

The Lancaster Daily Intelligencer

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THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT NO. 8 NORTH DUKE STREET, BY GEO. SANDERSON.

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Job Printing—Such as Hand Bills, Posters, Pamphlets, Blankets, Labels, &c., executed with accuracy and at the shortest notice.

THE PERPLEXED HOUSEKEEPER.

I wish I had a dozen pairs of hands, this very minute; I'd soon put all these things right—The very deuce is in it.

Here's a big washing to be done; One pair of hands to do it, Sheets, shirts and stockings, coats and pants; How will I 'er get through it!

Dinner to get for six or more, No loaf left 'er on hand—He's always so on Monday.

And there's the cream, 'tis turning sour, I must fetch it to the burning.

And here's Bob wants a button—Which way shall I be treading?

'Tis time the meat was in the pot, The bread was worked for baking, The clothes were taken from the bolt—Oh, dear! the baby's wailing.

Hush, baby dear! there, hush-hush-hush! I wish he'd sleep a little, Till I could run and get some wood To hurry up that kettle.

Oh, dear! if Henry does come home, And find things in this bother, He'll just begin to tell me all About his tidy mother!

How nice her kitchen used to be, Her dinner always ready—Exactly when the noon bell rung—Hush, hush, dear little Freddie.

And then will come my baby's wailing—Right on, before I'm thinking—And say that baby's wailing—Says so my mother from wiles—Says so my mother from wiles.

Now isn't that a great deal, That men should talk to stinging, Because a very bad sick wife Can't always smile so winning?

I wish I was young, I used to earn My living without trouble, Had clothes, and pocket money, too, And hours of leisure, double.

I never dreamed of such a fate, When I, A-Las was courted—Who, mother, nurse, seamstress, cook, house-keeper, chambermaid, laundress, dairy-woman, and scrub-general, doing the work of six.

For the sake of being supported.

JOHN WOLFE'S RICH WIFE.

I was passing Wolfe's store the other day, with a brother book-keeper, when we noticed a very neat carriage stop at the store, and one of the prettiest women in New York got out of it.

'There,' said my companion, 'is John Wolfe's rich wife. What luck some fellows have in this world! Born rich themselves, they continually gather riches, while we poor fellows never can seem to get rid of the blamed wooden spoon that Dame Fortune stuck into our unfortunate mouths when we came into the blessed world—But, rich or poor, how long will I would hunt up a rich wife any more. It is rather a mean business to be marrying a woman for her money.'

'Well, my good fellow,' said I, 'you happen to be wide of the mark this time. I know how John Wolfe got his rich wife, and can assure you that he did not marry her for her money; and moreover, did not dream of ever getting one cent with her.'

'Ay,' said he sneeringly, 'all those rich fellows pretend that they don't care anything about it; but don't think I am quite so green as to believe any such stuff as that. Facts speak louder than words, and we all know that John Wolfe has a rich wife.'

'Yes,' I replied, 'and pretty as rich, and as good as replied, and loving as good.'

'O, ho!' he exclaimed, 'I guess you must have fallen in love with her; rather a pity you were married so long ago; you might have out John, and got a rich wife yourself.'

'Not a bit of it,' said I, 'but you shall hear the whole story if you will come to my house to-night; and while we have our smoke on the piazza, I'll see if I cannot give you some of the cynic out of your composition.'

'Agreed,' said he, 'I'll be with you after supper.'

About five years ago, John Wolfe's book-keeper married a nice, pretty little girl, up in his native village, in Vermont, brought her down to New York, and started housekeeping in a very snug cottage, in Brooklyn. I was invited to the house-warming, and a more delightful evening does not often cheer the dull business of life than we passed. There were not over a dozen of us, male and female, but we all were old cronies, and intimate enough to be as free and pleasant together as we would be at home.

The party broke up at twelve, and Mrs. Dick and myself trotted home, as satisfied with our evening's enjoyment as need be.

Just one week after that my wife told me, with tears in her eyes, that John Wolfe's book-keeper had been quite unwell for two days past, and not an hour before, had suddenly expired, while sitting by the fireside, with scarcely a spasm or a pang. A disease of the heart had carried him off thus unexpectedly, and his wife was in a terrible affliction.

I did not lose a moment in running around to his house and offering what little sympathy and assistance it was in my power to bestow; and, of course, took upon myself to do whatever was necessary upon so sad an occasion. The young widow was terribly cut down, and, at such a distance from her own friends and relatives, seemed more than usually forlorn. We did all we could to relieve her afflictions, and, after the funeral had taken place, succeeded in calming her grief to some small extent.

I then took the liberty of inquiring a little into her affairs, and discovered that my poor friend had involved himself considerably in debt to furnish his house for his young wife's comfort, having purchased every particle of their household goods upon credit. This matter I undertook to arrange for her; and, by going around among the various creditors, persuaded the most of them to take their goods back by my paying them a small per centage for their trouble in packing and fixing. This, however, required the outlay of a couple of hundred dollars; the funeral expenses were one hundred and fifty more, and she had

not twenty dollars in the world towards it. The next morning, therefore, saw me at John Wolfe's store; he had just returned from a business tour South, and was quite shocked to hear of his book-keeper's death. I briefly related to him the situation in which the young wife had been left, and the arrangements I had made with creditors, and awaited his answer.

'Call as you go home this evening,' said he, 'and I will attend to it. I am very busy now.'

When I called in the evening, he handed me a letter for the widow, and, begging me to let him know if he could be of any service in the future, he started for home, and I did likewise.

I left the letter with the widow as I went home, and after supper, Mrs. Dick and myself walked over to see her. A little curious, I must say, to know the contents of John Wolfe's letter.

I confess I had never entertained a very favorable opinion of John Wolfe; he had always seemed to me overbearing and proud, and looked, I thought, as many young men do, who have never known anything of making a living for themselves, and are very apt to think that they are made out of rather superior stuff to the rest of us, and must be looked up to and smiled upon by all the rest of the world.

But I tell you I got a new sight into the human heart when I read that letter. It was without exception the kindest, most feeling, most consoling letter I ever read, full of deep sympathy for her sudden loss, so overflowing with expressions of esteem and regard for her husband, and winding up with sentiments so divine and heavenly a trust in an overruling Providence, and the sweet consolation of religion, that I declare I could scarcely think the letter could have emanated from a man so wholly engrossed in himself, as he always seemed to be. The letter, moreover, contained his individual check for one thousand dollars, to meet, he said, the expenses incidental to so sudden and unexpected a bereavement.

'I declare, Dick,' said my friend Cynic, 'your story is getting to be rather a long winded affair, for I have got to the end of my third cigar, and you have hardly commenced the story.'

'Well, John Wolfe,' said I, 'after this I will never again judge a man from appearances.'

'I should like to know,' said my cynical friend, interrupting me, 'what this has got to do with John Wolfe's rich wife?'

'Certainly,' said I, 'we shall probably come to all that in the course of time. Here take another cigar, and don't be impatient.'

The young widow returned to her friends in Vermont, and what followed, although I did not get acquainted with the facts until a very short time ago, I shall proceed to tell you in the order they occurred.

Within a week or so after arriving at her old home, John Wolfe received a letter from her father, returning him the thousand dollars so kindly advanced to his daughter, with a profusion of thanks for his kindness to his bearded child, and expressing a strong desire to be able to repay it by any service it might be in his power to perform in return.

But there was another enclosure, which John, it seems, thought a great deal more about than the old man's and the thousand dollars, and this was a letter from the young widow herself, so brimful of gratitude, that he began to be almost ashamed to think that he had done so little for so rich a return, and was rather sorry that he had not found time to have gone personally to comfort her in her sore affliction.

I do not know exactly how it came about, but one letter brought on another, until a pretty regular correspondence sprang up between them. It happened, also, that the widow's father, who was a retired lawyer, living on the frugal savings of a liberal life, was able to confer a very considerable favor on John Wolfe's house, by saving them from a sudden loss by a dishonored customer who had availed himself of it into his head, after a lifetime of honesty, to turn rogue, sell his goods to a cash customer who presented himself just at the right time, and slip off to California with the proceeds.

A friend of the old lawyer was employed to draw up the bill of sale, who mentioned to him casually, that so and so was selling out and going to the new land of promise; and knowing that this individual was largely indebted to Wolfe's house, he quietly slipped himself off to New York, by the first stage, without mentioning to any one but his wife and daughter, where he was going. Arrived in New York, he introduced himself, personally, to John Wolfe, and then proceeded to inform him of the important business which brought him to the city. As the rasal creditor was expected to take the next California steamer, no time was lost in getting matters fixed, and just as the gentleman was depositing himself, carpet-bag and plunder, on board the steamer for Aspinwall, he found himself rather unexpectedly obliged to relinquish his journey and pay a visit to John Wolfe's store, where, after paying over his full indebtedness, he was released, only to be carefully tended to by the rest of his rather anxious creditors.

The whole affair proved a most successful one, and highly creditable to all parties concerned, but especially to the young widow's father.

'You see, Mr. Cynic,' said I, addressing my friend, 'how one courtesy begets another.'

For all this important service, the old lawyer would only accept his expenses from home and back—said the jaunt had been worth something to him in the excitement and life it had given to his stagnant blood, and would not take a cent in any account. John Wolfe managed, however, to upbraid him for all that. The old gentleman had hardly been home a week when a protracted journey by express from New York, duly addressed to his wife, which upon being opened, disclosed a very handsome silver tea-service, with an accompanying letter, begging her acceptance of the same, as a mark of respect for her distinguished services rendered to him and his family.

'That,' replied John, 'is what I want to sundry firms whose names were all attached to it, and as you know, my dear friend, headed of course, by the respected and both heads are better than one, I have respectable house of Wolfe, Waterford County to consult you about it.'

So, to make the matter plain to her, he perhaps a letter passing between the parties once a month, and John Wolfe an answer. Will you be my Johnny—the young widow almost began courtin' him—Yes or no?

Jane had held her head down by a spoke, blushing celestial rosy red—as is quite proper, I believe, on such occasions. But Jane's was an earnest nature, likewise, and all trifling and fun had vanished, when, looking up to him, her bright eyes brimmed full of joyous tears, she gave him just

one of the sweetest kisses he ever had in his life.

'For ever and ever!' she cried; 'for ever and ever, John, if you will have me.'

Just at this instant the old lady mother stepped into the kitchen, and brought them both to their senses by exclaiming—

'Why, Jane?'

'O, mother, mother,' said Jane, 'I am so happy!' and she left John to embrace her mother. 'He asked me to be his wife, mother; give me joy—I am to be John Wolfe's wife!'

There were jolly times, be sure, in the old lawyer's house, that week, and when John Wolfe carried off his little wife to New York, there was the merriest wedding party in that village that ever drove dull care out of doors.

'What,' said my friend Cynic, when I paused, 'now, with all your years, you have not said one word about being rich. I should rather think the old lawyer, her father, must have been rather poor; how could his daughter be rich? and folks do say that John Wolfe married a rich wife!'

'Folks say a good many things, sometimes, that do not know anything about,' said I, 'John Wolfe's wife was not worth ten dollars in money when he married her; but it so happened that very soon after her marriage, an aunt of hers in Boston died suddenly, and as Jane had always been a favorite of her's, she left her entire fortune, I have reason to say it was an hundred thousand dollars, but I don't know, and I don't care; but I do know, and John Wolfe knows, too, that she herself, is an ample fortune for any man—and that, Cynic, is the way John Wolfe got his wife.'

From the Pennsylvania Inquirer.

WINNING AND REQUIRING.

Or, Before and After Marriage.

We some time since read an admirable essay on "THE ART OF WINNING." It described the polit and power of refined manners, the exquisite taste by which certain accomplished women of England and France were characterized, and said that their whole study was to make a favorable impression, as well upon the eyes as the mind, and to captivate the hearts.

The women of this country are, generally speaking, less artificial and artificial. They rarely play a studied part. Their conquests are in some sense involuntary. True, there are exceptions; and in some cases, we are sorry to say, that a cruel system is practised, and merely in the indulgence of vanity or pride. Affections are sported with, and hearts are broken. We can imagine nothing more wicked, reckless and unpardonable. Our purpose, however, at the present time, is not so much to allude to the art of winning a lover or a husband, a betrothed or a wife, as to urge the policy of keeping up the same system AFTER marriage, that was practised BEFORE, and of thus realizing as far as possible, the expectations that were held out, and the promises that were made, if not in words, by acts. We believe that the neglect of this course, is the fruitful source of much of the anxiety, discord and unhappiness that occur in married life. In too many cases both parties are in fault. For both are careless, negligent and indifferent. The system that we, is not persisted in. It was, in fact, false to some extent, or at least artificial, and adopted for the occasion. We fear that too many inharmonious marriages may be attributed to this cause. The lover and the husband are often found to be very different persons. So also the sweetheart and wife. One is all courtesy, kindness, attention and affection, and the other all apathy, indifference, and sometimes asperity. The illusion which charmed and deceived is thus dispelled, and the disappointed turns with bitterness and anguish from a dream that is found to be hollow, empty and unsubstantial. It is not so in all cases, and these exceptions are every way desirable. There should be no contrast in manners, attentions and expressions before and after marriage. The part that was assumed in the first instance, should be acted out to the letter, and the promises that were made, directly or indirectly, should be realized as far as possible. The chief object of the wife should be to render home a heaven and a refuge from the anxieties of the out-door world, and thus the happiest spot on earth. The husband, on the other hand, should endeavor to make himself every way agreeable and acceptable, and to fulfill every obligation that he assumed at the altar. Both should remember that human nature is, in its best and highest condition, erring and fallible, and there is nothing perfect on this side of the grave, and that forbearance and consideration are absolutely indispensable in appreciating the conduct of each. And again, neither should be exacting. The wife should not expect the husband to forego and abandon all his former associations, and to devote every hour of leisure to her particular whims and caprices. The husband on the other hand, should not forget that his wife is, after all, but a woman, and therefore liable to the foibles and eccentricities of the sex. Each should strive to please and gratify the other, but yet to much should not be expected on either side. Carelessness of address, indifference in household duties, and excessive fondness for fippant society and fashionable visiting, should be avoided as among the fatal errors, and calculated not only to offend the taste, irritate the disposition, and pain the heart of the husband, but to drive him from home, in the hope of meeting with more agreeable society and associations elsewhere. On the other hand, the young wife especially, should not be expected to abandon the world at once and forever, to seclude herself in her own dwelling, and to avoid all participation in the gaieties and vicissitudes which characterize refined and social life. In brief, there must be mutual efforts to please and gratify, as well as the spirit of mutual forbearance. It is not to be expected that the husband, the nature of whose business is full of care and anxiety, will constantly annoy his better half with dolorous accounts of the struggles and trials of commerce and trade, and yet a sensible woman who fully appreciates her position, will readily guard enough of the facts, and shape her conduct accordingly. It often happens that a word of encouragement is needed, and that a gentle expression of sympathy is absolutely essential. If, therefore, at such a moment, imaginary complaints be uttered and imaginary griefs be described, the effect is sure to be pernicious. This policy at once discourages and depresses, and makes home anything

but the delightful place of refuge, that a true wife should endeavor to render it. We repeat, the art of winning is comparatively easy; but the tact of retaining and keeping constantly alive the flame of affection and the soul of confidence by which a conquest was at first achieved, is far more difficult. Nevertheless, it is too often the case with husbands and wives, that they imagine all the duties of courtesy, kindness and attention are, if not to cease, to become relaxed, when the matrimonial knot is tied. A terrible mistake, as too many have found to their sorrow. We can conceive of no two beings who are more entitled to emulation and admiration, than the man and wife, after having lived happily together for twenty years, are still as attentive and devoted to each other as in the days of their betrothal. What to them is the out-door world, with all its changes and changes, its lights and shadows? They feel that their lives and fortunes are united together, and that each constitutes to the other, a source of exquisite enjoyment, because of the harmony, the kindness, the appreciation, the confidence and the affection that have ever existed between them. Wedded life, under such circumstances, is the highest and holiest of human conditions.

CARDS.

ALDUS J. NEFF, Attorney at Law, Office No. 11 North Duke Street, near the Court House, Lancaster, Pa. May 15, 1858.

SIMON P. EBY, Attorney at Law, Office No. 33 North Duke Street, Lancaster, Pa. May 15, 1858.

FREDERICK S. PETER, Attorney at Law, Office No. 11 North Duke Street, near the Court House, Lancaster, Pa. May 15, 1858.

REMOVAL.—WILLIAM S. ANWEG, Attorney at Law, has removed his office from the Court House to No. 11 North Duke Street, near the Court House, Lancaster, Pa. May 15, 1858.

SAMUEL H. REYNOLDS, Attorney at Law, Office No. 14 North Duke Street, near the Court House, Lancaster, Pa. May 15, 1858.

W. T. MCPHAIL, Attorney at Law, Office No. 11 North Duke Street, near the Court House, Lancaster, Pa. May 15, 1858.

NEWTON LIGHTNER, Attorney at Law, Office No. 11 North Duke Street, near the Court House, Lancaster, Pa. May 15, 1858.

REMOVAL.—WILLIAM B. FORDNEY, Attorney at Law, has removed his office from the Court House to No. 11 North Duke Street, near the Court House, Lancaster, Pa. May 15, 1858.

DR. JOHN McALLISTER, Dentist, Office No. 4 East King Street, Lancaster, Pa. May 15, 1858.

JESSE LANDIS, Attorney at Law, Office No. 11 North Duke Street, near the Court House, Lancaster, Pa. May 15, 1858.

JAMES BLACK, Attorney at Law, Office No. 11 North Duke Street, near the Court House, Lancaster, Pa. May 15, 1858.

JOHN F. BRINTON, Attorney at Law, Office No. 11 North Duke Street, near the Court House, Lancaster, Pa. May 15, 1858.

EDWARD McGOVERN, Attorney at Law, Office No. 11 North Duke Street, near the Court House, Lancaster, Pa. May 15, 1858.

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, Surgeon, Office No. 11 North Duke Street, near the Court House, Lancaster, Pa. May 15, 1858.

REMOVAL.—DR. J. T. BAKER, Homeopathic Physician, has removed his office from the Court House to No. 11 North Duke Street, near the Court House, Lancaster, Pa. May 15, 1858.

DETER D. MYERS, Real Estate Agent, Office No. 11 North Duke Street, near the Court House, Lancaster, Pa. May 15, 1858.

DRUG AND CHEMICAL STORE, Office No. 11 North Duke Street, near the Court House, Lancaster, Pa. May 15, 1858.

TO FARMERS.—Having been appointed by the Board of Agriculture, Lancaster, Pa. May 15, 1858.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the Board of Agriculture, Lancaster, Pa. May 15, 1858.

NET CASH DRY GOODS HOUSE, Office No. 11 North Duke Street, near the Court House, Lancaster, Pa. May 15, 1858.

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