



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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### THE LEHIGH REGISTER

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Office in Hamilton Street, one door East of the German Reformed Church, nearly opposite the "Friedensbote" Office.

### NEW GOODS!

### Grand Exhibition

### Of Fashionable Fall and Winter

### GOODS!

AT THE  
**New Cheap Store**  
OF  
**Getz & Gilbert,**

These gentlemen, take this method to inform their friends and the public in general that they have received a very large and well selected stock of *Fall and Winter Goods*, which they are now ready to dispose of to their customers at the lowest prices.

Their immense stock has been selected with the utmost care and consists of

**Clothes, Cassimers, Satinets, Flannels, Gloves and Hosiery, besides Delaines, Alpacas, Debashes, Ginghams, Plain and Figured Poplins, Muslins and Prints, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Queensware, Hardware, Looking Glasses, Stationary, Books, &c.,**

To which they invite the attention of their friends and the public generally, confident that the fullest satisfaction, both in price and quality, will be given to all who may favor them with a call.

The highest prices will be paid in exchange for County produce.

They have reason to be thankful for the favors received thus far and hope by attention to business, disposing of their goods at small profits, good treatment towards their customers to merit still a greater share of customers. **GETZ & GILBERT.**

September 14.

### Groceries Fish & Salt.

The undersigned have just received an entire new Stock of Groceries, Fish and Salt which they intend to sell at the lowest prices at their Store in Catsanauqua, Lehigh county. **GETZ & GILBERT.**

September 14.

### COAL! COAL!

The undersigned have opened a Coal Yard in Catsanauqua, and will constantly keep on hand all kinds of Coal which they will sell at greatly reduced prices. **GETZ & GILBERT.**

September 14.

### Ready-made Clothing.

The undersigned keep all kinds of Ready-made Clothing, on hand, and will make to order, at the lowest possible prices. **GETZ & GILBERT.**

Catsanauqua, Sept. 14.

### Allentown Academy.

The Trustees of this Institution, respectfully announce that the Fall Term will commence on Thursday 1st of September.

Under the supervision of the present Principal, Mr. J. N. Gregory, the school has received a liberal patronage, and has attained a position of the highest rank.

During the vacation, very great additions and improvements have been made to the Academy buildings and furniture, and pupils will now enjoy all the advantages of a thorough course of instruction, earnest and efficient teachers, and spacious and convenient school rooms.

GIBSON BRACH,  
THOMAS WEAVER,  
HERMAN RUPP,  
THOMAS B. WILSON,  
WILLIAM R. CRAIG,  
NATHAN METZGER,  
ROBERT E. WRIGHT,  
Board of Trustees.

Allentown August 21.

### Great Reduction in Prices!

SELLING OFF TO MOVE.  
**MORRIS L. HALLOWELL & Co.**

IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF  
**Silks and Fancy Goods.**  
143 MARKET ST., PHILADA.

Wishing to close out their present Stock of goods before moving into their new store, ask the attention of buyers to their large and splendid assortment of  
**DRESS, FANCY GOODS, RIBBONS,**  
&c., &c., &c.

To be closed out at very Reduced Prices!  
Orders will receive strict attention, and shall have the benefit of the reduced prices.

September 14.

### Poetical Department.

#### The Common Lot.

Once in the flight of ages past,  
There lived a man; and Who was he?  
Mortal! how'er thy lot be cast,  
That Man resembled Thee.  
Unknown the region of his birth,  
The land in which he died unknown;  
His name has perished from the earth;  
This truth survives alone;

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,  
Alternate triumphed in his breast;  
His bliss and woe,—a smile, a tear!—  
Oblivion hides the rest,  
The bounding pulse, the languid limb,  
The changing spirit's rise and fall;  
We know that these were felt by him,  
For these are felt by all.

He suffered,—but his pangs are o'er;  
Enjoyed,—but his delights are fled,  
Had friends—his friends are now no more,  
And foes—his foes are dead,  
He loved,—but whom he loved the grave  
Hath lost in its unconscious womb;  
O, she was fair!—but naught could save  
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen;  
Encountered all that troubles thee;  
He was—whatever thou hast been;  
He is—what thou shalt be.  
The rolling seasons, day and night,  
Sun, moon and stars, the earth and main,  
Erewhile his portion, life and light,  
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye  
That once their shades and glory threw,  
Have left in yonder silent sky,  
No vestige where they flew.  
The annals of the human race,  
Their ruins, since the world began,  
Of him afford no others trace.  
Than this,—*There lived a Man!*

#### The Bloom of Autumn.

Hail ye sighing sons of sorrow,  
View with him the autumnal gloom;  
Learn from thence your fate to-morrow  
Dead, perhaps laid in the tomb.

See all nature fading, dying,  
Silent, all things seem to mourn,  
Life from vegetation flowing  
Brings to mind the mouldering urn.

Of autumnal tempest rising  
Make the lofty forest nod  
Scenes of nature how unsurprising  
Read in nature nature's God.

See the Good the great Creator  
Lives eternal in the sky,  
While in mortals yield the nature  
Bloom a while then fade and die.

Sorrow now my mind depresses  
Autumn shows me my decay  
Brings to mind my past distresses  
Warns me of a dying day.

Autumn makes me melancholy  
Strikes dejection through my soul,  
While I mourn thy former folly  
Waves of sorrow o'er me roll.

What to me are Autumn's treasures  
Since I know no earthly joy,  
Long I've lost all youthful pleasures  
Time must youth and health destroy.

Age and sorrow now have blasted  
Every youthful pleasing dream,  
Quivering age with youth constricted  
Oh how short life's glories seem.

Former friends how oft I've sought them  
Just to cheer my drooping mind,  
But they are gone like leaves in Autumn  
Driven before the dreary wind.

As the annual frosts are creeping  
Leaves and tendrils, from the trees,  
Lo my friends are yearly dropping  
Through old age and dire disease.

Fast my son of life's declining,  
I must sleep in death's dark night;  
But my hope pure and refining  
Rests in future life and light.

When a few more years I've wasted,  
When a few more springs are o'er;  
When a few more griefs I've tasted  
I shall live to die no more.

Julius, am you a musician?  
"Of course I is, Mr. Snow; play on two instruments—de balloon, and an eight octavo piazza."

"Hear de nigger talk once; eight octavo piazza. Why my colored friend, dar is no such instrument, you mean an eight octavo piano."

"Well, dat's what I said all der time.—Toll me I lie agin, and I will cave your head wid a cord ob wood."

A lawyer once asked a Dutchman concerning a pig, in court, "what ear mark did he have?" "Vel, ven I first became acquainted mit de hock, he had no ear marks, except a short tail."

### Miscellaneous Selections.

#### The Jealous Husband.

Edward Derwent had been married only three weeks, when a cloud came over his sky. His bride was so beautiful and possessed so many attractions, that he could not see how it was possible for any one to look at her without at the same time falling in love. If, therefore, any person belonging to the masculine gender was observed to gaze with apparent earnestness at his Theresa, Derwent instantly became uncomfortable, and his imagination, excited by his feelings, pictured events of a most distressing and terrible nature.

"I'm a fool!" he would say to himself in moments when he was less under the influence of his peculiar temperament; and yet though conscious of his folly, he continued none the less a fool. It only required a good looking young man to sit by the side of Theresa, or to fix his eyes earnestly upon her, in order to arouse from its temporary repose the green-eyed monster within him.

A part of the honeymoon was spent at a summer retreat a few miles from town, where a pleasant company of about a dozen were enjoying the luxury of cool fresh air, and all the choicest fruits of the season.—Among those present was a young man of fine person, good address, and well cultivated mind, who was a favorite with all. His name was Edmonds. As soon as the young bride arrived, she was received with marked attention by all; for, with those who knew her, she was already a cherished companion; and those to whom she was introduced, soon perceived in her qualities to admire or love. From the day of her arrival much to the disquietude of Derwent, Edmonds was particular in his attentions; and it not infrequently happened that the jealous young husband came upon this young man and his wife, when sitting alone in the parlor under the portico, or in some one of the pleasant arbors or summer houses that were scattered over the lawns and gardens.

On such occasions, it was plain to him that Edmonds looked confused; and was much mistaken if the bloom on the beautiful cheeks of his wife did not take a deeper hue. At first, Derwent tried to think this all an idle fancy, but his jealous heart gave the thought an emphatic contradiction. How was it possible for any one to look upon Theresa and not love her? And was she proof against all the appeals of a fervid admiration? The more he saw, felt and thought the more uneasy did the young man become and the more certain was he that Edmonds entertained the purpose winning from him the love of his wife.

Thus matters stood on the fourth day after Derwent's arrival in the country, when an incident occurred that painfully corroborated, in his mind all his fears. He was sitting at a window of a room they occupied thinking of the dangers that surrounded his bride, and meditating a speedy return to town in order to escape them, when he observed Theresa walking along just below him, in a thoughtful mood. Ere she had passed from his sight, a servant stepped up and handed her a letter. She looked eagerly at the address and as she did so a flush suffused her face—then, hiding the letter in her bosom, she disappeared around an angle of the house. Crossing the room with a fluttering heart, Derwent passed quickly to another window, near which he rightly conjectured Theresa would go to read her letter. In a few moments he saw her glide forth from a mass of shrubbery, and sit down in a rustic seat beneath some oak trees that had known the sunshine and storms for as least a hundred years.

Here she drew the letter from her bosom and, while he was gazing down upon her, became absorbed in its contents. Evidently, from her manner while reading, the letter produced a vivid impression upon her mind; but, as her face was turned so far away that her husband could only see a small portion of it, he was unable to determine the character of her emotions. But he did not in the least doubt that the communication was from Edmonds.

Maddened by this conclusion, Derwent could with difficulty restrain himself from going down to the young man, and charging upon him the crime of attempting to destroy his happiness. A little reflection taught him the folly of this; and he concluded that it would be more prudent to wait for a time to see the development of things. It might be that the letter which Theresa had received was not from Edmonds; and that, as soon as he saw her, she would show it to him. In this latter conclusion, however, he was doomed to be mistaken. Hoping that she would come up to their room, he remained there for half an hour in momentary expectation of seeing her enter; but he waited in vain. Unable to bear the suspense any longer, Derwent descended to the parlor—no one was there. He passed out into the portico, but saw nothing of Theresa.

"Have you seen Mrs. Derwent?" he inquired of a lady.

"Yes replied the lady. "I saw her walking towards the garden, some ten minutes ago, with Mr. Edmonds."

"With Edmonds!" he exclaimed, completely thrown off his guard.

The lady looked curiously after him as he strode off, hastily, towards the garden. On opening the gate, he saw Theresa and the young man moving slowly down one of the walks, engaged in earnest conversation.—They did not observe his approach. Twice before he reached them, Edmonds stopped to pluck a flower, which was presented to the lady, who manifested pleasure in receiving it. Before he was near enough to hear the sound of their voices—for they conversed in a soft tone—his foot rustled among the dry leaves of a fallen branch, and warned them of his presence.

"What's the matter, Edward!—are you unwell?" asked Theresa, with much concern, the moment she looked into her husband's face.

"I don't feel very well," replied Derwent evasively.

"You look far from well," said Edmonds with apparent sympathy.

"Why, Edward you look pale, and your lips tremble as you speak. What has happened!—The young bride seemed frightened."

"Nothing—nothing," returned Derwent, who felt his position to be an awkward one and was, strange to say, more anxious to conceal his suspicion than he had been, a few moments before, to let them be seen.

Theresa drew her arm within his, and said, "Come! You must go back to the house, and lie down. You are unwell."

As Theresa thus spoke, Edmonds bowed rather formally, and turned down one of the garden walks, leaving the husband and wife alone.

"What is the matter, Edward?" asked Theresa anxiously by themselves.

"Nothing particular—only—I feel well enough now," awkwardly stammered the young husband.

"You don't look well," replied Theresa, her eyes fixed earnestly upon her husband's face while she spoke. "What is the matter? Do tell me Edward."

There was so much of real tenderness in the young wife's voice, that Edward's heart smote him for the suspicion he had permitted to enter his mind.

"I haven't felt perfectly well for a day or two," said the jealous spouse.

"You didn't mention this before," said his wife.

"No; for it would only have disturbed your feelings; but I'm better now." And the returning color to his face, and light of his eyes, attested the truth.

In silence the young couple returned to the house, and went up to their room. Theresa had proposed a walk, as likely to refresh her husband, but his mind was on the letter, and he could not rest until he was alone with her, in order that she might have an opportunity to show it to him; so he objected to the walk, and said he thought he should lie down for half an hour.

But though they remained alone during the rest of the afternoon, not a word did Theresa say about the letter she had received, and this re-awakened all Edward's most distressing doubts. At bedtime Edmonds took his usual place besides Theresa and kept her in animated conversation, while her husband sat silent and moody; forcing himself, for mere appearance sake, to swallow the tasteless food he put into his mouth. He complained, on rising from the table, of continued indisposition, and went back to his room, accompanied, of course, by his wife. After a while, the headache, with which he had been affected according to his own statement, passed off, and he entered into a conversation with Theresa, in which he endeavored to lead her to think of that particular time in the day when she received the letter. He even spoke of the seat under the old oak tree; but not a word was said by Theresa on the subject that was uppermost in his mind.

"Why should she conceal from me the fact of her having received a letter?" Derwent asked of himself over and over again; but no answer came to the question, and the doubts awakened, grew more and more troubled.

For half the night that followed, the jealous husband lay awake, a prey to the most harassing suspicions, while Theresa slept calmly by his side. At length—it was long after midnight—he resolved to end this state of suspense. The moon was shining brilliantly, and pouring into the room a flood of light, making all objects distinctly visible, and rendering the aid of a lamp, in the search he contemplated, altogether unnecessary. Quietly slipping from the bed Edward went to the chair over which Theresa had thrown her dress on retiring for the night, and searching in the bosom for the letter. But it was not there. He then lifted the garment in his hand, and shook it carefully; but the object for which he sought so anxiously did not fall upon the floor.

Might there not be a pocket in the dress? Yes, that was to remove his fears or blight his happiness forever. Such was the conclusion of the young man's mind. For the pocket he now commenced an eager search, but any one who has been commissioned by his wife to go to her wardrobe and bring her something from the pocket of a dress—

of course no man would think of inspecting his wife's pockets unless specially commissioned to do so—can form a pretty clear idea of the difficult task Derwent had upon his hands. He pulled open the folds of the skirt round and the whole garment, but no pocket opening could he find. While thus engaged, he felt something hard, and his ear caught, at the same time, the rattling sound made by paper when crumpled in the hand. An electric thrill passed through the young man's frame. Here was the letter!

More hurriedly, and with a nervous trembling, he sought an entrance to the place where the little messenger of good or ill reposed. But in his eagerness, he failed each time he revolved the dress in his hand to light upon the particular fold that concealed the opening.

Impatiently he trust his arm through the dress and at a single sweep turned it entirely inside out making, unconsciously to himself, as he did so, a loud rustling noise.—The pocket was easily found within; but the entrance thereto was as far as ever from being discovered; and two or three minutes more elapsed in a vain search, when desperately grasping the pocket with one hand he carried the other along on the outside until, at the corresponding part of the garment, after a few ineffectual trials, he found the long-hidden opening. A moment more, and the letter was in his hand. Eagerly he tore it open, and was endeavoring by the moonlight to obtain a knowledge of its contents when a movement in the bed caused him to glance around. Theresa had risen from her pillow, and was bending forward and staring at him, her face looked agitated and pale in the dim moonlight. Before he could speak, she uttered a wild scream, and fell forward upon the bed.

Here was indeed, a dilemma—and, more than all this, a confirmation of Derwent's worst fears. His indiscreet haste in searching for the letter had betrayed him into making noise enough to awaken his sleeping wife, who, seeing that he had obtained possession of her secret of unfaithfulness, was frightened as well she might be, into a swoon. This was the natural inference of the husband's mind.

Scarcely had the echoes of Theresa's thrilling scream died along the passage, ere sundry movements above and around were heard, and by the time Edward Derwent had drawn on his pantaloons, a hand was at his door, and a frightened voice called out to know what was the matter. Edward, already aware that his wife had fainted, opened the door after having hidden the letter in his own pocket, and admitted the hostess who had been first to arrive at the scene of alarm. To her inquiries as to the cause of Theresa's scream, her fainting condition, etc. Edward could only give confused and unsatisfactory answers. Other members of the family soon after appearing, active efforts were made to restore the swooning bride who in about an hour, was so far recovered as to open her eyes and answer a few questions, carefully concealing the cause of her fright.

Day had begun to dawn ere Theresa was so far recovered as to be thought in a condition by the family to be left alone. Then Derwent, who had remained aloof nearly the whole time that efforts were making for her restoration, walking the floor uneasy, asked a lady who had come in if she would not remain with his wife for half an hour. Escaping from the room, he hurried into the open air, and, as soon as he had reached a place where no eye could be upon him, he drew the letter he had obtained from his pocket. Opening it once more, he devoured, so to speak, almost at a single glance, its contents, which were as follows:

"DEAR MADAM—I regret extremely to have to inform you that your new pearl-colored silk, dress which you sent me to be altered, has been totally ruined through the carelessness of one of my girls, who overturned a lamp. No help remains but for me to make you a new one; which I will do as soon as you return to town, and give me an opportunity to fit you. I feel greatly mortified about it; it is one of those accidents against which we cannot provide. Hoping that you will not be inconvenienced by this mishap, I am, very respectfully yours,

MARY MODE."

If the green-eyed monster did not die under that blow, he expired half an hour afterwards, when Theresa, with arm around her husband's neck, told him of the frightful apparition she had seen in the night; and then trembling from the recollection of the scene, shrunk still closer to his side, and laid her head upon his bosom.

If ever a man was heartily ashamed of himself, that man was Edward Derwent.—Months were suffered to go by, ere he ventured to disabuse thoroughly the mind of his wife in regard to the apparition she had seen and then he concealed so much of the truth that she never more than half suspected the weakness which had nearly betrayed him into wounding a heart that loved him, intensely, by the avowal of his suspicion.

A magistrate of Chicago proposes to marry couples at one dollar apiece, if they will form clubs of twelve, and all get fixed at the same time.

### Litigation of an Old Man's Will.

A correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce*, who is writing a series of "Sketches along the Erie Railroad," occasionally digresses to relate some interesting little narrative which the occasion brings to mind.—Here is one of them.

The spirits of our little party, which are generally well kept up, have this evening been somewhat dampened in reviewing a sorrowful story, called up by a young lady acquaintance.

The story may be told. I have leave, and if it wound some person's feelings, they deserve the wounds. This lady is an orphan, and niece to a man of wealth and position in his own part of the country. Ten years ago she lived with her grandfather in a distant place, who had brought her up from childhood. To say truth, she was the delight of the old man's life, and his lips were never weary of telling his love for her.—She was the daughter of his elder son, and the only surviving child of four that gladdened his hearth. The younger brother had long ago displeased his father, and deserted his home. The old man strove year by year to win him back, but vainly, and to the time of his father's death the son continued to give a haughty and proud refusal to all the old man's entreaties. I do not pretend to judge between them. I only know that the father was willing to do any penance so he could see his boy again in his seat by the window, where he used to sit in the days long gone.

The old house was unchanged, from the years of those sons, by hood. It stood under the same elm and looked out on the same broad road and running stream and group of willows, and across the valley at the same sleeping place on the hill side; and year after year had gone by, and the feeble old man tottered across the road and up the village street, and daily looked and hoped, but daily in vain. The little girl, the grandchild of the old man clung to him with tenacious affection, and as she grew up to the tall and graceful child I first knew ten years ago, she was worth loving. I must hasten the story.

The old man grew feeble, and as the sights and sounds of other countries began to be familiar to him, he sought once more and for the last time to recall his forgetful son. He wrote to him a long pleading letter, reminding him of his mother, his childhood, his young affections, and the old man grew almost childish in his letter, (for I have seen a copy of it), and told him that the tree was planted with his own hands forty years ago had grown tall and stony—and the robins that sat and sang in its branches, he doubted not were descendants of the same brood that he had preserved in their nest in the old apple tree; and many such winning thoughts he added. But in vain.—The son, involved in the turmoil of business, allied by marriage to those who looked with somewhat of disdain on the old man in his small country home, and himself despising the humble life of his father, as well as retaining in his cold heart the memory of fancied or real wrongs, paid no attention to the call, and the good man's sun went down in gloom. There were some who thought him already childish in age, but those who knew him best, knew that his intellect was clear and his heart warm.—Strange that men so often mistake simple warm-heartedness for lunacy. Men were masks so much in the world, that when they once get a glimpse of one another without the mask, they do not recognize nature, and call it madness.

And so the good old man died; died as he had lived, in the midst of his friends, with a cool breath of the country air laden with the fragrance of the meadows and the mown grass blowing over his forehead; gently, peacefully, as if he had been carried away of that soft air. His last words were of his grandchild, in whose arms he lay, and the last before he died, were cheerful, hopeful words of his ungrateful son.

Before he died, he made his will, leaving his entire property to this grand-daughter. The will was brief, decided, and sufficient. Two neighbors were named as executors, who proceeded to fulfill their trust.

And now came the surprising discovery that the old man was rich. He has always lived well, had everything he desired, but no one supposed that he was more wealthy than any of the neighboring farmers. But, for sixty years he had been saving money, and investing it where it would be least likely to attract attention, and his thousands had rolled up to a great estate. It was marvellous what an effect of discovery had on the affections of the surviving son. If he did not love the old man, he now evinced a laudable degree of love for all that had been his excepting his grandchild. She was then too young to return his enmity in kind, and perhaps, had she been older, would have acted for herself, and willingly have shared with him her newly acquired fortune. But she was an infant, and others managed the war for her, and it was fought long and ardently from court to court.

It was the coolest piece of impetuosity I have known, for the family of the wife of the son to advise, and the son himself to lead on an attack on the sanity of his dead father.