

The Lehigh Register

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Poetical.

LINES TO AN EXILED HUNGARIAN.

BY O. T. BAIRD.

Though exiled, thou art not alone, In every heart, thou hast a home. Neath every roof, mid this broad land, A welcome waits, shouldst thou command...

BIRTHDAY OF WASHINGTON.

A DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Blest to mankind and Freedom's cause, the morn Which gave a glorious mortal being birth; In childhood, trained in virtues to adorn...

During the Revolution's lowering gloom, Noble and firm, each trying hour he stood; A bulwark in himself, till Victory's pinnac...

An Afferting Story.

LILLY FORESTER'S LAST BALL.

'Here, Alice! fasten those pearls, and clasp this bracelet. Quick it has struck nine. Now give me my bouquet. One kiss, dear mother, and good-night. Do not sit up for me, as Alice will let me in, and you need rest.'

'Watch over her when I am gone,' she said, 'May she not wander in forbidden paths, but prepare to meet me above.—Oh, my daughter, my daughter, may God forgive you even as I do.'

'Strange, Clara,' said the proud, aristocratic woman thus addressed, 'why it is more than strange. How Mrs. Forester can permit her daughter to go into society alone, as she does, is a problem I cannot solve. But, and a smile of contempt swept over her still handsome features, 'if I mistake not she will have cause to regret it ere long.'

'Why, mamma, what do you mean?' 'Anna! where are your eyes, that you do not see who is even now pouring those honeyed words of flattery into her, I fear, too willing ear?'

'Will Miss Anna do me the honor to dance the next quadrille with me?' said a gentleman, at that moment, coming up to where Anna Wilmington and her mother were standing, and consequently breaking off the conversation. Anna bowed, accepted the gentleman's hand, and was soon lost to sight in the mazes of the dance.

Yes! reader, Lilly Forester was guilty of leaving her weary, heart-sick mother at home, to come to such a scene as this; but guiltless of aught that would call forth the censures of the cold worldling who has pronounced against her. Bewildering was the sight—that ball-room. The soft light of the chandeliers reflected upon the fairy forms that mingled in the dance; the music playing in the intervals;

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all, all there was to intoxicate the sense. But many a pang of remorse shot across Lilly's bosom that evening, as she thought of her dear suffering parent at home. And many a time did she wish herself once more there encircled in that mother's arm; and when, at twelve o'clock, the carriage was announced, a joyful exclamation escaped her lips as she hastened to the dressing room, and was soon at the door of her home.

'Why Alice,' she exclaimed, as the maid answered the summons, 'how long you were.—Has mamma—' But the face of the servant alarming her, she cried, 'is anything the matter with mamma, Alice?' And rushing forward, she was at her mother's chamber door ere the affrighted domestic had time to interpose.

But who shall describe that scene? That pale, dead face; and too late repentant, erring child. 'Oh, mother she bitterly exclaimed, as she knelt beside her, 'speak one word, one little word only, to say that you forgive me, mother.' But the unfettered spirit had winged its flight; and had gone to its home above where there is no sorrow, no agony, nor death.

It was a deep lesson which Lilly Forester learned that night; bitter in its acquirement, yet lasting in its benefits; and which Lilly is now the wife of a Senator, and has mingled much in the world, yet the impressions of that night have never left her. And even now, when she hears the young and thoughtless speak in joyous accents of an anticipated ball, she shudders lest some erring one will return to find an earthly parent bereft of life. For she thinks of her own last ball.

United States Ship Pennsylvania.

The keel of the United States ship of the line Pennsylvania was laid at the Philadelphia navy yard in 1822, but after being nearly completed ready for launching, was permitted to remain on the stocks till 1837. On the 26th of July of that year she was launched, in the presence of the Hon. Secretary of the Navy and thousands of spectators from the city and all parts of the Union. She glided slowly and gracefully into her destined element, and presented to the admiring gaze of the multitude the gigantic and beautiful proportions of the largest ship, at that time in the world. In December of the same year, she sailed from Philadelphia, under the command of Commodore Stewart, for Norfolk, Va., at which place, soon after her arrival, she was taken into the dry dock and coppered; after which she was dismantled. After remaining in ordinary about eighteen months she was again rigged, and from that time to the present has been employed as receiving vessel at the Gosport navy yard. Receiving ships are employed in all naval services for the purpose of receiving and retaining recruits as they enlist, until they are drafted for active service. When a ship is ordered to be commissioned, a requisition for the complement of seamen, ordinary seamen, landsmen, and boys, is made out and furnished by the receiving ship. The men on board the vessels are kept under wholesome naval regulations and exercise, and the daily routine of duty varies but little from that of a vessel on sea service. The Pennsylvania is at present commanded by Commander John L. Saunders, U. S. N. She is rated as a 120 gun ship—the largest class of war vessels, generally styled "three deckers." She is the largest ship in the United States navy, and one of the largest in the world; is 3000 tons burthen, has four tiers of guns, and can mount 140.—Length from figure-head to stern gallery, 247 1/2 feet; breadth of beam, 58 feet, 3 inches; depth of hold to orlop deck, 15 feet, 3 inches; height from water line to top of rail, 36 feet; height from water line to the main truck, 220 feet. There is required for one suit of sails about 60,000 yards of canvass, or enough to cover nearly seven acres of ground. She is daily visited by persons from all parts of the United States.—Saturday Evening Gazette.

Uses of Iron.

Iron, in some of its innumerable forms, ministers to the benefit of all. The implements of the miner, the farmer, the carpenter, the mason, the smith, the shipwright, are made of iron and with iron. Roads of iron, travelled by "iron steeds," which drag whole townships after them, and outstrip the birds, have become our commonest highways. Ponderous iron ships are afloat upon the ocean, with massive iron engines to propel them; iron anchors to stay them in storms; iron needles to guide them; and springs of iron in chronometers by which they measure the time. Ink, pens, and printing-presses, by which knowledge is scattered over the world are alike made of iron. It warms us in our apartments; relieves our joints in the carriage; ministers to our ailments in the chalybeate mineral waters, or the medicinal dose; it gives a variety of color to rocks and soils, nourishment to vegetation, and vigor to the blood of man. Such are the powers of a substance which chemists extract from an otherwise worthless stone.—Youman's Chemistry.

Potomac Through the Blue Ridge.

The passage of the Potomac, through the Blue Ridge, is perhaps one of the most stupendous scenes in nature. You stand on a very high point of land. On your right comes up the Shenandoah, having ranged along the foot of a mountain a hundred miles to seek a vent. On your left approaches the Potomac, seeking a passage also. In the moment of their junction; they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder, and pass off to the sea. The first glance at this scene hurries our senses into the opinion, that this earth has been created in time; that the mountains were formed first; that the rivers began to flow afterwards; that, in this place particularly, they have been dammed up by the Blue Ridge of mountains, and have formed an ocean which filled the whole valley; that, continuing to rise, they have at length broken over at this spot, and have torn the mountain down from its summit to its base. The piles of rock on each hand, but particularly on the Shenandoah, the evident marks of their disruptive and avulsion from their beds by the most powerful agents of nature, corroborate the impression. But the distant finishing, which Nature has given to the picture, is of a very different character. It is a true contrast to the foreground. It is as placid and delightful as that is wild and tremendous. For, the mountain being eleven asunder, she presents to your eye, through the cleft, a small catch of smooth blue horizon, at an infinite distance in the plain country, inviting you, as it were, from the riot and tumult roaring around, to pass through the breach, and participate of the calm below. Here the eye ultimately composes itself; and that way, too, the road happens actually to lead. You cross the Potomac above its junction, pass along its side through the base of the mountain for three miles, its terrible precipices hanging in fragments over you, and within about twenty miles reach Fredericktown, and the fine country round that. This scene is worth a voyage across the Atlantic.—Yet here, as in the neighborhood of the Natural Bridge, are people who have passed their lives within half a dozen miles, and have never been to survey these monuments of a war between rivers and mountains, which must have shaken the earth itself to its centre.—Jefferson.

As a general rule, lions roar during the night; their sighing moans commencing as the shades of evening envelope the forest, and continuing at intervals during the night. In distant and secluded regions, I have constantly heard them roaring loudly, as late as nine or ten o'clock on a bright, sunny morning. In hazy and rainy weather, they are to be heard at every hour in the day, but their roar is subdued. It often happens that, when two strange male lions meet at a fountain, a terrific combat ensues, which not unfrequently ends in the death of one of them. The habits of the lion are strictly nocturnal; during the day he lies concealed beneath the shade of some low, bushy tree, or wide-spreading bush, with the level forest, or on the mountain side. He is also partial to lofty reeds, or fields of long, rank, yellow grass, occurring in lowly vallys. When he is successful in his catch, and has secured his prey, he does not roar much that night, only uttering occasionally a few low moans; that is, provided no intruders approach him, otherwise, the case would be very different.

I remarked a fact, connected with the lion's hour of drinking, peculiar to themselves: they seemed unwilling to visit the fountains with good moonlight. Thus, when the moon rose early, the lions deferred their watering until late in the morning; and when the moon rose late, they drank at an early hour in the night.—Owing to the tawny color of the coat with which nature has robed him, he is perfectly invisible in the dark; and although I have often heard them loudly lapping the water under my very nose, not twenty yards from me, I could not possibly make out so much as an outline of their forms. When a thirsty lion comes to water, he stretches out his massive arms, lies down on his breast to drink, and makes a loud lapping noise to be mistaken. He continues lapping up the water for a long while, and, four or five times during the proceeding, he pauses, for half a minute, as if to take breath. One thing conspicuous about them is their eyes, which, in a dark night, glow like two balls of fire.—Buffon's Natural History.

The Bones of Paganini.

Paganini died at Nice about fourteen years ago. The bishop refused to allow him to be interred in the consecrated ground. His executors commenced legal proceedings. The court of Nice having decided against them, they appealed to the Archbishop of Genoa, which reversed the judgment of the lower court, and ordered the remains of Paganini to be interred in the cemetery. The Episcopal court of Nice appealed against this decision to the court of Turin, which has since confirmed it. Now, as three appeals are allowed in ecclesiastical matters, the court of Nice has appealed in the last resort to a tribunal of judges to be appointed by the Holy See; and there the matter rests for the present. A most ridiculous piece of nonsense.

A husband, residing in a small village in the interior, thus announces the departure from his "bed and board" of his dearly beloved:—My wife, Anna Maria, has strayed or been stolen. Whosoever returns her will get his head broke. As for trusting her anybody can do so who sees fit—for as I never pay my own debts, it is not at all likely that I will awake nights thinking about other people's."

Whence Comes the Coal?

It has been abundantly shown, and is now everywhere acknowledged, that the coal beds consist of the charred or carbonized remains of an ancient and most luxuriant vegetation. The primeval forests were probably swept into basins and covered with mud, which became solidified into rock, and in that condition the wood has gradually altered to coal. The source of the carbon was therefore the same as that of coal or wood now-a-days. In its mode of growth and the source of its elements, the tree is the same now that it ever was, and we know that the charcoal of wood now comes from the atmosphere. It is derived from the carbonic acid of the air. We therefore reach the remarkable conclusion that previous to the deposit of the coal formations, they existed in the form of a poisonous gas in the air. The quantity of carbonic acid must have been very great, and the atmosphere in an excessively poisonous condition. How could animals breathe that atmosphere? Clearly enough, they could not, and hence geologists have failed to find the remains of any air-breathing animals in the rocks below the coal beds. The animals that appeared below the coal inhabited the water and were of the lowest organization. But as the coal was deposited through the growth of a vastlyuberant vegetation, the atmosphere was purified of the noxious element—its carbonic acid was withdrawn, and thus the ancient atmosphere underwent an alteration which fitted it for the appearance of higher animal races. At the same time, by the formation of immense reefs and islands in the ocean, vast quantities of carbonic acid were locked up in the coral formed limestone. Those little animals that dwelt in the depths of the sea, were thus co-operating with the colossal vegetation above, to deprive the air of its poisonous and deadly constituents.—Pen and Pencil.

Geography of the U. S.

The United States are composed of 32 States and 9 Territories. They contain a population of 25,000,000, of whom 21,000,000 are white. The extent of the sea coast is 12,000 miles. The length of its ten principal rivers is 20,000 miles. The surface of the 5 great lakes is 90,000 square miles. The number of miles of Railway in operation is 20,000 which cost \$600,000,000. The length of canals is 5,000 miles. It contains the longest railway on the globe—the Illinois Central—which is 704 miles. 687 miles completed. The annual value of its agricultural productions is \$200,000,000. Its most valuable production is Indian corn which yields annually 400,000,000 bushels. The amount of capital invested in manufactures is \$600,000,000. The amount of foreign imports in 1853, was \$267,978,947—and of its exports \$239,971,167. The annual amount of its internal trade is \$600,000,000. The annual value of the products of labor (other than agricultural) is \$1,500,000,000. Its mines of gold, copper, and lead, and iron are among the richest in the world. The value of gold produced is \$100,000,000. The surface of its coal fields is 138,131 square acres.

Light Suppers.

One of the great secrets of health is a light supper, and yet it is a great self-denial, when one is hungry and tired at the close of the day, to eat little or nothing. Let such a one take leisurely a single cup of tea and a cold piece of bread with butter, and he will leave the table as fully pleased with himself and all the world, as if he had eaten a heavy meal, and be tenfold the better for it the next morning. Take any two men under similar circumstances, strong, hard-working men, of twenty-five years; let one take his bread and butter, with a cup of tea, and the other a hearty meal of meat, bread, potatoes, and the ordinary eat ceteras, as the last meal of the day, and I will venture to affirm, that the tea-drinker will outlive the other by thirty years.

COLORS.

It was generally known of course, that the sun was the source of all light, but it was not so generally known or thought of, that the sun was also the origin of all the colors presented to the eye. It was not so generally known that hence summer borrowed her green mantle, and winter her vestal robe—that every flower of the garden was not bright and beautiful of itself, but simply because it reflected the sun's rays, and borrowed all its tints and attire from the solar beams. Nor was it well known that all the splendid colors of the mineral kingdom were but the reflection of the sun's rays—the purple of the sapphire—the green of the emerald—the red of the ruby—or the brilliant light of the diamond, all came from that source.—Professor Olmsted.

Battle of New Orleans.

The daring Tennesseean, with a blanket tied around him, and a hat with a brim of enormous breadth, who seemed to be "fighting on his own hook," disdainful to raise his rifle over the bank of earth and fire, in safety to his person, like his more wary fellow-soldiers, chose to spring, every time he fired, upon the breast-works, where, balancing himself, he would bring his rifle to his cheek, throw back his broad brim, take sight and fire, while the enemy were advancing to the attack, as deliberately as though shooting at a herd of deer; then leaping down on the inner side he would reload, mount the works, cock his beaver, take aim, and crack again. "This did he," said an English officer, who was taken prisoner by him, and who laughingly gave it as a good anecdote to Captain D., "five times in rapid succession, as I advanced at the head of my company, and though grape whistled through the air over our heads, for the life of me I could not help smiling at his grotesque, demi-savage, demiquaker figure, as he threw back the broad flap of his castor to obtain a fair sight—deliberately raise his rifle, shut his left eye, and blaze away at us. I verily believe that he brought down one of my men every shot." As the British steadily advanced, though columns fell like the tall grain before the sickle of the fire of the Americans, this same officer approached at the head of his brave grenadiers, amid the rolling fire of musketry from the lines of his unscen faces, undaunted and untouched. "Advance, my men!" he shouted, as he reached the edge of the fosse—"follow me!" and sword in hand, he leaped the ditch, and turning amid the roar of flame of a hundred muskets to encourage his men, beheld to his surprise but a single man of his company upon his feet—more than fifty brave fellows, whom he had so gallantly led on the attack, had been shot down. As he went about to leap back from his dangerous situation, his sword was shivered in his grasp by a rifle ball, and at the same instant the daring Tennesseean sprang upon the parapet and levelled his deadly weapon at his breast, calmly observing,—"Surrender, stranger, or I may perforate, ye!" "Chagrined," said the officer, at the close of his recital, "I was compelled to deliver to the bold fellow, my mutilated sword, and pass over into the American lines."—Home Journal.

Flowers of Thought.

She neglects her heart who studies her glass.—Lavoisier. Frugality is founded on the principle, that all riches have limits.—Burke. Purchase no friends by gifts: when thou canst to give, seek to ease to love.—Fuller. I hardly know so true a mark of a little mind, as servile imitation of others.—Greenleaf. Time destroys the speculations of man, but it confirms the judgment of nature.—Cicero. The fewer our wants, the nearer we resemble the gods.—Socrates. Wisdom is the olive that springeth from the heart, bloometh on the tongue, and beareth fruit in the actions.—Grymstone. Will it never make a man rich, but there are places where riches will always make a wit.—Johnson. There is this paradox in pride—it makes some men ridiculous, but prevents others from becoming so.—Colton. Great towns are but a large sort of prison to the soul, like cages to birds, or pounds to beasts.—Charron. Trifles, light as air, are to the jealous, confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ.—Shakespeare. The covetous person lives as if the world were made altogether for him, and not he for the world; to take in everything, and part with nothing.—South.

Artificial Whalebone.

Common horn is now prepared in European manufactories to serve all the purposes of whalebone, and is quite as elastic. The horns are cleaned, split, opened out and flattened, and immersed for several days in a bath composed of 5 parts of glycerine to 100 parts of water. They are then placed in a second bath, consisting of 3 quarts of nitric acid, 2 quarts of pyroligneous acid, 124 pounds tannin, 5 pounds sulphate of zinc, with 25 gallons of water. After leaving this second bath it will have acquired a suitable degree of flexibility and elasticity for umbrella ribs and other purposes.

Among other things to be desired are the following: A method to make truth as agreeable as falsehood; a receipt for praising a pretty girl without giving offence to her older sisters; some way of collecting a small debt without having to earn the money a second time, in the attempt; how to induce a constant reader of a newspaper to become a constant subscriber; a plan of editing a paper without being considered dull by the giddy, frivolous by the serious minded, unappreciated by three-fourths, and cheated by the other quarter.

When young men have nothing to live upon but love, they commonly fall in love and get married—just as if hugging and kissing were a substitute for mutton chops, or as if terms of endearment would supply the place of mashed taters and fricasseed chickens.

Accommodation.—Strict Business Man.—Patrick, hereafter I want you to commence work at five o'clock and quit at seven." Patrick—"Sure and wouldn't it be as well if I'd commence in the morning at seven and leave off at five in the evening?"

An editor who never thinks twice before he speaks, says that the first dresses worn by our primitive ancestors in the Garden of Eden, were bare (bear) skins. If our Maker thought it wrong for Adam to live single when there was not a woman on earth, how criminally guilty are old bachelors, with the world full of pretty girls.