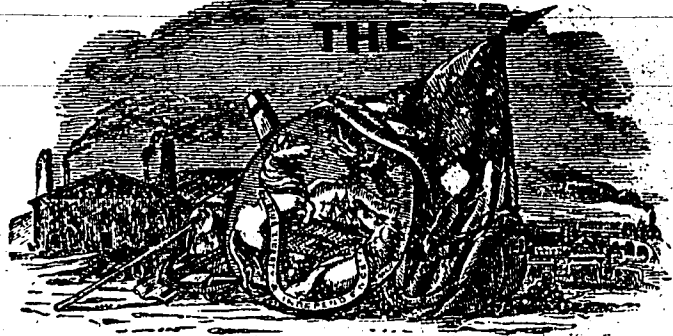


Lehigh



Register

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

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 A. L. RUHE,

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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.

Poetical Department.

The Heathen Child's Appeal.

We gaze upon the beautiful earth,
With its trees and flowers fair;
We hear the gushing of its streams,
And we breathe its balmy air.

We gaze upon the wondrous sky,
With its many stars and bright
We see the glorious sun by day,
And the silvery moon by night.

But ever our lives are mournful,
And ever we fear to die;
For wicked are we and guilty,
And our souls in darkness lie.

We sigh for light, and peace, and hope,
But ever we sigh in vain—
Our gods of wood and stone are made,
And they never heed our pain.

We have heard of a land afar,
Beyond the billowy seas,
Where one, true, living God is known,
From whose presence darkness flees.

We have heard of a precious Word,
He has given to children there,
Richer by far than ruby bright,
Or jewels that princes wear.

We have heard that it speaks of a Friend,
Almighty to save from woe;
And a home of bliss beyond the grave,
Where all that love him shall go.

Would we were there, in that blessed land!
If so that Friend we might find—
Or would he were here, with pity deep,
And a heart so vast and kind!

O, will not the happy children there
The leaves for our healing send,
That their holy God may know,
And their Saviour make our friend?

Before we come to our dying day,
Will truth on our spirits shine;
Or will they let us in ruin sink,
With no news of life divine?

The Step-Daughter.
We have rarely read anything more touch-
ingly beautiful than the following lines.

She is not mine, and to my heart
Perhaps she is less dear
Than those who of my life are part—
This is the sin I fear:
And ever in the dread to err,
By loving those the best,
More gentle have I been to her,
Perhaps than all the rest.

Has any little fault occurred,
That may rebuke demand
Ere I can speak a hasty word,
Or lift a chiding hand,

An angel's form comes flitting by,
With looks so sad and mild—
A voice floats softly from the sky,
"Wouldst thou harm my orphan child?"
No—witness thou and all above,
I'll cherish her as mine,
Or may I lose her father's love,
A love that once was thine!

Miscellaneous Selections.

(From Gleason's Pictorial)

The Faithful Clerk.

You cannot stop the course of Cupid's arrows; they will hit where you least expect, and leave a mark that no patent medicine can cure. Mr. Boswell went to the great city, full forty years ago, as a poor boy; but he had worked his way up by "clerking it," until he went into business for himself. He then hired poor young men, like his former self, and among the rest took Sam Offing as a boy to do messages and run errands. In particular, Sam was always despatched with small notes to his master's house, and while he was sitting in the entry waiting for "ma'am" to return in an answer—for she was a terrible slow penman—little Nancy, the rich man's daughter, made his acquaintance. Sam was a bright boy; rather precocious, had

an entertaining way to amuse the little girl, so that by-and-by she used to enquire of her mother "if he were not coming of some errand again soon?" And there never was any long suspension in his calls, for it either rained and his master wanted an umbrella, or a friend was invited to dinner, or he had something of importance to communicate to Sam, and he was a great favorite with the old lady—for he was very exact and truthful—two excellent traits in any messenger.

For years this sort of transmitted intelligence was conveyed by Sam. He was no longer the little boy, but a tall, graceful youth, and little Nancy was some way in her teens. Now, he used to be invited by the daughter into the sitting room; he was no longer called "Sam," but *Samuel*. Miss Nancy and he discoursed of concerts and theatrical exhibitions, and once in a while Samuel attended the same church, and used to peep over to his master's pew and catch a glimpse of Nancy's black, lustrous eyes. But what if she did return the glance." "Thought he, "I am the son of a poor widow and only a clerk; it is all nonsense to think of being a favorite, only as I am faithful in the old man's service." But somehow Nancy did show winning ways.—She half invited him to come and take a seat in the pew—or rather, she said, "we have always room enough,"—and when she gave her birthday party she insisted upon Samuel's being invited. The old lady thought at first it would never do, but Nancy pleaded so hard at last she told her father in consideration of his faithfulness he ought to be invited, and none of the company would recognize him, yet she would delight to introduce him as Mr. Offing!

She did so, and many inquiries were made by sundry young belles to know "who was that handsome young man?" "All this flattered Nancy's vanity, and increased her affection. She now had low conversation when he came of errands, and once her mother detected her in writing a note to him. She reproved her for her temerity, which seemed not a bit to abate her attachment. Finally her mother thought of sending her from home to abate the silly girl's love, and being obliged to tell the secret to the father, he protested she should be sent to a convent rather than disgrace herself in this way.

But Samuel was so well versed in his mercantile affairs; he knew so much better than himself the character of his customers, and had such a ready tact at detecting any evasive artifice, that he saved him thousands annually; and this fact was not to be overlooked by dismissing him from service.—But the affair with Miss Nancy was not to be passed over without a reproval. Roswell had always been on the most intimate terms with his clerk, and how he could so reprimand him as to accomplish his purpose and destroy his attachment for his daughter, was to him a puzzling enigma. He was mistaken, however, in one of his conclusions, which was; that no father ever had so difficult a matter to adjust before. After a sleepless night, Mr. Boswell called his clerk into his presence. At that very moment he was reading a note which ran on this wise:

"My parents may banish me to some foreign shore, or they may immerse me within the walls of a convent; yet I will surmount all barriers and eventually be yours. They may cramp my movements, but they shall never destroy the affection nor the love in my heart towards the 'despised clerk,' N."
"Offing," said Mr. Boswell, "is there any business on hand requiring your immediate attention?"
"None, sir," replied the young man, "save a few unanswered letters to some cotton dealers; and he twirled the loving note in his hand as if one of them."
"Samuel," said Mr. B., with a loud hem; "Sam, I here there is an attraction between you and my daughter. Report yourself like a man—is it so?"
"It is, sir," replied Samuel, manfully; allow me to say, sir, I will never marry her without your consent."
"Keep her affections and not marry,—hey boy,—do I understand you?"
"The affections are her own, sir. I will use no improper means to retain them, Mr. Boswell—but perhaps you are too late in pushing these inquiries."
"Offing?—you scapegrace!" replied Boswell half indignant, and half playful, "you always will have the last word."
He then changed his tone, and inquired about the liabilities of Petingill & Co.

Mr. Boswell, evidently was a relieved man. He had done his duty in reprimanding the young man, and he could inform his wife of it, and let her proceed as she thought proper.
Nancy, in the meantime, showed no reluctance to be driven whithersoever they might send her, and the convent in a Southern State was selected. Her outfit was now rapidly purchased and made ready, and the day arrived for her departure. Samuel manifested no outward signs of regret, and the great object seemed to unobservant eyes to be accomplished.
Nancy, upon her arrival, wrote back concerning the delightful home she had entered. She seemed docile and obedient,—loved her parents more than ever, and begged to as-

sure them that they need have no anxiety on her behalf. She stayed a year with the Lady Superior, really improving in all her graces and charms of feminine loveliness, when her father was suddenly taken ill, and she was summoned at his bedside.

The interview was a long and private one—but Mr. Offing, the clerk, was likewise found by his bedside the same afternoon.—"Samuel," said Mr. Boswell, "I am about to leave the world. At such a time everything but one's character seems of little worth. You have been all in all to me in my business transactions. Do you love my daughter still?" said he, pressing his hand.

"Our affections are unchanged?" remarked Samuel.

"Then," said Mr. Boswell, "she is yours. Call her."

"Nancy, you have my dying approbation to marry this young man, and remember it is in consequence of the discreet and implicit obedience you have both rendered us when we were opposed and indignant at the thought of your marriage. Here is my will call your mother. Samuel read it, and see if it is satisfactory." He did so, and they were all moved to tears.

Samuel was appointed his executor—he was likewise his successor in business, with a cash capital of fifty thousand dollars, deposited in his own name for his benefit, besides some ample provision for his wife and daughter. "And in consideration of the sterling integrity and a manifest desire to please," was inserted before the devise of Samuel Offing.

The clerk now succeeded his master; the marriage soon followed, and the happy couple are still respected, affluent and beloved—an example to all aspiring young men, early restricted by poverty, to be faithful and devoted to their employers, being assured that this is not a solitary instance where a promotion ensues as the reward of undeviating rectitude.

(From the Boston Olive Branch)

Mother's Influence.

"And so you sail to-morrow, Will? I shall miss you."
"Yes, I'm bound to see the world, I've been beating my wings in desperation against the wires of my cage these three years. I know every stick, and stone, and stump in this odious village by heart, as well as I do those stereotyped sermons of Parson Grey's. He calls me a scapegrace"—pity I should have the name without the game, said he bitterly. "I haven't room here to run the length of my chain—I'll show him what I can do in a wider field of action."

"But how did you bring your father over?"
"Oh, he's very glad to be rid of me; quite disgusted because I've no fancy for seeing corn and oats grow. The truth is, every father knows at once too much and too little about his own son; the old gentleman never understood me; he soured my temper, which was originally none of the best, roused all the worst feelings of my nature, and is constantly driving me from, instead of to, the point he would have me reach."

"And your mother?"
"Well, there you have me; that's the only humanized portion of my heart—the only soft spot in it. She came to my bedside last night, after she thought I was asleep, gently kissed my forehead, and then knelt by my bed-side. I've been wandering round the fields all the morning, to try to get rid of that prayer. Old Parson Grey might preach at me till the millennium and it wouldn't move me any more than a stone. It makes all the difference in the world when you know a person feels what he is praying about. I'm wild and reckless, and wicked, I suppose; but I shall never be an infidel while I can remember my mother. You should see the way she bears my father's impetuous temper; that's grace not nature, Harry; but don't let us talk about it—only wish my parting with her was well over. Good bye; God bless you, Harry; you'll hear from me if the fishes don't make a supper of me; and Will left his friend and entered the cottage.

His mother was moving nervously and restlessly about trying up all sorts of mysterious little parcels that only mothers think of, "in case he should be sick, or in case he should be this, that or the other, interrupted occasionally by exclamations like this from the old farmer: 'Fudge—stuff—great over-grown baby—making a fool of him—never be out of leading strings?' then turning short about and facing Will as he entered, he said—

"Well, sir, look in your sea-chest, and you'll find gingerbread and physic, darning needles and tracts, 'biters' and Bibles, peppermint and old linen rags, and opedoid. Pshaw! I was more of a man than you are when I was nine years old. Your mother always made a fool of you, and that was entirely unnecessary, too, for you were always short of what is called common sense. You needn't tell the captain you went to sea because you didn't know enough to be a landsman; or that you never did anything, right in your life, except by accident. You are

as like that ne'er do well, Jack Halphine, as two pews. If there is anything in you, I hope that salt water will fetch it out.—Come, your mother has your supper ready, I see."

Mrs. Low's hand trembled as she passed her boy's cup. It was his last meal under that roof for many a long day. She did not trust herself to speak—her heart was too full. She had heard all his father so injudiciously said to him, and she knew too well from former experience the effect it would have upon his impetuous, fiery spirit. She had only to oppose to it a mother's prayers, and tears, and all enduring love. She never condemned, in Will's hearing, any of his father's philippic, always excusing him with the general remark that he didn't understand him. Alone, she mourned over it, and when with her husband, tried to place matters on a better footing for both parties.

Will noticed his mother's swollen eyelids; he saw his favorite little tea cakes that she had busied herself in preparing for him, and he ate and drank what she gave him, without tasting a morsel he swallowed, listening for the hundredth time to his father's account of what he did when a young man.

"Just half an hour, Will," said his father, "before you start, run up and see if you have forgotten any of your duds."

It was the little room he had always called his own. How many nights he had lain there listening to the rain pattering on the low roof, how many mornings awakened by the chirp of the robin in the apple tree under the window. There was the little bed with its snowy covering, and the thousand and one little comforts prepared by his mother's hand. He turned his head—she was at his side, and her arms about his neck. "God keep my boy!" was all she could utter. He knelt at her feet as in the days of childhood, and from those wayward lips came this fearful prayer.—"Oh God, spare my mother, that I may look upon her face again in this world."

"Oh, in a few days, when that voice had died out from under the parental roof, how sacred was that spot to her who gave him birth! There was hope for the Boy? he had recognized his Mother's God. By that invisible silken cord she still held the wanderer, though broad seas rolled between.

Letters came to Moss Glen—at stated intervals, then more irregularly, picturing only the bright spot in the sailor life. (For Will was proud, and they were to be scanned by his father's eye.) The usual temptations of a sailor's life, when in port were not unknown to him—of every cup the siren pleasure held to his lips, he drank to the dregs; but there were moments in his maddest revels, when that angel whisper, "God keep my boy," palsied his daring hand, and arrested that half uttered oath. Disgusted with himself, he would turn aside for an instant, but only to drown again more recklessly that still small torturing voice.

Can't you Buy for Less.

The following good joke is told of Charley C., a notorious wit, and a clerk in an extensive hardware house in B—

One day, C. was standing in his store, which is a double one, having a door cut in the wall between the two houses, when he was accosted by a very grave personage, wearing a long drab coat, and whom he knew to be a deacon, with the query—
"What's the price of nails?"
"Six cents," replied C.
"Too high," said the deacon. "Can you buy them for five and a half?"

"Can't you buy them for less?" asked C.
"No," replied the deacon; "but can get all I want for that."

Turning on his heel, the deacon went out and entered the door of the next house, while C. slipped through the middle door, and, having pulled off his coat, and picked up a hammer, met the deacon, who, not recognizing him, inquired the price of nails.
"Five and a half cents," responded C.
"Whew!" whistled the deacon. "Too high—can you buy the best at five and a quarter?"

"Can't you buy for less?" asked C.
"No," said our friend, "but can buy at that."

Away he went again, and walked up stairs, through another door—the up-stairs being occupied by another firm; and C., sliding into the lower house again, and going up-stairs, again met the deacon, who for the third time, inquired the price of nails.—
"Five and a quarter cents," replied C.
"Five and a quarter!" ejaculated the deacon. "Can you buy the best at five cents?"
"No less?" asked C.
"No," said the deacon, as he was about to leave, when C. took hold of him and said—
"Friend, I've quoted nails to you at six, at five and a half, and five and a quarter cents; each time you said you could buy them for less. Now, when you preach again, just let me know, and I will corroborate your statements."

It is needless to say the enterprising deacon made his exit in double quick time, without having the grace to reply to the accommodating clerk.

Mothers, and Fortune Hunters.

The article in the last *Blackwood*, entitled 'Minor Morals,' contains a passage which, we imagine, to be of particular interest to some ladies. Here it is: 'There is one large department of our subject, which we must treat very briefly. We allude to those frightful hypocrisies which are so commonly practised in private life, and which society does not censure. Some of them may indeed be described as of a blameless character. Although you are morally convinced that Crossleigh and his wife are the most unhappy couple in existence; and that, when alone together, they fight with the ferocity of tiger-cats; it is, we own, rather agreeable than otherwise to find them referring to each other, before company, in very complaisant terms, and habitually employing the sugared epithets of the honey-moon. There may be, in all that, a deal of false pretence, but no one suffers by it. Very different, however, is the deception which Mrs. Crossleigh practices on account of her daughters. The young lady, Octavia, is the incarnation of a viper; and in her hereditary bad temper of both her parents is so concentrated, that she has the entire mastery over them.—Some glimmerings of common sense have made this amiable virgin aware that an exhibition of these qualities is not likely to win the admiration of mankind—for the taste of Petruchio was decidedly peculiar; and it required considerable self-confidence to undertake the taming of a shrew—and she usually appears abroad in the guise of a meek Griseldis. Nor is she unbacked by her mother, who, in order to get rid of her, has heaped a whole Hindlayah of falsehoods upon her soul. Her object is to get Octavia suitably married, and for that purpose she spreads her snares for weak-minded young men only. One milk-and-water curate with a pulpy countenance, and an intense veneration for the excellencies of the Cyprianic age, was very nearly made a victim, and had just made up his mind to pop the question, when the sound of an ill-advised skirmish up stairs, and an assault upon a terrified housemaid, made him take to his heels as though he had seen the shadow of Apollon. Most beautiful! it is to have a mother piously returning thanks for the comfort she has received from her children; and indicating rather than expatiating upon the extent of their manifold virtues. But mothers are apt to be partial judges, and it is always safe for those meditating matrimony to have recourse to some less interesting testimony. Indeed, parents are never to be relied on. Sometimes they are misled, at others they are wilfully misleading; and in either case, perhaps, there is an excuse. One kind of hypocrisy, however, we denounce as loathsome. It is that of the cold, determined fortune-hunter, who, having no wealth of his own, or having squandered it, aspires to make his fortune by a matrimonial alliance. Fools very often entertain this idea, and in them it is less creditable; for, not being gifted with any strong perceptions, they merely follow an idolatrous impulse, assume no false features beyond the appearance of a stupid admiration, and, in nine cases out of ten, would be tolerably kind to their wives. Many a fool is, by no means, a bad-hearted fellow; besides, as he cannot, by any possibility, disguise his folly, the lady has herself to blame. But the case of the clever fortune-hunter is different. He has not one atom of feeling in his whole composition. He cares nothing for the woman he is pursuing for the sake of her money—he merely regards her as a necessary, and not unfrequently a disagreeable, condition. No art that he will not practise—no disguise that he will not assume, to gain his purpose. Come she of a strictly pious family? He forthwith approaches her in a methodical garb, attends prayer-meetings, takes an interest in tract-societies, and is eager for the conversion of the Jews. Is she sentimental? The miscreant, though he never previously read a line of poetry in his life, crams himself with Moore and Byron, and expatiates upon the passion of the bulb for the rose. What ever be her inclinations, or his tendencies, he tries to adapt himself to these; and not unfrequently succeeds, for he is a clever scoundrel, and gifted with histrionic power. Many of the deepest tragedies of domestic life—many a sad story of a broken heart, more mournful and melancholy than mere imagination could devise, have arisen from the successful machinations of such cold-blooded villains; and yet society does not visit these offences with any marked reprobation. Hypocrisy, deception, false pretences—all are tolerated within a certain range, or passed over, without reprobation, however notoriously they may be exhibited.

A sprig of the law, expecting soon the appointment of Judge, was questioned as to his qualifications, and the penalty he should attach to the crime of arson, replied, with profound gravity:
"Arson, arson! I would make the fellow pay a hundred dollars and marry the girl."
"You're a stranger in these parts," said a rough farmer to a sun burnt traveler. "Look as though you had been in foreign parts."

Indian Outrages.

THE CREEKS.—The Cherokee Advocate informs us that a short time since a deputy marshal of the Northern Districts of the State of Arkansas went into the Creek Nation and arrested a Creek, charged with selling whiskey to the Indians. The chief of the district, thinking it an insult to his municipal authority and a violation of the rights of the Creek Nation, interfered and set the Indian at liberty. The Advocate expresses his regret at the occurrence, and thinks it will put the territorial rights of the Creeks in danger: not because the chief is not right; but that it will bring on a conflict with the United States, who are strong, and the Indians who are too weak to defend themselves against injustice.

THE WINNEBAGOES.—The Winnebagoes are committing alarming outrages in this vicinity. It is well known that a large number of them have left their homes on the Upper Mississippi, and been prowling around Elk river and the country intervening between that stream and this village.—On the 14th inst., one of them, while under the influence of liquor, attacked Mr. Berry with an axe, inflicting severe and dangerous wounds on his arm and head. A few days since one of the band, while drunk, discharged his gun twice at or in the direction of Mrs. Leonard, wife of C. E. Leonard, Esq., of Cold Spring. They also shot a cow belonging to Mr. Leonard. Several other similar outrages committed by this tribe have come to our knowledge. A heavy responsibility rests somewhere, in allowing the commission of these crimes week after week, but we forbear comment, until we are in possession of certain facts which will set this matter right before the public.—*Falls St. Anthony Express, June 17th.*

A SITUATION.—Two young officers were travelling in the Far West, then they stopped to take supper at a small, road-side tavern, kept by a very rough Yankee woman. The landlady, in a calico sun-bonnet and bare feet, stood at the head of the table to pour out. She inquired of her guests if they chose long sweetening or short sweetening in their coffee. The first officer, supposing that long sweetening meant a large portion of the article, chose it accordingly. What was his dismay when he saw their hostess dip her finger deep down into a curtian jar of honey that stood near her, and then stir it (the sugar) into the coffee. His companion, seeing this, preferred short sweetening; upon which the woman picked up a large lump of maple sugar that lay in a brown paper on the floor beside her, and biting off a piece, put it into the cup. Both the gentlemen dined with coffee that evening. This anecdote we heard from the sister of one of those officers.—*Atlas Leslie.*

An Exquisite Story by Lamartine.

In the tribe of Naggdoh, there was a horse, whose fame was spread far and near, and a Bedouin of another tribe, by name Daher, desired extremely to possess it. Having offered in vain for it his camels and his whole wealth, he hit at length upon the following device, by which he hoped to gain the object of his desire:—

He resolved to stain his face with the juice of an herb, to clothe himself in rags, to tie his legs and neck together, so as to appear like a lame beggar. Thus equipped, he went to wait for Naber, the owner of the horse, who he knew was to pass that way. When he saw Naber approaching on his beautiful steed, he cried out in a weak voice—

"I am a poor stranger; for three days I have been unable to move from this spot to seek for food. I am dying, help me, and heaven will reward you."

The Bedouin kindly offered to take him up on his horse and carry him home.

But the rogue replied, "I cannot rise; I have no strength left."

Naber touched with pity, dismounted, led his horse to the spot, and, with great difficulty, set the seeming beggar on his back. But no sooner did Daher feel himself in the saddle, than he set spurs to the horse, and galloped off, calling out as he did so—

"It is I, Daher. I have got the horse, and am off with it."

Naber called after him to stop and listen. Certain of not being pursued, he turned, and halted at a short distance from Naber, who was armed with a spear.

"You have taken my horse," said the latter. "Since heaven has willed it, I wish you joy of it; but I do conjure you never to tell any one how you obtained it."

"And why not?" said Daher.

"Because," said the noble Arab, "another man might be really ill, and men would fear to help him. 'You would be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity, for fear of being dipped as I have been.'"

Struck with shame at those words, Daher was silent for a moment; then springing from the horse, returned it to its owner, embracing him. Naber made him accompany him to his tent, where they spent a few days together, and became fast friends for life.