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A Good Story. A TALE OF LAKE ERIE.

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"Tell her of him whose lovely grave,
Shall meet her dark eye never,
His pillow in the stormy wave,
The deep his home forever."

A BUZZ went through the American Camp, and the scanty dressed soldiers were seen passing from one tent to another; the whole exhibited a scene of confusion and anxiety, and the deep touches of interest which dwelt upon the countenances of officers and soldiers gave evidence that a more than common sacrifice was expected from one, or from all.

The "star spangled banner" waving proudly in the breeze, and the insignia of command arranged in due order before one of the principal tents pointed out the soldier-like habitation of the chief in command. The General sat in his tent, his head was pensively reclining on his hand, as he mused on the asperities of a soldier's fortune, and perhaps in his reverie he heard the tones of sweet Clara's voice as she sang,

"Rest, warrior, rest."

It was in that kind of reverie from which it is painful to be aroused, and the indulgence of which is marked with the "joy of grief."—George Wortley entered: a deep gloom was on his countenance, indicative of feelings which brooded over some blighted hope—some fond remembrance which had once been all sunshine, but which now darkened. He entered, but without any military formalities, and he was kindly received by his superior officer: who never considered his presence as an intrusion. George's countenance assumed if possible a deeper shade of melancholy as he opened the conversation by informing the General that he offered to go upon the proposed adventure.

The General warmly answered, "George, there are many whom we can better spare—an ignominious death awaits you if dispersed, and should you return alive you will only be returned George, these brave fellows, have something to bind them to the world." You know my tale, misery has made me drink of his cup, and a broken heart little reeks of joy or life. All things are ready, and I go to-night; if I fall, give a tear to my memory, but let my fate be unknown." As he spoke he extended his hand to the general, who rising from his seat, shook a tear from his eyelid, and fervently grasping George's hand, with a soldier's farewell greeting said, "Good bye, George, and may God bless you."

The American encampment was but a few miles west of the town of Buffalo, and commanded an unobstructed view of the whole of that part of Lake Erie. The morning previously as the sun arose slowly wheeling from the deep, and rolled back the curling vapor from the bosom of the lake, several vessels bearing the British flag rode at anchor in full view, with stately pride, and looked like spirits of the waters. It was known to the American General that they bore important despatches, and that it would facilitate his cause, and perhaps save his army from some meditated danger, to become acquainted with the design of the opposing enemy. The vessels still rode in full view, and the breeze of the evening frequently bore to the ill provided Americans, the sound of unceasing mirth and wanton revelry.—The delay of the vessels was occasioned by a desire of the British officers to learn the situation and force of the American Army, but the disposition of the men by the commandant was such as rendered every attempt of the kind impracticable. To propose himself as an adventurer to discover the designs of the enemy by visiting the vessel was the object of George Wortley's visit to the General's tent. Others were willing to undertake the perilous task, but George claimed it as a matter of right as well as favor, which was however reluctantly allowed. As he departed from the General's tent an unusual fire beamed from his tranquility, an unusual glow threw a light on his heretofore wan and pallid features. He felt the warm blood rush to his heart and invigorate his whole system: he was then happy, but why, he knew not.—He hastened to his tent to make preparation for the night's adventure: his companions in rank sighed as he passed by, and the old soldier turned away, as he thought perhaps ere long the muffled drum might give to the sighing gale the story of his ignominious fate.

The sun had gone down, and but one lone and lovely star shone amid the dying glory of the west. George Wortley passed from his tent disguised in the habit of a British sailor, and, as he supposed, went forth alone. The banks of the lake were high and abrupt and the waves dashed and foamed with a sullen voice at their rocky base. He followed the winding margin of the banks until he came to a small rivulet which dashed down a deep, abrupt and narrow channel, which at the bottom formed a still and

secluded bay, in which was concealed the boat that was to bear him to the enemy's vessels.—He wended his way down the ragged descent, and emerging from the darkness which always reigned there, he came to his boat peacefully moored in the romantic little bay, and in a few minutes his frail bark tossing on the swelling waves. He had proceeded half way to the vessel: the night had advanced and was clear and beautiful; it was such a night as an astrologer would have chosen to read in the thousand stars the fate of mankind—silence dwelt on the blue heaving bosom of the billows, the god of repose reclined on his couch of forgetfulness, and

No longer the joy in the Sailor Boy's breast
Was heard in the wily breath'd numbers,
The sea bird had flown to her wave gilded nest,
The Fisherman sunk to his slumbers.

He had proceeded above half way, lost in his accustomed gloomy reflections, when, starting from his trance of feeling he laid his hand upon his dagger and sternly eyed some being coiled up in the farther end of the boat who had hitherto remained unnoticed. The thought flashed on his brain that he had been betrayed, and returning the dagger to his sheath he drew a pistol from his left breast and took deliberate aim, but his fatal design was arrested by a human being, (if he deserved the name), crying out in a most unearthly voice, "Don't kill poor Nab!"

George recognized in the voice and person of the speaker (which immediately became erect) the "Idiot Boy" on whom he had conferred many trifling favors. His first impulse was to return back and leave the Idiot on shore; but the moon, which was just beginning to silver in the East, would have betrayed his visit to the vessels if detained by a movement of the kind, and to back without accomplishing the object of his visit was to brand himself with the epithet of a coward. Here his feelings became so excited that he exclaimed, "Death sooner than infamy." His next thought as a matter of self defence was to consign the poor boy to the mercy of the waves. The Idiot, with a voice and a manner of touching tenderness peculiar to such unfortunate beings, hung his head to think he had meditated an injury to a being who felt so deeply interested in his welfare. He determined to proceed to the vessel and trust his life to the discretion of an Idiot boy. He ran his boat close under one of the principal vessels, and having secured it so as to excite suspicion, he mounted the side and with a beating heart trod the proud deck of a British Man of War. He mingled with the dusty forms that gathered round the masts, and listened to their simple tales of love which had blessed them beneath another sky. His head fluttered wildly as he heard the seamen from his guarded way proclaim to the rising moon:

"Above—below—good night—All's Well."

The Idiot instinctively stole away and concealed himself in one retired corner; the sailors were reposing in their hammocks, and only now and then persons were seen passing from one part of the deck to the other. The warm blood bounded to George Wortley's head—burned for a moment, then rushed back to his almost unpalpating heart, as he listened to the last dying plaintive cadence of a female voice. It was such as recalled to his mind a sound which had blessed him in a happier day. He approached near the spot when the strain was again resumed and the following verse sung to an air of the sweetest melancholy:

I'll never weave for thee a song,
Nor wildly touch the warbling lyre:
Words may be false, or taken wrong,
And music's note too soon expire:
Words may be false, but oh! believe,
There yet is one will not deceive,
Will not deceive.

"Tis she!" exclaimed Wortley: and overcome by his feelings, sprang to the place and continued the exclamation, "My God! Martha Woodville!" The female fell into his arms and was entirely unconscious while he impressed a fervent kiss upon her palid cheek. Her vigor and recollection returning together, she burst from his embrace and exclaimed, "Fly, dear Wortley, he is here," and retreated to the cabin. George was aroused from the inaction into which he was thrown by her language and the suddenness of her flight, by receiving a stab from behind, which was only prevented from being fatal by the point of a weapon glancing outwardly from the ribs. He wheeled around and closing in upon the coward assassin, wrested his sword from him, and placing the blade beneath his foot snapt it in twain. He was about to throw the pieces into the lake when he saw the enamelled name glancing in the moon beams—with a voice or hatred heightened to phrenzy he yelled, "McDole, cursed villain," and sprang towards him; but McDole, eluded his grasp and ran to the cabin of the admiral, but soon returned to the deck with a command to arrest Captain George Wortley of the American Army. The command was immediately put into execution, and George gloomily resigned himself to his fate, knowing that the man who had basely

separated him from the woman of his love would triumph that he perished by the meanest felon's death.

George Wortley and Martha Woodville were the pride of two villages in the interior of the United States. Their tale was one of perhaps too frequent occurrence. They saw each other—loved—and were engaged, and that engagement was approved by a mother ever solicitous for a daughter's happiness. Her father had "rejoiced the stars," and none else were left who had a right to interpose—ought between these congenial spirits. The bridal day was appointed, and Time, smoothing his wrinkled brow, leaned on the anchor of Hope, and for once smiled benignant on the bliss of human hearts. The song which Martha had been singing on board the vessel was one framed by George in the duty of his happy courtship.—Her guardian, McDole, was a person whom she had always been taught to respect and look up to with reverence, for he had been considered a virtuous, amiable and a worthy man; he violently opposed George Wortley's suit, and succeeded in extorting a promise from Martha not to wed without his consent. He had other objects in view than Martha's happiness. He had sold his honor and those talents which should have been devoted to his country's good, for British gold, and that power demanded some one as an hostage, that he would not turn from the course of his villainy. As such an hostage he delivered up Martha Woodville to men whose virtue was doubtful and whose honor he knew not—such was the cause of her presence on board the enemy's vessels.

The night after George's capture rolled heavily away, and mental agony forbade him the sweets of repose. Martha passed the night in doubt and anxiety, nor was the time of McDole less sleepless, for the wolf in pursuit of human blood will howl on through all the night. The morning came on; the sun rose brilliantly and imparted all his splendor to the scenery of the Lake. The officers of the squadron had met at a Court Martial, and Capt. Wortley was arraigned as a spy before men whose words he did not deny the charge, and was sentenced to the yard arms with a respite till the next morning at sunrise. Martha, who had broken from the hold of her guardian, ran upon deck and fell in George's arms shrieking, "save him, save him." McDole, who had pursued, was about to force her from the embrace of her injured lover, when the Admiral, with a voice of stern fierceness exclaimed, "McDole, beware!"

The baseness of McDole burst upon him at once, and he felt that Wortley was an injured man; he asked of George the history of his life, which was told with all its warmth as possible: the old Admiral grasped his hand, pitied and shed a tear for his fate, because he could not avert it. At the strong solicitude of George and the gentle advice of the good old Admiral, Martha permitted herself to be removed to a distant vessel, for grief had rendered her nearly passive. George was left to prepare for his fate, and received all the kindness he could have wished in his situation; one of the state rooms having been allotted to himself.

The day on board the Admiral's vessel passed away in silence, and everything like unbecoming mirth was repressed. The night had come on, and McDole was sullenly pacing the deck, for there he knew he was hated and despised, although on that vessel he wore a sword, the emblem of an officer he dared not own in his native land. The idiot, who had witnessed every thing that had transpired, grasped a rusted knife that lay on the deck, and which had been used by the sailors in cleaning fish, rushed upon McDole, gave him a fatal stab, and with a hysterical laugh, heaved him to the dark green wave. The idiot descended the side of the vessel, and with feelings of joy that he could not express, loosened the boat and in an instant was before the window of the state room. Finding that it would not give way to gentle pressure, he raised one of the oars and dashed the window to pieces. George sprang and hailed the idiot as his deliverer, lowered himself into the boat, and with a beating heart directed their course to the American shore.—They had proceeded but a short distance when one of the smallest guns in the Admiral's vessel was fired to leeward—George's flight had been discovered, and all the boats were lowered in his pursuit; every nerve was strained by the hardy seaman, faithful to their duty, and the bright starlight of the evening soon pointed out the boat of George and the idiot moving comparatively slow towards the land of their grand sires and their liberty. A volley of musketry was fired from the pursuers, when the poor idiot boy fell struggling back into the boat—George stood up, and determined to die the death of a soldier, that his memory should not be branded with the ignominy of a felon's fate. The seamen, as if conscious of his intention, threw in another volley, when a piercing groan came from the boat, and George Wortley fell back, while his life blood darkened on the billow. The shattered boat filled rapidly with water, and soon

sunk down to moulder with the sea covered weed. The moon again arose as brilliant as ever—the god of repose reclined again on the couch of forgetfulness, and the proud waves of Lake Erie rolled brightly and gloriously on.

Stranger! I have stood where the blood tinged billow of that night's struggle dashed its white foam on the beach, where on the green branch above, the wild eagle screamed to the warrior's requiem. I have seen Martha sit at her parlor window turn pensively and weep; but she now only exists in the recollections of many, as a bright dream of their childhood, for she, too, has long since mingled with the clouds of the valley.

COMIC DUTCH PARODY.

On *Vitticus and his Dinah.*

Tis of a rich Dutchman in New York did live;
Ho had von the daughter you pester believe;
Her name was Katarina, as fair ash a rose,
Und she had a large fortune in de lands of old Mose.

Ash Katarina was drawing de lager tier von day,
Her fader comed to her un dus he do say;
"Hurry up Katarina! do parlor go to,
A customer waits to go riding mit you."

"Oh fader, vy don't dey some oder ghil find?
To ride mit them fillers, I don't feel inclined:
De vy dey drives dey buggy it jakes me feel weak,
Un I wants to get married mit Hans Dunder next week."

Den her fader get mad and he shreav her "gott dam!"
She never marit marry mit any young man,
"If you love dis Han's Dunder, you may go take life bags."

Mit his books, un his baskets, un go gadder rage,
Katarina beck to the kitchen she ran,
Saying "I'll eat up mine breakfast so fast vot I can,
Den I'll travel away, as I can't be his wife."

But dat was dey vy day dat she loosod her life!
For ash she was eating a big Bolony sausage,
It stickt in her troat, un it stop't up de passage:
She tried for to breathe, but by grief overcome,
Her head it reeled round, un she fall very dumb.

Now Hans Dunder, he Lappen'd to walk in de door,
He seed his Katarina lying dead on de floor;
A big bolony sausage was lying by her side,
Says Hans "I be tam, twas mit this ting she died."

Now all you young vommis votcher go do,
Don't let dat Hans Dunder speak some things mit you,
Un all you young fillers, den you courts in de passage,
Dink of Hans un Katarina un de big Bolony sausage!

Personal Beauty.

Just about the last inheritance which a parent should wish his child—whether male or female, is personal beauty. It is about the poorest kind of capital to start in the world with. Who ever saw a beauty who was worth the first red cent? We mean what the world calls beauty, for there is a kind of beauty more than skin deep, which the world does not fully recognise. It is not of that which we speak. But the girl whom all the fops and fools go into exultations over and about—she should as soon a child of ours should be—not quite so beautiful. And then your handsome young man over and about whom all the foolish school girls are in ecstasies, what chance has he of being anybody? A sad destroyer of high ambition is beauty. From being fitted for the shallow pates of the other sex, who can appreciate nothing else, they become content with a low standard of attainment, and are happy only when dancing attendance upon those who are pleased with their insipidity.

VANILLA.

The vanilla, so much prized for its delicious flavor, is the product of a vine which grows to the tops of the loftiest trees. Its leaves somewhat resemble those of the grape; the flowers are red and yellow, and when they fall off are succeeded by the pods, which grow in clusters like our ordinary beans; green at first, they change to yellow, and finally to a dark brown. To be preserved they are gathered when yellow, and put in heaps for a few days, to ferment. They are afterward placed in the sun to dry, flattened by the hand, and carefully rubbed with coconut oil, and then packed in dry plantain leaves, so as to confine their powerful aromatic odor. The vanilla bean is the article used to scent snuff, flavor ice-creams, jellies, &c. &c. The plant grows in Central America, and other hot countries.

MATRIMONIAL.

A writer has computed that a woman has lost half her chances of marriage at her twelfth year; at twenty-three she has lost three-fourths of her opportunities; and at twenty-six seven-eighths of her chances are gone. Eighty hundred and fifty-six is leap year—that delightful season when, by common consent, the fair sex can indicate their preference. Look at the facts presented above, and then improve the advantages of the present year. Delays are dangerous.

When a man dies, people generally inquire what property he has left behind him?—The angels will ask, what good deeds he has sent before him.

DO RATS REASON?

A few evenings since, (says the *Ladies' Own Journal*, of September twenty-third,) as the rain was falling in torrents, deluging the little yard by the house, a large rat was observed to come hurriedly out a hole by the side of the house, where the water was pouring in, and springing forward to an opposite building for a moment disappeared. Back again came the rat, and plunged into the hole, which was fast being filled with water, and in a moment reappeared, bearing in her mouth a young rat, which she carried to the opposite building. Thus she continued to labour, until five of the young had been arrested from a watery grave, and deposited in a place of safety; but on coming again from the wall with one of her young in her mouth, she dropped it down upon the ground, and after looking a moment, again took it up, and trying to wake it, laid it down again. The little one was dead—it had been drowned. After repeated efforts to bring to life her offspring, she mournfully left the little one, and went to the new home she had prepared for her more fortunate family.

HATS.

Hats, which are now such an indispensable article of dress, were at one period unknown; and caps were worn only by men of very advanced age. Julius Cæsar, having a bald head, introduced the custom of wearing wreaths, or turbans of laurel. This circumstance, and the covering of their heads by the aged, who at that time were regarded with peculiar honor, caused the wearing of caps to be looked upon as a mark of distinction, and was, therefore after a short time, universally adopted by men of rank.

A cap also became the badge of freedom, and as soon as a slave was liberated he had one presented to him, and was given permission to wear it in public. The ceremony of giving freedom was thus performed—the slave was brought before the consul, and in after ages, before the prætor, by his master, who, laying his hand upon the slave's head, said to the prætor, "I wish this man to be free, at the same time taking him by the hand, and instantly word *manumisso*, and the phrase *enane mittite*, to let go from the hand. The master then gave him a blow on the cheek, and presented him to the consul, who, striking him gently with his *vindicta*, (wand) pronounced these words, "I pronounce thee free, according to the custom of the Romans."

This ceremony being ended, the slave was registered upon the roll of freemen. He was then shaven and taken to the temple of the goddess Feronia, where he is made to sit on "the stone of liberty," which bore this inscription:—Slaves of honorable desert may sit here; when they rise up they are free." Finally he was presented by his master with a cap, which was a symbol of his freedom, and was suffered to depart.

The "cap of liberty" is thus described by historians:—It was simple in its form, being broad at the rim, to show that freedom stands on a firm basis, and running to a point like a pyramid, to signify that it should last forever: it was of a fine white color, to express the wearer's abhorrence of spots and stains caused by factions and tyranny; it was without ornament, to import his contempt of the baubles of pompous despotism, and it was made of wool to signify that freedom was the birthright of the shepherd as well as the Senator.

Trip lightly over Trouble.

Trip lightly over trouble—
Trip lightly over wrong;
We only make grief double
By dwelling on it long.
Why chafe woe's hand so tightly?
Why sigh o'er blossoms dead?
Why cling to forms so slightly?
Why not seek joy instead?

Trip lightly over sorrow;
Though this day may be dark,
The sun may shine to-morrow,
And gaily sing the lark;
Fair hopes have not departed,
Though roses may have fled,
Then never be down-hearted,
But look for joy instead.

Trip lightly over sadness,
Stand not to mill at doom;
We've pearls to string of gladness
On this side of the tomb;
Whilst stars are nightly shining,
And Heaven is overhead,
Encourage not repining,
But look for joy instead.

A BILLION.

Few people have any conception of the stupendous sum which is designated by this term, which, according to Webster's dictionary, is a million of millions. A manufactory making one hundred pins a minute, and kept in constant operation, would only make fifty-two millions five hundred and ninety-six thousand per annum, and would require nearly twenty thousand years, at the same rate, without a single moment's cessation, to make that number called a billion.

Signs and Wonders.

When will signs and wonders cease? Not till the destroying angel shall clip the thread of time, and the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll. Not a day passes but what we see good and bad signs, as the following will show:

It's a good sign to have a man enter your office with a friendly greeting—"Here's a dollar and a half for my paper."

It's a bad sign to hear a man say he is too poor to take a paper—ten to one, he carries home a jug of "red eye" that costs him half a dollar.

It's a good sign to see a man doing an act of charity.

It's a bad sign to hear him boasting of it.

It's a good sign to see the flush of health in a man's face.

It's a bad sign to see it concentrated in his nose.

It's a good sign to see an honest man wearing old clothes.

It's a bad sign to see them filling holes in his windows.

ADVICE TO COQUETTES.—Young ladies, beware how you coquette, or you may repent it to the last day of your life. Though a gay young girl may be fond of society and attention, fond of admiration, and desirous of being the cynosure of all eyes, let her not coquette. Let her not play with hearts as she did with her dolls in infancy, lest she inflict misery and wretchedness on herself as well as on her victims. Man despises a coquette, and it is only the inherent vanity of a man which promotes their success as his own opinion of himself leads him to suppose that he must be the favored one. A coquette is feared, dreaded and despised by all sensible persons both of the other sex and her own. Her triumphs are ever brief, and when she falls and loses her power she is not pitied but despised. She falls—

"Unwept, unhonored and unsung,"
Her latter days are days of vinegar—her disposition, her temper, her whole nature grows sour, her animated vinegar cruel, delighting only in spiteful slander and malice, her only *bonne bouche* the news of a crim. case, a divorce, a broken love match, or an unhappy marriage. Gentlemen, shun a coquette if you would be happy!

TO MAKE ICEING FOR CAKES.—Take of the best white sugar one pound, and pour over it just enough cold water to dissolve the lumps; then take the whites of three eggs, and beat them a little, but not to a stiff froth; add these to the sugar and water; put it in a deep bowl, place the bowl in a vessel of boiling water, and beat the mixture. It will first become thin and clear, and afterwards begin to thicken. When it becomes quite thick, remove it from the fire, and continue the beating until it becomes cold and thick enough; then spread it on with a knife. It is perfectly white, glistens beautifully, and is so hard and smooth when dry, that you may write very well on it with a pencil.

CUSTARDS.—The common rule for these is eight eggs to a quart of milk; but you can make very good custard with six, or even four eggs to the quart. Custard may be boiled, or baked, either in cups, or one large dish. It may be put in a shallow paste, and prepared as a pie, or into a deep paste for a pudding. There should always be a little salt in the flavoring. The milk should always be boiled and cooled again before being used; this makes it much richer.

A DEALER IN LOVE POWDERS.—A man who calls himself a doctor has been arrested in New York, accused of swindling a number of country pumpkins by selling them "love powders." A man who is not content to make love in the good old delightful way, of setting up o' nights after the old folks have gone to bed, deserves to be swindled, and if we could be upon the jury which tries the doctor, the only verdict we would agree to would be, "served 'em right, confound 'em."

BAKED POT PIE.—From this time forth, we like to have you good many pot pies. A pan, two inches deep, needs only an upper and under crust, filled with apples; a deeper pan needs a middle crust; sprinkle a little allspice and nutmeg, with water enough to cook it; let it bake an hour, or till the apples are done, and eat with sweetened milk. Dried apples make equally as good a pie, by first stewing them.

TO CURE FRECKLES.—Take two ounces of lemon juice, half a dram of powdered borax, and one dram of sugar. Mix together, and let them stand in a glass bottle for a few days; then rub it on the hands and face occasionally.

Pleasant.—To open your wife's jewel box and discover a strange gentleman's hair done up as a keep-sake. We know of nothing that makes an ardent temperament feel more "frighty."