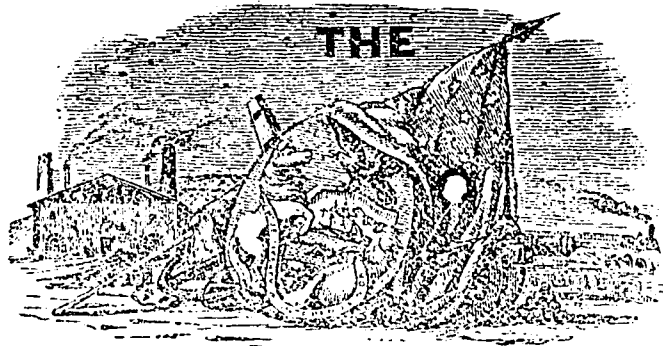


Lehigh



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., OCTOBER 2, 1851.

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THE LEHIGH REGISTER,
is published in the Borough of Allentown, Lehigh County, Pa., every Thursday.
BY AUGUSTUS L. RUME,
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 "Friedenshalte Office."

Miscellaneous Selections.

The Three Maxims.

An old soldier entitled to his discharge from the army, on the score of long service and many wounds, being on the point of quitting his regiment, went to make his adieu to his Captain.

"Ah well, *mon brave*," said his officer, "so you are about to leave us—exchange the life of a soldier for that of a citizen. Now as this career will be somewhat novel to you, my esteem and friendship, which you have won by your bravery and good conduct, prompt me to offer you a little advice before parting; and if you will submit to the conditions of that advice, without at present seeking to divine their motive, you will never have cause to regret having followed my counsel. What money have you about you?"

"Only three louis d'or, Captain, and a few francs to defray the expenses of my journey."

"Very well—give me the three louis d'or, and I will give you three maxims for your guidance."

"The state of my finances renders that a dear bargain," said the soldier; "nevertheless, as wisdom is more precious than gold, and in order to prove to you the confidence which I, in common with the rest of my comrades repose in you, I consent to it."

"And the soldier handed the three louis d'or—all his fortune—to the Captain.

"Very good," said the Captain; "now my friend, listen to, recollect, and put in constant practice, these three maxims:—Keep the straight road; Never meddle in the affairs of others; and postpone your anger to the morrow. In the meantime await me here a few moments."

The old soldier remained pensively leaning on his musket, and somewhat repentant of his bargain. "Keep the straight road—Never meddle in the affairs of others—and, Postpone your anger to the morrow—very wise assuredly, and very well worth all that sun should happen to be the whole of my fortune."

In a few minutes the Captain returned and placed a small loaf of bread in the hands of the soldier, exacting from him a promise that he would not cut it until that moment arrived which he should consider the happiest of his life. Then embracing each other with that sincerity and affection which characterize a Frenchman and old companions in arms, they bid each other adieu.

The soldier took up his line of march for home. Having been joined by a *compagnon du voyage*, toward the evening of the same day they arrived at a point where the road separated into two branches; the one, wide and apparently easy, turned a little to the right; while the other, narrow and difficult in appearance, was the direct continuation of the grand route. The travellers hesitated for an instant, deliberating which road to follow; when the soldier, suddenly recollecting the first parting maxim of his Captain, said—

"I keep the straight road."

"And I," said his comrade, "shall choose the easiest."

But the unfortunate traveller found that this road, so wide and easy at its entrance, terminated in a gloomy forest, the haunt of wild beasts and lawless men. He paid the penalty of his unwise choice; that night, and on the morrow the old soldier learned that his companion of the preceding day had been assassinated.

"Ah, my dear captain," thought he, "your first maxim, at least, was not a dear one! Truly, 'Wisdom is more precious than fine gold.'"

The same day, he arrived at the albergo of a small village; and in conversation with some of the peasants, they advised him to visit, in his quality of a soldier, a certain Marquis, the proprietor of a neighboring chateau, who made a pleasure of dispensing the most hospitality to all military men who might happen to pass on that road. Following their advice, he was received with courtesy and politeness, assured of a hearty welcome, and invited to the table of the nobleman.

But, wonderful to relate, in the midst of the supper, a lady clothed entirely black, with slow step and downcast eye, entered and took her seat at the table; and this lady, of noble birth, and a Frenchwoman, dialek from a human skull!

The soldier, however, took no notice, apparently, of this singular circumstance, and the conversation proceeded as usual, without interruption. It was not that he was less curious to discover the meaning of this extraordinary conduct, but the substantial benefit which he had derived from following the principal contained in the first maxim, caused him to appreciate the second—'Never meddle in the affairs of others.'—After the supper, when the lady had been some time absent, the Marquis addressed himself to the soldier, and regarding him fixedly, said—

"My friend, you are no ordinary man; for a most remarkable scene has been enacted before your eyes, and yet you have not made the least remark."

"Monseigneur," responded the soldier,

"it is one of my principles never to meddle in the affairs of others."

"Brave man!" exclaimed the Marquis. "I perceive that I can trust you, and that you are a man of honor and prudence. Follow me, and you will learn the value of your discretion."

Taking a torch, he led the soldier by a winding passage to a subterranean vault. But, oh, horror! the pale and vacillating light of the flambeau was reflected on all sides by ghastly skeletons, which its flickering seemed to re-animate, and which appeared to menace the two visitors.

"Listen my friend," said the nobleman; "the black lady whom you have seen this night, is the lady of the chateau, condemned to drink at my table from the skull of her lover whom I have killed. These bones are those of travellers who have seen precisely what you have seen, but have not been possessed of your prudence, and their death alone could protect me from the consequences. Your discretion has saved your life. And now, my friend, as a proof of my appreciation of your prudence and good judgment, accept this purse. You are at liberty to remain at the chateau as long as you may choose, or, if you prefer, to continue your journey."

Conceive, if possible, the emotions of the old soldier. Who would wonder, if he had that night often repeated in his sleep, "Never meddle in the affairs of others!"

The next morning he continued his route and the remainder of his journey passed without any further adventure of interest. He at last arrived in sight of his cottage where all that was most dear to his heart awaited him—that heart beat quick as he placed his foot on the threshold. Without announcing himself, he entered; but alas, what a reception! for behold—oh, fruits of abstinence!—the first object that met his astonished gaze, was a young priest tenderly embracing his wife!

With the decision of an old warrior, the soldier leveled his musket, and in another instant a ball would have pierced the heart of the unhappy priest; but a thought arrested his hand, penetrating his soul like an electric shock—"Postpone your anger to the morrow!"—and he lowered his musket, and hung his head, overcome with bitter disappointment and despair.

His jealousy, however, was not of long duration; for behold, upon an explanation, this priest was his son! Adopted in his infancy by a good curate of the village, who had died of his studies, he had recently taken holy orders, and had proceeded but a few moments the arrival of his father.

Thus the old soldier, after a long absence had at last returned to his family, and had found his son a priest—the *ne plus ultra* of human perfection in the popular estimation. When had he ever conceived of such happiness as this! It was assuredly the moment to cut the loaf of bread—but hardly had he done so, when a playful kitten, wishing to share in the general joy, sprang towards some brilliant object which rolled from the loaf upon the floor. It was the three louis d'or, which had been placed there by the good Captain!—*Honte! Dommage!*

A Sketch of Life and of Death.
I saw a beautiful lady seated in a parlor, which from the floor to the ceiling, was furnished with a profusion of richness, elegance and art. She was dressed for going out, and her bonnet, shawl, and ornaments were worth at least a thousand dollars.

She was looking over a large roll of bank notes, which she at length deposited about her person, just as her nursery maid entered with two fine children, out like fancy dolls. They ran eagerly to their mother, and with a sweet gleam of infancy attempted to climb on her lap, laying hold of her rich trappings to pull themselves up.

The lady shrieked, and putting them pettishly from her, cried—

"Why you will utterly ruin my dress! Mary, why don't you teach them better! Look how they have disarranged my shawl! Take them away, and don't bring them into my presence again until you teach them better behavior."

The little things were led away without a kiss, or a kind word from their elegant mother, who went out to elicit and enjoy the cold admiration of the purblind world, and to display her wealth, by making extravagant purchases. She heeded not the abashed and sorrow beating of the children, upon whose tender hearts she had thrown back in crushing ice, the rich warm gushings of their young fond love. She did not consider in so doing she was blighting in the bud their filial love and confidence; and destroyed forever the soft, yet mighty influence of maternity.

Turn we to another scene. In this poor room of a dilapidated dwelling is a mother; but three dollars would cover the expense of her whole wardrobe. Yet she is clean and neat in her appearance; and her face is placid and hopeful in its expression. She holds in her hand a slip of paper. It is the bill of a physician. He must get from the desolate widow thirty dollars for attendance on her husband during his last illness. He says he will wait no longer.

"If I could but find Mrs. M.—once at home, I should have several dollars for sewing, and has money plenty. If I could pay part now, perhaps the doctor would wait awhile. I must go to Mrs. M.—yet it is very painful to be obliged to sue like a beggar for that which one has earned like a slave! Children!" she cried, and a fine boy of five years came leading in his chubby little sister. Their coarse dresses were clean, and they looked very happy. She took the little one on her knees, and with an arm around the other, kissed them both affectionately, but as she did so, a tear fell on little Ellen's hand—The little creature looked up, and lifting her arms, pressed her mother's cheek, and then clung around her neck, kissed her, and pressed her downy cheek faintly to the breast.

"Mother!" said the boy, "what in heaven's name do you know that father is in heaven, and that the good Lord will be kind care of you and Willie and Ellen?"

"I know he will, Willie," she said, having his hand on his bright curls, "but mother is sorrowful sometimes, because her heart aches."

"Does it ache very bad now?" asked the child, the tears of apprehension gathering in his fine black eyes.

"No; it is well now," she answered.

"But I called you to say, that you must take good care of Ellen while I go to Mrs. M.—and try to get some money to pay the doctor."

"I wish I was a man!" said William, "for then I would work and get money enough, and you should have nothing to do but stay at home, and nurse your sister. But I will be a man next summer!"

The mother kissed him fondly, gave him and his sister each a piece of bread, tied on her bonnet and went out.

Mrs. M.—had come in from shopping, and was re-examining the brilliant and costly articles which she had added to her already superfluous ornaments. A servant entered with the announcement—

"Mrs. Glen desires to speak with you a moment, madam."

"Well, show her in," said the lady. "I am heartily tired of hearing her name," she continued, as the servant returned to the door. "I will pay her, and dismiss her."

"Mrs. Glen, I presume," she said, with a most unpleasant expression of voice and feature—as the poor woman stood before her, and then remained silent.

Mrs. Glen advanced quietly, though with embarrassment, and presenting her bill, said—

"If Mrs. M.—will give me the money she will very much oblige me."

"Dear me!" cried the lady. "Nine dollars! Why I did not think I owed you half as much!"

"The items are all down," said Mrs. Glen. "You will find it correct."

"Can you not wait a few days?" asked Mrs. M.—

"It would be very inconvenient for me to do so," replied Mrs. Glen.

"Oh dear!" said Mrs. M.—, peevishly. "You needle-women are the most pressing and troublesome creditors that we have to deal with!"

"Probably," returned Mrs. Glen, "a necessity that forces a woman to depend for subsistence on her earnings with the needle. And when those small earnings are withheld, we are overwhelmed with sufferings."

Mrs. M.—sat silent a few moments and then drawing out her purse, counted to Mrs. Glen the nine dollars, and felt more reluctance in paying it, than in parting with the three hundred which she had laid out that morning for unnecessary and useless articles.

Thirty years have past, and now we look again.

Mrs. M.—'s mansion is still gorgeously furnished, and wealth and magnificence preside in every department. But where is she, the mistress of all this glitter? Here in this bed-chamber, glittering with mirrors, where the day comes stealthily through the heavy crimson curtains, and casts only a faint glow on the soft, rich carpet. On this down bed, with its damask quilt, fine linen, trimmed with costly lace, and sweeping drapery with silk and silver fringes, lies the suffering invalid. Pain, fever, nausea, unite their tortures; she is restless, and peevish; she can find no ease; sleep comes not at her bidding; she is weary—weariness of life—yet she sees not beyond it. She is attended by a hired nurse, who attends to all her commands, and a bungler her medicines regularly, but with the apathy of an automaton. The invalid yearns for sympathy, and the sweet ministering of affection. Where are her children in this trying hour?

The son is abroad, wasting his time and money in the wildest dissipation. He knows that she is ill but he cares not for the mother who neglected to knit his infant affection to her bosom. Daughter is married, and is following the footsteps of the mother. She is even now glittering in the gay saloon, the admired of all admirers. How

should she be expected to thank from her gratuity, to soothe the mother who has always preferred gaiety and dress to the love and happiness of her children. There is no mark with fondly her fevered hand—to the wandering wailings of her countenance—to ask with voice tremulous from anxiety, "Dear mother, are you better?"

And the physician has said that she must die! and has warned her earnestly to prepare for the great change. But how shall she, whose life passed in vanity, prepare now, on her death-bed, for eternity? She has not walked with God. She has not known the Lord. She has loved the world only. How shall she then, while agonizing with the thought of leaving it go, learn to love Him who wrests it from her? She would live on in vanity. How shall she thank Him who has stricken her with death? She is most miserable. Memory torments her with specter forms of murdered time and neglected opportunities of doing good to herself and others. The present is pain and agony and boiling; the future, the blackness of darkness forever.

She writhes like a poor worm, who suddenly finds the timber, in which he dwelt securely, consuming in the fire, and with no means of escape—being to certain death.

Mrs. Glen is also near her departure. She lies in a neat plain room, with only necessary furniture. She is full of pain, and has apparently little strength to endure it. Her daughter is bending over her seeking by every tender ministrations to alleviate her sufferings; and speaking words of sympathy and hope. Her son stands by ready to aid in every office of filial love.

"I thank our God," murmurs the invalid—"I shall need your care but a little longer. Richly have you repaid me all my love and care." I thank God once more for you since you were mine. I am going before you to that world of peace and glory to which you will most surely follow me; for you love the Lord above all earthly riches. Continue to walk humbly before Him; doing good to all as you have opportunity; and when you shall be as I am now laid, may you feel the consolations that are mine. I am ready—I am willing—I am hoping to depart and be with my blessed Saviour! O how precious is His blood through whom we obtain remission of sin—

—who has taken away the terrors of death—the power of the grave and the fear of hell! To him be glory, forever and ever! Dear children, say with me, Amen."

And so the two depart. The one feeling that the light afflictions of this life are not to be compared with the eternal weight of glory which is laid up for her. She looks back on a life of labor and humiliation, with regret, and she feels no present rejoicing while the future is open before her—joy, peace, glory, and eternal life.

The other looks backward with shame and remorse, while the present is full of bitter anguish for the world with its riches and beauty, and idolatry, which she is forced to leave to others; and the future to her!—a shroud, a coffin a dark cold grave; and the blackness of doubt and terror which envelope all beyond.

Let me die the death of the Righteous.

A Reformed Drunkard.

A great "experience meeting" was held one evening in S. church where the speakers, as usual, were to be reformed drunkards. An estimable woman whom we will call Alice, was induced to attend. When the meeting was somewhat advanced a large number of Congress arose with apparent sadness and said:—Mr. President, although I had consented at your urgent solicitation, to address this large assembly to-night, yet I have felt so strong a reluctance to do so, that it has been with the utmost difficulty I could drag myself forward. But I had passed my word, I could not violate it. As to relating my experience, that I do not think I can venture upon. The past I dare not recall.—Would to heaven that just ten years of my life were blotted out."

The speaker paused a moment, already much affected. Then resuming in a firmer voice he said:

"But something must be said of my own case, or I shall fail to make that impression on your minds that I wish to produce. Pictures of real life touch the heart with power while abstract presentations of truth glitter coldly in the intellectual regions of the mind, and then fly from the perception, like figures in a dream."

Your speaker once stood among the first members of the bar, in a neighboring State, Nay, more than that—he represented his county three years in the Assembly of this Commonwealth, and more than that still—occupied a seat in Congress for two Congressional periods.

At this announcement the stillness of death pervaded the crowded assembly.

"And yet more than that," he continued, "his voice sinking into a thrilling tone—"he once had a tenderly loved wife and two sweet Children. But all these honors—all these blessings have departed from him,"

he continued, his voice growing louder and deeper in his efforts to control himself. "He was unworthy to retain them! His constituents threw him off because he had debauched himself and disgraced them. And worse than all—she who had loved him devotedly—who had born him two dear babes, was forced to abandon him, and seek an asylum in her father's house.—And why? Could I become so changed in a few short years? What power was there so to abuse me for this, my fellow beings scorned, and even the wife of my bosom turned away heart stricken from me? Alas! my friends, it was a mad indulgence, intoxicating drinks. But for this, I were now an honorable and useful representative in Congress, pursuing after my country's good, and best in the home circle with wife and children.

"But I have not told you all. After my wife separated from me, I sunk rapidly. A state of protracted abstinence brought too many terrible thoughts, I therefore drank more freely, and was more rarely, if ever, under the withering effects of partial intoxication. I remained in the same village for some years but never once saw her during that time—nor a glimpse of my children. At last I became so abandoned in my life, that my wife urged on by her friends no doubt, filed an application for a divorce, and as cause could easily be shown why it should be granted, a separation was legally declared. To complete my disgrace, at the next Congressional caucus, I was left off the ticket, as unfit to represent the district.

"Three years have elapsed since then.—For two years of this period I abandoned myself to the fearful impulse of the appetite I had acquired. Then I heard of this new movement—the great temperance cause.—At first I sneered, then wondered, listened at last, and finally threw myself upon the great wave that was sweeping onward, in hope of being carried by it far out of the reach of danger, and I did not hope with a vain hope. It did for me all I more than I could have dreamed. It set me once more upon my feet—once more made a man of me. A year of sobriety, earnest devotion to my profession, and fervent prayer to Him who alone gives strength in every good resolution, has restored to me much that I have lost—but not all—not my wife and children. Ah! between myself and those the law had hid its stern impassible inter-diction. I have no longer a wife; no longer children; though my heart goes out towards these beloved ones with the tenderest yearnings. Pictures of our early days of wedded love are ever lingering in my imagination. I dream of the sweet fire side circle; I see ever before me the once placid face of my Alice as her eyes looked into my own with intelligent confidence. I feel her arms twine about my neck; the music of her voice is ever sounding in my ear."

Here the speaker's emotions overcame him. His utterance became choked and he stood silent with bowed head and trembling limbs. The dense mass of people were hushed into an oppressive stillness, that was broken here and there by half-titled sobs. At this moment there was a movement in the crowd. A single female figure, before whom a every one appeared instinctively to give way, was seen passing up the aisle.—This was not observed by the speaker, until she had come nearly in front of the platform on which he stood. Then the movement caught his ear, and lifting his eyes, they instantly fell on Alice—for it was she that was pressing onward—she bent forward towards her with sudden uplifted hands and eager eyes, and stood like a statue until she gained the stand and advanced quietly to his side. For a moment the two stood thus the whole audience, thrilled with the scene, were upon their feet and bending forward, when the speaker extended his arms and Alice threw herself upon his bosom with a quick wild gesture.—Thus for the space of a minute they stood—every one fully, by a single intuition, understanding the scene.—One of the ministers then came forward and separated them.

"No, no," said the reformed Congressman "you cannot take her away from me." "Heaven forbid that I should do that replied the minister, "By your confession, she is not your wife." "No, she is not," returned the speaker, mournfully.

"But she is ready to renew her vows again," Alice said, smiling through her tears, that now ranged over her face. Before that large assembly, all standing, and with few dry eyes, was said in a broken voice the marriage ceremony that gave the speaker and Alice to each other. As the minister, an aged man with thin white locks, finished the rite, he laid his hands upon the heads of the two; he had joined in holy bonds, and lifting up his aged eyes that streamed with drops of joy, he said in a solemn voice:

"What God had joined together, let no man put asunder." "Amen," was cried by the whole assembly, as with a single voice.

"Dearly the other day found some money in the street, 'Ah," said he with a knowing look, "the papers have been saying money's tight, but I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't found it in the gutter."

New York Store!

Cheap Bargains to be Made!
Great Cargo of Goods!

The undersigned takes this method to inform the public that they have just returned from New York and Philadelphia, with a CARGO OF GOODS, at which they are now engaged in unpacking, at their old Stand, in West Hamilton Street, next door to the Post Office. They are so full of them that they can please all who may see it proper to give them a call, and such who fail to give them a call, will certainly miss a bargain as a larger assortment of goods never was offered in Allentown. They have adopted the plan of "quick sales with small profits." Farmers, when you come to Allentown, step into the "New York Store" and examine the mountains of goods, and you will save 10 per cent. To name all the goods would be impossible as it would fill the whole paper, we therefore only name the following:

Ladies Dress Goods.

Such as Silks of all qualities and colors, cheaper than ever they were offered in Allentown, Silk Poplins, Alpaccas, Moins de Laines, all qualities of Calicoes, &c., &c.

Shawls! Shawls!

Bay State Shawls by the case, cheaper than ever before offered, also a heavy assortment of other shawls of all colors and styles. In short, all styles of fancy dress goods.

Gentlemen's Eyes Right!

We have also paid some attention to the selection of Goods for your wear. We have a complete assortment of black and fancy colored Clothes, Cassimeres, Suits, Drillings, Vests, &c., fancy Cravats, and all other fancy goods for gentlemen.

MUSLINS!

Their stock of Muslins, Tickings, Checks, Flannels, Manchester Ginghams, &c., is extremely large, and with pleasure are prepared to show them without charge, only give them a call.

GROCERIES.

They have also a full stock of groceries, such as Molasses, Sugar, Coffee, Teas, Spices, Fish, Salt &c., &c.

QUEENSWARE.

Quite a large assortment of fashionable Queensware in full Sets or by the single piece all at the lowest prices.

THEY HAVE ALSO ON HAND

A large assortment of Carpet Cloth, fancy Buckets, Baskets &c., Looking glasses, of all sizes, Carpets of various patterns, and as cheap as can be got in Allentown.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.—All kinds of country produce will be taken in exchange for goods for which the highest market price will be allowed.

They are thankful for past favor, and hope by selling cheap and constantly keeping a full assortment of goods they will in future be able to keep the custom they now have, and be able to add many new ones, which will find them always at the right place.

KERN & KLINE.
September 25, 1851.

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

Church Dedication.

The newly built Union Church in Pennsville, Carbon county, near Dinky's Tavern, will be dedicated in a solemn manner, on Saturday and Sunday the 4th and 5th of October next. A number of well known Ministers of the Gospel will be present on the occasion. Friends of religion are politely invited to be present.

STEPHEN BALLIST, sen.
AARON BALLIST,
CHARLES DINKY,
JOHN DENGLER,
REUBEN HUSSICKER,
Pennsville, Carbon co. Sept. 18,