

JOB PRINTING.

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Poetical.

I THINK OF THEE.

BY MARY E. STAINBURN.

I think of thee at early morn,
At evening's gentle close;
'Tis then I think on day's by gone,
'Tis then on thee I muse.

And when at midnight's silent hour,
From care and toil I'm free,
When sleep hath spread her magic power,
My thoughts are still on thee.

When pleasures round my pathway shine,
And nature smiles on me,
'Tis then my thoughts to thee incline,
'Tis then I think of thee.

For pleasure cannot chase away
Those things so dear to me;
Nor nature's smiles, however gay,
Can turn my thoughts from thee.

When sorrows cross my peaceful heart,
And seem my destined lot,
Hope bids me look to heaven for rest,
Then I forget not thee.

For sorrows cannot chase away
Those thoughts so dear to me;
I think of thee by night, and by day,
I think of thee! I think of thee!

OLD DOG TRAY.

A PRETTY SONG.

The morn of life is past,
And evening comes at last—
It brings me a dream of a once happy day,
Of merry forms I've seen
Upon the village green,
Sporting with my old Dog Tray.

Chorus—Old Dog Tray's ever faithful,
Grief cannot drive him away, [find
He's gentle, he's kind; I'll never, never
A better friend than Old Dog Tray.

The forms I called my own,
Have vanished one by one—
Their happy smiles have all passed
Their gentle voices gone,
I've nothing left but Old Dog Tray.

When thoughts recall the past,
His eyes are on me cast; [would say,
I know that he feels what my breaking heart
Although he cannot speak,
I'll vainly, vainly seek
A better friend than Old Dog Tray.

A Tale for the People.

Written for the Lehigh Register.

RALPH HARDIE,
THE PARDONED.

BY "A STUDENT."

On the Pardoning hope assassins, thieves rely:
To this one altar vile adulterers fly.—JENNY.

"Five minutes of nine, and not here yet! but he dare not stay away! No! no! My plans were too well laid! At nine he must be here! He is now nine! mine! nor power of heaven or earth shall avail him now! He is in my power, and serve me he must! Do one of us he shall!"

Thus soliloquized Ralph Hardie, as he strode to and fro, with rapid steps, the floor of his elegantly furnished library.

Mr. Hardie had the reputation of being the wealthiest man in New York city. He resided in the most magnificent mansion on the Fifth Avenue. His establishment was the most extensive in the city; and few of the aristocracy of New York, attempted to rival him in the costliness of his sumptuous entertainments.

His resources were immense: but whence derived no one knew or cared to know. It was sufficient, that he attended divine service regularly in one of Gotham's fashionable Synagogues; and contributed largely to all the (public) charities of the day.

The clock of the City Hall toled the hour of nine; scarce had the reverberation of the last stroke died away, or, been swallowed up by the Babble of noises in the city below, when three gentle but distinct taps were heard at the thick mahogany door of the library, and with noiseless tread a negro entered.

"Gemman 'low, wan see massa?"
"Who is he? What does he look like?"
"Fo' God! Neber seed him fo' massa! Tall, hansen gemman, har, what look like snow side dis chile! Look 'jected like! han' nigger, dis kar!"

Hardie took the card hastily from the negro's hand! it had written on it, "I am come."
"Ha!" he exclaimed, "Show him up! And mark you! See that no one approaches the door!"

"Yis massa! dis nigger knows."
"Tis him, ha, ha, ha. The bird is fairly snared!"

"Limed! limed at last! my agents have well performed their task! The drugged wine!—The cards! The note! He, ha, ha."
Scarce had he uttered these words, when the

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negro again appearing at the door, ushered in, Edward Martin. As the negro had said, he was truly dejected; on his countenance he bore the indubitable impress of an inward struggle; yet, in neither word nor act was that perceptible. He was evidently an Englishman, and bore on his forehead the unmistakable mark that stamped him gentleman.

"I am glad to see you Mr. Martin! I hope you are well! Pray be seated!"

"Well? yes! I am well. You sent for me! I am here!"

"Yes! yes! you are punctual! nothing like punctuality with men of business! Punctuality, is in fact, the soul of business. I presume you received my note?"

"I did."

"And from the tenor of it, I presume you can divine why you are here?"

"Yes! No! here is the note!"

Mr. EDW. MARTIN:

Sir, You must call on me this evening at nine. I hold that note. If you fail to call, I will at once expose the Forgery.

RALPH HARDIE.

"That you had a sinister motive in sending for me I can not doubt, what the motive may be, I know not. All I can say is, 'I am here.'"

"Mr. Martin, that we will soon understand each other I have no doubt. I hold in my hand a note drawn on Eli Williams & Son for \$2000. This note purports to be drawn by Burton, Wall & Co. Who the actual issuer of that note is, you can best tell. All that it is necessary for me to do is to call on Messrs. Burton & Co. and inform them that I hold such a note; and in less than six hours, the courted Edward Martin will be an inmate of the Tombs, and in less than six weeks a resident, at the expense of the State, at Sing Sing. Now sir, it is optional with you to say whether this shall be so or not. You hold your destiny in your own hands."

"Oh God! it is true—too true, and for that one fault I have suffered deeply, bitterly—Father of mercies! Why didst thou not smother me at birth, rather than to let me live to blot the untarnished name of an honorable ancestry? To the bowl!—the maddening bowl I can trace all this misery! this crime! Had I never imbibed the intoxicating draught, and lost my senses, I would not thus be steeped in crime! lost! degraded! and standing on the brink of I know not what further vice. You the rich, the aristocratic Ralph Hardie, have not sent for me for nothing. You would make me your slave. Oh God! help me in this my hour of sorest need."

"Faugh! Let us have none of that! No such maudish sentimentality here. Call on man; man only can help you now. Policy, alone should dictate to a man to appear thus pious and Godlike, that he may the better aid the accomplishment of his own ends. Cast off then that air of sanctity! it becomes you not!"

"Oh! that I were dead a thousand times rather than hear you talk thus. You the Christian! you Ralph Hardie the philanthropist. Now I have the worst to fear. A month since I was happy! Now, despair stares me in the face; then, I was the courted, the admired of all. Now, Oh God! a thing to scorn, to spit upon? In an evil hour I drank to excess, a man whom I deemed a friend led me to a gaming house; there, I lost not only my all, but also \$2000 belonging to my employers.—Then that friend bids me forge a note on the house in which I am cashier. Reason bade me nay; yet, the tempter (a satellite of Ralph Hardie's, who had led him on to ruin by instruction of Hardie) drove me on. I was insolvent, my own note might be dishonored.—The forged note would never be presented—it was only for security—I need fear no evil consequences from it; without well knowing what I did, I signed the note. You have that note! here, take the money, 'tis all I have! Take all! but give me that I beg, nay, I implore you no my bended knee to give it to me! as you are a man, give it to me! as you are a father and a son, give it to me! I swear, I sinned not knowingly."

"Knowingly or not, 'tis all the same in the eyes of the law. As for sinning, who has said you sinned? There is but one unpardonable sin in this world, which is to allow Christians, the tyrants of man, to progress, when you can make them retard by what the world calls evil, and by instilling into their minds, such noble sentiments, as may tend to overthrow the present order of moralizing."

"What are those noble sentiments?"

"When you become one of us you shall know."

"One of you? Who then are you?"

"That you will soon know. I may now tell you and without fear too, that I am the General Patriarch of an association, linked together by the most indissoluble ties; who deny the book called the bible to be inspired; or to be other than the work of Priestcraft to delude the weak minded of the world, and make them subservient to their own ends. We would make society subservient to us, and for that purpose

have linked ourselves together. We have in our ranks men from all grades of society; from the expounder of the so-called word of the Deity, the Lawyer at the Bar, and the Judge, who holds in his hands the scales of Justice; the lowest thief and pickpocket that walks the street, all bound together by a solemn compact, to aid the "Holy Brotherhood" in the good work of plundering the world for our own benefit. This is sufficient for you to know at the present. To this order you must link yourself.—In a word, that is why you are here to-night."

"Link myself to this! Heed with thieves and murderers! Never! never! Rather death a thousand times!"

"Mr. Martin forgets himself! Here is his note which I have but to show to make of him a condemned felon."

"Oh! give! give it to me! And I will ever pray for you!"

"Pray! Pray! leave prayers to fools! I have said it! You must join us!"

"Never! never!"

"Very good sir! There is the door! I will ring the bell, and my servant will usher you out. Good night! and may you have pleasant dreams 'when on your straw pallet at Sing Sing. You will then, when too late regret the decision you have now made. The die is cast!—Good night, sir!"

"Art thou demon to thus goad over a fellow-being's misery? Oh! give—give me that note!"

"When you join us I will!"

"I yield! I yield!—I am ready—God help me now!"

"I am glad that you have arrived at your senses at last! The lodge of "Holy Masons" meets to night at 11. Stay! It wants now but fifteen minutes of that time—we will go!"

Arm in arm the two sauntered forth, 'now up this street; now down that; till at length arriving at a small house in the vicinity of the "Five Points," Hardie tapped three times at the door; it was instantaneously opened a short distance, (as far as a chain inside would permit.) The door keeper no sooner saw who was outside than with a respectful bow he threw the door open. Hardie, now taking his companion by the hand drew him into a dark passage which they treaded for some distance; then turning to the right, Hardie led the way into a dimly lighted room; here, Martin's eyes were blindfolded and he was led down a flight of stairs into a large subterranean apartment where the "Band" were assembled.

Here Hardie spoke:

"Worthy followers of the only true faith!—You have assembled to-night, to induct into the mysteries of this most christian order, one, who by his acts has made himself worthy of your confidence and guiding care. Holding as we do that man has but a time of probation to live here, and that he is not accountable hereafter for the deeds done in the humanity, we can prey upon the world at will, without fear of a punishment hereafter. All we have to dread is separation from the world, and yet living in it. Our only enemies are the members of what are called the 'legislative halls'—these are constantly devising new laws to overthrow the better to overthrow the therefore be evident, that it is every member of this 'Holy Band' prevent if possible the enactment, and to aid in the good work of old ones. Strenuous exertion our old enemies, "the so-called 'Pardoning Power' from the hands of the Government."

"Against this unrighteous measure fight unceasingly; it is our only bulwark of our liberty; take we are lost! lost! without it! Therefore, I recommend and especially to this young man about having conferred on him Knighthood, in this order of yours tire not! nor falter, in this iniquitous measure."

"Experience has proved to calling themselves Christians; us; but we must supply the by cunning. As in all courts the majority must rule the not rule us other than our found, that to do the world of injury to our own pecuniary seem to conform to its habits commend to all of you, that with Christian denominations Godlike and the most charitable, whether from the altar against the abolishment of rogative."

The oath was now administered of the society read thus: "The commanding person or persons, who be killed, any member of prove recreant to his trust, tence, the sum of one thousand After the ceremony was

removed from Martin's eyes; the sight that met his view staggered him; there, on every hand were Gotham's elite; the minister, the judge, the lawyer and the physician, all banded with thieves. All heartily greeted the advent of the new member. Hardie now approached, and taking Martin's arm led him back by the way which they had entered.—Soon they were again in Hardie's library.

After being seated, Hardie said, "now Martin, you have nothing to fear! you have linked yourself to an association that has its members throughout every part of our broad land. Go where you will you will meet them, and as you perceive by their oath, all bound to assist each other at all times and places, to succor in sickness and distress, all sworn to rescue each other from the tyrannical grasp of the law. Now that you are a brother you must perform your part for the good of the order. In a broker's office you handle thousands of dollars daily; for a part of this money, you can and must substitute counterfeit money, which will be furnished by us."

"No! no! I can not do that!—If I am detected I will be irretrievably ruined!"

"No danger sir. Our counterfeiters are too well executed to fear detection. But, were you detected; what then?"

"How can you ask? do you not know that passing counterfeit money is a state prison offence? Would I be detected, I would certainly be sent there."

"Ha, ha, ha, I see that you do not understand us yet. We have not calculated thus loosely. We have not thrown our time and labor away for nothing. It is a rare occurrence for any of our brothers to be convicted; and even when they are—Ha! what noise is that? Well! Jake what's the matter?"

"Massa! massa! de polis is in de hous! dey ax por you!" "Well let them come! Show them the way Jake. Sit still Mr. Martin! Do not be at all alarmed, sir."

"Ah! good evening gentleman! what do you wish? This is an unseemly hour for visitors; nevertheless, I am happy to see you. Pray be seated. Jake! chairs for the gentlemen—"

Thank you Mr. Hardie! We have no time to stay: the chief awaits us: will you and your friend walk with us as far as the office?"

In a few moments the party was in the tombs; where, owing to the lateness of the hour, Mr. Hardie was obliged for want of bail, to remain the remainder of the night. A charge had been preferred against him for uttering a forged note, and for being leader of a band of counterfeiters. As Edward Wilson was found in his company he was obliged to remain in the same cell with him.

"My God! Hardie how are we going to get out of this scrape?"

"Martin you are more frightened than hurt; you have nothing to fear. In the morning nothing will be proved against you, the result will be your acquittal. As for me; I defy them!—Our holy brotherhood will not see their general suffer when they can aid him. If I am tried before Judge Hodge, as I surely will be, I am sure of escape. My friends will pack the jury if possible; if they cannot do that, and I am convicted, Judge Hodge will make the difference between me and the gallows."

"What are those noble sentiments?"

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"One of you? Who then are you?"

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the power was created, and for whom alone it should be exerted, seldom, if ever, have the benefit of that power. They have neither the money, political influence, or knowledge of the world to enable them to reap a benefit from it; and it is only men like me, who know how these things are done, that derive any benefit from that prerogative which is always used with 'DISCRETION.'"

"You seem sanguine; do you expect a pardon?"

"Expect? No! Certain! certain! We never expect certainties. Judge Hodge who is one of us, will sign a petition praying for pardon; that petition will set forth previous good character, &c: for a small sum of money each of the Jurors will do the same. My political friends who are of the order will secure for me a large number of signatures to the same petition; this will then be presented to the governor, who, out of pure philanthropy (i. e. a few thousand dollars lent to him at a game of euche, or a present of a \$10,000 farm) will pardon me."

"Can it be possible the Governor of a State can be bribed?"

"Oh, no! not exactly bribed, but then he accepts gifts; and for those gifts does trifling philanthropic favors for his friends. Were it not for this I must soon be an inmate of Sing Sing; as it is I will in a few weeks be as free as any man. My only prayers are for the holy brotherhood and the continuance of that power which will only be used with discretion (i. e. for men like myself.) As Hardie had predicted so it happened. He was convicted; but was as soon pardoned. The Governor was \$20,000, richer; but what mattered that to the holy masons, their general patriarch was still at liberty to aid them by his council in propagating the great truths of the most Christian Brotherhood."

Swindling Gipsies.

A farmer in Monmouth Co., N. Y., was nicely swindled, a few days ago, by a gang of gipsies. The New York Sun says:

"The main worker was a woman. She commenced operations by insinuating that gold to a large amount was somewhere concealed on the farm. Its discovery was to be effected by a charm in the following way: The farmer was to procure \$1300, which would only be wanted a few days. All the money at command was put together, \$200 was borrowed on a note. The sum was procured all but \$8, when the gipsy said that would do. Some *hocis potius* was performed, such as folding the money in a mysterious way. The soothsayer next directed the old man to count the money carefully, then she was to count it, and so on, alternately, day by day. The last counting was her turn—when she pronounced it all right. Then, regarding the bundle, she told him to put it in the box, lock it up, and on opening it, ten days after at 12 at night exactly, it would be revealed to him where the gold was. Her instructions were carefully followed. On the expected night, which was Sunday, the old man, anticipating himself to be of a sudden, a millionaire, gathered his family, and that into which there had been an intermarriage. They sat watching the clock. The hand is on the ominous figure 12—it strikes—the last stroke. The old man springs to the box, unlocks it, takes out the bundle, unwraps it—and what a revelation! The gold and notes were gone—and the gipsies too. The woman had flown five days ago! having adroitly, at the last counting, substituted a bundle which she had prepared like

A Monster Baby Nurse.

THE MAINE GIANTS.—Her name is Silvia Hardy. She is a native of Franklin county, is seven feet six inches in height, is rather lean than fleshy, yet weighs three hundred and thirty pounds, is nearly thirty years of age, and is still growing. She has heretofore maintained herself chiefly by service in the capacity of a nurse, having the reputation of being a most excellent one; but, for a few months past, her health has not been good enough for her to practice this vocation. Her mother is said to have been below medium size, and her father not above it. She was a twin; and at birth weighed but three and a half pounds. Her mate did not live. She has always been an unusually small eater and accustomed to labor. Her figure is not erect. Her complexion is fair, her eyes blue, and the very modest and mild expression of her countenance is said to be a true index to her character. She has always shrunk from the presence of strangers, and it is believed could not now be induced to appear in public, but for the poverty that compels her to overcome her extreme sensitiveness. We are assured that she never, as a nurse, takes an infant in her arms, but always holds it in her hand. Placing the head upon the end of her fingers, its feet extend toward the wrist, and with the thumb and little finger elevated, she forms an ample and admirable cradle; the length of her hand being equal to the whole length of an infant. She is unable to pass ordinary doors without stooping a good deal, and it is said that for convenience she usually puts her thimble and other little articles upon the casing over the door, instead of upon any lower object, as a table or desk.—While she was passing through the kitchen of a farm house one day with a large pan of milk in each hand, her hair caught upon a hook which projected two or three inches from the ceiling, and held her fast. She could neither stoop to set the pans down nor raise her hands to disengage her hair, and was compelled thus to remain until her cries brought others to her assistance.—Portland Argus.

Adam and Eve.

We talk of Adam and Eve as having been; before the fall, in a very "happy condition," says the Albany Register; "but do you thing they missed—they were never children! Adam never played marbles. He never played