Bachelors by M. L. Weems

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M. L. WEEMS

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**HYMEN'S
RECRUITING-SERGEANT;**

OR THE NEW

MATRIMONIAL TAT-TOO,

FOR

OLD BACHELORS.

Inviting all both big and small,
A lovely wife to take;
Nor longer lead—Oh! shameful deed!
The life of worthless rake.

BY THE REV. M. L. ^{SON, &c.} WEEMS,
Lodge No. 50, Dumfries.

HARTFORD:

S. ANDRUS AND SON.

1845.

TO ALL THE
SINGLES,

WHETHER MASCULINES OR FEMININES, THROUGHOUT
THE UNITED STATES.

DEAR GENTLES,

I AM very clear that our *Yankee heroes* are made of, at least, as good stuff as any the best of the beef or frog-eating gentry on t'other side of the water. But neither this, nor all our fine speeches to our President, nor all his fine speeches to us again, will ever save us from the British gripe or Carmagnole hug, while they can outnumber us, *ten to one!* No, my friends, 'tis population, 'tis *population alone*, can save our bacon.

List then, ye Bach'lors, and ye Maidens fair
If truly you do love your country dear;
O, list with rapture to the great decree,
Which thus in Genesis you all may see:
"Marry, and raise up soldiers, might and main,"
Then laugh, you may, at England, France and Spain.

Wishing you all, the hearing ear—the be-

living heart—and a saving antipathy to
apes,

I remain yours, dear Gentles,

In the bonds of

Love and Matrimony,

M. L. WEEMS.

HYMEN'S

RECRUITING SERGEANT.

And the Lord said, "*It is not good for the man to be alone.*"—*Gen. ii. 15.*

No, verily, nor for the woman neither. But, what says the preacher? Why, "I will," says Paul, (and Paul, you know, was a sound divine) "that the young women marry, and love their husbands; and raise up good children." 'Tis well said, most noble, patriotic Paul! May the children of Columbia hearken to thy counsel! that there be no more old Bachelors in our land, like scrubby oaks, standing selfishly alone; while our maidens, like tender vines lacking support, sink to the ground; but that, united in wedlock's blest embraces, they may grow up together as the trees of the Lord, whose summits reach the skies, and their branches overspread the nations, making their country the pride and glory of the earth!

"*I will that the young people marry,*" says Paul.

Ay, that's the point, there let us fix our eyes.
There all the honour, all the blessing lies.

- For, 1. If you are for *pleasure*—Marry!
2. If you prize *rosy health*—Marry!
3. And even if *money* be your *object*—
Marry!

Now let's to the point and prove these precious truths. Draw near, ye Bachelors of the willing ear, while, with the gray quill of experience I write,

THE PLEASURES OF THE MARRIED STATE.

Believe me, citizen Bachelor, never man yet received his full *allowance heaped up and running over*, of this life's joys, until it was measured out to him by the generous hand of a loving wife.

A man, with half an eye, may see that I am not talking here of those droll matches which, now and then, throw a whole neighbourhood into a *wonderation*; where scores of good people are called together to eat mince-pies, and to hear a blooming nymph

of *fourteen* promise to take—"for better and for worse" an old icicle of four score! Or to see the sturdy glowing *youth*, lavishing amorous kisses on the shrivelled lips of his *great grandmother bride!* Oh, cursed lust of pelf! From such matches good Lord, deliver all true hearted republicans! For *such matches* have gone a great way to make those sweetest notes, *husband and wife*, to sound prodigiously *out-o'-tunish*. The old husband, after all his honey-moon looks, grunts a jealous bass, while young madam, wretched in spite of her coach and lute-strings squeaks a scolding treble; making between them, a fine cat-and-dog concert of it for life.

But I am talking of a match of true love, between two persons who, having virtue to relish the transports of a tender friendship, and good sense to estimate their infinite value, wisely strive to fan the delightful flame by the same endearing attentions which they paid to each other during the sweet days of courtship. If there be a heaven on earth we must (next to the love of God) seek it in such a marriage of innocence and love! On the bright list of their felicities, I would set down, as the

FIRST BLISS OF MATRIMONY,

the charming society, the tender friendship it affords! Without a friend it is not for man to be happy. Let the old Madeira sparkle in his goblets, and princely dainties smoke upon his table; yet if he have to sit down with him, no friend of the love-beaming eye, alas! the banquet is insipid, and the cottager's "dinner of herbs, where love is," is to be envied.

Let the self-scraping Bachelor drive on alone towards Heaven in his solitary sulky; the Lord help the poor man, and send him good-speed! But that's not my way of travelling. No! give me a sociable chaise, with a dear good angel by my side, the thrilling touch of whose sweetly-folding arm may flush my spirits into rapture, and inspire a devotion suited to the place, that best devotion—gratitude and love!

Yes, the sweet drop in the cup of life is a friend; but where, on earth, is the friend that deserves to be compared with an affectionate wife? that generous creature, who, for your sake, has left father and mother—looks to you alone for happiness—wishes in your soci-