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Miscellaneous.

MARION LEE.

By Mrs. C. H. PAULMAN.

MARION LEE, the blind mother, sat alone in her cheerless, comfortless home. The warm breath of summer, speeding on her way the lingering footsteps of the gentle spring, came quietly through the open casement, lifted lovingly the golden curls from the white forehead of the sleeping babe, as it lay folded to its mother's bosom. Soothingly fell the zephyr's holy kiss upon the pale brow—the cheek, whence the rose-leaf hue had long since faded—eyes, once brilliant, laughter-loving, now sealed by the finger of Him who doeth all things well. A smile plays around the beautifully chiselled mouth. Why should the wretched smile? The young, the gay, the happy, as they bask in the bright sunshine of prosperity—a smile becomes them well.

But this is the drunkard's home! Oh, how that sacred word *home*, is desecrated! Look around upon the bare walls and floor—the miserable, broken furniture—then count, if you can, the brutal blows—the fiend-like curses which have been showered down upon her defenceless head, and you will indeed wonder that she should smile.

Yet, upon the sweet breath of that summer wind, her mind has been borne far away from the gloomy present; and again, in childish glee, she bounds out upon the verdant lawn, swinging her little sun-bonnet, and shouting to her merry companions, who, as though that ringing voice were a trumpet's call, trip gaily forth to obey the welcome summons. Now, a scene all radiant with love's first dream, floats up, tingling the pale cheek with the rose's delicate blush—faint echo of that which, years before, heightened its full, rich bloom, as Rudolph Manners breathed his burning passion into her willing ear. Yes, even now, the whispering winds as softly kiss the drooping lids, and in her soul, the same beautiful Heaven, jeweled with glittering stars, bends softly down to clasp the sleeping earth in its holy embrace.

What a lovely glow the thought of long buried joys will sometimes call up to the care-worn features of misery's hapless children! And it is well. Were it otherwise, the lava-tide of woe would soon crush out from the heart even the faint star-light of Hope, which cheers many a noble soul through the dark midnight of adversity and sorrow, then merges into the warm sun-light of that happiness to which it has guided the weary wanderer.

Why, on this night, should the sad heart of Marion Lee be echoing to the sunny memories of the past? Ah, true it is, that the soul, like the Æolian harp, vibrates to the touch of an unseen minstrel! Now, the pleasing vision is rudely swept away by the remembrance of the first deep grief which swelled her bosom. Again, those dreadful words, "He loves another, and is only trifling with you," sounds in her ear. Then the obstinate resolve never to see him more, rises up before her. Stung by her cruel injustice, he had taken passage in a vessel bound for a foreign port. She had never heard of him more. Where was he now? and what a wretched life had since been hers! With her hand she had wedded another—her heart never resounded to those solemn vows—and all too soon, too bitter, came the punishment for her rash thoughtlessness. Her husband, lured by evil companions, soon became an inebriate—quarrelsome, unfeeling, cruel. The little innocent being, whose advent she had fondly hoped would win the erring father back to a life of sobriety and virtue, she was not permitted to behold. Blindness came and sealed up those beautiful orbs, leaving her in darkness and gloom. The father, instead of sympathizing in her deep afflictions, caringness his pretty babe, shunned more and more his home; and when he came, he was no longer a man, but a brute.

She pressed her infant to her aching bosom, and tears—which had long lain with crushing weight upon her burning heart—streamed from those sightless eyes, and fell like a summer shower upon the brow of the innocent sleeper.

"I say, Joe, where's Bill Lee? He promised to treat to-night."

"He has gone home to treat with brutal cruelty his suffering, unfortunate wife, as he ever does, after he has been here," said a manly-looking youth who, in passing, had heard the question.

"I didn't ask you, Mr. Jackanapes; and I want none of your high-flown, teetotal temperance sermons, neither. I'm a good deal older than you are, Sir Oracle, and need none of your instructions."

"Then you are old enough to be more of a man than you are," retorted the youth.

With the bound of an angry lion, the irate devotee of Bacchus sprang toward the high-

souled boy, who, perceiving his design, stepped lightly aside. His adversary, striking his head against a rude bench, fell heavily back, and though bleeding profusely from the wound, the crowd collected around said, "It would do him no harm—it was poisoned blood at best; the less he has of it the better for him."

A stranger had been stayed a moment in the hall by the mention of the name, Bill Lee.—Drawing the young man aside, he inquired, "Can you tell me aught of William Lee? Did he marry Marion?"

"He did," replied his companion.—"She is an angel, too. For the first year after their marriage he was a sober, upright, honorable man—kind and affectionate towards his wife. Then he was enticed by evil companions to the house, and now he never goes home sober.—His property is nearly all gone. They have a lovely babe; but, since its birth, Marion has been nearly blind. Not one pang of pity or remorse ever enters his bosom. He only curses and beats her the more. Some evil mind whispered to him that she had loved another ere she had wedded him, and this he basely makes a plea for his fiendish conduct."

The stranger seemed violently agitated; but, controlling his voice, he said—"Can you conduct me immediately to his residence?"

"I can, and will. I was intending to go there, for he has just left here in a towering passion, and I fear she will sometime fall a victim to his brutal violence. But for the kindness and interference of neighbors, who almost adore her for her sweet gentleness, she would doubtless long since have slumbered peacefully in yonder lone church-yard."

"Crying again!" said a rough unfeeling voice. "I should like to know what you have to cry? If you had a blind wife and squalling brat to support, as I have, you'd have some reason to cry, then. But it's for that infernal boy-lover of yours, and not for me, your tears fall!"

"Indeed, dear William," said Marion, imploringly, "it was of you I was thinking—of your kindness when we were married—when you made me the happy mistress of the pretty cottage on the hill—of our pleasant walks beneath its shady elms and embowering vines. Then I thought of those bad men, who lured you from our pleasant home—of the unhappy blindness which shut out your loving smile, and the sweet beauty of our prattling boy—I could not restrain the tears which would gush up to my aching eyes. But sit down, beside me, William, as you used to do in days long gone by. Let the soft cheek of your child, our darling Willie, lay upon your heart, and we will again be happy."

A sorrowful, pleading smile played around her beautiful lips; and those closed eye-lids, how eloquent their mute appeal! But a fluid called brandy, drugged with deadly poison, and laced with the fires of hell, coursed madly through his burning veins; and that sad, sweet smile, which would have won an angel from his throne, only aroused the slumbering demon in his soul. And twining his fingers amid the long tresses of her dark hair, with curses deep and loud, dragged her, shrieking with pain and terror, toward the door, which was at that moment opened from without with an impetuous hand. The wretched man was immediately seized and placed in the hands of the proper authorities.

Marion Lee was borne back to the home of her childhood, which she had left a few years before, the world thought, a happy bride, and accompanied her husband to the West. That husband, who, after her departure made several ineffectual attempts to obtain a reconciliation, soon died—died that most horrible, most loathsome of all diseases—*delirium tremens!*

How fastidious, how merciful our rum-sellers are becoming! Poor pitying souls! they cannot endure the sickening, wretched *tabacum* (and who, possessing the least moiety of heart or feeling, can?) presented by the bloated, miserable victims, thro, long long years of lingering death; and so, as their number increases, they *perforce* increase the quantity of poisonous drugs in their delectable beverages, and a few months will now do the work of years.—*Progressive age, this!*

Strains of low, sweet music floated on the balmy air, and were echoed by "earth's myriad music-voices," as the holy hush of evening fell like a sacred veil around the little village church. Again Marion Lee bowed before the aged minister, to repeat those solemn vows which had once bound her to a life of misery. But it was now no "lip service." Her full loving heart spoke in every trembling word. The noble form of Rudolph Manners knelt by her side, clasping her hand tenderly in his, and as the words uniting in one those hearts so long and so painfully separated by misery and unhappiness, she raised her dark eyes, blind now no more, lovingly to his: then their glance fell upon the high brow of a noble boy of five summers, and again sought her husband's face.

He understood the deep yearning love which spoke with such silent, yet powerful eloquence, in that mute appeal; and as he led her back to the carriage, he whispered fervently—"As heaven is my witness, I will be a father to your lovely boy." The carriage drew up before the almost princely residence of Rudolph Manners; and in this beautiful home, as the circling years of blissful happiness roll swiftly by, gloom and darkness of the past are remembered only as a wretched dream.

William Lee, the idol of his parents, graduated with the highest collegiate honors, and then gladly entered the field an uncompromising champion of Temperance. Few knew the secret of his glowing, enthusiastic eloquence.—Few knew that ever before him floated the vision of that pale, blind mother, as patiently she receives, and falls beneath the blows of an infuriated demon—and of that father, who fighting with a whole pandemonium of evil spirits, at length breathed out his wretched life in bitter, terrible, fiendish curses!

From the Louisville Journal.

To P. W. A.

I am thinking of you now, my love,
I am bringing up the past,
Our meetings and our partings,
The early and the last,
Our magic glass of memory
The phantoms brightly glide,
And visions of the past come up
Of love, and joy, and pride.

I am thinking of that day, my love,
When first I told to thee,
But with faint and paled attendance,
How dear thou wast to me;
And of those timid accents,
And blessed words of cheer,
Which, like the rain on thirsting earth,
Fell on my ravished ear.

I am thinking of that walk, my love,
When our solemn troth was spoken,
When vows were registered in Heaven,
Which never may be broken;
Of the calm and happy joyousness
Which took the place of sadness,
And banished every gloomy cloud,
Filling my soul with gladness.

I am thinking, sadly now, my love,
Though fondly of our parting;
When signs could hardly be repressed,
Nor tears be stayed from starting;
Of the night when last together,
God witnessing above,
We parted, sad and sorrowful,
But sit down in hope and love.

I think of thee, my own dear love,
When my soul is overcast
With shadows, and I think of thee
When the evil cloud is past;
And do I err, my guiding star!
In deeming that to thee
The past comes up in visions,
And you sometimes think of me?

Philadelphia Water Works.

The first water works of the city were erected in 1799, the basin was on the Schuylkill, on the upper side of Chestnut street, the motive power was steam, the cost \$657,398.91. The income during the thirteen years these works were in use was \$105,351.73—deficit over half a million.

The old central engine house shown in the engraving stood in the square now traversed and divided by Broad and Market streets.

In 1815, the Fair Mount works were put into operation; the motive power steam, cost \$320,058.84. The supply proved small and expensive.

In 1818, the authorities determined upon the plan now in operation. The Schuylkill 900 feet wide, and 30 feet greatest depth, with an average rise and fall of six feet, and subject to violent freshets is traversed by an angular dam of 1600 feet, affording an overflow for the stream of full 1'00 feet. The back-water reaches six miles. The pumps are worked by the water power thus secured, and the supply is at once ample and cheap.

There are four reservoirs, which together cover a space of more than six acres, and are capable of containing twenty-two millions of gallons. They are 102 feet above the level of the tide in the Schuylkill, 96 feet above the dam, and 56 feet above the highest ground in the city. Previous to the year 1821, the water was distributed through the city by means of wooden pipes, they measured about 52 miles. There is now more than 150 miles of iron pipes in use.

The expense of supplying the city by steam power with the quantity of water now used would be \$206.00 per day, while the cost by water power is \$7.00 per day. The income pays the interest on the loans for the construction and leaves a surplus for the use of the city.

In the city the cost to each family supplied with water by a private hydrant is \$5.00 per year. Hotels pay from \$50 to \$100; manufacturers, according to quantity used from \$10 to \$750. Horses \$1.00 per head. Bath in dwelling \$3.00.

The average daily supply of water is about

175 gallons to each tenant in the city and liberties. The demand during the summer months is nearly one third more than in the winter months.

The capacity of the present works is thought sufficient for a population of half a million.—The elevation of the ground at the Girard College is eighteen feet above the reservoirs at Fair Mount. The Eastern Penitentiary is also above their level.

Fair Mount, with its fine grounds and fine views, the perfection of its machinery, and ample capability of watering the city at a tax so low, yet more than repaying the cost of construction and repairs. Is such a success that it is unmatched by any similar enterprise in the world.

Modern Dictionary.

Author—A dealer in words who gets paid in his own coin.

Bargain—A very ludicrous transaction, in which each party thinks he has cheated the other.

Bulle—A beautiful but useless insect without wings, whose colors fade on being removed from the sunshine.

Critic—A large dog that goes unchained, and barks at everything he does not comprehend.

Distant Relation—People who imagine they have a claim to rob you if you are rich and insult you if you are poor.

Doctor—A man who kills you to day to save you from dying to-morrow.

Editor—A poor fellow, who every day is emptying his brain in order that he may fill his stomach.

Fear—The shadow of hope.

Friend—A person who will not assist you because he knows that your love will excuse him.

Grave—An ugly hole in the ground, which lovers and poets wish they were in, but take uncommon pains to keep out of.

Housewifery—An ancient art said to have been fashionable among girls and wives; now entirely out of use or practiced only by the lower orders.

Lawyer—A learned gentleman, who rescues your estate from your enemy and keeps it himself.

Modesty—A beautiful flower that flourishes only in secret places.

My Dear—an expression said to be used by man and wife at the commencement of a quarrel.

Police-men—Men employed by the corporation to sleep in the engine house at three dollars per night.

Political honesty—Previous lexicographers do not notice this word, treating it, we presume, altogether as fabulous—for definition see SELF-INTEREST.

Public Abuse—The mud with which every traveller is bespattered on his road to distinction.

Rural Felicity—Potatoes, turnips and cabbages.

Sensibility—A quality by which its possessor, in attempting to promote the happiness of other people, loses his own.

State's Evidence—A wretch who is pardoned for being baser than his comrades.

Tongue—A little horse that is continually running away.

Wealth—The most respectable quality of man.

Grandeur of God.

Go abroad
Upon the paths of nature, and, when all
Its voices whisper, and its silent things
Are breathing the deep beauty of the world,
Kneel at its simple altar, and the God
Who haunts the living waters shall be there.

(A. P. W. W.)

Oh, when ploughing the mighty deep, I've beheld His grandeur in the placid ruffling of the waves—in the gentle breeze of Heaven that wafted me to a far off clime—in the fury of the tempest—in loud sounding bursts of thunder, amid vivid flashes of lightning—ay! at a time when fancy pictured to my imagination the jewelry of the ocean as my tomb, and my dirge the eternal music of its roar. Then again I've viewed it in the abatement of the storm—in the ceasing of His anger—in the renovated splendor of the sky—in the returning brilliancy of the stars—in the unparalleled beauty of the luminary of night—and in the tranquility of the winds.

Reader! Dost think that man can adequately portray the grandeur of his Maker? Dost thou suppose that he can dilate on that which is beyond the ken of mortality? The student, in the solitude of his little chamber, may trim and replenish his midnight lamp and outwatch the slow-paced eve; the poet may call in requisition his breathing thoughts, and array them in the all powerful garb of burning eloquence; the orator may summon to his aid the force of that mighty mind with which He endowed him; the learned divine, in the hallowed temple, may extend his hands, uplift his eyes, and bend his knees in the solemn attitude of prayer,

and in accents of thanksgiving and praise. But 'tis all in vain to correctly discuss a theme, which is *ad infinitum*, sublime and magnificent.

Grandeur of God! Ye can witness it in the glorious gift of intellect to man—read it in the purer language of his brow—in the splendor of thought—in that victory of mind which causes the mighty of earth to recognize the magnificent brightness of his name, and the beautiful to hail the brilliancy of his talents as a talisman of love.

Contemplate it in the mechanism of the human heart—in the construction of the casket by which it is inclosed—in that immortality therein which flourish an eternal youth; long, long after the encircling dust hath crumbled to that from which it emanated.

Behold it in the pleasing melody of the birds as they tune to Heaven their songs—in the lovely flowers as they throw around their richest perfume—in the rivulets as they leap on their courses—in the glowing loveliness and unmasked beauty of nature:—

"In every stream his bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth;
In every breeze his spirit blows—
The breath of life and health."

From the Louisville Journal.

Twilight Musings.

By GAYLORD J. CLARKE.

Now twilight draws her mantle round,
And trims her silvery lamps on high,
While to the ear the streamlet's sound
Is softly borne as Love's low sigh;
As sweetly pass the pure away,
So sweetly goes the dying day,
From out the bright unclouded west.

How calm and lovely is the hour!
New light swims the balmy breeze,
As some pure spirit in that bower
Where sweetest sound Heaven's harmonies!
The little birds have ceased their notes,
Within their nests they're mute and still,
While through the dreary quiet floats
The sad song of the whippoor-will!

Now Memory holds her soothing will,
And brings the past, a fairy train,
While, gilded by her mellow ray,
We've each loved scene o'er again;
And if, e'er from the world of bliss,
Departed spirits hover nigh,
Methinks 'tis in an hour like this,
When Nature's charms in stillness lie.

Father above! at thy command,
All lovely things spring into birth!
Thy skies are paintings of thy hand,
Thy silvery lamps that light the earth
Are thy creation! Let this hour
With holy reverance fill my heart;
Oh! make me feel Thy boundless power,
Yet feel how good and kind Thou art!

Statistics of Muscular Power.

Man has the power of imitating every motion but that of flight. To offset these he has, in maturity and health, sixty bones in his head, sixty in his thighs and legs, sixty two in his arms and hands, and sixty-seven in his trunk. He has also four hundred and thirty-four muscles.

His heart makes sixty-four pulsations in a minute; and therefore three thousand eight hundred and forty in an hour, ninety-two thousand one hundred and sixty in a day. There are also three complete circulations of his blood in the short space of an hour. In respect to the comparative speed of animated beings, and of impelled bodies, it may be remarked that size and construction seem to have little influence, nor has comparative strength, though one body gives any quantity of motion to another is said to lose so much of its own. The sloth is by no means a small animal, and yet can travel only fifty paces in a day; a worm crawls only five inches in fifty seconds; but a ladybird can fly twenty million times its own length in less than an hour. An elk can run a mile and a half in seven minutes; an antelope a mile in a minute; the wild mule of Tartary has a speed even greater than that; an eagle can fly eighteen leagues in an hour; and a Canary falcon can even reach two hundred and fifty leagues in the short space of sixteen hours.

Magnitude of London.

London extends over an area of 73,020 acres or 122 square miles; and the number of its inhabitants (rapidly increasing) was two millions three hundred and sixty-two thousand at last census. A conception of this vast mass of people may be formed by the fact that, if the metropolis was surrounded by a wall, having a north gate, a south gate, an east gate, and a west gate, and each of the four gates was of sufficient width to allow a column of persons to pass out freely four abreast; and a peremptory necessity required the immediate evacuation of the city, it could not be accomplished under four and twenty hours—by the expiration of which time the head of the four columns would have advanced sixty miles from the gates; or in other words, the population of London would form a solid column four abreast and 240 miles long.

Sally Angelina Slater.

Avst! Jemima had a gal
Loved by all who did not hate her,
And the boys all called her Sally,
Sally Angelina Slater.

She had rosy cheeks and lips,
And an eye that was surprising,
Like the sun just as it dips
In the sea, or as 'tis rising.

Flaxen hair she had, and curls
Which were slightly tinged with yellow,
Envy was by all the girls,
And beloved by every fellow.

Fairies' sylph-like form had she,
And a voice so soft and gentle,
Blending with its melody
Something that was sentimental.

Dimpled cheeks, and Roman nose,
Foot and ankle both were splendid;
Not admired by lady foes,
Though 'tis said (I think) the moon did.

So much grace and beauty could
Not be left to fade and languish,
In that cheerless maidenhood
Which has filled the heart with anguish.

So a beau of course she had,
Something that the girls all wish for,
Quite a tall and stately lad,
Such as maidens all wish for.

Loving words were said at night,
While the doves were gently falling,
And the stars were shining bright,
And the owl her mate was calling.

Nothing intervened to change
Sally's love and John's devotion,
Till by mishap, dark and strange,
John was lost upon the ocean.

And 'tis said, at night is seen,
'Neath the old tree in the valley,
Still the form of Johnny Green
With the faithful loving Sally.

For upon a dismal day,
So the maidens say who hate her,—
Dead beneath the waters lay
Sally Angelina Slater.

Beans for Soup.—The use of beans as an

article of food, is not so considerable as it should be. Beans are the most nutritious of all kinds of food used by man. Chemical analysis, and the experience of those who make extensive use of them, demonstrate this. To make good bean soup, take one quart of white beans and a shank beef bone, and boil all together for two hours, then add salt and pepper for seasoning. The use of bones is not so much esteemed as they should be in food. By boiling them in soup, some of the phosphate of lime, which goes to form our bones is taken up, and we thus get a supply of a necessary element for our bodies which cannot be obtained so fully from roasted or fried meat.

Salisbury Vegetable Oyster.—Wash the roots perfectly clean and drop them into boiling water; when done, take up and mash; add sweet milk and flour sufficient to make a batter. Season with salt and pepper and such other condiments as the oyster requires, and fry in butter. Another way in which they are very delicious is, to grate the root on a fine grater as it will pass through; add sweet milk, just enough to cover it, and boil, when done, add flour enough to make batter; three eggs in and stir the whole together; fry in butter or very sweet lard, and the resemblance to oysters is complete.

Everett's Turkey.—Take one pound and a half of brown sugar, three ounces of butter, a teaspoonful and a half of water, and one lemon. Boil the sugar, butter, water, and half the rind of the lemon together, and when sufficiently done—which will be done by dropping into cold water, when it should be quite crisp—let it stand aside until the boiling has ceased, and then stir in the juice of the lemon. Butter a dish, and pour it in, about a quarter of an inch in thickness. The fire must be quick, and the toffy stirred all the time.

Pumpkin Tart.—Prepare the pumpkin by paring off the rind and reducing it to a pulp, as directed for soup. To each quart of pulp, add a quart of milk and six eggs well beaten, with sufficient sugar to sweeten; grate off the yellow rind of a lemon, and add, with a nutmeg grated. Mix and pour in a dish with a rim of paste on the edge, and in a moderately quick oven. It may be made with a pint of milk and three eggs to the quart of pulp, but it will require an oven of less heat to bake it in.

Celery.—This delicious vegetable is not generally appreciated as a cooking vegetable.—Wash the stems clean in salt and water. After boiling twenty minutes, take up and drain, place some toasted bread in the bottom of a dish, lay the celery over and season with melted butter, pepper, salt, and such other condiments as the taste may dictate.

Stewed Parsnips.—Wash, pare and cut them in slices; boil until soft, in just water enough to keep them from burning; then stir in sweet milk; dr dgo in a little flour, and let them simmer fifteen minutes. This is a favourite dish with many persons.