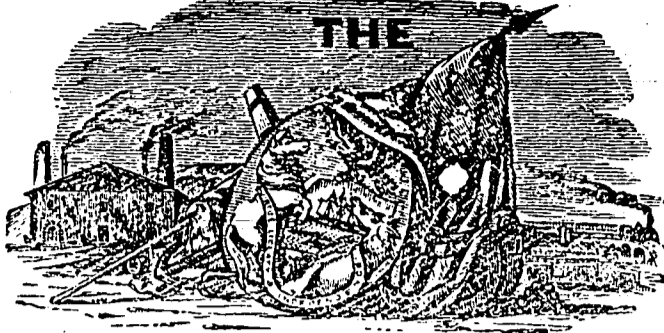


Lehigh



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.

VOLUME VII.

ALLENTOWN, LEHIGH COUNTY, PA., SEPTEMBER 14, 1853.

NUMBER 50.

THE LEHIGH REGISTER,

is published in the Borough of Allentown, Lehigh County, Pa., every Wednesday, by

A. L. RUBIN,

At \$1.50 per annum, payable in advance, and \$2.00 if not paid until the end of the year. No paper discontinued, until all arrears are paid except at the option of the proprietor.

Office in Hamilton Street, one door East of the German Reformed Church, nearly opposite the "Friedensbote" Office.

Poetical Department.

(From Gleason's Pictorial)

The Prairie.

Behold the prairie, broad, and wild, and free,
Ocean of emerald grass and golden flowers!
'Tis God's own Garden, unprofaned by man;
There the meek grass with its green finger points
To Him who feeds it with his hand in clouds:
And here the rainbow-tinted fowls send up
Their pure, sweet offering of sinless bloom;
The yellow bee hums out his drowsy song
Upon the bosom of the wild white rose,
To waste her nectar and her honey-moon,
And steal the radiant drop of crystal sweet,
As a voluptuous lover steals the heart
Of a confiding maid, then flies away,
To stain with sensual kisses rosy cheeks.
Let fading flowers of fickle bees beware!

[glides]

Here, striped with green and gold, the serpent,
With deadly venom 'neath his tongue of fire,
Dangerous as malice hid in compliments,
Here, showers of insects flutter in the air,
On gazy wings, so various dyed, they seem
The happy off-spring of the gorgeous flowers.

Gay birds, like winged blossoms filled with song
Pour forth their roundelay from ivory till eye;
The robin, bard of birds, whose ardent hymn
Shines out upon his breast of flame. [brood-
Builds here his neat round nest, and rears his
That jewel of the air, the oriole,
[Bright drops of sky and sunshine turned to song]
Hangs his moss cradle on the lonely tree,
And there God rocks it with his mighty hand,
And watches it with all the stars of heaven.
The meadow lark, perched on some towering stem
That lifts its crimson bells above the grass,
As a tall steeple rises in the town,
Is prairie sexton ringing up the sun.

And o'er this sea of fragrant beauty skims
The twittering swallow, in pursuit of gnats;
Plunging no deeper than the critics dip
In the unappreciated page they edit.
Here chants the blackbird his sable plumes,
A bit of last night tangled in the bush;
The thrush, the jay, the linnet, and the wren,
Are prima donnas holding converse here;
While like a dot between the earth and sky,
The soaring eagle, royal king of birds,
Poised on his wings, calmly surveys the scene.

Miscellaneous Selections.

(From Gleason's Pictorial)

Miriam's Choice.

Miriam was a happy creature—our Miriam, I mean. A keen wit, a good mind, a pure, generous heart, were hers. I see her now; her round, rosy cheeks, her large lustrous eyes, her cherry mouth, with the sweet dimple on either side, and where smiles were constantly nesting, but which could most expressively curl and pout when it wished to. Her laugh was peculiar. It would bubble and gush, and then roll and echo, like the sound of a brook among mountains; and in the midst of her hilarity she would clap her hands and dance, as though the pulse of her heart beat as good a timbre as did Miriam of old.

Miriam was a splendid specimen of health. She never feared exposure; and all that the storm got when it beat against her in its wildest fury, when duty brought her out with its power, was a good ringing laugh, as a tinkling brook goes singing on its way, while the winds roar, and the thunders mutter amid the dark clouds. Miriam loved labor. How she would work! To see her roll up her sleeves, and stand up to the task, was to see a valiant spirit that could be grand anywhere; and when you looked again, and saw the task performed it seemed as though a charm had passed over the place, and that she had won to her aid the fairies in which she devoutly believed. My admiration increased when I discovered that the part of the day that now and then was granted to her was always spent in toil for her mother, and not till the old lady was "as nice as a pin" in everything about home would she sit an hour with her lover, or indulge in a stroll.

Miriam dearly loved a stroll, way round the burying ground, where the pixies lived—the little black, powerful wizzardly creatures that carried off faithless maidens, and were somehow benefactors to the good. On a dark night you could see them like fire flies, flitting hither and thither; but was to the maiden who dismained them; for they would become ugly bats, then starting owls, and then terrible giants, with eagles wings! Miriam dearly loved the pixies, and thought they were just right. She never looked more sober than when I laughed at her zeal

in their behalf, and I never repented it. Everybody has their superstition and this Miriam's.

But not only where this class of the fairies lived did our friend love to stroll. To her the rocks by the ocean shore were grand and she would play with the waves as things whose very strength was a delight, whose foam was the perfection of beauty; and her ringing laugh would sound like a cry of delight, amid the rattle of the stones that rolled down with the returning billow. Standing in the moonlight, there by the ocean, when passing away to her home, Miriam would cross her arms upon her breast, and look up with an expression that seemed to say that a nature which few knew was awakened within her, shining there the stars, scarce visible, yet exerting a beautiful influence on "the tempered mind."

She was a happy creature, and never did sunlight dance over the morning hill-tops more brightly than laughter sported on her face at our last meeting. It was the bloom of fruit too ripe to the core.

Miriam was at service in a family I well knew, and to her was granted one evening every week for recreation. On one occasion as she was going out, she observed that her mistress seemed unwilling, and she turned round, swinging off her light hat, and exclaimed, "I'll not go out this evening. I'll stay and keep you company."

The proposition was received with pleasure; so Miriam went for her sewing, and was soon seated at the little round table whose red covering vied with the roses on her cheeks. There she sat with as merry a face as ever beamed, and yet thoughtfully silent, in true sympathy with her mistress's illness; for she loved to talk as a fountain seems to love to play; and as sparkling and refreshing as the fountain was her conversation, so shrewd was her criticism on character, and such a fund of anecdote and local history was in her keeping. "Come, Miriam, do not keep so still," said her mistress. "Tell me something that is pleasant to me a story about your lovers, and how you like them."

"Lovers!" laughingly exclaimed Miriam; ought a young woman to have more than one?"

"Yes if she can't help it," was the reply. "Well there was a time when I couldn't," said Miriam; "but I've made my choice now."

She was no coquette, and cared not a farthing for all the "conquests" she might have power to make. But her good nature was boundless; and when the reception of attentions for any one could make them happy for the time, she had no heart to refuse them and it was easy to see how often this was done as the gracious belle in the ball-room gives her hand in the dance from politeness, and with none the less of grace of manner.

The question of her mistress, asking her why she couldn't tell the story of her choice evidently touched a deep feeling; and her needle flew more swiftly, all suddenly went into her finger. Miriam gave a little scream and put the bleeding finger in her mouth, as she threw the broken steel into the fire, exclaiming: "There! I won't use a sharp, I'll take a blunt, I like em best."

"Did you speak of your lovers, Miriam?" asked her mistress with a just in her tone.

Miriam kissed the tortured finger, as she laughingly answered:

"Yes, I guess it will do just as well for them, for lovers are like needles, warranted not to cut in the eye," and yet are all the time doing it."

"Yes, I am thinking," answered her mistress, "that William is your sharp, and Henry your blunt. Isn't it so?"

As she said this, she placed herself more cozily in her arm-chair, sinking down into its soft cushions most comfortable as though sure of listening to a pleasant story. The very expectation cured her of half illness, as she sat twirling a little love-lock round her finger, at her temple.

Miriam turned and gazed straight and steadily into her mistress's face, as though she would assure herself that she was not being sported with. Then she seemed to hesitate, and to get time for deliberation, she broke her thread, bit off a portion of it two or three times, and then looked through the eye of a needle, as she held it up to the light, to see if it was clear, and then renewed the threading.

It was a pleasant sight to behold mistress and maid, and there they sat in the equality that true sympathy creates; and however much of virtue and happiness may be promoted, were there more of companionship, and less of command and service, in these relations in life. Miriam felt elevated by the interest which her mistress took in her "affairs of the heart;" and there was nothing within her ability which she would not have cheerfully performed for that mistress that evening.

She began her story with a ringing laugh as though a shower of roses had been thrown over by her thoughts as she exclaimed:

"You know William, but you don't Harry."

This difference in giving the names told at once where her heart was, and her mistress touched the right chord when she replied:

"I want to know Harry."
"I mean you shall," said Miriam, "he's a jewel."

Then came the story of how she made her choice.

Among the many who were "attentive" to Miriam, were William and Harry, whose surnames are of no consequence in our story, and might not prove poetical enough for the times. William was one of your spruce, dainty always nice and particular creatures, who seem always "fixed up" for the occasion. One daguerreotype would represent his appearance for years. He was the same in manners—smooth, precise, polished, and gentlemanly. Miriam liked that. It suited her sensibilities and taste. She said that when she looked at his ever-nice wristbands and collars, the primness of every article he wore, she thought of the work that must be required to keep all that right; but for that she did not care; it made him look so well, so genteel and nice. Nice was a great word with her. She was a perfect Philadelphian in her rage for cleanliness; she did not make it, as the old divine did, "next to godliness," for it was a part of her religion; and she was wont to say that baptism should come first, and profession afterwards, that the vow might be made with clean lips, while pure hands were lifted up. She had great faith in water and was eager to write a poem on the virtues of soap.

William was so nice that she did like him. All his manners were clean. And then, too, he would talk so wise and good—would tell her so many things about nature and philosophy and science, and was really educative to her mind, that was so passionate in its desire for knowledge, having been sadly cramped in means for early culture. William always had some new poetry for her—he had always been reading a new book, and would tell her about music, and the flowers and the stars, so that she found life a beautiful thing, and the universe she felt was really informed by the Divine Spirit. It was true bliss to hang on his arm, and hear him talk so richly and touchingly; and he seemed to know so much, and to take such broad views to the fields of science and art, that she felt it was an honor to be noticed by him.

But there was a lack that affected her not a little. He seemed to live too much in himself. There was more of politeness than tenderness, more manner than feeling. He had no heart to make any effort for the poor or the sick, and he was too critical to find in church-going any satisfaction. She often found herself asking whether she loved something about him, or the man himself?

Harry was a wide contrast to his rival. He was more closely packed in form than William, and was not so much drawn out. His round and rosy face was like hers, and there was always a line beneath that cap that set so jauntily on his head, where the black curls so bounded. His throat was open to the air by the liberal collar that was rolled over to let him breathe free; and he would wear no jewel but an anchor in gold, that, he said, was the symbol of all good things—of stability among storms; for why should a man or an anchor sink away into poetic uselessness? He liked the bird's song the best after he saw the creature fight for his nest and mate in the tree. Harry could talk, but it was about democracy and the country—what the newspapers said—what the discoveries were that gave new means for progress; and he could tell stories of the great men and the great deeds of our nation's career, till she could almost worship one who taught her what a greatness it was to be an American. He had broad views about humanity—the nations of the earth; and he would talk over the wrongs of the oppressed till he struck his cap firmer on his head, and his eyes would flash with terrible indignation. He had always a sprightly, free and easy remark for young men; but on the approach of an old man, he was grave and respectful, eager to say a kind word, or to do "the old gentleman" some service. And, then, too, on the Sabbath Harry's voice was in the choir; and when some grand old hymn, the jubilant song of an adoring soul, was sung, or some soft and touching melody expressed the mourner's trust and hope, there was no voice like Harry's. Once, when she was strolling with him, they came suddenly to the burial-yard, as the last rite was performed; and his cap came off in a twinkling from his head; and, as the crowd passed away, he gave a sweet rose to a child, and hushed her sobbing.

Miriam was undecided between the rival lovers, when an excursion, embracing a large number of the town's people, was to take place on the neck, a short distance across the water from the town. As she stood waiting her turn in one of the row-boats, she was full of mirth, and her jests flew fast among the crowd, so that when she entered the boat it was with a jump, and a force that would have sent her over the other side into the water, had not Harry that instant leaped into the water, and prevented so sad a beginning for the day. William was as near, but was too horrified by the danger to act.

The day was beautiful, and the hours

passed with wonderful swiftness. Miriam was not only a living joy in the midst of the whole company, but she found her heart pondering on what choice would be a living joy to her. A person was wounded by an accident; Harry was the first and readiest and tenderest to help. A child was lost; there was no greater anxiety than Harry's, till he was found. When the "refreshments" were circulated, there was no everybody's-servant like Harry; and when a lady came, last of all, Harry turned up a box, set it by the side of a tree, put his sack upon it, and led the old lady to the seat, with the utmost kindness, calling her "mother," or "aunt," as the name came handy. William had been very polite. His conversations were beautiful, his conduct faultless, as a model of the nice gentleman; but the wounded man got no sympathy, the lost child no effort, the old lady no help, from him. He formed a very tasteful bouquet for Miriam, and presented it with a very apt and highly complimentary poetical quotation; but some one else let fall secretly an oak wreath on her head; she could only guess at the source from whence it came, till she found carved on the bevelled end of the twig that gave it form, the initial of Harry and a tiny anchor.

That night, Miriam's choice was made; and, as she came to this part of her story, she asked her mistress if she knew Harry now.

"Yes," was the reply; "I know him as Miriam's choice."

Life at the Five Points.

"Mr. Pease, we want to be married."
"Want to be married—what for?"
"Why you see, we don't think it is right for us to be living together this way any longer, and we have been talking over the matter to-day and you see —"

"Yes, yes, I see you have been talking over the matter over the bottle and have come to a sort of drunken conclusion to get married. When you get sober you will both repent of it, probably."

"No, Sir, we are not very drunk now, not so drunk but what we can think, and we don't think we are doing right—we are not doing as we were brought up to do by pious parents. We have been reading about the good things you have done for just such poor outcasts as we are and we want you to try and do something for us."

"Read! Can you read? Do you read the Bible?"
"Well not much lately, but we read the newspapers and sometimes we read something good in them. How can we read the Bible when we are drunk?"

"Do you think getting married will keep you from getting drunk?"

"Yes, for we are going to take the pledge too and we shall keep it, depend upon that."

"Suppose you take the pledge and try that first, and if you can keep it till you can wash some of the dirt away, and get some clothes on, then I will marry you."

"No; that won't do. I shall get to thinking what a poor dirty, miserable wretch I am, and how I am living with this woman, who is not a bad woman by nature, and then I will drink, and then she will drink—oh, cursed run! and what is to prevent us? But if we were married, my wife, yes, Mr. Pease, my wife would say, 'Thomas—she would not say 'Tom, you dirty brute,—don't be tempted; and who knows but we might be somebody yet—somebody that our own mothers would not be ashamed of.'"

Here the woman, who had been silent and rather moody, burst into a violent flood of tears, crying, "Mother, mother, I know not whether she is alive or not, and dare not inquire; but if we were married and reformed, I would make her happy once more."

"I could no longer stand the appeal," said Mr. P., "and determined to give them a trial. I have married a good many poor, wretched-looking couples, but none that looked quite so much so as this. The man was hatless and shoeless, without coat or vest, with long hair and beard grimed with dirt. He was by trade a bricklayer, one of the best in the city. She wore the last remains of a silk bonnet, and something that might pass for shoes, and an old, very old dress, once a rich merino, apparently without any under garments."

"And your name is Thomas—Thomas what?"
"Elting, sir. Thomas Elting, a good true name, and true man, that is, shall be if I marry you."

"Well, well, I am going to marry you."
"Are you? There, Mag, I told you so."
"Don't call me Mag. If I am going to be married, I will be by my right name, the one my mother gave me."

"Not Mag. Well, I never knew that."
"Now, Thomas, hold your tongue, you talk too much. What is your name?"

"Matilda. Must I tell the other? Yes, I will and I never will disgrace it. I don't think I should ever have been as bad if I kept it. That bad woman who first tempted me to ruin, made me take a false name. It is a bad thing for a girl to give up her name, unless for that of a good husband.—Matilda Fraley. Nobody knows me by that name in this bad city."
"Very well, Matilda and Thomas, take

each other by the right hand, and look at me, for I am now going to unite you in the holy bonds of marriage by God's ordinance. Do you think you are sufficiently sober to comprehend its solemnity?"

"Yes, sir."
"Marriage being one of God's holy ordinances, cannot be kept in sin, misery, filth and drunkenness. Thomas will you take Matilda to be your lawful, true, only wedded wife?"

"Yes, sir."
"You promise that you will live with her, in sickness as well as health, and nourish, protect and comfort her as your true and faithful wife; that you will be to her a true and faithful husband; that you will not get drunk, and will clothe yourself and keep clean."

"So I will."
"Never mind answering until I get through. You promise to abstain totally from every kind of drink that intoxicates, and treat this woman kindly, affectionately, and love her as a husband should love his wedded wife. Now all of this, will you, here before me as the servant of the Most High—here in the sight of God in Heaven, most faithfully promise, if I give you this woman to be your wedded wife?"

"Yes, I will."
"And you, Matilda, on your part, will you promise the same, and be a true wife to this man?"

"I will try, sir."
"But do you promise all this faithfully?"
"Yes, sir, I will."
"Then I pronounce you man and wife."

"Now, Thomas," says the new wife, after I had made out the certificate and given it to her, with an injunction to keep it safely—'now pay Mr. Pease, and let us go home and break the bottle.' Thomas felt first in the right hand pocket, then the left, then back to the right, then he examined the watch-fob.

"Why, where is it?" says she, "you had two dollars this morning!"

"Yes, I know it, but I have only got two cents this evening. There, Mr. Pease, take them, it is all I have got in the world; what more can I give?"

"Sure enough, what could he do more? I took them and prayed for them that in parting with the last penny, this couple might have parted with a vice, a wicked, foolish practice which had reduced them to such a degree of poverty and wretchedness, that the monster power of ruin could hardly send its victims lower."

So Tom and Mag were transformed into Mr. and Mrs. Elting, and having grown somewhat more sober while in the house, seemed to fully understand their new position, and all the obligations they had taken upon themselves.

For a few days I thought occasionally of this two-penny marriage, and then it became absorbed with a thousand other scenes of wretchedness I have witnessed since I have lived in this center of city misery. Time wore on and I married many other couples—often those who came in their carriage and left a golden marriage fee—a delicate way of giving to the needy—but among all I had never performed the rite for a couple quite so low as that of this two-penny fee, and I resolved I never would again. At length, however, I had a call for a full match to them, which I refused.

"Why do you come to me to be married, my friend," said I to them? You are both terrible drunkards, I know you are."
"That is just what we want to get married for, and take the pledge."

"Take that first."
"No, we must take all together, nothing else will save us."
"Will that?"

"I'd do one of my friends."
"Well, then, go and bring that friend here let me see and hear how much it saved him, and then I will make up my mind what to do; if I can do you any good I want to do it."
"My friend is at work—he has got a good job and several hands working for him and is making money, and won't quit till night. Shall I come this evening?"

"Yes, I will stay at home and wait for you."
I little expected to see him again, but about 8 o'clock the servant said that man and his girl, with a gentleman and lady, were waiting in the reception room. I told him to ask the lady and gentleman to walk up to the parlor and sit a moment, while I sent the candidates for marriage away, being determined never to unite another drunken couple, not dreaming that there was any sympathy between the parties. But they would not come up; they wanted to see that couple married.—So I went down and found the squalidly wretched pair in company with a well-dressed laboring man, for he wore a fine black coat, gold watch chain, clean white shirt and cravat, polished calf-skin boots; and his wife was just as neat and tidily dressed as anybody's wife and her face beamed with intelligence, and the way in which she clung to the arm of her husband, as she seemed to shrink from my sight, told that she was a loving as well as pretty wife.

"This couple," says the gentleman, 'have come to be married.'

"Yes, I know it, but I have refused—Look at them; do they look fit subjects for such a holy ordinance? God never intended those whom he created in his own image should live in matrimony like this man and woman. I cannot marry them."

"Cannot! Why not? You married us when we were worse off—more dirty—worse clothed, and more intoxicated."

"The woman shrunk back a little more out of sight. I saw she trembled violently, and put a clean cambric handkerchief up to her eyes."

"What could it mean? Married them when worse off. Who were they?"
"Have you forgotten us?" said the woman taking my hands in hers, and dropping on her knees; "Have you forgotten drunken Tom and Mag? We have not forgotten you, but pray for us every day."

"If you have forgotten them, you have not forgotten the two-penny marriage. No wonder you did not know us. I told Matilda she need not be afraid, or ashamed, if you did know her. But I knew you would not. How could you? We were in rags and dirt then. Look at us now. All your work, Sir. All the blessing of that pledge and that marriage, and that good advice you gave us. Look at this suit of clothes, and her dress—all Matilda's work, every stitch of it. Come and look at our house, as neat as she is. Everything in it to make a comfortable home; and O, Sir, there is a cradle in our bedroom. Five hundred dollars already in bank, and I shall add as much more next week when I finish my job. So much for one year of a sober life and a faithful, honest, good wife. Now, this man is as good a workman as I am, only he is bound down with the galling fetters of drunkenness, and living with this woman just as I did. Now, he thinks that he can reform just as well as me; but he thinks he must take the pledge of the same man, and have his first effort sanctified with the same blessings, and then, with a good resolution, and Matilda and me to watch over them; I do believe they will succeed."

So they did. So may others by the same means. I married them, as I shook hands with Mr. Elting, at parting, he left two coins in my hand, with the simple remark that there was another two-penny marriage fee. I was in hopes that it might have been a couple of dollars this time, but I said nothing, and we parted with a mutual God bless you. When we went up stairs I tossed the coins into my wife's lap, with the remark, "two pennies again my dear."

"Two pennies! Why husband, they are eagles—real golden eagles. What a deal of good they will do. What blessings have followed that act."

"And will follow the present, if the pledge is faithfully kept. Truly this is a good result of a Two-Penny Marriage.—A. J. Tribune.

A Curious Chinese Romance.

In some Chinese romances and tales, we find a considerable share of wit and wiles as sentiment. From one of these Voltairre has not disdained to borrow one of the best stories in his "Zadig." A disciple of the sect of Thautsee, or Doctors of Reason, while meditating among the tombs, observed a young lady seated by one of them, eagerly employed in fanning the structure. On approaching the spot and seeing her in tears, he ventured to ask whose tomb it might be, and why she took such pains in fanning it?

"The lady, with great simplicity, replied:—'You see a widow at the tomb of her husband; he was most dear to me, and he loved me in return with equal tenderness. Afflicted at the idea of parting with me, even in death, his last words were these: 'My dearest wife, should you ever think of marrying again, I conjure you to wait, at least, until the plaster on my tomb be entirely dry; after which you have my sanction to take another husband.' Now," said she, "as the materials are still damp, and not likely soon to dry, I thought I would just fan it a little to assist in dissipating the moisture."

"This woman," thought the philosopher, "is in a monstrous hurry;" and having recently taken to himself a beautiful wife, he hastened home to apprise her of the adventure.

"Oh, the wretched!" she exclaimed, "what an unfeeling monster! How can a virtuous woman ever think of a second husband? If, for my misfortune, I should ever lose you, be assured I should remain single for the rest of my life."

"Fair promises," thought the philosopher, "are easily made; but we shall see." He suddenly became dangerously ill; a tender scene occurred; the lady vowed eternal remembrance, and repeated her resolution to remain a widow to the end of her days.—"Enough," said the philosopher; "my eyes are now closing for ever;" and so saying the breath departed from his body. The desponding widow, with loud lamentations, embraced the lifeless body, and held it locked in her arms. Among the mourners who assembled on the melancholy occasion, was a youth of fair exterior, who said he had come from a distance to place himself as a pupil under the deceased sage. With great difficulty he procured a sight of the widow—