# LEHIGH REGISTER.

## A FAMILY JOURNAL--NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

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## Miscellaneous.

### WHITE HANDS
### And Muddy Coffee.

Henry Thornton has been a married man just two months. He was proud of his wife's glossy ringlets, her brilliant eyes, and last of all, her small white hands. He never once asked himself if these same hands could iron a shirt, make bread or mend a pair of socks. Not he; it was enough to know that they could make trills on the piano, work worsted dogs and horses on crickets and ottomans, and paint something styled a landscape. Thornton couldn't tolerate that kind of absurdity. In his opinion a woman had much better be asleep, than putting her thoughts upon paper. He thanked fortune, too, that she never took to dry disquisitions, tedious essays, or egotistical books.

Besides, his Helen didn't care about politics, being a regular 'Know Nothing' in regard to the item of who stood the best chance for being the next President. As to the war in the East, she could not tell positively whether Sebastopol was up or down; or whether it was in the hands of the Allies or Russians. Reformation topics she never broached, either. Temperance was only fit for drunkards' wives to talk about. So it will be perceived that Helen Thornton was not a strong minded female; a fact upon which her husband felicitated himself not a little.

We have said that two months comprised the married life of the latter. It would be gratifying to add that his happiness was complete; that he had nothing to wish for; but candor compels me to say that he had discovered a little alloy in his gold. To be sure it would pass for pure metal, but close examination discloses the fact. In a word his coffee had been exceedingly muddy for more than a week, and then he cautiously dropped a hint to the effect that if her personal attention was given to the matter the evil might be remedied. She rather tartly responded that "coffee making was not her business," moreover shutting herself up in a chamber, in a miff, thus depriving him of her precious company for the rest of the day. A kiss and a new scarf set the matter right the next morning. Mr. Thornton however, throwing in gratis an apology for his ill fated suggestion. He remembered that all mankind (and we may as well include womankind) seldom attain to perfection; that roses always grow in that immediate vicinity of thorns, and that rainbows and black clouds are often seen together.

It is a curious fact, but no less true, that love scarcely ever outlives bad bread, smoking tea, muddy coffee, hard boiled eggs, discolored silver and soiled table linen. After all the romance and rhapsody laid to his charge, the little gentleman deals in practicabilities. He likes bread and butter, and he wants the bread light and the butter sweet. He is a little exacting too; insisting that gaiters look better neatly laced than when open and flapping at the sides, with the strings trailing on the ground. He was even once known to take an abrupt leave of a lady on the ostensible plea of dissimilarity of disposition; but the shrewd people suspected the true reason was because she wore dirty collars. He may be whimsical, flighty, and extravagant sometimes, but he is just as sure to have his air castles and settle down quietly to his three meals a day and a cigar in the evening as a feather is to obey the laws of gravitation. He writes tender poetry, too; but generally inspiration seizes him after eating heartily of roast beef—the sly rogue knows that an empty stomach is not favorable to soft sentiment or smooth rhyme.

The honeymoon had just expired, or rather the months allotted to that interesting period; for it has been ascertained that that season can be protracted, by proper means, to an 'indefinite length of time. The twain were seated at the breakfast table. Mr. Thornton looked dubiously at the burned and dried steak on the platter before him, made a wry face at his cup of coffee, took one mouthful of the clammy, leather toast, and then spoke.

'My dear Helen.'

'Well, Mr. Thornton.'

'Did you ever eat any of mother's bread?'

'No—why do you ask?'

'Because she makes the best biscuit I ever saw.'

'Undoubtedly! A man's mother is generally his wife's superior in everything. I only wonder he is persuaded to leave her! responded Mrs. Thornton dryly.

It was the first time she had ever spoken sarcastically, and Henry was puzzled.

'I merely referred to my mother because she superintended the bread-making herself. I wish you could be induced to do the same.'

The lady lifted her taper fingers.

'Do you really wish me to putty up my hands with pie crust, and bury my arms in dough, Mr. Thornton?'

'No, not exactly, my love, but you could overlook Biddy, and teach her to make better stuff than this,' he added, pointing to the toast. 'That wouldn't soil your hands, would it?'

'I don't know how; besides, Biddy don't want me in the kitchen, and I am not particularly attracted there. I don't mean to spend my life doing housework, or fretting about servants. I'm not able to do anything more than wait upon the table and entertain visitors.'

The bride sighed and leaned back in her chair.

'But your cousin Mary keeps no help, and still gets time to—'

'My cousin Mary is very foolish to do so much more than she need do. And then her hands are as brown as a Gypsy's.

'I never happened to notice them. I only remember that she makes delicate pastry, and plays the piano nearly as well as yourself,' rejoined Mr. Thornton soothingly.

'I wish you wouldn't quote cousin Mary.—I don't like comparisons. She's a drudge and a blue. You said you didn't like blues.'

'I don't—blondes are my favorites; and you are as pretty a blonde as I ever saw.'

'She's an advocate of woman's rights, too. How often you've said you were glad that I don't interfere with subjects which don't concern my sex. And now you are finding fault with my housekeeping.'

'That's the very idea, my love; I'm only regreting your non-interference in matters that do concern your sex.'

Mrs. Thornton 'defined her position' immediately. She did not design burying herself in the kitchen, or attaching herself to Biddy. She had married for a home and maintenance, not to spend her time in rolling pie crust or moulding bread.

Henry Thornton looked surprised, and no wonder, for he felt surprised. That his adorable Helen could be perverse when it suited her, he well knew; but that she should 'put down her feet' so determinedly, set him to thinking. The young husband did not wish his wife to perform the duties belonging to the domestic, but he hoped she would take the general supervision of matters; he was a clerk with a moderate salary, and prudence was indispensable to his situation.

The story need not be lengthened. Waste and improvidence in the kitchen soon brought pecuniary embarrassment, while in the parlor incapacity and ignorance of what constitutes a true woman and real lady, laid the foundation of much discord, which time did not lessen.—The charm of the 'white hands' had departed. Mere personal beauty without intellectual attainments, a fund of common sense, and moral worth, cannot prove long attractive. Think of it, ye Benedicts, in search of connubial felicity.

### The Voice of Her I Love.

BY M. O. HUDSON.

How sweet at the hour of silent eve
The harp's responsive sound;
How sweet the vows that ne'er deceive,
And deeds by virtue crowned!
How sweet to sit beneath a tree,
In some delightful grove;
But O, more soft, more sweet to me
The voice of her I love.

Whene'er she joins the village train
To hail the new-born day,
Mellifluous notes compose each train
Which zephyrs waft away.
The frowns of fate I'll calmly bear,
In humble sphere to move;
Content and blest whene'er I hear
The voice of her I love.

### THE TATTLER.

There is no being on the habitable globe more degraded and more contemptible than a tattler. Vicious principles, want of honesty, servile meanness, despicable insidiousness, form its character. Has he wit? In attempting to display it he makes himself a fool. Has he friends? By unhesitatingly disclosing their secrets he will make them his most bitter enemies. By telling all he knows, he will soon discover to to the world that he knows but little. Does he envy an individual? His tongue, fruitful with falsehood, defames his character. Does he covet the favor of any one? He attempts to gain it by slandering others. His approach is feared, his person hated, his company unsought, and his sentiments despised as emanating from a heart fruitful with guile, teeming with iniquity, loaded with envy, hatred and revenge.

### The Age of the World.

According to Archbishop Usher, 4004 B. C.; the Samaritan Pentateuch, 4700 B. C.; the Septuagint, 5486; Josephus, 4558; Dr. Hales, 5411. Here is a difference of 1850 years among believers of the Bible,, and Dr. Hales enumerates altogether 120 different opinions; the difference between them being no less than 3268 years! Eminent Christian divines differ in their computation to the extent of 1700 years, and some of them put the period of the deluge eight hundred years earlier than others.

☞Gov. Shannon, of Kansas, will it is said soon resign.

### Does the Moon affect Vegetation?

Very many practical farmers will be prompt to answer this query in the affirmative. Pliny says that if we would collect grain for the purpose of immediate sale, we should do so at the full of the moon; because, during the moon's increase, the grain augments remarkably in magnitude; but if we would collect the grain to preserve it, we should choose the new moon, or the decline of it. This maxim may find some feeble support in the fact, that, as a general thing, more rain falls during the increase of the moon than during its decrease, which may account for the augmentation of the grain in bulk, or size of the kernel; but it assuredly requires a robust faith to suppose that the moon at the distance of 250,000 miles from the earth's surface, can have any appreciable effect upon the grain, either in increasing or diminishing its bulk. The same author also prescribes the period of the full moon for sowing beans, and that of the new moon for sowing lentils.

There is also an approximation to something like an established principle observable in the practice of the Agrinomes of South America in their treatment of the two classes of plants distinguished by the production of fruit on their roots, or on their branches, but we are unable to indicate anything of the kind in the European Aphorisms. Yet it is the opinion or belief of all European gardeners that if trees or vegetables are expected to flourish with vigor, and attain their highest degree of excellence, they must be planted, grafted and pruned during the increase of the moon. But this opinion, like most others relating to supposed lunar influence, is wholly fallacious. The numerous experiments recently instituted for the purpose of demonstrating the erroneousness of this belief, have proved most irrefragably that the increase or decrease of this satellite has, and necessarily can have, no appreciable effect upon the phenomena of vegetable life or development. Many of the maxims relating to supposed lunar influence, are substantiated by no supporting arguments or physical reasons; they exist in the form of simple prejudices, yet are acted upon by those who indulge them, with the same unwavering faith and confidence in their variety, as though they were susceptible of the clearest and most positive proof. There is scarcely a single detail embraced in the wide routine of agricultural enterprise and effort, into which this superstitious presumption of lunar power does not more or less extensively intertwine itself. In some respects, it is perfectly harmless; in others, its effects are more momentous, and positively detrimental to the pecuniary interests and well-being of those by whom it is indulged.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

### The Earth we Walk On.

It may surprise some readers to learn that all the earths—clay, flint, chalk, &c., are nothing more than the rust of metals: that at one time during the age of this world they were all shining, brilliant metals. Geologists speak of the earth as being hundreds of thousand years old. All their philosophy is based upon mechanical science—the formation of strata, the upheaving of mountains, the burying of forests, have been attributed to some "great convulsion"—that is, to some shaking together of the crust.

Whether this great age of the world be true or not, it is very certain that before any of these events could have taken place, the formation of each of the earths must have been the work of ages; otherwise the metals of which their base consists could not have been so completely rusted as to assume an earthly texture. To understand this, we must leave the mechanical, that is, the geological theory. It cannot be disputed that the first changes of the earth's surface were of a chemical nature. Combinations took place then as now; the metallic bases, by mere contact with atmosphere or water, passed into oxyds as the chemist calls them, or earth, as expressed in daily conversation. Chemists thus recognize something like forty different kinds of oxyds or earthly bodies, some being very scarce, and others as plentiful. By the merest touch of air, some of the metallic bases of these earths instantly pass into the rusty or earthy state; some, by contact with water, are so energetic that they burst into flames.

By this process of reasoning we come to the conclusion that the earth is one mass or globe of mixed metals, of which the crust has become rusted, or of earthly form; the outer rind, as if preventing any rapid combination taking place with the metallic surface, five or six miles below the face of the dry land. Eruptions from volcanoes are probably produced by the sea getting down to the metallic surface, through some fissure in the earth's crust; decomposition of the water then takes place—fire, flames and steam causing an eruption. It would be an instructive lesson to man to quarry into the earth's crust to the depth of ten or twelve miles.—*Scientific American.*

☞Those who blow the coals of another's strife may chance to have the sparks fly in their own faces.

### SPITTING.

Will the time ever come when the spittoon, that disgusting reminder that people spit, will be removed from our parlors, steamers and cars? Those who chew tobacco feel a delicacy in having this one of the lower vices made apparent by the use of *la case de tabac*, as few others rarely avail themselves of this convenience.

The habit of spitting is probably one reason why the Americans are so meager in person.—They spit themselves to death, and then talk wonderingly about our climate—swell the numbers of those who die of consumption, and look like scare crows during the period of their natural life. Women and girls rarely spit—from an instinctive sense of its indelicacy, but men look solemn, talk grave, and spit. They finish a sentence in conversation by a spit, just as we close a paragraph in our editorial with a period.

Boys, as soon as they are installed into a broad collar, spit. They practice in order to do this well—shooting forward the body, and the under lip, till they become masters of the art, and able to hit a spittoon at the greatest possible distance.

If spitting must be done, the pocket-handkerchief is the only legitimate medium, and this can be used in a manner as little obvious to the spectator as possible. Those who have this habit inveterately established should carry an extra handkerchief, that the one "wisely kept for show" may be as little objectionable as possible.

Seriously, our secretions if healthful are never offensive, and never in undue quantities.—the habit of casting the saliva from the mouth causes an extra secretion which must in its turn be ejected, and thus nature is severely taxed to supply the waste, the gums shrink,—the teeth fail, the throat is parched—bronchitis, first, and, finally consumption, or some other decay of a weak organ, comes in to close the scene.

An Arab would run a man through who should presume to spit in his presence. The bird never spits—the toad squats to the earth, and the serpent secretes saliva as a deadly poison. If we weep passionately the saliva is bitter—it is pungent and scanty in the action of the baser emotions, while love renders it sweet and abundant. The saliva is associated with our whole animal economy, and follows closely upon the action of our minds, sympathetically, intimately with all its moods.

Sensitiveness inclines us to swallow down our saliva, while disgust disposes us to spit it out. The scent of roses moistens the lips more than the tongue, lemons cause the mouth to be filled with saliva. The sight of one hateful to us dries the mouth, while on the contrary one who is agreeable moistens it. Hence, those who weep much have dry lips, while those who suffer without tears, have not only dry lips, but an acrid mouth. Here is a beautiful pilosophy in all this, and those who waste the secretions by spitting, lose not only the action of these glands, but unquestionably weaken the fine sensibilities associated with them. Show us the man who spits and you show us a man of uncertain characteristics, and one whose sensibilities are not to be trusted. Do away with spittoons, and nature will do her work more genially for man,—she will beautify him, whereas now she is obliged to be continually patching him up.—*Mrs. E. Oakes Smith.*

### The Farmer.

Who makes the barren earth
A paradise of wealth
And fills each humble hearth
With plenty, life and health?
Oh! I would have you know
They are the men of toil—
The men who reap and sow—
The tillers of the soil.

### Advice to Young Ladies.

Trust not to uncertain riches but prepare yourself for emergency in life. Learn to work, and not be dependent upon servants to make your bread; sweep your floors and darn your stockings. Above all things, do not esteem too lightly those honorable young men who sustain themselves and their parents by the work of their own hands, while you care for, and receive into your company those lazy, idle popinjays, who never lift a finger to help themselves, so long as they can keep body and soul together, and get sufficient to live in fashion.

Young women, remember this, and instead of sounding the purses of your lovers, and examining the cut of their coats, look into their hearts and habits. Mark if they have trades, and can depend upon themselves; see if they have minds which will lead them to look above a butterfly existence. Talk not of the beautiful white skin and the soft, delicate hand—the fine appearance of the young gentlemen. Let not these foolish considerations engross your thoughts.

MACAROONS.—Beat the white of 8 eggs to froth, add 2 lbs. fine loaf sugar, 1 lb. blanched almonds pounded to paste, with rose water.—Beat all to thick paste. Place drops on a buttered tin far enough apart to spread. Bake 10 minutes in moderate oven.

### Overdoing the Thing.

There was once a Methodist preacher travelling in the summer. There had been a protracted drouth, the earth was parched and dry, and vegetation wilted. At night, our Methodist friend stopped in front of a house which belonged to a widow lady, and asked permission to stay all night. The old lady told him that bread was scarce, and that she did not know whether she could spare enough to feed him and his horse. The traveler answered that he was a minister, if she would allow him to stay all night he would pray for rain. Upon this she consented, so that night and the next morning the preacher put up long and fervent prayers for rain, and again went on his journey rejoicing. The night after he left there came a tremendous storm. The old lady, on getting up the next morning, found her garden flooded, her fences swept away, her plantation washed in gullies, while ruin and devastation stared her in the face. Turning to one who was standing by, she said:—"Plague take these Methodist preachers, they always overdo the thing. I was afraid of this night before last, when that fellow kept praying so loud!"

### LINES.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.
One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

### WEARING SHAWLS.

The Brooklyn *Eagle* thinks in rhyme, that shawls should be worn for the following reasons:—

"If you want to be in fashion, wear a shawl; if to ladies an attraction, wear a shawl: if to sheep and cows a terror, or like shanghais in full feather, or even rags upon the heather wear a shawl; if your hips are badly moulded, or your shirt and vest unfolded, are unpleasant to behold, wear a shawl; if you're courting some gay linnet, wear a shawl—you might wrap your lassie in it—in your shawl. It's like charity on pins, and hides a multitude of sins—although it causes grins, does your shawl. If you wish to be a dandy, wear a shawl—or have a cover handy, wear a shawl. In a word, it is a most useful article—as you may wrap your feet, head, body, knees, make a seat, a blanket, a bed, a muff, a pillow, a wrap-rascal, or Scotch plaid of your shawl."

### BE CIVIL.

It is an easy thing to be civil, and although in the language of the proverb, "fine words butter no parsnips," they frequently, nay, almost invariably, have a kindly effect, and influence the mind as well as the heart. Nevertheless, there are certain persons who go through the world, as if determined never to utter a civil phrase, never to do a civil turn.

They are naturally rough, peevish, and dissatisfied, and even when appealed to in matters of business, they will indulge in such a spirit and assume such an air, as to make the intercourse cold, formal, and repulsive. A sad mistake in every point of view. All of us are more or less dependent upon civility. It softens and sweetens the intercourse between man and man—it breaks down barriers and impediments that would otherwise exist, it appeals to the higher and more refined qualities of our nature, and it bespeaks not only intelligence and polish, but clearness of head and goodness of heart.

### Shoe-Pegging Machine.

Lackey's patent machine for pegging boots and shoes is one of the modern wonders of the world. It may be driven by hand, foot, or other power, and will peg all shapes, kinds, and sizes of boots and shoes, with incredible rapidity. The shoe is placed firmly upon a common jack, which stands in the socket of a universal joint, very ingeniously constructed, so as to give the pegs the requisite slant entirely round the shoe. The jack is brought parallel with the awl and hammer, and, by the assistance of a space-wheel, connected with the awl, the boot is made to revolve once around pegging two rows at the same time, or but one row, as may be desired, and will do the work on one boot or shoe in thirty seconds. A knife splits the pegs and places them in a wheel which carries them under the hammer. The awl perforates the leather for a peg, and is then carried back, and the hammer brought alternately into the same place to drive the peg.—*Portfolio.*

APPLE PUDDING.—Put in a deep pan or dish a layer of apples, pared and cut up, then a layer of bread crumbs, then apples again and bread alternately until the dish is full, adding sugar and interspersing with pieces of butter, and seasoning with spice. Bake about an hour. Good with cream or without.

SEED CAKE.—1 lb. flour, 12 oz. fine sugar well beat with 7 eggs, 1 oz. pounded caroway seed, two large spoons sour cream and tea spoon pearl ash. Bake if one cake an hour, in small tins 15 minutes.

### Horse Shoes by Machinery.

On the 19th of December last year, a patent was granted to Robert Griffiths, of Alleghany, Pa, for an improved machine for making horse shoes. Previous to this time, we had no opportunity of examining into the nature of its action, and the principles of its construction but during the past week the inventor has been exhibiting a model of it at the Johnson House, Warren street, this city, (where he may be found daily this week,) has explained its operations to us, and shows us specimens of its work. The iron bar of which the shoes are made is fed red hot into the machine, and is then cut off the required length, bent by levers, and formed upon dies, swedged and punched at one continuous operation. A working machine in Alleghany, we are informed, makes ten horse shoes, with ease, per minute, and judging from the specimen we saw, these require very little to be done to them afterwards to fit them for use. The shoes are well formed, and exhibit no straining of the fibre of the metal. This machine accomplishes at one continuous operation that which requires three and four different operations, on other horse shoe machines.

### The Great Iron Steamer.

We have been furnished with some particulars about the enormous iron steamship now in course of construction on the Thames. Her whole length is 684 feet; breadth of beam 86 feet; diameter of paddle wheels 121 feet; depth of hold 70 feet; depth of paddle wheel 58 feet; diameter of screw 41 feet. There will be 5 funnels and 7 mast—two of the latter being square-rigged. The nominal horse-power will be 2600, but it will work up to from 6000 to 10,000.—Her measurement will be 23,640 tons. It is expected that her crew will number from 750 to 800 men, including 12 officers. She will have accommodations for 20,000 persons, including 4000 first class passengers; or, if used as a transport, she can carry 15,000 troops and 5000 horses. She is expected to run at the rate of 16 miles an hour.

### Forty Acres of Bibles.

The Bible Society circulated last year 800,000 Bibles and Testaments. It is estimated that these books, if they were spread out on a plane surface and computed by square measure, would cover more than four acres; and if computed by long measure, they would extend more than eighty miles; if by solid or cubic measure, they would measure more than one hundred solid and fifty cords, and these cords, piled one upon another, would reach higher than the spire of Trinity Church, New York, or the Falls of Niagara. The entire issues for thirty-seven years of the Society's existence would cover more than forty acres with Bibles and Testaments; or extend in long measure nearly a thousand miles, or make more than 1,850 solid cords.

### ASBESTOS.

Asbestos is a fibrous mineral substance, which will burn, but cannot be consumed. It is frequently used in the present day in stoves, by which the consumption of fuel is avoided. Pliny, who lived 1800 years ago, said he had seen napkins made of cloth manufactured from asbestos; and that when taken from the table after a feast, they were thrown into the fire, by which means they were rendered cleaner than if they had been washed in water. The principal use of asbestos cloth was for the shrouds used at royal funerals, to wrap up the corpse, that the human ashes might be preserved when the body was burned.

[redacted]

with boiled rice, pressed down as much as the dish will hold. Cover with a crust of flour, and bake one hour in a slow oven.

CURE FOR A BURN.—Wheat flour and cold water mixed to the consistency of soft paste, is an almost instantaneous cure for a burn, whether large or small. Renew before the first gets so dry as to stick.

RICE BATTER CAKES.—Boil rice soft and thin it with quart milk, add 3 eggs, salt, and sweeten or not as preferred. Bake same as buckwheat cakes or in tins.

☞The number of cattle brought into New York during the year is reported at 168,700, the average weight of which being 650 lbs. gives over one hundred and nine million pounds of fresh beef, (109,655,000) costing at wholesale, more than ten millions of dollars.

☞*Very Likely.*—When a Boston girl is kissed, she says she is taking chloroform and remains insensible as long as the operation lasts.