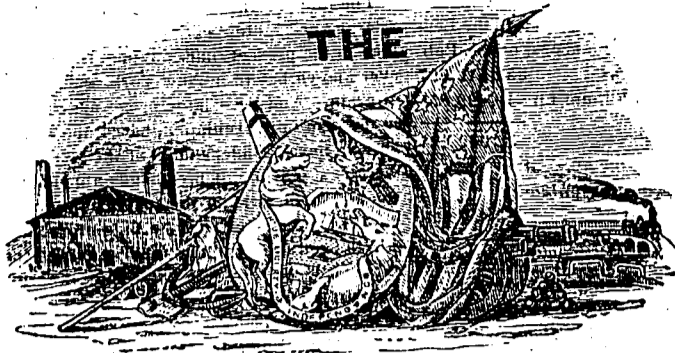


# Lehigh



# Register.

FOR FARMER AND MECHANIC.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

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. RUBE,**  
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.

### Pennsylvania Clothing Hall.

**Breinig, Neligh and Breinig,**  
South East corner of Hamilton and Seventh Street, Allentown.

Inform their friends and the public in general, that they have entered into Partnership in the

### Merchant Tailoring Business,

lately followed by Neligh and Breinig, and intend to continue the same more extensive than ever. They therefore adopt this measure to inform their old customers, and "hundreds of new ones" that they will at their new establishment, present the



**Newest and Fashionable Goods,** ever brought to this place, and having purchased in Philadelphia and New York

### For Cash,

it enables them to sell lower than any other establishment of the kind in Allentown. They have selected their Goods with an eye to durability and fancy, and have none but the latest styles in the market. Their stock of Goods, among other articles, consist of Cloths of all colors and prices, Cassimers, of French and American manufacturers; Vestings, Silk Velvets, Satins, Silks, Worsteds and other descriptions, figured and plain, Shirts and Shir-collars, Stocks, Cravats, Handkerchiefs, Hoses, Suspenders, &c., besides many other articles coming in their line of business, and all will be sold at the lowest prices. Their stock of

### Ready-made Clothing,

comprises every thing in the clothing line, from an over-coat down to an under-shirt, made up after the latest and most fashionable styles. These stock being so extensive, that none will leave it, unless fitted from the "bottom to the top"

### Customer Work,

will be done up as usual, and for their work they are willing to be held responsible, two of the firm being practical workmen in the "art of cutting," and all the work is made up under their own supervision.

Thankful for past favors they trust that attention to business, "small profits and quick sales" will be the means of bringing new customers to their establishment.

J. ISAAC BREINIG,  
JOHN NELIGH,  
JOHN L. BREINIG.

Allentown, Sept. 7

### C. M. Runk, Attorney at Law.

Has resumed the practice of his profession in Allentown.  
He may be consulted in the German and English languages.  
August 12, 1852.

### Coachmaking Establishment in Allentown.

**ROBERT KRAMER,**  
Respectfully announces to his friends and the public in general, that he continues on an extensive scale, the

### Coachmaking Business

in all its various branches, at the old stand in West Hamilton Street, No. 52, directly opposite Hagenbuch's Hotel, where he is always prepared to manufacture to order at the shortest notice, and also keep on hand,

### Fashionable Vehicles,

such as Barouches, Rockaways, Carryalls, York Wagons, Sulkeys, &c. &c. which, for beauty and durability cannot be surpassed by any Coachmaker in the State or elsewhere, while his terms are as reasonable as those of any other establishment.—He uses none but the best materials, and employs none but the best workmen—consequently, he intends that the vehicles manufactured at his establishment "shall take the shine" of all others produced in this part of the country. He professes to understand his business by experience, and therefore assures the public that he is enabled to render satisfaction, to his customers. Call and judge for yourselves.

Wooden or iron axletrees made to order; and Repairing of all kinds, done at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms.

Old vehicles taken in exchange for new ones at a good bargain.

ROBERT KRAMER.

May 11.

### Poetical Department.

#### I Must Not Tease My Mother.

I must not tease my mother,  
For she is very kind,  
And every thing she says to me  
I must directly mind;  
For when I was a baby,  
And could not speak nor walk,  
She let me in her bosom sleep,  
And taught me how to talk.

I must not tease my mother,  
And when she likes to read,  
Or has the head-ache, I will step  
Most silently, indeed,  
I will not choose a noisy play,  
Nor trilling troubles tell,  
But sit down quiet by her side,  
And try to make her well.

I must not tease my mother,  
I heard dear father say,  
When I was in my cradle sick,  
She nursed me night and day,  
She lay me in my little bed,  
She gives me clothes and food,  
And I have nothing else to pay  
But trying to be good.

I must not tease my mother,  
She loves me all the day,  
And she has patience with my faults,  
And teaches me to pray;  
How much I'll try to please her,  
She every hour shall see,  
For should she go away or die,  
What would become of me?

#### Faith and Duty.

Something ever doth oppress us  
With a sense of right or wrong,  
Something waiteth still to bless us,  
As we journey life along;  
Something viewless whispers to us,  
Words of hope and promise sure;  
Voices speak prophetic through us,  
Of a life that shall endure!

There's a silent, voiceless teacher,  
Striving with the human will;  
Into each week, earth-borne creature  
Wisdom's letters doth insill;  
Heed them, better grow and wiser,  
They will soften life's hot ray;  
Aim to reach the perfect day.

Trust the high hopes that impel us,  
And inspire our firm belief—  
They alone can well foretell us,  
Human words how frail and brief;  
Trust the God that reigns above us,  
Faithful to his precepts be,  
He will guide, and guard, and love us,  
Through a blessed eternity.

Heed the heavenly aspirations  
Take imbue with hope and soul;  
Mark the glorious life-creations  
Flowing on without control;  
See in all things truth and beauty,  
Love overflowing from the skies,  
Exercising Faith and Duty,  
Earth would be a paradise.

### Miscellaneous Selections.

#### Making Acquaintances at Saratoga.

"The perfume of summer flowers mingled with that of French extracts, the breeze of summer evening with that of French fans, and the spell of summer stars with that of French airs and graces—Miss Cornelia Hall's first evening at Saratoga had begun. The gay music-bounded through the air, Miss Hall recognized several of her daughter's former acquaintances with several very motherly bows, and all that could be desired to two or three new introductions. The young lady did credit to herself and dancing master, in Mazourkas and Redows, without number.

"Who is that pretty girl in blue?" murmured the dandies.  
"A daughter of Mr. Richard Hall—a broker in Wall street."  
"Is she rich?"  
"Well, her father is pretty well off, I believe, and she's the only daughter."  
"A dozen brothers, though, I suppose."  
"No, only three."  
"Only three! I think it won't pay."  
"There's a fellow that thinks it will, if I'm not mistaken—that handsome one with a moustache. He hasn't taken his eyes off her for half an hour."  
"Know his name?"  
"Armstrong, some one said, from the South."

"Who knows him?"  
"Nobody, so far as I see."  
"On sped the flirtation-winged hours.—Cornelia Hall put her hair in papers that night, with many a thought of honeyed words and earnest glances, twining with the golden locks, and around the twisted rolls of the Morning Herald.

There is nothing like a game at billiards, or a chance joining in a julep, to break down the barriers between the lords of creation.—Mr. Armstrong, whom no one knew the

night before, had plenty of acquaintances before he had lost three games of billiards; and when he adjourned to the bar-room, and treated the company, there were at least a dozen who pronounced him a first-rate fellow. Two or three of them volunteered introductions to whatever ladies he chose,—and that evening, among others, he pointed out Miss Hall. The young lady curtsied and dropped her eyes—the gentlemen bowed and fixed his upon the golden ringlets. Miss Cornelia, congratulating herself on having made a desirable acquaintance, exhibited her conversational powers and her diamond rings to the best advantage. She danced with no one but Mr. Armstrong that evening—she promenade with no one else—she had no eyes, nor ears for any one but him. Her mother thought it sufficient at the end of the evening to inquire his name. Armstrong—it sounded very well—it wasn't too handsome. If it had been St. Leger, or Fitzallen, or some romantic name that didn't sound as if it would be good in Wall street, she might have asked more questions; but as it was bowed very graciously as she passed him on her way to the spring the next morning. Both 'ma' and 'pa' were very polite to Mr. Armstrong—even Mr. Richard Hall, jr., a youth in all the stiffness of his first sauntering collar, risked that and his neck by confederating with him. Miss Hall took long rambles with a cottage-hat and Mr. Armstrong—received bouquets and borrowed books from him, and altogether was on quite familiar terms with him. If Mr. and Mrs. Hall had been asked who was the young man with whom their daughter was so intimate, they would have been puzzled to tell. Mr. Armstrong talked of the South and his father's plantation, but only in a general way. There were some gentlemen, however, with whom Cornelia danced and flirted who had not the honor of her mother's acquaintance, and Mr. Armstrong was very attentive to the old lady.

Time goes as fast at Saratoga as anywhere else, and money a little faster. Mr. Hall thought. After Miss Cornelia had chased the glowing hours with flying feet for three weeks, her father came to the conclusion that it was only at home she could really catch them. She coaxed and pointed, but all to no avail, so she told her beaux that they were going home to prepare for a trip to Niagara. She had fare-well to Mr. Armstrong with an elegantly worded invitation to call upon her in New York, gave him her address, and was gone.

The Halls returned to Twenty-first street, shut up the front part of the house and lived in the back—the ladies stealing out to the basement door in thick, green veils to take a walk before nine o'clock, for they would not for anything have admitted that they were at home at this unfashionable season, when all the world and his wife were out of town.

"One morning in November, soon after the brown Holland had disappeared from the parlor, and the rust from the door-plate, Miss Cornelia was lounging in a rocking-chair with a novel, when a pull at the bell, easily recognized as given by a very tightly gloved hand, was followed by the advent of a card.—Mr. Frederic Armstrong. The waiter was despatched to shut the parlor doors, so that Miss Cornelia could get up stairs to dress, and then Mr. Armstrong was received with a sliding courtesy of the newest mode. Cornelia thought him handsomer than ever, and they were soon deep in the reminiscences of Saratoga. Precisely at the right time Mrs. Hall glided in, all smiles and "Luc-catin."

"Was Mr. Armstrong making a long visit in town?"  
"It is uncertain, my dear," replied that gentleman, "I expect our wishes only, such a look at Miss Cornelia—'I should have no difficulty in deciding."  
After ten or fifteen minutes of fashionable dialogue, Mr. A. drew on his supple gloves, and said, "Mrs. Hall, I believe we are to have Puritani at the opera to-morrow night.—May I not have the pleasure of accompanying yourself and daughter there?"  
Mrs. Hall bowed assent in the most approved manner, and the door closed behind Mr. Armstrong and his patchouli.

"My dear," said Mrs. Hall to her daughter, the next evening, "get your work or a book. Don't let it seem to Mr. Armstrong as if you were sitting waiting for him. It looks better to be taken by surprise a little."  
Miss Cornelia had just time to take up her crinoline, when the compound of white cravat and black moustache was ushered into the room. Did he see the rocking chair still moving from which she had sprung to throw herself in a graceful attitude on the sofa?

Mrs. Hall was the paragon of chaperons. No one ever suspected how much of the success of Cornelia's flirtations was owing to her mother's "fact." She was never in the way, and never out of the way when her presence was desirable. She knew how apt people are to value any one that they see often, and she often spoke of her daughter highly and affectionately. She said that evening in the opera box, appearing at all necessary times completely absorbed in the music, never interrupting a whispered conversation, and appealing to her daughter

with "Cornelia, my love, see here a moment," whenever there appeared to be an embarrassing pause.  
The curtain fell at last, and Miss Cornelia, all in a flutter of gratified vanity, consigned her pearl-mounted lorgnette to her companion, and taking his arm, returned the bows of her acquaintances very condescendingly. Mr. Armstrong soon became Miss Hall's constant attendant at all public places, accompanied her in her walks, carried her prayer-book to church for her, was always invited when her mother had company, and at Christmas she accepted from him a very splendid and very useless fancy work-box. One evening, soon after New Year, he came in and was introduced to her brother Henry, who had just returned from a long journey. After half an hour's conversation, Cornelia turned round and found Henry gazing so intently at the gentleman as evidently to refute his composure. She tried to tread on her brother's toes under the table, and wondering after many such admonitions that he did not look up, found it was Mr. Armstrong's foot she had been treading on. She tried in vain to catch her brother's eye. Then he began to talk to Mr. Armstrong in a curious sort of quizzing way, with a mocking smile on his lips. Cornelia could not understand the drift of half his remarks and questions, and only saw that they made Mr. A. very uncomfortable. She made an excuse to leave the room, and ran to her mother with, "Ma, I wish you'd call Henry out of the parlor. He's behaving so rudely to Mr. Armstrong, that I'm sure he'll make him very angry."

Mrs. Hall called Henry away, and he did not return till Mr. Armstrong had taken his departure.  
"Well, sis, I hope you've had a pleasant evening. What's the gentleman's name?" he said, throwing himself on the sofa, and indulging in a prolonged fit of laughter.  
"I wish you would learn to behave yourself properly, Henry. It's Mr. Armstrong, from the South."  
"Oh! from the South, is he?" and Henry laughed again till he cried.

"What do you mean, Henry?" said his mother.  
"An-? oh, nothing! Where did you become acquainted with him, sis?"  
"At Saratoga."  
"Oh, he's changed his coat at Saratoga, did he?"  
"I never do conduct myself reasonably; if you know anything about Mr. Armstrong, tell it, and don't laugh so foolishly."  
"If I know anything, mother. Do you know anything? Come now, anything?"  
"Yes, we have every opportunity to know. He has visited here some time. He is a very gentlemanly and agreeable young man."

"Do you know anything of his family?"  
"No, he is a stranger in the city."  
"Mother, don't make me die with laughing. Shall I tell you who he is?"  
"Who?"  
"My hair-dresser!"  
Cornelia screamed. Mrs. Hall dropped her book on the floor. "Are you in earnest?" she said.

"Most certainly. I did not know him at first, his whiskers and moustache alter him so much, but when I looked sharp, I could not be mistaken. The fellow's assurance and impudence are really amusing. Step round in Fourth Avenue and you'll see his father's sign. This youngster isn't in the shop all the time, but he has cut my hair often, and so he's been leaving you to the opera and all around. Oh, Cornelia, Cornelia, this is making acquaintances at Saratoga!"  
The young lady went into hysterics on the spot. The next time Mr. A. called she was just at home.

#### Taming a Husband.

Everybody that has ever read anything classical, has, of course, read the story of Catharine and Patricio, and yet therein Shakespeare has illustrated the common prejudice of the male sex. The Lion and the Statuary are exhibited here as prominently as in the old fable. How does it happen that the latter portion of creation is always considered the best representative of a scold and a tyrant, and a shrew? Why is it that loquacity is ever coupled with her name, and why is it that we worship and adore the sex at the same time, like the Indian that breaks to pieces his God, when all his wild prayers are not answered? It is simply because men have, in all former ages, been the chivalric, and in spite of the mildness and gentleness and love that go to make up the female character, we still cling with perverse fondness, to the crude slander of every crabbéd satirist, who would have us believe that woman has no merit in speech, except the merit of the last word, and no beauty, except the concentrated venom of a taunt.

For my part (*horresco referens*), I know more male than female scolds, and where one woman of my acquaintance renders her household unhappy by a contrary and pre-emptive temper, I know at least half a dozen men whose snappishness would take the edge off a screw-driver.

My old friend, Daniel McGrath, was at

one time of his life, one of these. There never lived a better fellow on earth. His house was the seat of hospitality, and his time, his purse, and himself, (which latter was about five feet ten inches in height and weighing about 300 lbs.) all belonged to his friends. He had, however, a very irritable disposition, but like all men whose impulses are generous, he had the merit of having a wrath that cooled almost as readily as it was kindled. While the fit was on him his anger was tempestuous, no one was more sensible of this than himself, and no one regretted the infinity more.

When he was about to be married, he frankly told his wife of his weakness, and he made to her the following proposition for their conduct—  
"Whichever party first gets mad shall have entire control for the time being, and the other is not to say a word until the original party shall regain his good humor."

Not anticipating any domestic breeze, his poor wife consented to arrangement that she had no disposition ever to violate, even in its first supposition, and which her good sense taught her removed the chief cause of all family leads, the angry reply. She was one of the most beautiful women I ever saw, and McGrath, in spite of his infirm temper, loved her so well that months passed before any exhibition of his crabbed disposition manifested itself. At length it proved too strong for his love, deep as it was, and their repose was sometimes disturbed by an occasional flare-up, in which the husband was always the aggressor and the wife the silent and uncomplaining victim.

As anger, like the other passions, increases by continued indulgence, his wife found her situation becoming more and more unpleasant every day. In vain she reasoned with him in his calmer moments. He would admit the impropriety of his conduct, ask his wife's forgiveness, and promise amendment, but no amendment came. At last matters had arrived at that state, when longer forbearance was impossible and she determined to try a bold experiment for his cure.

She had frequently told her husband that his fierce temper would cause her death, but as no mortality ensued, McGrath had no fears on this score, and his fits of peevishness and anger went on increasing in frequency and intensity.

One day he came in a very bad humor, and, as usual, she came in for her share of reproach. This was the occasion she expected and her plan was ready for execution. Raising her hand suddenly she took off her comb, and giving one wild toss of her head, her beautiful hair, as black as a raven's wing fell in wild perfusion over her face and shoulders. Throwing her comb with a tragic air, as far as she could hurl it, she screamed with the loudest accents she could command.

"Oh, heaven! I can stand it no longer! I'm mad! I'm mad! I'm mad!"  
Uttering screams after screams, and throwing her arms wildly in the air, she sprang from the house, and rushed with headlong speed, towards the creek that flowed at the foot of the hill. At every step of her desperate flight she uttered, as far as her voice would permit, the wildest notes of terror, and maniac laughter.

Poor McGrath was utterly thunderstruck. His wife's conduct was so alarming, and so totally unexpected, that he was for some minutes dumb, and so perfectly stupefied, that she had gained, before he recovered from his surprise, about fifteen or twenty yards the start in her mad flight. He followed her at the top of his speed and at length in about two minutes, from his immense size, was the work of just that length of time. In his almost breathless condition he called on her to stop, and urged the negroes, who were in the secret, to pursue her.

"Oh, my God! My dear Jane! for God's sake, stop! Oh! what cursed fool I was to run such an angel crazy! She always told me so. Hurry there, you infernal niggers! Why don't you heel it, you black devils! Oh! Jane! Jane! stop, for my sake, stop! I'll never say an unkind word to you again as long as I live! Oh, I deserve all this, with my ferocious temper! If you don't make haste, you slow-footed rascals, I'll take the skin off every one of your backs! heel it for your lives! I'll give any of you a hundred dollars, if you will bring your mistress back safe! Oh, mercy! what shall I do?—what shall I do? Oh, Jane, my dear! I've murdered you! Run you devils! If you let her get to the creek, I'll kill every scoundrel of you! Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! I'll die too! I'll die too!"

And here his utterance was choked by a passionate burst of tears.  
"Oh, mister! She's safe! She's safe! Jem and Tom have caught her, and are bringing back my dear missis!" exclaimed Lucy, the maid, clapping her hands and dancing with affected delight.

Leaning on the shoulders of the two negroes, who had caught her, the maniac wife now slowly retraced her steps to the house. As soon as she entered the yard, she saw her husband lying on the ground, with his face toward the earth, and sobbing as if his heart would burst. The first impulse was to run to him, confess the deceit and ask his pardon, but a moment's reflection told her that this was the crisis of the stratagem.

Directing the negroes to lead her towards her husband, she slowly knelt at his side and lying her hand upon his head, while she affected the most perfect ignorance, she said, in her softest accents—  
"Why, what is the matter, my dear?—What makes you cry so? Are you ill? Has anything happened? Speak to me my dear."  
"Oh, I've murdered you, Jane; I've killed the best woman on the earth," sobbed the wretched man.  
"Murdered me. Tom, has anything happened to your master? enquired the lady."  
"Nothing as I knows of missis. Only massa was scared for you, seeing as how you was—"

A sign from the mistress cut short the negro's reply and turning to her husband she said—  
"Rise up, my dear, and speak to me." Doing as he was bid, McGrath slowly turned and raised himself partially on his elbow. Gazing for a moment on the mild face of his wife, and then on her dishevelled hair and torn garments, he suddenly fell before her on his knees, and seizing her hand kissed it with all the frenzy of the deepest devotion.

"Jane, my dearest Jane," he exclaimed passionately, as he gazed in her face, while the tears streamed down his cheeks, and her countenance changed with its varying emotions, "my noble, sweet wife, I have nearly killed you by my ferocious temper, and I now here swear to you that I'll never indulge it again so long as we both live. Pardon me, my dear wife, you shall never have cause for anguish again from me."  
With face averted to hide the tears that were flowing, the triumphant wife took her husband's hand, and they entered the house in perfect silence.  
From that time McGrath was an altered man. It must have cost him great effort to subvert his stubborn temper, but a recollection of that day's miseries and frightful anguish, always taught him that a little concession and a trifling self-restraint were the certain causes and the surest safeguards of that purest of all enjoyments—the Happiness of Home.

#### A Fast Story.

A good natured Englishman was bragging of the speed on English railroads to a Yankee traveller, seated at his side, on one of the "fast trains" in England. The engine bell was rung as the train neared a station. It suggested to the Yankee an opportunity of "taking down" his companion a peg or two.

"What's that noise?" innocently asked the Yankee.  
"We are approaching a town," said the Englishman. "They have to commence ringing about 150 miles before they get to a station, or else the train would run by it before the bell could be heard! Wonderful isn't it? I suppose they haven't invented bells in America yet."

"Why, yes," replied the Yankee, "we've got bells, but can't use them on our railroads.—We run so tarml fast that the train always keeps ahead of the sound. No use whatever; the sound never reaches the village till after the train gets by."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Englishman.  
"Fact said the Yankee, 'had to give up bells. Then we tried steam whistles—but they wouldn't answer either. I was on a locomotive when the whistle was tried.—hurricanes were nowhar, and I had to hold my hair on. We saw a two-horse wagon crossing the track, about five miles ahead and the engineer let the whistle on, screaming like a trooper. It screamed awfully but it wasn't no use—the next thing I knew, I was picking myself out of a pond by the roadside, amid the fragments of the locomotive, and horses, broken wagon and dead engineer lying beside me. Just then the whistle came along, mixed up with some frightful oaths that I had heard the engineer use when he first saw the horses. Poor fellow, he was dead before his voice got to him. After that we tried lights, supposing these would travel faster than sound. We got some so powerful that the chickens woke up all along the road, supposing it to be morning. But the locomotive kept ahead of it still, and it was in the darkness with the light close on behind it. The inhabitants petitioned against it; they couldn't sleep with so much light in the night time. Finally we had to station electric telegraph along the road, with signal men to telegraph when the train was in sight; and I have heard that some of the fast trains beat the lightning fifteen minutes every forty miles. But I can't say that is true—the rest I know to be so."

A WORD FOR PARENTS.—We find it in the National Intelligencer. Though but a simple matter—there is more philosophy in it than parents imagine:  
"If parents would have good boys, they should keep them out of the streets at night. Darkness is temptation to mischief; suffering the young to be out when the light of day does not restrain them from mischief is training them to it."