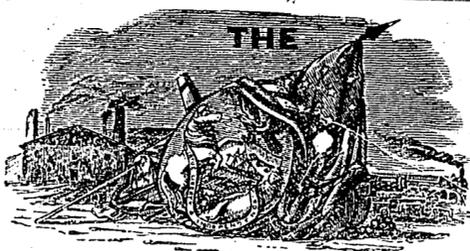


Lehigh



Register.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

FOR FARMER AND MECHANIC.

Devoted to Politics, News, Literature, Poetry, Mechanics, Agriculture, the Diffusion of Useful Information, General Intelligence, Amusement, Markets, &c.

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BY A. E. REUBEN,

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Poetical Department.

The Editor's Advisers.

Says one, your subjects are, too grave,
Too much morality you have—
Too much about religion;
Give me some wits and wizard tales,
With slip shod ghosts, with fins and scales,
Of feathers like a pigeon.

I love to read, another cries,
Those monstrous fashionable lies—
In other words, those novels,
Composed of kings, and queens, and lords,
Of border wars and Gothic horrors,
That used to live in hovels.

No—no, cries one, we've had enough
Of such confounded love-sick stuff,
To craze the fair creation?
Give us some decent foreign news,
Of Russian, Turk, the Greeks and Jews,
Or any other nation.

Another cries, I want more fun,
A witty anecdote or pun,
A rebuff or a riddle;
Some long for missionary news,
And some of worldly carnal views,
Would rather hear a fiddle.

This was all the way which any of us
Had to find her little sister, but the mission-
ary was determined to do it. So we went up
to Blackwell's Island to see if we could get
anything from her mother about her. She
was in the Hospital and the doctor said
would soon die. You would never have
thought her the mother of that pretty child.
She looked like an old woman, though she
might not have been over thirty, with a red
scarred ugly face, and something worse
had made her the wreck of a woman.

She told us where to find the child,
though she evidently did not wish to tell,
and when we were away, one of the doctors
overheard her say, "She would like to see
us find Tuny now!" The missionary fol-
lowed up her directions, and he and Mr.
Pease went through every vile negro house
in Leonard street or Cross st.; sometimes
they found traces of her; people spoke of a
sweet little child, with long curls, who lived
among the negroes. Once a mulatto woman
said she knew her and thought she
could find her for them. Mr. E., who was
so much interested for her, offered ten dol-
lars to any one who would discover her, but
nothing came of it, and we almost gave it
up. This looking for one little child in a
city of 500,000 inhabitants, is not an easy
thing, you know.

I now went up to the hospital, and tried
to get the direction from the mother through
some of the nurses.
We were told to go to the first laundress
in the Irving House, and she would direct
us to some one in Water street, and he
would tell us where the black woman was,
who had little Tuny. Mr. E. tried this,
and hunted and hunted, but no child! The
news came now that the mother could not
live many hours, so that we must get the
direction soon or never. At length, at the
very last moment almost, the doctors sent us
another address. The missionary rather
more hopefully followed it up again. He
went to a vile house mentioned for "Black
Susan." Susan did not live there! He
almost gave it up, when another woman
said, she was very likely at such a number
in Leonard street. He went there, "Yes,
Susan did live there, but she was out."
He went in and waited. It was a low bad
house; he had to be careful; and so he first
spoke of her mother at Blackwell's Island,
by her slang name, as if he knew her, and
then asked carelessly if a little child of that
woman was here. They said Yes! His
heart beat but he said nothing, and talked
of other matters, and after a while he asked
if he could see little Tuny. They made no
objection, and took him into another room,
and there nestled in the pillow, the long
brown curls cast over the young face, the
soft bloom on the cheek, lay the child, slum-
bering, peacefully, and trustfully—perhaps
dreaming sweetly of the love she had never
known, that day had saved her from a life
of shame and sin and pain, which none of
you can imagine.

My friend says his heart throbbled so that
he could hear it beat. He knew her at
once from her resemblance to Lily, as they
call the other one. He sprang to her, clasped
the child with one arm to himself, and
with the other presented a paper, he had al-
ready obtained from the mother, delivering
up her children to him, saying, "Has been
mine! she is mine by law." The woman
was taken by surprise; she could scarcely
say anything, and they both waited for
black Susan." She came at length, and
Mr. E. at once addressed her as if the

whole matter were settled; gave her five
dollars, thanked her for the care of the child,
and quite carried the thing by storm. The
woman seemed to feel very bad—"she had
never seen such a sweet thing, and she was
so quick to learn and pretty now!—and, oh,
she is so cunning—you ought to hear her
swear—it's as good as an old one!"
At length with a lighter heart, Mr. E. got
out, never for a moment quitting his hold of
the child, and hurried as fast as his feet
could carry him, with Tuny in his arms to
his sister's house. Only at length when
the door was closed and locked, and the
pursuit was out of the question, did he ven-
ture to say to himself with a full heart, "God
was thanked! Yes; we may say it too—she
was lost and is found!"

There was only one thing remaining that
could make the matter complete; that was,
from the mother, resigning both her daugh-
ters to the missionary. Mr. E., indehigant-
ly, hurried away to the island, though
scarcely doubting that the woman was be-
yond any earthly influence. By an almost
miraculous chance she recovered a little—
was able to sign the document in the pres-
ence of the Physicians, and the formality
was completed. She died, I think, the
same night. Whether she intended before
fully to deceive us, I cannot determine—
She was only the ruin of what she had been,
and perhaps not always sound in mind.—
She rests on the prison graveyard.

As I said, the older sister, Lily, fell sick
on account of the bad treatment she had re-
ceived, so that the two could not at once see
each other. They had not met for more
than a year, and we doubted whether they
would recognize each other. At length as
a reward to Mr. Pease, who had done so
much for them, and as a pleasure to us all,
it was agreed that the two should meet at
the "House of Industry," at the Five Points.

At a given time, in the large meeting-
room, all the little girls were gathered to-
gether in great expectation, for they all
knew and loved little Lily; and on the other
side were the women, rough and coarse-
looking enough, some of them, but sym-
pathizing very much with what was going on.
In the middle of the room the ladies and
gentlemen, who were interested for the chil-
dren, were standing. At length the two
little girls, dressed just alike in pretty child's
dresses, were brought forward. Neither of
them knew what was coming; but the mo-
ment Lily saw her sister, she sprang for-
ward, threw her arms about her neck and
kissed her again and again. The other
knew her, and clung to her as to a mother;
you would have known them at once as sis-
ters. The older is only five, but with a so-
ber head and the most graceful manner I
ever saw in a child. Her hair is blonde,
and the eye a sweet affectionate blue eye.
The little one, Tuny, is three years old,
with darker hair, with long curls, and a
shade darker—a more lively and impetu-
ous child than the other, and prettier to
look on. Still there is a sweet peace,
and a balance in the other's character,
which is very winning. The general form
of their features is very much alike.

Every body felt the touching artlessness
of the scene. The rough-featured women
sobbed audibly, and we could not help our
tears. Perhaps some of those there looked
away back to a time, when they were little
children, and when they had kind friends,
and were as pure as those little girls.—
For myself, I remembered where the sweet
and filthy hole of the Five Points—the dark
where the mother died, in the sad prison
hospital. All past now!—shame, disgrace,
pain, the certainty of an outcast's life and
the lonely death—all over! Now, kind, ten-
der hearts, affection, refinement, religion,
are about her path henceforth, and a home
and friends amid which to die. God be
gentle to the little ones in future days; and
when, if they ever know what they have es-
caped, may they be as ready to give to oth-
ers as others have freely given to them.

The children of "Home" now came for-
ward to bid good-bye to them. One of them
told me confidentially how sorry they were
that Lily would not be there again; and
how she had kissed them all when she went,
and cut up an apple into small pieces with
their scissors, to give, as a keepsake to
each one.

An Incident in the War of 1812.
At the battle of Plattsburg, in 1812, dur-
ing the din and uproar of the heavy canon-
ade on lake and land, there appeared before
the commanding officer an unknown Indian,
clad in the wildest savage costume, covered
with war paint, and armed to the teeth, who
gave information of the approach through
the woods on the south bank of the Saranac,
of a considerable body of British, accom-
panied by a small band of Hurons, or Cana-
dian Indians, who acted as guides and scouts.
—It is well known that one column of the
British army under the command of General
Brisbane, had approached Plattsburg from
the west along the Deserkmantown road,
to the north of the Saranac. The American
army was not entrenched on the south bank,
in the angle formed by the riv-

Miscellaneous Selections.

A Scene in the Five Points.

Some of the children may remember about
a beautiful little girl, found by the mission-
ary last winter in a very bad house with
nearly in New York. It is in "Cow Bay,"
and the man who owns it keeps a rum shop
and who makes a fortune from these poor
creatures with his house and his rum. You
can hardly see the way as you grope up the
stairs. Every now and then you stumble
on great heaps of dirt which have grown
hard there for many years; in the winter
nights the wind whistles through the broken
windows. The room where the kind
gentleman found the little one, you remem-
ber, was so dark and dirty, that he could
hardly tell whether one was black or white.
There were three or four black men and
women who were living in it beside; you know
the little girl was taken at once to Mr. Pease's,
and washed and dressed. Every body
who came there used to call her down to see
her, she was such a beautiful child. She
did not look like other children in the Five
Points. Her skin was soft and white, and
her mouth and nose fine, and her head very
high and large. She did not shuffle around
like some of them, but always had a pretty
little graceful step. Well after a while she
began to be sick, I suppose because she had
been in such dirty places and among such
people so long. She used to tell us some-
times of her mother who was up on Black-
well's Island, and of little Tuny, as she called
the little sister she had; she was smaller,
she said, and had large pretty eyes, and
curls which hung over her face. "A black
woman had her."

Another cries, I want more fun,
A witty anecdote or pun,
A rebuff or a riddle;
Some long for missionary news,
And some of worldly carnal views,
Would rather hear a fiddle.

Another cries, I want to see
A jumbled up variety—
Variety in all things,
A miscellaneous hodge podge print,
Composed—only to give that hint—
Of multifarious small things.

I want some marriage news, says miss,
It constitutes my highest bliss
To hear of weddings plenty,
For in a time of general rain,
None suffer from a drought 'tis plain—
At least not one in twenty.

I want to hear of deaths, says one,
Of people totally undone,
By losses, fire or fever;
Another answers, full as wise,
I'd rather have the fall and rise
Of racoon skins and beaver.

Some signify a secret wish
For now and then a savory dish
Of politics to suit them;
But here we rest at perfect ease,
For should they swear the moon was cheese,
We never would dispute them.

Of grave or humorous, wild or tame,
Lofty or low, 'tis all the same,
Too haughty or too humble,
And every editorial weight
Has sought to do but what is right,
And let the grumbler grumble.

The Widow.
The widow is a dangerous thing,
With soft, black, shining curls;
And loathsome more bewitching
Than a host of romping girls,
Her laugh is so delicious—
So knowing clear beside—
You'd never dream her thinking
Soon to become a bride.

Her dress though made of sable,
Gives roundness to her form—
A touch of something thoughtful,
A witching, winning charm,
And when she sits down by you,
With quick and easy grace,
A tear may fall unbidden,
Or a smile light up her face.

Her voice is soft, melodious,
And lute-like is its tone;
She sometimes sighs, 'Tis dreadful
To pass through life alone!
Then she'll tell you, it reminds her
Of the loved one dead and gone;
Your steps, your form and features—
Thus the Widow would run on.

Oh! listen, yet be careful,
For well she plays her part;
Her lips distill the nectar
That doth enslave the heart.
Be guarded, or she'll win you
With sighs, and smiles and tears;
And when you're safely wedded,
She then will box your ears!

A person looking over the catalogue
of professional gentlemen of the bar, with
his pencil wrote against the name of one
who was of the bustling order:—"Has been
accused of possessing talents." Another
seeing it, wrote immediately under it:—"He
has been tried and acquitted."

er and lake. It will, therefore, be readily
understood that the approach of this new
force would place the Americans in a po-
sition sufficiently critical, to say nothing of
the dangers to which they were already
exposed.

The information brought by the savage
was too important to be wholly slighted, and
came in too suspicious a manner to be whol-
ly trusted. The officer, therefore, thought
it best to interrogate the messenger.

"Who are you, my friend?" said he.
"Mohican," was the laconic reply.
"What is your name?"
"Stockbridge Hank," answered the stran-
ger.

"Where did you come from and why are
you here?" pursued the officer.
"Indian came from the Dutch rivers," re-
plied he.

"But why are you here, I say?"
"Why are the Mingoes in the woods? can
the captain tell me that?" replied the sav-
age, his eye flashing fire.

"Does anybody know this person?" asked
the officer, turning to the bystanders. But
no one replied, for no one knew.

"What do you want me to do, then?" said
the officer to the Indian, still suspicious.
"Take four—seven—ten—soldiers," re-
plied the savage, holding up both hands,
spreading his fingers. "Me take 'em and
wait for Mingoes in the woods."

"He is right, by Jove!" exclaimed the of-
ficer. "The men are too few to have an
ambush laid for them, and we need a piquet
party after all. Let nine picked men, headed
by a corporal, go with him; but let them be
ever watchful and keep on their guard, and
any news in that direction."

The officer turned away. The men were
quickly detailed, and guided by the Indian,
they took their silent way in the woods, up
the south bank of the Saranac, down which
the new hostile force was reported to be
coming. They moved forward rapidly for
about half an hour, when the Indian began
to proceed with more caution, and to listen
for every unusual sound that disturbed the
ground, he listened for a moment, and then
quickly raising up he made a rapid sign to
the soldiers to betake themselves to a neigh-
boring thicket which bordered a small creek
flowing into the river. The men concealed
themselves among the bushes as quick as
possible, while the Indian crawled stealthily
to a position somewhat more advanced,
concealing himself behind the trunk of a
fallen tree. He had enjoined upon them
not to fire or make a noise until they should
receive from him a certain signal. For
some distance forward of the place where
he lay, the woods were tolerably clear of
underbrush, and a kind of path which skirted
the bank of the river across the creek
near its mouth, about ten rods from where
the soldiers were concealed. From the po-
sition the Indian occupied, this path was in
full view. In order to cross the stream,
any one going along this path had to de-
viate about ten feet, perpendicular; so that
not be seen by those who should happen to
be in the distance behind.

The soldiers had not remained in ambush
long, when, by a quick sign, the scout gave
them to understand that some one was ap-
proaching; they soon saw an Indian com-
ing at a rapid but silent pace along towards
the crossing. He had but just got clearly
into view when at a distance of about two
rods behind, appeared another, and so on to
the number of seven. They were all in
war paint and armed with rifles and tomahawks.
The soldiers were all attentive to
the movements of their guide, expecting every
moment to receive the signal to fire.—
To their surprise, however, they saw him
lay down his gun, and draw from beneath
the log a long and powerful bow, and a bun-
dle of flint-headed arrows. He then turned
himself about under the log, until he faced
the pass in the creek.

The strange Indians appeared to move
forward without the least hesitation or sus-
picion. The foremost of them on coming to
the creek dropped at once down to cross it.
At this moment the guide was observed to
draw his bow with a quick and powerful
effort; and so rapidly as almost to elude the
sight, an arrow was sped on its mission of
death. The stranger was seen to drop in
the middle of the brook, and not a cry issued
from his mouth. Quick as lightning the
Mohican adjusted an arrow in his bow, so
that as soon as the second Huron had drop-
ped down to cross the stream, he too was
observed to reel and fall without a groan.

In the same manner was the third and
the fourth and the fifth Huron pierced as he
leaped into the fatal ditch. They were so
close to each other and the whole scene
passed in such miraculous silence and rap-
idity, that not one of them had observed
the fate of his comrades until he met his
own. The sixth Indian, however, being a
little more behind than the others, seemed
to be somewhat surprised that he did not
see them in view on the opposite bank.—
For this reason he descended into the gully
with a little hesitation. He was immedi-
ately aware of the horrible fate that had arrest-

ed their steps and silenced their tongue.—
He endeavored to recoil, but it was already
too late. A fatal missile was also on the
rest, but not with immediate death, and he
had time to raise into the depths of the for-
and of those appalling yells of warning
people of his race the presence of mortal
danger.

The soldiers looked upon this fearful
scene in astonished silence, entranced by
the murderous magic which took place be-
fore them. When the stillness and the spell
were broken by that warning cry, they ex-
pected to see the woods swarming with hos-
tile savages. None, however, appeared.—
When the echo had died away, they looked
in vain for the seventh, and last of the Hur-
ons. He had vanished as if swallowed up
in the earth. No trace of him was visible.
No sound of his retreating footsteps were
audible. The Mohican, however, still kept
his position behind the log itself, but with
his fiery eyes bent in quick and searching
glances in almost every direction at once.—
He was obviously at fault as well as the rest.
No one dared to move or speak above his
breath. There was something awful in the
mysterious and sudden disappearance.

The silence continued for some ten min-
utes, when the sharp crack of a rifle was
then heard, and the Mohican sprang to his
feet with the blood streaming down to one
side. His only exclamation was an emphatic
"Ugh!" In an instant the fatal bow and
arrow were again in requisition, and his face
toward the Indian, he sent another arrow on
its mortal mission. The soldiers instantly
heard a slight scuffling overhead, on look-
ing up they saw the Huron falling through
the limbs of a neighboring tree. Into this
he had the address to swing himself up, un-
seen by his enemies, during the momentary
confusion occasioned by the warning cry of
his companion. From that perch he had
soon discovered the lurking place of the
Mohican, and bent upon vengeance, had
immediately fired at him without caring
whether or not enemies were near. The im-
prudence cost him his life, and withal, he
had only succeeded in inflicting a slight
wound upon the Mohican, in the temple.

The scene, however, now rapidly chan-
ged. Shortly after the report of the rifle,
the distant heavy tramp of a body of regu-
lar troops was heard approaching through
the woods. They too, plunged into the fa-
tal pass, and met a similar but not equally
bloodless reception by the soldiers in an-
ticipation. This time it was the rifle that
the business. The advancing column, how-
ever, was composed of veterans, who for a
few moments seemed to push forward into
the abyss where their comrades and guides
were lying wounded and dead. But as they
were ignorant of the strength of the conceal-
ed enemy, and could hardly even tell from
what direction the danger came, finally they
beat a retreat and drew off into the woods
again. The check was all that could have
been desired. That force was not engaged
during the battle of Plattsburg; and after
learning the disastrous fate of the day, it
made a precipitate retreat into Canada.

It was noticed that as soon as the seven
Hurons were slain, Stockbridge Hank
seemed to take no further interest in the
fray. Soon after the firing commenced, he
disappeared, and did not accompany the
soldiers back to the army. The next day,
however, he appeared again before the offi-
cer, accounted as at the time of his arrival
in the camp, with the addition of seven
scalps attached to his hair, and the war
paint washed from his face. His mission
seemed to be accomplished. He was
thanked for his services, and received a
promise of a liberal reward. To all that
was said he remained a silent listener, and
only pointed to the glorious trophies which
he wore, seeming to signify that they were
sufficient compensation. In truth the Huron
was the hereditary foe, and he had been
fighting instinctively for the tradition of his
fathers.

The Mechanic's Refusal.
Russell C. was a young mechanic of prom-
ising expectations. He had acquired a
competent knowledge of his trade, and at the
time of which I write had just attained his
majority, having 'granted' from his employ-
er's shop with the highest honors.

He had established a little workshop of
his own and commenced his career with
bright anticipations of future success. He
possessed but little capital, though his cred-
it was good for any amount. His work
could be relied upon, and his credit once
pledged was always redeemed at the stipu-
lated time. He had acquired the habit of
ridge punctuality, and would never suffer
others to keep him in waiting, nor would he
inconvenience them to wait for him.

His strict fulfillment of engagements gave
him a good reputation so invaluable to a
young man entering upon a life of business
with a small capital on which to rest their
hopes.

Russell C. had been at work during the
week at his little shop, and had scarcely tak-
en time to breathe. Saturday night had
slowly come around again, and as he closed
his shutters preparatory to leaving for his

boarding house, a half formed resolution to
attend the singing-school came up in his
mind, and while he was reflecting upon it,
he passed the residence of a wealthy mer-
chant, and glancing at the parlor window he
observed the pretty face of Ellen May, a
slight acquaintance of his—which circum-
stance decided the question.

He well knew that Ellen May was to be
present; as she was in the habit of punctu-
al attendance upon the evening meetings of
the choir, of which she was a member.

Reader, remember that this happened in
your village, and fashion here allows the
wealthy as well as the poor, the privilege
of singing in the church choir, and as that
wonderful body was composed of men less
talented than Paganini—of course rehearsal
was not necessary, or else the dignity of
the old Deacon down stairs would be dis-
turbed by the discord of some not attending
to harmony divine.

Russell hastily despatched his landlady's
provisions, and made his toilet in the most
approved style.

The new bell of the village church began
to ring the modern 'fire alarm fashion,' as
the signal of the singing-school, and away
went our hero attired in his best 'bib and
tucker.' The chorister, a noted character
of our village, arrived in due season, and
after an indefinite amount of scraping,
squeaking, screwing and re-screwing of a
certain old black fiddle of his, the singing
commenced. Three hours of incessant
screaming rendered all parties interested
sufficiently fatigued to permit an adjourn-
ment.

As the girls crowded together in the en-
try, preparatory to pushing their way
through the door, one could see a constella-
tion of bright eyes, and hear a combination
of sweet sounds that set our chorister's high-
est and most sublime musical attempts very
far in the back ground; and then such lips
as could be seen in that crowd—ah! it makes
my heart beat strangely fast to think of
those kisses we used to steal when we were
young, and waited upon the sweet little Het-
ty, and she, the ugly thing, afterwards jilted
us. But my memory wanders.

Russell C. politely offered his arm and
company to Ellen May, and met a decided
refusal. She would not trouble a mechanic
for an escort.

The young man turned a look of mingled
pity and contempt upon her, and thanked
God that he was honest and honored
enough to be a mechanic. I heard the
taunting reply of the spirited girl as she took
the young physician's offered arm, and I be-
gan to fear lest the anti-mechanical fever
should spread among the angels, and finally
result in my Hetty's changing her mind in
regard to my pointed distress, and sure
enough before many days I received a polite
invitation to be engaged elsewhere about
the usual time of my weekly visit to Squire
Smith's.

Soon afterwards I left the village, and
was absent twenty years. I often thought
of the village maidens, during my absence,
reaching to mind many of them with love
like particularity. Years passed on, and
unhallowed brought with it the usual allotment
of cares and perplexities.

At length I made up my mind to return
home. Then came the thought that I
should be received by my old acquaintances.
Many of them doubtless were married
—and a few, perhaps, would remember
their old companions of the village choir!

On my return I found Russell C. a member
of the Legislature, and a very wealthy
man.

He lives in a large mansion house near
the church, and has in his family a tuteurs
of his children, around who fingers the
traces of early beauty. Her name is Miss El-
len May.

Let the young ladies take warning and
despise not the honest, because they are
poor mechanics, for such is nobility of the
earth, and she who 'mitten's a worthy me-
chanic almost dies an old maid.

Hoosier Courtship.
A log cabin boasting a single room, one
half of which is occupied by two beds, one
containing the old folks' and baby, the oth-
er whose duty by day is to stand beneath
the shadow of his luckier mate, laden with
five younger members.

Ezekiel—(in a whisper)—I sww tew
gosh, Sary, I luv yo.
Sary—(in a high key)—Good, Zeke, I'm
glad on't.

Ezekiel—Will you hev me? that's what
I want to know?
Sary—(looking astonished)—Hev yo? to
be sure, I call late to.

Zeke—When will we get spliced?
Sary—Wall, hoss, that's what I been
thinking on; I telled dat dat ef so be'd
go to mill to mornin', wed'd get jined next
day.

Zeke—Yer did? Well then, swap a buss
with me.
Father—(from the bed)—There, now, yer
varmint, ef you've got the bizness settled,
do quit fer to night; ye make such a rack-
et, a fella might as well sleep in Bedlam.

Between life and death there is fre-
quently but the thinness of a shoe.