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GRACE WARNER, OR, THE RICH MAN'S WIFE.

BY HARRIS PRESCOTT.

CHAPTER I.

"I can never love him, mother, not even respect him," said Grace Warner, a fair maiden of eighteen summers.

"But, why not, child?" asked Mrs. Warner.

"He is too old to love, too mean to respect."

"He is not very old."

"Old enough to be my father."

"He is not over forty, if he is that."

"That is too old altogether for a girl of eighteen; but if he were only twenty, I could not love him."

"It is all a whim, Grace."

"Call it what you please, mother. I do not even respect him."

"That is a foolish prejudice."

"He has the reputation of being the meanest man in town."

"It is a false report, you may depend upon it."

"His meanness is the only reason why he was not married before."

"You wrong him, Grace."

"And now that he has got old enough to need a nurse, he is going to marry to provide one."

"You are too bad, child. All these reports are mere malicious slanders. Have you no confidence in the judgment of your father and mother?"

"Yes, mother, but even if there were nothing against Mr. Dighton, I could not willingly become his wife."

"Why not?"

"You know the reason, mother," replied Grace, with a slight blush.

"What?"

"I love another."

"Pooh! I thought you had got over that."

"No, indeed, mother."

"But you are not engaged?"

"No, but I love James Henderson, and I am sure it would make him very sad to know that I had falsified my words."

"He will soon get over it."

"But I should not."

"Yes, you would. Mr. Dighton, you know, is very rich. He lives in a great house, and you would be a queen."

"They say he starves the poor woman who keeps house for him."

"It is false; and then you would be so happy, and have everything you want—"

"Except James Henderson."

"James Henderson again! What is he?—A poor journeyman carpenter, and likely to remain so all the days of his life. No, child, don't have anything to do with him. Never see him again."

"Nay, mother, he is an enterprising young man, and in five years he will be in good circumstances."

"One bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." If you consult the wishes of your parents, Grace, you will accept Mr. Dighton's offer."

"I cannot, mother. I do not love him."

"You will love him after a while. Not half of the folks love one another when they are married."

"Then they ought not to be married."

"But they soon learn to love one another.—I am sure, I almost hated your father when we were married."

Poor Grace was not saucy enough to say what her observation had taught her was true, that they did not agree any too well now.

"Now, Grace, in one word, if you marry Mr. Dighton you will be happy; if you marry James Henderson you will be miserable.—Think well of it. I never can consent to your wedding Henderson. It would be like permitting you to sacrifice yourself."

Mrs. Warner made a very long speech, and used a great many very specious arguments—the same arguments which had been used a hundred times before, and will be used a hundred times again. Everything that could be said to torture the poor girl into compliance was said, and the result was that she finally yielded.

It was a sad day for her when she severed the tie that bound her to her lover—a bitter day; and all the consolation she could derive from the act, was that it was in obedience to the wishes of her parents. She made a great sacrifice, but it was made in the spirit of filial obedience.

In due time she was married to Mr. Dighton—a man twice her age, and whose sympathies, feelings and aims were as entirely different from hers as light is from darkness. He was rich—rich in the goods that perish, in the dross of earth, but not in that wealth which makes a man—and the parents of Grace, flattered by the prospect of so brilliant an alliance, had used extraordinary means to bring it about.—They succeeded, with what results let the sequel show; though our feeble pen can only out-

line the clouds which the reader's imagination must fill up with the direst black.

CHAPTER II.

My space does not permit me to narrate all that poor Grace suffered as the wife of Mr. Dighton. For a time he was kind and indulgent to her—at least till the honeymoon had passed, and the novelty of his situation had in some measure worn off.

Then he began to exhibit his true character, and it was very much as Grace had predicted it in the interview with her mother which I have given the reader. He was not only harsh, unjust and unkind, but he was little, mean, and contemptible. Even the promised joys of wealth were denied her. Her labors could not have been more severe in the home of a journeyman mechanic, and she found it very difficult to squeeze out of him money enough to furnish her with the necessary articles of clothing, to say nothing of luxuries.

Thus she lived for some six years. Two children were added to their household, and Mr. Dighton had grown meaner and meaner every day he lived.

To Grace, life was little more than a struggle to obtain decent food and raiment for herself and children. But she was a patient woman, and though disappointment and sorrow had worn deeply into her heart, she had endured all with fortitude.

But things had come to such a pass that patience was no longer a virtue. She could not, she felt, longer bear up against the woes of her situation. If she had loved her husband, and necessity had doomed her to suffer, she could have sustained it without a murmur.

"Mother," said she, one evening, when she was spending an hour at home, "I can endure it no longer."

"Why, what's the matter, Grace?" asked her mother, alarmed by the air of despondency that her daughter wore.

"I cannot even get enough to eat."

"Why, Grace?"

"It is true."

"Why don't you make him provide what you want?"

"Make him! I cannot!"

"Yes, you can. Spunk up."

"I have said all I can say."

"But you are too gentle with him. Why don't you make the house too hot to hold him?"

"I can't do that, mother."

"Yes, you can."

"We have not seen a piece of meat for a week, and as for clothing, I can't get a dollar out of him."

"You are too tame. You haven't got spunk enough."

"I am afraid of him."

"It is his policy to keep you afraid of him." Grace thought for a moment, and new light broke in upon her. Her mother was right, and yet, if she played the virago, her life would be even more miserable than it had been.

"Where does he keep his money? Why don't you help yourself and provide for the family?"

That was a good thought. The money was in his drawer, and she began to derive new strength from these suggestions, pernicious as they were, or would have been under any other circumstances.

It was quite dark, and as she was about to go, her brother, a stout fellow of twenty, entered the room with a cowhide in his hand, and proposed to accompany her home, and they left the house together.

Grace had no idea that her brother had overheard her conversation with her mother, or she might have had some suspicions as to the purpose to which the cowhide was to be applied. But as her father was a farmer, and Henry had just driven his team into the yard, she paid no attention to it.

They were passing through a dark lane, deeply shaded by willows, when they encountered Mr. Dighton.

"So, Mrs. Dighton," said he, roughly, "you are coming home at last!"

"She is, you d—d infernal, sneaking whelp!" said Henry Warner, as he grasped Dighton by the collar.

"What do you mean, you villain?" said the wretch, striving to shake off the grasp of the sturdy youth.

"Half starve my sister, you— we will not write the strong epithets he used. "She didn't tell me, but I found it out, and now I'm going to give you some. Run along, Grace."

"Let go my collar, you scoundrel!" roared Dighton.

"I'll teach you to abuse my sister!" and the stout fellow commenced lashing the rich and respectable (?) Mr. Dighton till he called for mercy.

But Henry heeded not his cries, and laid on the cowhide till he was fairly exhausted.

"Now, you contemptible villain, you may go. Hell is not hot enough for you, and I mean to warm you up a little before you get there.—If you abuse her again, I will repeat the operation."

Dighton dragged himself home, but he could not leave his room for a week. His rage knew no bounds. He threatened the youth with all the terrors of the law, but Henry gave him to understand that he would flog him again if he prosecuted, and repeat the dose as often as he misbehaved himself. Men like Dighton are always cowards, and Henry escaped, and public opinion justified his act.

CHAPTER III.

Grace, through the good results of the cowhiding, and by her own energy, soon obtained the upperhand in the house; but if possible she was more unhappy than before. She loathed her husband, and his very presence was hateful to her.

Cowardly, mean, and contemptible to the last degree, she could scarcely endure the sight of him, or even to remain beneath his roof.

However much she respected and loved her mother, she felt that she had done wrong in persuading her to marry Dighton. She realized that it was her duty to have disobeyed her parents, when they refused to permit her union with Henderson—at least to have disobeyed their command to marry Dighton. It would have insured her happiness, as she only could judge whom she loved as a wife should love a husband.

To make her sad situation the more apparent, James Henderson had just returned from California, whither he had gone at the time she had discarded him, with a fortune in his possession.

He had called upon her, and the 'old flame' had been rekindled, if, indeed, it had ever been extinguished. Dighton was furious at this intrusion, and exhibited his character in a very clear light, by ordering him to leave the house.

"Don't go, Mr. Henderson," said Grace, promptly.

"By Heaven! Am I to be snubbed in my own house?" continued the indignant wretch.

"Leave my house, or I will kick you out!"

"My visit relates to this lady," replied Henderson, more disposed to laugh than to run.

"I know it, and that lady is my wife. You have no business to visit her."

"The lady must decide that for herself; in the meantime I will not be insulted myself nor permit her to be."

"We will see," said Dighton, as he rushed out of the room to seek assistance, for he never could do anything alone.

The tears came into the eyes of Grace, as she gazed at her former lover. The contrast between her present situation and that which her fancy pictured if he had been her husband, overwhelmed her with grief and disappointment.

"You are very sad, Grace," said he, tenderly.

"I am sorry for you."

"He is a monster!" sobbed she.

"Why do you live with him?"

"I would not, if it were not for my children."

"It really makes me sad to see you in this situation."

James Henderson was a man of quick sensibilities, and he felt all that he said. They conversed together for half an hour, and then he took his departure. The visit was repeated several times, till at last Mrs. Warner hinted to her daughter that it was not proper for a married lady to see an 'old flame' so often.

"People will talk about you," she added.

"Let them talk. I have been talked about enough not to mind it."

"But it is improper for you to do so."

"Mother, I have suffered so much, that I don't care much what I do."

What a rebuke to a managing mother?

About a week after Mr. Dighton missed his wife and two children. They could not be found in the village!

It also appeared that James Henderson had departed that day on his return to California.

It was a plain case;—he had eloped with Mrs. Dighton! She had taken her children with her, and a subsequent examination into the affairs assured the husband and the mother that the elopement had been contrived several days before, for Grace had carried off her own and her children's wardrobes.

They soon obtained intelligence from New York that the guilty parties had departed in the steamer for California.

Dighton raved and swore for a few days, and Mrs. Warner wept. By this time she had begun to see that she had done wrong in counseling Grace to marry a man she did not love.

Our story is a very simple one. We wish distinctly to declare that we do not approve of elopements—that nothing can justify a criminal elopement. And yet we find a great deal in Mrs. Dighton's case to extenuate her conduct. As for Henderson, though he still loved Grace, probably the idea of running away with her would not have occurred to him, if he had not commiserated her sad situation.

They had lived in California but a year, when the news of Dighton's death reached them. Immediately returning home, they were married, and public opinion so far forgave them

that Henderson was appointed the guardian of his wife's two children, and he was in reality a kind and good father to them.

Such marriages are seldom happy, but this was, and the parties still continued devotedly attached to each other.

A NEW SONG.

"Jeannie Marsh of Cherry Valley."

WORDS BY G. F. MORRIS, MUSIC BY THOMAS BAKER.

Jeannie Marsh of Cherry Valley,
At whose call the mules rally;
Of all the nine none so divine
As Jeannie Marsh of Cherry Valley.
She minds me of her native scenes;
Where she was born among the cherries;
Of peaches, plums and nectarines,
Pears, apricots and ripe strawberries!
Jeannie Marsh of Cherry Valley.

Jeannie Marsh of Cherry Valley,
In whose name the mules rally;
Of all the nine none so divine
As Jeannie Marsh of Cherry Valley.
A silvan nymph with queenly grace,
An angel she in every feature;
The sweet expression of the place,
A simple in the smile of nature!
Jeannie Marsh of Cherry Valley.

FLING AWAY THE RAZOR.

Each hair is furnished with a distinct gland, elaborately and beautifully complete. Under the facial are innumerable nerves, immediately connected with various organs of the senses, ramifying in every direction, and performing most important functions. This hair, when in full growth, forms a natural protector to the nerves and also holds, as it were, in suspension a quantity of warm air, through which the cold air, in breathing passes, and becoming rarified or tempered, enters the lungs without giving to their delicate texture that severe shock which arises from the sudden admission of cold, so often the fore-runner of fatal disorders. Any one putting his fingers under the hair of his head will feel warm air. The hair also wards off east winds, and prolific sources of toothache and other pains, and so tends to preserve these useful and ornamental appendages, the teeth.

It is said that an intimate connection exists between the moustache and the nerves of the eye, and that many diseases of the eye are traceable to shaving. Who has not felt his eyes smart under the application of a dull razor?

May not shaving, by depriving the lungs of the male of their natural protection, and by exposing them to the uninterrupted action of cold air, tend to weaken the chest and that weakness being transmitted in an increasing proportion from generation to generation, at length inducing consumption and consumptive tendency?

Persons who wear their hair under their chins, do not, except in rare cases, suffer from sore throats.

There is in the crypt of Hyde Church a vast pile of bones, which were gathered many years after a battle fought upon the sea-shore, between the Danes and Saxons, about one thousand years since; and among them the skulls of aged warriors, finely developed, the teeth in many of which are so perfect, so beautifully sound, and firmly imbedded in their sockets, that you cannot move them. The owners of these teeth wore beards; and the writer remembers witnessing, several years ago, some excavations on the site of the old priory at Spalding, when many stone coffins were dug out, whose inmates had, almost without exception, sound, entire, and elegant sets of teeth. Did not beards grow on their chins?

Shaving occupies on an average, fifteen minutes. A man who shaves every morning for 50 years, thus employs in that time upwards of 380 days, of 12 hours each. Is this a profitable application of our fleeting moments?

The face exposed to a microscope immediately after shaving presents a most unsightly appearance, the stumps assuming the forms of marrow bones sawn transversely.

Did not the teachers of the faculty approve of moustaches—and are they not of opinion that they play a most important part in the animal economy? Is it not probable, that by unduly stimulating the growth of the hair by shaving, we draw too largely on, and so cause an unnatural action of the nerves, producing an injurious effect, no matter how slight, on the brain?

Did not patriarchs and sages of old wear beards, and were they not remarkable for longevity, as well as for being exceedingly fine-looking fellows?

Is not shaving a bore—and does not a man, while undergoing the operation, look extremely ridiculous? And if it is right to rasp the chin, why not the eyebrows and the head also?

Does it not appear foolish to shave on a cold morning that which nature has provided to protect us against the cold? Do we not despise and hold too cheaply a beneficent arrangement, and infringe a natural law, when we cut off what Providence says so plainly shall grow? For the more a man shaves the more the hair grows, even to the hour of his death? The head shall become bald, but the face never!

In conclusion, when man was created he had given him a beard, and who will dare say that it was not a good gift? Turn to the first chapter of Genesis, and you will find that God saw everything that he had made, and behold it was very good!—London News.

Siberian Sledge Dogs.

These dogs are said to resemble the wolf, to have long pointed, projecting noses, sharp and upright ears, and long bushy tails: color various—black, brown, reddish brown, white and spotted. They vary also in size, but a good sledge dog should not be less than two feet seven inches high. Their howling is that of a wolf. In the summer they dig holes in the ground for coolness, or lie in the water to escape the mosquitoes, which in those regions are not less troublesome than one of Pharaoh's plagues. In winter they burrow in the snow and lie curled up with their nose, covered by their bushy tails. The preparation of these animals for a journey is carefully to be attended to. For a fortnight at least, they should be put on short allowance of hard food, to convert their superfluous fat into firm flesh. They are also to be driven from ten to twenty miles daily, after which, Von Wrangel says, they have been known to travel a hundred miles a day without being injured by it.

"We drove ours," sometimes at the rate of one hundred wrights (sixty-six miles) a day. Their usual food is fresh fish, thawed and cut in pieces; and ten frozen herrings are said to be a proper daily allowance for each dog. A team consists commonly of twelve dogs; and it is of importance that they should be accustomed to draw together. The foremost sledge has usually an additional dog, which has been trained as a leader.—On the sagacity and docility of this leader depend the quick and steady going of the team, as well as the safety of the traveller."

A Child's Prayer.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Sweeter than the songs of thrushes,
When the winds are low;
Brighter than the spring-time blushes,
Reddening out of snow,
Were voice and cheek so fair
Of the little child at prayer.

Like a white lamb of the meadow,
Climbing through the light;
Like a priestess in the shadow
Of the temple bright,
Semed she, saying, "Holy One,
Thine, and not my will be done."

Which is the Weaker Sex?

A question of some significance is asked by a writer in the *Pictorial Times*, viz: "which is the weaker sex?" The question is answered by the same writer as follows:—

Females are called the weaker sex but why? If they are not strong who is?—When men wrap themselves in thick garments, and incase the whole in a stout overcoat to shut out the cold, woman in thin silk dresses with neck and shoulders bare, or nearly so, say they are perfectly comfortable! When men wear water-proof boots over woollen hose and incase the whole in India-rubber, to keep them from freezing, women wear thin silk hose, and cloth shoes, and pretend not to feel the cold. When men cover their heads with furs and then complain of the severity of the weather, women hang an apology for a bonnet at the back of their heads; and ride or walk about in north-east winds and profess not to suffer at all!

THE SEXES.

There is a natural difference between the sexes, not in the number, but in the degrees of the primitive powers of the mind. Some are stronger in the female, others stronger in the male. The girl loves a doll, the boy wants a hammer—showing, in infancy, that they are destined or different occupations in society. Each sex should be cultivated, and employed in those pursuits for which nature has evidently fitted them. The claim to justice and merit is equal—their duties only differ.

☞ We are indebted to Mrs. Caudle for the following lines:—

Men bravely drink and never think
That girls at all can tell it;
They don't suppose a woman's nose
Was ever made to smell it.

Disadvantages of a Homely Wife.

You can't get along in this world with a homely wife. She'll spend half her time in looking in the glass, and turn and twist, and brush and fix, till she gets completely vexed with her own ugliness, and then she'll go right off and spank the baby.

She'll never be pleased with herself, and that's the reason why she'll be always fretting or scolding at somebody or other girls in the neighborhood.

And then she must have so many finger rings, ear jewels, flounces and ostrich feathers—so much all-fired expensive, flaring toggery, to make her look any ways nice at all, no reasonable man can stand it.

HOW MANY HOURS

enter the house of a weaver who is making cloth and you say he is a valuable man; visit the blacksmith's shop, where you find him making pickaxes, hammers and plowshares, and you say this man is essential; you salute these skillful laborers. You enter the house of a shoemaker, salute him more profoundly. Do you know what he is doing? He is manufacturing minds.

A GOOD RULE.

A man who is very rich now was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he replied:—"My father taught me never to play till my work was finished, and never to spend my money until I had earned it. If I had but one hour's work in a day, I must do that the first thing, and in an hour—and after this I was allowed to play; and I then could play with much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing everything in time, and it soon became perfectly easy to do so. It is to this I owe my prosperity." Let every boy who reads this go and do likewise.

LABOR-SAVING SOAP.—Take two pounds of sal-soda, two pounds of yellow bar soap, and ten quarts of water. Cut the soap in thin slices, and boil together two hours; strain and it will be fit for use. Put the clothes to soak the night before you wash, and to every pail of water in which you boil them, add a pound of this soap. They will need no rubbing; merely rinse them out, and they will be perfectly clean and white.

TO PREVENT OIL LAMPS FROM SMOKING.—Take any quantity of onions, bruise them, put all into a retort, and distil; pour a little of this liquor into the bottom of the lamp, and it will give no smoke.

Odds and Ends.

- ☞ Industry.—Love labor—if you do not want it for food, you may for physic.
- ☞ When a young lady grows quite impatient, is she stouter or taller?
- ☞ Happiness can be made quite as well of cheap material as dear ones.
- ☞ Pleasure is a rose, near which there ever grows the thorn of evil.
- ☞ Why is a Shanghai chicken like a dirty housemaid? Because one is a domestic fowl, and the other is a foul domestic.
- ☞ "I really can't express my thanks," as the boy said to a schoolmaster when he gave him a thrashing.
- ☞ It is said that American ladies flirt more than any other nation, and yet make the truest and best wives in the world.
- ☞ If you see a gentleman with his arms around the waist of a young lady, it is morally certain that they are not married.
- ☞ The Spaniards say "at eighteen marry your daughter to her superior, at twenty to her equal, at thirty to anybody who will have her."
- ☞ We'll gladly chase all care away,
And banish every sorrow;
Subscribers, pay your debts to-day,
And we'll pay ours to-morrow."
- ☞ Early marriages are apt to engender grey hairs, plenty of children, round shoulders, rheumatism, and thin looking wives. Young folks, look out for these and sundry other squalls.

CONUNDRUM FOR SUBSCRIBERS.

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F Y P
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Y U E H T

☞ When was it?—In the early ages man led a life of innocence and simplicity. When was this period of innocence? The first man who was born into the world killed the second. When did the time of simplicity begin?