

JOB PRINTING.

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Poetical.

I THOUGHT I LOVED.

I thought I loved—but now I know Thou wast not what my fancy made; So cast thee from my mind, for O, I cannot love—I'll not upbraid. I only feel that thou and I No more may meet as once we met; And though my bosom heaves a sigh, 'Tis not for thee I nurse regret.

I thought I loved—alas, too long I fancied thou wert pure and true; But now I burst the airy thong, And all thy trifling follies view. Nor would I have thee cherished now One thought that I lament the past; For I have learned that smiling brow Was fair and faithless to the last.

Yes, I have learned what all must learn, Who prize these smiles of thine so fair; That in thy breast no love can burn, For selfishness is centered there. I thought I loved, but now I know Thou art unworthy man's esteem; So cast thee from my mind, for O, 'Twas but a false, though pleasant dream.

An Affecting Story.

THE IRON WILL.

'Fanny! I've but one word more to say on the subject. If you marry that fellow, I'll have nothing to do with you. I've said it and you may be assured that I'll adhere to my determination.'

Thus spoke, with a frowning brow and a stern voice, the father of Fanny Crawford, while the maiden sat with her eyes bent upon the floor.

'He's a worthless, good-for-nothing fellow,' resumed the father, 'and if you marry him, you wed a life of misery. Don't come back to me, for I will disown you the day you take his name. I've said it, and my decision is unalterable.'

Still Fanny made no answer, but sat like a statue. 'Lay to heart what I have said, and make your election, girl.' And with these words, Mr. Crawford retired from the presence of his daughter.

On that evening, Fanny Crawford left her father's house, and was secretly married to a young man named Logan, whom, spite of all his faults, she tenderly loved.

When this fact became known to Mr. Crawford, he angrily repeated his threat of utterly disowning his child; and he meant what he said—for he was a man of stern purpose and unbending will. When, trusting to the love she believed him to bear for her, Fanny ventured home, she was rudely repulsed, and told that she no longer had a father. These cruel words fell upon her heart, and ever after rested there an oppressive weight.

Logan was a young mechanic, with a good trade, and the ability to earn a comfortable living. But Mr. Crawford's objection to him was well founded, and it would have been much better for Fanny if she had permitted it to influence her: for the young man was idle in his habits, and Mr. Crawford too clearly saw that idleness would lead to dissipation. The father had hoped that his threat to disown his child would have deterred her from taking the step he so strongly disapproved. He had, in fact, made this threat as a last effort to save her from a union that would inevitably lead to unhappiness. But having made it, his stubborn and offended pride caused him to adhere with stern inflexibility to his word.

When Fanny went from under her father's roof, the old man was left alone. The mother of his only child had been many years dead. For her father's sake, as well as for her own, did Fanny wish to return. She loved her parent with a most earnest affection, and thought of him as sitting gloomily and companionless in that home so long made light and cheerful by her voice and smile. Hours and hours would she lie awake at night, thinking of her father, and weeping for the estrangement of his heart from her. Still, there was in her bosom an ever living hope that he would relent; and to this she clung, though he passed her in the street without looking at her, and steadily denied her admission, when, in the hope of some change in his stern purpose, she would go to his house and seek to gain an entrance.

As the father had predicted, Logan added, in the course of a year or two, dissipation to idle habits, and neglect of his wife to both. They had gone to housekeeping in a small way, when first married, and had lived comfortably enough for some time. But Logan did not like to work, and made every excuse he could to take a holiday, or be absent from the shop. The effect of this was an insufficient income. Debt came with its mortifying and harassing complaints, and furniture had to be sold to pay those who were not disposed to wait. With two little children, Fanny was removed by her

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husband into a cheap boarding house, after their things were taken and sold. The company into which she was here thrown, was far from being agreeable; but this would have been no source of unhappiness in itself. Cheerfully would she have breathed the uncongenial atmosphere, if there had been nothing in the conduct of her husband to awaken feelings of anxiety. But, alas! there was much to create unhappiness here. Idle days were more frequent; and the consequences of his idle days grew more serious. From work, he would come home sober and cheerful; but after spending a day in idle company, or in the woods gunning, a sport of which he was fond, he would meet his wife with a sullen, dissatisfied aspect, and often, in a state little above intoxication.

'I'm afraid thy son-in-law is not doing very well, friend Crawford,' said a plain spoken Quaker, to the father of Mrs. Logan, after the young man's habits began to show themselves too plainly in his appearance.

Mr. Crawford knit his brows, and drew his lips closely together. 'Has thee seen young Logan, lately?' 'I don't know the young man,' replied Mr. Crawford, with an impatient motion of his head.

'Don't know thy own son-in-law! The husband of thy daughter.'

'I have no son-in-law! No daughter!' said Crawford, with stern emphasis.

'Frances was the daughter of thy wedded wife, friend Crawford.'

'But I have disowned her. I forewarned her of the consequences if she married that young man. I told her that I would cast her off for ever; and I have done it.'

'But friend Crawford,' replied the Quaker, 'thou has done wrong.'

'I've said it and I'll stick to it.'

'But, thee has done wrong, friend Crawford,' repeated the Quaker.

'Right or wrong, it is done, and I will not recall the act. I give her fair warning; but she took her own course, and now she must abide the consequences. When I say a thing, I mean it, I never eat my words.'

'Friend Crawford, said the Quaker, in a steady voice, and with his calm eyes fixed upon the face of the man he addressed.—'Thou was wrong to say what thee did;—thou hadst not right to cast off thy child. I saw her to-day, passing slowly along the street. Her dress was thin and faded; but not so thin and faded as her pale, young face. Ah! if thee could have seen the sadness of that countenance. Friend Crawford! she is thy child still. Thee cannot disown her.'

'I never change,' replied the resolute father.

'She is the child of thy beloved wife, now in Heaven, friend Crawford.'

'Good morning!' and Crawford turned and walked away.

'Rash words are had enough,' said the Quaker, to himself, 'but how much worse is it to abide by rash words after there has been time for reflection and repentance.'

Crawford was troubled by what the Quaker said, but more troubled by what he saw a few minutes afterwards, as he walked along the street, in the person of his daughter's husband. He met the young man, supported by two others—so much intoxicated that he could not stand alone. And in this state he was going home to his wife—to Fanny.

The father clenched his hands and set his teeth firmly together, muttered an imprecation upon the head of Logan, and quivered his face homeward. Try as he would, he could not shut out from his mind the pale, faded countenance of his child, as described by the Quaker, nor help feeling an inward shudder at that thought of what she must suffer on meeting her husband in such a state.

'She had only herself to blame,' he said as he struggled with his feelings. 'I forewarned her. I gave her to understand clearly what she had to expect. My word is passed. I have said it; and that ends the matter. I am no childish trifler. What I say, I mean.'

Logan had been from home all day, and, what was worse, had not been, as his wife was well aware, at the shop for a week. The woman with whom they were boarding came into the room during the afternoon, and, after some hesitation and embarrassment said—

'I am sorry to tell you, Mrs. Logan, that I shall want you to give up your room, after this week. You know I have had no money from you for nearly a month, and, from the way your husband goes on, I see little prospect of being paid any thing more. If I was able, for your sake, I would not say a word; but I am not, Mrs. Logan, and therefore must, in justice to myself and family, require you to get another boarding house.'

'Mrs. Logan answered only with tears.—The woman tried to soften what she had said, and then went away.

Not long after this, Logan came stumbling up the stairs, and opening the door of his room, staggered in and threw himself heavily upon the bed. Fanny looked at him a few moments,

and then crouching down, and covering her face with her hand, wept long and bitterly. She felt crushed and powerless. 'Cast off by her father, wronged by her husband, destitute and about to be thrust from the poor home into which she had shrunk, faint and weary, it seemed as if hope were gone forever. While she suffered thus, Logan lay in a drunken sleep.—Arousing herself at last, she removed his boots and coat, drew a pillow under his head, and threw a coverlet over him. She then sat down and wept again.

The tea bell rang, but she did not go to the table. Half an hour afterwards, the landlady came to the door and kindly enquired if she would not have some food sent up to her room.

'Only a little bread and milk for Henry,' was replied.

'Let me send you a cup of tea,' urged the woman.

'No thank you. I don't wish any thing to-night.'

The woman went away, feeling troubled.—From her heart she pitied the suffering young creature; it had cost her a painful struggle to do what she had done; but the pressing nature of her own circumstances, required her to be rigidly just. Notwithstanding Mrs. Logan had declined having any thing, she sent her a cup of tea and something to eat; but they remained untasted.

On the next morning Logan was sober, and his wife informed him of the notice which their landlady had given. He was angry and used harsh language towards the woman. Fanny defended her; and had the harsh language transferred to her own head.

The young man appeared as usual at the breakfast table, but Fanny had no appetite for food, and did not go down. After breakfast, Logan went to the shop, intending to go to work, but found his place supplied by another journeyman, and himself thrown out of employment, with but a single dollar in his pocket, a month's boarding due, and his family in need of almost every comfort. From the shop he went to a tavern, took a glass of liquor, and sat down to look over the newspapers, and think what he should do. There he met an idle journeyman, who like himself, had lost his situation. A fellow feeling made them communicative and confidential.

'If I was only a single man,' said Logan, 'I wouldn't care. I could easily shift for myself.' 'Wife and children! Yes, there's the rub,' returned the companion. 'A journeyman mechanic is a fool to get married.'

'Then you and I are both fools,' said Logan.

'No doubt of it. I came to that conclusion, in regard to myself, long and long ago. Sick wife, and hungry children, and four or five backs to cover: no wonder a poor man's nose is ever on the grindstone. For my part, I am sick of it. When I was a single man, I could go where I pleased; and I always had money in my pocket. Now I am tied down to one place, and grumbled at eternally; and if you were to shake me from here to the Navy Yard, you wouldn't get a sixpence out of me. The fact is, I'm sick of it.'

'So am I. But what is to be done? I don't believe I can get work in town.'

'I know you can't. But there is plenty of work and good wages to be had in Charleston or New Orleans.'

Logan did not reply but looked intently into his companion's face.

'I'm sure my wife would be a great deal better off if I were to clear out and leave her.—She has plenty of friends, and they'll not see her want.'

Logan still looked at his fellow traveller.

'And your wife would be taken back under her father's roof, where there is enough and to spare. Of course, she would be happier than she is now.'

'No doubt of that. The old rascal has treated her shabbily enough. But, I am well satisfied, that if I were out of the way he would gladly receive her back again.'

'Of this there can be no question. So, it is clear, that with our insufficient income, our presence is a curse rather than a blessing to our families.'

Logan readily admitted this to be true. His companion then drew a newspaper towards him, and after turning his eyes over it for a few moments, read—

'This day, at twelve o'clock, the copper fastened brig Emily, for Charleston. For freight or passage, apply on board.'

'There's a chance for us,' he said, as he finished reading the advertisement. 'Let us go down and see if they won't let us work our passage out.'

Logan sat thoughtful a moment, and then said, as he arose to his feet.

'Agreed. It'll be the best thing for us, as well as for our families.'

When the Emily sailed, at twelve o'clock the two men were on board.

Days came and passed, until the heart of Mrs. Logan grew sick with anxiety, fear, and suspense. No word was received from her ab-

sent husband. She went to his old employer, and learned that he had been discharged; but she could find no one who had heard of him since that time. Left thus alone, with two little children, and no apparent means of support, Mrs. Logan, when she became, at length, clearly satisfied that he, for whom she had given up every thing, had heartlessly abandoned her, felt as if there was no hope for her in the world.

'Go to your father by all means,' urged the woman with whom she was still boarding.—'Now that your husband is gone, he will receive you.'

'I cannot,' was Fanny's reply.

'But what will you do?' asked the woman.

'Work for my children,' she replied arousing herself, and speaking with some resolution.

'I have hands to work, and I am willing to work.'

'Much better go home to your father,' said the woman.

'That is impossible. He has disowned me. Has ceased to love me or care for me. I cannot go to him again; for I could not bear, as I am now, another harsh repulse. No—no—I will work with my own hands. God will help me to provide for my children.'

In this spirit, the almost heart-broken young woman, for whom the boarding-house keeper felt more than a common interest—an interest that would not let her thrust her out from the only place she could call her home—sought for work, and was fortunate enough to obtain sewing from two or three families, and was thus enabled to pay a light board for herself and children. But incessant toil with her needle, continued late at night and resumed early in the morning, gradually undermined her health, which had become delicate, and weariness and pain became the constant companion of her labor.

Sometimes in carrying her work home, the forsaken wife would have to pass the old home of her girlhood, and twice she saw her father at the window. But, either she was changed so that he did not know his child, or he would not bend from his stern resolution to disown her. On these two occasions she was unable, on her returning, to resume her work. Her fingers could not hold or guide the needle; nor could she, from the blinding tears that filled her eyes, have seen to sew, even if her hands had lost the tremor that ran through every nerve of her body.

A year had rolled wearily by, since Logan went off, and still no word had come from the absent husband. Labor beyond her bodily strength, and trouble and grief that were too severe for her spirit to bear, had done sad work upon the forsaken and disowned child.—She was but a shadow of her former self.

Mr. Crawford had been very shy of the old Quaker, who had spoken so plainly, but his words had made some impression on him, though no one would have supposed so, as there was no change in his conduct towards his daughter. He had forewarned her of the consequences if she acted in opposition to the wishes of her father, and had taken her own way, and painful as it was to him, he had to keep his word—his word that had ever been inviolate. He might forgive her; he might pity her; but she must remain a stranger. Such a direct and flagrant act of disobedience to his wishes, was not to be forgotten nor forgiven. Thus, in stubborn pride, did his hard heart confirm itself in its cold and cruel estrangement. Was he happy? No! Did he forget his child. No! He thought of her and dreamed of her, day after day, and night after night. But—he had said it, and he would stick to it! His pride was unbending as iron.

Of the fact that the husband of Fanny had gone off and left her with two children to provide for with the labor of her hands, he had been made fully aware, but it did not bend him from his stern purpose.

'She is nothing to me,' was his impatient reply to the one who informed him of the fact. 'This was all that could be seen, but his heart trembled at the intelligence. Nevertheless, he stood coldly aloof, month after month, and even repulsed, angrily the kind landlady with whom Fanny boarded, who had attempted, all unknown to the daughter, to awaken sympathy for her in her father's heart.

One day, the old Friend, whose plain words had not pleased Mr. Crawford, met that gentleman near his own door. The Quaker was leading a little boy by the hand. Mr. Crawford bowed, and evidently wished to pass on, but the Quaker passed, and said—

'I should like to have a few words with thee, friend Crawford.'

'Well, say on.'

'Thou is known as a benevolent man, friend Crawford. Thee never refuses, it is said, to do a deed of charity.'

'I always give something when I am sure the object is deserving.'

'So I am aware. Do you see this little boy?'

Mr. Crawford glanced down at the child the Quaker held by the hand. As he did so, the

child lifted to him a gentle face, with mild, earnest loving eyes.

'It is a sweet little fellow,' said Mr. Crawford, reaching his hand to the child. He spoke with some feeling, for there was a look about the boy that went to his heart.

'He is, indeed a sweet child—and the image of his poor, sick, almost heart-broken mother, for whom I am trying to awaken an interest.—She has two children, and this one is the oldest. Her husband is dead, or what may be as bad, perhaps worse, as far as she is concerned, dead to her; and she does not seem to have a relative in the world; at least none who thinks about or cares for her. In trying to provide for her children, she has overtaken her delicate frame, and made herself sick. Unless something is done for her, a worse thing must follow. She must go to the Alms-house, and be separated from her children. Look into the sweet innocent face of this dear child, and let your heart say whether he ought to be taken from his mother. If she have a woman's feelings, must she not love this child tenderly; and can any one supply to him his mother's place?'

'I will do something for her, certainly,' Mr. Crawford said.

'I wish thee would go with me to see her.'

'There is no use in that. My seeing her can do no good. Get all you can for her, and then come to me. I will help in the good work cheerfully,' replied Mr. Crawford.

'That is thy dwelling, I believe,' said the Quaker, looking around at a house adjoining the one before which they stood.

'Yes that is my house,' resumed Crawford.

'Will thee take this little boy in with thee and keep him for a few moments, while I go to see a friend some squares off?'

'Oh, certainly, come with me my dear?'

And Mr. Crawford held out his hand to the child, who took it without hesitation.

'I will see thee in a little while,' said the Quaker, as he turned away.

The boy, who was plainly, but very neatly dressed, was about four years old. He had a more than usually attractive face; and an earnest look out of his mild eyes, that made every one who saw him his friend.

'What is your name, my dear?' asked Mr. Crawford, as he sat down in his parlor, and took the little fellow upon his knee.

'Henry,' replied the child. He spoke with distinctness; and, as he spoke, there was a sweet expression of the lips and eyes, that was particularly winning.

'It is Henry, is it?'

'Yes, sir.'

'What else besides Henry?'

The boy did not reply, for he had fixed his eyes upon a picture that hung over the mantle, and was looking at it intently. The eyes of Mr. Crawford followed those of the child, that rested, he found, on the portrait of his daughter.

'What else besides Henry?'

'Henry Logan,' replied the child, looking for a moment into the face of Mr. Crawford, and then turning to gaze at the picture on the wall. Every nerve quivered in the frame of that man of iron will. The falling of a bolt from a sunny sky, could not have startled and surprised him more. He saw in the face of the child, the moment he looked at him, something strangely familiar and attractive. What it was, he did not, until this instant, comprehend. But it was no longer a mystery.

'Do you know who I am?' he asked, in a subdued voice, after he had recovered, to some extent, his feelings.

The child looked again into his face, but longer and more earnestly. Then, without answering, he turned and looked at the portrait on the wall.

'Do you know who I am, dear?' repeated Mr. Crawford.

'No, sir,' replied the child; and then again turned to gaze upon the picture.

'Who is that?' and Mr. Crawford pointed to the object that so fixed the little boy's attention.

'My mother.' And as he said these words, he laid his head down upon the bosom of his unknown relative, and shrunk close to him, as if half afraid because of the mystery that, in his infantile mind, hung, around the picture on the wall.

Moved by an impulse that he could not restrain, Mr. Crawford drew his arms around the child and hugged him to his bosom. Pride gave way; the iron will was bent; the sternly uttered vow was forgotten. There is power for good in the presence of a little child. Its sphere of innocence subdues and renders impotent the evil spirits that rule in the hearts of selfish men. It was so in this case. Mr. Crawford bowed, and said—

'I should like to have a few words with thee, friend Crawford.'

'Well, say on.'

'Thou is known as a benevolent man, friend Crawford. Thee never refuses, it is said, to do a deed of charity.'

'I always give something when I am sure the object is deserving.'

'So I am aware. Do you see this little boy?'

Mr. Crawford glanced down at the child the Quaker held by the hand. As he did so, the

him the face of a cherub; and the sainted mother of that innocent one by her side.

When the Friend came for the little boy, Mr. Crawford said to him, in a low voice—made low to hide his emotion—

'I will keep the child.'

'From its mother?'

'No! Bring the mother, and the other child. I have room for them all.'

A sunny smile passed over the benevolent countenance of the Friend, as he hastily left the room.

Mrs. Logan, worn down by exhausting labor, had at last been forced to give up. When she did give up, every long strained nerve of mind and body instantly relaxed, and she became almost as weak and helpless as an infant.—While in this state, she was accidentally discovered by the kind-hearted old Friend, who, without her being aware of what he was going to do, made his successful attack upon her father's feelings. He trusted to nature and a good cause, and did not trust in vain.

'Come, Mrs. Logan,' said the kind woman with whom Fanny was still boarding, an hour or so after little Harry had been dressed up to take a walk—where the mother did not know or think,—the good Friend, who was here this morning, says you must ride out. He has brought a carriage for you. It will do you good, I know. He is very kind. Come, get yourself ready.'

Mrs. Logan was lying upon her bed.

'I do not feel able to get up,' she replied. 'I do not wish to ride out.'

'Oh, yes, you must go. The pure, fresh air, and the change will do you more good than medicine. Come, Mrs. Logan, I will dress little Julia for you. She needs the change as much as you do.'

'Where is Henry?' asked the mother.

'He has not been forced to give up. But come! The carriage is waiting at the door.'

'Won't you go with me?'

'I would with pleasure—but I cannot leave home. I have so much to do.'

After a good deal of persuasion, Fanny at length made the effort get herself ready to go out. She was so weak that she tottered about the floor like one intoxicated. But the woman with whom she lived, assisted and encouraged her, until she was, at length ready to go. Then the Quaker came up to her room, and with the tenderness and care of a father, supported her down stairs, and when she had taken her place in the vehicle, entered with her youngest child in his arms, and sat by her side, speaking to her, as he did so, kind and encouraging words.

The carriage was driven slowly, for a few squares, and then stopped. Scarcely had the motion ceased, when the door was suddenly opened, and Mr. Crawford stood before his daughter.

'My poor child!' he said, in a tender broken voice, as Fanny, overcome by his unexpected appearance, sunk forward into his arms.

When the suffering young creature opened her eyes again, she was upon her own bed, in her own room, in her old home. Her father sat by her side, and held one of her hands tightly. There were tears in his eyes, and he tried to speak; but, though his lips moved, there came from them no articulate sound.

'Do you forgive me, father? Do you love me, father?' said Fanny, in a tremulous whisper, half rising from her pillow, and looking eagerly, almost agonizingly, into her father's face.

'I have nothing to forgive,' murmured the father, as he drew his daughter towards him so that her head could lie against his bosom.

'But do you love me, father? Do you love me as of old?' said the daughter.

He bent down and kissed her; and now the tears fell from his eyes, and lay warm and glistening upon her face.

'As of old,' he murmured, laying his cheek down upon that of his child, and clasping her more tightly in his arms. The long pent up waters of affection were rushing over his soul, and obliterating the marks of pride, anger, and the iron will that sustained them in their cruel dominion. He was no longer a strong man, stern and rigid in his purpose; but a child, with a loving and tender heart.

There was light again in his dwelling; not the bright light of other times; for now the rays were mellowed. But it was light. And there was music again; not so joyful; but it was music, and its spell over his heart was deeper, and its influence more elevating.

The man with the iron will and stern purpose was subdued, and the power that subdued him, was the presence of a little child.

Singing Conducive to Health.

It was the opinion of Dr. Rush that singing by young ladies, whom the customs of society debar from many other kinds of healthy exercise, should be cultivated, not only as an accomplishment, but as a means of preserving health. He particularly insists that vocal music should never be neglected in the education of a young lady; and states, that besides its salutary operation in soothing the cares of domestic life, it has a still more direct and important effect.—

'I here introduce a fact,' says Dr. Rush, 'which has been subject to me by my profession; that is, the exercise of the organs of the breast by singing contributes to defend them very much from those diseases to which the climate and other causes expose them. The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumption, nor have I ever known more than one case of spitting blood amongst them. This, I believe, is in part occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquire by exercising them frequently in vocal music which constitutes an essential branch of their education.'

'The music master of an academy,' says Mr. Gardner, 'has furnished me with an observation still more in favor of this opinion. He informs me that he has known several instances of persons strongly disposed to consumption, restored to health by exercising their lungs in singing.'