

The Lehigh Register

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Poetical.

HAZEL DELL.

A PRETTY SONG.

In the hazel dell my Nelly's sleeping— Nelly loved so long, And my lonely, lonely watch I'm keeping— Nelly lost and gone.

Chorus—All alone my watch I'm keeping— In the hazel dell, For my darling Nelly's near me— Nelly, dear, farewell.

In the hazel dell my Nelly's sleeping, Where the flowers were; And the silent stars are nightly weeping, O'er poor Nelly's grave;

Now I'm weary, friendless and forsaken, Watching her alone; Nelly, thou no more will fondly cheer me With thy loving tone;

THE TYPE SETTER.

A SONG FOR THE PRESS.

Written on hearing a friend called "talented for a mere type-setter."

"A mere type-setter"—still a man The world may perchance may yet revere; Unknown, unmet, one who can't Have naught to hope and naught to fear,

"A mere type-setter!"—Let us see, Who gave the glorious stripes to air, That mark the banners of the free, And hand the stars that glimmer there?

"A mere type-setter"—Search the past, The records of each battle-field; Who nailed our colors to the mast, And died because they would not yield?

"A mere type-setter"—Name of fear, To bid the slave to freedom wake— That tyranny shall quake to hear, And old oppression's empire shake!

"A mere type-setter!"—Honored name, That ages yet unborn shall bless, When empires crumble and their fame Has sunk in worse than nothingness,

EVELYN GRAHAME, OR, Unrequited Affection.

It was the beginning of my third year at boarding school, that—being at the time a parlor boarder—I was called down one day into the drawing-room to be introduced to a new scholar who had just arrived.

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possible to resist her sad, winning look, and, with my usual impetuosity, I flung my arms around her, and pressed her to my bosom.— From that moment we were inseparable friends.

Evelyn was just sixteen; and never did a sweeter face, or a warmer heart, animate a lovely form. Her features were not regularly beautiful, but the expression of almost angelic purity which pervaded her countenance when in repose, made her more beautiful than the most studied regularity of features could have done.

Oh, how often does her image come before me, as she stood and blushing told me of her joyful hopes! What a blessed thing it is that we know not the trials the mysterious future may have in store for us!

Six months, as I have said, passed away, each day only endearing Evelyn Grahame more to my heart. About this time she received letters from home, announcing the death of Mrs. Grahame's only sister, Mrs. Dutton; and also that the latter's eldest child, a daughter, one year older than Evelyn, had been adopted by her aunt.

In the meantime, Arthur Noel, Evelyn's lover, was still at sea; but the time was drawing near when he would return. The months rolled swiftly by; and as the period approached for her leaving school, Evelyn became more impatient each day. She expected her father to come for her, when a letter arrived, telling her it was impossible for him to leave his business, and that she would be obliged to remain at school for a few weeks longer, until some good opportunity offered for her returning home.

Evelyn was very much distressed at this.—She felt sure that Arthur would reach home before her, and she had promised to meet him there; but she was forced to submit. After some little persuasion she consented to accompany me to my father's summer residence, a few miles from town.

Evelyn heard nothing from home. She was beginning to be seriously alarmed, when one morning, at the beginning of the fourth week, I flew to her room with a letter that the servant had just brought from the village post office.

"Ellen," said she, "you must read it first—I have not courage; I feel as if it contained bad news."

I laughed at her, but she insisted upon my reading it first. I took it up, opened it, and silently read as follows:—"DEAREST EVELYN.—You will be surprised upon receiving this: to find that I am still in your city instead of being with my own family; but you will, I fear, be pained to learn the object that detains me.

"I have since entertained a different opinion of that letter. It was sent, and for a day or two Evelyn was as cheerful, apparently as usual; but I saw the effort with which she concealed her grief, and anxiously watched her. Gradually, however, her calmness left her, and she would sometimes give way to bursts of grief.

The letter had evidently been penned in a state of great agitation. I thought it the wildest thing I had ever read, but at the moment, indignation mastered every other feeling. I continued silent for some moments after I had finished reading it—for I was too much distressed to speak.

"He is well, Evelyn," said I; "it would be better for you, poor girl, if he were dead."

"Oh, say not that!" she again exclaimed, "you would have me think him false; but that cannot be. Arthur loved me? Oh, say that he loves me still!"

"Evelyn," I said, endeavoring at the same time to raise her, "Evelyn, you have a hard trial before you, but one which I know your woman's pride will enable you to bear with fortitude."

In an hour I knocked at her door, and called her by name. "Do not come in yet," she said, but in a voice so hoarse and hollow, that I could scarcely believe it hers; "do not come in yet; I am not what you wish to see me."

Never, never shall I forget the look with which she received me. Her color was more brilliant than I had ever seen it, but her eyes were dull and fixed, and a ghastly smile played round her mouth, as she bade me enter; but the expression of her forehead, if I may use such a term, shocked me more than all else.

"Ellen," said she, in the same hollow tone with which she had addressed me at the door,

"Ellen, I have sent for you to ask you where is now all my boasted firmness; where my pride, my dignity? Ah, Ellen! I was never tried before. You think me calm—despair makes me so. I did not arrive at despair even without a hard struggle; and now, my heart, full freighted as it was with the fondest hopes girl ever cherished, lies crushed and dying beneath the waves of that gloom which will henceforth be my portion in life."

"Miss Grahame presents her compliments to Mr. Noel, and is extremely happy that she has it in her power to gratify him. Mr. Noel might have spared himself any anxiety on the occasion, as he had known Miss Grahame better; he would have felt sure that she would never have laid a serious claim to a midshipman's promise, made to a thoughtless school girl.

And this was the letter. Not one word of the breaking heart; not a word of the anguish that had so wrung her gentle spirit that day.— Ah, Evelyn! I did not mistake you, noble girl. I have since entertained a different opinion of that letter. It was sent, and for a day or two Evelyn was as cheerful, apparently as usual; but I saw the effort with which she concealed her grief, and anxiously watched her.

As soon as the news of the marriage reached her, she made preparations for her return, and an opportunity offering shortly afterwards, she left me, promising to write as soon as she reached home. I remember looking after her as she walked down the lawn, and wondering if she would ever see her again.

Assistance was immediately called, and she soon opened her eyes, looked round, then closed them again. But that look was enough. We saw that reason had again assumed its empire. The wildness of her eyes was gone, and the mouth looked natural.

Arthur sprang to his feet, and let his head droop upon his arm. She took his hand in hers, then motioning me nearer, grasped mine also; and for some moments did not move.— She then looked in my face, and whispered, "I remember all, now; but Arthur—dear Arthur! I do not blame you, I hope you are happy—I soon shall be, I feel that I am dying; surely, Sarah would not grudge me the happiness I feel in breathing my last in your arms."

It was in the spring of —, two years after the events related above, that with a party of friends, I visited the city of —. The morning after my arrival the servant brought me a card, and said a gentleman was waiting in the drawing room to see me.

"Miss M.—, I presume," said he. I bowed, and requested him to be seated. "I arrived here this morning," said he; "and hearing that you were also in this city, have taken the liberty to call and ask a great favor of you."

"O, yes!" I exclaimed; "what of Evelyn?—how is she?—where is she?" His voice was stern, as he replied, "she is still what my baseness made her. Where she is, I will show you, if you will go with me; I must go—but I cannot go alone."

"She is dead," said he; "she died in giving birth to a little girl, whom I have named Evelyn. Oh! Miss M.—, if Evelyn could only be restored. It is the harrowing thought of my conduct towards her that has made me what I am—a gloomy, forlorn man. I shun mankind, and feel unworthy to look my daughter in the face. But the physician who attends dear Evelyn; has given me a hope that the sight of me might cause a reaction, which would give a favorable termination to her malady. Your presence at the same time may assist this."

"Heaven grant it!" I fervently ejaculated; and at that moment we entered the court yard of the asylum. The matron met us at the door, and Arthur, having given her a note from Dr. —, she immediately led us to Evelyn's apartment.

"She is asleep now," said the good woman, "but you can go in, and wait until she wakes; she is perfectly gentle, and will give you no trouble." We entered the small, but very neat room, and approached the bed, whereon lay all that remained of Evelyn Grahame. I felt as if my heart would burst as I looked upon her. She lay upon her sick bed, one arm supporting her head. Her breathing was soft and gentle as an infant's.

"I am here, Evelyn, my own!" exclaimed Arthur, throwing his arm around her. Her face instantly flushed up, her eyes kindled; she leaned eagerly forward, and gazed upon him; it was but for a second—her head fell back and she fainted.

Arthur sprang to his feet, and let his head droop upon his arm. She took his hand in hers, then motioning me nearer, grasped mine also; and for some moments did not move.— She then looked in my face, and whispered, "I remember all, now; but Arthur—dear Arthur! I do not blame you, I hope you are happy—I soon shall be, I feel that I am dying; surely, Sarah would not grudge me the happiness I feel in breathing my last in your arms."

"Oh Evelyn!" cried Arthur, while his sobs almost choked his utterance, "you must not, you shall not die—you must live to forgive me, and let me make some reparation for the wrong I have done you; speak to me, Evelyn, tell me that you will live."

The poor girl made an effort to speak, but it was in vain—one grasp of the hand, a short sigh, and the pure spirit of Evelyn Grahame had fled to a brighter sphere.

Arthur Noel still lives, a poor, broken hearted victim of remorse.

Eulogy on Woman.

How can the roses grow and a wise man...

learns to know them; the more one loves them, the more one loves them; the more one loves them, the more one is loved again—for every true love finds its response, and the highest love is the highest wisdom.

What is there in the world of higher excellence than woman? They are the supports of life, the pillars of grace, the jewels in the crown of happiness.

Rules for the New Year.

The following rules are intended, mainly, for the guidance of young men and women:

- 1. Get married—if you can; but look before you leap. Love matches are romantic—nice things to read about,—but they have brimstone in them, now and then; so says Ike Marvell, Esq.
2. Unite in overthrowing the fashion which translates civility into love.
3. Go to church at least once a week.
4. Whenever you see a lecture advertised, set the evening upon which it is to be delivered apart for reading fifteen pages of a good book.
5. Circulate no scandal.
6. Avoid all kinds of spirits—particularly spirit rappers.
7. If in the theatre, or other public place of amusement, do not level your opera glasses at strangers.
8. Never notice the clothing of persons attending divine worship, nor stand in front of the house of God after the services.
9. Never ask another man what his business is—where he is going to—where he came from—when he left—when he intends to go back, or the number of his dollars. You may inquire as to the state of his health and that of his parents, sisters and brothers—but venture no farther.
10. Defend the innocent, help the poor, and cultivate a spirit of friendship among all your acquaintances.
11. Never speak disparagingly of women, and endeavor to conquer all your prejudices.—Believe all persons to be sincere in the religion which they profess.
12. Be economical, but not parsimonious nor niggardly. Make good use of your dollars, but not idols. Live within your means, and never borrow money in anticipation of your salary.

Birds.

A bird is a model ship constructed by the hand of God, in which the conditions of swiftness, manageability, and lightness, are absolutely and necessarily the same as in vessels built by the hand of man. There are not two things in the world which resemble each other more strongly, both mechanically and physically speaking, than the carcass and framework of a bird and a ship.

The Model Lady.

Puts her children out to nurse and tends lap-dogs; lies in bed till noon; wears paper-soled shoes, and pinches her waist; gives the piano fits, and forgets to pay her milliner; cuts her poor relations, and goes to church when she has a new bonnet; turns the cold shoulder to her husband, and flirts with his "friends;" never saw a thimble; don't know a darn-needle from a crow-bar; wonders where puddings grow; eats ham and eggs in private, and dines on a pigeon's leg in public; runs mad after the last new fashion; doast on Byron; adores any man who grins behind a moustache; and when asked the age of her youngest child, replies, "Don't know, indeed, ask Betty!"

It is chiefly young ladies of narrow understanding who wear shoes too small for them.