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Poetical.

"OVER THE LEFT."

O, don't you remember Bill Sprigg, mother, Old Sprigg that lived at the mill? With eyes just like a pig's, mother, With a turn up chin And a yellow skin, He was just the man for a beat, Over the left, you know, mother, Over the left, you know.

He came to court me once, mother, When we lived over south; And tried to kiss me—the dance, mother, But poked his chin in my mouth, The old scape-grace, I slapped his face— But he said 'was a loving blow; Over the left, you know, mother, Over the left, you know.

He was ugly and old—but rich, mother, The last an important thing— So let the stupid wretch, mother, Come when a present he'd bring. He said "my dove," Will you be my love? I told him, "Oh yes, just so"— Over the left, you know, mother, Over the left, you know.

And Harry got quite jealous, mother, Although no reason had he, And sighed like a broken bellows, mother, I told him "fiddle-de-dee!" It's all a sham The old thing to bam; For all the love I show, Is over the left, you know, Harry, Over the left, you know.

And ere I was wedded to Harry, mother, I still my humor would please; An though I'd content to marry, mother, I yet could not help but tease. I should love evermore Old Sprigg, I swore— 'Twas over the left, you know, mother, Over the left, you know.

When I stood at the altar, mother, To wed the man of my choice, I pretended to tremble and falter, mother, And spoke with inaudible voice, To "love and obey" Dear Harry that day To pledge I was not slow; But 'twas over the left, you know, mother, Over the left, you know.

THE OLD BACHELOR'S DEFENCE.

I do not blame a bachelor, If he leads a single life— The way the girls are now brought up, He can't support a wife.

Time was when girls could card and spin, And wash, and bake, and brew; But now they have to keep a maid, If they haveught to do.

I do not blame the bachelor— His courage must be great To think to wed a modern miss, If small be his estate.

Time was, when wives could help to buy The land they'd sell to till, And saddle Dobbin, shell the corn, And ride away to mill.

The bachelor is not to blame, If he's a prudent man; He now must lead a single life, And do the best he can.

A Capital Story.

A NIGHT AT A BALL.

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, And waste its sweetness on the desert air. GRAY.

I POPPED one evening into the midst of a scene that made my head whirl round, and half-stunned me with the variety and confusion of its accompanying noises. A band, composed of half a dozen different instruments, was performing the maddest of waltzes; ladies were twirling round, till the ends of their boucées brushed the faces of the by-standers—groups of elderly gentlemen were chattering and taking snuff out of each other's boxes in every available corner—and ladies, who owned to middle age, were seated in rows, finding fault with every-body's daughters but their own; and all uniting in extreme censure of "that Mrs. Leslie," who danced and laughed with every body; and all wondering, with upturned eyes and devoutly-clasped hands, "what Mr. Leslie could be thinking of." All this I discovered by degrees; but my first impression, after the "loud perception" of perfumes, musk, and patchouli (which are smells, or something worse, but not perfumes,) blended with the suffocating atmosphere which always surrounds a crowd of humans, was that of a countless number of black legs and coat tails at right angles with them, all in furious motion, and accompanied in their frantic gyrations by a cloud of white, pink, blue, or amber-colored-drapery.—Presently these assumed more defined shapes, and I saw they were ladies and gentlemen waltzing. After a while the music stopped, and the staggering beaux led their panting and

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giddy partners back to their seats. On one of these was already seated a young lady who had not been tripping it on the light fantastic, as Dick Swiveller would say, not because she did not like waltzing, but simply because she had not been asked.

"Oh! Henrietta," exclaimed a fair dancer, dropping, all in a flutter, into the place at her side, "why have not you been dancing?—such a charming waltz!" "I had no partner," replied Henrietta, mildly.

"O dear! what a pity!" said her friend, with a little tone of triumphant compassion.—"I'm engaged six deep. Clara Durrant," she called to another young lady, who was fanning herself on the other side of Henrietta, "how many have you on your card?" "Only three," replied Clara, "itn't it shocking to have the few?"

Poor Henrietta crumpled her card up in her hand, for she had not a single name upon it.—She did not know that Clara Durrant had in the room an enterprising mamma and three active aunts, all circulating the fact that "Clara's papa had left ten thousand pounds, of which she was to become the uncontrolled mistress on the day of her marriage." But, of course, this had nothing to do with the attractions which drew such a host of admirers around the pert, pippant little Miss, whose pink silk boucées extended in latitude to quite as great a space as was occupied by the longitude from her cork heels, which gave her an additional inch of stature, to the top of her over-ornamented black head.

Henrietta Merton was in every way life opposite of this object of her secret envy. She was a tall slender girl, with shy, unobtrusive deportment, an interesting rather than a pretty face, simply braided hair, of a light brown color, a low, soft voice, and a dress as plain and unassuming as her manners. She wore neither boucées, feathers, frills, nor artificial flowers; and she began to wonder whether that could be the reason why she was so overlooked by the gentlemen of the party.

Just then, amid a temporary lull of voices, in the ball-room, a prophetic boy passed along the street beneath the windows, singing aloud of a good time, which he asserted was positively coming. Henrietta smiled and sighed, and softly hummed the chorus to herself. Up sailed the majestic lady of the house, leading with her one of the hobbledoys who are usually thrown in as make weights to a party, and disengaging the bowing blushing youth from the folds of her ample drapery, which had been twisted round his long straggling legs during their progress across the room, she formally presented Mr. Jones to Miss Merton. The good time had not come in so favorable a form as she could have wished, but a partner; and in a short time she was polking with Mr. Jones.—When she returned to her place, she found that the next seat was occupied by a quiet looking, middle-aged man, who immediately began a conversation, by asking her if she felt too much draught from the open window behind her.—Mr. Jones, after bowing two or three times, and making as many attempts to say something, bowed himself off. Henrietta did not, apparently, feel the loss of his society, very acutely, for she continued talking to her new acquaintance without interruption, farther than the most indifferent of inclinations when he performed his final obeisance.

"You have not been dancing much, I think?" said the middle-aged gentleman. "No," she replied, artlessly, "I don't know many people here, and, besides, I never have so many partners as other girls; perhaps it is because I go so seldom to balls and parties." "But you like dancing?" he persisted. "Oh! I am very fond of it." "Then it is hard you should not have enough of it while your limbs and spirits are equally light. Do you know that young man with the moustache—he who is looking at the pictures?" "No." "Should you be offended if I were to introduce him to you? He is an excellent dancer, and seems to be disengaged. Before taking such a liberty, I own I ought to be introduced myself; but unfortunately, I have no name; I am only one of the Smiths. Shall I present Captain Townshend?" "I should be much obliged to you," she stammered, "if—if it is not contrary to etiquette."

"That is a point which I cannot settle," he answered, smiling at her timidity; "but I should imagine that his being in Mrs. Macdonald's house was a sufficient proof that he is respectable enough to dance with. You do not know that I am good enough to speak to you and yet you do not hesitate to talk to me.—"Use every man after his desert, and who would 'scape whipping?" "If you please, then; I shall be much obliged."

"Your name is, I believe, Miss Merton?" That at least, is the name I deciphered on the handkerchief which you left upon the seat while dancing.

Henrietta acknowledged her cognomen; and Mr. Smith rose and held a brief colloquy with Captain Townshend, of which the only words that reached her ears were these: "I tell you, Townshend, she dances beautifully."

"Why does he not ask me himself?" murmured Henrietta. But at that moment the elegant little man with irreproachable moustaches was presented to her, and in two minutes more she was gliding about with him in the graceful mazes of the Cellarius. Mr. Smith held her fan as a pledge, he said, that Captain Townshend should not run off with her altogether. She came back, but it was only to leave him again after a short time, in company with another partner of his selection, the fan being still held to insure her return. And thus it was, dance after dance, until at the prospect of a prosy quadrille, she said she was tired and would sit still a little while.

"Do you not dance?" she ventured to inquire, though not without some hesitation, lest she should suspect her of the impropriety of inviting him.

"No—I cannot," he replied, with a sigh, and a mournful glance at one of his feet, which she then perceived was much distorted. A blush of deep sensibility overspread her face, and tears started to her eyes; but his beamed with joy as he watched her emotion. "There is an operation by which it could be made quite straight," he observed; "but why should I undergo all that pain for the mere pleasure of dancing through life all alone? When a man is so utterly isolated as I am, without a relation, or even an intimate friend in the world, it matters little whether he rides, walks, or hobbles along his destined course. If there were one person who loved me—if but one creature would be the happier for my being rid of this deformity, or benefitted by my increased activity, I'd have the operation performed to-morrow. So you see why I cannot dance. But that is no reason why you should not—and here comes Townshend again for another polka. No, I see it is to take you down to supper; or will you do me the honor of taking my arm down stairs?" She answered by passing her arm within his. "No, no, said he, with a smile of triumph as Townshend came up; "let me do the gallant when I can. Keep you to the dancing and flirting, and I'll undertake the more serious departments."

Henrietta danced no more that night, though not for want of partners.

For two or three weeks after this she frequently met Mr. Smith again, first at parties, and then over a quiet cup of tea at the house of a sedate old-fashioned friend. On these latter occasions he escorted her home at the steady hour of eleven.

"I have been thinking," said he, one evening when the old lady had fallen asleep with her handkerchief over her face, "about having my foot operated upon. As I told you before, I would have it done at once if I thought there was any one beside myself who would be the better of it. What do you think?" "I think," she replied, "that you should wait till you had a wife to nurse you during your recovery, and to soothe and comfort you during the agony of the operation." She spoke in a low collected voice, but her heart was throbbing strangely all the time.

"Ah! a wife!" he sighed; "that would indeed be worth suffering for. But who would marry me as I am—such a cripple?" "How can I tell?" said Henrietta, whose netting silk had suddenly got into a wonderful state of bewilderment; "the lady herself would not answer that question until you had asked her."

"Then what would you say?" "What would I say to what?" Here the netting silk became more perversely entangled than ever.

"What would you say—but no; it is not fair to put the question conditionally. What do you say, my dearest Henrietta, when I ask you if you will undertake the office you so feelingly describe, of nursing, soothing, and comforting—when I ask you if you will be my wife?" She dropped her netting, and looked tenderly up into his face. But just then the old lady awoke.

"Henrietta, my child, you've nearly let the fire out," she said; "and bless me! it's past nine o'clock why you must be furnishing for your supper."

It did not seem so, however, when the supper came up; for, as is usual under such circumstances, neither ate much. It was an annoying interruption, just at the critical question, but I dare say they settled it all as they went home.

I have seen nothing of them since, but I have no doubt they are married by this time. M. A. B.

THE PRETTY APPLE GIRL.

Some years ago, when I was an ambler through the streets of Cincinnati, for the purpose of picking trifles to interest the readers of the local column of a city paper, I often purchased apples, nuts, and candies, of a young girl who had a stand near the junction of two business avenues.

She was not handsome, in the common acceptance of this much abused word, but there was an artlessness, and yet a winning grace in her manners, which convinced me that her station in life should be above the one she then occupied. She wore, invariably, a close-fitting calico dress. I felt that her parents must be very poor; and as I saw her day after day in the same attire, I had my suspicion that her wardrobe could not be very extensive; yet, as she always appeared scrupulously neat and tidy it was a great mystery to me how this striking neatness was secured, and why there was never any variety in her apparel. I saw that it was tasteful and becoming, but I knew that ladies are proverbial for a love of variety in dress, and I had an interest in knowing why this simple girl was so marked an exception.

I have always delighted to study character, either in high or low life, and I took it upon me to investigate the pretty apple-girl's peculiarity. Her fruit was ever clean and tempting, but I often made purchases merely for the sake of forming an acquaintance. At length, known to her as a liberal patron, she began to have less reserve for me than when I first noticed her, and finally I was emboldened to make inquiries in reference to her family. It was sometime before she conversed freely, but, by dint of perseverance, I learned that she lived with her mother, in a pleasant cottage on a quiet spot in the suburbs of the city. I knew the spot—its attractiveness had often interested me, and I now became more curious than ever to hear the history of the apple girl in the pink calico dress.

I ventured to ask permission to call on her mother, and make her acquaintance, under the plea for birds and flowers, with both of which the cottage was surrounded. I did not receive the encouragement I wished, but still was left to hope that my curiosity might be some day gratified. As obstacles to my purpose increased I became more determined and I resolved to change my tactics. I could not understand the girl's disinclination to allow our acquaintance to become, in any respect, familiar, but I knew that she would not dare to treat me rudely, and watching my opportunity, one Sunday morning I addressed her, as she stood at the street gate of the cottage, and, as I admired some flowers which grew in a bed near the house she could not escape, politely, from the necessity of inviting me to walk through the yard. Accidentally we met the mother. I had an invitation to enter the cottage; of course I accepted with pleasure, and, finding the mother inclined to be more communicative than the daughter, I managed to learn that they were French folks, although both spoke English remarkably well. The cottage parlor was furnished plainly, but elegantly. There were upon the wall several pictures, and upon the mantle a number of delicate works of art, which I was satisfied could not have been purchased by the limited earnings of an apple girl.

Why a young girl, who lived in such a cottage, with such evident taste and cultivation, should invariably wear a pink calico dress, and sell fruits, nuts and candies on the street, was to me a perplexing mystery. There was a web of romance weaving around the mysterious apple-girl which became more and more interesting, and every day my resolution to unravel it became stronger. There was such modesty in the girl's bearing at the apple-stand—she seemed so much afraid of scandal, should any one converse with her longer than was necessary to make purchases, that there was no way left me to solve the mystery of her life but by visiting the cottage. Again I went, without an invitation, and boldly made known the curiosity which led me to force myself upon their acquaintance.

The daughter laughed heartily, and said gaily—"We have been as much at fault to understand your curiosity as you have to reconcile our circumstances with my employment."

"Then we should be mutual confidants," I observed, "I have been very frank with you and I hope you will reciprocate."

"But our relations are not similar," she replied archly. "We are not responsible for your curiosity, you are for ours."

"How so," I cried. "It was forced upon us."

"Indeed; and was not forced upon me, in such a manner too, as left me no choice but to seek out the mystery? A trace to this bandying of words; you will not take advantage of frankness for any other purpose than to reward it with full explanations."

She looked at me a moment, as if questioning my apparent honesty, and then said, pleasantly—"Well, as you have been so good a patron of my apple-stand, and have taken much pains to know the romance of my history, if you will promise secrecy, I'll tell you."

"I'll accept any conditions that I can fulfill," I answered eagerly.

"Walk with me into the garden, then," said the girl.

We had a pleasant seat under the rustic arbor, when the lady remarked—"Mother told you that we once lived in a village near Paris?"

"She did," I answered, "on my first visit."

"We were not rich, but we had a pretty cottage, and in income sufficient to support us.—Father died when I was a little girl. I had no brothers, but I had a playmate who was dearer to me than a brother. As we grew older his parents, who were rich, forbade him to visit our house. We were rich, forbade him to visit our house. We loved each other and would not be separated. His father learned that we still met and he was very angry. He told his son that if he visited me he should not stay at his home. Our fathers had been bitter enemies, but we could not understand why that should make us enemies when we loved each other; and Emile declared that he would not neglect me, if his father did shut his doors against him. One day he said to me, 'I am going to run away, but not from you—from father, and you shall come to me, and then we shall never be parted again.'" It was hard for me to consent, but Emile insisted, and we took leave of each other, and he did run away. It was a long time before we heard of him—then we got a letter which told us he was in America. I had changed very much since Emile's absence, and mother was afraid I would die; I coaxed her to take us to America; Emile told us in the letter that he lived in Cincinnati. When we arrived at Boston we inquired for Cincinnati, and were directed to this place. Mother bought this cottage, and here we have lived, expecting to meet Emile."

"Have you never heard from him?" I inquired.

"Only once," she answered. "Do you know where he is now?"

"No, indeed; if we did we would not stay here long."

"Have you ever written to him?"

"We do not know his name. He has changed it, as he told us in his last letter, but he neglected to tell us what name he now bears."

"Do you think you will ever find him?"

"Yes indeed, I do. I dream about him every night. I know he is not dead; and I shall soon meet him."

"What makes you so confident that you shall find him?"

I made this inquiry, hoping it might lead to some explanation of the pink dress and apple-selling mystery. She understood my look and tone of curiosity, and answered pleasantly:—"That will explain to you the romance of my dress and occupation. When Emile and I played together in France, I often wore a dress very much like this one. If he should see me anywhere in this dress, he would know me. I might see him and not know him, but he would recognise me, and I would not dress in any other style, for fear we might miss each other."

"But why sell apples in the street?" said I with a look of admiration for her devotion, which she could not mistake. "There is certainly no necessity, that you should be so occupied."

"Yes there is," she answered naively, "I must be where Emile could see me, if he were to visit this city. I dare not be on the street all the time, unless I was occupied, and I never thought there was any disgrace in selling apples."

"Certainly not," I exclaimed, "but all who know your history will honor you. Accept my sincerest wishes, that your devotion to the lover of your youth, may be fully rewarded by an early meeting and a happy re-union."

"Thank you—thank you—but he is my lover now, as much as he was when we were in France, and I know I am going to see him soon. I'll show him to you before winter, I know I will. Mother says I am foolish, but something tells me to hope, and I hope."

"May you not be disappointed," I said involuntarily.

A few days after this interview, I missed the apple-girl in the pink dress, from her accustomed stand. Fearing that she might be sick, I resolved to call at the cottage in the evening. When I went to the boarding-house at supper-time a note was handed to me. It contained these words:—"DEAR SIR—Come to our house this evening. We have something more to tell you about the romance, (as you call it) of my humble dress and occupation."

"THE APPLE GIRL."

I went—the mother stood in the door to welcome me, but the daughter ran to meet me, and, taking both of my hands in hers, in almost

a delirium of joy, she cried—"He's come—he's come!" In her pink dress at the apple-stand she had met Emile the day previous. I stood that night as a witness to their union, and a happier wedding I never attended. The devotion of the simple-hearted girl was rewarded—her faith was not misplaced—her homely talisman proved a true one.

An Example for Boys.

Every apprentice can bear testimony to the tricks and impositions which elder associates use in order to try his temper and metal, in his first days of apprenticeship, but every one is not philosopher enough to know how to receive them. We find in the biography of Horace Greely a paragraph on this point, which we commend to the attention of boys:—"The new apprentice took his place at the front, and received from the foreman his 'copy,' composing stick, and a few words of instruction, and then he addressed himself to his task. He needed no further assistance.—The mysteries of the craft he seemed to comprehend intuitively. He had thought of his chosen vocation for many years; he had formed a notion how the types must be arranged in order to produce the desired impression, and, therefore, all he had to acquire was manual dexterity. In perfect silence, without looking to the right or to the left, heedless of the sayings of the other apprentices, though they were bent on mischief and tried to attract his attention. Horace worked on, hour after hour, all day; and when he left the office at night could set type better and faster than many an apprentice who had a month's practice. The next day he worked with the same silence and intensity. The boys were puzzled. They thought it absolutely incumbent on them to perform an initiating rite of some kind; but the new boy gave them no handle, no excuse, no opening. He committed no greenness, he spoke to no one, looked at no one, seemed utterly oblivious of every thing save only his copy and his type. They threw type at him, but he never looked around. They talked saucily at him, but he threw back no retort. This would never do. Towards the close of the third day, one of the oldest apprentices took out the large block balls with which the printers used to dab the ink upon the type, and remarking that in his opinion Horace's hair was of too light a hue for so black an art, which he had undertaken to learn, applied the ball, well inked, to Horace's head, making four distinct dabs. The boys, the journeyman, the pressmen, and editor, all paused in their work to observe the result of his experiment. Horace neither spoke nor moved. He went on with his work as though nothing had happened, and soon after went to the tavern where he boarded, and spent an hour in purifying his dishonored locks. And that was all the 'fun' the boys got out of their new companion on that occasion. They were conquered. In a few days the victor and the vanquished were excellent friends."

Woman.

From the lips of woman, every infant hears the first accents of affection, and receives the first lessons of duty in tenderness and love.—For the approbation of woman, the grown-up youth will undertake the boldest enterprise and brave every difficulty of study, danger, and even death itself. To the happiness of woman, the man of maturer years will devote the best energies of his mind and body; and from the soothing and affectionate regards of woman, the man who is become venerable by years, derives his chief consolation in life's decline. Who, then, shall say that the one-half of the human race, and they confessedly the most virtuous and the most amiable, may not be entrusted with an intelligence and an influence equal to our own? To them, when sorrow afflicts us, we consign half our sufferings, and they cheerfully relieve us by lightening them. When joy delights, we give the half of our pleasures, and they as readily consent to share them. They lessen, by their sympathy, the pangs of all our privations, and they increase, by their participation, the ecstasy of all our delights. They deserve, therefore, the full enjoyment of every privilege that it is in our power to confer on them.

Moral Honesty.

They that cry down moral honesty, cry down that which is a great part of religion, my duty towards God, and my duty towards man. What care I to see a man run after a sermon, if he cozens and cheats as soon as he comes home? On the other hand, morality must not be without religion; for if so, it may change as I see convenience. Religion must govern it. He that has not religion to govern his morality, is not a dram better than my mastiff dog; so long as you stroke him, and please him, and do not pinch him, he will play with you as finely as may be, he is a very good moral mastiff; but if you hurt him he will fly in your face and tear out your throat.

Hereafter.

As certainly as spring will return after the lapse of winter, so certainly will friends, lovers and kindred meet again; they will meet again in the presence of the all-loving Father; and then first will they form a whole with each other and with everything good, after which they sought and strove in vain in this piecemeal world. And thus does the felicity of the poet, even here, rest on the persuasion that all have to rejoice in the care of a wise God, whose power extends unto all, and whose light lightens upon all.

Whenever you see a man spending his time in lounging about the streets, taking politics, you need not expect that he has any money to lend.

He that in company only studies men's diversion, may be sure, at the same time, to lose their respect.