

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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THE LEHIGH REGISTER

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A. L. RUHE,

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.

NEW GOODS.

The subscribers have just received from New York and Philadelphia, and are now unpacking the largest and best selected stock of staple and fancy Dry Goods, that has been offered in this place for some time, and which they are determined to sell at the very lowest prices.

PRETZ, GUTH & Co.

Allentown, Nov. 16. 7-6m

CLOTHS.

American, German and French Broad Cloths and Cassimers, 50 pieces consisting of Black, Blue, Brown, Olives Drab, mixed &c., just received and will be sold whole sale and retail at the lowest prices.

PRETZ, GUTH & Co.

Allentown, Nov. 16. 7-6m

Ladies Dress Goods.

Among the great variety of Silk and other dress goods, that the subscribers have recently bought in New York, and to which the especial attention of the Ladies from both town and country is called, may be found the following, viz. Camelion, Gro de Rhine, rich colored, and black figured Silks, black and rich colored changeable pure satin, black Gro de Rhine, satin stripes, black and colored super fine French merino, lyonesse, Coburg and thibet cloths, mohair and silk warp, Alpaca, Paramettes, Cashmires, Mouslin-de-Lains, Mossies, Mexican stripes &c., also silk, thibet wool, Bay State, and other square and long Shawls, Cloakings, Gloves, Hosiery, Ribbons, &c.

PRETZ, GUTH & Co.

Allentown, Nov. 17. 7-6m

Groceries.

The stock of Groceries of the subscribers, is now very large, and will be sold whole sale and retail at the very lowest prices.

PRETZ, GUTH & Co.

Allentown, Nov. 16. 7-6m

Country Produce.

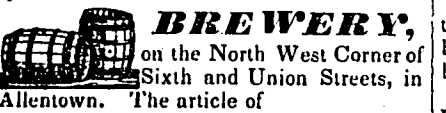
The highest market prices will be paid for all kinds of country produce by

PRETZ, GUTH & Co.

Allentown, Nov. 16. 7-6m

Lager Beer and Yeast!

The undersigned takes this method to inform the citizens of Allentown and vicinity, that he has established a



BREWERY,

on the North West Corner of Sixth and Union Streets, in Allentown. The article of

LAGER BEER

he brews, he can recommend as of the best quality and even temperance men can drink it with impunity. He is now in full operation, so that he can at the shortest notice fill orders in town or county.

Parties who wish to pass a jovial hour, can do so by calling at his residence, where "Fresh Lager" and "Schweitzer Kase" will always be kept on hand.

N. B. The good ladies of Allentown and neighborhood can always find the best of Yeast, by calling at "Oberly's Brewery."

WILLIAM OBERLY.

Allentown, Nov. 9. 7-3m

Thomas Brown,
DENTAL SURGEON.

Attends to all operations on the Teeth in the most careful and scientific manner, and inserts Teeth on an entirely new and improved plan with contiguous Gums. These Teeth are far better and superior to the best block or single Gum Teeth now in use.

Please call and examine specimens. Office No. 16, West Hamilton Street, (up stairs) opposite the Odd Fellows' Hall. Allentown, Nov. 9. 7-3m

New Supply of Coal!
Farmers & Limeburners
LOOK HERE.

The undersigned have just received, and constantly keep on hand, a large supply of all kinds of Coal, suitable for Farmers and Limeburners, and the coal consuming public in general, which they will dispose of at the following reduced prices:

Chestnut Coal at \$2 25
Extra Nut Coal, \$2 37
Egg, Stove and Lump at \$3 37
EDLMEYER, HANSE & Co.
April 20, 1853. 7-6m

Poetical Department.

WISHING.

Of all amusements for the mind,
From logic down to fishing,
There isn't one that you can find
So very cheap as "wishing!"
A very choice diversion, too,
If we but rightly use it,
And not, as we are apt to do,
Pervert it and abuse it.

I wish—a common wish, indeed—
My purse was something fatter,
That I might cheer the child of need,
And not my pride to flatter;
That I might make oppression reel,
As only gold can make it,
And break thy tyrant's rod of steel,
As only gold can break it!

I wish—that Sympathy and Love,
And every human passion
That has its origin above,
Would come and keep in fashion,
That Scorn and Jealousy, and Hate,
And every base emotion,
Were buried fifty fathoms deep
Beneath the waves of ocean!

I wish—that friends were always true,
And motives always pure;
I wish the good were not so few,
I wish the bad were fewer;
I wish that parsons ne'er forgot
To heed their pious teaching;
I wish that practising was not
So different from preaching!

I wish—that modest worth might be
Appraised with truth and candor;
I wish that innocence were free
From teachery and slander;
I wish that men their vows would mind;
That women ne'er were rovers;
I wish that wives were always kind,
And husbands always lovers!

I wish—in fine—that joy and mirth,
And every good ideal,
May come, erewhile, throughout the earth,
To be the glorious Real;
Till God shall every creature bless
With his supremest blessing,
And hope be lost in happiness,
And wishing be possessing.

Miscellaneous Selections.

The Wife's Forethought.

Anson Kimball had been married about a month. His business was in tin making, and he had a shop of his own, and his whole stock was paid for; so he felt quite independent, the future looking all clear and bright. His wife was one of those mild, living creatures, that hang fondly upon the interest and affections of the husband, and whose soul may sink or swim with the fortunes of the being it has chosen as a partner.

One evening the young couple were sitting in their comfortable apartment, the husband engaged in reading, the wife working busily with her needle.

"I must be up early to-morrow morning, Linnie, for our party starts shortly after sunrise," said Anson, as he laid down his paper and leaned back in his chair.

"Then you are going, are you?" remarked Linnie. There was just regret enough in her tone to render her voice less lively than usual, but it must have been a very keen observer that could have noticed it.

"O, to be sure," returned the young man in a gay, laughing tone. "You know the hands in the old shop go on the salt fishing excursion every year, and of course I must go with them. We can't take our ladies with us on such a trip, but you shall have a good time to make up for it."

"You mustn't think, Anson, that I envy you the pleasure you anticipate for I am sure that nothing can give me more satisfaction than to know that you are enjoying yourself."

"I believe you, Linnie, and I assure you I shall enjoy myself on this trip exceedingly. So you will be happy, too, eh?"

"Certainly," returned the young wife; but the word seemed spoken reluctantly. "Come, come, Linnie, you don't speak as you feel. Now, you don't want me to go," said Anson, with a tinge of disappointment.

"If you think it would be for your good to go, of course I should want you to go."

"And how can it be otherwise?"

"You won't be offended, Anson, if I tell you."

"Pooh! what an idea! I be offended with you. No. Come, tell me your thoughts."

As the young man spoke, he moved his chair to the side of his wife, and put his arm about her neck.

"I know you are fortunate; Anson, but none are beyond the reach of misfortune. For a few years we had better live as economically as possible, with consistent enjoyment."

"So I intend to; but what is five dollars compared with the amount I shall be able to lay up in a year?"

"Why, it will make that amount some eight or ten dollars short."

"That is strange logic, Linnie."

"Not at all, Anson. You will spend five dollars in money, and lose the time, two working days."

"So I shall; but I tell you Linnie, I'll work enough harder for it when I come back. So I may go, mayn't I?"

This last sentence was spoken playfully and the young man kissed his wife as he spoke.

"Of course you may," returned Linnie, with a smile; "but I suppose I shall have to go without a little sum I wanted."

"How much was it?"

"Five dollars."

"Oh, you can have that, of course, and more too, if you want it."

Anson Kimball took out his wallet and handed his wife a five dollar bill, and the conversation then turned upon other and various matters.

Anson Kimball was like thousands of others who are situated in like circumstances. With a free and open heart, he marked out his future for a field of enjoyment, without taking care to make much preparation for the sum might be likely to meet on the way.

And then again, like all others, he mistook the character of life's real enjoyment. He lost sight of some of the higher and more noble sources of happiness, and dwelt too much in the satisfaction of the physical appetite. True, he enjoyed himself, and kept clear of all extremes, but yet he failed to see that his enjoyments were nearly all ephemeral; that he was laying up little or nothing for time to come.

A year passed away, and the annual fishing excursion came in course along.

"Well, Linnie," said the young man, "to-morrow the boys go down the harbor, and I am going with them; of course, you will have no objections."

"No," returned the wife, in her usual pleasant tone, "if you can afford it."

"Oh, there's no trouble about that."

"Don't you remember the conversation we had a year ago on this same subject?" asked Linnie.

"Yes I remember then you talked about saving money, but we ain't any poorer now than we should have been if I had staid at home."

"But tell me, Anson, when you laid up as much during the past year as you had expected to?"

"Why, as for that matter, I haven't laid up much of anything. The fact is, Linnie, you have drawn rather harder on me than I expected."

"But I haven't spent any more money for trivial affairs and amusements than you have Anson, and I don't think I have so much."

"I didn't mean to blame you, my dear. I only mentioned the circumstance to explain why I had not laid up anything. But never mind, there's time enough yet, and besides we have enjoyed ourselves. I think after this fishing excursion is over, however I shall begin to dock my expenses a little, for I must lay up a little something the next year."

"We certainly have every chance to save money," returned Linnie, "for both house and shop are ours without rent, and we are free from debt."

Anson Kimball started at that last remark and turned his face towards the window, but his wife did not appear to notice his emotion.

"You know, Anson," continued Mrs. Kimball, "that you promised me I should have five dollars when you went on another excursion, and I shall certainly hold you to that promise."

"Of course—that's fair," returned the young man; "but do you need it now?"

"Yes."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"You won't be offended?"

"No."

"Then, to tell the truth, I owe a little sum."

The young man looked earnestly at his wife, and though he evidently wished to say something about her running in debt, yet for reasons best known to himself he kept quiet and handed over the five dollars.

Anson joined his old schoolmaster on their excursion, and when he returned, he thought some about beginning to cut off some of his unnecessary expenses, but he introduced no new system of operations. Two or three times he did refrain from indulging some petty appetite, but he soon settled back into the old track, and the small bits of money slipped away as fast as ever.

Three years had passed away since the young couple were married, and few could have wished for more social comfort than they had enjoyed during the greater part of that time. For a month or two, however, the young man had been gradually growing more sober and thoughtful, until he at length had become really sad and down hearted. His wife had endeavored to cheer him up,

though she was unable to learn the cause of his dejection.

One evening just before dusk, Linnie saw two men pass her window and enter her husband's shop. One of them she knew to be the sheriff, and the circumstance troubled her not a little. She waited half an hour for her husband to come to supper, but he did not appear, and her sufferings began to be acute. A thousand conjectures flitted through her mind, but they brought no consolation, and at length she determined to go to the shop door and see if she could not overhear something of what was passing within, feeling that such a course would at least be pardonable.

Linnie stole out from her front door and went towards the shop. She placed her ear to the keyhole and listened, but she could only hear an indistinct hum of voices, among which was that of her husband. The latter was evidently supplicating, for his tones were earnest and impassioned. Soon there was a movement of feet towards the door, and Linnie hastened back to the house.

Ere long her husband entered. He looked pale and troubled, and with a nervous movement of the muscles of his face, as though he would have concealed the grief that bore him down, he took his seat at the table.

Poor Linnie watched her companion with an anxiety almost agonizing; but she spoke not a word until after Anson had set back from the table. The food remained almost untouched upon his plate when he moved away, and he would have left the house had not his wife stopped him.

"Husband," she said, in a soft, gentle tone, at the same time laying her hand upon his arm, and gazing imploringly into his face, "what is it that troubles you?"

"Nothing, Linnie," half fretfully returned he, and he made a motion as if to remove his wife's hand from his arm.

"There is something, Anson, I know there is. Come, do not keep it from me."

"There is nothing that you need know."

"But a wife need know all that can affect her husband thus. What is it, Anson?"

"It is nothing but my own business, and a wife need not know all that."

This answer was harsh, and tears gushed to Linnie's eyes.

"My dear husband," she said in tender accents, "to whom, oh! to whom should you tell your sorrows, if not to her who loves you better than life itself?"

"Forgive me, forgive me, Linnie—I meant not to wound your feelings. I am very miserable, and I hardly know what I said."

"Then tell me all. Come, sit down in my easy chair, for your brow is hot and feverish."

There—now tell me.

After the young man had taken the proffered seat, he gazed for a moment into the face of his wife, and a look of deep anguish rested upon his features.

"Linnie," he said, "I may as well tell you all, but you must not chide me, nor must you despair, for all is not dark as might be. I am deeply in debt, and to-morrow my shop and all that it contains will be advertised by the sheriff for sale."

"In debt," murmured the wife.

"Yes. During the last two years I have been purchasing stock on credit, and paying for it as it has been convenient. At first it seemed an easy way of doing business, but it has proved fatal; for when I received the pay for my goods I forgot, or at least did not sufficiently heed; that all that money was not mine. I forgot that more than half of all the money I received belonged to the men of whom I had purchased stock. Two notes fell due day before yesterday, the man to whom I gave them sold them in the way of business to a Western firm, and now they must be paid. To-morrow an officer will be placed at my shop, and nearly every thing will have to be sold."

"It is not the loss of my stock and tools that I care so much about, for I have health and strength, and I can earn more, but it is the disgrace of the thing. To think that I should fall like this—me—a healthy, stout, good mechanic."

"How much do you owe?" asked Linnie, in a trembling voice.

"Both notes amount to four hundred dollars."

"And haven't any part of it?"

"Only about fifty dollars that I can collect readily."

"And if those two notes were paid, you would be safe?"

"Yes."

"Then thank God, you will not suffer!" exclaimed Linnie. And overcome by her feelings she sank upon her husband's neck and burst into a flood of tears.

"Linnie, Linnie," cried the young man, "what do you mean?"

"Wait a moment, my husband."

The wife brushed the tears from her cheek as she spoke and left the room, and in a few moments returned bearing in her hand a small book. There was a bright smile upon her face, and her husband looked upon her with utter astonishment.

"Here, my husband," she said, stepping to his side, and placing the book in his hand, at the same time winding her arm about his neck, "if you carry that to the bank they will give you three hundred and seventy-five dollars for it."

"Three hundred and seventy-five dollars!" repeated the astonished man, hardly crediting the evidence of his own senses.

"Yes, Anson," returned the wife, sinking into her husband's lap. "That is money that I have been laying up during the last three years."

"You laid it up, Linnie? But where could you have got it?"

"You gave it to me yourself to spend for trifles. You know I have claimed my share of such money. Do not blame me, Anson, but I feared that you did not attach sufficient importance to the aggregate of the small sums you were almost daily spending."

"Once or twice I would have remonstrated but you could not be made easily to see it. I was but a young girl, and I feared to set up a will against my husband, so I resorted to this means of proving my position. O, my dear husband, you cannot know what sweet pleasure I experience now in finding that my experiment has been the means of so much good."

"If your pleasure is equal to mine, then you must be happy, indeed," exclaimed Anson, as he drew his found wife to his bosom. "God bless you, Linnie, and make me able to repay you for this. Now I see to whom you have owed the little debts you have sometimes contracted, and which I have helped you pay."

"Yes," returned Linnie, with a smile. "It was to you I owed them. And yet," she added, with a moaning look, and in a lower tone of voice, "I have not drawn so much from the amusement found as—"

"Hush, Linnie; I know I have spent more than I was aware of, but my eyes are open now and I see it all."

"And you do not blame me for what I have done?"

"Blame you? exclaimed Anson, imprinting a warm kiss upon his wife's brow. "Let my future course show you how fondly you are cherished, and how faithfully I will be guided by your judgment."

On the next day Anson Kimball paid off those who would have sold his stock, and had the pleasure of tearing his two notes in pieces. He spent no more money foolishly, and as he found the products of his labor beginning to gather in his hands, his house grew brighter, and his enjoyments increased. By steady degrees he rose to a position of honorable affluence, but through all his success he never lost sight of the gratitude he owed the gentle, faithful being, who had first opened his eyes to a knowledge of the secret of success, and saved him from pecuniary disgrace. He was an honored and respected man, but he felt he owed it all to his WIFE'S FORETHOUGHT.

Napoleon's Prophecies.

The Paris correspondent of the *Ohio State Journal*, in dilating upon the prospect of war between Russia and Turkey, says:

"We cannot help here recurring to the remarkable prophecies made by Napoleon, during his captivity at St. Helena, on this subject. They are so opposite to this eastern question, that I will quote one or two of them. The conversations took place in May, 1817, thirty-six years ago, with Mr. Barry O'Meara, and are published by that gentleman in a work giving the history of the captivity of the Emperor. On the 23d of May, says Mr. O'Meara, after leaving the bath, Napoleon spoke about Russia, and said that the European nations would yet find that he (Napoleon) had adopted the best possible policy, at the time he intended to re-establish the kingdom of Poland. This, he observed, would be the only effectual means of stopping the increasing power of Russia. It was putting a barrier, a dyke, to that formidable empire, which it was likely would overwhelm Europe. 'I do not think,' he added, 'that I shall live to see it, but you may. You are in the flower of your age, and may expect to live thirty-five years longer. I think that you will see that the Russians will either invade or take India, and enter Europe with four hundred thousand Cossacks and other inhabitants of the desert, and two hundred thousand Russians. When Paul (of Russia) was so violent against you (the English) he sent me for a plan to invade India. I sent him one, with instructions in detail.'"

On the 27th of the same month, Napoleon again returned to the same subject, and made use of the singular and most impressive statements which follow. They appear to approach as near to the truth and warning prophecy, as any political speculation which has ever been made:

"In the course of a few years," said Napoleon, "Russia will have Constantinople, the greatest part of Turkey and all Greece. This I hold to be as certain as if it had already taken place. Almost all the enjoining and flattery which Alexander, of Russia, practiced towards me was to gain my consent to effect that object. 'I would not consent, foreseeing that the equilibrium of Europe would be destroyed.' In the natural course of things in a few years Turkey must fall to Russia. The greatest part of her population are Greeks, who, you may say, are Russians. 'The powers it would injure, and who could oppose it, are Eng-

land, France, Prussia and Austria. Now, as to Austria, it will be very easy for Russia to engage her assistance, by giving her Serbia and other provinces bordering on the Austrian dominions, reaching to Constantinople. The 'only' hypothesis on which France and England may ever be allied with sincerity, will be in order to prevent this. (Were there ever predictions so remarkable!) But even this alliance would not avail. France, England and Prussia united cannot prevent this. Russia and Austria can at any time effect it. Once mistress of Constantinople, Russia gets all the commerce of the Mediterranean, becomes a great naval power, and God only knows what will follow."

Let the reader, acquainted with the Turkish question, analyze these words, compare them with the actual state of affairs, and he will be startled at their truthfulness. Hungary, Croatia, the Lombardo Venetian provinces, have been placed in Austrian hands, by Russian aid, and she now promises her Serbia on condition that she aids Russia, by a neutrality, in taking Turkey. England and France are united on this question, and it is the only question on which they could be united. From his grave the elder Napoleon has dictated what ought to be the policy of France and of Europe on this subject, and his counsel has been adopted; but little did he think that his words were intended for a member of his own family. It is possible, however, that if he could have foreseen that the alliance with England, of which he speaks, would have been made in the person of a Bonaparte, he would have been more sanguine of its success in the defense of Constantinople.

Marriage License.

A fellow went into a Squire's office up in Norwalk not long since, and said, "Squire, I swear I want an order for a woman!" He was of course served with a marriage license.

Speaking of licenses, reminds us of another incident which occurred not a great way from the same place. A long and lean Yankee came into the office one day and asked for a marriage license. It was accordingly drawn up. "Zeb—so we call the Yankee—gave in his name, but on being asked for the name of the lady, replied:

"There, now, Squire, guess you've kinder got me."

"How so, sir?"

"Why, d'ye see, up to where I live, I have been courting two gals; one 'em is poor and the other rich. Now, Squire, darned if I like to tell about it, but I will, by golly. You see I like both gals all-fired well but somehow 'nuther I like the poor one best. My folks think 't'other way darn 'em. So I calculate I'm in a quand'ry, ain't I, Squire?"

"Rather, sir. What do you propose to do?"

"Golly, Squire, I've got it. You just leave that up for the gal's name, blank. I'll go to him, put on my Sunday go to meetin' clothes, go and call on both of them critters, and which ever one I like best then—why, darn ye, Squire, he! he! I don't ye see! I'll just put her name in the blank, the darlin' gal!"

"No, no, sir! That is not allowed by the law."

"Now do, Squire dar. I'll act honest, I swear."

But our legal friend was inexorable. He explained to Zeb that no such arrangement could be made without breaking the laws. The Yankee coaxed, begged, prayed, entreated, but all in vain. At last he gave over, and seating himself was absorbed in silent meditation. In ten or twelve minutes, he got up.

"Squire," he said, "my mind's made up. If I can't have that ere place left blank, I s'pose choosing one or 't'other's the game. Jiminy, but it's hard to give up that poor gal, but our folks don't like her, so just put the rich gal's name down there—golly, I'm a married man."

This was accordingly done, and Zeb walked away slowly and half sadly towards his home. This is all true, reader.

MEANS TO SUIT HER.—Jones says, he means to wear his collars just as his wife sees fit to do them up. He owns, that when a young man he used to take pride in a clean smooth collar, but now his wife had rather see him with one specked with dirty starch or the flat iron; one side sticking up; and the other drooping; and he'll be hanged if he don't wear them just as she likes to see them best—he feels it his duty to accommodate himself to her tastes at any sacrifice. Happy fellow, this Jones—and Mrs. Jones ought to be a happy woman with such a husband.

"Our Daniel says proof enough can be seen that people now days don't live as well nor so long as in olden times, in the fact that we don't find any very old folks but that were born a great while ago. He says the present has never furnished them—and he don't believe it can."

"Do congregations will please to sing the von thousand and two'th psalm," said a Dutch parson; as he gave out the morning hymn. "There are not so many in the book," responded the chorister. "Vel den, please to sing so many as taste be."