LEHIGH REGISTER.

A FAMILY JOURNAL---NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

Devoted to Local and General News, Agriculture, Education, Morality, Amusement, Markets, &c., &c.

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The Lehigh Register

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HAINES & DIEFENDERFER,

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☞OFFICE in Hamilton street, two doors west of the German Reformed Church, directly opposite Moser's Drug Store.

☞Letters on business must be POST PAID, otherwise they will not be attended to.

JOB PRINTING.

Having recently added a large assortment of fashionable and most modern styles of type, we are prepared to execute, at short notice, all kinds of Book, Job, and Fancy Printing.

THE PEOPLE'S CABINET WARE ROOMS!

BALLIET & CO.,

Cheap and Fashionable

CABINET MAKERS,

South East Corner of Ninth and Hamilton Streets, a few doors below Dresher's Lumber Yard,

ALLENTOWN, PA.

THE undersigned respectfully inform their friends and the public generally, that they have taken the establishment of Mr. S. Blank, and are now carrying on the Cabinet business in all its various branches. They are provided with all the new and improved machinery of the day, and having skillful workmen, will be enabled to sell good and handsome furniture as cheap as can be sold anywhere. Their Store is on the south-east corner of Ninth and Hamilton streets, near Dresher's Lumber yard, where they offer a fine assortment of

Sofas, of various styles and patterns, Side Boards, Secretaries, Wardrobes, Bureaus, of various patterns; Cupboards of different kinds; Card, Centre, Side, Breakfast and Dining Tables; Bedsteads of different styles and patterns, Wash-stands, Twist, Small and Large Etagers, What Nots, Music-stands, Sofa Tables, Tea Tables, Oval and Serpentine Tables, Chinese What Nots, Fancy Work Tables, Refreshment Tables, Etashas, Tete-a-Tetes, French Divans. A general assortment of Kitchen Furniture, on hand and made to order.

They employ at all times none but the best workmen, attend personally to their business, and will warrant all Furniture of their manufacture to be made of the best materials. Orders for Ware will be faithfully and immediately attended to, and when sent out of the Borough, will be carefully packed.

They also make to order all kinds of wood carving, to which they particularly invite the attention of Cabinet makers and others.

BALLIET & CO.

Nov. 29. ¶—3m

FRENCH TRUSSES,

WEIGHING LESS THAN 2½ OUNCES.

For the Cure of Hernia or Rupture.

Acknowledged by the highest medical authorities of Philadelphia, incomparably superior to any other in use. Sufferers will be gratified to learn that the occasion now offers to procure not only the *lightest and most easy*, but as *durable* a Truss as any other, in lieu of the *cumbrous and uncomfortable article* usually sold. There is no difficulty attending the fitting, and when the pad is located, it will retain its position without change.

Persons at a distance unable to call on the subscriber, can have the Truss sent to any address, by remitting *Five Dollars* for the double—with measure round the hips, and stating side affected. It will be exchanged to suit if not fitting, by returning it at once, unsoiled. For sale only by the Importer.

CALEB H. NEEDLES,

Cor. Twelfth & Race St. Phil.

☞ Ladies, requiring the benefit of *Mechanical Supports*, owing to derangement of the Internal Organs, including Falling of the Womb, Vocal, Pulmonary, Dyspeptic, Nervous and Spinal Weakness, are informed that a competent and experienced LADY will be in attendance at the Rooms, (*set apart for their exclusive use.*) No. 114, TWELFTH St., 1st door below Race.

June 28, 1851. ¶—1y—s8

Allentown Academy.

THE Annual Examination of the pupils of this Institution will take place on Thursday and Friday 21st and 22d inst. Friends are cordially invited to attend. After the usual Christmas recess the school will resume its duties on Tuesday Jan. 2, 1855.

This year has been one of continued prosperity, the Catalogue showing an aggregate of over two hundred pupils, of whom one hundred and twenty-seven were in attendance during the quarter ending with the year.

Young Ladies' Department for the year, 86—for last quarter, 56.

Young Gentlemen's Department for the year, 116—for last quarter 71.

The school offers it is believed, superior advantages, and the method of instruction is peculiarly adapted to the wants of the community.

RATES OF TUITION, PER QUARTER.

Common English Studies,	$4 00 and $4 50
Higher " "	5 00 " 5 50
" " " with Classical,	6 00
" " " with Classical and French,	7 50
Music,	8 00
Use of Piano for practice,	2 00
Fuel for the Winter,	50

J. N. GREGORY, A. M. Principal.

Dec. 20. ¶—t

Freight Team to Easton.

THE undersigned respectfully informs his friends and the public in general that he is running a freight team from Allentown to Easton twice and three times a week, to both depots of Philadelphia and New York. All persons who shall send goods by his way, are requested to be careful and direct it in his care. His charges are 25 cents per hundred.

JOHN ALBRIGHT.

Jan. 3. £—4w

Poetical.

THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Our hearts are with our native land,
Our song is with her glory;
Her warriors' wreath is in our hand,
Our lips breathe out her story.
Her lofty hills and valleys green,
Are shining bright before us;
And like a rainbow sign is seen
Her proud flag waving o'er us.

And there are smiles upon our lips
For those who meet her foeman,
For glory's star knows no eclipse,
When smiled upon by woman.
For those who brave the mighty deep,
And scorn to threat of danger,
We've smiles to cheer, and tears to weep
For every ocean ranger.

Our hearts are with our native land,
Our songs are for her freedom;
Our prayers are for the gallant band
Who strike where honor leads them.
We love the taintless air we breathe,
'Tis freedom's endless power;
We'll twine for him an endless wreath
Who scorns a tyrants power.

They tell of France's beauties fair,
Of Italy's proud daughters:
Of Scotland's lasses—England's fair,
And nymphs of Shannon's waters.
We need not boast their haughty charms,
Though lords around them hover,
Our glory lies in freedom's arms—
A FREEMAN for a lover!

A Beautiful Story.

THE MATCH GIRL
Of Kentucky.

"Six for a fip! matches! matches!" The voice was clear and glad as the winds, and Russel Hartley turned to see from whence it proceeded; a little bare-footed girl, about ten years old, with the sunniest, sweetest face he had ever seen, was tripping just behind, and, as he turned, she held up her matches with such a winning, pleading, heavenly smile in her blue eyes, that he bought nearly all she had at once.

Her hair fell in soft light waves rather than curls, nearly to her waist, and a hole in her little straw hat let in a sunbeam upon it that turned it half to gold.

In spite of the child's coarse and tattered apparel, in spite of her lowly occupation, her manner, her step, her expression, the very tone of her voice unconsciously betrayed a native delicacy and refinement, which deeply interested the high bred youth whom she addressed. Impelled by an irresistible impulse, he lingered by her side as she proceeded.

"What is your name, my child?" he gently asked her.

"Virginia, sir, what is yours?"

"Hartley—Russel Hartley," he replied, smiling at her artless and native simplicity; "and where is your home?"

"Oh, I have no home, at least not much of one. I sleep in the barns here," and again she looked up in his face, with her happy and touching smile.

"And your mother?"

In an instant the soft brow was shadowed, and the uplifted eyes glistened with tears.

"I will tell you all about it, if you will come close to me; I don't like to talk loud about it," she replied in low, faltering tones.

Russel Hartley took her little sunburnt hand in his, and bent his head in earnest attention.

"We had been on the great ship, ever so many days, mother, and father and I and all the other people; and one night we were in the room they called the ladies cabin, and mother had just undressed me, and I was sitting on her knee singing the little hymn she had taught me, and she had her arm around my neck—my mother loved me, ah! so dearly—and she was so sweet and good, nobody will ever be so good to me again!" and here the little creature tried to repress a sob, and wiped her eyes with a torn apron. "Well, and so I was singing my pretty hymn—

Of old th' Apostle walked the wave,
And seaman walked the land,
A power was near him strong to save,
For Jesus held his hand.

Why should I fear when danger's near?
I'm safe on sea or land,
For I've in Heaven a Father dear,
And he will hold my hand.

Though on a dizzy height, perchance,
With faltering feet I stand,
No dread shall dim my upward glance,
For God will hold my hand.

But oh! if doubt should cloud the day,
And sin beside me stand,
Then firmest, LEST I LOSE MY WAY,
My father hold my hand!

All at once there was a dreadful confusion sound; rumbling, crashing, shrieking noise—a terrible pain, and then—I woke up, and there I was on a bed in a strange room, and some people standing by the fire talking about a steamboat that had burst her boiler the day before, and I found that I had been washed on shore, and that Mr. Smith had found me and taken me home to his wife, and she had put me into a warm bed and tried to rouse me; but she couldn't until I woke up myself the next day. And when I cried for my own sweet mother, they looked sad and said she was drowned, and I should never see her again.—And I wanted to be drowned too, but they said that was wicked, and I was sorry I said so, for I would not be wicked for the world. Mother always loved to have me good; and so I always tried to be as happy as they told me I must, but I could not—for a great while—I used to pine so at night for her arms around me! At last I found a little comfort in doing just as she would like to have me, and in knowing that she could see me still and in talking to her; and I used to sing my little hymn up to her in heaven, just as I did when I sat on her knee, and I sing it now every night. Mr. Smith and his wife both died and left me all alone again; but I am hardly ever sad now, for I am almost always good, and you know good people must not be unhappy;" and the beautiful loving smile shone again through her lingering tears as she finished her simple story.

Russel was touched to the heart. His own eyes were moist, and bending down, he kissed the innocent cheek of the little orphan, and bade her to go with him, and he would give her money to feed and clothe herself.

But the child drew gently, and somewhat proudly back and said earnestly:

"Oh! I never take money as a gift; mother would not like it." Then kissing tenderly the gentle hand that still held hers, she tripped lightly around a corner, and a moment after, Hartley heard her soft, silver childish voice, tremble far in the distance, singing "Matches! matches! six for a fip! Who'll buy my matches, ho!"

Russel Hartley kept that sweet picture in his soul, undimmed through years of travel, and change, and care. He visited with enthusiasm the noble galleries of paintings and sculpture in England, France, and Italy, and many a gem of art was enshrined and hallowed in the music tablets of memory, but there was none to rival the gem of nature—the matchless little match girl of Kentucky, with her fair hair streaming on her scanty red cloak, the glad and innocent smile in her childish eyes, and the lovely beam stealing through the hole in the old straw hat to light as a message from heaven the lovely head of the orphan girl. The beautiful ray of light—made more beautiful by its chosen resting place, giving and receiving grace, it seemed a symbol of the Father's love for the poor motherless. It was only the hole in the hat that let in the sunshine—it was her poverty and her lonely, lowly state, that made her especially the child of His divine pity and tenderness; and they, like the sunbeam, changed to gold her daily care, and smiled through every cloud that crossed her little heart.

Seven years flew by—on butterfly wings to joy and thoughtlessness, on laden ones to sorrow and "hope deferred"—and our Virginia, now a lovely girl of seventeen, had earned money enough by her bewitched way of offering matches for sale, to introduce herself as a pupil in one of the first boarding schools of the country not to commence but to finish her education; for with a passionate love of books, she found means to cultivate her tastes and talents in many ways.

The lovely and lonely little orphan has struggled with hunger and cold, and fatigues with temptation in its most alluring, beguiling forms, and evil in a thousand shapes, yet she had kept the heavenly sunshine of her soul pure and unclouded through it all. She had never taken money as a gift, nor a bribe. She had assisted from her little store many a child of misfortune, still humbler than herself and with faith, truth and purity—an angel guard around her—by the light of her own innocent smiles, she glided like a star through the gathering clouds unharmed, unstained, unshadowed. In the words of our beautiful poet—

"Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,
And honor charmed the air;"

pure music—the music of her own sweet heart and silver voice, went always with her through the world.

It was on the evening preceeding that on which the annual ball of the school took place. The young ladies were discussing round the school-room fire the dresses they were to wear. Virginia, a little apart, listened to them, and half wished she had a fairy mother, like Cinderella's to deck her for the festival. Pearls, diamonds, japonicas, satins, laces, velvets!—She had none of these! She had only the plain white dress in which she had been crowned Queen of May the Spring preceeding. It was so very plain, not even a bit of trimming around the throat.

"And what are you going to wear Miss Linden?" said one of the aristocrats of the school, turning with what she fancied to be an imperial air, towards the young stranger.

Virginia blushed, and said simply, "my white muslin."

"And what ornaments?"

Virginia smiled.

"Oh, I can find some bright autumn leaves for a wreath."

Imogen Gray would have given her diamond necklace for such a blush and smile, for her own sallow cheek was never illuminated; but she sneered nevertheless at the white muslins and garlands of leaves, and designed no further question.

Virginia's delicate and sensitive spirit felt the sneer intensely, and she left the room with swelling heart and tearful eyes. Once safe, however, in the asylum of her own little chamber, peace descended like a dove into her soul, and after undressing she knelt in her night robes by the side of her bed, and said her prayer, and sang her childish hymn:

I'll know no fear when danger's near,
I'm safe on sea or land,
For I've in Heaven a Father dear.
And he will hold my hand.

Doubt and danger and sin were nearer than she thought, but her little hand was held by One who *would not let her fall*. As she rose from her devotions, she saw, for the first time, a box on the table by the bed. It was addressed on the cover, simply, "Virginia."—She opened it wondering, and found a set of exquisite pearl ornaments for the arm, neck and head.

Her little heart beat with girlish delight.—She hurried to the glass and wound around her hair a chain of snow white gems, less fair and pure than the innocent brow beneath. Next she bared her graceful arm, and placed a bracelet there. How exquisitely the delicate ornaments became her childish loveliness.

She thought she never looked so pretty—not even when she used to deck her hair with wild flowers by the clear pool in the woods, and she could wear them to the fall? But who could have sent them? Again she looked at the box, and this time she saw a note peeping beneath the cotton wool on which the gems had rested. Virginia's fair cheek flushed as she read—

"Let innocence accept the gift of love,
"HARRY GREY."

Had the bracelet been a serpent with its deadly sting in her arm, Virginia could scarcely have unclasped it with more fearful haste.—The chain was snatched from her head, and then the fair child threw herself again on her knees and buried her face in her hands. After a silence of some minutes, broken only by some faint sobs, she sung once more in low tremulous tones, the hymn which seemed to her a talisman for all evil, and then calmly laying her head on the pillow, and murmuring the name which was music to her soul, sunk into the soft and deep slumber of innocence and youth.

For nearly a year had the young libertine Harry Grey pursued her with his unhallowed passion, aided as he vainly imagined, by his costly and tasteful gifts; but there seemed a magic halo around the young Virginia through which no shadow of evil could penetrate. Besides the native delicacy and purity of her mind, there were two other influences at work in the beautiful web of her destiny to prevent any course of dark thread mingling in its tissue: one was her spiritual communication with her mother, and the other the affectionate remembrance of Russel Hartley the only being in whose eyes she had ever read the sympathy for which the lonely and loving heart yearned always.

It was evening again. The young ladies had assembled, dressed for the ball, in the drawing room—all but Virginia. "Where is the sweet child!" asked an invalid teacher, to whom she had endeared herself by her graceful and affectionate attentions.

"She was so long helping sister and me to dress," said a little shy looking girl, "that she has been belated."

"I will go and assist her," said the principal of the school, pleased with this proof of tender heartedness on the part of her pupil.

She softly opened the door of Virginia's room and almost started at the charming picture which met her eye. Robed in white, with her singularly beautiful hair falling in fair soft curls about her face, which was lighted up by a smile of almost rapturous hope and joy, the young girl stood in an attitude of enchanting grace, rising in both hands, to adjust amid the braids behind, a half wreath of glowing and richly tinted autumn leaves.

"Let me arrange it for you my child," said the lady approaching and Virginia bent her fair head modestly to her bidding, and then hand in hand, they descended to the drawing room. Many of the company had arrived—the doors that led to their room had been thrown open, and Virginia was almost dazzled by the splendor of the scene into which she was thus suddenly ushered. She blushed beneath the eyes that were riveted upon her as she passed.

"An angel!" "a grace!" "a muse!" whispered the gentlemen to each other. There was one among them — a noble, chivalric-looking man—who did not speak his admiration. An undefinable something in the heavenly beauty of that face had touched in his soul a cord which had not vibrated for many years before. Virginia knew him at once. The rich chestnut curls of twenty had now assumed a darker tinge, the eye had given place to a manly dignity of mein, but there was no mistaking the sequel in the glance of Russel Hartley.

And Virginia was decidedly the belle of the ball. Gay, but gracefully so, for her sportive mood was softened and restrained by a charming timidity that enchanced her loveliness tenfold, she looked and moved like one inspired.

She had met Hartley's admiring gaze, she was almost sure he would ask an introduction, and she felt as if her feet and heart were suddenly gifted with wings. She floated down the dance like a peri through the air, and then Russel approached and was introduced.

The sunny smile of the little match-girl shone in her eyes, and she accepted his arm for a promenade. "Surely I have seen that look somewhere," he exclaimed, half aloud.

"Matches! six for a fip!" murmured Virginia, looking archly up in his face, and the mystery was at once explained.

Imogene Grey's diamond necklace was worthless dross in comparison with the wreath of autumn leaves, and all her brother's costly offerings could not have purchased the smiles which accompanied the gift.

Reader, if you ever come to Kentucky, just come to me for a letter of introduction to Mrs. Russel Hartley. She is looked up to and respected, and I am sure you will enjoy her graceful and cordial attention, and the luxuries of her elegant home, all the more for remembering that the distinguished and dignified woman to whom you are making your very best bow, was once the little match girl of my story.

The Selection of Business.

Men have physical, moral and mental gifts that peculiarly fit them for some pursuits, and peculiarly unfit them for others; and the taste for, and the attraction of, certain pursuits should incline each young man to look well at his chosen occupation, and when once chosen, to follow it to the end; and his earlier training should have special reference to his position and occupation.

Before this choice is made, he should consider the obstacles in his path, and his fitness to remove or overcome them. Law, medicine, divinity, mechanics, present an inviting field. One may shine in the law who would be a driveller in the pulpit; and many a man has attempted to mend a broken limb with not talent enough to repair the leg of a stool.

Young men have marked characteristics and talents; these all are well known as their faces, better known often to others than to themselves. One is quick in fingers; another would make a capital salesman. One has a legal mind and would revel in the intricates of the law; another can only generalize, and is happy only in active employment. Some have great dispatch; others are cautious, careful and trustworthy in minute matters. The bent of each mind, the taste and the talent must be consulted in the selection of business.

All business has a settled price or marked value. Success is to be won by obeying the laws of the calling selected; and who would be eminent in any pursuit, must pay the market price for success. Two kinds of business may be found, to one of which the aspirant for employment must address himself. The one is bad and the other good; the one can be found in a day, the other may be sought for diligently and often with "patience." The one pays at once: for the other money must often be paid.

Tom Thumb.

A letter from the N. Y. correspondent of a Philadelphia paper, says:

Talking of precocities, we met Gen. Tom Thumb in the Eighth Avenue cars last Wednesday, sitting beside one of his handsome sisters. He has two sisters, both married now, and both stout, rosy, round-faced, good size, and good humored young women. His father is rather a tall, dressy country farmer, with a profusion of gold chains on his vest, but no profusion of learning higher up—for in his school days money was scarce, and hard work abundant. The tiny General is now about twenty-two years of age, and is becoming stouter every year. But positively he is no taller now than he was twelve years ago, and he can not yet climb upon a common chair without assistance. His soul, it is true, is not much more capacious than his body. He is penurious to a degree, and selfish beyond expression. He has all the ways of a child, however, and time does not appear to mature his mind, whatever effect it may have upon his physical condition. Tom Thumb lives with his parents in Connecticut, has his pony, his sled, his fishing tackle, &c.; and, they say, (as he cannot even write yet) is about to be sent to school to acquire a decent education; should he apply himself diligently for a couple of years, who knows but he will get an LL. D. from old Harvard; if he does not, it will be from no reluctance on the part of the latter body.

Why Don't He Do It.

When a farmer *knows* that a gate is better, and, as a time-and-labor-saving fixture, cheaper than a set of bars and posts, and without calling on a carpenter he can himself make one.—*Why don't he do it?*

When he has no other fastening to his gates and barn-door than a stone rolled against them and a single evening after supper is able to make a better one, *Why don't he do it?*

Or when he sees the boards dropping from his barns and out-buildings, and like heaps of rubbish lying in piles about his premises, and need only nailing on again, *Why don't he do it?*

Or if he is afraid of the expense of nails and is always crying up the maxim of Dr. Franklin, to "save the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves," and he knows that the same Dr. Franklin also said, that "many men are penny wise and pound foolish," and he is not careful to think of the precept contained in the latter, *Why don't he do it?*

If it is a saving of nearly half the manure of a farmer's stock by keeping them shut up in yards, instead of running at large through most of the winter, *Why don't he do it?*

If he knows that many of his fields would be greatly improved by ditching, and by the removal of large stumps and stones, *Why don't he do it?*

And when he knows that his pastures would yield nearly double the feed, and of a better quality, if the bushes were all cut and subdued, *Why don't he do it?*

And if he can add fifty per cent. to the product of his clover-fields, and even his pastures, by the use of gypsum, *Why don't he do it?*

If a farmer of fifty acres has (as he should have) use for a good corn-sheller and one of the many improved fanning mills, and he has not already obtained both, *Why don't he do it?*

And if it is cheaper, actually cheaper, to burn dry wood than green, and to use a stove instead of an open fire place, *Why don't he do it?*

Odds and Ends.

☞The following is certainly the most touching moonlight scene we have ever read:—

After whirling sometime in the ecstatic mazes of a delightful waltz, Caroline and myself stepped out unobserved on to the balcony, to enjoy a few moments of the solitude so precious to lovers.

It was a glorious night—the air was cool and refreshing. As I gazed on the beautiful being by my side, I thought I never saw her look so lovely; one of her soft hands rested in mine, and ever and anon, she met my ardent gaze with one of pure confiding love. Suddenly a change came over her soft treasures; her full red lip trembled as with suppressed emotion; tear-drops rested on her long, drooping lashes; the muscles around her faultless mouth became convulsed, she gasped for breath—and snatching her hand from the soft pressure of my own, and she turned suddenly away, buried her face in her fine cambric handkerchief and *sneezed*.

☞A YOUNG MAN'S REQUIREMENTS.—A box of la Suiza cigars—pantloons of indescribable figure—immense self esteem—a suspicion of hair on the upper lip—large acquaintance with horse jockeys—a general idea of gambling, under the head of racing, pool and faro—an awful bill at an unfortunate tailor's—a walking-stick—a sanguinary vest, and revengefully colored neckerchief—no judgement—any given quality of assurance—credit in every bar-room—a knowledge of the names of every brand of champagne—no education, talent or capacity—a model young man.

☞"How do you do Mr. Printer, I want a Sunday School banner printed; we are a goin to have a tarin fourth of July celebration and our school wants a banner."

"So they ought, sir. What do you want on it?"

"Wal, I don't know, we ort to have a text of Scriptur on it, I reckon."

"That is a good idea—what shall it be?"

"Why, I thought this would be as good as any—"Be sure you're right then go ahead."

☞A notion seller was offering a Yankee clock, finely varnished and colored, and with a looking glass in front, to a certain lady not remarkable for her beauty.

"Why, it is beautiful," said the vender.

"Beautiful, indeed! a look almost frightens me," said the lady.

"Then, marm," replied Jonathan, "I guess you'd better take one that ain't got no looking glass."

☞A POSTHUMOUS EPISTLE.—An Irishman on arriving in America took a fancy to the Yankee girls, and wrote to his wife: "Dear Norah: These melancholy lines are to inform you that I died yesterday, and I hope you are injoying the same blessing. I recommend you to marry Jemmy O'Rourke, and to take good care of the children. From your affectionate husband till death."

☞Strive, boys, to catch the spirit of the times; be up and dressed always, not gaping and rubbing as if you were half asleep, but wide awake, whatever may turn up—and you may be somebody before you die.

☞Eat moderately, sleep coolly, and take nothing more intoxicating than a kiss and a squeeze from a deuced pretty girl. The latter beats the gin and sugar excitement all to smash.

☞A young lady who had not received so much attention from the beaux as her female associates, said to her lover: "I told them I would wait until the chaff had blown off, and then I would pick up the wheat."

☞The opinion of a fool is of more value than the oath of a hypocrite.

☞A wise man never grows old in spirit; he marches with the sun.

☞The wise fortify themselves by reason, and fools by despair.