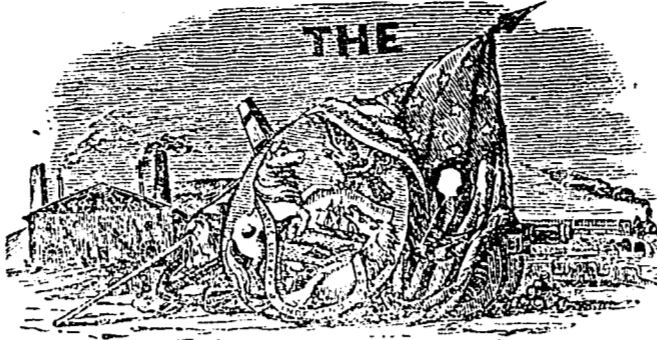


Lehigh



Register.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

Devoted to News, Literature, Poetry, Science, Mechanics, Agriculture, the Diffusion of Useful Information, General Intelligence, Amusement, Markets, &c.

VOLUME V.

ALLENTOWN, LEHIGH COUNTY, PA., JULY 17, 1851.

NUMBER 41.

THE LEHIGH REGISTER,
is published in the Borough of Allentown, Lehigh County, Pa., every Thursday
BY AUGUSTUS L. RUHE,
At \$1.50 per annum, payable in advance, and \$2.00 if not paid until the end of the year. No paper discontinued, until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the proprietor.
Advertisements, making not more than one square, will be inserted three times for one dollar, and for every subsequent insertion twenty-five cents. Larger advertisements charged in the same proportion. Those not exceeding ten lines will be charged seventy-five cents, and those making six lines or less, three insertions for 50 cents.
A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.
Office in Hamilton St., one door East of the German Reformed Church, nearly opposite the "Friedenslothe Office."

LEHIGH ISLAND HOUSE.
The undersigned respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he has taken the above large and commodious
HOTEL,
formerly occupied by Mr. George Moyer, in East Allentown, and that he is prepared to wait upon all who may favor him with their custom.
The "Island House" is one of the most pleasantly situated in the county, and presents attractions as a Summer retreat excelled by few in the region. The house is new and newly furnished—the stabling large and convenient, and every attention will be paid to the comfort of guests.
The **BAR** will be kept supplied with the best Wines and Liquors, and the **Table** with the best of the market affords. His friends and the public are respectfully invited to give him a call.
CHARLES F. MERTZ.
June 5.

Fashionable Hat & Cap Manufactory.
In Easton.
LUCAS HAINES,
WOULD respectfully invite the attention of his old customers, the public in general, and the COUNTRY MERCHANTS in particular, to the large assortment and superior style and quality of **HATS and CAPS,** suitable for the **SPRING and SUMMER TRADE,** which he has just received and is selling at reduced prices.
He has also on hand a large assortment of **Maleskin, Silk, Beaver, Nutria, Russia, Rough & Ready, Palm, Brail, Lehigh, Panama, Canada, Scarf,** and every other kind of Hats, and will be able to suit the taste and inclination of all who may favor him with a call.

His Stock
has been selected with the greatest care, and having spent the greater part of his life in the manufacture of hats, he knows that he can sell as cheaply and as neat and general articles as any other establishment either in Easton or the Cities.
His Stand is on the north side of Northampton street, one door above Rader's Store, and nearly opposite the Easton Bank.
COUNTRY MERCHANTS, will do well to examine his stock, as he is prepared to accommodate them on the lowest terms.
Easton, May 29.

P. WYCKOFF,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
No. 17, NORTH SECOND STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
May 1.

BULL HEAD HOTEL,
In Allentown.
R. MOYER,
RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public in general, that he has taken the well known Tavern House of the

Bull's Head,
at the corner of Allen and Andrew st., where he will be happy to accommodate his old customers and friends. His best efforts will be directed to his table, so that it be furnished with the most reasonable market wines and liquors, his beds clean, and his yard large and stable commodious, with an attentive hostler always at hand.
He trusts that by punctual attendance to business, he will be able to secure a liberal share of public patronage, for which he will ever feel thankful.
April 27.

Poetical Department.

(From Sartain's Union Magazine.)
The Departed Child.
Bring jasmine flowers, and rose buds pale,
And spoutless lilies of the vale,
To strew upon her breast;
For in life's opening buds she lies—
Her soul hath passed to yonder skies—
A floweret meet for paradise,
In hues immortal drest.
Tread gently on the hallowed ground
Where stainless innocence hath found
Relief from every pain;
Soft dirges sing above her sleep,
And there let fond Affection weep.
For tears, drops green the grave will keep,
Like showers of summer rain.
And tears are nature's best relief—
The sweet, refreshing balm of grief;
So let the tears flow free,
O'er as parental love shall miss
The winning smile—the gentle kiss—
The infant prayer—the tones of bliss—
That burst from life's young glee.
And yet, there is no cure for grief,
When, like the morning flower, whose leaf
Shuts softly to the sun,
The eyelids of fair childhood close
Upon a world of sin and woes,
In death's untroubled, deep repose—
Life's conflict scarce begun.

Miscellaneous Selections.

MARRYING FOR MONEY.

BY MISS F. S. ABER.
"Hang it all, Frank, how dull you are! I ask you to accompany me to-day, in hopes that you would help me to drive off a leechon of blue devils that have been pursuing me like my shadow for a week or more, but instead of doing so, your reverent step and wo-begone image would give a fellow the horrors with which standing at his elbow." "Come, man, what has gone wrong with you?"
"Nothing, I assure you; I was never in better spirits. Perhaps I was yielding somewhat to the dreamy influence that this soft south wind produces, as it steals so lazily over the prairie grass and sweetly scented flowers; but allow me to repeat your question, 'what has gone wrong with you?'"
"Oh, everything! I get no business, and I am to proceed too go back to my father, with the title of my defeat, as he assured that I should one day do. 'The west is no place for lawyers yet, he one day said to me, and I now believe him, for I have been here a year now, and have not made enough to cover my expenses; but I am determined to make a raise in some manner, and the only visible one that offers is by marrying.'"
"Oh, that will be no hard matter for you," replied his companion, in a slightly perceptible sarcastic tone. "Uncle Jasper will of course receive with joy a professional man like yourself into his family."
"Uncle Jasper, Uncle dev! I should have a greater prospect, by marrying Louisa Fosworth for money, truly. Why what has that old curmudgeon, her father, got but a few sections of wild land? and those he will keep as long as he lives, and he will live long enough to preach my funeral sermon. I will warrant you, if you care for a lease of his life. Marry Louisa Fosworth for riches!—ha! ha! a good joke upon my soul. But what led you to fancy such a thing, Frank?"
"The very obvious reason, that you have paid more attention to her than any other young lady in our village since you came among us."
"That may all be and yet not have paid her much either; but really I never thought of her as a wife; though, to tell the truth, I think her one of the most amiable, intelligent, and beautiful girls that I ever met, and had she the wealth of another in your village, a few hours would find me at her feet, humbly suing for her hand—and that other is Sarah Munson."
"Allow me to congratulate you on your hopes, but unless I am mistaken, there will be a breach of promise case before you get through with it, for a more complete coquette I verily believe does not exist."
"Very likely, but the sex are all more or less given to it, and five thousand dollars in her own right is something of an excuse for a western belle to play the coquette, such a needy scamp as I am, ought not to complain of it at any rate, and I will not, so good bye to sweet Louisa Fosworth, and 'love in a cottage.' Heigho! I wish that I could afford to marry her, she will make some fellow a charming little wife, as the ladies say, don't you think so, Frank?"
His listener replied affirmatively, and in a livelier tone than he had before used in speaking to his companion, and which he managed to keep up without any apparent exertion throughout the day—a day of fowling on one of the beautiful prairies in one of our Western States.
"Ner wasn't any wonder, for to Frank

Willard, Louisa Fosworth had been as the Polar star to the sea-worn mariner—guided him on through poverty and sickness, and the many other heart-storms which mark the life of a western emigrant. Failing in business in one of the eastern cities, he had removed with his mother, his only surviving parent, to one of the Western States, and, perhaps unadvisedly tried his hand at farming. His means only enabled him to purchase an eighty-acre lot, and upon this he commenced operations; but he progressed but slowly, for the very good reason that he attempted a kind of business of which he knew nothing. His cattle were lost by straying away from him on the broad prairies in summer, then his grain was injured by being improperly kept in winter, and had it not been for the advice of his mother, an energetic and persevering woman, he would have abandoned his farm, returned to the city, and applied for the place of a clerk in some of the mercantile houses; but she persuaded him to persevere, and the next year everything prospered with him. But alas! when winter came the Angel of Death was hovering over his dwelling, and as the spring flowers sprang from the gladsome earth, they shrank away the newly sown grave of his beloved mother. It was a heavy blow to the isolated young man, and he grieved, as only an affectionate son could grieve over the loss of a mother. Mrs. Willard had made many friends, but no warmer one than the family of Mr. Fosworth, the Minister of the little village near which they resided, and whose family consisted of a wife and her young boy, and Louisa, a daughter by a former wife.
Nobleness had been spared by any of the family to the invalid, but in no one was the disinterestedness of friendship more apparent than in the gentle and hitherto shrinking Louisa, then scarce sixteen years of age. It watches failed, it mattered not her last night had been spent by the sick couch, she would again take her sleepless station, and this too, at an age when nature calls so loudly for her accustomed rest. If Frank Willard had before admired the graceful vivacity of the beautiful girl, was it any wonder that that admiration should have ripened into a warm passion as he thus suddenly discovered the priceless wealth of her loving heart? And yet there was something so pure and child-like in her character, that, faintly as he loved her, he felt that it would be seeming sacrilege to breathe in her ears the words of passion, until more mature age should call forth the glowing emotion of her woman's heart.
A year passed away, and he was gratified by receiving a letter from an old classmate, containing the intelligence of a proposed visit, and if he liked the location, of establishing himself in the practice of the law within his immediate vicinity. It was a pleasing prospect for Frank, for Turner Williams had been the favorite friend of his boyhood, and a boon companion in later years. That he had some effects of character, he was well aware; but who has not? and he looked forward with joyous anticipation to his arrival. He came at a specified time, was pleased with everything he saw, and the citizens were soon enlightened as to his intentions by a showy sign, with the words "Turner Williams, Attorney and Counsellor at Law," glided upon it. "From an eastern city and college educated," was an immediate passport into the best society that the little village afforded, and he soon found himself a favorite guest in every family where he chose to visit.
Frank Willard observed with pleasure the success of his friend in gaining the seeming good will of the people among whom he intended to reside, until he came to the family of Mr. Fosworth, or "Uncle Jasper," as he was usually designated among his friends; but here even friendship faltered as he saw the warm welcome of the parents, and with a lover's jealous eye watched the flitting blushes of the now more than ever beautiful daughter.
"It is my destiny," he muttered one evening, after he had returned to his boarding house, from a visit with Williams at the parsonage, "and has ever been thus, the cup of happiness will be held out to me, and as I can reach out my hand to grasp it, it would be suddenly dashed aside! Fool that I was to suppose that love like mine could be required. And must I look calmly on and see her given to another, and that other one whom I myself introduced to her?" These and similar thoughts were constantly intruding themselves upon the mind of Frank up to the time of the conversation which commences my story, and in which he discovered the heartlessness of his world warped friend.
A short time only was allowed to elapse ere he visited the house of Louisa as in former days, and an early period was chosen to declare to its object the passion that he had secretly cherished, and with a strange throbbing heart he listened for an answer. It came, and that the ingenious, but blushing girl acknowledged that she had shed many and bitter tears over his recent seeming coldness. The consent of the father was not withheld, but

he added, "you know my meagre resources, expect to take my daughter portionless!"
"As far as mere wealth is concerned, yes; but, instead of regretting it as a misfortune, I look upon it as a blessing."
"How so?" asked the other, in accents of surprise. "Do you wish to be understood that Louisa would be less acceptable to you with a certain portion of this world's goods?"
"Perhaps not under certain circumstances, but—"
"Well, but what?"
"I fear I do wrong in repeating it, but if Louisa Fosworth had possessed wealth equal to her virtues and beauty, I should have found a powerful rival in one whom I have long found it vain to contend against, at least where elegance alone was concerned."
"Indeed! ah, you need not speak the name, circumstances lead me to guess it, and so the young lawyer would have sought my treasure had he known its nominal value?" he continued, but rather as if speaking to himself than to the young man by his side; and then turning to Frank and taking his hand said in a trembling voice—"I yield her to you, Frank Willard, as I would the dearest thing I possess on earth. She resembles her sainted mother; but, oh, for your sake and mine, make her not an idol as I did that mother, lest like her she may be snatched away to show us the sin of idolatry."
"Thank you, thank you," he replied, turning the pressure of the hand that he held in his own, and then departed, leaving the kind old man to his solitude, for he well knew that he would be alone.
And who that mourn the loved and lost does not tell that such periods exert a softening influence upon the affections? As imagination brings up the seeming forms of the loved ones now hidden for ever from our sight, the heart clings more closely to the living loves, and we cherish them with tenfold care, lest the hand of the spoiler should be laid on them, and our pathway be entirely desolate.
A few days passed, and wedding invitations were issued, not from our humble friends, but the reputed Miss Munson. It was a splendid affair for the little Western village, although but a few guests were invited, and these only such as the bride designated. The ringer in the place.
A few days after the wedding, as Frank was walking in the street, he chanced, upon turning a corner, to come unexpectedly upon his friend, who, upon seeing him, exclaimed:
"And so, my sly fox, you are the one that is to carry off the dove from the parson's dovecot, are you? Well, I hope it will turn out a better match than mine; if not, you will hang yourself, I am sure, in less than a week from your wedding day."
"I apprehend no dissatisfaction on my part, at least."
"No; nor did I; but you are not marrying an heiress; but here step into my office, and I will tell you how rascally I have been treated. You thought my wife held six thousand dollars in her own right did you?"
"I did."
"Well, sir, she has just one hundred and fifty, and no more!"
"What?"
"One hundred and fifty dollars was the portion of the 'rich heiress.' It seems that when the father died, he left six thousand dollars and a widow and eight children to share it. The widow's third was consumed before her death, and Sarah has used three hundred and fifty of her five hundred since she came of age, and let me fall in the trap she came of age to catch a rich husband. And when I reproached her with deception, she denied having used any, saying that she had given the sum to her aunt with whom she had such property;—if rumor had given it to her she was not to blame, and that if I married her for money it served me right." And now, Frank, you see what a predicament I am in; instead of having but myself to support by my precious profession, I have got an extravagant wife in the bargain. What would you do if you were in my place?"
"What would I do? Why, go to work like a man, and if your profession will not support you, buy or rent some land and turn farmer; a farm is safe capital, at least I have found it so; and then you will have plenty time to attend to all the suits you may have."
"That is easier said than done; had I such a wife as Louisa Fosworth will make, I might as well think of teaching peacocks to knit stockings, as my lady wife, with her lofty notions, the duties of a farmer's wife, provided farming was a business which I understood myself."
Much more of the same kind of argument was held on both sides, and they parted with the expressed determination of Williams to try his luck in California if Fortune did not bestir herself in his favor before long.
A few Sabbaths after, Mr. Fosworth, at the close of Divine service, announced the fact that a marriage ceremony would be

performed at his house on the succeeding Wednesday, and cordially invited all of his congregation to be present. "My house was donated by your kindness," he said, "and a seeming welcome should breathe to all who design to visit it."
And they came, if not all, enough, so that every room was crowded. It is a very common thing to cultivate the locust on our large prairies, for their use as well as beauty; and a beautiful grove of them flourished on a plate of ground but a few rods from the sky in the house; and here beneath the solemn vows were spoken, and the gentle Louisa returned to her father's house a wife. The plain but beautiful fare passed freely among the guests, if the haughty Mrs. Williams did draw herself up, as some plainly dressed farmer's wife or daughter brushed past her, her rustling silk, no one heeded it unless to smile at her folly, for it was now generally known that the flimsy title of heiress, that had so long supported her arrogance, was but a borrowed garment, and the now stood forth simply as Mrs. Williams, the feeble lawyer's wife.
It was a happy day for all, or nearly all, and a strange rumor that began to float among the guests and in which the words "ten thousand dollars, were distinctly heard, added not a little to the interest of the occasion; and finally, before they dispersed, nearly every one was made acquainted with the following facts:—Mr. Fosworth's first wife was the daughter of a merchant in New York who died previous to his daughter's marriage with the young divine, leaving his property to his son and daughter, his only children. After the death of Mrs. Fosworth, this brother was killed from being thrown from his horse, and as he was unmarried, and as there was no will, the property descended, of course, to the child of his departed sister. As this occurred after Mr. Fosworth's removal to the West he determined to keep it a secret from all even his unassuming child, lest upon her it would exert a harmful tendency, and he well knew that it would be a temptation to some needy fortune hunter, and thus prove a curse instead of a blessing; but it was now ready for her, with its accumulated interest.
It is needless to repeat the anathemas that Turner Williams bestowed upon himself, Frank Willard, Parson Fosworth, and the world in general, when he became assured of the fact; for, with as large a share of self-esteem as usually belongs to one of his stamp, he finally believed that he had but to have asked to have obtained the hand of his (to use his own town term) "milk and water friend." But he failed and fretted in vain! There was no help for it, and as soon as he could scrape money enough together, he left his unlovable wife, and if alive, must now be in California, as it is several months since he started.
Frank Willard and his amiable wife are in the possession of that calm content that well balanced minds ever enjoy, while the minister's family continues the even tenor of its way, the kind old man hardly feeling so close to his companionship that his choice plant blooms on another's bosom.

The Husband's Reform.

A stranger of great distinction, and I who had played no inconsiderable part in the political drama of the day, has lately returned to Paris, where some years since he dwelt for a long time. On his first visit to the capital, young and already famous, he married into the aristocracy of the Faubourg St. Germain. The return of this Parisian has excited the curiosity of the former eccentrics, and by a strange coincidence of character which may be traced in the anecdote now going the rounds of the talk-mongers. The individual in question was born and educated in the class in which he now finds himself placed by the right of personal merit. Instead of being temperately violent, unrestrained and uncultivated, he was rendered almost unmanageable by the habits of a life spent amid camps. His fortune, too, like his greatness, came to him late; and it has been frequently remarked that those who obtain riches by their own efforts, and in middle life, possess their own efforts, and a powerful attachment for the wealth which long privation and laborious conquest have sought them immoderately to value.
At the time of this illustrious stranger's entrance into the world of Paris, those shrewd observers, the envious and jealous of others' prosperity, remarked that his shining qualities were darkened by two very great faults—avarice and brutality. The latter of these faults was a sad feature in his married life, and was the cause of and poignant suffering to a wife well born, brought up in the most polished society, surrounded by affectionate relatives, and accustomed to all the refinements of aristocratic good-breeding. It was not long before she was made to feel the change; for the character of her husband began to display itself in the early days of her married life, and a shade of bitter to mingle with the sweetness of the honeymoon. This was sad, and all the promised happiness

was dashed away. The union which had commenced under the most favorable auspices, saw its charms destroyed by stormy half-hours which became more and more frequent. It required all the rare virtue of the young wife not to succumb to the trials which humiliation, terror, injury and grief compelled her to undergo.
One day, after a scene of conjugal violence which had occurred in the presence of many witnesses, the insensible husband entered his own apartment, whither he was followed by an old and tried friend, who, by his devotion and uprightness, had earned the right to speak plainly, a right he did not hesitate to exercise. Without heeding the still unexpressed rage, he very freely commended on the conduct of his friend, so little becoming in a gentleman. The culprit listened with a gloomy air, and when the lecture was terminated, said—
"Your reproof is just; I deserve it; and I reproach myself, more bitterly than you have done; but what would you have? it is stronger than I am—it is out of my power to control it; give way to my passion, fly into a rage, and forget myself. When it is over, I am ashamed, despairing; and yet all this does not prevent me from recommencing, and sometimes even the very next day. It is fatal."
"Yes, very fatal."
"I have need of a good lesson, and will teach it to myself."
And the culprit for some minutes strode through the apartment with rapid steps and lowering brow, keeping silence, and twisting in his fingers a cigarette. The expression of his forehead, betrayed the painful thoughts and stormy conflict which were going on within; then, his resolution taken, he opened a drawer and took from it a bank-bill for one thousand francs. His friend looked on with astonishment, unable to imagine what he was about to do. He rolled up the bill, put it in the tapers, and lighted his cigar by the precious paper. "The friend, stupefied at this strange action, strange in a man with whose excessive parsimony he was so well acquainted, rushed towards him.
"Leave me!" said the miser, with a choking voice.
"But you are mad."
"No; I know what I am doing—I am punishing myself."
When the bill was nothing but a small heap of black ashes, on hero—and he may be called one after this action—added, in a firm and solemn voice—
"I swear, on my honour, that each time I give way to any brutality towards my wife, I will punish myself in the most sensitive part—my love of money."
This oath was religiously kept. Since that day, the miser has strictly paid for the brutality of the husband. After a scene of violence, he appears before his self-appointed tribunal, and submitting to the law which he himself lays down, he pronounces his sentence without appeal. The condemned opens the caskets which contain his treasure. Pale and trembling with the effort beneath which his passion bends, he takes a bank-bill and burns it.
The expiation was always proportioned to the offence; he had a tariff graduated by the degrees of crime. For a simple harshness, the price was five hundred francs; for a harshness before witnesses, one thousand; and if gesture and action had followed the spoken brutality, it was two thousand francs. This course, his friend states, might have ruined him, for in a single month it cost him thirty thousand francs. But happily it turned out otherwise. He became an entirely changed man. His faults have completely disappeared. The severity of the remedy worked a perfect cure. Now he is kind, gallant and amiable towards his wife, and his evenness of disposition is proof against all shocks; and what is stranger still, he has become liberal and generous, and spends his ample fortune freely and intelligently.
Happy are they who have not only the force of mind, but the means of so eradicating a vice. Whether many Parisian husbands will follow the example when they have faults to correct in themselves, is a matter of considerable doubt.
Gloom.—A stranger passed through one of the mountainous towns of New England, and inquired, "What can you raise here?"
The answer was:
"Our land is rough and poor; we can raise but little produce, so we build school houses and churches, and raise men."
"A pretty girl was lately complaining to a friend, that she had a bad cold, and was sadly plagued in her lip, by chaps."
"Friend," said Obadiah, "where should never suffer the Chaps to come near thy lips."
KIND FOLKS.—The man who makes you presents you do not want; the friend who gives you so much good advice; the lady who insists that you have not made a good dinner; the old gentleman who is starving himself to lay up money for you; and the mother who lets the dear children do as they please.