

The Lehigh Register

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Poetical.

THE PRINTER.

Among the rank of human kind Some go before and some behind, But mind them well and you will find, Not hindmost is the PRINTER.

The lessons which you learn at school, That you might not grow up a fool, Had all, in scientific rule, Been published by the PRINTER.

How do your Presidents and Kings Govern so many thousand things? 'Tis by the TRIPPS the screws and springs Belonging to the PRINTER.

The farmer and the mechanic too, Would sometimes scarce know what to do, Could they not get a certain view Of work done by the PRINTER.

The doctor cannot meet the crooks Of all his cases till he looks Upon the pages of the books Supplied him by the PRINTER.

The lawyer for a wit has passed: But high as he his head may cast, He would be but a dunce at last, Were it not for the PRINTER.

Who is it that so neatly tells, The various goods the merchant sells, Inviting all the beaux and belles? Who is it but the PRINTER.

The classes of the human race, Of different size, of different face, Appears in this and every place— How obvious to the PRINTER.

One sings the bass on sharps and flats, Bedecked with pantaloons and hats, And longtailed coats, and smooth cravats, Of this class is the PRINTER.

The other sings the fable sweet, Adorned with frocks and bonnet neat And look! how beautiful and complete, And lovely to the PRINTER.

'Tis hymen's will of course you know, These classes should in couples go, And since, the world will have it so, So be it, says the PRINTER.

There's not a man below the skies, Who better understands to prize The charm that graces a lady's eyes, Than does this very PRINTER.

Young maidens then, without debate, 'Tis hoped you'll duly estimate, Before in fact it be too late, The value of the PRINTER.

A Capital Story.

THE PAWNED RING.

BY MISS HARRIET N. HATHAWAY.

"And so Gertrude, you promise solemnly before God, that this ring, you will regard as an inviolable pledge of our mutual constancy!—That though long years may intervene ere we look upon each other, it shall be to you a sacred memento of our plighted vows, and that nothing shall induce you to part with it."

"I do, Frederic," was the trembling response of the beautiful maiden, while the burning tears stole fast from the heavily fringed lids that shaded her large, spiritual eyes, and dropped upon the costly signet that encircled the taper fore-finger of her small, delicate hand. "As often as I look upon it," she continued, "a prayer shall ascend to Heaven for your prosperity, and that you may be granted a safe and speedy return to the home of your childhood. But, should adverse fates attend you, and delay your coming, still next to my Maker, will I cherish your image in my heart, and no other object shall have power to supplant it."

"Heaven bless you, my own, my beautiful Gertrude, for those cheering words! The thought of them will enable me to toil on, and suffer, if it needs be, until I attain to that position in life which will satisfy even the ambitious desires of your fond father. Then, on the wings of love, I will hasten to lay all my laurels at your feet, and claim you as my beautiful bride. You smile mournfully, Gertrude, but I feel confident of success. Heaven ever helps those who are willing to help themselves."

One hour from the time of the above conversation, Gertrude Wilder stood alone on the balcony of her father's proud mansion, gazing with tearful eye upon the broad waste of blue water that flashed and sparkled in the sunlight, as though it were constantly casting up from its depths countless myriads of dazzling and star-like gems, that for a moment gleamed on its surface, and then sank to their ocean beds, to give place for others more brilliant, if such there could be.

"A noble ship lay in the offing. Scarce a breath of air filled the sails, which hung lazily from the yards. All hands were on board, and everything seemed to be in readiness for a start. Soon a freshening breeze swept by them, rip-

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like the broad wings of an ocean bird, as though impatient to be free. Now the anchor was weighed, and onward through the sparkling foam, swept the "huge floating cradle," like a thing of life.

Gertrude stood with fixed eyes, and hands tightly clasped over her heart, as though she would fain still its tumultuous throbbings. She did not once change her position, until the ship had disappeared in the dim distance.

Now that Frederic Glenwood had gone, past recalling, the excitement that had sustained her during the painful parting gave way, and the feelings of her anguished soul found vent in burning tears, and heart-rending sobs. Bitter forebodings came stealing over her. Four years was a long time! and as she reflected upon it, she asked herself the questions: "Will he ever return? may he not make his grave in a foreign land, with no friendly hand to smooth his pillow, or minister to him the consolations of our holy religion in the last trying hour, or to close his eyes in death? These thoughts were too bitter to be long dwelt upon.

"Weak girl that I am!" she exclaimed. "thus to distrust Providence. Heaven surely will protect one so good and virtuous as Frederic Glenwood; and this hope shall cheer me on in the performance of every duty."

One year from the time of Frederic Glenwood's departure, Gertrude Wilder sat alone, under the shade of an old oak tree that for nearly a century had spread its broad arms, as though offering shade and protection from the scorching rays of the summer's sun to those who chose to avail themselves of it.

The gorgeous drapery of clouds that the sun in its departure had left behind him—the warbling of the birds that flitted from bough to bough—the golden fruit that hung so temptingly from the branches, well-nigh ready to break with their precious weight—the sweet perfume of the many rare flowers, that were scattered in rich profusion around, were all unheeded by Gertrude. In her hand she held a small casket and her eyes were steadily fixed upon the ring—the parting gift of Frederic Glenwood. In fancy, she again was listening to his "vows of love and constancy." A sweet smile stole over her face, and taking the sparkling jewel from its hiding place, she was in the act of pressing it to her lips, when an approaching step was heard. Hastily thrusting into the tiny casket she concealed it in the folds of her dress.

"My daughter," said Mr. Wilder, as he seated himself on the rustic bench by her side, and caressingly smoothed her dark, glossy curls. "I am glad to find you here, and alone, as I have something of importance to say to you. It is of Frederic Glenwood, I would speak. I have for a long time watched your growing indifference to him, and am glad that you have at last wholly overcome your romantic attachment, to one so far your inferior, in birth and fortune. Out of respect to your feelings, I have thus long forbore to mention what were my wishes, in regard of your settlement in life. Gustavus Murray, as you well know, has long loved you, devotedly, and now, that there is no obstacle in the way, I trust you will at once accede to my wishes, by receiving his addresses."

"Never! father, never!" were the words that escaped the ashy lips of Gertrude. "Gertrude!" said Mr. Wilder, in a stern voice, while his whole frame trembled with suppressed emotions. "I entreat—nay, more, I command you to comply with my request, or—"

"Stay! father, stay! hear me for one moment!" cried the agonized girl. "Have I not ever been a dutiful daughter?"

"Yes, Gertrude: all that a fond father's heart could wish. But now, in my declining years, you deny me the long cherished wish of my heart, simply to gratify a foolish passion."

"In anything else, father, will I gladly obey you. But in this one thing I cannot. I dare not, dearly as I love you, perjure my own soul, by breaking the vow made in the presence of high Heaven, to love none other save Frederic Glenwood."

"Not another word, unless you would drive me mad," exclaimed Mr. Wilder, as he pressed his hands to his temples. "I give you till tomorrow morning to decide. Should you then be of the same mind that you are now, my roof shall no longer shelter you, and a father's curse shall follow you, as you go forth alone and unprotected into the world."

When Mr. Wilder had uttered these words, he stalked into the house, leaving Gertrude to commune with her own bitter thoughts. How like a dream seemed the events of the last few moments! She could scarce convince herself of her father's sanity. How could it be that one so habitually gentle and kind, should now appear so cruel and dictatorial? Would he indeed send her forth from her childhood's home, alone into the cold, friendless world? No—no! it could not be! It was too dreadful to think of!

the monotonous sound of her father's footsteps, as he paced the floor of the apartment beneath hers, would have prevented her doing so. It was evident to her mind that he was laboring under some strong excitement of feeling—something of a more serious nature than the disappointment occasioned by her refusing to accede to his wishes. But what it was, she could not even conjecture.

At an early hour in the morning her mother entered her chamber. Her face wore a pale and haggard expression, and traces of tears were visible upon her cheek.

"Gertrude, my child," she said, in a low, sad tone, as she seated herself by her side and clasped her trembling hand in her own, "I grieve to pain you, by an allusion to the unpleasant events of yesterday. But your father wishes to learn what is your decision."

"O, mother, mother! do not mock my misery. I did not think that you, too, would ask me to make the dreadful sacrifice," cried the agonized girl. "Dearly as I love my early home, and sweetly sacred as are the ties that bind me to it, I would sooner resign them all, than break my long cherished vows."

"I appreciate your feelings, my child, as only a mother can. I know the sacrifice you are now called to make is heart-rending. But ere you decide, let me ask you one question. Is your own happiness dearer to you than that of your parents? Your father is now on the verge of bankruptcy, and by becoming the wife of Gustavus Murray, you can save him from so direful a calamity."

"Mother, allow me till to-night, to decide," were the words that fell from the pale, unquivering lips of the suffering girl. "I would be alone until then."

Words would be too cold and common place, to portray the anguish that filled Mrs. Wilder's soul as she turned to leave Gertrude. Every reason that could be adduced had she urged upon her husband, to influence him if possible to revoke his decision. But the proud man was inexorable. Ambition was the reigning motive in his heart, and rather than bear the stigma attached to the name of a bankrupt, he would sell the happiness of his daughter. Still, it had cost him many a heart struggle, to come to this decision.

Some three months after the above conversation, had one looked into Gertrude's apartment, they might have seen her gazing with listless eye upon the costly bridal paraphernalia scattered around her. The unsullied satin robe, the long flowing veil, and the bandeau of pearls, were but splendid mockeries of her misery. In a few weeks she was to yield her hand, unaccompanied by her heart, to Gustavus Murray. And he was knowing to the dreadful struggle it had cost her, to come to this decision. Had it not been revealed to him in words, he could not have failed to have read it, in the heavy, tearful eye, the sunken cheek, and the altered demeanor of his affianced bride. But what mattered all this to him, as long as his own selfish ends were attained?

A blighting scourge swept over the city of L—. High and low, rich and poor, young and old, all alike paid tribute to it. Death is a strange leveler of rank and distinctions!

A solemn stillness reigned about the dwelling of Mr. Wilder. The lightly closed shutters, and the ominous badge of crape which muffled the knocker of the street door, told too plainly that they had not been passed by during the direful visitation.

Gertrude Wilder, in company with her only brother, were bent over the dying couch of their father. In a distant apartment their idolized mother lay, clad, in the habiliments of the grave. What a change one short week had wrought!

"Gertrude, my child," murmured the father, as he turned his eyes, already clouded with the fumes of death upon her. "I am dying! Say that you forgive my unkindness to you, so that I may die in peace."

"Dear father," said Gertrude, as she pressed her lips upon his cold, clammy brow. "I do—all, all is forgiven."

Scarce had these words passed her lips, when Mr. Wilder sank lifeless upon his pillow. With hearts filled to bursting, Henry and Gertrude Wilder closed the eyes of the dear departed, and then sought the solitude of their own apartments to indulge in a sorrow too sacred for stranger eyes to look upon.

The hour arrived for them to consign the remains of their loved ones to their "last, long resting place." O, how fully they realized the depth of their bereavement, as they heard the cold, damp clouds rattling upon their parents' coffins! What a weight of anguish filled their souls, as they returned to their now lonely home! How everything reminded them of the bitter loss they had sustained! The solemn stillness that filled each apartment—the vacant seats—the articles of clothing scattered here and there—all served to impress home the sad truth that they were orphans.

Henry Wilder found upon examining into his

months after their parents' death, their beautiful home had passed into the hands of strangers, and shortly after this Henry and Gertrude left the place of their nativity for a city, in a distant part of the State in which to reside.

But my reader may ask, "where was Gustavus Murray all this time?"

Although Mr. Wilder in his last sickness would gladly have seen his daughter freed from the contract of marriage between Gustavus and herself, he felt that the affair had been carried too far to be treated thus lightly. Therefore he still urged upon her the necessity of her giving him her hand, at the appointed time. But this was not to be.

With a slight explanation, Gustavus had forsaken her in the hour of her deep affliction, to bask beneath the smiles of a young and beautiful lady, who was possessed of a queenly fortune. With these alluring prospects before him, what to him was the grief stricken and portionless maiden?

But, did Gertrude murmur at his inconstancy? No! If ever a prayer of warm thanks-giving ascended to Heaven from her heart, it was in the hour that revealed this truth to her. It seemed to her like a special interposition of Providence in her behalf.

On the second floor of a large and imposing block of buildings, standing in one of the principal business streets of the beautiful city of H—, were a suite of apartments which were occupied by professional characters. In one of these a young painter had sat, day after day, vainly waiting for employment. Months had flown by, and still his merits, which were not inferior, remained unknown and unappreciated.

At the time we speak of, he was seated before his easel. The care-worn expression of his usually pale face was relieved by a radiant smile that ever and anon played around his finely turned mouth. Suddenly springing to his feet, and brushing aside the damp, clustering locks that shaded his pale, intellectual brow, he exclaimed, with enthusiasm:

"It is completed at last! and it more than equals my most sanguine expectations! If it but as fully equals my hopes, I shall no longer remain neglected and unknown. Heaven grant that in this, my last resource, I may not be doomed to cruel disappointment."

A large collection of choice paintings was on exhibition. Painters, sculptors, engravers, poets and authors, were seen among the dense crowd that thronged the public gallery. The wealth and elite of the city were there represented. The merchant, the mechanic, and the day laborer, were there too. The farmer, in his coarse "kersey," took his station complacently by the side of the proud "millionaire," in his sleek, glossy broadcloth, and the maiden, in her cheap chintz, faded shawl, and coarse straw hat, claimed as good a place as the fine lady robed in silks and satins. Perchance, the former had a mind formed to appreciate more fully the "sublime and beautiful" in art, as well as in nature, than the latter. This we know, that our Heavenly Parent bestows on his children a diversity of gifts. One is distinguished for goodness, another for intellect, another for beauty, another for wealth, and still another for fame.

Many rare and lifelike productions had been displayed to the admiring gaze of the spectators. The drapery that shaded the only remaining painting was lifted, the subject of which was the "Maid of the Wreck." A noble ship lay partially dismantled. The wild, surging waves threatened each moment to engulf the fated craft. The red-forked lightning gleamed from the black-clouds that shrouded the sky in portentous darkness. Funereal gloom brooded around. A maiden stood alone on the deck of the vessel. Her white robe fluttered in the wind, and her long, raven hair streamed in wild confusion about her neck and shoulders. Her hands were clasped over her breast, and her beautiful, "Madonna"-like face was upturned to heaven. One could almost imagine they heard the breathing words that escaped her pale, parted lips, as now that human aid could avail her nought; she commended her soul to her Maker.

It was indeed a thrilling scene, and the effect upon the audience was for a moment quite overpowering. The piece was decided by universal acclamation, to be the finest specimen of the art that had been exhibited.

A thrilling cry rang through the gallery, and a young man who had stood partially concealed behind a column, fell fainting the floor. Had my readers but seen him, they would doubtless have recognized in his lofty brow, and pale, sunken face, the artist to whom they have been previously introduced.

It was nearing nightfall, when the young painter left his studio, and wended his way homeward. His step was quicker and more unsteady than was wont. His large eyes beamed with an almost unearthly light, and his usually pale cheek wore an unnatural flush. Ever and anon he would lift his velvet cap from his brow; and press his hands upon his burning temples. After a walk of a mile and a half, he entered

"Gertrude, my own dear sister," exclaimed Henry Wilder—for it was he—as he rushed into the room, where a pale girl was seated. "Heaven has at last crowned my efforts with success! I rejoice more for your sake than my own, for now you will not be obliged to toil for your daily bread. O, bitterly has my heart ached, to see one reared so tenderly as you have been, doomed to such cruel servitude!"

The brother and sister sat until a late hour, communing with each other. It was well for them that they could not see the dark cloud that was even then hovering over them.

That night lights were seen glancing to and fro in the cottage, and before morning Henry Wilder was suffering under a violent attack of brain fever.

Many long, weary days, did Gertrude watch by the bedside of her only brother. What a weight of agony pressed upon her heart when the thought came home that he might not live! But God in mercy spared her this trial.

His recovery was slow in the extreme. Days wore into weeks, weeks into months, and yet he did not seem disposed to attend to his business. Gertrude sometimes wondered at this, as he frequently received offers of employment.—Occasionally she would in a gentle way hint that it might be better for him if his mind had some healthy employment. But he studiously evaded answering at such times. Hour after hour he would sit, gazing listlessly at some object. Books, which had ever been one of his greatest sources of happiness, were entirely neglected by him. His step was uncertain, and when he walked into the garden, as he sometimes did, he had a groaning way, quite unlike his former self. There was a strange vacancy in his eye, as he gazed into Gertrude's face, that would send the warm blood curdling round her heart. She dared not ask herself the meaning of all this. A strange foreshadowing of evil seemed to oppress her.

"Dear brother," said Gertrude, one afternoon, as she was seated at her sewing, "will you not read aloud a few passages from this book of sweet poems? I find so little time for such purposes, it would really be quite a treat."

Henry, thus kindly urged, seemed not to know how to refuse. He took the offered book. A wild cry of anguish rang through the apartment, as the volume fell from his trembling hand. A moment of silence ensued. Then with the calmness of despair, he said:

"Gertrude, it is as I have long feared! My sight is leaving me!"

This was indeed true. Day by day the shadow deepened around him, shutting out from his vision the blessed sunlight of heaven, the green fields and the painted flowers. He could not even distinguish the features of Gertrude, upon which he had so loved to gaze. His heart at times rebelled at this mysterious dispensation of Providence. Was it strange that it should?

It was evening, and Gertrude sat alone in her small, and dimly-lighted chamber. On the little pine table before her stood the casket containing the diamond ring presented her by Frederic Glenwood. As the rays from the light fell upon it, the costly stones seemed to emit flashes of more than wonted brilliancy.

"It must be so," at length soliloquized the maiden. "Frederic Glenwood has forgotten me. For one long, weary year, I have waited to receive some testimony that he still cherishes the memory of his early love—but in vain. This ring is the dearest memento of former happiness that I possess," she continued, as she drew it from its case, and pressed it willy to her lips. "but I must part with it. A brother's happiness demands the sacrifice, and it shall be done. The physician tells me, that by the aid of some skillful optician his sight may be restored, and I ought not to hesitate a moment between duty and inclination."

The next morning at an early hour Gertrude attired herself in her coarse hat, and faded shawl, and bent her way to a pawn-broker's establishment. In her hand she held the casket that contained the ring, but she dared not trust herself to look upon it, lest she might waver in her purpose. With hesitating step, she entered the shop, and placing the open casket upon the counter, inquired of the broker what he would allow her for the ring.

As the man's gaze rested on the brilliant stones, which were flashing and sparkling in the sunlight, a peculiar smile swept over his face, and his dull, gray eyes lighted with a significant expression, as he exclaimed, half aloud, and half whispering:

"Ah, I see—diamond of the first water! Tip-top article, that." Then raising his eye to the pale, sorrowful face of Gertrude, he looked intently upon her. Gradually the hard lines about his mouth relaxed, his gray eye softened, and in an altered tone, he said:

"Very fine ring, that, young madam! Loth to part with it, I suppose. Poverty's a hard task-master—I've proved that myself. Come, give me a bit of your story, and maybe I can be of some service to you."

and her burning tears fell thick and fast. She felt that she could not deny the broker's request, and as briefly as possible, she repeated such portions of her history as the occasion called for.

"I'll tell you what I'll do for you," said the broker, drawing his rough hand across his eyes. "I'll advance you half the value of the ring, and hold it in readiness for you, in case you should call for it before I dispose of it. I promise you I will not part with it for one cent less than its value, and whatever I receive shall be yours—every farthing of it. I'd willingly do more for you, but I've a large family to support, and I sometimes find it rather tight work getting along, in this rough and tumble world."

An hour after no one would have dreamed, had they looked into the pawn-broker's shop, that there was so much of the milk of human kindness in the heart of the hard looking broker.

Five years had elapsed since Frederic Glenwood's departure from his childhood's home and now again he trod his native soil. A golden harvest of success had crowned his efforts, and he had returned to enjoy it.

"A sweet girl was Myra Cleveland!" So thought Frederic Glenwood, as he daily mingled in her society. She reminded him of Gertrude Wilder—the same winning ways—the same gentle tones, and the same faultless proportions. Those who were most intimately acquainted with them said the fair girl was fast weaving a spell around his heart. Was it so? Time will prove!

One day while visiting Myra, his attention was attracted by a ring, which had been thoughtlessly left lying upon the table. To satisfy his curiosity, he took it in his hand to examine it. Suddenly his face was overspread with a death-like pallor. Burning thoughts rushed through his bosom, as he looked upon the jewel that gleamed in light-like fire. 'Twas the identical ring that he placed upon Gertrude Wilder's finger so many long years before.

"Myra," said he, when he had recovered himself, "if you will not deem it presumptuous in me, I would like to know how this ring came into your possession?"

The young lady thus interrogated, informed him that it was the property of a wealthy lady who was visiting them, and that she purchased it from a pawn-broker in the distant city of H—.

In compliance with his request, Frederic was granted a private interview with the owner of the ring, who informed him there was quite a touching story connected with it.

She then proceeded to say, that it had formerly belonged to a poor, but beautiful girl, who had sacrificed it, in order that her blind brother might receive medical aid. That the kind-hearted broker, who related these incidents to her, assured her that every farthing he should receive for the ring, should go to the young lady. Also, that she had paid somewhat over its value, in order that such virtuous self-denial should not go entirely unrewarded.

Reader mine, with your consent we will in our mind's eye once more enter Gertrude Wilder's childhood's home.

What means it that we look upon so many old, familiar faces, in the brilliantly lighted halls? In the centre of the apartment we see Frederic Glenwood—the present owner of the mansion—and leaning upon his arm, is Gertrude Wilder. By their side, and in the same attitude, stand Henry Wilder and Myra Cleveland. At the right hand of the group are the broker, and the lady who purchased from him the ring, that now flashes and sparkles upon the fore-finger of Gertrude's hand. Ever and anon a tear steals down the broker's care-worn face, as the "man of God" proceeds to pronounce the words that unite the future destinies of the young beings before him. But we can see by the smile of satisfaction that plays around his mouth, that they are not tears of sorrow. His heart is overflowing with gratitude towards Frederic Glenwood, who has, in consideration of his kindness to Gertrude, in the hour of her trouble, placed him in a business that yields a sufficient income to raise him and his family above the harassing cares attendant upon poverty.

As Gertrude's eye wanders from the face of her husband, to that of her brother—who is now rejoicing in the blessing of sight restored, owing to a sister's self-denial—the sweet "dove of Peace" nestles lovingly in her bosom.

The following illustrates pretty well how most people are obliged to answer questions about the Know-Nothings:

"Hauns, what you tink of der Know-Nothings?"

"Ish not know."

"Vell, vot does you tink?"

"I tink nutting."

"By tam, dat is shust vot I tink."

A Yankee thus describes the excess of his devotion to his true love:

"I sing her praise in poetry:

For her at morn and eve,

I cries whole pints of bitter tears,

And wipes them off with my sleeve."

A poor fellow having got his skull fractured, was told by the doctor that the brain was visible, on which he remarked, "Do write to tell father, for he always swore I had none."

"Don't hurry," exclaimed the man who was going to be hung, to the crowd that followed him, "there'll be no fun till I get there."

Miss Goe! vot vill de Frenchman make next—as the Dutchman said the first time he saw a monkey.

There is no fear of knowing too much, though there is great fear in practicing too little. The most doing man shall be the most knowing man.

Wear your learning, like your watch, in a private pocket, and don't pull it out to show that you have one; but if you are asked what o'clock it is, tell it.