

WANTED!
A WIFE!!

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Wanted! A wife!! by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

**WANTED!
A WIFE!!**



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London :
KENT AND RICHARDS, PATERNOSTER ROW ;
AND
W. F. CROFTS, DUKE STREET, BLOOMSBURY ;
AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

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WANTED! A WIFE!

WANTED!—"Well," say some of our readers, "there is nothing very extraordinary in this, doubtless many things are wanted by us individually and collectively, both in private and public matters for purposes as varied as the wants themselves, therefore this is nothing new." True, answers our echo, we all of us want many things—some real, others imaginary, some superfluous to actual comfort, others as necessary to ensure it—some whose possession would confer real blessings, others but an alloy upon existing happiness, and which would therefore prove curses instead of anticipated benefits; such a subject as this is a very grave matter for us to inquire into, nor do we imagine with labour never so great, and with the most industrious perseverance, that we could arrive at anything like a satisfactory or definite conclusion as to what are the real wants indispensably necessary to be supplied, the wishes to be gratified, or whether our views might not prove too contracted for some, far too liberal for more, by others that we created these wants like so many chimeras and which could never be complied with but

by the realization of the most utopian schemes that ever floated in the imagination of an enthusiast or fired the brain of a fanatic ; therefore we decline analyzing or classifying the wants of mankind leaving each individual to determine for himself and supply them in the most judicious and comfortable manner he can.

But if some are merely chimerical, others are equally real ; happiness is the great *desideratum* of all, and although we may not possess a fair, or we might even go so far as to say an equitable portion of the gifts of Providence, still it is the aim of man to acquire that which is essential to his dearest interests, and which by perseverance and industry he has a chance of possessing, so that the means of his own praiseworthy exertions may be subservient to his wishes and contribute towards the permanent establishment of the comfort and happiness of his future years.

Doubtless each individual has his or her different ideas of what enjoyment really is ; that which would contribute to the gratification of one, might be positive uneasiness to the other, and the realization of the hopes of some yielding satisfaction and pleasure, would to those of a different temperament prove but uninteresting and futile, therefore, we doubt not, but that as happiness to a great extent exists within the reach of all upon whose efforts to attain it, and the display of sound judgment depends the great secret and certainty of success, so it remains with each to make the best use of that which he acquires, and that while looking

to himself not unmindful of his fellow-creatures, but with the spirit of a true philanthropist diffuse the means within his power, and thus while he ameliorates the condition, gladdens the heart, and proves of benefit to his fellow-men, so in like measure will he with the satisfaction attendant upon a good and worthy cause augment his own comfort, happiness, and enjoyment.

“Wanted!” again we take part of our title—but we imagine some of our fair readers much inclined to interrupt us and exclaim, “All this may be very well in its place, but what has it to do with the remaining portion of it? I expected something very different, and supposed it would have been far more interesting, as with others it refers to me.” “Certainly it does, Miss, and you most undoubtedly have a right to learn of something to your advantage, and what would be more so than to obtain some slight information of the most momentous and interesting subject, as we know you want a ——” “Fie, Sir!”—we are stopped in our remark, and here perhaps a blush ensues just as the word to complete the sentence was about being uttered; but compose yourself, young lady, why confused, or what cause for the blush to rush thus to your cheeks, although we admit it heightens your loveliness and sets off your charming countenance to advantage;—for a moment, in imagination accompany us; look upon that varied landscape, hill and dale, the blue heavens above, the green sward below, the extended

plain and the intricate forest, the luxuriance of the corn field, the beauty and magnificence of the parterre richly stored with the choicest and most delicate flowers of every hue ; the fragrance of the new mown hay, the joyousness which those chubby youngsters appear to experience in their gambols ; yonder neatly thatched cottage with its trellised porch, the honeysuckle shading the window with the jessamine and clematis, and the neat little garden in whose centre it stands ; do you not feel inspired by the most pleasing sensations, and in a moment of enthusiasm wish to live amid such scenes as these ? We turn from this, and silently gaze upon the vastness and grandeur of the ocean, the mighty waters mingling with the sky upon whose bosom are borne the produce and riches of foreign climes ; the scenery is sublime as we stand upon the tall and prominent cliff casting our eye along the extended shore till objects grow imperceptible and are lost in the distance ;—see yonder stately bark, how gallantly she rides upon the waves, returning from a distant shore and bearing those whose expectations of again beholding those so dear to them are apparently near the fulfilment ;—but see you yon cloud, 'tis but a speck—watch, suddenly it increases—hark ! 'twas distant thunder, and even now the first faint streak of lightning is reflected against the dark drapery of the heavens ; have you a bold heart ? take courage and let us view the coming storm ; the waters already agitated, *the billows begin convulsively to heave, anon they rise*

into fury—the lightning how vivid—with what an awful crash did that peal of thunder resound, and now heaven's artillery appears to be in full play—flash after flash—peal after peal—the wind increased to a hurricane, the waves rising in gigantic masses, and see that ship now struggling against the fearful rage of the elements, the waters momentarily threatening to overwhelm and engulf her. Alas! she strikes, the sunken rock more dangerous than the storm proves her destruction; the pumps are at work, hear you not the shouts of the commander, vigorous and boldly they work but of no avail, they commit themselves to the waves in their boat, Providence attends it, and they are saved; but the storm has passed, how awful yet grand during its continuance.—and now as evening advances, the day fast declining, how delightful to ramble enlivened by the last parting carol of the feathered songsters on every side, and then to behold the magnificence attending the rising of the queen of night when the earth appears rather a fairy vision than a reality, so beautifully are the objects softened and blended by her lambent beams, that we are almost ready to inquire if Paradise presented a lovelier or grander scene; and then what calm enjoyment when viewing this quiescent state—how many holy and devout feelings rise, intellectually and silently we perform our vigils at the shrine of nature, the wide expanse of the spangled firmament our oratory, and thus in the repose of creation and the stillness of night, our *otiosa via*.