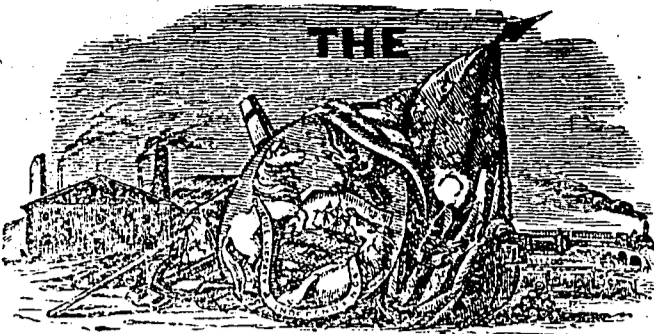


Lehigh

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER.



Register.

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 12, 1853.

NUMBER 2.

THE LEHIGH REGISTER

Published in the Borough of Allentown, Lehigh County, Pa., every Wednesday, by

A. L. RUHEE,

At \$1.50 per annum, payable in advance, and \$2.00 if not paid until the end of the year. No paper discontinued, until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the proprietor.

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

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 IRISH, Board of Trustees.
THOMAS WEAVER,
HERMAN RUFF,
THOMAS B. WILSON,
WILLIAM R. CRAIG,
NATHAN METZGER,
ROBERT E. WRIGHT.

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 Odd 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.

Indemnity against Loss by FIRE.

THE FRANKLIN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY of Philadelphia.

OFFICE, No. 1634 CHESNUT 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 88. Stocks (present value \$76,191) cost, 62,285 60. Cash, &c., &c., 52,945 51.

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.

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CHARLES N. BANCKER, President.

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A. L. RUHEE, Allentown.

C. F. BLECH, Bethlehem.

Allentown, Oct. 1852.

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 filling, cleaning, 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.

Pamphlet Laws.

SUBSCRIBERS to the Pamphlet Laws of 1852, are informed that their copies are received and ready for delivery, at the Proprietary's Office of Lehigh County.

F. E. SAMUELS, Prothonotary.

Allentown, Sept. 28.

Poetical Department.

The Heart I Love.

I love a self-renouncing heart,
One gentle, thoughtful, earnest, kind;
And not the headless, careless one,
That speaks a cold and selfish mind.

I love the cheerful, ready heart,
That meets the want the eye perceives;
And not the one that waits till asked,
And then reluctantly relieves.

Much, much I love these timely gifts,
So they with care and love be given,
To some poor, humble child on earth,
Who trusts alone to God and Heaven.

Placed by the door at even-tide,
As though an angel bore them there,
Leaving the poor and humble one
To speak its thanks to God in prayer.

The heart that will God's blessed truths
Dispense at home with liberal hand;
That feeds the rills that form the streams
Which flow along through foreign lands.

A heart so proud 't will never stoop
That it may serve him homage pay;
And yet so meek 't would stoop to cheer
A poor, lone pilgrim on his way.

One that can meet a beggar-child
And not aside in horror start;
That knows beneath an old, torn garb,
May beat a little human heart.

I love these kind, these pitying hearts
That can another's burdens bear;
And oh! I love those generous ones
That in another's joy can share!

Last, last of all, I love the heart
That's warm and gushing—full of love;
That seeks not for the praise of earth,
But an approving smile above.

Miscellaneous Selections.

The Fortune Hunter.

Frank Seldon was as fine a young fellow as ever breathed. He was gay, open, generous, full of talent and had the kindest and best heart in the world. Yet with a character careless and calculating almost to a fault, he laughingly, but quite seriously declared his determination of becoming a fortune-hunter, and he explained his views on the subject to his friends, somewhat thus—

"Here am I," he would say, "a poor devil of an M. D., who despite great talents and much learning, has not, and, as the world goes, cannot reasonably expect ever to get practice, without a helping hand from some one. My father has just failed in business, so I can have no help from that quarter—I have no one else to look to but myself. I am a handsome enough young fellow—my affections are entirely disengaged; I must look upon them as my stock in trade, and dispose of them so as to bring in the largest return. It's as easy to fall in love with an heiress as any other woman, and depend upon it, I shall prudently contrive to make love and interest meet, some of these days.

Not long after these prudential resolutions were formed, two young ladies from Boston came on a visit to the house of Mrs. Clement, a lady of our fortune-hunter's acquaintance. And as though fortune favored his views, one of the ladies, Miss Mary Bancroft, was a great heiress; the other, Miss Mary Dana, was the portionless daughter of an artist.

Doubtless with a view of reducing theory to practice, our hero presented himself at Mrs. Clement's soon after the arrival of her young guests. When he entered the drawing-room the young ladies were at the piano and singing a duet together, and several gentlemen of the neighborhood, drawn, as young Seldon suspected, by the same magnet which had attracted himself, stood near the piano listening. Entering the room quietly so as not to disturb the musicians, our hero seated himself by Mrs. Clement on the sofa, and employed himself till the song ended, in studying the countenances of the two young ladies. One was a tall blond, with regular features, and stately bearing and the other a brunette of middle size, her figure full, but very graceful, her face so varying with changing expressions that the beholder was never at leisure to ascertain the state of her features.

Young Seldon's eyes, after scrutinizing both ladies, rested with most pleasure on the mobile face of the beautiful brunette—he hoped she might be the heiress. But no; when the song was ended, and he was introduced to the young ladies, the taller responded to the name of Miss Bancroft, the other to that of Miss Dana.

Young Seldon sighed, but resolved to be discreet and accordingly addressed his conversation to the legitimate object. Still, with all his prudence, he could not prevent his eyes wandering occasionally to the bright face of Miss Dana, who remained at the piano, carelessly touching the keys, and looking up with varying expressions on her brilliant face, while conversing with a young gentleman who was standing beside her.

The other gentleman, like young Seldon, attached themselves to the heiress.

More music was requested, and our hero being no indifferent musician, soon found himself taking part in a trio. He felt that he never sang better, he saw that his companions were pleased with him, and his spirits rose high. He thought both ladies were charming; both had charming voices. He sang several duets with each. Miss Bancroft's voice was a high and pure soprano; Miss Dana's a rich contralto. Connoisseurs might prefer Miss Bancroft's, that he thought very likely; but he felt that Miss Dana's voice accorded best with his own, which was a bass.

Both ladies were very gracious to our hero, and when he left them, it was with a sense of having passed a most agreeable evening, and with the impression that fortune-hunting was the most agreeable employment in the world.

The following evening Frank Seldon was again a visitor Mrs. Clement's. He came by agreement, to practice with the young ladies. Many times during the evening he found it necessary to remind himself that it was Miss Bancroft, with whom he was to fall in love; yet despite of all his endeavors to the contrary, he found his eyes ever searching for Miss Dana's piquant face, and resting delighted on her graceful form. In vain he commanded himself to admire the classic formation of Miss Bancroft's features, and the dignity of her carriage; one bright, roguish glance from Miss Dana's dark eyes—one pout of her budding lips, one sweet blush flying over her dark, yet brilliant face, made his heart bound with a rapture he could not repress, and which all Miss Bancroft's perfection could not call forth.

Again he sang with both young ladies, again he felt the vast difference between singing with one, whose voice, though faultlessly true, did not perfectly accord with his own, and the delight of blending his voice with another whose very tone seemed to melt into, and perfectly unite with his, forming a perfect harmony.

Many such evenings as those I have described flew delightfully by. At the close of one of them Mrs. Clement seated herself at the piano to play a waltz for her young guests. Quite a number of young people were assembled in her pleasant drawing-room, besides our hero, and at the first sound of her spirituous touch on the piano gay couples were whirling, as though by magic, round the room. Frank Seldon had been too late in bethinking himself of his resolutions to secure the hand of the heiress, but he repaired this misfortune, as much as possible, by soliciting the hand of Miss Dana. Never did sylph move with lighter, more aerial grace, than did the little fairy Frank held in his arms; she seemed to float on the music—to rise and fall with its cadences; not as by voluntary action, but as though her movements were swayed by the music, and were its effect. Frank felt that he had never known what waltzing was before. He stood beside his partner whenever she chose to sit down, fanning her, and gazing delighted into her bright, glowing face, brilliant with the color dancing had called into her cheek and gay with laughing just as she addressed to him. I know not what our fortune-hunter was thinking about, but he started as though he had been doing something wrong, when a little movement behind him apprized him that Miss Bancroft wished to seat herself beside her friend.

Although suddenly remembering something he had forgotten, he begged the favor of her hand for the next waltz. Soon they were moving together round the room, but how different a thing was this waltz from the other. True, Miss Bancroft's steps were perfectly correct, and her carriage not ungraceful—but spirit and feeling were wanting. Instantly our hero's brain began to spin a theory as to the mode of determining a woman's character by her manner of waltzing.

As soon as Frank's attention was no longer required by his partner, his eyes went eagerly in search of Miss Dana. She was waltzing with Mr. —, the gentleman with whom he had observed her talking the first evening he had ever seen her. A pang of jealousy shot through his heart. He could not endure to think the delight, which so lately had thrilled to his inmost being, should be common to others as well as himself. Even when the waltz was ended, his tortures were not over, for Mr. — still lingered near his partner, and our poor fortune hunter eyed him every amie he gained from the portionless friend of the heiress.

Still, notwithstanding the strange fascination which Miss Dana exercised over him, our hero was far from succumbing without a struggle to his impulses. He had made up his mind to be a fortune-hunter, and a fortune-hunter he was still determined to be. After his old fashion of soliloquizing he often talked to himself thus:

"The idea of my marrying for love is simply preposterous. I couldn't afford it; and besides I'm not in love. Miss Mary Dana is very enchanting, I own; here he always paused, and sighed before proceeding, "but Miss Mary Bancroft is more classically

beautiful, and any man might be proud to call such a woman his wife. Yes, to night, I will go to Mrs. Clement's with my wits about me, and not let every trifling temptation divert me from my object."

Thus bravely our hero talked; but, alas! for human weakness—the first tone of Miss Dana's rich voice, the first sound of her merry laugh, the first glance of her roguish eye, made his heart bound, and fettered his every thought upon himself. The little witch seemed aware of the power she wielded, and disposed to use it tyrannically. She piqued young Seldon, she flirted with him—she repulsed him, she enticed him; she was cold, warm, teasing, alluring, quarrelsome and tender, twenty times a day. Worst of all was it for our hero, when she made him jealous by flirting with Mr. —. It did not require the keen eye of a lover, to see that the latter was much interested in her. He was a man of acquirements and superior character—by no means a rival to be despised. Frank felt this, and ere long every thought of fortune-hunting was forgotten in the absorbing struggle to eclipse his rival in Miss Dana's regard. She, little conscious as she was, showed no preference for either.

One bright morning in May, a gay party of equestrians left Mrs. Clement's door. They were to ride to a lovely spot in the country, there to spend the day. Servants were to follow them in wagons, bring refreshments, and all other necessities; a collation was to be spread on the grass, and after a day of pleasure they were to return home by moonlight.

The day was propitious, and in high spirits the party arrived at the place of destination. True our poor fortune-hunter's spirits were a little dashed by having been too late to secure the honor of escorting Miss Dana, and his temper tried by observing the tender gallantry of Mr. —, who rode beside her; these circumstances, however, did not appear to affect the general happiness of the party, and all was smiles and sunshine.

Almost immediately after the collation, which proved a most successful affair, young Seldon observed that Miss Dana had disappeared, and as time slipped on, and she did not return, he began to feel some uneasiness on her account. No one else appeared to notice her absence, and Mr. —'s presence proved that he was not with her, a circumstance which Frank observed with satisfaction. His anxiety still increasing as it grew later, he resolved, at last, to steal away and go in search of her. Happening to pass the large tree where the horses were tied, he perceived with something like a start of horror, that Miss Dana's horse was not there.

"Where is Miss Dana's horse?" he inquired of the groom. The man in more words than I cared to repeat, explained that Miss Dana had mounted her horse, two hours before, saying she was only going a few miles to explore a pretty spot which had struck her fancy as she passed it in the morning, and should be back in an hour.

Scarcely knowing what he did, Seldon rushed on in the direction indicated, his brain in a perfect tumult of horror, and the most burning love.

Yes, in the first moment of apprehension for Miss Dana's safety, the love which had slumbered half unconsciously in his bosom, burst forth with an intensity which left him no longer in doubt as to his feelings. He had gone but about a mile, when he described a riderless horse galloping toward him—it was Miss Dana's. Our hero made an unsuccessful effort to catch the reins as the horse passed, and then sped, without halting for another attempt, still more swiftly onward. About two miles further on, he saw a motionless object lying on the road. His heart sank. As he approached he perceived that his fears were realized. Miss Dana lay there, totally insensible. Seldon raised her in his arms, and his agitation was so great that he could not determine if she were alive or dead; and so completely had excess of emotion destroyed his presence of mind, that not one of the many medical remedies, with which he should have been familiar, occurred to him. He could only fold her fondly in his arms, kissing her pale cheeks, and calling on her name in tones of deep distress. Suddenly he thought he perceived a faint shade of pink returning to the white cheek—it deepened at the rapturous kiss of thanksgiving—he pressed her joyfully to his heart and when he looked again into her face, the closed eyes half opened, and from under the long lashes, flashed out, and a smile of peculiar meaning lurked about the mouth.

"The smiles seemed to say, plainly as words, 'you're nicely concerned, sir!' Seldon caught his meaning, and instantly jumped at the conclusion that the whole scene had been but a preconcerted trick. Hurt and indignant he sprang from Miss Dana's side and was about to utter some angry words, when he perceived by his companion's sinking form and pallid face, that she was again nearly fainting.

"I believe I am somewhat hurt," she said pointing to her arm, which hung lifeless by his side. Our hero knelt beside her with words of concern and sympathy. He saw

at once that the arm was broken, and summoning his own resolution, he asked Miss Dana if she had strength and courage to have it set on the spot, telling her that by this promptness she would be saved much future pain, and promising to exert his utmost skill. Miss Dana assented, and bore the necessary pain Seldon was obliged to inflict, with such unflinching fortitude as increased still more the exalted admiration which he already entertained for her.

Carried away by the excitement of the moment, and the tender compassion called forth by the occasion, words of love escaped our hero's lips, of which he was unconscious till it was too late to recall them—nor did he wish to do so. In spite of the whispers of prudence, his heart exulted to their utterance, and he listened breathlessly for Miss Dana's reply. It was so low that he had to bend his head to catch her whisper.

"They told me you wanted to marry an heiress."

Seldon bit his lip.

"Why don't you marry Miss Bancroft?" continued his tormentor—"she's a fortune and she says you're a fortune-hunter."

An angry flush rose to Seldon's cheek, but mastering himself in a moment, he replied.

"Your aunt comes home to me with some truth; but surely, Mary, I had no reason to expect it from you."

How Mary replied, and how the question was settled, I know not; I only know that half an hour afterwards, when found by some of their friends, who had come in search of them, having become alarmed by the return of Miss Dana's horse without a rider, they appeared to be on the best of terms with each other, and notwithstanding Miss Dana's painful accident, her face, as well as that of our hero, was radiant with happiness.

Miss Dana was duly scolded for her imprudence, and pitied for her misfortune; and as to ride home on horseback was impossible, the gentlemen contributed their overcoats, and the ladies their shawls, to form a couch for her on the bottom of one of the wagons. Thither Seldon carefully lifted her, and insisted on driving the vehicle himself.

One morning about a week from this time an elderly gentleman, Mr. Bancroft, arrived at Mrs. Clement's. He had come on to escort his daughter and her friend home. Seldon was at the house at the time of his arrival, having called, as in duty bound, to visit his patient. He heard Mr. Bancroft's name announced; what was his surprise then, to see Miss Dana spring into his arms, exclaiming, "my dear father!" Mrs. Clement's surprise was as great as his own. Her expressions of astonishment called forth an explanation, by which a romantic man-o'-war of the young ladies was brought to light.

It appeared that Miss Bancroft, (late Miss Dana) haunted by the idea that she was only sought for her fortune, prevailed on her friend, on their arrival in an entirely new place, to change names with her. Mrs. Clement was easily imposed upon, since, though an old friend of Miss Bancroft's family she had never seen our heroine since she was an infant, and the real Miss Dana was also personally a stranger to her. Thus favored by circumstances, the heiress indulged her whim of seeing how far she owed the homage she had been in the habit of receiving to her own attractions, and Miss Dana, on her part, was pleased with the eclat of passing herself off for an heiress.

Just as our heroine had finished her hurried apologies and explanations to Mrs. Clement and her father, the former was summoned from the room by the arrival of some visitors—a circumstance at which Miss Bancroft inwardly rejoiced as she bashfully presented her bewildered lover to her father, whispering, as she put her arms coaxingly around his neck—

"The gentleman, father, whom I wrote to you about."

"I see," I see," cried the old gentleman, deliberately putting on his spectacles, and scrutinizing our hero narrowly, this is your fortune-hunter, eh?"

Miss Bancroft blushed for her lover's embarrassment at this ill-timed question, and replied warmly.

"No, sir, no fortune-hunter, as he has shown by his conduct, which has proved him better than his words." She paused a moment, and then with a charming blush and smile, she extended her hand to Seldon and added, still addressing her father—

"He convinced me, sir, entirely to my satisfaction, that he was sincerely in love with the portionless Miss Dana—I shall not easily be persuaded that he does not feel an equally strong attachment to Miss Bancroft."

Her eyes full of tenderness met those of her lover, who, quite overwhelmed, could only kiss the little hand he held, and remain silent.

Mr. Bancroft was a fond father—his daughter an only child, and, as the reader may imagine, under such circumstances all difficulties were away. Yet no sooner had the old gentleman given his consent to their engagement, than our hero, with that remarkable facility people have of tormenting themselves with little difficulties, when they have overcome great ones, felt himself so disturbed by the error he constantly com-

mitted of calling his betrothed Miss Dana, that he allowed her no peace till by changing her name to Mrs. Seldon, he was relieved from so annoying an embarrassment.

In justice to our hero we must say, that his first feeling on discovering the young ladies' secret, was actual and positive disappointment, that all his disinterestedness had been thrown away, and that he had wooed and won an heiress after all. Still, time reconciled him to his calamity, and he could not but acknowledge that his wife's fortune stood him in good stead till he had succeeded in establishing himself in his profession.

Frank Seldon was ever long regarded as the first physician of the place, and his skill and ability are unquestioned by all except his tormenting, bewitching little wife, who sometimes gravely shakes her head, and warns her friends not to trust him in cases of dangerous fainting fits as his practice on such occasions is peculiar and such as she does not approve of.

I am sorry to be obliged to add that the number of the bona fide Miss Dana's admirers suddenly diminished when she resumed her true character of a portionless maiden. One of them, however, who had been almost to modest to advance his claims when he thought her an heiress, now stepped boldly forward and offered her his hand. Touched by his generous conduct, Miss Dana promised to consider his suit favorably, and ere long she became the wife of one of the noblest of men.

A Romantic Life.

Obituary notices have nearly monopolized our pen of late. There are few eras in our history which have been marked by so many deaths of prominent individuals, as the last three months.

In our obituary columns, to-day, will be found another addition to the list of remarkable deceased, in the death of Madame Zulime Gardette, the mother of Dr. Gardette, of this city, and of Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines. She died in this city, at the residence of her son, Dr. Gardette, at the advanced age of seventy-eight years. This lady was the heroine of that intensely interesting romance in real life, which was developed in the celebrated lawsuit of Mrs. Gaines.

Her maiden name was Zulime Carriere. She was born in the old French colony of Blois. Her parents were emigrants from the land of poetry and romance—the favorite home of the Troubadours—Provence. The blood of the Gypsy race, which, in its early days of Louisiana, settled along sea-coast, and whose lovely daughters, the special objects of the admiration and love of the gallant French cavaliers who established the first colonies, mingled with that of the poetic Provencal. From such a stock it is not remarkable that Zulime Carriere should have derived extraordinary personal beauty. The charms of herself and her three sisters were universal themes of admiration in the colony of Louisiana. The warm and genial climate, and luxurious atmosphere of the sea-shore, ripened those charms into full maturity at a very early age. Zulime had hardly emerged into her teens, before her hand was sought by numerous suitors. The successful aspirant gained his point, as Claude Melnotte in Bulwer's play did—by holding an imaginary coronet, or other insignia of nobility, before the eyes of a beautiful but unsuspecting girl of thirteen. The French nobleman soon avowed himself a confectioner, and what was worse a married man, who had never been divorced. He was arrested and tried by an ecclesiastical court in this city, for bigamy—was convicted and sentenced to be punished, but afterwards escaped, and was no more heard of. Thus ended Zulime's relation with Jerome de Grange.

Pending this proceeding, and after the discovery of De Grange's previous marriage there grew up an intimacy between Zulime and Daniel Clark, then a leading man in this colony—a dashing, whole-souled Irishman, reported to be very wealthy—of very popular character and agreeable manners. Clark was just the gallant, chivalrous man to espouse the cause of an unprotected and wronged woman. It is said—but as from this point starts the protracted litigation which has recently engaged so much of the time and attention of our courts—we must be understood as giving the version related by the deceased lady herself and her friends that Clark having met Zulime in Philadelphia, and satisfied himself as to the existence of De Grange's bigamy, and the consequently nullity of his marriage with Miss Carriere, promptly offered her his hand and heart, but suggested the prudence of keeping their marriage a secret, until they could complete the proof of De Grange's crime. They were then married. Of this marriage but one witness was living when the suit was brought by Mrs. Gaines, and that was the sister of Zulime. But there were corroborating circumstances, upon which the proof of the reality of such a connection was rested.

After her marriage to Clark, in 1802, Zulime returned to New Orleans, to take further legal proceedings to invalidate, or rather authenticate, the illegality of the mar-