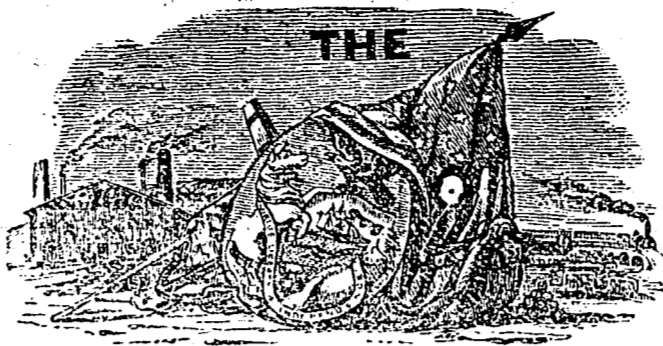


Lehigh



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 VI.

ALLENTOWN, LEHIGH COUNTY, PA., OCTOBER 23, 1851.

NUMBER 3.

THE LEHIGH REGISTER,

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 "Friedensbothe Office."

THE FRANKLIN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY of Philadelphia.

OFFICE, No. 1633 CHESNUT STREET near Fifth street.

Directors:
Charles N. Bancker, Geo. W. Richards, Thomas Hart, Mord. D. Lewis, Tobias Wagner, Adolp. E. Bone, Samuel Grant, David S. Brown, Jacob R. Smith, Morris Patterson.

CONTINUE to make insurance, permanent and limited, on every description of property, in town and country, at rates as low as are consistent with security.

The Company have reserved a large Contingent Fund, which with their Capital and Premiums, safely invested, afford ample protection to the assured.

The assets of the company, on January 1st, 1848, as published agreeably to an Act of Assembly, were as follows, viz:

| | |
|------------------|----------------|
| Mortgages, | \$890,658 65 |
| Real Estate, | 728,358 90 |
| Temporary Loans, | 205,459 00 |
| Stocks, | 15,563 15 |
| Cash, &c., | 46,581 87 |
| | \$1,220,097 67 |

Since their incorporation, a period of eighteen years, they have paid upwards of one million two hundred thousand dollars, losses by fire, thereby affording evidence of the advantages of insurance, as well as the ability and disposition to meet with promptness, all liabilities.

CHARLES N. BANCKER, President.
CHARLES G. BANCKER, Sec'y.

The Subscribers are the appointed Agents of the above mentioned Institution, and are prepared to make insurances on every description of property, at the lowest rates.

AUGUSTUS L. RUHE, Allentown.
G. F. BLECK, Bethlehem.

Allentown, June 18, 1848.

Miscellaneous Selections.

Ambition and Revenge.

"My Dear, what are we to do with our girls?" asked Mrs. Gayland of her husband, one fine evening in May.

"Our girls!" our girls repeated the gentleman in apparent astonishment, "why what's the matter with them?"

"How provoking you are Mr. Gayland, you know very well what I mean!"

"How should I, my dear! Our girls were all well enough at dinner time, I hope nothing has happened to them since."

Mrs. Gayland bit her lips with vexation as she rose to leave the room, but before she had the door her paternal solicitude prevailed against her anger, she seated herself by her husband's side, and said, in her most winning accents:

"But don't you think, my dear, it is time some of our girls were married?"

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" burst from the lips of the old gentleman; "is that all; how relieved I feel!"

"But Mr. Gayland, Kate and Irene (they were twins) are now twenty-two years of age, and, after they are disposed of, there is Lucia and Florette, who are now even old enough to marry."

"Yes, and you forget my sweet Lillie here," said Mr. Gayland, stooping to a pale, sober-looking girl that sat by his side.

A look of contempt was cast on the offensive child by her mother as she answered: "Pshaw! I will keep Lillie to tend the kitchen; she is too homely ever to get a husband."

This was the most unfortunate remark Mrs. Gayland could have made, for Lillie was her father's pet. He loved her better than either of his grown up daughters, and for this reason—she best deserved his love.

Mr. Gayland was a very good tempered man, but one word against his darling child was enough to excite his anger for a long time. On this occasion he jumped up and walked the floor a few minutes, then sitting down and taking Lillie on his knee, he said to his wife in a voice of stern calmness:

"Maria, how can you be so unnatural a mother as to hate your youngest born, because she is weakly and not handsome? I tell you she continued, rising his voice, "her heart and mind are priceless gems in comparison with the vain beauty of Kate, Irene and Lucia. And Florette, were it not for the strong love she bears towards Harvey Leston, would be as heartless as your ambition has made her sisters."

Mrs. Gayland smiled disdainfully, at the conclusion of this speech, but only answered:

"Florette has more sense than you imagine."

Again she turned to leave the room, and again did the thoughts of her daughters bring her to her husband's side.

"Wretches, my grand here was to procure money to take our beautiful girls to Saratoga."

"Yes, to dispose of them I presume."

"Certainly, if I can find suitable matches for them."

"Success attend you," said the husband, literally, as he rose and took from his desk, notes to the amount of a thousand dollars; but stop, Florette is not to go with you."

"No her superior beauty would attract all attention from her sisters. I shall leave her for your protegee, Harvey Leston."

Mrs. Gayland muttered a few angry words as his ambitious wife left the room, then taking his darling Lillie, he caressed her long and lovingly, while the poor, despised child uttered words so wise, so deep, that even the fond father himself was astonished.

"Well, mamma," exclaimed the three oldest girls in a breath, did you succeed?"

"Yes, after preaching me a long sermon about that stupid Lillie, he gave me one thousand dollars."

"Oh, well," said Irene, that is better than I expected, you know he always vowed we should never go."

"Yes, and I suspect the reason why he consents is, that he wishes to be rid of us awhile."

"Am I to go, mamma?" asked Florette.

"No, my child, you must wait till next summer, but you can amuse yourself with Harvey Leston, while we are absent."

"The girls all burst into a merry life.

"Yes, it is so amusing to listen to him sometimes; what a simpleton he is, to think that Florette, with all her beauty, will ever marry him."

"Oh, well," said the beauty, tossing her head, "I shall let him think so, till Harry Berwick gets home, then to finish the sport I shall refer him to papa, and end it all by saying, I was only in jest."

Poor Florette! She was indeed as heartless as her sisters. Harvey Leston, poor fellow, never suspected the plot laid against him; so while mamma and the Misses Gayland coqueted at the springs, papa and Lillie studied in the library, he became the constant companion of the beautiful Florette—anticipated her slightest wishes, and breathed into her ear the soul stirring effusions of youthful genius.

Harvey Leston, despite his boyishness

land awkwardness, was destined for a higher place among earth's nobles; destined to shine the brightest star of the galaxy of genius.

Mr. Gayland loved Harvey as a son. He appreciated the noble qualities of his heart, and it was his earnest wish to see him united to Florette. But such was not the intention of Mrs. Gayland. Florette was her most beautiful child, and she was taught to believe herself at last destined to be the wife of a lord—so while her mother and sisters were enjoying themselves at Saratoga, she was amusing herself by jesting with a most true and faithful heart.

Harvey was not thought rich, but he knew what no one else did—that he was heir to the immense possessions of a bachelor uncle. He wished to be loved for himself alone, and so Florette and her family were kept ignorant of his wealth. Had Harvey told them all, he might have gained Florette, even though he could never be an English lord—but we think he acted wisely in keeping the secret.

Autumn returned, and with it came Mrs. Gayland and her daughters, rejoicing in good fortune. Kate had married a French Count, who had accompanied them home, Irene was engaged to a rich southerner, while Lucia had made rapid progress in the affections of a New York exquisite.

"Well, Florette," said Mrs. Gayland, about a week after her arrival, "how speeds the gallant Mr. Leston in his wooing?"

"He is to ask papa's consent to-night," answered Florette, somewhat sadly. "He will be very much disappointed, I fear; but I cannot think of marrying him after seeing Kate's husband."

"Yes," said Irene, "and Mr. Northfield is much handsomer than the Count."

"And Frederick Augustus Dash is handsomer than either," brawled Miss Lucia.

"But," said Lillie, in a pleading voice, lifting her large dark eyes to the face of Florette, "Harvey is good!"

A torrent of abuse drove the unhappy child to her father's study, and with him she found Harvey Leston.

"Lillie, my love," said her father, "go call Florette."

The child obeyed, and soon returned with her sister, who asked very innocently—

"What do you want of me, papa?"

"I want to congratulate you, my dear child in your happy choice of a husband."

"A husband, papa, what do you mean?"

"The good old gentleman looked first at Harvey, then at his daughter Florette.

"Did you not send Harvey to me?"

"La, pa, was he so foolish as to ask you?"

"In jest," said the young man rising from his seat, and turning deadly pale; and perhaps it was in jest that you have so many times promised to be mine. Speak, Florette, it is so?"

The young girl trembled as she gazed upon his pallid face, yet with a smile she answered:

"Certainly, dear Harvey, I was in jest all the time, and I thought you were also."

Mr. Gayland had listened in stupefied amazement to Florette's heartless confession. He had never imagined that one of the eldest daughters could be guilty of so base an act, much less her whom he believed so pure and guileless. He spoke not, but pointed to the door, as Florette closed it; Harvey fell upon his knees, and the large tears rolled rapidly down his cheeks.

Lillie wept bitterly. She loved Harvey, and throwing his arms around his neck, she whispered:

"Don't cry, Harvey, I'll be your wife."

"These childish words instantly dried up his tears. He pressed her to his heart and answered:

"You will be my own wife, Lillie; you will never leave nor laugh at me, as Florette has done!"

"No, no, no, dear Harvey," sobbed the child, "I will always be your own Lillie."

"Bravo!" exclaimed the old gentleman, who had recovered the use of his tongue, "you shall yet be my son. Harvey, Florette has cruelly wronged you, but don't mind it, we will have our revenge, harmless, though sweet. Harvey, do you really wish me to give you my own sweet Lillie?"

"Yes, sir, she is not beautiful but she has a heart."

"Right, my boy, but she will be handsome when she is as old as Florette. At seventeen, Harvey, she is yours; that allows me five years to educate her, and during that time you must travel. Our plan must be kept a profound secret between us three. Remember, Harvey, when you return, it must be kept incog, and then comes our revenge."

It was even so. In one week Harvey had left the village, and Lillie, much to the astonishment of her mother and sisters, was sent to an excellent female seminary.

Mr. Gayland seldom spoke of Harvey Leston—but when his name was mentioned jeeringly, there would be a smile of deep and quiet meaning playing over his benevolent features.

Summer came round again; and again was Mrs. Gayland, Irene, and Lucia at Saratoga; but Florette was not allowed to go. In vain her mother coaxed—Mr. Gayland

was inexorable. Florette thought it was on account of her youth, but as summer after summer rolled away and found her still at home, she knew it was a punishment, and felt it to be just.

Five years had passed away. Mr. Gayland had been from home a week, and his wife and daughters wondered that he stopped so long.

"Mamma," said Florette, "I should think you would know where he has gone; did he not tell you?"

"No, I asked him and he refused to tell me," said Mrs. Gayland, looking very sour.

"Oh, I can guess," exclaimed Florette, who seemed to be in high spirits, "he has gone to bring his darling Lillie home."

"Strange! the mother had almost forgotten that she had a child, and they a sister."

"Well," said Mrs. Gayland, coldly, "I hope he has, for the chamber-maid is going to leave me, and Lillie can take her place."

"La, mamma," lisped Lucia, "do you think after keeping her five years at—Seminary, papa will allow her to come home and make beds for us?"

Lucia's New York exquisite had described her, and she was now twenty-five.

"We shall see," answered Mrs. Gayland, with a decided air, "but hark, I hear a carriage—it must be your father."

"Yes," said Lucia, looking out of the window, "and there is a lady with him, but it cannot be Lillie, for she looks very handsome."

The door opened—Mr. Gayland entered leading a young and beautiful girl. Advancing towards his wife and daughters, he presented her:

"Maria, your daughter, Lillie; Lucia, Floretta, your sister."

Lillie, with a sweet smile, extended her hand, and notwithstanding an evident coyness on the part of her mother and sisters, she would press her pretty pouting lips to theirs.

"Well, Maria, said Mr. Gayland triumphantly, "do you want Lillie in the kitchen now? or perhaps next summer you would like to exhibit her and Florette at Saratoga."

A bitter smile was the only reply. Mrs. Gayland saw that the poor despised child was beautiful—even more beautiful than Florette; for there was something in the eye of Lillie that spoke of heaven born thought, an expression of lofty purity sat enthroned on her placid brow, while the soft cadence of her voice was sweeter music than the zephyr's harp.

Lillie was divesting herself of her traveling dress, and Florette, instead of assisting her was gazing out upon the lawn. Suddenly she exclaimed, while a slight blush tinged her cheek:

"Papa, look, do you know this gentleman who is approaching? He was introduced here by Mr. Berwick, on the day after you left, and is the most agreeable man I ever met with. He must have travelled over the world, for his knowledge is boundless, and his manners are so distinguished, I am sure he has lived in the best society. At times when he is speaking very earnestly, his voice resembles Harvey Leston's, and sometimes he fixes his eyes upon me just as Harvey used to do."

"Indeed, Florette," answered her father somewhat sadly, "I hope you have not lost your heart. I know the gentleman well, and he is engaged to a young lady of this village."

"Engaged! impossible, papa," said Lucia. "He only visits here, and his eyes are always on Florette; but hark, he rings."

Mr. Gayland himself opened the door and welcomed the gentleman by a hearty shake of the hand; then leading his youngest daughter forward, he said:

"Harvey Leston, this is my daughter Lillie, and your affianced bride."

"The young man gazed upon her face a moment in admiring wonder, then kneeling, he said, as in days gone past:

"You will be my own wife, Lillie—you will never leave nor laugh at me, as Florette has done?"

And again Lillie threw her arms around his neck, and answered with a face of smiles and tears:

"Oh, no, never, dear Harvey, I will always be your own Lillie."

The rage of the mother, the chagrin of Florette, can be better imagined than described. Mr. Gayland noticed them not, but taking the hand of his future son-in-law, he said:

"Arise, our revenge is complete. Maria, your despised child is now superior, in wealth and beauty, to either of your daughters. Florette, there is not a lady in New England that would not be proud to call Harvey Leston her husband. May the lesson you have learned be profitable."

Florette, without visiting Saratoga, gave her hand to Berwick, who had long sought it, but she never looked upon the beloved and honored Harvey Leston, without regretting that she had ever played the dangerous game of sporting with hearts.

"I tell you Susan, that I will commit suicide if you won't have me." "Well, John, as soon as you have given me that proof of affection, I will believe that you love me."

History of the Book of Mormon.

As the *Book of Mormon* or *Golden Bible* (as it was originally called), has excited much attention, and is deemed by a certain new sect of equal authority with the sacred Scriptures, I think it a duty which I owe to the public to state what I know touching its origin.

* * * Solomon Spaulding to whom I was united in marriage in early life was a graduate of Dartmouth College, and was distinguished for a lively imagination and a great fondness for history. At the time of our marriage he resided in Cherry Valley, New York. From this place we removed to New Salem, Ashtabula county, Ohio, sometimes called Conneaut, as it is situated on Conneaut Creek. Shortly after our removal to this place his health sunk and he was laid aside from active labors.

In the town of New Salem there are numerous moulds and forts supposed by many to be the dilapidated dwellings and fortifications of a race now extinct. These ancient relics arrest the attention of the new settlers, and become objects of search for the curious. Numerous implements were found and other articles evincing great skill in the arts. Mr. Spaulding being an educated man and passionately fond of history took a lively interest in these developments of antiquity; and in order to beguile the hours of retirement and furnish employment for his imagination, he conceived the idea of giving an historical sketch of this long lost race. Their extreme antiquity led him to write in the most ancient style, and as the Old Testament is the most ancient book in the world, he imitated its style as nearly as possible. His sole object in writing this imaginary history was to amuse himself and his neighbors. This was about the year 1812. Hull's surrender at Detroit occurred near the same time, and I recollect the date well from circumstance. As he progressed in his narrative his neighbors would come in occasionally to hear portions read, and a great interest in the work was excited among them. It claimed to have been written by one of the lost nation, and to have been recovered from the earth, and assumed the title of "Manuscript Found."

The neighbors would often inquire how Mr. Spaulding progressed in deciphering the manuscript and when he had a sufficient portion prepared he would inform them and they would assemble to hear it read. He was enabled, from his acquaintance with the classics and ancient history, to introduce many singular names which were particularly noticed by the people, and could be easily recognized by them. Mr. Solomon Spaulding had a brother, Mr. John Spaulding residing in the place at the time, who was perfectly familiar with the work, and repeatedly heard the whole of it read. From New Salem, we removed to Pittsburg, in Pennsylvania. Here Mr. Spaulding found a friend and acquaintance in the person of Mr. Patterson, an editor of a newspaper. He exhibited his manuscript to Mr. Patterson who was much pleased with it, and borrowed it for perusal. He retained it for a long time, and informed Mr. Spaulding that if he would make out a title page, and preface he would publish it, and it might be a source of profit. This Mr. Spaulding refused to do. Sidney Rigdon, who has figured so largely in the history of the Mormons was at that time connected with the printing office of Mr. Patterson as is well known in that region, and as Rigdon himself has frequently stated, became acquainted with Mr. Spaulding manuscript, and copied it. It was a matter of notoriety and interest to all connected with the printing establishment. At length the manuscript was returned to its author, and soon after we removed to Amity, Washington county, &c., where Mr. Spaulding deceased in 1816. The manuscript then fell into my hands and was carefully preserved. It has frequently been examined by my daughter, Mrs. McKenstry, of Mouson, Massachusetts, with whom I now reside, and by other friends. After the book of Mormon came out a copy of it was taken to New Salem, the place of Mr. Spaulding's former residence, and the very place where the manuscript found was written. A woman preacher appointed a meeting there, and in the meeting read and repeated copious extracts from the book of Mormon. The historical part was immediately recognized by the older inhabitants as the identical work of Mr. Spaulding, in which they had all been so deeply interested years before, and recognised perfectly well the work of his brother. He was amazed and afflicted that it should have been prevented or so wicked a purpose. His grief found vent in a flood of tears, and he arose on the spot and expressed to the meeting his sorrow and regret that the writings of his deceased brother should be used for a purpose so vile and shocking. The excitement in New Salem became so great that the inhabitants had a meeting, and deputed Dr. Philastus Hurlbut, one of their number, to repair to this place, and to obtain from me the original manuscript of Mr. Spaulding, for the purpose of comparing it with the Mormon Bible, to satisfy their own minds, and to prevent their friends from embracing an error so delusive. This was in the year 1834. Dr. Hurlbut brought with him an

introduction and request for the manuscript, which was signed by Messrs. Henry Lake, Anron Wright and others, with all of whom I was acquainted, as they were my neighbors when I resided in New Salem. I am sure that nothing would grieve my husband more, were he living, than the use which has been made of his work. The air of antiquity which was thrown about the composition doubtless suggested the idea of converting it to the purposes of delusion. Thus an historical romance, with the addition of a few pious expressions, and extracts from the sacred Scriptures, has been chafstrued into a new Bible, and palmed off upon a company of poor deluded fanatics as Divine.

The Mormons; or Latter Day Saints.

Danger of Electioneering.

The *Picayune* rejoices in the possession of a live Yankee as a correspondent, who having wandered as far south as Louisiana peddling notions, has settled down somewhere in Caddo county, or some other undiscovered region of the State, and there concluded to run for Congress. The following extract of a letter to the editor of the *Picayune*, describing one of his electioneering tours, is a specimen of the luck he had in this delightful business:

"Well I put up with a first-rate good natured fellow that met at a billiard table. I went in that, and was introduced to his wife, a fine fat woman, who looked as though she lived on laffin, her face was so full of fun. After a while—after we had talked about my gal, and about the weather, and so on, in came three or four children, laffin and skipping as merry as crickets. There wasn't no candle lit, but I could see they were fine looking fellers, and I started for my saddle bags, in which I had put a lot of sugar candy for the children, as I went along.

Come here, said I, come here you little rogue, and tell me what your name is.—The oldest came up to me—and says he: "My name is Peter Smith, Sir."

"And what's your name, sir," said I.

"Bob Smith, Sir."

The next said his name was Bill Smith, and the fourth said his name was Tommy Smith.—Well, I gave them sugar candy and old Mrs. Smith was tickled that she laughed all the time. Mr. Smith looked on, but didn't say much.

"Why," says I, Mrs. Smith, I wouldn't take a good deal for them four boys, if I had 'em, they're so beautiful and sprightly."

"No says she, laffin, 'I set a good deal of store by 'em, but we spoil 'em too much."

"Oh no," says I, "they're real well behaved children, and gracious," says I, pretending to be startled by a sudden idea of a striking resemblance between them boys and their father, and I looked at Mr. Smith, "I never did see nothin' equal it," says I, "your eyes mouth, forehead, a perfect picture of you, sir," says I, tuppin the oldest of the past.—I thought Mrs. Smith would have died a laffin at that; her arms fell down by her side, and her head fell back, and she shook the whole house laffin.

"Do you think so, Col. Jones?" says she, and she looked toward Mr. Smith, and I thought she would go off in a fit.

"Yes," says I, "I do really think so."

"Ha, ha, ha—how-w?" says Mr. Smith, kinder half laffin, "you are too hard on me now, with your jokes."

"I aint joking at all," says I, they're handsome children, and they look wonderfully like you."

Just then a gal brought in a light, and I'll be darned if the little brats didn't turn out to be mulattoes every one of 'em, and their hair was curly as the blackest niggers."

Mr. and Mrs. Smith never had any children and they sort of patted 'em as play things. I never felt so streaked as I did when I seen how things stood. If I hadn't kissed the little nasty things, I could a got over it; but kisser on 'em showed that I was in afix, (thought I was soft soppin in 'em all the time), and how to get out of the scrape I didn't know. Mrs. Smith luffed so hard when she saw how I was confused that she almost suffocated. A little while afterwards there was a whole family of relations arrived from the city, and turned the matter off; but next morning I could see Mr. Smith didn't like the remembrance of what I said and I don't believe he'll vote for me when election comes on. I expect Mr. Smith kept the old fellow under that joke for some time.

How to Spoil a Girl.—Tell her she is a "little lady," and must not run, and make her a sunbonnet a yard deep to keep her from tanning. Do not let her play with her boy cousins. They are too rudo."

"Tell her not to speak loud, it is so masculine; and that loud laughing is quite ungentle. Teach her music, but never mind her spelling.—Give her ear-rings at six years of age; and teach her to set "her cap" for the beaux at eleven. And, after your painstaking she does not grow up a simpering, unreflexing nobody, that cannot answer a love-letter without some smart old aunt to help her giver up—she is past all remedy.

EXCELLENT.—Punch says, an astronomer being asked what the use an eclipse was replied—"Oh, I don't know. It gives the sun time for reflection."

Bigler has Come. Hurrah!

AND SO HAS
Samson, Wagner & Co.
NEW GOODS AT THE
Peoples' Store, Cheaper than ever.

Their new stock is complete and comprises every variety, style, quality and price, that can be found in this vicinity.

They have been selected with great care and cannot fail to please if seen. So ladies have the kindness to give us a call and they shall be shown to you with our best graces.

Gents. Our stock of Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Sateenets, &c., is complete and worthy of your immediate attention; so just step in and let us have your measure and we are bound to give you fits.

In the *clothing line* we defy
COMPETITION
for we have in our employ one of the best cutters in the county. *Our motto is no fit no pay.*

READY MADE CLOTHING.
We have a large assortment comprising
200 Pants from 75 to \$10.00
250 Vests " 50 " 6.00
100 Frock, Dress & Sack coats \$2 to 30.00
75 Over coats from 5.00 to 20.00
and Roundabouts, Shirts, Drawers, &c., without number.

Come all of you who are in want of cheap clothing and give us a call. We also hold ourselves in readiness to cut or make jobs to order, upon the shortest notice and upon the most reasonable terms.

October 2, 1851. 1-1v

GROCERIES.

A fresh supply, just received and at reduced prices at the Peoples' Store by
SAMSON, WAGNER & CO.

HAMS.
A Hhd. sugar cured Hams for sale by
SAMSON, WAGNER & CO.

MACKEREL.
No. 12 & 3 new mackerel in whole, half and quarter bbls. for sale by
SAMSON, WAGNER & CO.

CROCKERY.
A large assortment of Glass and Queensware, just unpacked and for sale by
SAMSON, WAGNER & CO.
October 2, 1851. 1-1v