

Middleton

VOL. I.

MIDDLETON, NEW CASTLE COUNTY, DELAWARE, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 9, 1868.

Select Poetry.

LABOR.

There's a never-dying chorus
Breaking on the human ear,
In the busy town before us—
Voices loud, and deep, and clear,
This is labor's endless ditty;
This is toll's prophetic voice,
Sounding through the town and city,
Bidding human hearts rejoice.

Sweeter than the poet's singing
Is that anthem of the free;
Blither is the anvil's ringing
Than the song of bird or bee.
There's a glory in the rattle
Of wheels amid factory gloom;
Richer than e'er snatched from battle,
Are the troothes of the loom.

See the skilful mason raising
Gracefully your towering pile;
Round the forge and furnace blazing
Stand the workers, tireless and pale.
They are heroes of the people.
Who the wealth of nations raise;
Every done, and spire, and steeple
Rear their heads in labor's praise.

Glorious men of truth and labor,
Shepherds of the human fold,
That shall lay the brand and sabre
With the sword of iron old.
Priests and prophets of creation;
Bloodless heroes in the fight;
Toilers for the world's salvation;
Messengers of peace and light.

Speed the plow and speed the harrow;
Pens and plowmen stand at work;
Bent to the plow and harrow,
Than the cannon or the sword.
Each invention, each improvement,
Renders weak oppression's rod;
Every sign and every movement
Brings us nearer truth and God.

Popular Tales.

THOUGHTS ABOUT MARRYING.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

"And when are you and Kate going to be married?"

The speaker was one of two young men smoking segars in a private room.

"If you mean Kate Kelso, never. It's all very well to dance with such a girl, but no poor man would think of marrying her."

"Why not, Frank? She's handsome, accomplished, in the very best set, dresses exquisitely, and will have a fortune when Mr. Kelso dies."

"Look here, Charley, do you think I'm a fool? I can't afford to marry Miss Kelso; and it is just because she is in the fashionable set, dresses expensively, and has expectations from her father. I am only beginning to succeed at the bar. It is a long time, as you know from your own experience as a physician, before a large income can be earned in a profession. As yet I am not earning such an income. Miss Kelso has been brought up luxuriously. Her father keeps a carriage, goes to a watering-place every summer, and entertains constantly when at home. Kate is so accustomed to the excitement of society, has been so much admired and flattered, has had her every wish so anticipated, that the prosaic life of a wife, on a narrow income, would soon destroy any little romance with which she might enter the married state. Her very dresses, her dear fellow, would eat up half my earnings."

"I think you are too hard on her. Any true woman if she marries the man she loves, will cheerfully submit to sacrifice for his sake."

"So it is said, and so, in justice to the sex, most of them, at least, try to do. But Charley, old fellow, you and I know, from our own experience, that habit is stronger than good resolutions. A man brought up in luxury, can never live as cheaply, if he gets poor, as the son of a poor man. Nor can woman either. A rich man's daughter is not the girl for a poor man's wife. It isn't her fault; it's her misfortune."

"But, you lost sight of the fact, that Kate will inherit a share of her father's property."

"Not at all. Mr. Kelso is only fifty, hale and hearty. He will live, probably, for twenty years yet. Not, till he dies, can his daughter get a cent. Meantime she will spend as much extra, every year, as will represent the interest of the fortune she will inherit. At the end of the twenty years, yes! long before that, I should be ruined, or else broken down in health, in consequence of being in debt and over-worked."

"Well, that's true. See what a sample Harry Smith has got into!"

"Yes, he married the daughter of a man said to be worth a million. Old Mr. Cary did not give her a penny. She had her wedding outfit, but that was all. On Harry's part, there was nothing to support her with, except what he made out of his business; and he was but a young merchant, with very little realized wealth. Sophie Cary was "stylish and fond of making a dash." She had the reputation of dressing better than any girl in her set; which meant that her wardrobe cost the most. Harry took his wife to the Continental Hotel, for even her husband had sense enough to know he couldn't afford to go to housekeeping in the only way in which Sophie would consent to go—that is, with a house on Walnut street, furniture from Paris, a ball every winter, and all that sort of thing. Heaven knows what he paid for his parlor and chamber, but it was a fabulous sum; or what would have been thought so in the days of your father and mine. In the summer they went to Saratoga—for Sophie wouldn't stoop to country boarding. There she had her pony-phæton and a dozen Paris dresses. In

the fall the hard times came, and Harry failed, partly because he neglected his business to be at Saratoga, and partly because he spent too much money. I understand, he owes twice as much as he can pay. The principal creditor is reported to have said that it would have been cheaper to give Harry the salary of a bank president, and let him do nothing. Now this is, I admit, an exceptional case. Sophie was unusually extravagant, even, more so than Kate. But she is a type, after all, of a large class that frighten young men, and keep them from marrying."

"But what is to be done? We all expect to marry some day; and there are no girls except girls like Kate, or Sophie. 'I beg your pardon. There are a plenty of them. Of course, to find the right kind, you must, I am afraid, generally go outside of the fashionable set. For it is only the daughters and wives of rich men that can afford to be fashionable. Other women haven't the time to waste in receptions and parties, day after day and night after night. Nor can any but the rich afford to dress in the extravagant manner in which fashionable women, in great cities like this, dress now-a-days. If you wish a wife, you must look elsewhere for one, unless, indeed, you are a millionaire."

"Where would you look?"

"There are plenty of families, thousands of them, in Philadelphia, and tens of thousands in country towns and villages, where the daughters are well educated, and yet have been brought up to help themselves. I know one where one daughter, who has a taste in that direction, makes all the bonnets she and her sisters wear. Another is a capital dress-maker. All attend to household affairs. They make cake, prepare desserts, and could, I've no doubt, bake bread. Yet they are quite as intelligent and companionable as Kate Kelso and her set. No man, with the right feeling, wishes to make his wife a drudge. But we men have to work, and why should women take their share?"

"Well, since you speak of it, I can recall such families also. But they don't go to balls and dance the Germana."

"No. The daughters of such families are taught to think home-virtues better than surface accomplishments. Men want true women for wives, and not mere butterflies."

"I shall be curious, Frank, to see your wife."

"If you will come with me, to-morrow evening, I will introduce you to the young lady who has promised to fill that position. She is the daughter of a widow, and has expectations from her father. I am only beginning to succeed at the bar. It is a long time, as you know from your own experience as a physician, before a large income can be earned in a profession. As yet I am not earning such an income. Miss Kelso has been brought up luxuriously. Her father keeps a carriage, goes to a watering-place every summer, and entertains constantly when at home. Kate is so accustomed to the excitement of society, has been so much admired and flattered, has had her every wish so anticipated, that the prosaic life of a wife, on a narrow income, would soon destroy any little romance with which she might enter the married state. Her very dresses, her dear fellow, would eat up half my earnings."

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