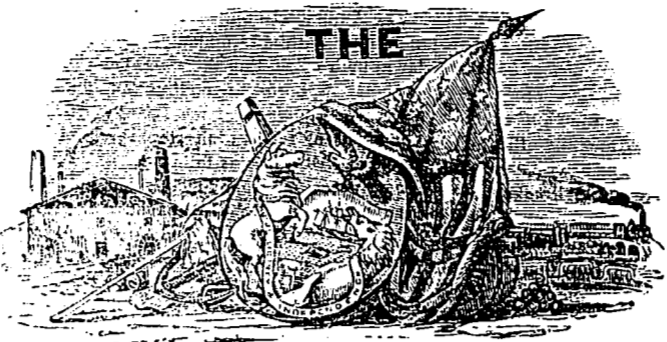


Lehigh



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 VIII.

ALLENTOWN, LEHIGH COUNTY, PA., JANUARY 18, 1854.

NUMBER 16.

THE LEHIGH REGISTER

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

A. L. RUBE.

At \$1.50 per annum, payable in advance, and \$3.00 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.

The Desolate Cottage.

Gay woodbines round the casement twine,
With star like jessamine;
And lovely as an infant's face,
The rose looks laughing in;
The sunbeams glance between the leaves,
Like fond and silent smiles,
To greet the fruit that hangs
Beneath the sculptured eaves.
As silently as in a dream
The sunny moments pass,—
You e'en might hear the lily's leaf
Drop softly on the grass.

A deep unbroken stillness reigns,
As when a flower is stirred
At intervals by drowsy bee;
Or when a summer bird
Floats onward, gaily as a cloud,
And murmurs forth its glee
To earth and sky in gentle streams
Of dew-like melody.

The vine's young tendrills hang unmoved—
So low the wind's rich breath—
But what its life's most silent calm
Beside the calm of death?

What if the rose still flourish there,
The grape's bright clusters shine,
The jasmine round the window frame,
Its scented blossoms (wreath)
The eyes that watch'd their loveliness
May gaze on them no more,
The hand that trim'd their budding leaves,
Alas! its task is o'er!
What though full sweetly on the ear
May fall the woodbird's strain,
The wild, impassion'd voice of grief
Hath call'd on her in vain!

She lies upon her stately bed,
Whose curtains' crimson fold
Still flings a bloom upon her face,
So still, so fair, so cold;
And yet such bloom is not like life,
A very babe might know,
The peaceful smile upon her lip
From earth's joy could not flow.
The brow that gleams so softly out
Beneath the braided hair,
What but the angel's parting look
Had left such calmness there?

Miscellaneous Selections.

THE UNYIELDING WIFE; OR, THE EFFECTS OF ILL-TEMPER.

Before proceeding to the subject matter of this paper, allow me, my young friends, to exhort you to pause long and strive earnestly at self-culture and self-control, before taking a step which involves your all of earthly happiness, as well as that of the individual whom, before Heaven, you promised to honor, love, and cherish, during your sojourn in a state where mutual concessions are constantly demanded. My female friends, though the chosen companion of your life may not be all you had, in the ardor of your affection, painted him, he is still the man whom you are bound to "love, honor and obey," and to your reputation, in a great degree, is committed his reputation, his usefulness in life, his social tastes and fireside enjoyments: Mutual improvement is undoubtedly one of the ends of the institution of marriage; but any attempt at correction or reproof should be mingled with kindness of manner; if the contrary course is adopted, the desired effect is worse than lost, and frequently the seeds of good already sown in the heart, are, by harshness and severity, stifled in the germ, and the noble feelings which had begun to expand are blasted by the heat of an ungovernable temper.

Years ago, when in the freshness and buoyancy of girlhood, I was about to become the bride of him who had ever striven to make me happy, I received a letter from my mother's eldest sister, earnestly urging me to spend a few days with her, as she wished particularly to see me. Accordingly, I went, and was cordially received by Aunt Clara and the family of her son, with whom she resided. One day, during my visit, Aunt Clara told me she had heard of my intended marriage, and, feeling a deep interest in my welfare, she had determined to give me a history of her married life, believing that it might convey a useful lesson.— Whether she thought she discovered the same traits in my character that caused the shipwreck of her happiness, I cannot say; but let that pass. She said on account of the sad memories and unhappy feelings it would necessarily awaken, she had reduced

the narrative to writing, which I might peruse at leisure.

At an early day I availed myself of her kindness—her manuscript is here copied.

Being the oldest of six children, my parents had always been accustomed to rely on me for much assistance, which had I been the only child, they would scarcely have considered me able to render. My mother's time was almost wholly occupied with household affairs, so that at sixteen years of age the care of two little sisters and three brothers devolved on me. Nature had endowed me with an indomitable will, and a passionate love of power, which required a stronger curb than the occasional reproofs which my ebullition of temper called forth. Among my brothers and sisters my word was law, and when I issued a command, (and that was the form in which my issues were exercised,) exacted the strictest obedience. I do not think the children could have loved me very much, for my passionate instructions must have engendered that fear that casts out love.

At length, a change came over me, a passion took possession of my heart, which for a time overpowered all baser passions—need I say that passion was love? My whole heart was devoted to an object worthy of a better disciplined one than I could bring him.

As if to prove the assertion true that every person loves his opposite, the object of my attachment was mild, with a disposition full of mildness and charity, always choosing to suffer wrong rather than contend with an antagonist.

Intending to relieve my parents from providing some of the necessary articles for housekeeping, I engaged to take charge of a district school, which was managed by a board of trustees, who were authorized to employ and pay the teacher, being more or less controlled by them. Their occasional interference was to a temperament like mine exceedingly irritating. One day I returned from school in a very angry mood, asserting that I would neither submit to the dictates of the trustees, or any one else, when my eldest sister said, with an arch smile,

"What will you do when you are married? You will then have to 'love, honor and obey.'"

My temper was not in the least softened by the question, and I replied very emphatically, that when I was married it would be my husband's duty to make me happy, and if he did not conform to my wishes, I should endeavor to make him. Foolish wayward girl that I was, to resolve in my own mind that I would abide by so absurd a determination. How little did I reflect how much influence, pride and obstinacy would exert in causing me to adhere to this expression of perverted will.

Joseph and I were at length married. It seemed to me that I had never been so happy before; weeks passed as days. Surrounded by an atmosphere of love and kindness, my faults were not called out, and Joseph in his mistaken fondness thought me all that his warm heart and noble nature could desire.

Soon after the marriage we commenced housekeeping in a neat pretty house, just suited to our wants. I was enabled nearly to furnish it with the avails of my last year's teaching, and the kind assistance of mother and sisters. Neatness and order were largely developed in my habits, and for some time nothing occurred to mar the happiness of our daily life.

One evening I had to wait longer than usual for Joseph to come to tea, and suffered a long suppressed feeling of impatience to betray itself in the peevish tones in which I exclaimed as soon as he entered the dining room, "The tea is all cold; why did you not come before?" "I could not, my dear, as there was no one to stay in the stove," was the mild reply which should have put the subject at rest, as I knew that Joseph's business must necessarily occupy his whole time, he being head clerk in the establishment with which he was connected, expecting in the course of two or three years to be taken into partnership, therefore it was necessary for him to be active and attentive. All this I knew, but, like too many wives, took little interest in business affairs, and would not consider that he had any claims paramount to my convenience.

Small matters like these should have borne patiently, but in the absence of any greater trouble I suffered a thousand trifling things to annoy and irritate me to that degree that I threatened to "turn over a new leaf," which was but another way of saying, unless I can have things my own way I shall give my husband a lesson. He bore my reiterated complaints about what appears to me now to have been trifles light as air without resentment, offering good reasons (excuses I called them) for not complying with my wishes.

One day, after I had reproached him with thinking more of his business than of his wife, he rose to go out, but as he did so, he turned to me with a look that should have sent repentance to my heart, and fixing on me those liquid grey eyes, expressive more of sorrow than of anger, "Clara," said he, "if you find it so troublesome waiting for me, do not wait any more, but take your meals

and clear away the things without regard to me." When he had gone, the temper that should have been cast behind me prompted me to take him at his word. Accordingly when the time came, I prepared the evening meal and after waiting a few moments I sat down, ate alone, then cleared away the table and took up my sewing. In a few moments Joseph came in, and without raising my eyes from my work, I told him in an unconcerned manner as possible, that he need not come for his tea, I had cleared it away. Without saying a word he turned and left the house.

I know, my friend, that when you read this you will bitterly reproach me for unkindness to one who loved me better than life; one, too, for whom at times, I would have laid down my life, and aught else save my will. His loss at one time would have broken my heart, but naturally impulsive, that intense love that for a time controlled infirmities of temper, I had suffered them to gain the ascendancy, thus dashing from our lips the cup of happiness. I allowed myself to forget that the same guard over my conduct, and the same effort was necessary to preserve the affections of the husband that were employed to win and obtain the lover.

But to return. That night I sat up late, but my husband did not come. Ah, thought I, he thinks to frighten me into submission by staying out late, (a thing he had never done before,) but he will find his mistake.— Finding that he had taken the night key, I determined to sit up no longer. I retired, but could not sleep. The mild beams of the moon came softly stealing through the window, filling the room with fantastic shapes of light and shade, bearing to my troubled mind a self-examination, so long deferred.— As the night deepened and my husband came not, I wept bitter tears of self-accusation, and in proportion to my fears for his safety did my repentance for the past, and resolve for the future, deepen and expand.

I knew the store had closed some hours before, and we had few friends, indeed none with whom he could be spending the evening. Where can he be, was the constantly recurring question. Just as the clock struck one, I heard the creak of the night key, and his step on the stairs. With my fears, vanished repentance from my volatile heart, and by the time he reached the room I was prepared to pour a storm of invective on his head. He paused on the threshold, and as the moon shone full in his face, I perceived that he was pale and agitated, and in the moonlight presented a ghastliness that shocked me so much that I sprang from the bed, exclaiming, "Joseph, Mr. Leland, what is the matter?" He stared at me an instant, and in an excited tone replied: "Don't be a fool. Clara. Go back to bed, and let me alone." The truth flashed on my mind, and again I pressed my pillow, where I sought to listen the blame on him, rather than take any share on myself. The next day nothing was said of the occurrence of the preceding day and night. In fact, there were few words spoken on any subject; I felt injured, and a gloom seemed to have settled on the countenance and manner of my husband.

It was not until years after that I knew what I may as well mention now. When Mr. Leland left the store on the eventful night, he paused a moment on the threshold, uncertain whether to direct his steps, dreading under the toiling of the day to encounter the fretfulness of an arbitrary wife at home. Home—home no longer to his gentle and peace-loving spirit. Just then an acquaintance passed, and accosting him gaily invited him to go and partake of an oyster supper at a fashionable restaurant. Unhappily his stomach prompted his mind to accept the invitation. That night the tempting wine cup was held to his lips; a second and a third followed in rapid succession, and in that state he sought his chamber as we have already seen.

Following this, there came a succession of days and months freighted with the deepest misery to both of us. I will draw a veil over the recollections of this period, only mentioning that but a few months had elapsed before the hollow cheeks and bloodshot eyes told a tale that none who saw him could fail to read. My husband's conduct and appearance, instead of causing self-reproach and exciting pity, led me to look upon myself as one of the most injured of wives, and my selfish and wicked heart hardened towards him till I rarely spoke save in harshness and reproach.

We had been married about two years.— One morning Mr. Leland went to the store as usual, but soon returned. On looking at him, I caught my breath in astonishment. His eyes were wild and glistened like hot coals, and he staggered across the room, and would have fallen had he not grasped the chair into which he sank. He sat a moment, as if collecting his thoughts, then, in a voice firm and solemn, while I almost felt his burning gaze, he said: "Clara, this day I am a ruined man—my employers have watched my steps, have expostulated with me; finding it to no purpose, this day, on which I should have been raised to an honorable and profitable position, I am without money and without friends. Trouble and disappointment drove me to the wine cup;

then, to find oblivion for my sorrows. I neglected my business, became involved in debt, and this is the consequence."

The Young Soldier's Story.

"Generally speaking," began the youth, "stories have what is called a moral to them; and if you don't know what that means, I shall not stop to tell you."

"Yes, yes, we know," ran in low murmurs round.

"Well, mine has no moral, because it comes too late," and his voice thrilled as he spoke; "and if it had, its uses would be very doubtful."

"It matters very little who or what I am," he continued. "I have lain in silk and purple and grew up as one born to command. I went to college; and very likely you think I was a wild, harum scarum devil of a fellow—booting, driving, hunting, 'growing and tawning' it—cultivating wine, cards, and so on, as you may have heard that young fellows with plenty of money do.— Well, if you think so, you are mistaken.— I was a quiet, studious young man, I might add moral,—and his sardonic laugh jarred as before; "and it would have been perfectly true. I loved books, study, and peace; was a good scholar, studied music and the arts, fenc'd like Angelo—there is not a man in the army, perhaps, that can play at the small-sword with me—and quiet as an infant. I still had a fiery devil in me."

"I fell in love, ha! ha! with a little doll of a girl about my age, that was seventeen, and for whom I would have taken my heart out of my bosom. She was so frail and fairy like a creature, that I could have put her in my breast to shelter as one would a little bird; and she loved me with such a strength of faith, that had I been Don Juan himself, there was such lavish trust in her that she would have converted me from a debauchee into a true, honest man."

"She is still now as a frozen rill—sleeping like the streams in winter—she will never wake again!" and his head fell on his breast though his eyes, which were burning with the pain of his strong agony, were not moistened with a tear. They had dried at the very fountains.

"I dare say more than one among you know what it is to be in love, my lads.— Here is Charley, for instance," and our hero gave a start; "he, I imagine can understand me."

"Yes, yes!" again murmured the soldiers "we know it."

"Yes!" he repeated somewhat scornfully; "all very well that, but different men have different ideas of love. Some are sensual and depraved, and with them love is mere pollution and misapprehension of the sublime passion; and I have met with but few that could understand it as I did, but it was with me a portion of life—of existence!"

"Yes, with me it was different; she was a lovely little trusting flower, the daughter of a very worthy, honest tradesman, who loved her as the apple of his eye! but she was worthy of a throne, and I would have given her one. As it was, I could make her I thought—fool that I was—honored great, wealthy. She is poor enough now, and so am I."

"Our dream of love was delicious, but very brief. She eloped with me, and as the Lord God liveth, I meant her no harm—for I made her my wife!" he added, with a solemnity that startled the soldiers who were not often moved by any strength of expression.

"Your wife!" ejaculated one or two of the men. "Thunder and lightning, here, Dick, give us your hand, my boy!" and a cordial grasp was given. "We thought you trifled with the child."

"My parents heard that I had eloped with the child of a tradesman," the soldier, heedless of this, went on; "and threatened the poor old fellow with ruin and annihilation. It would not have taken much to have broken his heart, for it was half gone already; but what was done could not be undone; and I thought that my father and mother loved me too well to thwart me, and that I had only to bring her home to give her another father and mother, who would love her like her own."

"I meant to have put her back into his bosom, and said, 'Embrace your daughter, but also embrace my wife,' and you can love her however, very firmly in it!" and I was happy, living in a little Eden of my own, far from the turmoil of life, and expecting then my little baby hourly.

"My parents prevented this," he continued after a convulsive pause, during which he drew his hand over his brow several times, as though things were crowding into his brain, and confusing him with their multitudinous variety.

"Yes they hindered all. We lived in Wales at the time, and when my baby was born, and she put it in my bosom, and laid her own sweet little head like a blossoming flower beside it, I—prayed for her, for both and loved her more and more. Then I made up my mind to return to my father's house."

"One day I went to my little home, after walking or fishing, or something, and I found her—gone—both gone! Oh! then the sleeping devil within me woke up. I

learned from the people of the house, that a stern man, and a proud, pale woman, richly dressed, drove up in a splendid chariot, drawn by four horses, and carried her off—robbed me of my wife and child. This man—this woman, were my parents. I travelled night and day, and arrived at their house in town.

"I demanded my wife! They called her a designing, cunning girl—and said something worse of her than I could bear, and I silenced them, and made them turn pale and tremble. I demanded my child. They knew nothing of either. I cursed them both and quitted the house, never to return to it more."

"I need not tell how long after, or by what means I traced my Alice through stages of wretchedness and penury, till I found both mother and babe, my wife and child, dying on a mean pallet, in a parish workhouse."

"I could have called curses from heaven, and fires from hell to avenge this inimitable wrong—for what had this pale, crushed, tender dove done to win such an atrocious injury? But when I saw her pale, thin cheeks, and heard her moaning, and saw her wasted babe on the half-starved breast of the woman I adored, as devotes adore heaven, I stifled my soul—I shed no tears; I heard her utter a cry of joy and pain, and then her thin helpless hand wandered over my head, as I laid it, kneeling by her side in that horrible hole, upon her breast beside my child."

"Little Alice! I said, 'little Alice, you and your sweet babe shall live here no longer.'"

"No, George, no," she said. Oh, her thin lips, how they trembled! "No, George, dear, we shall not live here long—not very long." Give me that brandy, my lads!" said the soldier, abruptly.

"To lose a parent—to lose a mother one loves—to lose a friend one is devoted to—to lose a dog that has been your companion for years, is all painful, but what is it to this?" continued the soldier. "When I heard what she said, I had a terrible foreboding of the future. Was it for this I had sought her? Was it thus my parents had shown their love? Was it to see her die that I moved heaven and earth to discover her? If moved were rain and not the bitter acid shower which scalded my face like a caustic, roses would have sprung to life around her dying pillow; and that golden hair so dabbled—"

"Take my hand in your arms, my dear George," she said faintly; "take my child in your arms, too. Kiss me—kiss the baby. You love us, do you not? God bless you—God protect you! Do not separate us. Do not forget us. I have borne much—but I loved you so dearly; and I forgive every one, as I hope to be forgiven."

"The rough soldiers turned away, and one or two wiped their eyes furtively. A few sturdy but suspicious 'heins' sounded audibly, as they inverted their faces."

"Little Alice," said I, "are you going without me? Well, I won't wait long."

"I am going before you," she said; and I felt that she was speaking the truth. "I am going before you; clasp me closer—let me feel your lips;—lift up my head—put my baby's mouth to mine, and—"

"she died, my lads! and for an hour after I held her baby in my bosom till I felt it cold. It was dead, too! There was a long, deep, impressive pause, and again he went on:—

"They had made my heart desolate, wrecked, and void; and I—I, in turn, desolated their household and wrecked their peace forever. As they had two passions to feed and foster—the most boundless love for me, their only child, and a pride which, God forgive them, they had also given to me, and the latter the greater, they sacrificed me to that pride. Well, I trampled on their pride. They knelt to me in the dust and ashes of humility, and I scorned them. They offered me a bride, the fairest of the land, and I laughed at them. They could not give me little Alice, and I had nothing else to ask for. I had a grand funeral from that workhouse for my wife and child, and I put my name on her coffin-lid, and after that day, I forgot that I had a name or parents, and I knew that I had avenged Alice, for their house is a house of mourning, and the world is to them, as to me—a sepulchre."

"And this is the reason, my boys, that I don't care for anything that comes or goes, that happens or does not happen. I want to be dead. I want to sleep, for my eyes burn so at night, I do not close them; I only see little Alice, my golden-haired little wife; and I only clasp in my arms the dead baby till the drum or trumpet wakes me up, and then I have only the bullet that hits me, to look for. It has not come yet, but to-morrow I will have better luck! And so hand me the brandy!"

He took a deep, deep, draw, and a strong hectic hue came into his white cheeks.— The soldiers were deeply shocked, and their rude emotions made their hearts throb painfully in their broad chests.

"If none of you can match that story," said the soldier, "go to sleep and don't disturb me; I am going to dream of my Alice and her child again;" and he fell back on his side, and a mournful wind swept waiting by, as if it had been the voice of the dead.

There are 624 convicts in the Ohio Penitentiary.

Story of a Land Warrant.

There is an enormous traffic carried on in all our great cities in the article of land warrants, and in many of the western towns the trade in them is quite as active. Forgeries without number have been practiced in relation to them, until now a regular "detector" is almost as necessary for the transient dealer in them, as for a store-keeper who handles country money. Many, too, are the curious incidents connected with the history and location of land warrants. Let us repeat a single incident as it was related to us.

Near the battle-field of Monmouth resided a revolutionary veteran and his little family, a wife and only son. A scanty plot of ground, too sandy to be ever made but indifferently productive, was nevertheless a sufficiency for a family whose wants had always been extremely moderate. Sheltered by one of the primitive cabins of the country, over which the storms of winter howled without starting a stone from the chimney, or a shingle from the roof, and fed by healthful industry, they passed along the vale of life in simple sweet contentedness. Here with an honest grateful pride did he old man behold his country rising in national prosperity and grandeur, to a peerless rank among the nations of the earth. Here, too, he could have spent the few remaining days left for him, had not the death of his wife, and the future welfare of his son, opened a new and wide field for exertion. He knew this son might shortly be left alone in the world, without earthly guardian or support, and he felt the imperious call of duty to see him settled permanently and prosperously in life, before he should be gathered to his fathers.

No plan seemed open to him, as likely to succeed, but to avail himself of a hitherto neglected military land warrant. This title covered an ample tract somewhere in the eastern part of Kentucky; but from the changes of names and boundaries consequent upon the laying off of new counties, he was unable to identify the precise location. But, at all hazards he resolved to search for it in person. He sold off his trifling property, discharged his little debts, and set forward on foot—it was long before the age of railroads—with all the firmness of one injured to long continued marches under musket and knapsack, followed by his son and dog. No matter what emotions thrilled his bosom at abandoning the home of his childhood, the grave of his departed wife, and the thousand little associations which make up the sum of home, his features wore the aspect of determined resolution. Not so the son. In that grove, and by that babbling brook, he and his dog had gambled through many a vernal holiday. In that dear old cabin, often had he beguiled the winter evening by listening to his father's legends of the war, or put up his prayers at his departed mother's knee. To all these affecting reminiscences he was now bidding an everlasting farewell. Beyond them, everything was a blank.— Tears flowed from his young eyes as he turned away forever from the cottage of his nativity on the battle-ground of Monmouth.

Painfully they travelled westward until they reached the nearest branch of the Allegheny, on which they embarked, but poorly supplied with provisions for the voyage for long travel on the road has made them almost penniless. After days of hardship and exposure on the river, they made their little boat fast to a tree that overhung the river side. The mansion of a thriving planter lay in full view before them, and thitherward they directed their steps.— Evening had already cast its lengthened shadows over the landscape, and a cold and comfortable November night was fast settling down upon them. Avoiding the main entrance to the building, which was tightly closed, both door and window, the old veteran knocked timidly at the kitchen, and asked the privilege of a shelter for himself and child till morning. The owner turned a deaf ear to the humble application, and bid the travelling vagabond begone. Ingratitude overcome the heart which stood undimmed in many a hurricane of balls, and he crawled into an outhouse of the boorish planter, where, hungry wet and cold, he slumbered soundly on a bed of straw.

Daybreak saw the travellers on their way to an adjacent town, where warmth and refreshment reinvigorated their spirits. They found themselves on one of the great alluvial bottoms of Kentucky. The veteran sought a lawyer, exhibited his warrant, and found to his astonishment, that it made him master of a wealthy plantation. Closer examination identified it as the very ground from which they had been so unfeelingly repulsed the night before! The brutal occupant was forced, in his turn to beg; yet his prayer was more availing, for the humane veteran permitted him to spend the remainder of his days on a remote corner of the plantation—the fitting termination of what had been a long career of knavery and cruelty.

THE WIFE'S CONSENT.—The Missouri Legislature has before it a bill providing that no man shall be allowed to endorse a note without the consent of his wife, and that no endorsement shall be valid in law without such consent.