EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown—RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all."

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ADVERTISEMENTS

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THE PUZZLED HOUSEWIFE.

BY MISS SEDGWICK,

Authoress of "Hope Leslie," "Poor Rich Man" &c &c.

We have now, my young friends, to consider the domestic education of such of you as are the daughters of our rich merchants, successful professional men, or men of inherited fortune. If you are so fortunate as to live in the country, you will probably learn domestic economy from the necessity of your condition.—Your opportunies of instruction may not be quite equal to Mary Bond's but from the imperfections of our domestic service, from the incompetence of domestics, and the occasional impossibility of obtaining them—ei her the family wheels must sometimes stand still, or you must put your shoulder to them.

This necessity, coming only occasionally, may seem a great hardship to you You will have none of the facilities that Mary Bond has acquired from habit, and a half day's ironing sweeping, & arranging the bed rooms, laying the tables, and above all, kneading a batch of bread, will seem a Hurculean labor to you.

Depend upon it, that if you are totally ignorant of domestic affairs, you are nearly as unfit to be an American wife and mother as if you were lame in both feet and hands.

But what shall we say to those unfortunate young persons, who, bred up in luxurious establishments in town, are cut off from all accidental and irresistible opportunities of acquiring a knowledge of domestic affairs? They are as ignorant of domestic processes as is the lilly that neither spins, nor weaves, of the modes by which it is more gorgeously arrayed, than Solomon in all his glory.

This ignorance is all but an inevitable misfortune. There is an intrinsic difficulty in the case. All the arrangements of a town establishment, and all the arrangements of town life, presuppose that the LADIES of the house are to do nothing.

Such ladies may be so fortunate as to secure competent, well instructed, and faithful domestics, but such are rare birds in our land; and those to whose share they do not fall must make up their account to having sometimes confusion and disorder in their establishments, to neglected children and displeased husbands: to finding they have been imposed upon, or, what is far more painful that they have been unjust to their domestics.—How is this to be avoided? Only by an all conquering sense of duty on the part of the parent, or by the combined sense and virtue of a *self training* daughter.

To show the disastrous and mortifying consequences of omitting this *must have* of an American girl's education, we publish extracts from the letter of an accomplished friend who, after keeping house for twelve years at New York, removed soon after a commercial crisis, to one of the Western States.

After describing the richness and exquisite beauty of the country about her, and the change in her husband from extreme dejection to cheerfulness in consequence of the happy change in his pecuniary prospects, she says—'but what does all this avail me? I am a miserable, mortified woman. Don't be alarmed by my language. I have not yet broken any of the laws of the land, nor lost my husband's affections, though I am sure I deserve to lose them: but read on and pity me. You know, I determined to be virtuously economical, so I brought but two servants with me. This was rather a reduction from my usual establishment of six; but our fortune was reduced and I wished to conform to my husband's circumstances. Anne was to be my woman of all work, she was country bred and highly recommended, and the other, Rose O'Brien, was to be my children's nurse.

"We sent on Anne some weeks before us to unpack the furniture, and get the house in order, and when we arrived, in nice order it was: and Anne had found time to do up a courtship, and the very day we arrived, she set off to be married to a young farmer at the head of the river, telling me very coolly, that she should think, I 'might have expected as much—that all girls that came to the West, calculated to be married!'

"I submitted—I could do nothing else. Rose had been brought up to nursery-work, and was almost as ignorant as myself of all other household work, and besides, her hands were full, with my baby, who was cutting her eye teeth.

'The first morning after our arrival, I determined to be energetic and do my best to make my family comfortable till I could supply Anne's place, so I hurried on my dressing gown, and went down to the kitchen to make the coffee. But how was it to be made? I ran up to ask Rose. She had always seen it made in a grecque, so had I, but we had none. I thought if I let it soak long enough in boiling water, it would be as good as if poured through a grecque—Accordingly, I soaked it till I had every thing else ready. Anne had left some nice little trout all prepared to fry. I put them in a utensil that I knew was called a frying pan, and there they dried away to a coal. In attempting to cut the bread, I cut my thumb, it has been ever since nearly useless to me!

"'What stuff is that? asked my husband, when I poured out the coffee. I burst into tears, and confessed my ignorance. 'You should have boiled it, my dear,' he said. The next morning I did boil it, but it was so thick, it could not be drank. *How* to clarify it, none of us knew—we drank tea for the present. I have my beds to make, my rooms to sweep, and my tables to set, but I am well and strong, and should not mind it, (for I really feel the better for the exercise,) if I only knew how. Anne left us a large baking of bread. I looked forward with dismay to the time when that should be eaten up. We were reduced to the last loaf, and I begged my husband to ride over to the nearest neighbor's (two miles) and get me some leaven—for I knew that bread required leaven, though not how to make it, and unfortunately, my receipt-book was in a package of books not yet arrived.

"The good dame sent me some hard, bitter cakes, which she called 'turnpike emptyings.'—How to apply them I did not know, but I grated them into my flour, and I rose in my own esteem: but alas! my bread did not rise! You laugh, my dear friend; I laugh, too sometimes; but, I assure you, that I cry much oftener. All day and all night, I waited for the dough to rise. In the morning, it was the same lump as when I mixed it. My husband suggested it might rise in the oven; this seemed to me a bright thought, and into the oven it went; but, alas! it came out even more solid than it went in. My children were actually crying for bread, and I had nothing better than a stone to give them. I went to my room. My beautiful Petrarch was lying on the table. I looked at it for a moment with a sort of loathing. I would gladly have given all my knowledge of Italian, of which I have felt proud, to know how to make bread! 'But,' said my conscience, you might read Italian, and make bread too. The time spent in getting half a dozen lessons, would have sufficed to acquaint you with this essential art.'

"Do you remember how we used to laugh at Uncle John, when he came down from the country, and would tell us that we did not know any thing?—Vain-glorying, as we were, in being the first scholars in Madame C.'s school; 'Learn to make bread' girls,' he would say, 'the staff of life—learn to make bread.'

"'But I know how to make cake, Uncle,' you replied. Fiddle de dee! said Uncle John, 'that is an easy matter—but learn to make bread. Did you ever hear girls, the story of the Queen of France who, when she was told that her subjects wanted bread asked why they did not give them cake? I do not understand you, uncle,' said I. 'Perhaps not, but you may one of these days.'—Poor Uncle John it seemed to me his ghost was at my elbow while I was watching that bread. I could make cake—so could Rose. I once made some on a wager, under the eye of my mother's pastry cook, but of what use was cake, when we wanted bread?

"To return to my story. While I was lamenting my good for-nothingness, my husband came in, and asked if he should unpack my piano?—'No—no,' I cried, 'I never will touch my piano again till I know how to make bread. Get me a horse, if you love me, and let me ride over to that woman, and ask what she meant by sending me those detestable *turnpike* emptyings.' By the time I got to Mrs. Gates,' my feelings were somewhat subdued; so that I asked, very meekly, for directions how to use the *turnpikes*.

"'Gracious me!' exclaimed the good woman, I thought you knew as much as that!' I blushingly confessed I did not, and she gave me the directions. I went home, kneaded up my bread, and that evening's meal on the nice light loaf of my own making, was, it seems to me, one of the happiest of my life.

"My greatest difficulty was overcome, but every day and hour I experience the evil of my ignorance. I have obtained a raw Irishwoman. She is strong and willing, but more ignorant than one of our savages. If I only knew how to direct, she could execute. Yesterday, my husband had some pork sent to him. I, without much reflection, expected it to come as from the market, all cut up and prepared; but, to my utter horror, the animals were whole. I am sure, the family consisting of my husband, myself, Pat, our raw Irishman, Biddy and Rose, in joint council over the swine, were a group for Hogarth.

"Ah, my friend, 'you who live at home at ease,' little know the trials of *ladies* in the West. My husband had last week to go to Chicago, to meet some gentlemen from Philadelphia, on business.—'These shirts,' said he, showing me the linen done up, (undone, rather,) by Biddy, 'are too bad to go among civilized people. Could you contrive, my dear wife, to have one or two decently ironed for me?'

"I faintly answered, 'Yes.' Biddy is quite competent to washing, so I gave her my orders and then asked Rose, as a particular favor, to iron the shirts. She replied, pettishly, 'that she could not do every thing;' and I, not accustomed, you know, to submit to any impertinence from my people, retorted sharply. The consequence was, that she fell to crying. 'If she could not plase me,' she said, 'she could lave me—it was Anne had invited her to come and live all the same as a sister with her, and sure that would be more plasing than living at service, and not giving satisfaction—there was no need of living a servant any way in a new country where there was room for all and plenty.'

I was terrified at the idea of her leaving me with the care of my children in addition to every thing else, so I choked down my griefs, and apologized, and soothed. Ah, my friend, it is one of the necessary and most mortifying effects of our domestic ignorance and imbecility, that they make us completely subservient to those we employ.

"I am wearying you, but I must write of what my hands and heart are full. I ironed the shirts myself, and—shall I confess it? I sprinkled them with my tears. What a labor it was! How often I thought of the weekly replenishing of my presses with clean clothes—I, never bestowing one thought on the labor they cost. My ironing turned out better than I hoped. I took infinite pains, you may be sure, and when I felt the glow of success, and my husband thanked me heartily, I fell to a little moralizing, and came to the conclusion, that the humblest services may receive a certain dignity from the motives and feelings that attend them.

"The great domestic problem at present to be solved is, how I shall provide my family with soap. I have abundant materials left by the squatters on our place, but, though I have attended three courses of chemical lectures I know no better than Biddy does how they should be combined; and she could as easily transmute lead to gold, as ashes and fat to soap.

"My prospects, however, are brightening. Mrs. Gates has promised to *lend* me her daughter, Louisa, for a month. She is to instruct Biddy and *me*. Louisa is what I now call an *accomplished girl*—Depend on it, the meaning of terms changes with our experience. At this moment, I would give all my accomplishments—all my knowledge of French, Italian, Grammar, and Music for Louisa Gates' ability in household matters. You will say, perhaps, that I exaggerate their importance, owing to my present unfortunate position. Believe me, my friend, it can scarcely be exaggerated. A wife must be responsible for the domestic comfort of her husband and children. It is important to our concerns, that my husband should give all his time to his own department of business but he is every day interrupted by some domestic necessity that I do not know how to supply, or some petty embarrassment that I cannot relieve. I feel that I am not a *help meet* to him. He has no home comforts. He is most kind and forbearing and *I* am doing what can be done at my age, to rectify the errors in my education.

"I shall not regret my miserable experience, if it induces you and some other of my friends in town, to think seriously on this subject. The result of such reflection, I am sure, will be that it is essential to the well being of your girls that they be thoroughly instructed in domestic economy."

In justice to the writer of the foregoing, I shall give a short extract from a letter written by her after a residence in 'the west" of some four or five years.

"You who were informed of all our domestic difficulties in which I was involved by my ignorance, when I first came, would be delighted now to see how comfortly I get on. I thought for some time it was impossible to have any domestic comfort in the west, but 'impossible,' if not, as Napoleon said, 'the adjective of fools,' is that of imbeciles. I was determined, as far as I could, to make my husband and my children comfortable, and I resigned myself to being a household drudge for the rest of my life.

"Household work cannot, as some imagine, be done extempore nor is there a royal road to domestic economy, any more than to any other art or science I applied my strength, my mind, and my conscience, to the business. I often failed, but I learned from failure as well as from success. Practice made that easy which at first seemed impossible. I can now despatch a bit of work in the time I at first consumed in sighing over it, and I often find my my hands are performing their work like machinery, while my mind is wandering over earth, sea, and skies. What a wonder-worker is habit! When we cannot obtain domestics, we do not now suffer. Such occasions are, however, rare. We can get rough Irish or Germans, and I now know how to direct them. They are well called '*hand*;' the employer must be '*head*' to them. And now, my dear friend, those branches of my education which, in my first despair, I thought utterly lost upon me, have assumed their right position, and household drudgery takes its subordinate place.

"When I know that the material wants of my family are provided for, I devote myself to the intellectual education of my children; and here, far away from schools and masters, I pour into their minds the knowledge I acquired in my youth.

"Conscious that I do not neglect their domestic education, I feel that I have a right to impart to them my accomplishments; and those accomplishments that when I first came here, seemed to me a mockery, somewhat like an imperial robe to a wretch starving for bread, are now the solace and delight of my family. Surrounded as you are by all the luxuries of civilization, I will venture to say that you can have no conception of the enjoyment of a piano in 'the west.' It is a social blessing. I cannot believe that an Italian opera ever gave more genuine delight, than do our little family concerts. Kate plays duets with me on the piano, and my husband accompanies, with his flute, little Molly's guitar. Of course, my girls have had no teacher but myself. You, who can see every day fine pictures and engravings, can hardly imagine our excitement, when one of my girls has made an accurate sketch from Nature, or copied a wild flower well. As to books, from the Bible, first and best, down to the last periodical which the blessed post brings us, you must be cut off from the civilized world, as we are, to know their full value. Think what it is, during our long days and evenings of unbroken leisure, to be in intimate communion with such spirits as Shakspeare, Milton, Dante, Petrarch, Fenneion, and Cervantes. How often do I bless the education which enabled me to make acquaintance with these authors, and to introduce my children to them!

"And now I feel the full value of my late domestic education, which enables me to enjoy with a quiet conscience, the high and elegant pursuits for which my early instruction alone qualified me.—This domestic knowledge, believe me, my dear friend, is the *sine qua non*."

MARRIED IN SPITE OF THEIR TEETH.—A TRUE ANECDOTE.

Old Gov. Saltonstall, of Connecticut who flourished some forty years since was a man of some humor as well as perseverance in effecting the ends he desired. Among other anecdotes told of him by the New London people, the place where he resided, is the following.

Of the various sects which have flourished for their day and then ceased to exist, was one known as the Rogersites, so called from their founder; a John or Tom or some other Rogers, who settled not far from the goodly town aforesaid.

The distinguishing tenet of the sect was their denial of the propriety, and '*scripturality*' of the form of marriage. "It is not good for man to be alone."—This they believed, and also that one wife only should 'cleave to her husband.' But then this should be a matter of agreement merely, and the couple should come together and live as man and wife, dispensing with all the forms of the marriage covenant. The old Governor used frequently to call upon Rogers, and talk the matter over with him, and endeavor to convince him of the impropriety of living with Sarah as he did. But neither John or Sarah would give up the argument.

It was a matter of conscience with them—they were very happy together as they were—of what use then could a mere form be? Suppose they would thereby escape scandal; were they not bound "to take up the cross" and live according to the rules they professed? The Governor's logic was powerless.

He was in the neighborhood of John one day, and meeting with him, accepted an invitation to dine with him. The conversation as usual turned upon the old subject.

'Now, John,' says the Governor, after a long discussion of the point, 'why will you not marry Sarah? Have you not taken her to be your lawful wife?

'Yes, certainly,' replied John, 'but my conscience will not permit me to marry her, in the forms of the world's people.'

'Very well. But you love her?'

'Yes.'

'And respect her?'

'Yes.'

'And cherish her, as bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh?'

'Yes, certainly, I do.'

'And you love him, and obey him, and respect him, and cherish him?'

'Certainly, I do.'

'Then,' cried the Governor, rising 'in the name of the laws of God, and the Commonwealth of Connecticut, *I pronounce you to be husband and wife!*'

The ravings and rage of John and Sarah were of no avail—the knot was tied by the highest authority of the State.

GOLD DIGGING IN GEORGIA.—The Milledgeville Recorder of the 17th instant says: "Persons engaged in this pursuit in our gold region have of late, we learn, been much stimulated in their labor in consequence of the handsome profits they have in many instances recently realized. We are credibly informed that in the neighborhood of Dahlonega there are from fifteen hundred to two thousand pennyweights found daily. At one mine on Battle Branch there was lately one lump found, worth, it is said, *one hundred and twenty eight dollars*. It is supposed from present prospects, that there will be at least from three to four hundred thousand dollars realized in that section from the pursuit within the present year. The late success in this business is drawing the attention of many others to it."

GREAT EARTHQUAKE IN THE ISLAND OF ST. DOMINGO.

Great destruction of life and property.

The New York papers of Saturday morning contain all the particulars received of the great earthquake at Cape Haitien, which occurred on the 7th inst. and destroyed an immense deal of property and thousands of lives. It is a singular fact that at Bayou Teche, Louisiana, an earthquake was experienced on the same day, and the waters of the river and lake rose suddenly about six feet. The following account we find in the Courier, translated from the Port au Prince Patriot of the 11th instant.

On Saturday, the 7th inst., at twenty minutes past seven, in the evening, we experienced some severe shocks of an earthquake, which put the whole town in commotion. At mid-day a large meteor was perceived passing to the east. The heat was excessive, and thick clouds hung over the neighboring mountain, going in a direction from the southeast to the northeast. The seamen who were in the roads report that they felt the shock before they saw the houses shake, which would indicate that the shock came from the east. Many persons, however think they observed that the oscillations came from the north and went south.

There were two very decided shocks, the first was not as long as the second; the latter was the most violent and lasted about three minutes. All abandoned their houses, and the streets were filled with the affrighted population. But a little more, and Port au Prince would have been the scene of a disaster similar to that of 1770, a fatal year which occurred to the minds of every one. There is scarcely a single brick or stone house which has not suffered damage, they are all more or less damaged. Some, it is said, are scarcely habitable. The facade of the Senate House on which is sculptured the arms of the Republic surmounted by the tree of liberty, were detached from the edifice and broken into pieces by the fall. The interior of the building has also received some damage. In the night between Saturday and Sunday, two shocks were again felt, but not as violent as the first, one at 10 o'clock and the other at 12. At 11 o'clock in the morning of Sunday came another shock mass at church was interrupted, and those officiating at it ran away and many females fainted. Monday, at eleven o'clock in the morning, another shock.

The weather during these three days has had a lowering and at times a threatening appearance. Monday evening a little rain with excessive heat before and afterwards, night cool. Tuesday, a change of weather, return of the breeze and appearance of rain. In the evening at eight o'clock, the weather was stormy and every thing seemed to indicate an abundance of rain. The hopes we entertained yesterday have not been realized. On Wednesday we were awoke at a few minutes before five in the morning by another earthquake.

During these latter days it appears to us as if the earth on which we were walking was constantly quaking.

SAINT MARC.—A letter from this town, which has been communicated to us informs us that there too the earthquake of Saturday last was felt with the greatest violence; many houses have been so much shaken that they threaten every instant to fall down. On some plantations in the neighborhood of the town very great damage has been done.

GONAIVES 8th May.—Yesterday afternoon and earthquake was felt in this city, which was so violent that most of the houses in it were thrown down. At the same time, in consequence of the shock, a fire broke out at the apothecary's shop of Mr. Invernezzes & consumed in a few moments an entire block. The flames destroyed every thing that came in their way; there was not a drop of water in the town.

All the houses which have not been burnt down have been injured by the earthquakes, and this morning the shocks occur every quarter of an hour. The shops of Madame John Joufferts and M. Dupuy have fallen a prey to the flames. The shops of M. Richard Dauphin & M. Oster, built of stone and brick, have fallen down. Houses and shops are inaccessible, and we write these hurried lines in the street. The whole population has passed the night in the middle of the streets. Of the merchandize, which the merchants had been obliged to pile up in the public square, a great part has been stolen. It is impossible at present to estimate the extent of the loss. The church, the prison, the national palace, the treasury, the arsenal, and the house which was getting ready for the colonel commanding this district, are now nothing more than a heap of ruins.

In short, no one has escaped the calamity. Now, while we are writing, the fire is entirely extinguished, but the sky looks threatening and we are afraid of more shocks. If unfortunately our fears should be realized, there will be an end of the few houses remaining standing & Gonaives will be no more. The first and principal shock lasted about five minutes, and was followed during the night by more than twenty others which, though not so violent, were equally fearful.

It is now 8 o'clock in the morning.—Not half an hour has passed since we had another violent shock. The number of persons killed and wounded is not yet known. All the prisoners who were not buried under the ruins of the prison have escaped. God grant that the Capital may not have been afflicted with a similar misfortune.

CAPE HAITIEN. Wednesday, 6 o'clock in the evening.—Most deplorable news is spreading throughout the city.—It has been brought by Mr. Obas, son of the general commanding the District of Plasance. In consequence of the earthquake which was felt here on Saturday evening, Cape Town has entirely disappeared and with it two thirds of the population. The families which escaped this disaster have taken refuge at La Fossette, where they are without shelter, clothes or provisions.

Such is the news circulating in town, and which unfortunately is probably too true. It is to be hoped, however, it will not be confirmed in its full extent.

It is said that the President of Hatti has given orders to the physicians and officers of health attached to the hospital, to set off this evening and give their assistance to the unfortunate victims of this disaster.

The Journal of Commerce has letters from Port au Prince, of the 12th inst., which confirms the above to the fullest extent, and indeed makes it worse, if possible. One letter says that at Cape Haitien but one person was saved, all the others being either drowned or crushed to death. The cape itself was one mass of ruins. The town of Cape Haitien contained 15,000 inhabitants.

GREAT RIOT AT NEW ORLEANS.

The Broker's Offices Mobbed and Robbed:—The Military called out!!

From the New Orleans papers of the 21st we learn that on the previous day, the people of that city were in a state of great excitement, owing to the vast depreciation of the notes of the Municipalities, which took place, immediately upon the resumption of specie payments by the banks. The Picayune says:

About eight o'clock a crowd of some thousand persons collected on the public square. They were principally men who do business in a small way about the lower markets—Frenchmen, Spaniards, Italians, &c. After some brief but agrarian addresses from some of those among them, they proceeded to the building in which are the Mayor's office and the Treasury of the First Municipality. Here they became extremely clamorous, and give indication of their determination to outrage both law and order. They were met by the Mayor, who assured them that all excitement and apprehension about Municipality notes were groundless—that the Municipalities would provide for the payment of them at par value, and he therefore requested them to disperse and go home. This did not seem to satisfy them; every man was loud in urging his own complaint. The Mayor said it was impossible for him to reply to them all, but suggested that if a committee of three from among them would come up to his office, he was prepared to hear any thing they had to say, and to give them such advice as he thought most conducive to their interest. A committee was appointed, who, with the Mayor retired to his office, and if was in their absence that some one in the crowd cried out in French "down with the brokers! down with the brokers!" which seemed to be the signal for a general rush up Chartres street. On reaching the corner of Camp and Canal streets they simultaneously broke into and commenced plundering four of the Exchange brokers' offices located there. Some appropriating to themselves the spoils, some breaking the counters and windows and dashing the specie about—all appearing inclined to carry on and consummate the work of destruction. With the love of law and order characteristic of our citizens, they ran to the rescue, drove off and dispersed the mob, and secured some eight of those most prominent in the work of robbery and demolition.

The whole city now became a scene of general excitement. It was rumored that an attack would be made on the Second Municipality jail, and an attempt made to rescue the prisoners caught in the act of plunder. The citizens of this municipality, to the amount of some hundreds at once armed and placed themselves under the command of the veteran Col. White—the Washington Battalion and the Legion turned out—the "great guns" were put in order, and every thing bore the appearance of a city under martial law.

Nothing, however, occurred through the day, after sacking of the broker's offices, except a faint demonstration that was made about half past 12 o'clock to

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