

Lehigh



Register.

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Pennsylvania Clothing Hall.

Breitag, Neligh and Breitig, 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 Breitig, 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, Westers and other descriptions, figured and plain, Shirts and Shirts-collars, Stocks, Cravats, Handkerchiefs, Hose, 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. Their 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. They would also particularly inform Country Merchants, that they are now prepared to sell at Wholesale and Retail, having the largest Stock of Spring and Summer Clothing on hand ever offered in Allentown, and will be sold at reduced prices. 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 BREITIG, JOHN NELIGH, JOHN L. BREITIG. Allentown, Sept. 7

COURTLAND ST. HOTEL, (LATE TAYLOR'S HOTEL.) No. 28 Courtland Street, NEW YORK. The undersigned respectfully announces to his friends and to the traveling and business public generally that he has leased the above building, and fitted up and finished it as a FIRST CLASS HOTEL. Visitors to the city, and all others requiring superior accommodations, are solicited to call, assured that no pains or expense will be spared to render their stay comfortable and pleasant. J. S. STEBBINS, Proprietor. Having engaged Major Eli STECKEL, late of the "Eagle Hotel," in Allentown, who enjoys a large circle of friends and acquaintances, in Eastern Pennsylvania; persons therefore who visit New York from this section of country, will find "Courtland Street Hotel," a true Pennsylvania Home. New York, March 22.

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

Poetical Department.

(From the Flag of our Union.)

A WISH.

O, ere my heart has learned to know
The fearful depths of human woe,
Ere friends I love have proved untrue,
Trusted, perchance, for long years through,
While life is glad as spring's warm breath,
I'd yield it to the angel Death!

Ere I have taught my heart deceit,
With words of friendliness to meet,
And schooled my face to wear a smile,
When my heart scorched that one the while,
O, let me die! And o'er my tomb
The flowers of love forever bloom!

I would not live to find Hope's gleam
But the wild fancy of a wilder dream;
I would not live to gaze upon
The cold form of each dear loved one;
To live, to know myself to be
The last leaf on the dying tree!

For O, to lay them in the tomb,
With all its silence and dread gloom,
Were not so hard as 'twere to meet;
One whom we loved, as strangers meet;
The living dead,—O, worse by far,
Than real deaths and farewells are!

Yes! let me die, ere friends grow cold,
Ere hearts that beat with mine of old
Shall lose all kindred hope or thrill,
And yet doomed to be near me still;
While hope is mine, ere life knows gloom,
I would lay me down in the silent tomb.

The Quaker of the Olden Time.

The Quaker of the olden time!
How calm, how firm, how true;
Unspotted by its wrong and crime,
He walked the dark earth through!
The lust of power, the lure of gain,
The thousand lures of sin
Around him, had no power to stain
The purity within.

With that deep insight, which detects
All great things in the small,
And know how each man's life affects
The spiritual life of all,
He walked by faith and not by sight,
By love and not by law,
The presence of the wrong or right
He rather felt than saw.

He felt that wrong with wrong partakes,
That nothing stands alone,
That whose gives the motive, makes
His brother's sin his own.
And, pausing not for doubtful choice
Of evils great or small,
He listened to that inward voice
Which called away from all.

Oh! Spirit of that early day,
So pure and strong and true,
Be with us in the narrow way
Our faithful fathers knew,
Give strength the evil to forsake,
The cross of Truth to bear,
And love and reverent fear to make
Our daily lives a prayer!

Miscellaneous Selections.

The Indian Lover.

Many years ago, when the people began gradually to move onward from the crowded cities, to bring into cultivation some of the untouched forests, and to fulfil their destiny in the commencement of cultivating this vast continent, a band of hardy pioneers settled themselves down in one of the fertile spots of Western Virginia. To the location of their infant settlement they gave the name of Fisher's Hollow, evidently suggested by the appearance of the place. It lay in a small valley, surrounded on every side by undulating hills, upon which already might be seen the clearing which the axes of the settlers had begun to make, and the smoke of the cottage curling above the dark green trees. A swift brook, descending from its mountain source, gurgled and splashed over its stony bed, and the dark summits of the Cumberland mountains in the distance dominated all that was wanting to make the scene romantic and picturesque.

The band of hardy men, who had made this place their home were, perhaps, for the most part, insensible to the beauties which would have thrown many a sentimental tourist into ecstasies of pleasure; they had other things of far greater importance to them to occupy their attention. Surrounded by tribes of savages who looked upon the encroachments of the whites with dislike, and whose friendship could not be counted upon for a moment at a time; and moreover cut off by distance and want of good roads from a frequent intercourse with large towns, they had to be by turns manufacturers, farmers, hunters, and, if there was to be any fighting done, they had to be soldiers too. Such a state of things is not very favorable to the gentler and more intellectual tendencies of our nature; but still the natural beauties of Fisher's Hollow were not without an influence upon the rugged men who resided here and among them were to be seen farmers

who, while in their physical developments they had no superiors, yet in their tempers and dispositions were mild, brave and generous to a fault.

Such a character was Robert Effinger. To the cultivation of a few acres of land, he added the trade of blacksmith, and had a small house with a workshop adjoining, situated upon the banks of the brook. It was here the villagers had their most popular place of resort when they felt an inclination to hear any foreign news, for the place was fortunate in having no taverns at this period of its history.

It was a fine morning in the month of May, when the trees began to show their lively green, and the wild flowers to spring up among the thick and tangled underwood that a young man, in the homespun dress of the backward hunter, stood at the smithy. Finding he was unnoticed, he rested his hands upon the barrel of his long rifle with a good natured admiration of the young workman within. And well he might, for, as if excited with his task and rejoicing in his strength the smith drew his brawny arms about, and made the sparks fly from the heated iron with every stroke of his ponderous hammer and seemed the very personification of athletic vigor and manly strength. In the course of his evolutions, however, he noticed the intruder, and smiling at the intemperate of his observation, he stopped his work, and addressed him, good humoredly.

"So, so, Bill, at your old tricks, as usual; off to the woods, to waste your time, and do nothing but shoot a little game; when are you going to settle down and become a peaceable citizen like myself!"

"Ha, ha, laughed the hunter, 'settle down indeed! Ha, ha, I love the free woods too much for that; it gives me the same pleasure to roam there and to exercise my limbs, as it evidently gives you to throw your brawny arms about with that great ugly hammer and as for being peaceable, you are just as ready for a brush as the best of us.'

"Well, well, you are about right, I must confess; but what do you say to coming and settling me a helping hand sometimes? In a little while I think I could make a good smith of you, and there is more work than the pair of us could do."

"That's not a bad idea," said Charley Bush, the hunter; "but," he continued looking up the road, "what's the matter now?"

Robert, with the heavy hammer still in his hand, came quickly to the door, and then the cause of his companion's remark was soon apparent, for a young girl, in the first bloom of womanhood, was running rapidly towards the place where they were standing. In her hands she held a string of flowers, bound together for the purpose of forming a wreath, but her hair was flowing loosely and in disorder down her back and her whole appearance bore the marks of some strange and sudden fright. When she came up to them, at first she was too much flurried to speak; but, after a little while, gaining breath she told them that, enlivened by the beauty of the morning, she had been out into the woods to gather some of the early flowers, and while thus engaged, had been started by the appearance of three savages. It was true they had not offered her any violence; indeed the words one of them addressed to her were expressive of admiration, if she might judge from his looks; but she was too much disturbed to understand what was meant, but immediately ran away as fast as she could. To add weight and confirmation to her statement, the subject of her fear were seen leisurely making towards the spot where the speaker stood.

"Don't be afraid, Sarah," said Effinger, as he saw an expression of dread upon her features; they cannot hurt you here; and let us here what they have to say for themselves; they are from a friendly tribe."

"Yes," remarked Bush, "I should just like to see them do you any harm, how easy I could put a bullet through them; but the best policy is to be as friendly to them as possible."

The Indians gradually approached the place where the three stood. Two of them were ordinary looking men, as frightful as paint could possibly make, but the other had a striking and even handsome countenance and a body of proportions that evinced immense muscular strength.

"The daughter of the pale face," said he in a soothing tone of voice, "need not flee from the sight of Attalpa. Her form is more beautiful than the young fawn, or the wild flowers that grow by the stem. Attalpa is the hero of his tribe; there is plenty in his lodge—but it is vacant, and if the daughter of the pale face will consent to be his wife, Attalpa will be her slave, and her life shall be as happy as the joyful song of summer birds."

Sarah, at this sudden offer, crept, closer to Effinger for protection, and he, coloring with a feeling of jealousy rather than anger answered—

"Indians," the daughters of the whites mingle not their blood with that of the red men; our manners, our habits, our lives, are different. Let each of us follow the tribe in which he was born, and let each of us work out his destiny in peace."

ful gleams, but with the seeming stoical indifference for which these people have always been remarkable, he motioned to his companions, and together they immediately departed.

Sarah and Effinger had for some time been betrothed lovers, and in the mutual happiness they felt in each other's society, this meeting and the fears it was calculated to engender, were soon forgotten. Time for them did not fly along on leaden wings, but with the richest plumes and surrounded by a crowd of the rosiest hours.

Not so did it speed along with the Indian. Accustomed as he had been to the sight of rude, careless women, treated in many instances almost worse than beasts of burden, the beauty and grace of the white girl had burst upon his senses like a vision from some brighter land. The shaft of love had pierced deeply into his heart. A feeling, which he could not at first understand, had taken possession of his nature. The woods, the streams, the excitement of the chase, the deeds of war in which he had gained so many scalps, and risen to be chieftain of his tribe, had lost for him their charm. Thus for a long time he drooped in loneliness and solitude; but at length a plan occurred to him by which his fame might be increased and his highest hope realized.

This was, to make a sudden and treacherous onslaught upon the infant settlement, and to take the white girl prisoner. In the execution of this project, however, he had more difficulties to encounter than he first imagined, for the tribe had gained some advantages by having a peaceable settlement of industrious men near them; and their naturally shrewd minds did not see that any good could be gained by an open rupture. Here Attalpa found his personal influence and eloquence of the greatest use, and by pointing out the encroachments of the whites—and how by stealth, they were driving the men to distant hunting grounds he gradually roused the jealousy of his tribe and the passions of their savage nature, easily excited to scenes of cruelty and war.

The preparations were soon made, and after their usual dances and customs, were setting out upon such expeditions were performed, more than a hundred warriors,—the flower of the tribe—pressed forward on their march, to carry death and destruction to the homes that were resting in security and peace.

But for one circumstance the annals of Fisher's Hollow would have soon been closed. Bush had been from home longer than was his usual custom, and fortunately, when thinking of returning, he came upon the Indians; and with the usual caution of the back-woods-men, without being discovered himself, perceived that all of them were hastening to the village with a hostile intent. He waited to know no more, but made all the haste he possibly could, to inform his friends of their danger and to prepare for the encounter. The danger was most unexpected; but, in a short time about twenty men were soon ready for service; and armed with the deadly rifle, they posted themselves in the wood by which the settlement must first be approached.

The Indians advanced with the crafty stealthiness for which they have always been renowned, and the first sign they had that their designs were discovered, was from a well directed volley of the concealed riflemen, which laid many of their best men low. The battle then commenced in earnest. But the arrows of the savages could do but little execution, and in a short time it was easy to perceive how the fight would terminate. Attalpa knew that the day was lost, but his jealous eye, discerning under the cover of a tree, a form that he had long hated, he determined that one of the passions of his nature should at least be satisfied, or his life should pay the forfeit. To fulfil his purpose he left his companions to take their chance, and cautiously made his way through the underwood.

Effinger had just discharged his piece when the savage sprang from his concealment, and struck at him with his uplifted tomahawk. The blow was warded off with the rifle, and then the men clung together, and grappled with each other in an embrace which each felt to be deadly. Both were men of tall stature, large proportions and well developed limbs; and as they swayed to and for with the intensity of their struggle, it was difficult to see which would be the gainer in the strife. Effinger, however, proved to be weaker; and falling down, exhausted with the efforts he had made, the Indian, with his powerful knees, pinned him on the ground. And now the exulting passions of the victor seemed to gain entire mastery of his nature. Instead of taking immediate revenge upon his enemy, he began to recount the deeds he had performed, the victories he had won, and to taunt him with cowardice, and with the death he would soon die.

Without a groan the painted warrior fell back a lifeless corpse among the withered leaves of the forest.

A short time after these occurrences, Effinger and Sarah were married, and the Indians, never recovering from their discomfiture, departed to more distant hunting grounds, and left the inhabitants of Fisher's Hollow in undisturbed possession of their lands.

Walter Scott's Advice to his Son.

"I cannot too much impress on your mind that labor is the condition that God has imposed on us in every station of life. There is nothing worth having that can be had without it, from the bread which the peasant wins by the sweat on his brow to the sports with which the rich man gets rid of his money. The only difference betwixt them is the poor man labors to get his dinner to appease his appetite—the rich to get an appetite for his dinner.

"As for knowledge, it can no more be planted in the human mind, without labor, than a field of wheat can be produced without the previous use of the plow. There is no such thing as a free lunch, that chance of circumstance may so cause it that another shall reap what the farmer sows; no man can be deprived, whether by accident or misfortune, of the fruits of his own studies; and the liberal and extended acquisition of knowledge which he makes are all for his own use. Labor, therefore, my dear boy, and improve the time. In youth our steps are light and our minds are ductile, and knowledge is easily laid up. But if we neglect our spring, our summer will be useless, and contemptible, our harvest will be chaff, and the winter of our age unrespected and desolate.

"Again: Read, my dear son, read and read that which is useful. Man differs from birds and beasts, because he has the means of availing of the knowledge acquired by his predecessors. The swallow builds the same nest which its father and its mother built, and the sparrow does not improve by experience of its parents. The son of the learned pig, it is said, would do as well to brate fit only to make bacon of. It is not so with the human race. Our ancestors lodged in caves and wigwags, where we construct palaces for the rich and comfortable dwellings for the poor; and why is this but because our eye is enabled to look back upon the past, to improve upon our ancestors' improvements, and to avoid their errors?—This can only be done by studying history, and comparing it with passing events.

Adventures at a Masked Ball.

One of the adventures of the last ball is worth mentioning. The two principal actors in the scene belong to the aristocratic Faubourg St. Germain. A certain count, availing himself of the marital privileges which aristocratic customs permit, left his wife at home to go to the masked ball. The countess would have seen no evil in the simple act of going to spend an hour or two at the ball, if she had not been informed that he went there to encounter a piquant actress, who, it was reported, had captivated her husband, and of whom he had declared himself the frequent admirer.

The countess determined to discover the intrigue, and she therefore determined to go to the masked ball. To succeed in her project, a travesty was indispensable. She took the disguise of an elegant dandy. But young and beautiful, as well as talented and graceful, the countess would find it difficult to deceive any one under her masculine disguise. She therefore employed a close fitting mask, and a light cloak, which concealed all her person but the foot and bottom of the pantaloons. Thus disguised, it might pass for the fantasy of a boy, who wished to find at the ball a double pleasure, in carrying on intrigues among his friends.

The young man made quite a sensation; but he seemed desirous of finding some one in the assemblage, and, guided by a confidant in his secret, who was devoted to his projects, he soon found the handsome actress, and commenced the attack from under the mask. She listened at first negligently, but the confidant took occasion to whisper in her ear.

"That is a young Russian prince of eighteen years, handsome as Adonis, and immensely rich."

Nothing more was needed to make the actress forget her word with the count. She manoeuvred so cunningly that she managed to steal away, although she had promised to sup with him, and she went to the Cafe Anglais to take supper with the Russian prince.

Scarcely had they installed themselves in a cabinet, when some one knocked at the door. No response was made, but the door opened, and the count appeared. He had followed them, and the countess knew it well; for she had arranged everything so that he could be put upon the track. The moment the knock was heard at the door, the young man hastened to replace his mask and cover his head with the hood of his domino.

who on her part was sufficiently embarrassed.

"But, sir," said the young man, with a soft sweet voice, "what wrong do you find in two friends, two sisters, wishing to sup together, who have subjects of importance to talk about?"

"You will try in vain to impose on me sir," replied the count in a rough tone; "I know that you are a man."

"And suppose I am, sir?"

"I tell you that madame is engaged to sup with me, and I shall not suffer her to sup with another."

"But if madame has changed her notion? Such things occur every day."

"I shall not permit it. She shall sup with me—with me alone!"

"To dispose thus of the wishes of madame and to talk as master—have your rights?"

"Yes, sir, I have rights the most positive," replied the count, exaggerating a little the truth in favor of his cause.

"Ah, sir, if madame, the countess heard you?"

"Sir, I do not receive lessons; I give them; and you shall render me satisfaction for your conduct, and your word!"

"A challenge?"

"Yes, sir. And first do me the pleasure of taking off your mask; it is improper to guard it in my presence and I have the right to see the face of my adversary."

"And it does not please me to show it to you?"

"Then I shall pull off myself your impudent mask!"

"Violence? I hope you are satisfied! and the mask and the hood fell, disclosing a splendid head of blonde hair, and the count, stupefied, recognized the countess. The actress shared his surprise, saluted the discovery with a burst of joyous laughter, but the count did not laugh."—*Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

A New Jersey Magistrate.

A distinguished member of the N. York bar was retained on one occasion by a friend, also a New Yorker, to attend a complaint made against him by a Dutch gentleman, who was one of the residents of the "old Jersey State."

"I appear for the prisoner," said the counsellor to the modern Dogberry.

"You appear for de pris'ner, do you!—and who den be you?" interrupted the justice, eyeing him from head to foot with marked curiosity; "I don't know you; yair t'p's you come from and vot's yer name?"

The counsellor modestly gave his name, and said—

"I am a member of the N. York bar."

"Vel den," replied the justice, "you gan't bractis in dis here gort."