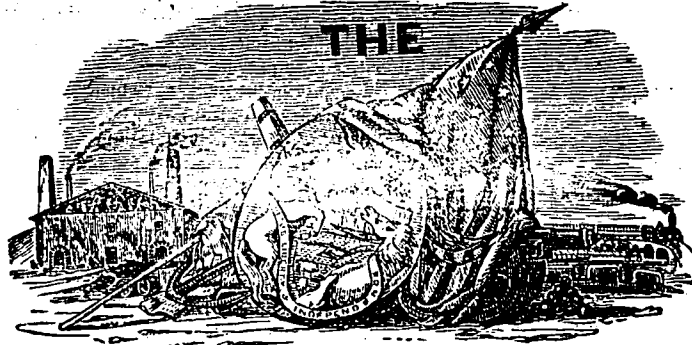


The Lehigh

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER.



Register.

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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Poetical Department.

(From Gleason's Pictorial.)
A Home Picture.

BEN FISHER had finished his harvesting, And he stood by the orchard gate, One foot on the rail, and one on the ground, As he called on his good wife—Kate. There were stains of toil on his wamas red, The dust of the field on his hat; But a twinkle of pleasure was in his eye, As he looked on the stock so fat.

Here, give me the baby, dear Kate, you are tired, I fear you have too much care; You must rest and pick up a little, I think, Before we go to the Fair.

I'd hate to be taking fat oxen, you know, Fat hogs, and fat sheep, and fat cows, With a wife at my elbow, as poor-as-a-crow, And care wrinkles shading her brow.

'Can't go, did you say? 'Can't afford the expense; I know, Kate our crops ain't the best; But we've labored together to keep things along, And together we'll now take a rest. The orchard is bare, but old Brindle is prime, And Lily and Fan are a show; Your butter and cheese can't be beat in the State, So up to the Fair we will go.

'You've ne'er seen a city, and Cleveland is fine, Ne'er seen the blue billow Lake; Ne'er rode in a rail-car, or been in a throng, So, Kate, this journey we'll take, And, gathering new feelings, new thoughts, and new ways, If we find those that suit, as we roam, And garner up strength with our head, hearts and hands, For the love and the duties of home.

'I have sometime thought, Kate, as I plodded along, For months, o'er the same weary round, That a fellow who had such a ready hand, in Ohio could nowhere be found; But when I've been called from my home for a while,

And seen how the rest get along, I've come back to my toil with a light, cheerful heart, And 'there's no place like home,' was my song.

'I wonder that mothers don't wholly despair, Who ne'er from their cares get away, But walk the same tread wheel of duty for years, Scarce stopping to rest, night or day, I don't wonder they grow discontented, some times, That their feelings grow raspy and cold; For toil never ending, and labor uncheered, Make woman—and man—sometimes scold.'

Kate looked up with a smile, and said, 'Ben, we will go, There may be better oxen than ours, Horses swifter on foot, and cows finer by far. Better butter and cheese, fruit and flowers. But there's one thing I claim, I know can't be beat In the whole Yankee nation to-day; I'd not swap him, I for a kingdom to boot— That's my 'gude man'—and Kate ran away.

Peter's Wedding.

Said Meg, when Peter courting came, 'La, man, you're much too soon; Your love burns with too quick a flame!' She shook her head: she hummed a tune— A careless glance she flung. 'I cannot wed, dear sir, so soon, So young! I cannot wed so soon.'

He pressed his suit: Sweet Margaret sighed, 'Peter, I will be thine; For since you will not be denied, I will not more decline. Receive my troth, receive my hand— Who'd frown on vows like thine— So bland! So bland! Dear Peter, I am thine.'

The carriage stays before the church: Poor Meg has torn her dress, Ere yet a bride left in the lurch, By Peter's carelessness: And when, as turning sharply round, What there the lady kept— He found!

'How stupid, Meg!' he cried. Her face grew red, but naught she said Until the Parson spake: 'Do you this man, my lovely maid, To be your husband take!' Then Meg gave Peter lit for lit— 'I'm not so stupid, sir, As that! I'm not so stupid, sir.'

Mark well the moral of my song: Lovers, don't scold too soon, Nor let your tempers out too strong Before you've spent the honey-moon. Your lover, sir's a slave: Your husband sings another tune, The knave! For marriage frees the slave!

Miscellaneous Selections.

How Harry Fell in Love.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

All the girls in Flowerdale were in love with Harry Vernon. That is to say they admired him excessively and were ready to fall in love if he should lead the way.—Fanny Somers, the little witch, was the only exception. Merry, dancing and pretty as a fairy, it was a question whether she had ever yet thought of love; if she had, she never talked of it.

Harry's father was a Senator in Congress and he himself was a young lawyer of brilliant talents, finished education and handsome fortune. It was not known that his father wished him to marry, and did not, as is often the case insist on his selecting an heiress. The now gray-haired old statesman had made a love-match in his youth, and still worshipped the memory of the wife he had to early lost. 'Let your heart choose my son,' said he. 'Marriage without true affection, holds out but a poor show for happiness.'

Most of those, not directly interested in the event, thought that Isabel Fortescue would carry off the prize. She was decidedly the belle of the village. Having received her education at a fashionable seminary, there was scarcely an accomplishment of which she could not boast. Besides, the family of Vernon and Fortescue had been the leading ones in the country for two generations, and the gossip said that the union of the two fortunes, and of the united influence, would give Harry a position almost unrivalled.

Certain it is that Harry visited Isabel very often. Those who envied her accused her of manoeuvring to win him. 'Throws herself in his way continually,' said one. 'Did ever any body,' cried another, 'see a girl make love so barefacedly?' She ought to get him, I'm sure, sneered another, 'for she had tried hard enough.' Nevertheless, as honest chroniclers we must record the fact that some of these very young ladies, such is the infirmity of human nature, did their very prettiest to out-manceuvre Isabel, and get Harry for themselves.

Harry had not seen Fanny since she was a child. It was only a month since she had left school and returned home again; and the first time she joined in the village social circle was at a picnic. Here her blooming complexion, graceful figure and ringing laugh had been the theme of admiration by the beaux, the envy of the belles. Harry had been her partner in a dance or two, and in common with many others, felt it would be only civil to call upon her. So the morning after the party he sallied forth to make the round of the village girls.

He first visited Isabel. She was reclining on a nice sofa, charmingly dressed and reading a novel. All she could talk about was her fatigue. Yet she looked bewitching, it was incontestable, in the subdued light of that sumptuous parlor, with elegant pictures on the walls, bouquets of flowers all about, and an atmosphere of exquisite refinement around. Never had Harry felt so much tempted to be in love. He staid nearly an hour when he had intended to stop only a few minutes; and would not perhaps, have gone then, if other gentlemen had not dropped in. From Isabel's he went to several other houses. Every where he found the young ladies dressed to receive the company. Some were reading novels; some had a book of pretty poetry open before them; and one who had a pretty hand was coquetishly knitting a purse. Not one of them appeared to have anything serious to do. Most of them affected, like Isabel, to be quite languid and talked as if the fatigue of the day before had nearly killed them.

When Harry reached the pretty, but unpretending cottage where Fanny resided with her widowed mother, he found the hall door open to admit the breeze, and so just tapping at the parlor entrance, he entered bowing. In the shaded light of the cool fragrant room, he could not, for a moment see; but he noticed immediately that the apartment was empty. Just then, however a fresh, liquid voice, as merry as a bird's in June, was heard warbling in an inner apartment. Harry listened awhile, charmed, but finding that his knocking was not heard, and recognizing, as he thought, Fanny's voice, finally made bold to go in search of the singer. Passing down the hall and through another open door, he suddenly found himself in the kitchen, a large airy apartment, scrupulously clean, with Fanny at the end opposite to him standing before a dough trough, kneading flour and carolling like a lark.

lashes, and bringing out in relief the pouting lips and round chin. The breeze blew her brown curls playfully about and occasionally quite over her face, at which time she would throw them back with a pretty toss of her head. Her arms were bare; and rounder, whiter or more taper arms, never were; they fairly put to blush with their rosy pearliness, the snowy flour powdered over them. As she moved with quick steps at her task, her trim figure showed all its grace; and her neat ankle and delicate foot twinkled in and out. For awhile she did not observe Harry. It was not till she turned to put down the dreging-box, that she beheld him.

Most of our fair readers, we suppose, would have screamed, and perhaps have run out at the opposite door. She blushed a little as was natural, but having no false shame she saw no reason to be frightened merely because a handsome young man had caught her at work. So she courted prettily, laughed one of her gayest laughs, and said, holding up her hands—

'I can't shake hands with you, Mr. Vernon, you see. Mamma was kind enough to let me go to the picnic, yesterday, and put off some of my work; and so I'm doing double work to-day to make up for it. If you'll be kind enough to wait a minute, I will call mamma.'

'No, no,' said Harry, charmed by such frank innocence, and unceremoniously taking a well-scrubbed chair, 'I've only a few minutes to stay. My call is on you. I came to see how you bore the fatigues of yesterday.'

Fanny laughed till her teeth, so white and so little, looked behind the rosy lips, like pearls set in the richest ruby enamel. 'Fatigued! Why, we had such a charming time yesterday, that one couldn't get tired, even if one had been a hundred years old.'

'You'll never grow old,' said Harry, surprised into what would have been flattery, if he had sincerely thought it; and his countenance showed his admiration for the bright happy creature before him.

Fanny blushed, but rallied, and answered laughing. 'Never grow old? Oh, soon enough. What a funny sight I'll be, to be sure, bent almost double, and a cap on my head like granny Horn's.'

Harry laughed too, so ludicrous was the image; and thus he and Fanny were as much at home with each other, at once, as if they had been acquainted for some years. The intended five minutes unperceptibly grew into ten, and the ten into half an hour. Fanny continued at her household work, pleasantly chatting the while, both she and Harry mutually so interested as to forget time and place alike. At last the entrance of Mrs. Somers interrupted the *tele-tete*. Fanny was a little embarrassed, when she found how long she and Harry had been alone; but the easy matter-of-course manner of Harry as he shook hands with her mother, restored her to herself.

If the elegant refinement about Isabel had tempted Harry to fall in love, the household charm which surrounded Fanny forced him to do so whether or no. He went away thinking to himself what a charming wife Fanny would make, and how sweetly she would look in her neat, home dress, engaged in her domestic duties. Nor is Harry the only young bachelor who remembers that a wife cannot always be in full dress, and who naturally wishes to know how she will look in the kitchen. 'A wife ought as much to know how to manage her own house,' he said to himself, 'as a man to understand his business. I don't wish a wife of mine indeed, to be a maid of all work; but I should like to have her capable of overseeing her servants; and domestics discover very soon whether their mistress is competent, and obey, or disregard her accordingly.— Ah! if I had such a dear little wife, how I'd coax her to go into the kitchen occasionally, that I might see her at work.'

It soon became apparent that it would be no fault of Harry, if he did not have Fanny for a wife. Never was a man deeper in love; nor did he make an effort to conceal it. Had Fanny been a foolish flirt; she would have played with his feelings, as vain girls will never secure of a lover. But she was too frank and good for this, and only hesitated long enough to be certain of the state of her own heart, when she made Harry happy by accepting him.

Two persons more fitted for each other, in fact, could not be. Though always merry because always happy, Fanny was amiable, intelligent and full of sound sense. She had read and thought a great deal, especially for one so young. Her heart ran over with 'unwritten poetry.' Had Harry sought, for a lifetime, he could not have found a wife so companionable, and so suited in every way to him.

When she shed a few tears, she soon dried her eyes, for, with Harry's love nothing could make her long unhappy.

It was not until the young couple had set off on their wedding tour that Harry told his wife what had first made him fall in love with her.

'Every other girl I visited that morning,' he said, 'was playing the fine lady; and that while, as I well knew, their mothers were often slaying in the kitchen. I reasoned that the daughter who would neglect her duty to a parent, could scarcely be less selfish towards a husband. Besides, it is a common error with your sex, now-a-days, to suppose that it is debasing to engage in domestic duties. To a man of sense, dearest, a woman never looks more attractive than at such a time. As Wordsworth writes:

'Here modest notions, light and free, And steps of virgin liberty; A countenance in which there meet Sweet records, promises as sweet; A creature not too bright and good For human nature's daily food; For transient sorrows, simple wiles, Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.'

As he recited these lines, with exquisite sensibility, he put his arm around Fanny's waist, and drew her towards him; and the young wife, looking up into his face, with devoted affection, rested her head on his bosom and shed happy tears.

A Romantic Match.

A Cincinnati paper has just learned of some romantic adventures, which took place at Cynthiana, Ky., a few days ago. It appears that a very clever, fine looking young gentleman from Philadelphia, had occasion to visit Cynthiana, on business during the past winter, and while there, became acquainted with a young lady, Miss B—, somewhat celebrated for her charms. Mr. S—, the Philadelphian, was not proof against the bright eyes of the Kentucky maiden. He had never seen such a glorious, liquid sparkling pair of orbs among the daughters of the Old Keystone. He was ravished, intoxicated, and finally proposed to the bright eyes and was accepted. With a light heart he started back to the Quaker City to make the necessary arrangements for the celebration of his nuptials, the day for which having already been agreed upon.

The winter rolled on, and spring and its flowers came again, as also the particular day for the lover's return; but he came not. In two days more the marriage was to come off. The fair one was restive and mortified. With her bright eyes full of tears she denounced in secret the faithfulness of her lover, and trembled at the open mortification which would overwhelm her if he came not. At this favorable juncture an old and discarded lover, whom no unkindness could divert of hope or lessen the fervency of his first affection, presented himself. He renewed his undying love; the holy happiness of the wedded state; of a cottage somewhere in the deep bosom of an umbrageous grove, with the honey suckle and the jasminee creeping over the windows and along the lattice porch. The trembling fair one was charmed at the picture. Love and a cottage—the quintessence of human bliss in the estimation of a girl of 'sweet sixteen.' She blushed and smiled, but yet hesitated. The lover was in ecstasies at the favorable symptoms. With renewed ardor he urged his suit. He was prolific in tears and promises, and trimmed the cottage with a few more honey-suckles, and the thing was done.

The Philadelphian gallant was given up. He was a 'lagger in love,' and deserved no consideration. Her faith was pledged to another, and the same day fixed for the marriage which was to have witnessed her union with Mr. S—.

But the end was not yet. During the same day a third lover presented himself and declared his passion. The fair maiden frankly told him she had just engaged herself to another, and invited him to the wedding as a guest instead of a groom. On the same evening, (Sunday) Mr. S— arrived from Philadelphia. He was not long in finding how matters stood, and was agast at the intelligence that Miss B— was to be married to another instead of himself, on the following Tuesday. He at once took his way to her house and had an interview with the result of which he seemed particularly pleased. He then stepped into the principal livery stable in the place and asked to hire the very best carriage and horses to go to Maysville. The proprietor informed him that it would be impossible to accommodate him. That he was to be married on the following Tuesday, and would have use for all his carriages to go on a little bridal tour which he purposed. 'May I ask to whom?' said Mr. S—, with some misgivings. 'To Miss B—,' was the reply, Mr. S— preserved his temper, and simply remarked that it was highly important that he should be at Maysville at the earliest possible moment, and that he was prepared to give any reasonable price for a carriage. The liberality of his indirect offer had a sensible effect on the proprietor.

He got out his best hack and pair, and charged the young stranger the sum of \$300 for the trip. In a very short time afterwards Miss B— found herself sitting beside the young Philadelphian, in the above mentioned carriage, and going towards Maysville at the rate of about ten miles an hour.

It was soon noised through the town that Miss B— had run away with her Philadelphia lover. Her guardian, who was opposed to the match, at once mounted a fleet horse and started in pursuit. About halfway to Maysville he overtook the fugitives and attempted to seize the young lady—The young Philadelphian waived him off, and spoke in this wise: 'Sir you can't have her; and you must go back and leave us to pursue our journey, or you must kill me, or I'll kill you.' This talk brought guardedly up standing. It was entirely unexpected. And not wishing to kill, and particularly not wishing to be killed, he accepted the first proposition, and turned tail and took the back track. The lovers pursued their way to Maysville, crossed over the Aberdeens, were married, drove back to Cynthiana, and put up at the principal hotel.

A crowd at once surrounded the house, and threatened vengeance on the Philadelphia for carrying away the prettiest girl in the town, and who was the promised wife of an esteemed citizen. The young man, nothing daunted, placed his wife safely in a chamber, and then came boldly down to the steps of the hotel, and began to address the mob. If our phonographic notes are correct, his speech was exactly in these words: 'Gentlemen: You ought not to blame me for what I have done. Most of you would have done the same thing, had you been in my place. Instead of threats and reproaches, you ought to offer me a complimentary supper. Still, if you are not satisfied, I am ready to give you satisfaction. I will fight you all, one at a time and if that don't do, I'm ready to put all through at once, and then clean out the balance of the town.'

The show of chivalry was too much for a Kentucky audience. The sympathy of the crowd at once changed sides. They gave him three deafening cheers and then rushed in and congratulated him with all the heartiness of the Kentucky character. The landlord was ordered to bring out his best Bourbon, and plenty of it, and the crowd, with great good will and sincerity, gave and drank to the happy groom the noble sentiment—'None but the brave deserve the fair!'

Kidd, the Pirate.

On the twelfth of May, one hundred and fifty-three years ago, the celebrated pirate Kidd was hung in England for the crime of murder. The following sketch of the life of the pirate, is from 'Valentine's History of the City of New York.'

The slave trade, being a legitimate pursuit and followed as a regular branch of foreign trade for many years, was exceedingly profitable, though somewhat hazardous, owing to practical adventurers, who followed them into their remote trading places, and often robbed them of their stores and money used in the purchase of negroes. This practice became at last a pest to the mercantile interests, that efforts were made by influential merchants of New York to induce the English Ministry to assist them in fitting out a cruising vessel properly armed, to act against the pirates. Col. Robert Livingston, of New York, an active and influential citizen, brought this matter before the English government; and introduced Captain William Kidd, of New York, as an efficient and well known commander, whose fitness for such service was well understood in New York. He was a man of family, and had resided in New York for several years. It was proposed to engage in this enterprise on the footing of a private adventure, although it was also desirable, for some purposes, that the scheme should receive the official countenance of the government. The king, Lord Somers, the Earl of Comney, the Duke of Shrewsbury; the Earl of Oxford, and Lord Bellamont, joined in making up the necessary expense of a proper vessel; Col. Livingston also contributed a proportion. The profits were to be divided among the owners of the ship, allowing a liberal share to Kidd.

A commission was issued December 11, 1695, under the great seal of England, directed 'to the trusty and well-beloved Capt. William Kidd, commander of the ship Adventure Galley.' He set sail from Plymouth in April, 1696, and arrived on the American coast, where he continued, for some time, occasionally entering the harbor of New York, and visiting his family in the city. He was considered useful in protecting our commerce, for which he received much applause, and the assembly of the province voted him the sum of two hundred and fifty pounds, as a complimentary return for his services.

Soon after this he left this vicinity for more active operations on the coast of Africa, and it was not long ere the astonishing news arrived that Kidd had commenced the trade which he had been engaged to subvert, and had committed several piracies.

The report of these facts coming to the public knowledge in England, the circumstance was made the subject of a violent attack upon the government by the opposition party, and in the excess of party zeal, it was alleged that the King himself, and those concerned in the expedition, were privy to the piratical adventure and shared in its profits. The charge having color of foundation, from the actual circumstances of the case, made the question a subject of state enquiry, and thus the name of William Kidd, though perhaps personally less obnoxious to the odious characteristics of his profession than many others in history, became from its association with partizan warfare between the great men of the state, the most famous among the pirates of the world. The nobleman engaged in the enterprise underwent the form of a trial for their lives but were acquitted.

The principal scenes of Kidd's piracies were on the eastern coast of Africa, at Madagascar and the vicinity, where he captured and rifled several vessels, without, however as we have been informed by history, committing extreme cruelties upon his captives. The only person proven to have been killed by him being a seaman of his own name William Moore, whom he accidentally slew by hitting him with a bucket, for insubordination. Kidd having amassed a fortune by this cruise, shaped his course homeward believing, with a strange fatuity, that no information of his depredation in those remote parts of the world, had reached the scenes of his home. He brought his vessel into Long Island Sound in the year 1699, and went ashore at Gardiner's Island where, from some undiscoverable motive, he made known his desire to bury a quantity of treasure on the island, and did accordingly deposit in the ground a considerable quantity of gold, silver and precious stones, in the presence of Mr. Gardiner, but under strict injunctions of secrecy. The deposit consisted of eleven hundred and eleven ounces of coined gold, two thousand three hundred and fifty ounces of silver, seventeen ounces of jewels and precious stones, fifty bags of sugar, forty one bales of merchandise, seventeen pieces of canvas, one large load stone, &c. Having thus disbursed the ship, he departed for Boston, with the design, it is supposed, of selling his vessel. While here, however, he was recognized in the street, and apprehended. He was sent to England for trial, and indicted for the murder of William Moore, before spoken of; and being convicted was hanged in chains, at Execution Dock, May 12, 1701. The wife of Kidd continued her residence in this city after his death, herself and daughter living in seclusion in a habitation on the coast side of the town.

Bill Johnson. The smuggler and patriot, whose exploits on both sides of St. Lawrence and in the intricacies of the Thousand Islands, made him famous during the rebellion in Canada, some seventeen years ago, and who, as a consequence of his eccentricities, suffered a long imprisonment in the jail at Albany, now fills the post of light-house keeper, on Rock Island, one of the above named group a short distance below French Creek. The island is what its name imports, a clump of rocks, almost destitute of natural soil, but Johnson has quite a productive garden thereon, his vegetables deriving their sustenance from earth which he had transported from the main land in his boat. The salary of his office is small, either \$350 or \$400, but he lives frugally, and by picking up something outside of regular business, by means of fishing and kindred pursuits, he manages to save a considerable portion of the amount every year. He is contented and happy, and fond of seeing visitors, to whom he recounts the romantic incidents of his eventful career, and magnifies the achievements which has given him so much notoriety.

He gives an amusing account of the manner in which he obtained his office, through the instrumentality of Gov. Marcy. He went to Washington, without any recommendations or credentials of any kind, depending wholly upon his personal character. Obtaining an interview with the Governor, he disclosed his wishes, without ceremony or circumlocution. 'I'm Bill Johnson,' said he, 'you know me by reputation as I do you, if you don't know me by sight. I want the place of light-house keeper on Rock Island, in St. Lawrence. If you can give it to me, I shall be thankful—if not I must try to do without it.'

'I've heard all about you Bill, and know you perfectly well. You shall have the place.' And a line from the Governor, to Mr. Secretary Guthrie, secured the business at once. And if Governor Marcy needs any aid in St. Lawrence county, Bill Johnson is the man to render it.—Buff. Com. Advertiser.

'Jim, I believe Sam's got no truth in him.'

'You don't know nigger; dar's more truth in that nigger dan all de rest on de plantation.'

'How you make dat out?'

'Why he never let any out, you fool.'