

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.

VOLUME VIII.

ALLENTOWN, LEHIGH COUNTY, PA., OCTOBER 5, 1853.

NUMBER 1.

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

Indemnity against Loss by FIRE.

THE FRANKLIN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY of Philadelphia.

OFFICE, No. 1633 CHESSNUT STREET Near Fifth Street.
 STATEMENT OF ASSETS, \$1,315,534, January 1st, 1853.

Published agreeably to an Act OF ASSEMBLY, BEING

First Mortgages, amply secured, \$1,021,366 63
 Real Estate (present value \$110,000) cost, 82,447 63
 Temporary Loans, on ample Collateral Securities, 96,487 68
 Stocks (present value \$76,191) cost, 62,286 60
 Cash, &c. &c., 52,945 51

\$1,315,534 00
 PERPETUAL OR LIMITED INSURANCES made on every description of property, in TOWN AND COUNTRY,

at rates as low as are consistent with security. Since their incorporation, a period of twenty-four years, they have paid over three millions dollars Loss by FIRE, thereby affording evidence of the advantage of Insurance, as the ability and disposition to meet with promptness all liabilities.

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

A. L. RICHE, Allentown.
 C. F. BLECH, Bethlehem.
 Allentown, Oct. 1852. ¶—1y

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, Board
THOMAS WEAVER,
HERMAN REPP,
THOMAS B. WILSON, of
WILLIAM R. CRAIG, Trustees.
NATHAN METZGER,
ROBERT E. WRIGHT.
 Allentown August 24. ¶—1y

REMOVAL!

The undersigned hereby notify their friends and the public in general that they have removed their

Exchange Office
 from the front room in the Old Fellows' Hall, to the new three story building on the north east corner of market square, where they are prepared to transact

Bank and Exchange
 business upon the most reasonable terms.
WM. H. BLUMER & Co.
 Allentown, Sept. 14. ¶—4w

Hiram Brobst, Dentist in Allentown.

Respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he still continues the practice of his profession, in all its various branches, such as filing, cleansing, plugging and inserting from a single tooth to a full set, on moderate terms. His office is in Allen Street, one door South of Dr. C. L. Martin, No. 43. Allentown, August 10. ¶—1y

Pamphlet Laws.

SUBSCRIBERS to the Pamphlet Laws of 1852, are informed that their copies are received and ready for delivery, at the Proprietor's Office of Lehigh County.
F. E. SAMUELS, Prothonotary.
 Allentown, Sept. 28. ¶—4w

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 off 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, Alpaccas, Debashe, Gingham, 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 patronage. **GETZ & GILBERT.**
 September 14. ¶—6m

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 Catsaunna, Lehigh county. **GETZ & GILBERT.**
 September 14. ¶—6m

COAL! COAL!

The undersigned have opened a Coal Yard in Catsaunna, and will constantly keep on hand all kinds of Coal which they will sell at greatly reduced prices. **GETZ & GILBERT.**
 September 14. ¶—6m

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.**
 Catsaunna, Sept. 14. ¶—6m

E. W. Eckert's

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Tobacco, Snuff and Segar STORE,

No. 30, East Hamilton Street, ALLENTOWN, PA.

GOODS ALL WARRANTED.
 July 20. ¶—1y

FALL MILLINERY GOODS.

John Stone & Sons,
 NO. 45 SOUTH SECOND STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

Are now opening for the Fall Trade, a large and well selected assortment of **SILKS, RIBBONS, FEATHERS, FLOWERS, AND** Millinery Goods in general.

Confining themselves exclusively to this branch of the trade and importing the larger part of their stock, enables them to offer an assortment, unsurpassed in extent or variety, which will be sold on the most favorable terms. **September 28. ¶—3m**

Disolution of Partnership.

Notice is hereby given, that the Partnership heretofore existing between **Thomas Moore and Nathan Laudenschlager**, in the Grain and Coal business, in Allentown, has been dissolved on the 1st of September, 1853, by mutual consent. All those who know themselves to be indebted to said firm, are earnestly requested to call on **Thomas Moore** at the old place of business, where the books will remain for a short time, and settle their accounts, in order that the business of the old firm can be brought to a close.
THOMAS MOORE,
NATHAN LAUDENSCHLAGER,
 Allentown, Sept. 7. ¶—6w

JOB PRINTING,

Neatly executed at the "Register Office,"

Poetical Department.

Mischief-Makers.

Oh! could there in the world be found
 Some little spot of happy ground,
 Where village pleasure might go round,
 Without the village railing!

How doubly blest that place would be,
 Where all might dwell in liberty,
 Free from the bitter misery
 Of Gossip's endless prattling.

If such a spot were really known,
 Dame Peace might claim it as her own;
 And in it she might fix her throne,
 Forever and forever!

There like a queen might reign and live,
 While every one would soon forgive
 The little slights they might receive,
 And be offended never.

'Tis mischief-maker that remove
 Far from our hearts the warmth of love,
 And lead us all to disapprove
 What gives another pleasure.

They seem to take one's part—but when
 They've heard our cares, unkindly then
 They soon retail them out again
 Mix'd with their poisonous measure.

And then they've such a cunning way
 Of telling their ill-meant tales; they say
 "Don't mention what I said, I pray,
 I would not tell another."

Straight to your neighbor's house they go,
 Narrating everything they know,
 And break the peace of high and low,
 Wife, husband, friend and brother.

Oh! that the mischief-making crew
 Were all reduced to one or two,
 And they were painted red or blue,
 That every one might know them!

Then would our villagers forget
 To rage and quarrel, fume and fret,
 And fall into angry pet,
 With things so much below them.

For 'tis a sad degrading part,
 To make another bosom smart,
 And plant a dagger in the heart
 We ought to love and cherish!

Then let us evermore be found,
 In quietness with all around,
 While friendship, joy and peace abound,
 And angry feelings perish!

Miscellaneous Selections.

The Heiress.

Many years since, there dwelt, near the Falls of Niagara, in a house so old that it became a matter of astonishment what kept it from tumbling down, an English gentleman, and his daughter, whose wonderful beauty had become proverbial. Mr. Heyward lived very secluded. After the death of his wife, he purchased this wild retreat, and his daughter, Constance, with no other teacher save himself, grew up as lovely in person and pure in heart as the most affectionate parent could wish. She amused herself with her flowers, pets, and music, until her father found time to accompany her in rides or walks through the most romantic scenery ever enjoyed on earth. Many a long walk had she taken with him, in search of the rarest flowers, and many a luxurious hour she had spent in studying their names in her folios, in his quiet library. The haunts that she loved best were along the noble stream, which bounded her father's domain. Its banks were composed of precipitous rocks, overgrown with trees, draped with graceful vines of the clematis. She would seat herself at the foot of a cliff which rose abruptly to the height of sixty feet, and listen to the gurgling water; and, undisturbed read the books selected by her father.

When Constance was nearly seventeen, she fell heir to a large property that had been accumulated by an uncle in the Indies. Mr. Heyward resolved to go himself to settle the affairs of his deceased brother. A family residing in Montreal, Lower Canada invited Constance to make their house her home until his return, and thus relieved her father from the anxiety he had felt on her account. There was a sorrowful parting between the father and daughter. The heavy tears dropped from the beautiful eyes of Constance as he took his leave. "I shall have a lonely time, without you, dear father," said she, "but I shall not neglect my lessons." He was gone.

Mr. Heyward went to that Eldorado so very subject to whirlwinds and earthquakes happy in the knowledge that Constance was safe in the family of Mr. Arguile, whom he knew to be an ambitious man, but he believed him to be the soul of honor.

Constance found the family consisted of Mr. Arguile, his wife, and nephew, whom they introduced as Juan De Varez. He was about thirty years of age. The mass of his curling hair, black as night, spoke of the olive of Spain; while his complexion, almost swarthy; his eyes full, black and piercing in their expression, told of a restless or evil disposition.

When Constance was shown her rooms she was much pleased with the attention paid her in the selection. At one end of

the room terminated a bay window, in whose deep recess were placed porcelain pots in which were reared exotic plants, and in the midst hung cages containing her favorite birds. She passed through into her sleeping room, and then, opening another door, found herself in a small room fitted up as an oratory. The window was of stained glass representing the infant Saviour and the Apostles. Before a full length picture of the Virgin Mary, a taper was kept burning night and day; on a small altar was displayed a crucifix. Constance felt that she could be happy here. She directed her maid to unpack her wardrobe, while she herself arranged the valuable books that her father had left her, with written suggestions for her improvement; and she already felt no lack of intellectual resources.

After tea, Mr. Arguile introduced her to some ladies and gentlemen, who were charmed with the young stranger. Her figure and movements were faultless in symmetry and grace. Her eyes were of a dark blue, full, clear, animated, and shaded by the long black lashes. Her broad forehead added much to the dignity of the intellectual cast of her face. Her hair was of that chestnut-brown, with which painters love to adorn their beauties, or portray a saint. Mr. Heyward had left her his trunk book, and she consulted Mrs. Arguile about the dresses suitable for her to purchase; as she did not know the value of such things, she left it all to her guardians. They told her as an heiress it was necessary for her to keep a carriage expressively for her own use. One expense after another, and so many calls on her for money at last alarmed Constance, and she gently but firmly refused to draw any more until she consulted her father. His letters told of his safe arrival, and spoke of his health being good.

Two years passed away very pleasantly, the only drawback to her happiness was the continued addresses of Juan De Varez; she could not return his love, although grateful to him for his kind attention. He was so willing to oblige that it would have been unkind to withhold any kindness from him when he sought it with so much respect. He rode or walked with her whenever she wished to take such exercise; and became daily more attentive to her wishes. A bouquet of the most expensive flowers was placed in her room each day.

Things were going on as usual, when she received a letter from India. Her father was on his way home; he hoped to find his darling well, and congratulated her upon the fortune which awaited her. It had exceeded his most sanguine expectations. The letter was filled with his love and prayers for her welfare. Constance, although wild with joy, wept as she read; how could she wait! She resolved to throw herself into his loving embraces, her dear, dear father! She read the letter over a dozen times at least, before she hastened to let the family know of her joyful news.

The season was verging towards the close of October, when one morning Constance, who had just returned from a walk in the garden, she noted the varied tints so richly the foliage of autumn, and she longed to repose in her father's arms, and she longed to repose in his faithful bosom her trials, for Juan pressed his arms with ardor, and she could not give her hand without her heart. Missing thus, she entered the drawing room, and was met by Mr. Arguile, who took her hand and led her to the sofa. "My dear girl," said he, "you must hear news that will rend your heart, when you are composed I find you will read a paragraph that you will find in one corner of this paper," saying this, he left her alone. With a trembling hand, Constance opened the paper, the first word that met her gaze was "Lost! We received the account of a shipwreck from an eye witness. On the night of the 6th inst., I heard the orders of the officer on deck, to prepare for the coming hurricane. I went upon deck it seemed to me as if I could see, amid the darkness, the whirling motion of the gigantic clouds, and by the roar, as of ten thousand batteries, that the tempest was upon us. Its fury was beyond all description—defying belief. It howled and shrieked through the rigging in such awful tones, that it appeared as if the last conclusive effort was at hand, and all on the eye of final dissolution. I grasped a rope. The ship strained and creaked as she rose heavily on the billows. But happily the duration of the squall was in proportion to its intensity. In less than ten minutes it began to die away. We suffered no loss except that of our maintop-sail, which was blown from the bolt ropes in the moment of the squall. We saw a ship a short time before the storm, but she was now no longer visible. A bucket with the name 'Solima' painted on it was picked up the next day, from which it is concluded that all on board the vessel had perished. How many souls have gone to eternity the Almighty only knows."

When Mrs. Arguile entered the room some time after, she found Constance lying on the floor, where she had fallen from her seat. In the agony of learning the doom which had fallen on her father, she had fallen into a deep swoon. The last beam of the setting sun streamed into the open window, and the eyes of the pale girl were lifted

to the purple and gold clouds that floated on the edge of the horizon. She was lying with her eyes closed. A few hours later, when Mrs. Arguile entered, Constance lay so pale, so still, that she started back, fearful that it was death she had looked upon. It was the first time that Constance could remember being confined to a sick bed; and she struggled hard with her weakness.—She was quiet, and obeyed her nurse; but when no eye save that of God was upon her she wept, and prayed at the foot of the cross that she might soon join her departed parents.

As soon as she was able to leave her rooms, Juan insisted on her taking their usual rides about the country. Her constitution was good, and her health was restored in a short time.

Three months passed away, and all hopes concerning the missing ship were lost, and Constance felt that she was indeed an orphan.

A remarkable and sudden change had come over Juan De Varez. He threw off his air of pleading tenderness; and he was not one to forgive her who had thus wounded his self love. Perhaps the desire of making her feel some of the mortifications she had inflicted on him, was as much an inducement as her fortune to cause him to persist in marrying one who betrayed such aversion to the union. Thus was Constance left, at an age, too, when the care of a parent is so necessary to a daughter, and she had been left to the guardianship of a worldly man, who tolerated the charge, hoping to make her large fortune available to the necessities of a nephew, whose patrimony he had in a great measure dissipated.

To add to her troubles, her maid who had always treated her with the greatest respect, got married. Constance gave her enough to furnish her house plainly, and she left with tears of gratitude one, whom to serve, had been a pleasure.

One night Mrs. Arguile, who was afraid of her husband, slipped a note written in French, under her door. Constance saw it, and turning to the window read, "Dear Constance, do not go to bed to-night, but remain in the sacred protection of your oratory.—We leave her room. I dare not say any more; be wary of your mind. Destroy this note. M. A." As she finished reading, she heard the sound of a carriage leaving the court-yard.

Comprehending nothing but that she must obey, she rang for the new maid, and telling her that she did not require her services again that evening, she turned towards her sleeping room.—"But my lady, you want your wrapper, let me undress you." Constance waved her back, and opening the door of the oratory, she entered and locked the door after her. The maid left the apartment soon after. Once through the night Constance heard the doors of the adjoining rooms open and shut, but she counted her beads in an audible voice; the noise ceased and she heard no more. She fell asleep toward morning, and when she awoke the occurrence was remembered only as a dream. She had her breakfast in her room and Mrs. Arguile called her to dinner as usual. She asked no questions; indeed she never again saw Mrs. Arguile alone.

One morning they were assembled in the parlor where they always sat to read or sew when Mr. Arguile said, "Has any one accepted our invitation for to-morrow night?" "No," said his nephew, casting a frown towards Constance as he left the room.

"Do you know," said his uncle, "that you have driven every respectful visitor from my house by your coquetry?" addressing himself to the astonished girl.

"What do you mean?" asked she in a faint voice.

"I mean," said he, "that you refuse to become the wife of Juan;—you first encouraged him by accepting his company on every occasion for more than two years, and to keep the neighbours from attacking your character, you were obliged to say that you were engaged to be married. You spent one whole night alone in this house with him of which every one is aware; yet you wish to drive him and by trifling with his love, and bring disgrace on the house which has given you shelter."

Constance had risen for an instant. She stood before him trembling with the intensity of her feelings. "The light falling on her cheek made it almost ghastly; she at length spoke, and the words appeared to be forced from her quivering lips.

"And do you believe that I could encourage Juan, then refuse to wed him; or that any part of my conduct should have given rise to any suspicious against my honor?—Oh! you would not dare to insult a helpless girl if she had a protector," and while her cheek was no longer pale, her dark eyes flashed as she replied—"and do you think that I can brook this insult? and, if my father was alive, I, Oh! God, my father!" and she burst into a flood of tears.

Mr. Arguile and Juan finding that they could not frighten the heiress to bend to their wishes, consulted on the means by which they could compel her to take the marriage vows. Juan deluded himself with the belief that Constance would yet love him; as if the course he was pursuing was

not calculated to destroy every sentiment of affection toward him. At last they hit upon a plan to get the unfortunate girl in their power. The mail was to bring an attachment to her young lady and get her to leave the house. A carriage was to be provided and the coachman was a creature of their own; he was to drive to a lonely Inn about twenty miles from Montreal. They were to follow him the next day with a Priest, and then the marriage would take place.

Constance sat in trouble in her room, her countenance was pale. She looked, as if hope, the last refuge of the distressed, had ceased to throw its halo around the heart, and despair had usurped its place. Her maid entered the room, and said in a low tone,—"Hist, lady, do not speak—I will come in this evening." She turned and left with noiseless steps. That evening the girl proposed to procure a carriage and assist Constance to make preparations to quit the house of her false friends. She listened to the proposal, and thought if she could reach Quebec, she would find some of her father's acquaintances and be free from persecution. On the next day she completed her arrangements. She wore mourning, and the rest of her wardrobe was packed, she left a letter on the table, directed to Mrs. Arguile.

It was near midnight ere she dared to quit the house, her maid put her in the carriage, and bid the coachman to do as the young lady wished, when Constance thanked her for all she gave her a purse, and the girl with many thanks left her, and hastened back to the house. It was near morning when they reached the Inn. Constance wished to stay in the carriage, but the man said she would be more comfortable in the house, as it was chilly and the horses needed rest. She found a man and his wife ready to receive her; they conducted her to a room up-stairs, and saying that she should have breakfast brought up, they left the room. She waited some time before it was brought, and when the woman came with it, she told her she would thank her to desire the man who had come with her, to start as soon as possible. The woman nodded her head and left the room.

Constance could not eat, she drank some tea, and sat waiting. At last, on looking at her watch, she was surprised to find it almost ten. She became alarmed and went to the window, but she saw nothing of the coach. She went to the door and found it locked, "what can this mean," said she, and after repeatedly knocking, the woman came to the door and asked her if she wanted any thing. She told her that she wanted to pursue her journey.

"That you cannot do at present," returned the woman, "the coach that brought you has been gone several hours; the man said you was to stay here until your friends came so there is no use of fretting or making a noise, for there is no one within ten miles to hear you. No one will injure you keep quiet." She then went down stairs.

Constance was bewildered, she at last began to suspect that a trick had been played upon her. "I see it all now," exclaimed she, as the tears rolled down her pale face, "but my mind was false to me, and Juan will have me in his power. Oh, God! she said changing her hands, 'protect my servant!—Holy Mother! save thy child!'" She pressed her crucifix against her bosom and was restored to serenity by this act of devotion. She went to the window, and using some force, she succeeded in raising the sash. She looked out, but it was too high for her to leap, and she felt it would be useless as they were paid to watch her. All was bleak and desolate around, no other dwelling met her eye. She sat, helpless and filled with gloomy thoughts when, raising her eyes, she saw slowly approaching the Inn, an old-fashioned chaise, drawn by a horse which also had seen his best days. It drew near the door, and a man alighted. At the first sight of him, Constance, screamed with joy she knew that she was saved, for in that well remembered face she recognized the good Father Everard, the confessor of her childhood—the friend of her father! The priest looked up as Constance raised the sash and knew her directly, but before he could express his astonishment she called him and told him how she had been trapped, and in danger if she staid another hour. He needed no more; he advanced to the door, but his entrance was stoutly opposed by the old couple. As they endeavored to push him out, the Priest suddenly threw off the large coat which he wore, thus showing the habiliments of a Priest, and raising the cross, he forbade them to oppose his entrance any longer. At the sight of which the wretched let him enter, and bending the knee, kissed the hand that held the sacred relic.—When the Priest entered, Constance threw herself into his arms and sobbed aloud.—When she became more composed, he told her it was purely accidental his being on that road, but the Superior desired him to visit a sick man, and returning, he took the shortest road, as he knew there was an Inn on the way where he could obtain refreshments for himself and for his horse. After hearing the story of Constance, he questioned the people of the Inn, but farther than they were told that the lady was to be kept