

Lehigh

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER.



Register.

FOR FARMER AND MECHANIC.

Devoted to Politics, News, Literature, Poetry, Mechanics, Agriculture, the Diffusion of Useful Information, General Intelligence, Amusement, Markets, &c.

VOLUME VII.

ALLENTOWN, LEHIGH COUNTY, PA., JUNE 15, 1853.

NUMBER 37.

THE LEHIGH REGISTER,

Is published in the Borough of Allentown, Lehigh County Pa., every Wednesday

BY A. L. RUME,

At \$1.50 per annum, payable in advance, and \$2.00 if not paid until the end of the year. No paper discontinued, until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the proprietor.

ADVERTISEMENTS, making not more than one square, will be inserted three times for one dollar and for every subsequent insertion twenty-five cents. Larger advertisements, charged in the same proportion. Those not exceeding ten lines will be charged seventy-five cents, and those making six lines or less, three insertions for 50 cents.

A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

Office in Hamilton St., one door East of the German Reformed Church, nearly opposite the "Friedensbote" Office.

Poetical Department.

Twenty Years Ago.

I've wandered to the village, Tom, I've sat beneath the tree,
Upon the school-house play-ground, which sheltered you and me;
But none were there to greet me, Tom, a few were left to know,
That played with us upon the grass, some twenty years ago.

The grass is just as green, Tom; bare-footed boys at play,
Were sporting just as we did then, with spirits just as gay;
But the "Master" sleeps upon the hill, which coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding-place, just twenty years ago.

The old school-house is altered some; the benches are replaced,
By new ones, very like the same our pecknives had defaced.
But the same old bricks are in the wall; the bell swings to and fro,
Its music's just the same, dear Tom, 'twas twenty years ago.

The boys are playing some old game, beneath that same old tree,
I do forget the name just now—you've played the same with me.
On that same spot 'twas played with knives, by throwing so and so;
The leader had a task to do—there, twenty years ago.

The river's running just as still; the willows on its side
Are larger than they were, Tom; the stream appears less wide—
But the grape-vine swing is ruined now, where once we played the brau,
And swung our sweet-hearts—pretty girls—just twenty years ago.

The spring that bubbled near the hill, close by the spreading beech,
It's very high—'twas once so low that we could almost reach;
And kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I started so,
To see how much that I am changed, since twenty years ago.

Near by the spring, upon an elm, you know, I cut your name,
Your sweetheart's just below it, Tom, and you did mine the same.
Some heartless wretch had peeled the bark—'twas dying sure but slow,
Just as that one whose name was cut, died twenty years ago.

My lips have long been dry, Tom; but tears came in my eyes;
I thought of her I loved so well—those early brook-benches.
I visited the old church-yard, and took some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved some twenty years ago.

Some are in the church-yard laid—some sleep beneath the sea;
But few are left of our old class, excepting you and me;
And when our time shall come, Tom, and when we're called to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we played, just twenty years ago.

"Wall," said a soft-headed, blubbering Jonathan, the other day:
"Suke has gin me the sack, by gravy I've lost her."
"Lost her, how?" inquired his sympathizing friend,
"I had the soft soap on her so thick that the critter got so proud she wouldn't speak to me."

"A man wants just so much knowledge as he has the wisdom to use. Eat no more than you can digest."

"Come here my dear—I want to ask you about your sister. Has she got a beau?"
"No the doctor says she's got the jaundice."

Miscellaneous Selections.

Marrying an Establishment.

In a great many novels, the scenes of which are copied more or less faithfully from real life, the plot turns upon "marriage of convenience." In such affairs there are no tender glances, honied words, beating hearts, or other signs that Cupid has been at work; but cupid, instead, shows its traces. It is not love and beauty on one side, and chivalrous manly devotion on the other. The man does not take the woman for his "wedded wife," but he takes a family alliance—a union of titles—an estate within a ring fence—or a seat for a borough. The woman does not take the man for her "wedded husband"; she accepts instead a position in life—a carriage, a footman, the power to give good parties, good pin money, and a large jointure. Another sort of marriage of convenience is where some withered toothless old satyr of a slipped pantalon casts "sheep's eyes" at youth and comeliness, and tempts her with jewels and magnificence. In this sort of January and May alliances, parents are popularly supposed to play a very active part, representing the solid advantages of opulence and the fleeting joys of affection in invidious contrast; more especially if there is a young and poor lover—that ogre of match-making mothers—in the case. The arguments of the Scotch song are used, and often parroted—
And ye shall walk in silk attire,
And siller ha' to spare,
If ye'll consent to be my bride,
Nor think of Donald sair.

A quaint Yankee preacher once said that ladies were timid; they were afraid to sing when they were asked; afraid of talking cold; afraid of snails or spiders—but he never knew one who was afraid to be married. Possibly the sex will reject that as a libel upon them, yet it certainly has a foundation in truth and nature. Marriage enters more into the calculations of women than men. It rounds their destiny.—Men get independent without taking upon themselves family cares. Women, till at least a later period of life, continue to be dependents upon the family circle, if single.—There are exceptions, but that is mostly the case, and it is very natural that they should wish to be suns in a system of their own rather than minor satellites of the parental home. Besides, the earnest and sincere, marriage is necessary, as the avenue to the healthy exercise of those affections which go to make up so much of woman's nature, and which are in other conditions left to stagnate, often into disease. And for the giddy, the vanity of being married is a sufficient inducement to look out for a match.

We will not insult the discerning reader by supposing that he or she does not know one of the most obvious characteristics of human nature. He or she is of course aware that the more difficult a thing, the more desired, if not desirable, it becomes. Now it is a fact, that for some years past, marriages have been regularly decreasing in frequency, in proportion to the numbers of the female population. We must not be suspected of joking, or of a tendency to satire, when we say that the disinclination is not upon the side of the ladies. As we examine the subject, that will turn out to be in their praise. The hanging back is upon the part of the men, and some of the motives are not much to their credit, because they are selfish ones. A medical writer in the Lancet has lately said that it is to be ascribed to the progress of civilization, as the world becomes more refined, men get more selfish. They want to "keep up appearances," and that costs something. They want all they can get for themselves. They must have good clothes, and jewelry, if it be only mosaic. They must go to the theatre sometimes; and there are other consequent outlets for money not to be hinted at. They prefer these things, and a solitary two-pair back at Islington or Camberwell to the cares and expenses of home. They say, when they put on their hats that their family is covered—and other selfish things. A blooming wife and laughing children are in their catalogue not of comforts but of dangerous expenses. They feel that marriage is a serious ceremony in more ways than one.—It is not only an obligation to love and honor, &c., but to furnish a house and pay bakers' bills. That, too, civilization has made more difficult. The appearances to be kept up are more onerous than they used to be.—The Jacks and Jills of middle life are not to-day what they were in the times of our forefathers. They can no longer begin life in two rooms, with wooden botomed chairs, an oaken table, and a French bedstead.—The establishment must spring up as complete as Minerva from the brain of Jove.—The young lady has been to boarding school and got "accomplishments"; the young gentleman has acquired ideas of dignity.—They both stand in awe of that Mrs. Harris of public life, Mrs. Grundy: "What will she say?" To satisfy her they must have, in addition to a snug parlor, a miniature drawing room with knick-knacks. There must be gilding and glitter as well as solid comfort.—The young lady must not soil her delicate hands with household work.—

What! Mary without a servant? Oh, horrid! All their mammas, and half their marriageable daughters, would put their fingers in their ears to stop out the horrid sounds. Then dress makes greater demands than of old. Pretentious can no longer consent to appear in prints; sentiment has an affinity to satin, and really some mysterious connection with lace. Really it is no wonder that the men, what with the greater selfishness produced by civilization, and the increased requirements of matrimony, are cautious of entering into that state. If ladies must have establishments to start with—and that is unquestionably the rage now—why they must marry them instead of men. They must not look for glossy locks and bright eyes—for the possessors of these attractions have not yet had time to make little fortunes.—They must turn to grey hair and wrinkles, which have been successful—and they are both few and cautious; so that what with the limits set by woman, and the coldness of the men, marrying "respectably" has become difficult, and the scarcity of "good matches" makes it quite natural that there should be a scramble for establishments.

This is only half the truth. Besides the men who will not marry from selfish, or, if you please, prudential (that is the prettier term) motives, there are others who cannot marry. The monasteries of other times made a great many celibates, but the commercial celibacy of the present is far more extensive. There are more linen-drappers, shopmen and milliners' apprentices and workmen alone, to say nothing of other classes, than there were monks and nuns in the "merry days of yore." They do not take vows not to marry, it is true, but they are bound to solitariness by necessity under awful penalties.

The male-marrying circle being thus circumscribed by those who, more or less selfishly, will not marry, and those who cannot and must not marry—what is to become of the female marriageable surplus thus created? Take the instance of the tradesman's daughters—the tradesman in a small way—who may manage to keep his family while he lives, but not provide for them after his death; of poor curates' daughters brought up with some mental refinement; of the daughters of the struggling professional man, who manages just to make both ends meet. If they do not marry, what is to become of them after the prop of the house dies? They cannot sponge on the scanty resources of poor relations—even if the poor relations are willing—if they have any sense of independence. The governess market and the "companion" occupation are already overcrowded by poor underpaid ladies. Their pride revolts from household servitude. The life of the needlewoman, with its starvation and exposure to temptation, as the avenue to something worse. What must they do? They must marry if they can.—Well—or what the world calls well, if possible—if not badly. The necessity of choosing the lesser evil is strong upon them. They must not dream of love. They must stifle personal likes and dislikes. They cannot catch an establishment; they must at least grasp at a home; and for a home—thousands of women marry; for a home—even a poor one—thousands more pine. It is a sad state of things, but pity 'tis—'tis true.

So far from marriages of "convenience," then, being confined to the upper classes of society, we see that they run through the middle section; and if we go lower down we shall find the same causes and effects at work. Lady Velvet, Miss Dimple and Polly, the housemaid, are equally desirous of being settled in the world. The reasons why are nearly the same in kind, though different in degree. They act with perhaps the most force on the less cultivated world. At bottom the nature is the same, spite of the aristocratic languor of the one, "the accomplishments" of the second, and the rough hands of the third. They all want to be married as well as possible, but at all events to be married. They desire more freedom for domestic restraint—a position of some kind in the world, and a settled source from which will be supplied the wants of life—in fact, an establishment. Do you think Polly feels these longings less than either of her more refined companions? No indeed, possibly more. A "day out" is to her a little paradise; and if she were married she would have every Sunday, at all events. An hour's relaxation, "a little bit of time to herself," as she says, between six and seven in the morning, and any time at night, is as far off a vision as the golden apples of the Hesperides. If she were married she would not, she thinks, be always drudging and slaving; and then, too, her future prospect—what is it?—She at present rejoices in her magnificent income of 28 a year, "without tea or sugar." See, finds it hard enough to make it do.

When she has had the necessary quantity of gowns, bonnets, and other indispensables, and gone through her holidays, which of course cost something—she has not many left. She knows, if she cannot succeed in driving thought away, that she must grow old by-and-by, and then the stupendous 28 a year will fall—even if she cannot continue to command that while young. What is she to do? Of course, she, like her betters, must marry. She does not expect a carriage or a drawing-room. She can put up with two rooms, or even one; and wooden chairs, oak table, and French bedstead will do. The baker's and the butcher's man can command that. Or K, 1024, who looks down the area, can manage it unless, as Polly says "he's a supernumery, and they keeps them in barracks." Mr. Timothy Pippley, the soldier, can get her the washing of his company, and contrive a home somehow. We are convinced that the marriages of servants, those which are not the result of utterly thoughtless, reckless impulse, mostly arise in this way; and of their results we need not say much, well understood as they are.

From the highest to the lowest, there are thousands who marry establishments. Some of all grades—from the princely mansion to the confined attic, are taken "for better, for worse." Some obey custom, some are pressed by necessity, some act from choice. Habit, vanity and want, and the fear of want, are always at work. There are the private wrongs of selfishness and ambition, and the dread of not being able to keep your place in the world to contribute their helps to the system. Social evils there are, too, to strengthen it. The dependence of women—their want of the means of earning a subsistence by honorable employment, which makes that dependence more galling—the haste to be rich upon the part of the men—the commercial celibacy to which we have alluded, are among the foremost. All conspire to produce a want of moral tone—to root out high feeling—to turn passages which will exist into an illegitimate direction—to nourish error and suffering. The remedies are a better mental and moral training for the mass, and a wider and more real prosperity. In fact, education and abundant and well paid labor are the only things to substitute marriages of men and women for scrambles for establishment.

The Foundling.

Some incidents in the history of a family which I heard related hereabouts, are curiously romantic. A farmer, whom we shall call May, whose means were ample than most new settlers, lived in 1812 in Illinois, about six miles from St. Louis. One morning early, a person then lodging in the house, who furnished this information, heard Mrs. May's voice in startled tones, calling to her husband to ask "What noise is that?" The drowsy husband answered, that the cry was probably that of an opossum or a screech-owl. "Ah, no, John!" exclaimed the wife, "it is a young child!" She sprang from the bed, as did her husband, and both ran to the door; a basket was set on the door-step, covered with a blanket, which Mrs. May removed, and there lay, imbedded in snow-white muslin and linen, a beautiful infant! Lifting it in her arms, she ran into the house, and laying it on her lap, examined its features with delighted curiosity. "Is it not a beauty?" she cried, looking up in her husband's face; and the way it has come is so funny! The stern farmer replied, that he could see no fun in having other people's brats thrust upon him; but his grumbling was hushed by the benevolent woman, whose whole soul went forth in kindness towards the little helpless creature—evidently not more than four weeks old—thus cast on her maternal care. Notwithstanding the displeasure of Mr. May, which she knew to be more in appearance than reality, she kept her resolution of adding the trouble of providing for it to the charge of her own four children.

Matters went on thus for two or three years, and the foundling, increased in beauty, became the pet of the household. Mr. May, however, treated the little girl with an indifference amounting to dislike, and manifested annoyance particularly when his wife would tell her visitors the child's history—always prefacing it by the exclamation, "The way that dear little thing came to us was so funny!" One day while he was alone in the room, he was playing with little Mary, when hearing his wife's step, he set her down quickly, pushing her from him. The child cried: Mrs. May took her up, and spoke complacently of her husband's unkind treatment of the little desolate creature, whom he seemed to hate: "You are mistaken, Nancy," replied the farmer; "I do not hate the child; see, she knows I love her as much as myself, and as he smiled and held out his arms Mary sprang from the lap of her protectress and came to him, laughing merrily."

"But why, John, do you always treat the poor thing so unkindly?" asked the wife. "I will tell you why, Nancy; because you tell everybody all about her; and it frets me to have people suppose I am bringing up nobody knows who, as my own; besides it is a disgrace to the child! Now if you will agree to what I propose, I am willing, for the child's good, to sell out and move to one of the northern territories. But you must promise never to let any one know that we are not her parents, and never again to allude to the 'funny way' in which she came to us." Mrs. May readily agreed to this generous proposal; the farmer sold out, and removed

to what was then the territory of Michigan. We will now take up another portion of the story.

In one of the Eastern cities, a Mr. L. and Miss C., both of highly respectable families, had formed a matrimonial engagement with their parents' consent. But a wealthier suitor came, to whom the father, a stern and violent man, determined to wed his daughter. The lovers were secretly married, and arrangements were made with a respectable family going to Missouri, to take the bride with them, the husband who called himself her brother, promising to join them shortly. He left the city some time before Miss C.'s disappearance, and all believed that he had gone on a sea voyage. Soon after leaving home, Miss C. wrote to inform her parents she was safe with friends, and fled to avoid a compulsory marriage.

After a journey of several weeks, the young couple arrived at St. Louis. Notwithstanding the pains taken to conceal their movements, in a few months the father learned that his daughter was in the western country, and wrote to her that her mother, almost heart-broken at her loss, had fallen into ill health. Sincerely regretting his own unfeeling conduct, he entreated her to return in spring, at which time he would send for her, having no suspicion that she was married. This letter was received by Mrs. L.—a short time previous to the birth of an infant, who was no other than the foundling aforementioned. She resolved to set off on her homeward journey as soon as her strength permitted. A journey in the spring, at that period, from St. Louis to Pittsburgh, was both difficult and dangerous; Mr. L. expected to return, and he thought it best to leave their child, urging that the parents of his wife would be more readily conciliated by her returning, apparently as she had left them; explaining all so doing. The young mother could not bear the thought of parting with her little one; but feeling that she could never forgive herself should she incur the blame of her return to receive her forgiveness and blessing, it appeared her duty to sacrifice her own feelings, and she at last consented.

Then occurred the question—with whom could the precious babe be trusted? The inhabitants of the place were mostly French, and they knew no trustworthy person who could be prevailed on to take charge of it.—A young man, Mr. L.—'s only intimate friend, was acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. May, and suggested that they would be certain to treat the child with all the tenderness its own parents could lavish on it, if their humanity were appealed to in its behalf as a deserted foundling. He engaged to deposit the infant, with all due circumstances of mystery, at their door; and report the manner of its reception; also to look after it faithfully in the absence of its parents.

The mother consented to the romantic scheme, and packing the basket with as many clothes as it would hold—placing in the bottom a purse full of money—she set out with her husband and his friend, in the night, for May's house. Within a short distance of this they stopped, and with forboding anguish, both kissed the baby's smooth cheek, and resigned it to their friends, endeavoring to console themselves with the belief that a year, at the furthest, would restore their darling to their arms.—In a few days their friend called on Mr. May, saw how well the child was doing, heard the foster-mother say she loved and would cherish it as her own, and made a satisfactory report to its anxious parents.

Mr. and Mrs. L.—immediately set off for the East, separating a few days before their arrival at the house of the wife's father. She was joyfully welcomed, and Mr. L.—soon after received a letter inviting him to join her.

It was now about the commencement of the war with Great Britain, and as it was known the Indians would be troublesome on the frontier, it was arranged that Mr. L.—should go immediately to the West, and bring the child to his mother. He reached St. Louis at a time when a general panic on account of the Indians had scattered the inhabitants, and could nowhere be found: Mr. May's family had also disappeared; and the neighbors had taken refuge in forts; and the most diligent inquiries failed in procuring the desired information. After some narrow escapes from the Indians, he was obliged to abandon the search, and return, disappointed and despondent, to his unhappy wife. At the end of the war, both set out for the West, and landed at Shawneetown. From this point they travelled northward through Illinois, making diligent inquiries in every direction; for the hope of finding the lost one was not yet extinct in the mother's breast.

After travelling through the country for nearly a year, they discovered May's residence, and had the happiness of embracing the child whom separation had thus more endeared to them. She was even more beautiful than the promise of her infancy, and very happy with her kind foster-parents who had been preserved and prospered through all the troubles and dangers by which they had been surrounded, Mr.

May was one of the most thriving farmers of Michigan. This little romantic episode in his history may not be known to his neighbors—for he was never very communicative—but it was the ground of a lasting friendship between his family and that of the little adopted one; both acknowledging from it a profitable lesson in life.

The Pattern Wife.

Winnie Winlove is not a beauty, but she has a sensible, lovable face, which is not only good looking, but looks good; and then her dress is always so neat, her smiles so bright, and her voice so sweet that though she would attract no attention at a theatre or ball, she is the dearest ornament of a husband's home.

She is never "caught," call when you will; for her house, like herself, is the pink of neatness—not that stiff, uncomfortable sort, which makes one dread to use the polished furniture; but an easy, all pervading order, which seems so natural one scarcely wonders at it. If in accomplishing this her servants give her unusual trouble, she does not fight her battles; or "er again," for the entertainment of her husband or visitors. She is not, in the usual sense of the term accomplished—does not perform brilliant fantasies upon the piano forte; or sing incomprehensible Italian bravuras; but she plays a sensible accompaniment; or dances, correctly, with water; and in perfect time; sings an English ballad with feeling and expression; and does either, when requested, without putting on airs or requiring the stimulus of a large audience. She has actually been known to play and sing for more than an hour with no listeners but her husband and family! She does not dance, but as her husband does and likes to, she willingly attends balls and dancing parties, where her observing mind, keen appreciation of the ludicrous and genial good humor, find no lack of entertainment. She does not speak, "all the modern languages," but her English is well worth listening to.

She is not, strictly speaking, pious, (were this a fancy sketch, she would be, but as it is a portrait, the truth must be told;) but she has a heartfelt love of the good, the true and the beautiful and does the duty which lies nearest her to the best of her ability. Cheerfulness is her chief characteristic; and promoting the happiness of her husband and family the business of her life. In matters of importance, if she and her husband differ in opinion, she states her's calmly, and listens to his reasoning with a mind open to conviction; but in trifles, his wish is her will.

Is she ready for visiting or shopping, he thinks it looks like rain, she lays off her bonnet and stays at home. Is she somewhat tired and indisposed for exertion, and he requests her to go out, she complies.—Has she a new dress or cap to which he objects, it disappears.

She never wants to read when he wants her to talk, nor to talk when he wants to read; never complains of her nerves; never replies when he hints that breakfast is a little late; never objects to his smoking; never teases him to give her new furniture, dress, &c., knowing that when he can afford them, he will do so without being asked. She never looks grum, or calls him "my dear," in that carefully softened but portentous tone which strikes terror to the heart of the henpecked husband, if he brings an unexpected visitor to dinner; never asks what kept him when he comes home late; and, climax of wisely amiability, never objects to his kissing all the young ladies who visit them!

Her health never compels her to leave him four or five months every summer to the house-keeping of servants, and the ennui of loneliness; or, worse still, the discomfort of boarding, and the society of his bachelor friends.

Her children—of course she has plenty—are never tormented about keeping clean and taking care of their clothes, and nor scolded over and peeted when they happen to fall; nor paraded for exhibition when they get new garments, nor scolded or neglected at any time. They are well governed, well bred, active, healthy and happy.

Her faults, of course she has some, are mostly those that lean to virtue's side, and are, in her husband's estimation, amply counterbalanced by the antithetical virtues of being fond; yet reasonably clear-sighted, yet confiding; wise, yet womanly.

The most striking case of moral terpidity, is related by the Lantern: One of the prisoners recently convicted, and being conveyed to Sing Sing, said his brother was a New York Alderman, and he wasn't ashamed to own it!

The following question is now under debate before the Betheltown Lyceum:—Which will sooner make a man rich—minding his own business or letting other people's alone? Snooks takes the opposite.

A country fellow came to the city to see his intended wife, and for a long time could think of nothing to say. At last a great snow falling, he took occasion to tell that his father's sheep would all be undone.—"Well," said she, kindly, taking him by the hand, "I'll keep one of them."