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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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New Family Grocery Store IN ALLENTOWN.

The subscriber takes this method to inform the citizens of Allentown, and the public in general, that he has opened

A Family Grocery Store.

at the stand formerly occupied by Dillinger & Craig, No. 27, North 7th street, near the Market Square, where he offers for sale for Cash or in exchange for Country Produce, a large variety of Family Groceries, such as

Coffee, Sugar, Molasses, Chocolate, Tea, red and black Pepper, Allspice, Ginger, Salaratus, baking and washing Soda, Salt, Allum, Madder, No's. 1, 2 and 3, Mackerel, pickled Salmon, pickled and smoked Herring, Codfish, dried Beef, Ham, Shoulder, Fritch, Lard, Candles, Vinegar Soap, Brooms, &c.

Also, all kinds of fruit, such as Lemons Oranges, Prunes first quality in jars, and in kegs for pies, Figs, Raisins, pealed and unpealed dried Peaches, Apples and Pears, Tomato Catchup, Mustard, Pickles in bottles, Cherries, &c.

In connection with the above business, he also continues the manufacturing of Segars, of every price and quality, which he will sell or exchange to country merchants for all kinds of produce.

He also continues the Candle manufacturing business, and will sell by the box any quantity desired, or exchange them for country produce, such as Butter, Eggs, Lard, Ham, Shoulder, Fritch, Soap, Cherries, dried fruit, Wax, &c., and allow therefor the highest market price.

He trusts that by keeping the best kind of Groceries, &c., and by manufacturing the best kind of Segars and Candles, he will be able to merit a liberal share of public patronage, for which he will ever be thankful.

The undersigned is also the appointed Agent for the sale of Hoy's celebrated fine cut, chewing and smoking tobacco, snuff, &c., all of which he will sell as low as it can be purchased either in Philadelphia or New York. **CHARLES H. RUHE**, Allentown, April 19, 1854.

Joseph Weiss, Watchmaker in Allentown.

Takes this method to inform his friends and the public in general, that he still continues the

Watchmaking Business, in all its various branches, at his "old stand" No. 11, West Hamilton street, nearly opposite the "Odd Fellow's Hall," in the Borough of Allentown, where he has just received an entire new, and constantly keeps on hand a splendid stock of

Parlor and Office

Clocks, Gold and Silver Watches of various descriptions, a large assortment of Ear and Finger rings, Silver and other table and tea-spoons, a large assortment of

Gold Spectacles, also Silver and other Spectacles, suitable for persons of all ages, together with a large variety of other Jewellery, and such other articles usually kept in establishments of this kind. **ALSO:**

A Large Assortment of Violins, Violin Bows and Strings of the best quality, and all other articles used on Violins.

Piano Fortes.

Just received a splendid assortment of **Pianos** of the most celebrated manufacturers. **Melodians** of the most celebrated makers in the United States. The whole of these articles will be sold at the most reduced prices, and he will warrant that every article sold by him will be according to contract.

Brass Instruments will be furnished to order, at the shortest notice and at prices far below what they can be purchased elsewhere.

Repairing.—This branch of business will be attended to as usual, with the strictest punctuality.

He further returns his sincere thanks for the patronage so liberally bestowed upon him for a number of years past, and trusts that by strict attention to business, punctuality and liberal prices of his goods he will be further thought worthy of the public patronage, for which he will always feel thankful. **JOSEPH WEISS.** January 18, 1854.

Poetical Department.

My Wife and Child.

I dream: my gentle wife is near, A girlish figure, small and slight, Say, shall I sketch her picture, ere She passes out of sight? Here is no beauty strange and rare, Fashioned by rapturous poet's rule— All hearts might deem her very fair, And not one beautiful.

Not beautiful to painters' eyes, Because her noblest beauty lies Not in her features' faultless grace, But the sweet maturing of her face.

A look of patient gentleness On lip and brow serenely lies, And oh, a world of tenderness Shines softly in her sunny eyes!

Her lips—to me no "rose-buds wet" One half so beautiful could be— I love them that they never yet Spoke one unloving word to me!

There is a sweet and nameless grace Floating around her form and face— The beauty of a lofty soul Illumes and beautifies the whole.

And when the tiresome day is gone, And the sweet evening time comes on, And wearied out with toil and care I sink into my study-chair, Closing my eyes to certain out— The vexing shades of fear and doubt—

A tiny foot, with noiseless glide, Comes stealing softly to my side— Bright curls adown my shoulder twine, And little fingers hide in mine— And gentle tones salute my ear With words of sympathy and cheer, Oh! I could meet, with dauntless heart, The sternest, darkest ills of life, With such a guardian as thou art, My own beloved wife!

My child! my darling bright-haired boy! A happy laughter, loving sprite, Whose heart is mirth, whose life is joy, Undimmed by shade or blight, He has his mother's curls of gold, His laugh has just her ringing tone, And in his features I behold The softest likeness of my own.

And gazing, oft I wander back Along my boyhood's flowery track, I roam again beside the stream, I see again the waters gleam, And stopping, see, or seem to see, My face reflected back to me!

My wife and child! my all on earth! Oh! what were life, hereof of them? Beside their love, how little worth Seems glory's brightest diadem! My wife my child! these are the charms Which make me cling to earth— I rise To circle them in love's fond arms, And in the act—unconscious eyes, Where, where am I—and where are they?

Alas! the dream has passed away, I sit here in my darkening room, Alone amid the dusky gloom— Ay, all alone—no wife—no child— A day-dream hath my heart beguiled, Alas! that airy fancy's sway Should play such roguish tricks with me! My wife and child—I sigh to say, Are yet—alas!—are yet to be!

Miscellaneous Selections.

The Honest Beggar Boy.

A poor boy about ten years ago, entered the ware-house of a rich merchant, Samuel Richter, in Dantzic, and asked the book-keeper for alms.

"You will get nothing here," grumbled the man, without raising his head from the book—"be off." Weeping bitterly, the boy glided towards the door, at the moment that Herr Richter entered.

"What is the matter here?" he asked turning to the book-keeper.

"A worthless beggar boy," was the man's answer, and he scarcely looked up from his work.

In the meanwhile, Herr Richter glanced toward the boy, and remarked that, when close to the door, he picked up something from the ground.

"Ha, my little lad, what is that you picked up?" he cried.

The weeping boy turned and showed him a needle.

"And what will you do with it?" asked the other.

"I have found it," said the boy, "it is a needle that I found in the street, and I thought it might be of use to you." "Indeed, it is a very good needle," said the merchant, "and you have found it in a most honorable manner."

It is quite customary for beggars by trade to contrive tales like this; and this hardens many a heart against the claims of genuine want. But this time the merchant trusted the honest boy's face. He thrust his hand into his pocket, drew forth a piece of money and said:

"There is a half a dollar; go to the baker's and with half the money buy bread for yourself your mother and your brothers but bring back the other half to me."

The boy took the money and ran joyfully away.

"Well," said the surly book-keeper, "he will laugh in his sleeve and never come back again."

"Who knows?" replied Herr Richter, and as he spoke beheld the boy returning quickly, with a large loaf of black bread in one hand, and some money in the other.

"There, good sir," he cried, almost breathless; "there is the rest of the money."

Then, being very hungry, he begged at once for a knife to cut off a piece of the bread. The book-keeper reached him in silence his pocket knife.

The lad cut off a slice in great haste, and was about to take a bite of it. But suddenly he beheld himself, laid the bread aside and folding his arms, rehearsed a silent prayer: then he fell to his meal with a hearty appetite.

The merchant was moved by the boy's unaffected piety. He inquired after his family and home, and learned from his simple narrative that his father had lived in a village about four miles distant from Dantzic, where he owned a small house and farm, but his house had been burnt to the ground, and much sickness in his family had compelled him to sell his farm.

He then hired himself out to a rich neighbor, but being three weeks there at an end, he died broken down by grief and excessive toil—And now his mother, whom sorrow had thrown upon a bed of sickness, was with her four children suffering the bitterest poverty.

He, the eldest, had resolved to seek for assistance, and had gone from village, to village, then had struck into the highway, and at last, having begged everywhere in vain, had come to Dantzic.

The merchant's heart was touched. He had but one child, and the boy appeared to him as a draft at sight, which Providence had drawn upon him as a test of gratitude.

"Listen my son," he began, "have you really a wish to learn?"

"Oh yes; I have indeed," cried the boy, "I have read the catechism already, and I should know a good deal more, but at home I had always my little brothers to carry, for my mother was sick in bed."

Herr Richter immediately formed his resolution.

"Well then," he said "if you are good and honest and industrious, I will take care of you. You shall learn, have meat, and drink, and clothing; and in time earn something besides. Then you can support your mother and brothers also."

The boys eyes flashed with joy. But in a moment he cast them to the ground again, and sadly said, "My mother all the while has nothing to eat."

At length I said to him, "Charley, won't mamma be anxious about you, if you stay so long?"

"Oh, no," said he, "Lizzie don't care."

"Who is Lizzie?"

"Why, my mamma! She don't care, if I am only out of the way. Lizzie made me this pretty dress," said he, holding up his richly-embroidered frock; "but Lizzie don't know any stories, and she says I'm a bore. What is a bore?" said the sweet child, as he looked trustfully in my face.

"Never mind now," said I, tearfully; "you may stay with me whenever you like and we will be very good friends."

The dinner-bell sounding, a gaily dressed young thing vociferated, in a voice anything but musical, "Charley, Charley!" When I apologized for keeping him, she said, carelessly, as she re-arranged her braided hair, "Oh, it don't signify, if you can have patience with him, he's so tiresome with his questions. I've bought him heaps of toys, but he never wants to play, and is forever asking me such old-fashioned questions.—Keep him and welcome, when you like; but take my word for it, you'll repent your bargain!" and she tripped gaily down to dinner.

Poor little Charley! Time in plenty to adjust all those silken ringlets; time to embroider all those little gay dresses; time to linger till midnight over the last new novel; but for the soul that looked forth from those deep blue eyes, no time to sow the good seed—no time to watch lest the enemy should sow tares.

From that time Charley and I were inseparable. The thoughtless mother well content to pass her time devouring all sorts of trashy literature, or in idle gossip with her drawing room companions. The young father, weary with his business troubles, contenting himself with a quiet good night, and closing the day by a visit to the theatre or concert-room. Poor Charley, meanwhile put to bed for safe keeping, would lie hours tossing restlessly from side to side, with

nothing in his head, as he innocently said to me. What a joy to sit by his side, and beguile his lonely hours! There I learned to understand the meaning of our Saviour's words, "For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

In his clear, silvery tones he would repeat after me the meaning of every petition; then he would say, "Why don't you tell Lizzie? Lizzie don't know any prayers!"

One night I sang him these lines: "Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood, Stand dressed in living green;"

he raised himself in bed, while the tears trembled on his long lashes, and said, "O, sing that again—it seems as if I saw a beautiful picture!" Then, taking my guitar, I would sit by his bedside, and watch the blue eyes droop and grow heavy with slumber, as I sang to him. And she, whose duty, and joy, and pride it should have been to lend those little feet to Him who biddeth "little children come" was indolently and contentedly bound in flowery letters of her own weaving, unmindful that an angel's destiny was entrusted to her careless keeping.

Little Charley lay tossing in his little bed, with a high fever. It is needless to tell of the hold he had upon my heart and services. His childish mother, either unable or unwilling to see his danger, had left me in charge of him—drawn from his side by the attractions of a great military ball.

Changed his heated pillows, gave him the cooling draught, bathed his feverish temples, and finally at his request, rocked him gently to quiet his restlessness. He placed his little arms caressingly about my neck, and said, feebly, "Sing to me of heaven!" When I finished, he looked languidly up, saying: "Where's Lizzie? I must kiss Lizzie!" and, as the words died upon his lips, his eyes drooped, his heart fluttered like a prisoned bird, and little Charley was counted one in the heavenly fold.

As I closed his eyes, and crossed the dimpled hands peacefully upon his little breast, his last words rang fearfully in my ears, "Where's Lizzie?"

Match for Two Indians.

David Morgan's relation of the celebrated Gen. Daniel Morgan, had settled upon the Monongahela river, in Virginia, during the earlier period of the revolutionary war; and at this time had ventured to occupy a cabin at the distance of several miles from any settlement. One morning in May, 1781, having sent his youngest children out to a field at a considerable distance from the house, he became very uneasy about them, and repaired to the spot where they were working, armed as usual with a rifle. While sitting upon the fence, and giving some directions as to their work, he observed two Indians upon the other side of the field, gazing earnestly upon the party. He instantly called to the children to make their escape, while he should attempt to cover their retreat. The odds were greatly against him, as in addition to other circumstances he was nearly seventy years of age and of course unable to contend with his enemies in running.

The house was more than a mile distant, but the children, having two hundred yards the start, and being effectually covered by their father, were soon so far in front that the Indians turned their attention to the old man. He ran for several hundred yards with an activity which astonished himself, but perceiving that he would be overtaken, he fairly turned at bay and prepared for a strenuous resistance. The woods through which they were running were very thin, and consisted entirely of small trees, behind which it was difficult to obtain proper shelter. When Morgan adopted the above-mentioned resolution, he had just passed a large walnut, which stood like a patriarch among the saplings which surrounded it, and it became necessary to run back about ten steps in order to regain it.

The Indian became started at the sudden advance of the fugitive, and was compelled to halt among a cluster of saplings, where they anxiously strove to shelter themselves. This, however, was impossible, and Morgan, who was an excellent marksman, saw enough of one of them to justify him in risking a shot. His enemy instantly fell, mortally wounded. The other Indian, taking advantage of Morgan's empty rifle, sprung from his shelter and advanced rapidly. The man having no time to reload his rifle, was forced to fly a second time.

The Indian gained rapidly upon him, and when within 20 steps fired, but with so unsteady an aim, that Morgan struck with the butt of his gun, and the Indian writhed his tomahawk at one and the same moment. Both blows took effect—and both were at once wounded and disarmed.

The breach of the rifle was broken against the Indian's skull, and the edge of the tomahawk was shattered against the barrel of the rifle, having cut off two of the fingers of Morgan's left hand. The Indian then attempting to draw his knife, Morgan grasped him and bore him to the ground. A furious struggle ensued, in which the old man's strength failed and the Indian succeeded in turning him. Planting his knee in the breast of his enemy, and yelling loudly, as is usual with them upon any turn of fortune, he again felt for his knife in order

to terminate the struggle at once; but having lately stolen a woman's apron, and tied it round his waist, his knife was so much confined, that he had great difficulty in finding the handle. Morgan, in the mean time, being a regular pugilist, according to the custom of Virginia and perfectly at home in a ground struggle, took advantage of the awkwardness of the Indian, and got one of the fingers of his right hand between his teeth. The Indian tugged and roared in vain struggling to extricate it. Morgan held him fast, and began to assist him in hunting for the knife. Each seized it at the same moment, the Indian by the blade, and Morgan by the handle, but with slight hold. The Indian having the firmest hold, began to draw the knife further out of the sheath, when Morgan suddenly giving his finger a furious bite, twined the knife dexterously through his hand, cutting it severely. Both now sprang to their feet, Morgan brandishing his adversary's knife, and still holding his finger between his teeth. In vain the poor Indian struggled to get away—rearing plunging, and belting like an unbroke colt. The teeth of the white man were like a vice and he at length succeeded in giving him a stab in the side. The Indian received it without falling, the knife having struck his ribs, but a second blow, aimed at the breast proved more effectual, and the savage fell. Morgan thrust the knife, handle and all, into the cavity of the body, directed downwards, and starting to his feet, made the best of his way home. The neighbourhood was quickly alarmed, and hurrying to the spot where the struggle had taken place they found the first Indian lying where he had fallen, but the second had disappeared.

A broad trail of blood, however, conducted to a fallen tree top, within a hundred yards of the spot, into which the poor fellow had dragged himself, and where he now lay bleeding, but still alive. He had plucked the knife from his wound, and was endeavoring to dress it with the apron which had cost him his life when his enemies approached. The love of life appeared still strong within him, however. He greeted them with what was intended for an insinuating smile, held out his hand, and said in broken English, "How de do, broder? how de do!—glad to see you!" But, poor fellow, the love was all on one side. Their brotherhood extended only to tomahawking scalping and skinning him, of which operations were performed within a few minutes after the meeting—to such an extent had mutual injury inflamed both parties.

Louis Napoleon and the Sultan.

The past history of the family of Louis Napoleon and the Sultan of Turkey, is full of interesting and marvellous incidents, some of which are, probably, not generally known to our readers.

These two monarchs, now so cordially united in the struggle to maintain the integrity of the Ottoman empire, are both grandsons of American ladies. These ladies were born and raised in the same neighborhood, on the island of Martinique, one of the West Indies. They were of French origin, and companions and intimate friends in childhood and youth. They were Josephine de Pascher and a Miss S.

The history of Josephine is generally known. She went to France, and was married to M. de Beauharnais, by whom she had one son, Eugene, and a daughter, Hortense. Some time after the death of Beauharnais, Josephine was married to Napoleon Bonaparte, and became Empress of France. Her daughter, Hortense, was married to Joseph Bonaparte, then King of Holland, and the present Emperor of France is her son from that marriage.

Miss S. quitted the island of Martinique some time before her friend. But the vessel that was carrying her to France was attacked and taken by the Algerine corsairs, and the crew and passengers were made prisoners. But this corsairship was in turn attacked and pillaged by Tunisian pirates, and Miss S. was carried by them to Constantinople, and offered for sale as a slave. Her extraordinary beauty and accomplishments found her a purchaser in the Sultan himself; and she soon became the chief lady of Seraglio and Sultanness of Turkey. Mahmoud II, was her son, and the present Sultan, Abdul Medjid, is the son of Mahmoud.

Thus the two sovereigns who now occupy so large a space in the world's eye are grandsons of two American Creole girls who were play-mates in their youth, and were as remarkable for their beauty and excellent dispositions, as for their varied and singular fortunes. Both these women, in the height of their power remembered all the friends of their youth, and provided munificently for their welfare. Many of the relatives of this Sultaness left the island of Martinique, and settled at Constantinople, where their descendants still reside, and enjoy the favor of the Sultan. The Sultaness died in 1811, the Empress Josephine in 1814, and their grandsons now rule over two wide and powerful empires, and are entering, as friends and allies, upon one of the most momentous and sanguinary struggles in which Europe was ever involved.—Pittsburg Post.