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FOR FARMER AND MECHANIC.

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

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BY AUGUSTUS L. RUBE,
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 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 "Friedensbote Office."

Eagle Hotel,
 No. 139, North Third Street,
 BETWEEN RACE AND VINE,
 PHILADELPHIA.
 DAVID STEIN, Proprietor.
 This gentleman takes great pleasure to inform his friends and the public in general, that he has taken the above named well-known and deservedly popular
EAGLE HOTEL,
 situate in the most business part of the city, which he has refitted with entirely new Furniture and Bedding of a superior quality.
 The house has also been renovated and improved in a manner, which will compare favorably with the first class Hotels in the city, and cannot fail to give satisfaction to those who may patronize the establishment.
 His TABLE will always be supplied with the choicest and most wholesome provisions the market affords, and his BAR with the purest and best liquors. The stabling belonging to his house, is good and extensive, and will be supplied with the best provender, and attended by careful hostlers.
 Nothing in short, shall be left undone to make his Guests comfortable, and he flatters himself that by strict attention to business, he will merit and receive a liberal share of public encouragement.
 Philadelphia, December 1, 1852. 1-6m

TRIAL LIST,
 For May Term 1853.
 1 John Vliet vs Edward Dawald,
 2 John L. Hoffman & Broth's vs Thomas Yeager.
 3 W. F. Brown vs the same.
 4 W. F. Brown vs the same.
 5 Catharine Grim vs Henry Snyder.
 6 Ephraim Meyer & others vs Geisinger & Wittman.
 7 William J. Kaul vs Solomon Fogel.
 8 Valentine Geist vs Samuel & Catharine Shaffer.
 9 Catharine Weaver vs Jesse Weaver.
 10 Commissioners of Lehigh Co. vs. John Rice & others.
 11 Jonathan Dewald vs Fred. W. Nagel.
 12 Waterman & Young vs. Sol. Fogel.
 13 James Shaffer vs Thomas Wieder.
 14 Sebastian & Philip Bladde vs George Shaller, jr.
 15 William Mink vs Reuben Mink.
 16 Reuben Mink vs Nicholas & William Mink.
 17 Ferdinand Berkemeyer vs Daniel Rex.
 18 Moses M. Jones vs Edmund Morris.
 19 Levi Haas vs John Hoff jr.
 20 George Kerschner vs Peter Roth.
 21 George Wadsworth vs Stephen Hills jr. & others.
 22 Jonas George vs Henry & Solomon Dorney.
 23 Martin Marx vs Zimmerman & Werly.
 24 Christian Sterns use vs Stern, Zimmerman, & Sieger.
 F. E. SAMUELS, Proth'y.
 April, 6. 1-4w

Spring Millinery Goods.
 JOHN STONE & SONS,
 IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
FRENCH MILLINERY GOODS,
 No. 45 South Second Street,
 Philadelphia.
 HAVING received by late arrivals a large and well selected assortment of
SPRING MILLINERY GOODS,
 are now prepared to offer their customers, at the lowest market prices—
 Glace Silks for Bonnets,
 Fancy Bonnet and Cap Ribbons,
 French and American Artificial Flowers,
 Crapes, all colors,
 Fancy Nets and Laces,
 Together with every article appertaining to the Millinery trade.
 Philadel. March, 9. 1853. 1-3m

Poetical Department.

Female Resolution.

No! I will never see him more,
 Since thus he likes to roam,
 And when his cab stops at the door,
 John say—I'm not at home!
 He smiled last night when Julia smiled,
 (They must have met before.)
 If thus by her he is beguiled,
 I'll never see him more!
 I'll sing no more the songs he loved,
 Nor play the waltzes o'er;
 Nor wear the colors he approved,
 I'll never please him more!
 I'll conquer soon love's foolish flame,
 As thousands have before,
 Look strange when'er I hear his name,
 And ne'er pronounce it more!
 The plait of hair I must resign,
 That next my heart I wore;
 He too must yield that tress of mine,
 He stole when truth he swore!
 The miniature I used to trace,
 And feel romantic o'er,
 I'll tear from his morocco case,
 And never kiss it more!
 This ring his gift—I must return,
 (It makes my finger sore.)
 Then there's his letters—those I'll burn,
 And trample on the floor!
 His sonnet that my album graced,
 (My tears thus blot it o'er),
 The leaves together thus I'll paste,
 And ne'er behold it more!
 I'll waltz and flirt with Ensign G—,
 (Though waltz oft a bore!)
 In short I'll show my heart is free,
 And sigh for him no more!
 If we should meet, his eye shall shrink,
 My scornful glance before;
 God that's his knock! here, John, I think,
 I'll see him just—once more!

The Dead.

The dead are everywhere!
 The mountain side, the plain, the woods profound,
 All the wide earth—the fertile and the fair,
 Is one vast burial ground!
 Within the populous street,
 In solitary homes, in places high,
 In pleasure domes, where pomp and luxury meet,
 Men bow themselves to die.
 The old man at his door,
 The unwearied child murmuring in wordless song,
 The bondman and the free, the rich, the poor,
 All—all to death belong!
 The sunlight glides the walls
 Of kindly sepulchres enwrought with brass;
 And the long shadow of the cypress falls
 Athwart the common grass.
 The living of gone time
 Builded their glorious cities by the sea,
 And awful in their greatness and sublime,
 As if no change could be.
 There was the eloquent tongue:
 The poet's heart; the sage's soul was there;
 And loving children with their woman young,
 The faithful and the fair.
 They were, but they are not;
 Sun's rose and set, and earth put on her bloom,
 Whilst man, submitting to the common lot,
 Went down into the tomb.
 And still amid the wrecks
 Of mighty generations passed away,
 Earth's honest growth, the fragrant wild flower
 decks
 The tomb of yesterday.
 And in the twilight deep,
 Go veiled women forth, like her who went,
 Sister of Lazarus, to the grave to weep:
 To breathe the low lament.
 The dead are everywhere;
 Where'er is love, or tenderness, or faith;
 Where'er is power, pomp, pleasure, pride where'er
 Life is or was, is death.

Miscellaneous Selections.

Only a Country Girl.
 "You are mistaken. I would sooner die than wed a mere country beauty."
 "But Fred, suppose her intelligent, moral, full of nature's poetry—tender-hearted, graceful, unspoiled by adulation—a guileless, simple, loving creature—"
 "Aye!" said Fred, laughing, "a choice cluster of virtues and graces. Country beauties are always sweet and simple, so are country cows. No! I tell you if she was lovely as an angel, with the best sense in the world, still, if unskilled in music and literature, with no soul above churning and knitting needles, I wouldn't marry her for a fortune."
 "Ha, ha," laughed Helen Irving! but it was a very pianissimo laugh, away down in the corner of her musical little heart. Hidden by the trunk of a large tree, she sat reading within a few feet, only of the agitated; another moment the young men came within sight. Fred's face was crimson, and he whispered in visible trepidation, "do you think she heard?"
 "No," rejoined the other half audibly "she shows no resentment; she has not even looked up from her book, you are safe, she could not have heard you—but what an angel she is!"
 Yes, Helen was an angel as far as outward beauty might merit the encomium. She sat half reclining, on a rustic seat, striving to smooth out the dimples in her cheeks, as she laid her book aside, and began to twine a half finished wreath of wild roses.
 Leaning on one white arm, the gnarled oak trunk a back ground, flowers strewn around her, peeping from her bright locks, and scattered over her white dress—she sat quite at her ease, apparently unaware that two handsome young gentlemen were so very near.
 Approaching with a low bow, upon which his mirror had set the seal of faultless elegance, Frederick Lane took the liberty of asking if the young lady would be kind enough to inform him where a Mr. Irving lived.
 With an innocent smile the beauty looked up. "Mr. Irving! the only Mr. Irving in the village is my father," she said, rising in a charmingly graceful manner. "The large house," she continued, "on high ground, half hidden by trees and thick shrubbery—that's where we live. I believe it was an academy once—that's a sort of select school isn't it?" with the most natural simplicity, turning to Fred.
 He replied with another graceful bow. "Tell your father," said he, "that I shall do myself the honor to call on him to-morrow." He will remember me—Frederick Lane, at your service.
 "Yes, sir, I'll tell him word for word," replied Helen, tucking her sleeve round her pretty arm, and making rather a formal courtesy. Then catching up her book and gathering the scattered flowers, she hurried towards home.
 "Now father, mother, aunt and sis," exclaimed the merry girl bounding into the room where the family were at supper, "as sure as you and I live, that Mr. Lane you all talk about so much is in this village. He will call here to-morrow—the first proper specimen of a city beau; (as of course he will be) all sentiment, refinement, faultless in kids, and spotless in dickey—important and as self-assured as one of that ilk can possibly be.
 Promise me, all of you that you'll not slip a word about music, reading, or writing, in my presence—because I have a plan. Father will not, I know, only giving him a newspaper. Aunt Minnie never talks, I mean in company, and mother will be too glad to see me churn butter and mend stockings. Sis, your rattle of a tongue is the only thing I fear, but if you keep quiet and ask me no questions, I will give you that work box you have coveted so long."
 "Ella, you are not quite respectful," said her father, gravely.
 "Forgive me, dear father," and her arms were folded about his neck, "I always mean well, but I'm so thoughtless! There all is right now," she added, kissing him lovingly on the temple.
 Come, sis, what say you?
 "Why, on that condition, I'll be still as a mouse; but what's your reason?"
 "Ah! that's my own," sang Helen, dancing out of the room.
 "You knit admirably," and Fred looked on with an unconscious smile of admiration.
 Helen sat at an open window, through which rose bushes thrust their blushing buds, making both sweet shade and fragrance. The canary over-head, burst out every moment in wild snatches of glorious music—Helen was at work on a long, blue stocking, nearly finished, and her fingers flew like snow-birds.
 "You knit admirably; are you fond of it?"
 "Yes quite. I like it better than—than anything else—that is—I mean—I can churn very well."
 "And do you read much?" Fred's glances had travelled from the corners of his eyes over every table, shelf, and corner, in search of some book or paper. But not a page, not a leaf, yellow or green, repaid his search.
 "What books I permit me to ask."
 "I read the bible a good deal," she answered gravely.
 "Is that all?"
 "All of course not; and yet, what do we not find in that holy volume? History, poetry, eloquence, romance—the most thrilling paths—Blushing and recollecting herself, she added, with a manner as childish as it had been dignified—
 "As for other books—let me see. I've got in my library—first, there's the primer, (counting on her fingers) second class reader, Robinson Crusoe, nursery tales, fairy stories, two or three elements of something, biographies, king Richard the third—there isn't that a good assortment?"
 Fred smiled.
 "Perhaps I don't know quite as much as those who have been to school more," she added, as if disappointed at his mute rejoinder; "but in making bread, churning butter, and keeping house, I'm not to be outdone."
 The young man left her more in pity than in love, but his visits did not always so re-

sult. He began to feel a magnetic attraction which he vainly attributed to Helen's beauty, but the truth is, her sweet artlessness of character, engaging manners, and gentle disposition, quite won upon the city bred and aristocratic Fred Lane. There was a freshness and refinement about every thing she said and did. She perplexed as well as delighted him.
 Often, as he was wondering how some homely expression would be received in good society, some beautiful sentiment would suddenly drop like a pearl, from her lips, not more remarkable for originality than brilliancy.
 "If I should fall in the snare," thought he, "I can educate her. It would be worth trying."
 It was useless to combat with his passion; so at last he fell at Helen's feet (figuratively speaking) and confessed his love.
 "I care not, Helen, only be mine;" was his invariable answer to her exclamations of unworthiness; how she should appear in fashionable society, &c. &c.
 They were married—had returned from their wedding tour, and at the expiration of the honeymoon Fred was more in love than ever. At a grand entertainment given by relatives of the bridegroom, Helen looked most beautiful. Her husband did not insist that she should not depart from her simplicity, and indeed, without jewels or laces, with only that fresh white robe simple snash of blue, and ornaments of fair moss roses, she was the most lovely creature in the room.
 As she entered the great saloon, blazing with light, her heart failed her. "Shall I love him so dearly," she asked herself, "if I find that he is ashamed of me? I cannot bear the thought; but should he overcome all conventional notions then have I a husband worthy to be honored—then shall he be proud of his wife."
 How she watched him as he presented her to one and another!
 "Simple," whispered a magnificent looking girl, resplendent with diamonds, as she curbed her lip and passed by. The observation escaped neither Helen nor her husband. She looked at him. He smiled a lover's smile, and only drew her closer to his side. Many in that brilliant gathering pitied "poor Fred," wondered why he had martyred himself on the shrine of ignorant rusticity.
 But he, oh joy! he seemed only to love her the more as she clung to his arm so timidly. His noble face expressed the pride he truly felt; he looked as if he would have swept back the scorners with one motion of his hand, had they ventured one word too high on the shore of his pride. He seemed to excuse every look, every word not in strict conformity to etiquette—and Helen's heart beat high; tears came to her eyes, when she thus felt how noble a heart she had won.
 The young bride, stood near her husband, talking in a low tone, when a new comer appeared. She was a beautiful, slightly formed creature, with haughty features, and ill-concealed scorn lurked in her great brilliant eyes, whenever she glanced towards Helen. Once she had held sway over the heart of Fred, and hearing who he had married, she fancied her hour of triumph had come.
 "Do you suppose she knows anything?" said a low voice near her.
 Helen's eyes sparkled—her fair brow flushed indignantly. She turned to her husband. He was gone—speaking at a little distance with a friend.
 Presently Marion Summers turned towards her.
 "Do you play, Miss Lane?" she asked; there was a mocking tone in her voice.
 "A little," answered Helen, her cheek burning.
 "And sing?"
 "A little," was the calm reply.
 "Then do favor us," she exclaimed looking askance at her companions; come! I myself will lead you to the instrument."
 Hark! whose masterly touch? Instantly was the half-spoken word arrested—the cold ears and haughty heads were turned in listening surprise. Such Melody! Such correct intonation! such breadth, depth, and vigor of touch—who is it? she plays like an angel.
 And again hark! A voice rolls; A flood of melody, clear, powerful, passing sweet—astonishment paints many a fair cheek a deeper scarlet. There is a silence—unbroken as the silvery tones float up.
 Eye! care I not for cold neglect.
 Though tears unbidden start;
 And scorn is but a bitter word.
 Save when it breaks the heart.
 If one be true—
 If one be true—
 The world may careless be,
 Since I may only keep thy love,
 And tell my grief to thee.
 "Glorious voice," said Fred to his friend who with the rest had paused to listen, "who can it be?"
 The words were suddenly arrested on his lips. She had turned from the piano, and the unknown was his own wife.
 "I congratulate you, Fred, said the young man at his side, but he spoke to marble. The

color had left his cheek, as he walked slowly towards her.
 If he was speechless with amazement, so was not she. A rich bloom mantled her cheeks—triumph made her eyes sparkle as they never did before—they flashed like diamonds. A crowd gathered to compliment her. In graceful acknowledgment she blended wit and humor. "How well she talks!" "who would have thought it?"—Fred's little wife—he has found a treasure," were whispered round the room.
 Meanwhile Frederick Lane Esq. stood like one enchanted, while his poor little rustic wife quoted books and authors with perfect abandon—admired this one, commended that A sedate-looking student lost himself in a Latin quotation—Helen smilingly finished it and received a look eloquent with thanks—Box mors, repartee, language rich in fancy and imagery, fell from her beautiful lips, as if she had just received a touch from some fairy wand.
 Still Fred walked by her side like one in a dream—pressed his hands over his bewildered sight to be sure of his senses, when he saw her bending a breathing vision of loveliness, over the harp—her full arm leaning on its golden strings—here again that rich voice, now plaintive with some tender memory rise and fall in sweet and sorrowful cadence.
 "Tell me," said he, when once alone with her, "what does this mean? who are you I feel like one awaking from a dream."
 "Only a country girl," said Helen, gravely, then falling into her husband's arms, she exclaimed, "Forgive me; I am that very little rustic that you would die rather than wed. Are you sorry you married me?"
 "Sorry, my glorious, wife! but, Elly, you could not surely deceive me. Did I not understand that you had never—"
 "Been at an academy," she broke in, "never took a music lesson—never was taught how to sing—all true. And yet I am all you see me to-night—myself my own teacher—with labor and diligence, I trust I am worthy to be the wife of one so good and exalted as I find my husband to be."
 Reader, wouldn't you and I like to be there just now, and here her story; she laughing between smiles, her pretty face all dimples, as she tells him how she banished piano, books, harp, portfolio, music, all in an empty room by themselves, and locked the door, leaving them to seclusion and dust—while the little country girl, without any very deep planned scheme, succeeded in convincing a well-bred city gentleman, that he could marry a charming rustic, even if her fingers were more familiar with churn and knitting needles, than the piano or the harp.

First Visit to the Theatre
 Aunt Deborah, or aunt Debby, as we used to call her, was an old maid—a fact which she studiously sought to conceal, and a good old maid was she. Now, aunt Debby, though a good woman, did not possess any of that straight laced puritanism so common with those who have outlived the season of enjoyment. Well once upon a time—it was soon after the theatre was built at Nashville—a crack company made their bow on the boards, before a tremendous house, and the whole town was in commotion in consequence of the wonderful performance of old B—. Aunt Debby had never been to the theatre, but all at once an earnest desire to witness a play seized the good old soul, the announcement of which filled the whole household with unqualified dismay; for my sisters, though devoted to aunt Debby, did not at all relish the idea of having the good lady, with her quaint attire, as a chaperone in so fashionable a crowd as was wont to meet at the theatre; but her word was law with us, and I was less surprised than chagrined to hear her express her determination to see the play that evening. At length the hour for going to the theatre arrived, and Aunt Debby emerged from her room, dressed in a style which was decidedly of revolutionary origin, and although it might have been deemed the "tip of the ton" at that day, certainly did not come up to the fashionable mark of the period of our story. Her head dress, the most striking feature of the whole, was of itself a real curiosity, fold after fold of lace and muslin, in alternate layers, being piled one on the other, until it presented an appearance closely approximating to that of the headgear of the Royal grenadiers. Upon seeing this apparition, poor Sue and Lizzie fairly sickened with horror, while I was so much struck with the novelty of the wonderful cap, that for a few moments I entirely lost sight of the very ludicrous position I was destined to occupy that evening as her escort; I was suddenly called to a full appreciation of my responsibility by Aunt Debby.
 "Pater," said she "I don't wonder at your admiration, for when I first appeared, thirty-three years ago, in this cap, at a grand ball in Raleigh, it was the envy of all the women, and the admiration of all the men, and I am glad to see that you are so much pleased to have your aunt appear in a dress so well calculated to her credit. But let us go, Peter or we may be too late."
 "Oh, aunt," cried both the girls, "you surely are not going to wear that cap, are you? Please, aunt, let us get that nice one

you wore to church last Sunday, it is far more becoming; really aunt, this one is out of date."
 "Bless my soul! out of date?" answered she, "why, I reckon I will be out of date next. Out of date, indeed! that's what comes of letting girls think for themselves; a pretty pass surely, when my cap is called out of date!" and the old lady ran on until the girls finally made up their minds to say no more, only hoping that Aunt Debby would make no more mistakes that evening, for the good soul, in her simplicity, had acquired a wonderful faculty that way.
 At length we reached the theatre, and gained our box with but one accident, which was, that Aunt Debby, in entering the door of the stall, (which was never designed with a view to the entrance of such bodies), had nearly knocked off her "shako," a mishap which elicited from her no other remark than her accustomed "Bless my soul!"
 Our entrance was the signal for sundry movements and remarks in the pit, which did not fail to escape our eyes and ears; the "Mount Ararat," "Noah's Ark," "Old Sugar Loaf," and such like expressions comprising the staple of their remarks while all eyes were turned upon us, some in amazement, others in ridicule, all of which was set down by our good aunt as a very decided expression of admiration; an opinion from which we dissented most strenuously in silence.
 An old gentleman opposite, possessed of an opera glass, levelled it with great care, and precision at the wonderful head dress, an act which greatly alarmed the old lady, who having never seen such a thing before, was firmly convinced that the man was insane, and only taking aim preparatory to discharging a double barrelled pistol at her. By dint of earnest and long persuasion, I at length succeeded in allaying her lively apprehensions of personal harm, not, however, until the entire house had caught an inkling of the merits of the case, and had expressed their hearty appreciation of it by a general laugh. The poor girls hid their blushing faces behind their fans, and I verily believe would have died from the effect of excessive mortification, had not the curtain suddenly arisen, and the play (which was Macbeth) commenced—all eyes were at once directed, of course to the stage—among the rest Aunt Debby's and in the midst of the noisy applause which greeted the entrance of the actors, I could distinctly hear her exclaim: "Well, I never did; who would have thought folks'd have the impertinence to show their legs in that way!"
 However, all went off well until the death scene, up to that time Aunt Debby had been so engrossed with the interest of the play, that she had totally forgotten, (to my great satisfaction) to make a single remark. Then as Macbeth, on whose face were delineated all the terrible passions which filled his heart, leaned over his sleeping victim with dagger poised in air, all the benevolent feelings of Aunt Debby's nature, for which she was universally remarked, and all that energy of purpose no less peculiar to her at times, moved within her with inexpressible force, and suddenly rising from her seat, and seizing me, she exclaimed in her shrillest tones, "Oh, Peter, help! help! Oh, Mr. Duncan," (addressing the sleeping King) "look out—git up!" and then pointing her finger at the astonished Macbeth, exclaimed, "Ain't you ashamed to sneak on a fellow creature in that way, and try to assassinate him, you ugly man you?"
 These expressions, spoken in all the earnestness and intensity of Aunt Debby's nature, electrified Macbeth, caused the sleeping Duncan to open his eyes in amazement, and then to join in the general laugh which filled the whole house. My feelings can be better imagined than described; how I grabbed Aunt Debby, how I rushed from the house with that estimable lady, while the girls, like a couple of tenders to a locomotive, followed by my wate, how I humped myself through the streets, and how, faint and sick at heart, I reached the parental roof, are all mysteries to me to this day; but how I felt awfully mean, excessively mortified, and most outrageously horrified, are matters of stern reality now, and ever will be.
 The next morning I suddenly found it necessary to leave home, and would have been particularly delighted with an embassy to the Fejee Islands. The poor girls were confined to their room, and refused to see company for a month, while Aunt Debby, to her dying day, firmly believed that she saved Duncan's life, but to our great relief, never after expressed a desire to revisit the theatre.
 "Do you believe in second love, Mither McQuinde?" "Do I believe in second love?" "Hump if a man buys a pound of sugar ins'it sweet and when its gone don't he want another pound? and isn't that pound sweet to?" "Proth, Murphy, I believe in second love."
 "Devotion—Standing on to your knees, in slush singing songs to a bed room window. We witnessed such a scene lately."
 "Foote, being scolded by a lady, said: 'I have heard of tarter and brimstone; you are the cream of one and the flower of the other.'"