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Poetical.

PARODY ON BEN BOLT.

The ensuing parody upon the old and popular song of "Ben Bolt," is not only very good as a parody, but it includes a lesson that may reach the heart of some young inebriate, whom more serious, sober counsels might fail to reach:

"Oh! don't you remember the boys, Ben Bolt, The boys with noses so red, Who drank with delight whenever they met, And always went drunk to bed? In the old grave yard, in the edge of the town, In corners obscure and alone, They have gone to rest, and the gay young sprigs Have dropped off one by one!

"Oh! don't you remember the jug, Ben Bolt, And the spring at the foot of the hill, Where oft we've lain in the summer hours, And drank to our utmost fill? The spring is filled with mud, Ben Bolt, And the wild hogs root around, And the good old jug, and its whiskey sweet, Lies broken and spill'd on the ground.

"Oh! don't you remember the tavern, Ben Bolt, And the bar-keeper, kind and true; And the little nook at the end of the bar, Where we've swallowed the rum he drew? The tavern is burnt to the ground, Ben Bolt, The bottles are cracked and dry, And of all the boys who 'sported' it there, There remain but you and I!"

THE GIPSY BRIDE.

CHAPTER I.

"It is well for the crews of yonder crafts that they will have reached a place of safety before another hour," said an old fisherman, addressing a young Spaniard who stood near him on the shore of the island Cyprus, watching the white sails of several fishing-boats as they rose one after the other above the horizon, and stretched their course towards the land.

The young man, whom we shall henceforth call Hernandez, having been but a short time on the island, was not skilled in the signs which foretold a storm in the changeful climate of the Levant; nor did he perceive any alteration in the appearance of the sea or sky until drawn, by the remarks of the old Cypriote to notice them.

The surface of the sea, which but an hour before had been tranquil as the spirit of its slumbers, was now furrowed into huge billows, swelling darkly in the distance, that flung up the spray of their snowy crests, as if to play over the wings of the light but steady breeze that swept by them.

Several of the boats had already reached land, and the lighter ones were drawn up on the strand, while the crews of the larger were busily employed in getting out their largest anchors, and strongest cables, to enable them to outstride the fury of the coming storm. Those still in the offing pressed all sail and hastened to the bay, while their pilots, one moment, looking to the heavens, watched every change of its aspect with anxiety, at another measuring the distance to the harbor, as if to assure themselves of a place of safety against the terror of the approaching tempest.

"She comes! she comes!" again shouted the old man, as a white sail loomed up above the horizon; and Hernandez turning to the direction in which he pointed, could with difficulty discern a small flag flying at her mast-head. "Hernico will know at what time to seek the land, and never was his knowledge so requisite as now. There are many ahead of him, but I will wager that the Arrow will not be the last to gain her moorings. See, how nobly she bears herself through those swelling waves!"

"Well does she deserve the name she bears," said Hernandez; "she holds her course gallantly through a cloud of foam, passing one boat after another, seeming more desirous to display her superior sailing than to outdo the coming squall."

Scarcely had the Arrow reached her moorings, when down came the squall in all its fury; issuing as it appeared, from a small, white cloud that was seen to rise above the horizon, and to increase in an incredibly short space of time. Then spreading over the sea, it harrowed up the billows for leagues, bearing off the feathery spray in light clouds of a thousand fantastic forms.

By this time the crews of several of the fishing boats had gathered around Hernandez and old Jerome—for such was the name of the old fisherman—and reported that they had seen a large Spanish caravel from the Bosphorus, which they conjectured could not outlive the present gale, if it did not seek safety in one of the harbors of Cyprus.

The storm had reached an alarming height. Dark clouds rolled heavily over the face of the heavens, while quick successive flashes illuminated the dome, and deep rolling peals of thunder spoke loudly of the wild conflict of elements. The dark waves, lashed into ungovernable madness, raised their giant forms aloft; then, bursting into misty wreaths, wore a shadaway shroud well befitting the spirit of the storm.

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The fishermen were about to seek shelter, when of them descried the form of the laboring barque emerging from the horizon, driven madly before the fury of the gale, and advancing directly towards the island. As she approached they could discern that she had been disabled to a considerable extent; her foremast had been carried away, and it was evident from the unsteadiness of her motion, that the pilot had now lost all command of her.

"All is over with that luckless craft," said Jerome, addressing the commander of the Arrow, "she will strike on those rocks yonder before another hour, where the waves will beat her to atoms ere we can render any assistance. But we must exert ourselves for the preservation of the unhappy crew."

"Father!" said Hernico, "had we not better proceed immediately thither, with all the ropes and oars we can collect? I fear our efforts will be needed long before we gain the point; and our delay may prove fatal to some of the unhappy sufferers."

They had scarcely reached the point, when with a violent crash, the richly laden vessel struck on a shelving rock, and whirling round lay fast on one side for a few moments until the waves, rushing in boiling surges over her, in a short time dashed her into a thousand fragments. Then rose the wild cry of terror from the despairing crew and passengers, even louder than the storm that shrieked over them. Some, that had been thrown on the rocks by the violence of the concussion, clambered up beyond the reach of the waves, and there awaited the proffered assistance of the fishermen; while others, precipitated into the waves, still plunged and struggled amid their boiling fury. A rope being thrown to one and an oar to another, some few of them were with difficulty drawn ashore; while others, grasping a mast or clinging to a plank, buffeted with the waves, and were tossed to and fro, or at times buried in the wild abyss beneath.

The scene was one of terror; but the fishermen with Hernandez succeeded in rescuing most of them from their danger. Hernandez managed the ropes with all the skill of an experienced seaman; adjusted the ladders, which from the difficulty of reaching some points, were found necessary; and guided the movements of the entire party, who obeyed his dictates as willingly as if he had been their accustomed director.

Among those who were preserved were an old woman of Andalusia and her niece, a beautiful young Castilian of about sixteen summers. They had both clung to the same plank for safety; and by timely assistance were drawn ashore; more alighted at the perils of their situation than injured by the waves or rocks they had to encounter.

No traces of any other remaining, except some few in whom life had been long since extinct, whose motionless corpses were seen hanging in the shrouds attached to some of the broken masts, they prepared to bear the shipwrecked persons to their homes, there to administer to their wants. Rude litters were hastily prepared to remove those who were too faint to attempt walking; while those who had recovered sufficiently were permitted to walk to the dwellings of the fishermen.

On Hernandez devoted the care of the old Andalusian and her niece, whom we shall henceforth call Adele. He had then borne to the hotel at which he stayed, that all necessities might be provided for their comfort.

During the time that Adele and her aunt remained, Hernandez was their constant companion; if not for the sake of the elder lady, at least for her niece's, whom he found to be a gentle and amiable girl, of most agreeable disposition. He attended her in all her rambles to the sea shore, and to the rocks where they first met under the painful circumstances of the scene we have described. He learned from her the history of their voyage from the Bosphorus, and all the incidents that had occurred during their passage.

After some months spent in this manner, it will not be wondered at if the heart of Hernandez had become entangled in those mysterious meshes which a young and beautiful companion can so unconsciously weave round a willing captive. But how Adele preserved the freedom of hers, we will leave for the future to disclose.

In the meantime, business having called Hernandez to Rhodes, he parted with Adele in sorrow at the idea of this short interruption to his pleasure. Being detained there for a much longer time than he had anticipated, he at length set out for Cyprus at the end of the third month of his absence; but what was his disappointment, when he arrived there, to find that Adele and her aunt had left the island some six weeks before in a Spanish merchantman bound for Cadiz, leaving no clue by which he could hope to find out their point of destination!

CHAPTER II.

Three years had passed away, yet Hernandez had not discovered the object of his search.

In fact for a long time past he had given up all hope of ever seeing her again.

In the meantime he had fixed his residence at a favorite estate in Andalusia. It was situated near the Guadalquivir, in a beautiful and picturesque valley, where the wooded hills on either side rose towering to the clouds, while between them stole the whispering waters of the bright stream sparkling like a vein of silver, and smiling on both with all the fascinations of a coquette, not deigning to be the sole mistress of either.

Hernandez, having roamed one evening farther than usual along the banks of the river, came to a small orange grove, where, tired with exertion, he rested under one of its trees. The moon was risen, and gleamed calmly over the tranquil waters. The air was silent, as if bound by some spirit chain; and the last echo of the night breeze had sunk to rest in some grotto of the mountains.

He had sat for a long time silently admiring the splendor of the scene around him: the sound of a paddle plashing in the waters, at length aroused him from his reverie. It proceeded from a graceful bend of the river, not far from the place where he sat. Hearing the sound, he started to his feet, when at the same moment the prow of a shallop emerged from the shadow which the grove had cast on the stream, a young female guiding its course along the wave; to give even a faint idea of whom we will pause for a moment. She appeared to be some nineteen years of age; her dark hair hung in dishevelled masses over a neck and shoulders of the most exquisite form; and her wildly beautiful black eye gave an inexpressible charm to the soft radiance of a brow, which might have served to inspire the dreams of the Medicean sculptor, while touching for the last time the brow of his Venus. Thus, with the full glow of loveliness overspreading her fair cheek, we present the young Andalusian to the reader.

An unaccountable change came over the features of Hernandez, as the shallop of the fair stranger swept by like the wing of a sea-bird. It had not proceeded far down the stream when he determined to follow its course, keeping at such a distance, however, as not to awaken any suspicion, should the fair girl observe him in his pursuit. He stopped for a moment in the shade of an olive, while the stranger he seemed to take so sudden and so deep an interest in, turned her skill towards the bank, and having moored it, leaped out, and in a few moments was lost in the surrounding groves. He paused for a considerable time, undetermined whether to proceed or turn back; until the sound of a lute, accompanied by a voice of the most bewitching softness, urged his footsteps still further on.

At length he reached a small orange grove, where he found that preparations had been made for an evening's amusement by a group of gitanas. They intended to celebrate in this place the bridal of two young members of their tribe and spend the night in dancing and revelry.

Some had been already engaged in the dance, while the sounds of lutes and castanets rose softly on the moonlighted air; and some, who perhaps, had been fatigued with treading the graceful Spanish measures, were slowly pacing along the river's bank, listening to some passionate love tale that burned while it breathed from the lips of some handsome young gitano, who had come to share the evening's sports, while others scattered about in groups, were listening to some sweet-voiced minstrel, while she blended with the voice of her lute all the softness of passion and the sweetness of song.

But the largest group had collected around the fair being whom Hernandez had pursued thither, and who now, seated in their circle, gave freedom to the delightful sweetness of her voice. It rose softly at first, and then swelling by degrees, rolled in a rich stream of melody, while the other minstrels, as if touched by some magical spell of its weaving, dropped their lutes, and sat mutely listening to the delightful strain.

Hernandez leaned for some time against a tree that stood near him; for he was tired with his walk; it was not until the gitana had ended her song, and all were engaged in the dance, that he woke from the dreamlike stupor into which he had fallen.

He watched the bright form of the gitana float through the dance. He could only gaze at her, so completely had she absorbed all his senses; and more than once did he catch the searching glance of her dark eye resting on him. After the dance was ended, he looked round for the form that had so riveted his attention, but in vain. She was gone, and he knew not how to account for her mysterious disappearance, since he thought that he had watched her movements so closely. He went to the bank of the river in quest of the shallop that bore her; but that, too, had disappeared with the beautiful minstrel; and he was left to retrace his footsteps to his home with feelings of the same dark hue as were spread around his return to Cyprus, when he found that the idol of his dreams had fled from the shrine.

All his former hopes returned to him again; the memories of other years crowded around him; and his love for the amiable Adele, which only slept for a season, was again restored to its pristine fervor. He knew not why he should have associated the fair Castilian with the beautiful gitana, or why a meeting of the one should have awakened all his former passion for the other.

Some months of pain were spent by Hernandez, when, one evening, as he was seated in his study, a servant, entered, and handed him a note, the purport of which was, that a company of gitanas entreated permission to remain on his estate for some time, as one of their tribe was too ill to proceed on the journey; and also begging of him to come to their camp, in order that he might prescribe any medicines he might think that she had required.

Hernandez repaired immediately to their encampment, where he found an old woman stretched, in the last extremities, in one of the tents. Beside her bed was the fair form of the young minstrel that had led him to the festival scene we have already spoken of; but so altered in her appearance, from her constant attendance on the sick bed of the old woman, that he scarcely recognised in her careworn features the loveliness that had then attracted him.

Upon his arrival, the old woman, having recovered a little, directed them to assist her in sitting up for a while. Then, motioning Hernandez to a seat beside her, she thus commenced: "Since it is the will of heaven that I should once more behold you, the poignancy of pain and the excruciating pangs of mental agony are mitigated, and death is deprived of half its terrors. But in order that you may fully understand me, it will be necessary that I should give you a sketch of my past life, at least in part. I shall then relate some of the incidents in as brief a manner as possible, for I feel that I have no time to spend in circumlocution. Some sixteen years since our company encamped on the estates of Don Lopez de Vinta, a cruel and tyrannical man, and an acknowledged persecutor of our race. We had not entirely completed the erection of our tents when he came to drive us off to seek repose elsewhere. Not content with the peaceable departure which we prepared to make, he entered into some altercation with one of our men who used some language not suited to his wrathful mood, upon which he ordered his attendants to fire on us. They did so, and several fell, among whom was my son.

"Some years elapsed, when De Vinta lost an only daughter in a most mysterious manner. She was seen on the lawn but an hour before, and in the next she disappeared. It was who stole the child, intending to have sacrificed it in atonement for the destruction of my boy; the winning sweetness of the little girl, and her innocence of her father's crime, preserved her life.

"I thought her up, however, in our wandering habits; and but for a debt of gratitude which I owe—though as yet you are unconscious, I see, of its being such—would have betrothed her to a bridegroom of our own unhappy caste.

"Don Lopez is your father's hereditary foe, yet I know that in the heart of Hernandez dwells no feelings of revenge; and you will guard the treasure I leave you, if not for his sake at least for her's. But to continue. In sailing from Constantinople, accompanied by De Vinta's daughter whom I had taught to call me 'aunt' and regard me as such, we encountered a severe gale while near the coast of Cyprus, which overwhelmed our vessel and dashed her to pieces on the rocks of that island, and would have added our names to the catalogue of unhappy sufferers, had not some fishermen, with you for their director, saved us from the perils which surrounded us. You are already acquainted with the manner in which we left the island, but it was only within the last few months that I have been enabled to discover your place of residence. All that now remains for me to add is, that into your hands I deliver the daughter of Don Lopez—the young Adele; you must now become her protector, for I shall soon be gone."

Thus far did Hernandez listen to the strange revelation with fixed astonishment, when with a sigh the old gitana expired. Hernandez gazed for a moment on the lifeless corpse before him; then, taking Adele in his arms, for she had fallen senseless to the floor the moment her pretended relative's spirit had passed away, he had her borne to his castle.

After some days the gitanas interred their departed sister with their usual ceremonies; and having given to Hernandez all her papers and her other property, they departed. The papers corroborated the statement of the old gitana, and several trinkets were found marked with the well known arms of the house of Don Lopez. When Adele recovered her senses she deeply lamented the death of her aunt, as she had been accustomed to call her; but the presence of Hernandez, and his devotedness to her, wiped away all traces of her tears.

In a few weeks after, the scene was completely changed; instead of an encampment of gitanas, a large festal party moved in various groups around the lawn, and brilliant bands were seen in all directions, partaking of the festivities; while the beautiful Adele, the shipwrecked lady of Cyprus, and the enchanting minstrel of the Guadalquivir, moved amongst them all, the most fascinating centre of the circle. Hernandez and Don Lopez do Vinta quenched in the cup the mutual animosities that existed so long between the rival houses, and a long chain of interests was in time established between them, the first link of which we must allow Hernandez to consider his Gipsy Bride.

A Holy Pack of Cards.

Richard Middleton, a British soldier, once attended divine service with the rest of his regiment, in a church in Glasgow. Instead of pulling out a Bible to find the parson's text, he pulled a pack of cards before him. This behaviour was observed by the clergyman, and the sergeant of the company to which he belonged. The latter ordered him to put up the cards, and on his refusal, conducted him after service before the Mayor and preferred a formal complaint of Richard's in decent behaviour.

"Well, soldier," said the Mayor, "what excuse have you to offer? If you can make an apology, it is well; if not, you shall be severely punished."

"Since your honor is so good," replied Richard, "as to permit me to speak for myself, an't please your worship, I have been eight days on the march, with the bare allowance of six-pence per day, and consequently could not have a Bible or any other good book." On saying this, Richard drew out his pack of cards, and presenting one of the aces to the Mayor, continued his address to the magistrate as follows:—"When I see an ace, may it please your honor, it reminds me that there is only one God; and when I look upon a two or three spot, the former puts me in mind of the Father and Son, and the latter of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost; a four, of the four Evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John; a five, the five virgins who were ordered to trim their lamps, (there were ten, indeed,) but five, your worship may remember, were wise and five were foolish; a six, that in six days God created Heaven and earth; a seven, that on the seventh day he rested from all that he had made; an eight, of the eight righteous persons who were saved from the deluge, viz: Noah and his wife and three sons, and their wives; a nine, of the lepers cleansed by our Saviour, (there were ten, but only one offered his tribute of thanks); and a ten, of the ten commandments."

Richard then took the knave, placed it beside him, and passed on to the queen, on which he observed as follows:—

"This queen reminds me of the queen of Sheba, who came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon, as her companion the king, does of the Great King of Heaven, and of King George the Second."

"Well," returned the Mayor, "you have given me a good description of all the cards except the knave."

"If your honor will not be angry with me," returned Richard, "I can give you the same satisfaction on that, as on any in the pack."

"No," said the Mayor.

"Well," returned the soldier, "the greatest knave I know is the sergeant who brought me before you."

"I don't know," replied the Mayor, "whether he be the greatest knave or not; but I am sure he is the greatest fool."

The soldier then continued, as follows:—"When I count the number of dots in a pack of cards, there are three hundred and sixty-five—so many days are there in a year. The cards in a pack are fifty-two—so many weeks are there in a year. When I reckon how many tricks there are in a pack, I find there are twelve—so many months in a year. So that a pack of cards is both Bible and almanac, and prayer-book to me."

The Mayor called his servants, ordered them to entertain the soldier well, gave him a piece of money, and said he was the cleverest fellow he ever heard of in all his life.

"Papa—Why don't they give the telegraph wires a dose of gin? 'Why my child?' Because the papers say they are out of order, and mother always takes gin when she is out of order!"

"Ox! a Clergyman's Horse:— The horse bit his master, How came it to pass? He heard the good pastor Cry, 'All flesh, is grass.'"

"Cabbage," says the Edinburgh Reviewer, "contains more muscle-sustaining nutriment than any other vegetable." This probably accounts for the fact of there being so many athletic fellows among the tailors.

Men scarce to kiss among themselves, And scarce will kiss a brother: Women oft want a kiss so bad, They smack and kiss each other!

JACKSON AND CLAY.

POINTS OF RESEMBLANCE.—There were many points of similitude between these illustrious antagonists. As party men they seemed to stand in irreconcilable antagonism. They were so in interest, in position, in feeling. Yet, with all this opposition, there was a striking correspondence between them, not only in character, but in many points of exterior resemblance.

Both were born, or received their earliest impressions, in Revolutionary time, or from the principles of the Revolution.

Jackson was the elder. But in spirit and genius of the Revolution, outlasting the period of actual hostilities was equally the inspiration of Clay's awakening and fervid mind.

Both were denied the advantages of education. Both made a new country the theatre of their earliest exertions. Both were natives of the South, and emigrated to a new Southern State, with a population like that of the State of their birth. Both were dependent alone upon their own exertions, and equally independent of adventitious aid. Both were the architect of their own fortunes. Both chose the profession of law as their first introduction to public; and both, though in unequal degree, encountered the same opposition, and met with early success. Both displayed from the start the same enterprising spirit, the same obduracy and vehemence of will, the same almost arrogant defiance of opposition, the same tenacity and continuity of purpose, the same moral and personal daring. Jackson introduced himself to the practice by undertaking the prosecution of suits which others, of a profession not used to quail before danger or shrink from responsibility, were intimidated from representing. Clay enrolled himself; a boy among the competitors of the strongest bar in Kentucky, and issued his writ against one of the most prominent and powerful of them, in favor of an obscure bar keeper, at the certain cost of the defendant's deadly resentment; and defied that hatred to its extremest manifestations. Both early impressed themselves upon the community around them, and were distinguished for the same personal characteristics. Both rose at once to posts of honor and distinction; and at an early age enrolled their names, and to the last preserved them, among the first, and the highest of the republic.

Both were men of quick perception; of prompt action; of acute penetration; of business capacity; of mercantile common sense; of quick and unerring judgment of men; of singular fertility of resources; of remarkable power to create or avail themselves of circumstances; of consummate tact and management. Both were distinguished for grace and ease of manners, for happy and polished address, and of influence over the wills and affections of those who came within the circle of their acquaintance and association. Both were of lithe, sinewy, and slender physical conformation; uniting strength, with activity and great powers of endurance with a happy facility of labor. Both were men of the warmest affections; of the gentlest and most conciliating manners in social intercourse when they wished to please; of truth and loyalty, and steadfastness in friendship; bitter and defiant in their enmities; of extraordinary directness in their purposes; of a patient and indefatigable temper in following out their ends or waiting for their accomplishment.—Neither could brook a rival or opposition; and each had the imperial spirit of a conqueror not to be subdued, and the pride of leadership which could not follow. They were Americans both, intensely patriotic and national, loving their whole country, its honor, its institutions, its Union, with a love-kindled early and quenched only with death.

They both spent much of their long lives from youth to hoary age, in the public service, maintaining to the last with only the modifications which age necessarily makes upon the mental and physical constitution, the same characteristics for which they were at first distinguished. They lived lives of storm, excitement and warfare; each in point of real authority equally at the head of his party, in and out of office equally acknowledged leaders, and they died each full of years and honors, and by the same lingering disease; professing towards the close of life the same religion; and leaving upon the country, at the death of each, prosperous and peaceful, a saddened sense of a great and common calamity.

Valuable New York Lots.

The lot corner of William street and Exchange Place, 80 feet deep and 34 feet wide, containing 2,700 superficial feet valued at \$100,000. At the valuation, per acre, it amounts to \$1,578,261. The lot on the lower corner of Broadway and Wall streets, 30 feet by 40, containing 1,200 square feet, is held at \$100,000. This is at the rate of \$3,000,000 an acre. The corner lot of Nassau and Wall streets, 25 feet by 90, is held at \$125,000 or \$2,420,000 per acre. A lot on Nassau street is held at \$150,000. The lot corner of Cedar and Nassau streets, 25 feet by 80, is worth \$300,000, which is at the rate of \$1,900,000 per acre. The lot and building adjoining the Custom House, lately occupied by the Bank of the State and Bank of Commerce, was sold to the United States Government for \$530,000; the area of it is 9,000 square feet. The rate per acre is \$2,420,000, or £500,000. The lot occupied by the Mechanics' Bank is appraised at \$230,000. The lot is an irregular piece of ground of an area of about 5,000 square feet, and its valuation per acre more than two millions of dollars. Lot No. 4 Wall street, 22 by 50, was sold a year ago for \$50,000, which is at the rate of nearly two millions per acre.—Messrs. Duncan, Sherman & Co., paid for their lot on the corner of Nassau and Pino streets, which is 50 feet by 80, \$147,000, which is at the rate of more than sixteen hundred thousand dollars per acre.