

# LEHIGH REGISTER.

A FAMILY JOURNAL—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

Devoted to Local and General News, Agriculture, Education, Morality, Amusement, Markets, &c., &c.

VOLUME IX.

ALLENTOWN, PA., NOVEMBER 8, 1854.

NUMBER 6.

## Pretty Poetry.

### THE INDIAN SUMMER.

Strange season, evanescent  
As childhood's sunny thought—  
How sad and yet how pleasant  
Are the feelings thou hast brought!  
The sky is bright above us,  
The air is bland as June,  
And the brook to joy would move us  
By its happy little tune.  
But we miss the merry singing  
Of the birds among the trees,  
And the flowers that late were flinging  
Their odors on the breeze.  
And the cattle that late were feeding  
Upon the mountain side,  
And the flocks their young ones leading  
Where the rivulets do glide.  
Now, we only hear the rustle  
Of the dry leaves as we tread,  
Or the timid squirrel startle  
From the branches overhead.  
Or the sportsman's gun resounding  
Among the naked hills,  
Or his greyhound's feet foot bounding  
Across the rocks and rills.  
We feel the sun of summer,  
But its verdure do not see,  
While there comes a whispered murmur  
From every leafless tree,  
Which checks the voice of gladness  
That else might ring again,  
And brings a drowsy sadness  
To fasten on the brain.  
Yes 'tis the Indian summer,  
For treacherous are its beams;  
And as fading as the glimmer  
Of happiness and dreams,  
The very mists of morning,  
Though heralding fair days,  
Are shadowy forms of warning,  
Which vanish while we gaze.  
Thus summer's ghost keeps beckoning  
Our willing feet to roam,  
While we forget the reckoning  
Of winter days to come,  
And yet so sadly pleasant  
Is all we feel or see,  
That in the dreamy present  
Forever would we be.

## Facts and Fancies.

A young clerical gentleman relates the following anecdote of one of his Dutch brethren. The old fellow was about commencing his spiritual exercises one evening, when to his being a little near sighted was added the dim light of a country church. After clearing his throat and giving out the hymn, prefacing it with the apology—  
The light is bad, mine eyes is dim,  
I scarce can see to read dish hymn.  
The clerk supposing it was the first stanza of the hymn, struck up to the tune of common metre.  
The old fellow taken somewhat aback by this turn of affairs, corrected the mistake by saying:  
I didn't mean to sing dish hymn,  
I only meant mine eyes is dim.  
The clerk still thinking it a combination of the couplet, finished in the preceding strain.  
The old man at this, waxed wroth, and exclaimed at the top of his voice:  
I think the devil's in you all,  
Dat vash no hymn to sing at all.  
Show us a lady's bonnet, and we will show you what sort of a woman she is. If it is full of ribbons, cups, bows, etc., she is as full of love and poetry, as a country inn of politicians and loafers. If it is decked with simple, plain colors, and a couple of modest knots, she is a perfect jewel, sweet, sunny, mild, but as affectionate as a freshly nursed kitten. If stuck all over with a paradise of clover, three story ostrich feathers, wax hollyhocks, and juniper berries, put it square down that she will always remain single, and will never see her fortieth birthday. Bonnets are a true index of women.  
An Albany lady (a lady of experience) contends that a kiss on the forehead denotes reverence for the intellect; a kiss on the cheek, that the donor is impressed with the beauty of the kissed one; but that a kiss imprinted on the lips shows love.  
Don't always look for mere beauty in a woman. Those who think a girl is perfection just because she has cherry lips, hazel eyes, and a shower of curls, knows no more about female calico than a boiled lobster does of moral philosophy and the ten commandments.  
When your wife begins to scold let her have it out. Put your feet up closely over the fire place, loll back in your chair, light one of your best cigars, and let the storm rage on.—Say nothing, do nothing, know nothing.  
The New York Dutchman says that it is so dry up in Iowa, that the people have to sprinkle the rivers to keep the boats from kicking up a dust.  
A sawyer, after sawing with a very dull saw, exclaimed, 'Of all the saws I ever saw saw, I never saw a saw saw as that saw saws.'  
Where twenty persons have stomachs, but one has brains; hence brewers grow rich, while printers remain poor.  
Nothing like pure water for honest men's thirst.

## A Chilling Tale.

### ERNEST DEFOREST,

#### OR THE REWARDS OF HEROISM.

##### TALE OF THE GREAT FIRE IN NEW YORK.

Don't you hear the bell, boys?  
Turn out! turn out!  
Its booming peal is on the air,  
While all around is liquid glare.  
Turn out! turn out!—HONORWELL.

It was on the evening of a lovely day in the month of November, 1835, and everything was quiet in the usually noisy streets of Gotham. It was that particular season of the year denominated "Indian Summer;" a season unknown to all climes except our own, when a sort of dreamy stillness settles down upon every object; a season

—when comes the calm, still day,  
As still such days will come,  
To call the squirrel and the bee  
From out their winter home;  
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,  
Though all the trees are still,  
And twinkle in the smoky light  
The waters of the rill.

At the window of a large and splendidly furnished mansion in the lower part of the city, sat a most lovely girl looking forth upon the street, and intently scanning the appearance of such persons as passed along the resounding pavements. She was not more than seventeen years of age, with a slight and sylph-like figure, a pair of melting blue eyes, that looked as if they had borrowed their hue from the bright depths of an August sky, while her hair, of a golden hue, fell in showering ringlets over her sloping, snowy shoulders. She was alone at the time we have introduced her to our readers, and had sat there by that open window for some moments, and the joyous smile that she had at first worn had given place to a look of sadness as she gazed with a longing eye down the fast darkening street.

Why, what could have detained him so long? at length she muttered; 'something must have happened to him. I never knew Ernest to be behind the time ere this—'  
She was interrupted in her soliloquy by the sudden opening of the door of the drawing-room, when a man of middle age, with a lofty carriage and dignified deportment, entered the apartment. At the first glance one could not have failed to have noticed that there was a marked resemblance in features between the new-comer and the young girl we have so recently described—the color of the eyes was the same, and there was something about the formation of the mouth and chin which at once bespoke that a relationship of some kind existed between them.

'Well, Effie,' said the gentleman, in a good-humored tone, drawing up a chair, and taking a seat beside her, 'you seem to be in a meditative mood, this evening. May I inquire upon what your thoughts are wandering? Nay, I need not ask—tell tale blush is sufficient! I know?'—what was the nature of your reveries?—'Captain Edgar, Captain Edgar, you have much to answer for! Ha! he! he!'  
Indeed, father, I was not thinking of the captain at all. My thoughts were occupied with a pleasant subject.'

'How so, Effie?—I can't see how they could have been more profitably employed than in thinking of your future husband.'  
Father, I have told you, repeatedly, that I did not wish to encourage the attentions of that man. He is personally disagreeable to me, and I wish that some means could be devised to prevent his coming here.'

'Effie, you are a stubborn, disobedient girl. Captain Edgar is my dearest friend,—for years he has been sailing one of my largest ships, and I have always found him a man of honor. He has proposed to me for your hand, and although I am known to the world as the rich merchant, Albert Loring, still I am not disposed to carry my exclusiveness too far. Captain Edgar belongs to a good family, Effie, and is a rising man. What objections can you possibly have to him?'

'No, father, indeed, you are mistaken. I'm quite sure that he never told me anything except the truth.'  
'Then you admit that he has told you something about Captain Edgar?'

Effie turned scarlet. Unwittingly she had betrayed herself, and in spite of all her efforts she trembled, as the keen eye of her parent was bent upon her.  
'O, you needn't answer without you like. That tell-tale blush is sufficient. I am satisfied that the ungrateful villain, whom I took on board that ship out of charity, has blackened the character of her commander to one with whom especially he wished to stand well.'  
'Charity, father?'

'Yes, charity, Effie! Did I not take pity upon him when he came whimpering to my counting-room one bitter December day and ask to be employed in my office? I had no place for him then, but I directed Captain Edgar to take him on board as an apprentice, so that he might become a thorough sailor, and be enabled to obtain an honest livelihood. Do you not call that charity? If not, what is it?'

'I'm sure, father, that you do not know as much as I do about the matter, or you would not say what you do.'  
'Ah, I think I see,' replied Mr. Loring, bending a stern glance upon his daughter, 'you are becoming far too partial to that beggarly boy. It never occurred to me before. I must put a stop to it. Remember that Ernest DeForest is not to set his foot inside this house again. If he does, unpleasant consequences may result from it.'

Just at this moment the door bell rung, and Mr. Loring rose and proceeded to his study, saying as he left the room, that he expected a visitor. Effie continued to gaze in an abstracted manner down the street. Presently she saw the form of a man coming towards the house, and as he drew nearer, her heart beat quick, and the rich blood mantled in her cheek, for she well knew that it was one that she desired to see. In a moment the figure stopped before the house. A white handkerchief was waved from the parlor window, when the man at once stepped down to the basement door, and was quickly admitted by one of the servants, who seemed disposed to forward the views of Effie, to judge by the stealthy manner in which she closed the door behind the new comer.

He was a youth apparently about twenty-two years of age, with a fresh and ruddy complexion, a clear blue eye, regular features, a fine set of teeth, and a form almost faultless. He was dressed in a blue jacket and trousers, with checked shirt, coarse, it is true, but scrupulously clean, while his dark crisp locks just showed beneath the rim of a light cloth cap set jauntily on one side of his finely formed head.  
'Where's Miss Effie?' inquired he of the servant who had admitted him, as he seated himself in one of the kitchen chairs.  
'She's up stairs, and will be down in a moment. But you must look out—old Mr. Loring is in his study above, engaged with a visitor, but should he mistrust that you were here, it would not take him long to find his way down to this basement. I can tell you!'

'No, I suppose not.'  
'You must be cautious and talk low. But I hear Miss Effie coming, so I suppose you can get along without me,' saying which, the servant took her departure. A moment after and Effie entered the room.  
'O, Ernest, I am so glad you've come. What has detained you so long? I have been looking from the parlor windows for an hour, expecting you every moment. And such a scene as I have had with father! He says that you must never set your foot beneath his roof again, or it will be woe for you, and what do you think, he is determined that I shall consent to wed that odious Captain Edgar.'

'Wouldn't he raze if he knew who I actually was?'

'Hush! don't speak above your breath, Ernest. Were he to find you here, I do not know but he would slay you.'  
'Well, dear Effie, I will make my stay short. Don't forget what I have told you. Steadily refuse to wed Edgar, and trust to time. Circumstances may occur to alter the prospect of things.'  
'Good-night, dearest!'  
'Good-night!'  
Effie retired to her chamber, to dream of happiness and flowery fields that stretch away into the bright vistas of the future.

'O, morning life! O, morning love!  
O, lightsome days, and long,  
When hoveyed hopes around the heart,  
Like summer blossoms sprang!'

In the meantime Mr. Loring, the wealthy Pearl street merchant, having left the parlor where he had been conversing with Effie, repaired to his study, and throwing himself into a cushioned arm-chair, in a moment the door opened and a visitor was announced.  
'Ah, Edgar! how are you? Take a seat? Take a cigar, will you?'

The new comer was a man about fifty, with a fine set of teeth, a bronzed complexion, good figure, though rather too brawny, and jet black hair slightly sprinkled with gray. He threw himself carelessly into an arm-chair similar to that occupied by Mr. Loring, took the cigar proffered him by that gentleman, lighted it at a lamp standing upon a table, and said:  
'Well, Mr. Loring, what's the news?'

'Not much, Edgar. I've had a talk with Effie this evening about that little proposal you made to me, and she is as obstinate as a mule.'  
'What can be the matter?'

'I think I know.'  
'What is it?'

'You know that boy that was apprenticed to you on board the Cavendish?'

'I think it must want cleaning out. I will go down with you, and I want you to crawl in and let me know whether you think it is clean enough to pump water in. I expect a great number of passengers this voyage, and it may be as well to fill it.'  
'Ay, ay, sir.'

Unsuspecting of guile on the part of the captain, young DeForest repaired to the hold, and at once crept into the huge tank which was built of wood and calculated to hold about five thousand gallons of water. But no sooner had he reached the bottom than Captain Edgar clapped on the cover and bolted it down, thereby rendering his victim a close prisoner. He had taken the precaution to put some bread and water in the tank the night before, and as the top of the cell was perforated with a number of auger holes, he had no fear of his suffocating. It was a most cowardly and brutal trick, and well worthy the man who performed it.

'Ha! ha! ha!' laughed the monster as he repaired to the cabin to obtain a dram, 'that was well done, any how. I'll keep him there safe until the ship is at sea, and then let him out. Perhaps I may find a way to do for him before the ship makes the light of the Edgemoor.—At any rate I'll try it—he must not stand in my way.'

Day after day passed away, sadly and wearily enough to Effie Loring, for she had not seen DeForest. From some cause or other which the reader will have no difficulty in determining, he came not near her, and she was at a loss to account for his absence. In the meantime Captain Edgar redoubled his attentions, although he could not have failed to perceive that his visits were most unwelcome to the maiden, and that she fairly loathed his presence. Nevertheless, as his suit was backed up by the father, Edgar continued to persecute her with his attentions; till at length the annoyance became so great, that added to her anxiety on account of Ernest, she became seriously ill, and was taken to her room in an upper story of the mansion, where she was put under the charge of a skillful medical practitioner. To this gentleman Effie imparted the secret cause of her illness, and he had the humanity to give orders that no one save the nurse and himself should be admitted to her sick chamber. By this means she got rid of the importunities of Captain Edgar, but her anxiety on account of Ernest, kept her in a weak and nervous state, which threatened to throw her into a brain fever.

In the meantime young DeForest was confined in the empty water tank. He had no difficulty in at once divining the cause of his incarceration, but after trying the strength of his lungs, a few times, and finding that it brought him no success, he settled down with a sort of dogged resolution to await the result of the adventure, and be revenged at some future time, should an opportunity offer. The mere fact of his finding a quantity of bread and water in the tank, convinced him that Edgar did not intend to starve him at any rate, so he resolved to bide his time with patience.

Days and weeks rolled away. It was a dark and stormy night on the 17th of December, and the snow flakes were driven through the keen frosty air, spreading a mantle of purity over the house tops, and lying in drifted heaps along the deserted streets.  
'Boom! boom! boom!' comes the sound of the great fire-bell of the City Hall upon the wings of the stormy night. All is confusion and wild dismay! Thousands rush from their beds and out into the tempest drenched streets. A red light, like the lurid glare of a distant volcano rises upon the bosom of the inky sky! It spreads in every direction, for the keen frosty air congeals the water in the hose of the engines, and the hardy firemen stand aghast with folded arms, awaiting further orders! The furious gale drives the devouring flames from the warehouse, from dwelling to dwelling—it is an ocean of flame! At length the mansion of Mr. Loring is surrounded by the raging element, and quickly wrapped in flames that came bursting from every window. Tremendous efforts were made by the firemen to save the building, but they were all in vain. The mansion was devoured! Mr. Loring himself, with his coat off, was toiling to secure his books and some portion of his property, and so busy was he, and so worldly-minded, that he had actually forgotten his sick daughter in the upper story!—A wild shriek however soon called his attention to her situation, and he ran into the street.—His house was now literally enveloped in smoke and flame, but at one of the windows of the fifth story, he spied his daughter frantic with terror, standing as it seemed to him in the very midst of the flames. A long ladder was procured, and placed against the trembling walls of the burning mansion, but of all that immense crowd, not one could be procured who had the hardihood to go up and assist her down. The risk appeared too great!

Five thousand dollars to any man who will go up and help my sick daughter down that ladder!' cried the distracted father. But no one moved. The risk appeared too terrible.  
'Captain Edgar you are a sailor,' cried the

agonized Loring to his intended son-in-law, who was standing by his side. 'Surely you might risk something for your promised bride?'

'I dare not do it, Mr. Loring. It is more than my life is worth to ascend the ladder!—Look, the walls are almost ready to fall!'

'I see it, I see it, sir; but you are not the man I took you to be.' Then after a moment's pause, Mr. Loring called out in a loud tone, 'any man among this crowd who will go up that ladder and rescue my sick daughter, may claim her hand in marriage, and I will give him twenty thousand dollars besides. I care not if he be the lowest street scavenger! My word is pledged in the presence of all here present!'

'Mr. Loring, I accept the first part of that offer,' said a voice among the dense mass of people; and in an instant a young man in the garb of a sailor rushed up the ladder in the very midst of the flames!

It was a most perilous feat, but with unexampled daring the youth, whom the reader will have no difficulty in imagining was Ernest DeForest, who, on hearing the outcry of fire, had managed to burst off the lid of the tank and effect his escape,—ran up higher—until amid the most agonized suspense, he reached the window where Effie was standing wild with terror, seized her in his arms, and bore her to the ground in safety, though his clothes were nearly all burned from his back, and his limbs in spots scorched as black as a piece of charcoal. The next moment the walls of the mansion fell in with a horrid crash, leaving nothing but a mass of smoking ruins.

At a little distance removed from the scene of the conflagration, young DeForest was holding in his arms the person of Effie Loring. The father was standing by, and after gazing for a few moments in silence upon the pair, he said:  
'Young man, you have done bravely, and richly deserve the prize you have won. Take her—she is yours. The twenty thousand dollars too shall be paid you. As for you, Capt. Edgar, let me never behold your face again!'

'I want none of your money, sir. I have amply sufficient for all my wants,' firmly replied Ernest; 'but your daughter I think I have fairly won!'

'You have, indeed. But why do you say that you want no money? Are you not a poor sailor boy?'

'Not I indeed! I am the son of George Elgery, the man you say so bitterly hate!'

'Prodigious! Well, I shant revoke my pledged word; Effie is yours.'

'The Process of Coining Gold.  
A Mint of the United States has been completed in San Francisco, and is probably at this time in active operation, coining daily vast treasures of golden ore. It was intended that it should be prepared to coin thirty millions of dollars annually. The following description of the system which is about to be established there, will afford a good general idea of the ordinary process of coining gold.  
The metal, after being received in the deposit room, is carefully weighed, and a receipt given. Each deposit is melted separately in the melting room, and moulded into bars. These bars next pass through the hands of the assayer, who with a chisel chips a small fragment from each one. The chip is then rolled into a thin ribbon, and filed down until it weighs exactly ten grains.—It is then melted into a little cup made of calcined bone ashes, and all the base metals, copper, tin, &c., are absorbed by the porous material of the cup, or carried off by oxidation.—The gold is then boiled in nitric acid, which dissolves the silver which it contains, and leaves the gold pure. It is then weighed and the amount which it has lost gives the exact proportion of impurity in the original bar, and a certificate of the amount of coin due the depositor is made out accordingly. After being assayed, the bars are melted with a certain proportion of silver, and being poured into a dilution of nitric acid and water assume a granulated form. In this state the gold is thoroughly boiled in nitric acid, and rendered perfectly free from silver or any other baser metals which may happen to cling to it. It is next melted with one-ninth its weight in copper, and, thus alloyed, it runs into bars, and delivered to the coiner for coinage. The bars are rolled out in a rolling mill until nearly as thin as the coin which is made from them. By a process of annealing they are rendered sufficiently ductile to be drawn through a longitudinal orifice in a piece of steel, thus reducing the whole to a regular width and thickness. A cutting machine next punches small round pieces from the bar about the size of the coin. These pieces are weighed separately by the "adjusters," and if too heavy they are filed down—if too light remelted. The pieces which have been adjusted are run through a milling machine, which compresses them to the proper diameter and raises the edge. Two hundred and fifty are milled in a minute by the machine. They are again softened by the process of annealing, and after a thorough cleaning, are placed in a tube connecting with the stamping instrument and are taken thence one at a time by the machinery, and stamped between the dies. They are now finished, and being put into a box, and delivered to the Treasurer for circulation. The machinery, of course, for all these processes, must be one of the nicest kind. The weight scales alone in the deposit room of the California Mint, cost \$1,000.  
Among the many ingenious and labor-saving machines on exhibition at New York State Fair, is one invented by a gentleman from Connecticut, who says that when it is wound up and set in motion, it will chase a hog over a ten acre lot, catch, yoke, and drive him, or, by a slight change of gearing, it will chop him into sausage, work his bristles into shoe brushes, and manufacture his tail into corkscrews, all in the twinkling of an eye.  
Love may be defined as a little sighing, a little crying, a little dying, and a deal of lying.'