

LEHIGH REGISTER.

A FAMILY JOURNAL—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY HAINES & DIERFENDERFER AT ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS PER ANNUM.

VOLUME X.

Allentown, Pa., February 20, 1856.

NUMBER 21.

LOOKING FOR A WIFE.

BY KIT CARLYE.

"I hardly know which I like best, Josephine Reynolds or Hattie Burke," said young Benson to himself, "Josephine is a splendid looking girl, a queen in every movement, and commands admiration wherever she goes; but, on the other hand, Hattie is a little gem, and has a sweet disposition, although, perhaps, Josephine has as good. Both can shine in the parlor, and, for aught I know, in the kitchen, also, as all farmer's daughters should be able to do. Well, I'll call on them this Monday afternoon, and endeavor to decide them. It's washing day I know, but so much the better time to sound on household duties; and as I am going out of town the fore part of this week, it will be a good excuse for calling now."

George Benson was a smart, intelligent young man, poor, but engaged in a profitable business, which bid fair, in a few years, to place him in independent circumstances. He wished to marry, but felt the necessity of wedding some one who was domestic, and would be a helpmate.

He was very much interested in both Hattie and Josephine, and hardly knew which he should prefer for a wife, as both had many excellent qualities, but finally concluded to decide in favor of the one who should prove to be the most domestic.

George's walk that afternoon brought him to Mr. Reynolds's about three o'clock. Josephine's mother ushered him into the parlor. In a few moments Josephine entered and welcomed him cordially. To his surprise, instead of being fatigued, as one will after a Monday's washing, she looked as fresh and blooming as a rose, and as trim in her dress as though ready for a party; while her mother, in her calico working dress, looked jaded and care-worn, and referring, by way of apology, of its being washing day, soon left the room.

"Excuse my calling on Monday, Miss Reynolds," said George, "but I was going to leave town for a week, and thought I would happen in a few moments before I went."

"O, you are perfectly excusable," replied Josephine, "I am very glad indeed that you called."

"I shall make but a short stay," continued George, "as I presume you are quite weary with your—"

"O, no, not at all, as I have been down to the village shopping all the afternoon. Mother always does the washing, as I haven't any taste that way."

"Then you have been at liberty all day?"

"Yes certainly; washing day is no more different with me than any other; I never did a Monday's washing in my life. Mother tried to initiate me into the mysteries of the art one day, but I was so awkward that she had to give up the experiment; and she said then, that there was no danger of my ever becoming a wash-woman."

"Indeed!" said George to himself.

"Father," continued Josephine, "would hire the washing done every week, but mother says she had rather do it herself, for economy's sake."

"A knowledge of housework, especially of cookery, is very desirable in a young lady," replied George.

"I suppose it was once considered so," replied Josephine; "but gentlemen now-a-days generally hire their wives a wash-woman and a housekeeper, and that answers every purpose, and saves a lady the trouble of acquainting herself with such disagreeable matters. Gentlemen of the present day do not wish their wives to be slaves, but companions."

"Very convenient logic for the ladies," thought George.

"Some have a taste for such duties and prefer to make themselves acquainted with them," said he, "for the sake of overseeing their servants and knowing for themselves that things are done as they should be, if for no other purpose."

"True, but I'm not of that sort. I abhor them. Housework is perfectly hateful—detestable to me. O dear! I should consider a man cruel who wished me to confine myself to it, even a part of the time."

"Well," continued George, drawing a long breath, for he was surprised to hear Josephine express herself so directly contrary to all previous notions of a woman's duties, "a lady sometimes marries a poor man and finds it for her and his interest to confine herself to circumstances, and attend to duties which are not agreeable to her, for the sake of assisting her husband and rendering his burthen lighter."

"Yes, but I make no calculations of that kind," said Josephine, firmly, though pleasantly, for she was really an agreeable girl, though allowed to grow up with erroneous notions in regard to domestic affairs. "I prefer not to wed a man unless he is able and willing to support me in ease and style."

"Then you would not make the right kind

of a wife for me," thought George, thoroughly sick of Josephine's remarks; and as soon as possible he changed the topic of conversation.

"What a lucky escape," said our friend, to himself, an hour afterwards as he was wending his way toward Hattie Burke's. It's a good thing for me that I sounded her upon house-keeping before I proposed, otherwise I might have got myself in a pretty fix. What a figure I should have cut with such a wife, why I should be obliged to turn cook and wash-woman myself, for I could not afford, in my present circumstances, to hire all my work done.—I should have to stay at home and wash Monday, iron Tuesday, perhaps, and bake Saturday, leaving only three days out of the seven to attend to my own business. What a fix!—Beautiful times I should have; my business would be neglected, and I should be poorer than ever; and even if I could afford to hire a house-keeper, it wouldn't better the case much, as I should have to give her directions and see that things were done properly, for Josephine is very far above such detestable matters as she calls them. A man that's going to have such a wife ought to know in season to get initiated into household mysteries before marriage.—Such a Miss may do well for a rich man, but not for me. Now for Hattie Burke; and if she turns out like Josephine in her tastes and dislike of domestic duties, setting aside the knowledge of them, which she cannot avoid having, as all say her mother has drilled her thoroughly in them, and is full of whims relating to their being slavish, &c., why, then I'll seek a life companion in some other part of the country, and perhaps make it a part of my present journey abroad to look for one.

Hattie welcomed him in an old calico dress, with short sleeves, a la wash-tub, and with her brown hair that generally curled so beautifully, gathered up neatly and snugly on the back of her head.

"I suppose I should apologise," said she, as they entered the parlor, "but I dislike apologise; and then you know that Monday is washing day, and we farmers daughter's have to be in the suds then."

"And there's where I hoped to find you," George came near saying; but checking himself, he replied, "I know it, it's a part of woman's duties, and I am sure an apology would be out of place."

"So I thought," returned Hattie.

"I fear I am intruding," said George.

"O, by no means," replied Hattie; "we are through with our washing, which held out later than usual, as mother has been quite unwell for a week, and I am obliged to do the whole of it to-day. You will stay to tea, of course; it will be perfectly convenient. Mother's headache has come on, and she has laid down, but father will be in presently to entertain you."

George's countenance was brightening up every moment, and he began to think his fears groundless in regard to Hattie, but he was resolved to test her ideas thoroughly.

"O, yes," returned Hattie, "I'm generally pretty healthy, and then I'm fond of it, too, and you know that is half of the battle. Mother even goes so far as to say, that is sometimes, I can cook and take care of the house, as well as she; but then, that's her flattery, of course to encourage me."

"But such work is hard, some say slavish," continued George.

"I think differently," replied Hattie; "it is not slavish, and need not be so hard as many contrive to make it. There is a right way to do everything. Some have what is called a knack; but that is simply finding out the easiest way of doing it well; one can make housework comparatively easy in that way."

"Well some consider it a disgrace," continued our hero, "and others complain that they have not a taste for it."

"It is not a disgrace," said Hattie; "on the contrary, I think a young lady may be proud of a knowledge of house-keeping. Many of the first ladies in the land have not felt above it, and why should I who am nothing but a farmer's daughter? As for the taste that way, a girl might as well acquire one first as last. A man's wife must understand such things, and the time to learn is when single. I often think how ashamed I should be, if married, and unable the first day of commencing house-keeping to cook my husband a decent meal. What would he think? why, that I was a mere doll, good for nothing but to look at; I should cry from sheer vexation."

"Well, really, I begin almost to think Hattie," said George, "that you would even consent to marry a man who would expect you to do housework all your days if you love him, you seem to make such an agreeable business of it, but I should have had but little respect for the man who subjected you to it unnecessarily."

"Yes," replied Hattie, smiling, "if I really love a man, his being poor would not lead me to reject him, even if his situation was such as to subject me to close attention to my home duties all my life."

"That's the very girl for me," said George to himself, as Hattie left the room to arrange the tea table, "I need not look further." And before he left the house that night he had made an offer of his heart and hand which had been accepted.

And so ends our simple sketch. If there any moral in it, young ladies of ordinary discernment will not fail to discover it.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BY C. H. RUSSELL.

Life's sails were set, my bark was trim
That bounded lightly from the shore;
Pleasure and wit were on the wing,
And every breeze a promise bore.

The morn was sweet as song of dove;
The mental skies serenely bright;
Each ripple sang its song of love;
Fame's pharos shied a lambent light.

With faith I spread my ample sail—
Buoys'd up on Hope's exulting wing—
And smil'd to feel Ambition's gale
Press on my canvas, wing and wing;

And, bounding o'er life's swollen tide,
My gallant craft speed proudly on;
Friendship and Love were at my side,
And every angry cloud had flown.

Youth's incense—laden breezes blew,
While Glory kiss'd the rippled tide;
Upon my cheek was passion's glow;
The star of hope, my only guide.

While holding proudly on my course,
Mid present joys, with future bright,
All gloomy o'er the western wave
Cold Disappointment bore in sight.

Then, darkling o'er the mental sky,
Life's storm arose with muttering groan,
My trembling bark was forc'd to fly
Through rising storm and dashing foam.

Pleasure and wit soon took to flight;
Fame's pharos cheer'd no longer on;
The star of hope withdrew its light,
And every promise'd good was gone.

I'll course, no more, so free and gay;
My shipwreck'd heart will soon lie cold;
The only left to Memory
To gather up life's scatter'd spoils.

Catonsville, Feb. 9, 1856.

A New Business.

We heard a pretty good one the other day, which we think merits a wider circulation than it has yet got. The story runs that an honest faced Hoosier went into a fancy store in Cincinnati, in quest of a situation. The proprietor, or head clerk, was sitting in his counting-room, with his feet comfortably crooked up on a table, and contemplating human life through the softening influence of cigar smoke. Our Hoosier friend addressed him modestly:

"Do you want to hire a hand about your establishment, sir?"

The clerk looked up indifferently, but on seeing his customer, concluded to have some fun out of him, so he answered very briskly, at the same time pulling out a large and costly handkerchief—

"Yes, sir; what sort of a situation, do you want?"

"Want," said the Hoosier, "I'm not particular—I'm out of work, and almost anything'll do me for a while."

"Yes; well, I can give you a situation if it will suit you."

"What is it? What's to be done, and what do you give?"

"Well," was the answer, "I want hands to claw rags into paper, and if you are willing to set in, you may begin at once."

"Good as wheat!" exclaimed the Hoosier, hand over your rags."

"Here, take this handkerchief, and commence with that."

Hoosier saw the sell, and quietly putting the handkerchief into his pocket, remarked as he turned to go out:—

"When I get it clawed, stranger, I will fetch it back!"

A Receipt for young Ladies that fall too easily in Love.

Take one grain of sense; half grain of prudence; one dram of understanding; one ounce of patience; one pound of resolution; one ounce of dislike; mix them all together and fold them up in the vacancy of the Brain for twenty hours; then heat on a slow fire for six hours; then strain clear from the dregs of hatred of melancholy; sweeten with forgetfulness, and put them in the bottle of your heart, stopping down with judgment; then let them stand fourteen days in the water of affection. I never knew this to fail.

LUCINDA.

To Young Ladies.

Beware of flashy gentleman. Fine clothes don't make the man. Moustaches, whiskers and frizzled hair frequently adorn the vagabond. Just ascertain, before admitting him to your society, whether the tailor and barber haven't contributed more in his "making up," than good character and manly principle. Beware of flashy flunkeys and fashionable vagabonds in disguise. Investigate the animal before giving away your affections.

Scandal Mongers.

In every community is a certain class of people whose only object in life seems to be, to defame and injure those around them. Generally persons of small mind and low origin, they accepted.

It is a sad thing to see a man of high standing and high reputation, who has done much good in the world, and who has the respect and admiration of all who know him, to be assailed by a class of people whose only object in life seems to be, to defame and injure those around them. Generally persons of small mind and low origin, they accepted.

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A CHILD AT PLAY.

A rosy child went forth to play,
In the first flush of hope and pride,
Where sands in silver beauty lay,
Made bare by the retreating tide;

And kneeling on the trackless waste,
Whence ebb'd the water many a mile,
He raised in hot and trembling haste,
Arch, wall and tower—a goodly pile.

But when the shades of evening fell,
Veiling the blue and peaceful deep,
The tolling of her vesper-bell
Called that boy-builder home to sleep;

He passed a long and restless night,
Dreaming of structures tall and fair—
He came with the returning light,
And lo! the faithless sands were bare.

Less wise than that unthinking child,
Are all that breathe of mortal birth,
Who grasp, with strivings warm and wild,
Gold, learning, glory—what are they?

Without the faith that looks on high?
The sand-forts of a child at play,
Which are not when the wave goes by.

IF I WERE HE.

If I were a farmer, it appears to me I would devote my whole attention to the cultivation of my farm, clothe and feed my servants well, take care of my stock, mend the holes in the fence, take a fair price for my produce, and never indulge in idleness and dissipation.

If I were a lawyer, I wouldn't charge a poor man \$5 for a few words of advice.

If I were a physician, I could not have conscience to charge as much as they do for feeling the pulse, extracting a tooth, taking a little blood; or administering a dose of calomel or jalap.

If I were a merchant, I would have an established price for my goods, and not undersell or injure my neighbors. I would sell at a moderate profit, and give good measure and deal as honestly as possible.

If I were a mechanic, I would apply myself industriously to my business, take care of my family, refrain from visiting taverns and grog shops; and when I promised a man to have his work done by a certain time, I would try to be punctual.

If I were a young man, I would not cut as many ridiculous capers as some of them do—playing with their watch chains, flourishing their rattans, strutting and making a great noise with their high-heeled boots, (probably not paid for,) and making remarks on plain and worthy people. They render themselves contemptible in the eyes of the sensible and unassuming.

If I were a young lady, I would not be seen spinning street yarns every day, ogling this young fellow, nodding to another, and giving sweet smiles to a third—sometimes having three holes in one stocking and two in the other.

If I were a lover, I would be true to the object of my affections, treat her with tenderness and never let her conduct towards others excite jealousy in my breast; but should she ever speak of me in terms of disrespect or treat me with coldness, I would be off like a shot on a shovel, and all her arts should never again entrap me.

If I were an old bachelor, I would make every exertion in my power to get married, and if I failed, I would buy a rope and hang myself.

And, Mr. Printer, if I was of your useful and respectable profession, I would never refuse to publish pieces like this.

Others not in this wide world a happier life
To sit near the stove-pipe and tickle
The sweet of her lips in the morning
Twist the cat's tail when she's asleep.

A Mark.

When the night of death came o'er her,
And her eyes began to close,
Happy dreams went on before her,
Calling her to sweet repose:
And she fell in slumber deep,
Leaving us below to weep.

Then we laid her little finger
Quietly across her breast—
Often now her mem'ry lingers,
As if by divine behest;
And though her reward she reaps,
We will mourn her while she sleeps.

Then, sweet zephyrs, whisper lightly
O'er that sacred, hallowed spot,
Where the moonbeams sparkle brightly,
Ah? it cannot be forgot!
For where yonder ivy creeps
Is the place where Eva sleeps.

Boots and Shoes.
Boots are said to have been invented by the Carrans. They were at first made of leather, afterwards of brass, and were used against both.

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the English than a wild Hoopitot. You can't get your clumsy Dutch tongue round the words of a civilized language. Now listen to me, Mounseer Frenchman, and I'll teach you how it's done.

Dutchman—No, listen to me, I undershtants how do bronounsho most bropperest. I comes from the *todder side* of Enkiant, and zuro I knows how do spohke de bure Enklish.

Irishman—Is that a reasonable sort iv a reason now? By that same logic I should know how to spake English still better, for I kim from *this side* iv England, and was niver across the Irish Channel since I was born, let alone before that. And thin, besides, me great grandmother was a schoolmashter, and my second cousin on me neighbor's side was a praicher intil the bargain; so Misher Mounshure, I'm the boy that'll taiche yo to spake English properly.

Frenchman—Oui! All speak do Ingleso—do Yankay, do Irish man, do Dush man, all speak him bess, and all speak him different! begar! Now, vat you call dis—[showing a potato]—dis pomme de terre?

Yanke—That pum de tar! Why, Mounseer,