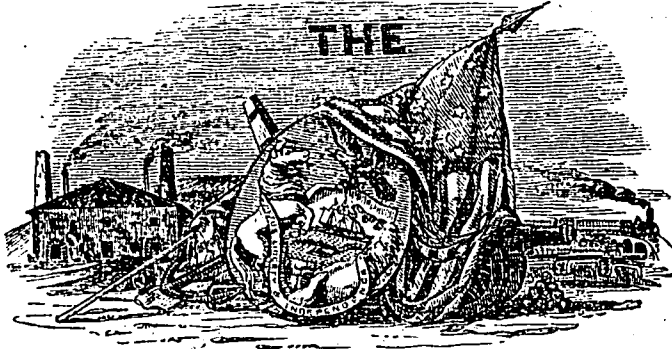


Lehigh



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., MARCH 22, 1854.

NUMBER 25.

THE LEHIGH REGISTER
Published in the Borough of Allentown, Lehigh County, Pa., every Wednesday, by
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 "Frischensbotel" Office.

Indemnity against Loss by FIRE.
THE FRANKLIN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY of Philadelphia.
OFFICE, No. 163 1/2 CHESTNUT STREET, Near Fifth Street.
STATEMENT OF ASSETS, \$1,525,949 68, January 1st, 1853.
Published agreeably to an Act OF ASSEMBLY, BEING
First Mortgages, amply secured, \$1,199,284 48
Real Estate (present value \$110,000) cost, 82,139 87
Temporary Loans, on ample Collateral Securities, 130,774 26
Stocks (present value \$76,191) cost, 63,085 50
Cash, &c. &c., 60,665 57
\$1,525,949 68
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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Geo. W. Richards, Isaac Len,
CHARLES N. BANCKER, President.
CHARLES F. BANCKER, Secretary.
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. RUHE, Allentown.
C. F. BLECH, Bethlehem.
Allentown, Oct. 1852.

A NEW Boot and Shoe Manufactory in Allentown.
The undersigned take this method to inform their friends and the public in general, that they have lately purchased the
Shoe Store
of Daniel Miller, and continue the manufacturing of FASHIONABLE Boots & Shoes, as heretofore at the "Old Stand" No. 9, East Hamilton Street, Allentown, under the firm of Heckman and Wittig.
As new beginners they invite the public to give them a call, particularly the Lady customers.
They are both experienced workmen and their work is made of the best materials by the best hands and under their own directions, and they will stand good for any work turned out of their store.
They also keep a full assortment of Gum Shoes on hand, comprising every style and quality.
Ordered customer work done up in the best and most durable manner, in any style desired and at the shortest notice. Also repairing done upon as short a notice as possible. TERMS CASH.
IRIGMAN & WITTY,
January 4, 1854.

ALLEN HOUSE,
No. 1, East Hamilton Street, CORNER OF MARKET SQUARE, ALLENTOWN PA.
The subscriber takes this method of informing his friends and the public, that he has taken the above well known Hotel, recently occupied by Keiper and Good, and that he is prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with their custom. Within the past few months this house has been newly fitted up and enlarged, and as its location is central and convenient, it presents advantages surpassed by none in the Borough for the traveler or business man.
The proprietor will spare neither pains nor expense to render satisfaction to all who may give him a call.
CHARLES IRIGMAN,
Allentown, Feb. 8.

20,000 Apple Trees for Sale,
The Trees are all of extra size and quality, warranted true to the name, with a general assortment of all sorts of
FRUIT TREES,
Grape-vines, Gooseberries, Raspberries, Strawberry, &c. of the best selections, ripening in succession from the earliest to the latest.
Also—Ornamental Trees, Evergreens, &c., suitable for ornamenting public and private grounds.
Orders sent direct to the "Fair View Nursery," Moorestown, New Jersey, or left with John P. Halbach, Esq., authorized Agent in Allentown, Pa., will receive prompt attention.
Reference.—George Butz, Philadelphia JOHN PERKINS, Proprietor.
February 15, 1854.

AUCTION ?
Will be sold at public auction, on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, the 20th, 21st and 22d of March, next, in the afternoon and evening, at J. W. Grubb's Store, in the borough of Allentown, his entire stock of
Store Goods,
consisting of Cloths, plain, black, and fancy Cassimeres, Cashmeres, cotton pantings, Mouslins, Ginghams, Laces, Goggles, Mohair Mitts and Gloves, Hosiery, Neckchiefs, Shawls, Mouslin DeLaines, Alpaccas, Checks, Linens, Jaconets, Cambrics, Lawns, &c. A large lot of
Queensware, Glassware, Groceries AND LIQUORS.
Also: Molasses, Oil, Salt, Fish, Wine, Brandy, Gin, &c. A large assortment of
Ready Made Clothing,
such as superfine cloth and fancy Coats, plain and fancy cassimere Pants, also common Pants, and Overalls, a large variety of Vests and Vestings, Shirts, &c. Also Store Fixtures, as 3 pair super counter Scales, Weights and Measures, a new Desk, Stove, empty Barrels, Boxes, Casks, &c. Also
Household Furniture,
as Bedsteads and Bedding, Featherbeds as good as new, Bureau, two Sideboards, Corner-cupboard, 2 Wash-stands, Dining-tables, 3 dozen cane-seat and other Chairs, a cane-seat Rocking-chair, Looking-glasses, a 30 hour Clock, 3 new Venetian Blinds, carpets, Tubs, Tin and Queensware, and a great variety of other articles too tedious to mention.
The goods will be sold from the shelves. Sale positive without reserve. CONDITIONS CASH.
HENRY GRUBB, Agent.
N. B.—Country merchants and others are invited to attend the auction. The house furniture will be sold on the last day above named.
Allentown, March 8.

Northampton Water Company.
All persons using the water of the Company for family or other purposes, will please take notice, that the time to renew their permits is the first of April next, and it is expected that they will call upon the undersigned Treasurer and renew their permits. Those persons who have not settled for their permits from the 1st to the 10th of April, must not complain if the water is stopped from them after that time.
The Board reserves the right where the Water is used by joint Hydrants, if not paid by all joined, to stop it if they see proper, as they consider such arrangements solely advantageous to those who connect in using the Water, consequently cannot interfere with arrangements of this kind.
Notice is also given to persons who wish to use Hydrant Water for building purposes, that they must take out their permits before they commence building, and if this rule is not strictly observed the charge will be double for the Water.
By Order of the Board,
JOHN J. KRAUSE, Treasurer.
March 15.

NOTICE.
Resolved, February 17, 1854, by the board of Directors of the Lehigh county Poor House, that notice shall be given to all Justices of the Peace of Lehigh county,—that the hospital and house of employment, are so crowded with foreign paupers at present, that it is entirely out of our power to maintain the poor of said county properly, and to neglect old and helpless citizens of the county, by removing them out of the hospital and in their place give room to a set of loafing and self-negligent foreign paupers, arriving daily with orders of relief, we would prove regardless of the duty imposed upon us. We would therefore request each and every Justice of the Peace of said county, not to issue orders of relief to stragling or loafing paupers, except in the utmost case of necessity.
HENRY DIEFFENDERFER,
HIRAM J. SCHANTZ,
PETER ROMICH, } Directors.
Allentown, Feb. 22.

Poetical Department.
The Newspaper Editor.
An insect lives among mankind,
For what wise ends by fate design'd,
I never yet could clearly find.
In pain for all, and thank'd by none,
And most perplex'd when most alone,
No state regards him, not his own.
Beneath a dusty roof restrain'd
On one dark spot forever chain'd
His ink is to the bottom drain'd.
His days are one continual whim;
The seasons change, but not for him;
On foreign prints his eyes grow dim.
He lies supports on self-esteem;
He plans, contrives and lives by scheme,
And spoils good paper—many a ream.
Now Europe's feuds employ his brains,
Now Asia's next his head contains;
He has his labor for his pains.
He grumbles at the price of flour,
Then mourns and mutters many an hour
That Congress have abused their power.
He swears the tariff hurts our trade,
And fails it must without his aid,
Meanwhile his taylor goes unpaid.
Although he little have to lose,
He still the Hero may abuse,
And wish some other in his shoes.
The balance of our foreign trade
Makes him uneasy and afraid,
'Tis, thank the Gods, his board is paid!
He is a weary, thoughtful man,
Writing if ill the best he can,
And much despising little men.
Till doom'd to think of new affairs,
The Cholera sends him clean down stairs,
Leaving—the wide world for his heirs.
My Boyhood Days.
Come back, come back, my boyhood days,
With rosy youth and sunny smile;
Oh linger yet—pass not away,
For still thou canst the heart beguile.
But youthful joys like summer flowers,
That deck the morn of life so gay
With fragrance sweet; a few short hours
They bloom,—they bloom but to decay.
Yet youthful thoughts, and sports and dreams,
Time's icy fingers cannot chill,
While memory, their golden beams
Will shine,—and tarry with us still.
When cares of life our noontide blight,
And dreary storms around us roll,
Then early thoughts like visions bright,
Bring joyous sunshine to the soul.
Then come what will in after years,
Oh let those visions still remain,
And tho' the memory cost a tear,
Yet give me back those dreams again.
For they will cheer the weeping heart,
When other tidings and hopes are given,
Will wipe the dew drops from the eye,
And cheer us on our way to Heaven.

Miscellaneous Selections.
(From the Knickerbocker for March.)
A Professional Scar.
Your kind letter, Henry, came duly to hand; and you will be surprised to learn that a careless question of yours will draw forth enough to cover a sheet: "What ailed that scar on my temple?"
It is a professional scar, Harry; one that I have carried ever since my earliest practice; and although I have now arrived at a tolerable old age, and have many, many intimate friends, it is a most singular fact that you are the first and only person that ever inquired into its origin. I can tell you all about it, but must avoid names and places, for the parties most interested in the incident are yet living, and I am under strong bonds of secrecy.
In a year—after passing through a long examination before grave judges and shrewd barristers, I was pronounced a properly qualified person to appear before juries and courts for others as well as myself; and at once proceeded to a large southern city, where, by a modest little sign over the door of a modest little office, I announced my readiness to commence the practice of the law. For three months I waited, but alas! no business came, and I sat in my office on a dreary night, at about eleven o'clock, in this very comfortable position: my money was gone entirely; my board bill was to be paid in the morning; and my rent was due following; and I absolutely feared to go to my boarding-house, and waited in what seemed the forlorn hope that something in the way of a fee might appear, either dropping from the skies, or suddenly appearing on my desk. Outside, no step was heard; and as I occasionally glanced through my window, the flame of the street-light, moved by

the wind, would seemingly move me homeward; but I would not go. A footstep sounded in my entry; a second, and a third and more, but so light that my heart-beating prevented my counting them; and then a little delicate knock. I compelled myself to say "Come in" with a calm voice, although I expected to be instantly vis-a-vis with a young woman: the door opened, and I saw—an old one.
I had only time to move toward a chair before she was in the centre of the room and speaking:
"I have no time to sit. Young man, you are a lawyer; are you good for anything?" My insulted dignity was controlled by an effort, and I answered that I flattered myself that I possessed some talent for my profession, or I should not have chosen it.
"Well, well, no gas; can you draw a paper?"
Here again I ventured to remark, that it depended somewhat on its nature; but I saw from her impatient manner that she wanted no trifling. Before I finished the sentence, she interrupted me with a fierceness of manner exceeding her former rough one, saying:
"I want a will drawn; quick! hurriedly! but so strong that all the d—s in h—ll can't undo it! Can you do it?" and she fairly glared at me with impatience for my answer.
Now you know, Harry, that my legal education was obtained entirely in a surrogate's office, and you may presume that on the law and forms of the law and forms of last wills and testaments I felt myself sufficiently posted up. I therefore assured her that I could draw a will which, although I could not warrant it to pass the ordeal she mentioned, but would, I was sure, be proof against the efforts of all the lawyers in Christendom.
And now her manner changed from the fierce and bold to the anxious and hurried.
"Come, then, quick! quick! young man, and you shall pocket one thousand dollars for your nights work!" she exclaimed.
And, amazed and bewildered as I was, I followed her to the neighboring corner, stepping into a hack, before the startling but comfortable words, "One thousand dollars for your night's work!" had ceased ringing in my ears. My conductress followed me, and without orders we were rattled furiously along the streets to the—House, than the largest hotel in the city. My visions of one thousand bright dollars kept my tongue biddled, and I was led in silence up two flights of stairs into a suit of rooms comprising parlor and two bed-rooms. The parlor, however, was occupied by a bed, in which lay an old and evidently dying man. A servant was with him, but he left, upon a motion from the hand of my companion, who approached the bed and said:
"I have an attorney here, Sir; shall he proceed?"
The old man's eyes brightened up, and after glaring on me for a moment, he spoke:
"If you can draw my will, do it; quickly; now, for I must save my breath."
I turned to the table where I found papers, ink, and everything necessary; and by the light of two sperm candles in heavy silver candle-sticks, I was soon busily engaged at the will.
I will not trouble you with the details, nor, in fact, I do remember them; but it is enough to say that a large amount of property, real and personal, bonds, mortgages, etc., were left, in the words of the will, to "my good and faithful housekeeper, Angelina—," as a token of gratitude for her long, faithful and meritorious service. But the concluding words of the will I shall never forget; they were written from his own mouth, and made me shudder as I wrote them. There is something fearful, dreadful—yes, devilish—in thus deliberately recording, in what purports to be your last written wish, a curse upon your own offspring. And I felt, as I wrote it, an involuntary desire to tear the paper into fragments and to rush from the room, but the thousand dollars were like so many anchors, and I staid and wrote:
"I leave to my daughter Dora all the satisfaction she can obtain from my hearty curse. When rags whip about her in her only home the street, and dogs share with her the refuse of the gutter, she may regret that she disobeyed him who once loved her, but who, dying, cursed her!"
There was something like a chuckle in the direction of old Angelina as the dying wretch dictated these fearful words; but as I looked and saw the stern face as rigid as marble, I concluded I must have been mistaken. I could not, however, divest myself of a certain feeling that all was wrong. A rich old man, accompanied by an old housekeeper, and dying in a strange city; her anxiety to have the will so strong; the curse on his daughter, and the large fee, all conspired to make me feel that I was being instrumental in the accomplishment of some villainous object. Again I meditated the destruction of the paper and again my fee, and my wants conquered. The will was finished, and I read over aloud, the old man groaning, and the old woman looking an occasional assent; but when I read the terrible curse, a new actor appeared on the scene;

"Oh! tear it! tear it! Oh God you know not what you do!"
The plaintive tones of the voice touched my heart, even before my eyes beheld its owner; but when I saw her, heavens and earth! what an angel she was! The language is yet undiscovered, Harry, that is competent to give you a description of that face: the eyes dancing with excitement, yet liquid with tears; the mouth proud as Juno's yet compressed with anguish. But why do I attempt description? The most majestic, yet the sweetest countenance I ever beheld appealed to me, and not in vain: for while the old man, weak as he was, jumped from his bed screaming "Kill her! kill her!" I tore the will into fragments, and we both fell to the floor, he dead, and I stunned by a blow from the heavy candle-stick wielded by the old hag, Angelina.
When my consciousness returned I found myself in my own bed at my boarding-house my host and hostess my sole attendants. My mind was clear the moment I looked about me, and I knew I had been brought home, and was now confined from the effects of that blow. I resolved to keep my own counsel, and to ascertain what I could of the subsequent proceedings of the night. Upon inquiry, I found that I had been brought home by a young gentleman in a carriage, who had left funds for the employment of a physician, and had also left a letter for me. I opened the letter as soon as I was alone, and found a fifty dollar bank note, with these words:
"You did last night a deed worthy of more gratitude than our present means enable us to express. The property which so nearly belonged to the infamous hag who struck you, will soon be ours, and you shall then hear from us. May the same kindness, which prompted you to tear the paper, seal your lips hereafter as to the painful scene of last evening. Gratefully yours,
DORA AND HER HUSBAND."
My first act was to conceal the letter beneath my pillow; my second, to call my bill; to my astonishment he told me that my companion paid it when he left the letter. It seemed I raved a little about my inability to pay my host while I was unconscious, and thus the husband of Dora (for I had no doubt it was he who brought me home) had ascertained the fact and paid my bill. Added to this, my wound was not severe enough to need any surgery more than was offered by my kind landlady: so when I had recovered, (which was soon,) I had only my office-rent to pay, and then resumed business with the larger part of the one hundred dollars in my treasury. I made cautious inquiries about the—House as to the subsequent movements of my mysterious clients, but could only ascertain that the old couple arrived on that eventful night, the old man ordering a pleasant room in which he could die; that the young couple came by another conveyance, and had taken other rooms; that the old man's body was immediately boxed up and shipped from the north under charge of his man-servant; and that finally the young man paid the whole bill, and left also with his wife. To do my worthy host and his kind lady full justice, I must say that they never even hinted at the matter, and I never had a question to answer; they probably took it for granted that I had been the victim of some broil, and avoided annoying me by any reference to it.
Thirty years of hard work rolled by Harry, during which I acquired a family, fortune, fame, and gray hairs; but I never, in all that time, saw or heard of my clients, with the exception of one letter, which was received some years after the occurrences which I have related, and which contained two more fifty dollar bills, with these words:
"We are very happy may God bless you!
DORA."
But in all that time, I have never forgotten that beautiful angelic face, nor the mute appeal which it made to my heart; the answer to which cost me the deep scar which is the object of your present curiosity, and one thousand dollar less the amount received from the young folks. Neither did I, in all that time, regret the course I took. Some ten years ago, as you probably remember, I spent a winter in Havana. I boarded with a Spanish landlord, whose house was generally filled with American visitors. But, strange to say, I passed one week with him without a single American arrival; and I was mentally resolving one day to leave for New Orleans, where I could find troops of friends, and rid myself of the annual consequent upon my solitary position, when I heard my host calling me:
"Senor, Senor, los Americanos—Americanos."
Looking from my window, I saw a fine portly gentleman attending to his luggage, and answering the demands of the thousand and one leeches of porters who each claimed to have brought something for him. "Thinking I might be of service to him, I went out, and with two or three dimes dispersed the villains who knowing me for an old stager, submitted to my orders. The gentleman turned to thank me, but suddenly started back, then glanced at my temple, and seeing the end of my candle-stick-mark peering

out beneath my sombrero, he caught me by the hand exclaiming:
"We have met before, Sir!—how glad I am to see you!"
And then, without explanation, he drew me to the door-way in which stood a matronly but still beautiful woman.
"See, Dora," said he, "is not this our old friend?"
At the word "Dora," I started, and there before me, sure enough, stood the Dora of thirty years previous, still retaining many of her charms, but with the marks of time; notwithstanding, impressed upon her features.
You may well believe our re-union was most pleasant; and after our dinner was over, and we were out enjoying the sea-breeze, the whole story was told me. I will not give you the details of it; it was long but the main features of it were about what I had surmised. Dora was the only child of a wealthy father; her mother died when she was mere child; old Angelina had remained with her father in the capacity of a housekeeper, and had while Dora was away at school, acquired as generally the case, complete influence over him. Dora was wooed and won by a poor clerk; the father would not listen to it; an elopement was the consequence, and the old man in his rage broke up house-keeping, and taking old Angelina with him, had started for the South. Dora had followed him with her husband, although she knew he would not see her, and although he had always been harsh and unkind to her, yet she knew he was in the last stages of consumption, and she determined if possible, to be with him when he died. At the time of his death, they had been following him about a month from place to place, keeping concealed from him, and eluding even the keen eyes of Angelina. When Dora appeared in the room, it was only because the man servant, who had been with her father, and who, as you remember, left the room when I entered, had observed their arrival and had kindly gone to her and informed her that her father could not live an hour; she was entering the room to make one last effort at reconciliation, when my voice reading the fearful words of her father's curse caused the outcry and the denouement. Her husband who followed her in, found the old man dead, Dora in a swoon, me senseless, and old Angelina in vain trying to put the many pieces of the will together, raving and cursing like a bedlamite. He and the man-servant put the old man's body into the bed, took Dora to her room, and while the servant kept guard over Angelina, he took me home in a carriage. The rest you know.
I have only to add that whenever I wander north, either alone, or with my wife or family, we always stop at the house of our kind friends. They have spent one winter with us at the south, and we expect them again the coming season. And the young gentleman who studied law under my instruction, and who now practices law with my name on the sign with his, (as senior partner although he does all the business,) is Dora's son, and from certain conscious looks and bright blushes on my pretty daughter's cheek when he calls, I imagine he may possibly be mine, too. But of this, Harry, rest assured—I shall not curse her if she marries him.
A countryman was standing on one of the wharves the other day, watching the process of hoisting the anchor of a ship which was getting under way, and as he saw the huge iron rise from the water to the "yo-heave-o!" of the sailors he exclaimed:
"You may have high, and here low, but you will never get that great crooked thing through that little hole—I know better."
A plain-spoken woman recently visited a married woman and said to her:
"How do you contrive to amuse yourself?"
"Amuse?" said the other, straining; "do you not know that I have my housework to do?"
"Yes," said the other; "I see you have it to do, but as it is never done, I conclude you must have some other way of passing your time."
An Irishman attempted to put a yoke on a pig. He had cornered the grunter in a room having a glazed window, when the animal, believing that his freedom was about to be infringed upon, went with a single bound through the window. "Dat it," said the old man, looking after him for a moment, "I've got your dimensions—7 by 9 exactly."
A person once said to a father, whose son was noted for his laziness, that he thought his son very much afraid of his work.
"Afraid of his work!" replied the father, "not at all, he will lie down and go to sleep close by the side of it."
"I will never marry a woman who can't carve," said M. "Why not?" inquired his friend. "Because she would not be a help-meat for me."
A Yankee has invented a machine which will churn, pound clothes and pump water, and when completed will milk the cow, and get tea and whip the children.