

From Puns to Poetry

Miscellaneous

Why is a muff like a fool? Because it holds a lady's hand without squeezing it. *The Franklin Record* (Hampton), April 18, 1859

Better die an old maid than marry a drunkard. *Delaware County Union* (Manchester), May 19, 1865

What a man wants—all he can get. What a woman wants—all she can't get. *Spirit Lake Beacon*, June 5, 1872

Never trust with a secret a married man who loves his wife—for he will tell her, and she will tell her sister, and her sister will tell everybody. *Delaware County Union*, May 19, 1865

Women want nothing but husbands, and when they have got them, they want everything. *Iowa Capitol* (Iowa City) *Reporter*, November 5, 1845

A young lady went into a music shop and asked the clerk if he had "Loving Eyes." He replied, "I'm told so by the girls." *Spirit Lake Beacon*, May 29, 1872

There is a young lady down east so modest that she won't carry a watch in her bosom, because it has hands. *Iowa Capitol Reporter*, April 19, 1845

There are two important eras in the life of a woman—one when she wonders who she will have, the other when she wonders who will have her. *Iowa News*, (Dubuque) March 24, 1838

A termagant told her spouse she believed him related to the devil; "only by marriage," was the reply. *Iowa Capitol Reporter*, December 30, 1843

Charming Man. A fellow who has a bow and a smile for every one abroad, and beats his wife at home. *Iowa Capitol Reporter*, June 25, 1845

A low-bred Woman. One who stays at home, takes care of her children, and never meddles with the business of her neighbors. Species almost extinct. *Iowa Capitol Reporter*, June 25, 1845

A Printer's Toast.—Woman—the fairest work of creation—the edition being extensive, let no man be without a copy. *The Franklin Record*, (Hampton) April 4, 1859

The latest way to pop the question is to ask a fair young lady if you can have the pleasure of seeing her to the minister's. *Council Bluffs Nonpareil*, November 26, 1864

"To cure your love for one girl, fall in love with another." A chap who has suffered in this way says it is the only antidote. *Iowa Standard* (Iowa City) June 24, 1846

An editor has married a girl named Church. He says he has enjoyed more happiness since he joined the Church, than he ever knew in all his life before. *Iowa Capitol Reporter*, February 18, 1846

Economy—"The last balloon sleeve was cut up the other day at this place; it made two dresses for a little girl, one apron, six capes and a dozen night-caps!!!!!!" *Iowa News*, June 17, 1837

Do you like novels? asked Lydia Languish of her Iowa lover.

"I can't say," he replied, "for I never ate any, but I'm tremendous on young persimmons." *The Franklin Record*, April 18, 1859

An enlightened damsel, sent to a music shop by her master, for some *catgut*, ashamed to pronounce the vulgar word, and to show her gentility, asked the shopman for some *puss's bowels*. *Iowa News*, December 8, 1838

A preacher once said that ladies were very timid; they were afraid to sing when they were asked; afraid of taking cold; afraid of snails or spiders; but he never knew one afraid to get married. *Delaware County Union*, May 12, 1865

Two men were conversing about the ill humor of their wives. "Ah," said one, with a sorrowful expression, "mine is a tartar." "Well said the other, "mine is worse than that; mine is the cream of tartar." *Delaware County Union*, May 12, 1865

It is the confession of a widower who has been thrice married, that the first wife cures a man's romance, the second teaches him humility, and the third makes him a philosopher. *Davenport Democrat*, July 3, 1878

It is an error to fancy that because a woman can play a piano and embroider she is accomplished, or because she speaks in a low voice and rolls up her eyes with tenderness, she is amiable. *Iowa Capitol Reporter*, February 22, 1845

Heroine is perhaps as peculiar a word as any in our language; the two first letters of it are a male, the first three a female, the first four a brave man, the whole word a brave woman. *Iowa Capitol Reporter*, November 5, 1845

A few years ago the ladies wore a kind of hood called "kiss-me-if-you-dare." The present style of bonnets might with equal propriety be called, "kiss-me-if-you-want-to." *Page County Herald* (Clarinda), December 23, 1859

An Irish servant girl was requested by a lady to go to

one of our dry goods stores and get a "bed comforter" for her. About an hour afterwards she returned with one of the clerks. It is needless to add, perhaps, that the lady fainted. *North Iowa (McGregor) Times*, July 24, 1857

Love Letters.—A young lady about to sue for a breach of promise, placed the love letters she had received in a bag, for the purpose of producing in court; when, sad to relate, their own mutual warmth caused spontaneous combustion, and ashes alone remained. *Iowa Capitol Reporter*, November 5, 1845

A most interesting "sight for to see," is that of a young lady, with "eyes like a gazelle," and with "lips like rubies," and with "teeth as pearly whiteness," and with cheeks that have "stolen the deep carnations of the deathless rose," and her mouth full of gingerbread. *Iowa Capitol Reporter*, February 22, 1845

The *Norwich Advertiser* says: "A young lady, very pretty, walked around the new road (7 miles) in one hour and forty-five minutes. We remember escorting one around that road by moonlight. Time—four hours and forty minutes. But then she said she wasn't in a hurry. The old folks had gone to camp meeting, and she had a night key." *Spirit Lake Beacon*, June 5, 1872

"A person who has been traveling in the western States says there is not a lady West of the Alleghenies over the age of fifteen who is not either married or spoken for." From the *Boston Mail*. How did he ascertain the latter? *Davenport Gazette*, March 6, 1845

Reason why Women Have no Beards.

Nature, adapted all things in their place,
Planted no beard upon a woman's face;
Not Rodgers' razors, tho' the very best,
Could shave a chin that *never is at rest.* *Iowa Capitol Reporter*, March 1, 1845

Frank Confession—It is said that a young lady went into J. N. Waggoner's music store the other day to buy a piece of music entitled, "When I sleep I dream of thee," but by some mistake frankly confessed to the young man in attendance by enquiring if he had the music entitled, "When I dream I sleep with thee." *Dubuque Weekly Herald*, June 6, 1866

"Girls are females under twelve years of age. After that period they are, in their own estimation, women, and accordingly devote their time solely to the consideration of love, and the practice of all its fopperies and follies, which they continue to do until they cease to call themselves young women—That is, when they are half a century old; then, they begin to think of religion, and that is compulsory. *Iowa Capitol Reporter*, April 19, 1845

"At a party up street a few evenings ago, the company concluded to each repeat a verse of Scripture, in which should be found the word "love." When it came to the turn of Miss S — —, we almost mentioned the name—a beautiful young lady of eighteen, and "in the market"—she was unprepared with an answer, but thinking for a short time, repeated the verse, "I love those who love me, and those who seek me early shall find me." Excellent girl, that. *Weekly Gate City* (Keokuk), June 11, 1867

"Mister, how do you sell sugar today?"

"Only twenty cents the pound."

"Can't give it; I'll drink my coffee without sugar, and kiss my wife for sweetening, first. Good day, sir."

"Good day, sir. When you get tired of that kind of sweetening call again."

He called the next day. *Iowa Capitol Reporter*, December 30, 1843

"Let us avoid that handsome woman coming up the street," said a physician to a friend; "she always looks so cross at me that I do not like to meet her."

"Is there any reason for it, doctor?"

"Yes, I attended her husband once when he was low with a fever."

"Ah, I see. It was one of your bad cases; you lost him."

"On the contrary, I saved him, and that is what she has never forgiven me for—she would have made such a magnificent widow, and she knows it." *The Weekly Citizen* (Centerville), December 24, 1870

A Dime for a Kiss. A traveler near the close of a weary day's drive over a lonely and muddy road, came to a little log cabin in the forest, and asked for a drink. A young woman supplied his wants and as she was the first woman he had seen for several days he offered her a dime for a kiss. It was duly taken and paid for, and the young lady, who had never seen a dime before, looked at it with some curiosity then asked what she should do with it. He replied, what she chose, as it was hers. "If that's the case," said she, "you may take it back and give me another kiss."—Good girl! *Weekly Oskaloosa Herald*, June 8, 1865

Jinks Explains the Significance of Nine Weddings:

A wooden wedding—Marrying a blockhead.

A golden wedding—Marrying for money.

A crystal wedding—Marrying a glass eye.

A tin wedding—Marrying a milkmaid.

A paper wedding—Marrying an editor.

A silver wedding—Marrying an old maid of sixty.

An iron wedding—Marrying a blacksmith.

A plain wedding—Marrying a carpenter.

A brass wedding—Marrying an impudent man. *Northern Vindicator*, November 9, 1869

*MY WIFE**By an Invalid*

I heard her. Oh! how cautiously,
 Open my bedroom door;
I heard her step, as noiselessly,
 To my couch across the floor;
I felt her hands my temple press,
 Her lips just touching mine,
And in my anguish and distress,
 'Twere sinful to repine.
Our pilgrimage is nearly through—
 We've passed life's mountain brow—
I thought I loved her years ago—
 I know I love her now.

Her face was hovering over mine,
 Her warm tears on my cheek;
Her whispered prayer of thought divine,
 Rose fervently but meek.
Her bosom rested on my arm,
 I felt its tremulous throe;
I knew the cause of its alarm,
 And felt its source of woe
And then the blood my system through
 Came pressing on my brow—
I thought I loved her years ago—
 I know I love her now.

Thus watched that tried and patient one,
By night as well as day;
In sadness and almost alone,
Till weeks had passed away.
Bereft of sleep—deprived of rest—
Oppressed—borne down with care,
Till, Oh! her labors have been blest,
For God has heard her prayer.
Her cheek resumes its wonted glow,
And placid is her brow—
I thought I loved her years ago—
I know I love her now.

Boone County News (Boonsboro)
October 26, 1859