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Poetical Department.

(From Gleason's Pictorial.)

The Bloom in Heaven.

Three tender buds, all nursed with care,
 Were blooming in the summer air;
 When lo! the fairest, sweetest gem,
 Was plucked from off its tiny stem,
 And borne by angel hands on high,
 To bloom more sweet in yonder sky!

Two lonely buds, so soon bereft,
 Were all their parents now left;
 They grew in beauty, side by side,
 Their father's hope, their mother's pride,
 And seemed unfolding, day by day,
 New charms to cheer their earthly way.

When lo! another angel hand
 Reached forth from out the seraph band,
 And plucked the bud so sweet and fair,
 That earliest claimed her mother's care;
 And bore aloft that earthly flower,
 To bloom again in heaven's bower!

One little bud—a dearer prize,
 Alone remains to cheer their eyes;
 The others, far in yonder clime,
 Will feel no more the life of time,
 But now beneath their Saviour's beam,
 They bloom beside the crystal stream!

Then, weeping parents! dry those tears!
 Mourn never, but calm thy fears;
 Far sweeter ties bind thee above,
 Than ever claimed thy earthly love;
 Two angels clad in garments bright!
 Watch thee now from realms of light!

GIRLHOOD.

Ah! girlhood, joyous girlhood,
 How transient is thy stay!
 The dew-drop, from the opening bud,
 Steals not so soon away.
 Thy tears are but as April showers
 That melt in rainbow light;
 Thy smiles are like the morning flowers,
 Fast fading, but how bright!

Ah! girlhood, merry girlhood,
 What is there like to thee?
 A bird, that pants for sunny fields
 Beyond its sheltering tree.
 Half poised for flight, one wishful thrill
 Upon the air it flings.
 Then nestles, with a frightened thrill,
 Beneath its mother's wings.

Tis well for thee, bright girlhood,
 Thine is no prophetic ken,
 To read, on life's unopened leaves,
 The ways of evil men.
 Then would the night of coming time
 Thy present sunshine dim;
 And thy light laughter's tuneful chime
 Become a wailing hymn.

Yet, girlhood, artless girlhood,
 Thou, too, must needs beware,
 For in thy teary covert oft
 The Fowler lays his snare,
 And if by virtue guided not
 From youth's sequestered dell,
 There is in all the world no spot
 Where joy with thee may dwell.

A blessing on thee, girlhood!
 Be happy, and be pure!
 For purity's white plumes are charmed
 Against the tempter's lure;
 Nor droop, with shivering dread to feel
 Life's ruffling blasts of wrong;
 In willing strife for other's weal
 The woman's heart grows strong!

Miscellaneous Selections.

The Mysterious Lodger.

"Why, you have had a fire here, my good woman!" exclaimed the fashionable Colonel Dashwood, of the guards, as he sprang hastily from the handsome travelling carriage, which had drawn up amidst a crowd of people assembled before the blackened and still smouldering ruins of a house in the principal street of the little village of Eveleigh.

"Fire, indeed! yes," replied the old woman thus addressed, curtseying respectfully,

as the gentleman rapidly mounted the stone steps leading into the house, inquiring at the same time, if Miss Temple had left, and where she was to be found?

"Miss Temple, sir!" stammered Mrs. Brown with a bewildered look.

"Yes, yes, my good woman," repeated the colonel, impatiently; "the lady who was lodging here—where is she?"

"Are you a friend of that lady's, sir?" inquired the woman, inquisitively.

"Yes, a friend—one whom she expects," replied Colonel Dashwood, with a slight embarrassment.

"Miss Temple, sir," rejoined his new acquaintance, solemnly, "is now beyond the reach of any expectations—she is dead!"

"Dead! woman, you are mad! It was but yesterday I saw her," he interrupted, turning deadly pale.

"No, sir," calmly continued old Mrs. Brown. "I am not mad, the Lord be praised! What I tell you is the truth—the lady calling herself Miss Temple was taken this morning from the ruins of her bedroom a blackened corpse; she was burnt to death. Now being held upon the body; perhaps after it is over you would like to see the poor thing, and hear the particulars of the sad affair."

The horror-struck officer motioned the woman to proceed; and passing his hand across his throbbing brow, he endeavored to collect his scattered thoughts; but his brain whirled and danced, and he was obliged to support himself for a few minutes against some of the burnt rafters which lay piled in the hall and around the doorway. After a short time he recovered sufficiently to accompany the commiserating Mrs. Brown into a part of the building which had escaped the fire, from the wind having suddenly changed and driven the flames in an opposite direction. Here we leave him, while we proceed to give some account of the principal person connected with our narrative.

It was a cold and windy day in the early part of the spring, that a lady of youthful and striking appearance knocked at the door of a lodging house in the village of Eveleigh, with a request to see the apartments which were to let. On being shown the suite of rooms she immediately engaged them, and desiring that they might be got in readiness by the next day, left for the town of Hartley, which was within a walk of the village.

On the following day she returned in a fit and took possession, having paid and discharged the flyman before entering the house, thus preventing any conversation, between that worthy and her new landlady.

Those who know anything of a country village, where the most trifling incidents are objects of curiosity and interest to the inhabitants, may conceive the excitement which prevailed on the arrival of a stranger among them, and that stranger a lady of evident fashion and consideration. But Miss Temple—the name she was known by—appeared perfectly indifferent to, and unconcerned about, the opinion or notice of two or three single ladies of a certain age who constituted the elite of the village society. She was never to be seen at church; received no visitors or letters; gave little or no trouble to Mrs. Brown or her handmaid, the rosy cheeked damsel who attended to the apartments, and occasionally assisted at her toilet; passed the principal part of the day in bed, reading a novel; was always handsomely and expensively dressed, and walked over every day, when the weather permitted, to the town of Hartley, from whence she returned at a late hour and alone. Her utter disregard of the Sabbath had often excited the wonder and regret of her good landlady, who more than once summoned courage to ask if she would not go to church, to hear Mr. so-and-so, who was to preach for such or such a charity. But she always declined; and upon one occasion, when the old lady ventured a hint upon the sin of neglecting to keep holy the Sabbath day, she laughed aloud; and desired she might never again be tormented upon the subject. Horrified at her words and manner, Mrs. Brown made a hasty retreat to the kitchen, observing in a low voice to her assistant Kitty, "that she was afraid all was not as it should be with the lady upstairs."

Thus had passed the summer; and the brown and yellow tints of autumn were beginning to usurp the dark greens of the preceding season. Miss Temple continued her solitary walks to the town of Hartley, and the people had ceased to occupy themselves with her, or about her movements. She was often depressed and irritable in the morning, but always returned in high spirits, and much excited in the evening; frequently bringing home with her a large assortment of novels and other packages; the contents of which were only known to herself, tho' Mrs. Brown was sure they contained bottles; and Kitty more than once remarked, "what a strong smell of brandy there was in the lady's bedroom of mornings."

But indeed, sir, we had little idea who she was, or how she passed her time at Hartley," continued old Mrs. Brown, after giving the substance of the above account to

the surprised and horror-stricken Colonel Dashwood, who sat like one stupefied, listening, though scarcely comprehending the words which were addressed to him.—Roused, however, by the concluding sentence, he hastily inquired, "Who, then, was she?"

"Ah, sir," replied the old woman, "with surprise, while she visibly shuddered, you do not know who she was then, or her dreadful history? Poor thing! poor wretched thing! may the Lord have mercy upon her guilty soul.—Why, sure, sir, you must have heard of the notorious Mrs. Sargeant, whose trial for poisoning her husband made such a talk last year."

"Mrs. Sargeant! can it be possible?" exclaimed the colonel.

"Yes, indeed, sir," rejoined Mrs. Brown. "It was the same lady. A box containing letters and papers was found this morning among the ruins, and opened by the authorities; from these they have ascertained who she was, and have in consequence written to her husband, who, if you recollect, did not die, though it was supposed his health would never be restored, or his constitution recover from the effects of the poison."

"Dreadful! dreadful!" murmured Colonel Dashwood, scarcely heeding the last words of his companion; "and this woman I have loved! He buried his face in his hands, as Mrs. Brown continued."

"She was a murderer in the sight of God, though the evidence was not sufficient to convict her before man. Poor thing! poor thing! doubtless she must have taken some of the burnt rafters which lay piled in the hall and around the doorway, and in a state of intoxication have set fire to her bed curtains; for do you know, sir, and Mrs. Brown approached nearer to the bottle, which it is supposed contained spirits, lying quite close beside her, and it had descended along with her through the floor into the room below; for the fire had consumed every bit of the bed, and burnt a hole in the floor large enough for the body—for that is all now that is left of the poor lady—to fall through."

"Enough, enough, my good woman," interrupted her auditor, starting up hastily. "I can hear no more!—and thrusting a sovereign into the hand of the talkative old woman, Colonel Dashwood rushed from the apartment, and the next moment his carriage was seen dashing furiously down the street towards the town of Hartley."

"Oh, madam!" exclaimed Kitty entering at the same moment, "only to think—that gentleman was the lover of the poor dead lady, who was to have gone off with him this morning to Paris—his head all over flour, told me that his master, the colonel, was terribly in love with Miss Temple, though he had not known her but a short time and was going to take her with him to see all the grand sights in foreign parts."

Poor Kitty stopped, seemingly overwhelmed at the great loss Miss Temple had sustained in not being the companion of the gay Colonel Dashwood in his projected hour on the continent.

"The day of the funeral arrived; and the burnt blackened, and disfigured remains of Mrs. Sargeant were committed to the grave. A private carriage in which reclined a pale, attenuated, and feeble looking young man, attended them to their last resting place; and the consequent expenses were discharged by the same individual, and the carriage left the village immediately after, with the blinds closed. It contained the husband of the ill-fated woman."

The above is no tale, possibly the trial alluded to may be in the remembrance of some of our readers; the circumstances recorded in the narrative actually occurred, and were related to the author by a lady who happened to be in the neighborhood at the time they took place. But we should add that all the names, alike of persons and localities, are purposely fictitious.

The Evening Before Marriage.

"We shall certainly be very happy together!" said Louise to her aunt on the evening before her marriage, and her cheeks glowed with a deeper red, and her eyes shone with delight. When a bride says we it may be easily guessed whom of all persons in the world she means thereby.

"I do not doubt it, dear Louise," replied her aunt; "see only that you continue happy together."

"O! who can doubt that we shall continue so I know myself. I have faults, indeed, but my love for him will correct them.—And so long as we love each other, we cannot be unhappy. Our love will never grow old."

"Alas! I might have said, 'thou dost speak like a maiden of nineteen on the day before her marriage, in the intoxication of wishes fulfilled, of fair hopes and happy ones.—Dear child remember this—even the heart in time grows cold. Days will come when the magic of the senses shall fade. And when his enchantment has fled, then it first becomes evident whether we are truly worthy of love. When custom has made familiar the charms that are most attractive, when youthful freshness has died away and with the brightness of domestic life, more and more shadows have mingled, then, Louise,

and not till then, can the wife say of the husband, 'He is worthy of love;' then, first, the husband says of the wife 'She blooms in imperishable beauty.'" But, truly on the day before marriage, such assertions sound laughable to me."

"I understand you, dear aunt. You should say that our mutual virtues alone can in later years give us worth for each other. But is not he to whom I am to belong—for of myself I can boast nothing but the best intentions—is he not the worthiest, noblest of all the young men of the city? Blooms not in his soul every virtue that tends to make life happy?"

"My child," replied her aunt, "I grant it. Virtues bloom in thee as well as in him; I can say this to thee without flattery. But, dear heart, they bloom only, and are not, yet ripened beneath the sun's head and the shower. No blossoms deceive the expectations more than these. We can never tell in what soil they have taken roots. Who knows the concealed depths of the heart?"

"Ah dear aunt, you frighten me."

"So much the better, Louise. Such fear is right—such fear is as it should be on the evening before marriage. I love thee tenderly and will, therefore, declare all my thoughts on this subject without disguise. I am not yet an old aunt. At seven and twenty years, one still looks forward into life with pleasure, the world yet presents a bright side to us. I have an excellent husband, I am happy. Therefore, I have the right to speak thus to thee, and call thy attention to the secret which, perhaps, thou dost not yet know, one that is not often spoken of to a young and pretty maiden, one, indeed, which does not greatly occupy the thoughts of a young man, and still is of the utmost importance in every household—a secret, from which alone springs lasting love and unalterable happiness."

Louise seized the hand of her aunt in both of hers. "Dear aunt! you know I believe you in everything. You mean that enduring happiness and lasting love are not ensured to us by accidental qualities, by fleeting charms, but only by those virtues of the mind which we bring each other.—These are the best dowry which we can possess; these never become old."

"As it happens, Louise. The virtue also like the beauties of the lady, can grow old, and become repulsive and hateful with age."

"How dearest aunt! what is it you say? Name to me a virtue that can become hateful with years."

"When they become so, we no longer call them virtues, as a beautiful maiden can no longer be called beautiful when time has changed her to an old and wrinkled woman."

"But aunt, the virtues are nothing earthly."

"Perhaps."

"How can gentleness and mildness ever become hateful?"

"So soon as they degenerate into insipid indolence and listlessness."

"And manly courage."

"Becomes imperious seditious."

"And modest diffidence."

"Turns to fawning humility."

"And noble pride."

"To vulgar haughtiness."

"And readiness to oblige."

"Becomes a habit of ready friendship and servility."

"Dear aunt, you make me almost angry. My future husband never can degenerate thus. He has one virtue which will preserve him as he is forever. A deep sense an indistinct feeling for everything that is great and good and noble, dwells in his bosom. And this delicate susceptibility to all that is noble dwells in me also. I hope as well as in him. This is the innate pledge and security for the happiness."

"But if it should grow old with you; if it should change to hateful excitability; and excitability is the worst enemy of matrimony. You both possess sensibility. That I do not deny, beware lest this grace should degenerate into an irritable and quarrelsome morose."

"Ah, dearest if I might never become old! I could then be sure my husband would never cease to love me."

"Thou art great in error, dear child!—Wert thou always as fresh and beautifully as the day, still thy husband's eye would by custom of years become indifferent to these advantages. Custom is the greatest enchantress in the world, and in the house one of the most benevolent of fairies. She renders that which is the most beautiful, as well as the ugliest, familiar. A wife is young, and becomes old; it is custom that hinders husband from perceiving the change. On the contrary, did she remain young, while he, became old; it might bring consequences and render the man in years jealous. It is better as Providence has ordered it. In time that thou hast grown to be an old woman, and thy husband were a blooming youth, how wouldst thou then feel?"

"Louise rubbed her chin, and said, 'I cannot tell.'

"Her aunt continued; "Aunt! I call thy attention to a secret which—"

"That is it," interrupted Louise, hastily "that is it which I long so much to hear."

"Her aunt said; "Listen to me attentively,

What I now tell thee, I have proved. It consists of two parts. The first part of it means to render a marriage happy, of itself prevents every possibility of discussion, and would cover at last make the spider and the fly the best of friends with each other. The second part is the best and surest method of preserving feminine attractions."

"Ah!" exclaimed Louise.

"The former half of the means, then: In the first solitary hour after the ceremony take thy bridegroom, and demand a solemn vow of him, and give him a solemn vow in return. Promise one another secretly, never not even in mere jest to wrangle with each other—never to dandy words or indulge in the least ill-humor. Never, I say, never. Wrangling, even in jest, and putting on an air of ill-humor merely to tease, becomes earnest by practice. Mark that! Next promise each other, sincerely and solemnly, never to have a secret from each other under whatever pretext, with whatever excuse it may be. You must continually and every moment see clearly into each other's bosom. Even when one of you have committed a fault, wait not an instant, but confess it freely let it cost tears, but confess it. And as you keep nothing secret from each other, so, on the contrary, keep the privacies of your house, marriage, state and heart, from father, mother, sister, brother, aunt, and all the world. You two with God's help, build your own quiet world.—Every third or fourth one whom you draw into it will form a party and stand between you two. That should never be.—Promise this to each other. Renew the vow at each temptation. You will find your account in it. Your souls will grow as it were together, and at last will become as one. Ah, if many a young pair had on their wedding day known this simple secret, and straightway practiced it, how many marriages were happier than, alas, they are."

Louise kissed her aunt's hand with ardor. "I feel that it must be so. Where this confidence is absent, the married, even after wedlock, are two strangers who do not know each other. It should be so; without this there can be no happiness. And now, aunt the best preservative of female beauty?"

Her aunt smiled and said: "We may not conceal from ourselves that a handsome man pleases a hundred times more than an ill-looking one, and the men are pleased with us when we are pretty. But what we call beautiful, what in men pleases us, and in us pleases the men, is not skin and hair, and shape and color, as in a picture or statue; but it is the character, it is the soul that is within these which enchants us by looks and words, earnestness, and joy and sorrow. The men admire us the more they suppose those virtues of the mind to exist in us, which the outside promises; and which we think a malicious man disagreeable however graceful and handsome he may be. Let a young maiden, then, who would preserve her beauty preserve but that purity of soul, those sweet qualities of the mind, those virtues, in short, by which she first drew her lover to her feet. And the best preservative of virtue, to render it unchanging and keep it ever young, is religion, that inward union with the Deity and eternity, and faith is piety, that walking with God so pure, so peaceful, so beneficent to mortals."

"See dear heart," continued the aunt, "these are virtues which arise of mere experience. These grow old with time, and alter, because by change of circumstance and inclination, prudence alters her means of action, and because her growth does not always keep pace with that of our years and passions. But religious virtues can never change; these remain eternally the same, which we and those who love us are hastening to enter. Preserve, then, a mind innocent and pure, looking for everything from God; thus will that beauty of soul remain for which thy bridegroom to day adores thee. I am no bigot, no fanatic, I am thy aunt of seven and twenty. I love all innocent and rational amusement. But for this very reason I say to thee—be a dear, good Christian, and thou wilt as a mother, yes, as a grandmother be still beautiful."

Louise threw her arms about her neck, and wept in silence, and whispered, "I thank thee angel."

The French Spy System.

Among the many families which rose into notice under the empire of the first Napoleon, few held a more distinguished position in the Parisian society of the day than that of the Countess B—. Her house, at the period of which we speak, was the rendezvous of all the celebrities of the time—marshals of France; statesmen; artists; men of letters, alike crowded to her saloons.—The Baron M— was one of her most frequent guests, and had the reputation of being as witty and amusing a personage as could be met with; in consequence, his company was very generally sought, even by the highest circles, in which, though but little was known of his family or connections, he had found means to obtain an excellent footing.

One evening, in the winter of 1805, a brilliant party was assembled in the gay saloons of the Countess B—, when a gentleman, well known to all, arrived in breath-

less haste, and apparently much excited.—He made his way as quickly as possible to the countess, and all crowded round to hear what great piece of intelligence he had to communicate.

"We are all, I think," said he, "well acquainted with Baron M—, who is so constant a visiter here. I regret to say that I have just learned, in the most positive manner, that he is undoubtedly a spy; he has, in fact, been seen to enter and to leave the cabinet of Monsieur Fouche."

The assembled guests were thunderstruck at this unexpected announcement, each one endeavoring to recollect what indiscreet expression might have passed his lips, in the presence of the treacherous baron; and all, naturally enough, feeling extremely uneasy at the possibility of being called upon to answer for some long-forgotten words, spoken, as they thought, in the security of private society. The hostess, of course, was most indignant at the insult which had been put upon her, and could hardly believe in the truth of the accusation.

However, something must be done, the baron was momentarily expected; and unless he were able to clear himself from this serious imputation, he must be at once expelled from the society. After some discussion, therefore, it was decided that, upon the arrival of Baron M—, the countess should request a few minutes' private conversation with him; that she should take him into another room; and having told him of what he was accused, should ask if he had any explanation to offer, as otherwise she should be obliged to signify to him, that he must discontinue his visits.

In the midst of the invectives which were poured forth on the head of the unfortunate baron, that worthy made his appearance.—Immediately all was silent; and though he advanced to greet his friends with his customary easy assurance, he evidently saw that all was not right, as his most intimate associates of yesterday avoided speaking to him, or, at most, gave him the slightest possible notice.

Not being, however, very easily abashed, Baron M— proceeded, as usual, to make his bow to the hostess, who, at once, as had been already said to him, "Monsieur le Baron, may I request the favour of a few words with you in private?"

"Certainly, Madame," replied the Baron, offering his arm, which she declined to take, and forthwith led the way to an ante-chamber.

The countess feeling naturally very nervous at the part she had to perform, at length said, with some hesitation: "I know not whether you are aware, Monsieur le Baron, of the serious accusation which hangs over you; and which, unless you can remove or explain satisfactorily, must forever close my doors against you." The baron was all attention, as the countess continued: "I have been informed, upon what appears to be undoubted authority, that you are in the pay of Monsieur Fouche—that you are, in short, a spy."

"Oh," replied the baron, "is that all? I will not attempt to deny it; nothing can be more true: I am a spy."

"And how," exclaimed the lady, "have you dared to insult me and my guests, by presuming to present yourself, night after night at my house; in such an unworthy manner?"

"I repeat," said the baron with all possible coolness, "that I am in the pay of Fouche; that I am a spy; and in this capacity, upon some subjects, I am tolerably well-informed, of which, Madame la Countess, I will give you a proof. On the last pay-day, at Monsieur Fouche's, you received your pay, for the information you had brought him, immediately after I had received mine."

"What!" cried the countess, "dare you insinuate anything so infamous? I will have you turned out of the house instantly!"

"Softly, madame," answered the baron: "that I am a spy, I have not attempted to deny; that you are likewise a spy, I have long known, and can readily prove. We are in the same boat—we sink or swim together; if you proceed to denounce me, I shall also denounce you; and there is an end of both of us. If you uphold me, I will uphold you, and we shall go on as before."

"Well," said the lady, considerably embarrassed at finding that her secret was known, "what is to be done? I am in a most difficult position."

"Not at all, madame," replied the baron. "I will tell you what to do: take my arm, and we will return together to the drawing-room, where you will announce that my explanation has been satisfactory."

"The countess, seeing there was nothing else to be done, determined to make the best of it, and as she advanced into the room, said, with one of her sweetest smiles: "I am delighted to tell you, that Monsieur le Baron has been able to give me an explanation, which, though I cannot divulge to you, in all respects perfectly satisfactory to me, and therefore, I am sure, it will be so to you." The guests were at once relieved of a weight of anxiety, the evening passed off with the utmost hilarity, and the baron regained the good opinions he had lost. It was not until long afterwards, that the real facts of this singular history became fully known.