The Lehigh Register
Is published in the Borough of Allentown Lehigh County, Pa., every Wednesday, by
HAINES & DIEFENDERFER,
At $1 50 per annum, payable in advance, and $2 00 if not paid until the end of the year.—No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.
☞ Office in Hamilton street, two doors west of the German Reformed Church, directly opposite Moser's Drug Store.
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LEHIGH REGISTER.

A FAMILY JOURNAL—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

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

VOLUME IX. ALLENTOWN, PA., MARCH 21, 1855. NUMBER 24.

Poetical.

LOVE.

BY MRS. R. T. ELDREDGE.

It is a sweet and beauteous flower,
The pure heart is its native bower;
The lovely flower-gem cannot rest
Within a cold, unfeeling breast.

Ah, no, it needs the purest soil!
It heeds not care, nor pain, nor toil;
But, watered by affection's hand,
Its beauteous petals will expand.

Tis loveliest in sorrow's hour;
Neglect cannot destroy the flower:
Though it may droop beneath the blast,
The germ from whence it springs will last.

True, fervent love can never die!
'Tis tinged with ardor from on high;
None but the virtuous, good and pure,
E'er dream of love that will endure!

HAS SHE ANY TIN.

O do not paint her charms to me,
I know that she is fair!
I know her lips might tempt the bee,
Her eyes with stars compare.
Such transient gifts I ne'er could prize;
My heart they could not win;
I do not scorn my Mary's eyes,
But—"has she any tin?"

The fairest cheek, alas, may fade,
Beneath the touch of years!
The eyes that light and gladness played,
May soon grow dim with tears:
I would love's fires should at the last
Still burn as they begin;
But beauty's reign so soon is past,
So—"has she any tin?"

A Capital Story.

THE
BANDIT'S REVENGE.

CONCLUDED.

One of the three was speaking at the moment Francois found himself so near them, but in so low a tone that the youth could not catch his words; the rejoinder to it, however, fell distinctly on his ear. It was the butcher who spoke.

"Yes!" he exclaimed, fixing his eyes full on Ruberto, and bringing his fist to the table with such force that the wine bottles toppled; "yes, remember what your affairs have brought us to! When a boy of sixteen years, your proud words—it is something to know you had pride once—caused the suffering and death of your mother and her babe, and the beggary of your father and brothers. Yes, absolute beggary! for when I could not procure work, I wandered through the streets of Paris, a beggar; think of that,—and I a boy of fourteen! and when too old to beg, we become highwaymen. But it was not to keep myself or my brother from starving, that I was the one or the other; it was to obtain means to give you an education—to place you where you could be revenged on him who had ruined our family.—And when he a second time triumphed over you, hurled you from the enviable position in which you had placed yourself—by the circulation of an infamous libel—tore your wife from you, thereby causing her death, and he hoped, that of her babe,—we met your five brothers and their cousins, and swore to be revenged on your enemy, and make your son, if he lived, heir to the title of his mother's family! You drew up the terrible contract, and we signed it. A brother and a cousin have died on the scaffold for your sake. I have done more! I stole his heir, called him my own son, and brought him up in ignorance and crime. He fell by the hand of the executioner! He died bravely, and—"

The speaker interrupted himself by swallowing a large goblet of wine at a single draught, and as he sat down the glass, he glared around him, without speaking, for a moment; but as the countenances which met his gaze were unchanged—the face of the host was resting on his hand—he continued, though now in so low a tone that the secret listener could catch only a part of his words.

"And now perform your part of the contract—we will grant no longer delay. Give us Francois for our leader! we must explain to him to-night the part he is to perform in this enterprise." The rest was unintelligible to the youth, as was the reply of Ruberto, but his tones were low and full of entreaty.

They were interrupted, however, by Merle, who rose, as did the three men so strongly resembling him, from the table; and with an oath too horrible to be repeated, swore that unless Francois was given into their charge, they would the next day deliver themselves up to justice, and inform against their companions.

The reply of Ruberto was not heard by Francois, for the old woman seizing him by the arm drew him, not unwillingly, from the spot.

"One word, Lunette!" whispered the youth as they again found themselves above ground; "what relation do I bear those men? Is my father among them?"

But the woman only answered him by putting a purse of gold in his hand, and then opening the cabin door, pushed him from it.

By the window of a chateau overlooking the Rhone, sat, on a sweet evening in June, two individuals, the one a tall, handsome, fair-browed youth of twenty, and the other a beautiful, bright-eyed brunette, apparently about the same age. The young man, with his cheek resting on his hand, was gazing abstractedly on the sheet of water that was spread far out beyond the grounds of the chateau, and now silvered with the beams of the rising morn. The lady was toying with the strings of her guitar, and now and then humming snatches of some lively air; but the dark eyes that often turned furtively to her companion, had in them an expression which told that her thoughts were not altogether so care-free as the music she was breathing might have led one to suppose.

The apparently unconscious object of her regard at length turned towards her, "Lady Christabelle seems not inclined to practise her lesson to-night," he said; "if she has no further commands for me, I will retire from her presence."

A shadow flitted over the countenance of the lady, and the lifting of those little hands to her face was not sudden enough to prevent the young man from observing it, for the moonlight fell full on that round rosy cheek.

"What would the Marquis of D——, or the Count, who will be at the chateau to-morrow, not give to pass this sweet moonlight evening beside the daughter of d'Enghein?" and she laughed gaily: "but Monsieur le Professeur, whose company she might prefer to either, begs leave to retire, though Bella must, consequently, wile away this long evening alone." And then, pushing the guitar towards him, she added, in a changed tone, "Please run over my last lesson once, and then I would be left alone."

But the gayety and seriousness, the young man very plainly saw, were both affected; and instead of complying with her request, he was kneeling at her feet, and pouring into her ear words, the import of which, neither himself nor his companion seemed fully to comprehend.—They were, however, perfectly understood by an individual, who, unknown to them, stood in the embrazure of a window; and as the words of the young man fell on his ear, he laid his hand on his sword, and started as if he would spring towards them; but he restrained himself to catch the lady's reply.

"May I believe what you are saying, Francois?" she asked, timidly. "Nay, your word is enough; but we will talk of that hereafter. Now," and she laid her hand on his arm, and spoke in an earnest, rapid tone, "now I must think only of the safety of my cousin—Francois d'Enghein—the son of my father's sister, so Louise, your foster-mother, has told me you are; and your father is the great musician de Maestro, of whom nothing has been heard for so many years, but whom you have known as Ruberto! My father learned, three days since, who you are; but I have not dared to say to you, before, what I wished. Francois, your liberty, and I fear, life too, is in danger! Holy Mary—my father!"

But before the Count d'Enghein, who had stolen out from his hiding place, let fall the hand which was raised above the head of Francois, his arm was seized in the powerful grasp of one, who, secretly as himself, had found his way into the apartment; and at the furious call of the count, instead of his servants, a number of armed men rushed into the room.—They were all masked, but their leader, as he seemed to be, the individual who was grappling with the count, the young man instantly recognized, by the ejaculations which escaped his lips, as his old friend—Merle, the butcher. Francois fancied that the recognition was mutual; but most likely it was the figure of the young d'Enghein whose ignominious death he had caused, which was presented to Merle's mental vision; for the ruffian was very superstitious, and the form and features of Francois were strikingly similar to those of his cousin. For an instant he gazed on the youth, and then uttering a cry of agony, the butcher relaxed his hold on the count, and reeling backward, fell to the floor with the sword of d'Enghein in his breast.

The count was now defenceless and surrounded by half a dozen ruffians whose bright arms were glittering in the moonbeams; and a whisper in his ear had transfixed Francois to the spot where he was standing, supporting the fainting Christabelle in his arms.

"Count d'Enghein, do you know who we are?" asked the individual, who had addressed Francois, "and wherefore we are here?"

"I have cause to know!" answered the count.

"Truly you have!" said the mask; "and how soon shall it be before you will comply with our demands?"

"Never! stay, does the father of the boy live?"

"He is addressing you!"

"De Maestro—villain!" exclaimed d'Enghein, "I will die before your terms shall be complied with?"

"Count, we will not bandy words now," said the other, calmly: "you are aware, and so am I, that we are quits, though injuries have been done you by those who had sworn to be my avengers, which I would have prevented, had I been able. I would have given my life to save that of your boy, though you would gladly bereft me of mine. My companions are witnesses, that I am with them to-night to prevent bloodshed, though alas, I have not been able to do so. My thirst for revenge is quenched, and I ask now but justice for my son. Place in my hand the certificate of my marriage with the Lady Emilie—I know it to be in your possession—and swear to me that justice shall be done him and you shall never more be molested. We have always performed what we have promised you. Pause, before you decide; we can give you time, for your servants though unharmed, are all secured."

The count did pause, and he glanced towards Francois, in whom he had, previous to his discovery of the relationship the youth bore himself, felt a strong interest from the remarkable resemblance he perceived in him to his lost boy; the hope had been cherished that he was his own son, and the discovery of what he really was, was the result of his efforts to prove him to be so.

It was very likely much more, because he saw no other way of escaping the fury of the ruffians before him, who it was evident, liked not the dispassionate manner of their spokesman, than from any other reason, that he was induced to accede to the terms of de Maestro; though the thought did pass through his mind that he could regard the noble manly youth, whose year's residence in the chateau had so endeared him to the hearts of the inmates that he was treated more like a near relative, than the simple music teacher that he was, as his host.

"I will comply with your request," he said, "but only on this condition! Deliver up to justice those who caused the death of my son: or hand me my sword, and let the murderers stand forth one by one!"

"The matter has been already settled!" said de Maestro; "the only man among us who knew, until after his death, that the noble boy was your son, lies there!" and he pointed to the prostrate figure of Merle, now cold and lifeless.

The paper which, twice before, that band had searched the chateau to find, was placed in the hand of de Maestro, and the robbers disappeared, carrying their dead companion with them. They were never heard of after.

De Maestro, under his assumed name of Ruberto resided, for several years longer, in his cabin, with the old Lunette who was a relative of his family; but after the death of her father, whose life was undoubtedly shortened by the certainty of the fate of his boy, the lady Christabelle, now the happy wife of Francois—Count d'Enghein—persuaded him to take up his residence at the chateau; and her husband's kind foster-mother, the good Louise, who was now a widow, the countess also made a member of her family.

Clock Making.

Of all the inventions which conduce to household comfort and convenience, those must be considered the best which are adapted to the means, not of the rich alone, but of all sorts of people, and hence we cannot too much commend the ingenuity of those who have made that useful machine, the clock, attainable by all. Go where we may, whether into the log cabin of the far West, or into the neat farm house of New England, we are sure to hear the music of the bell of the Yankee Clock.

It is a matter of wonder what men did, in ancient times, without clocks or watches. They had, it is true, some defective method of ascertaining the time. The sun dial, for instance, appears to have been the most ancient. It was invented about one thousand years before the Christian era, and would have been a tolerable substitute for a clock if the sun would have had the goodness to abide twenty-four hours a day, and if the clouds would have been kind enough to keep out of the way. But, as men want to know the time at night and in cloudy weather these contrivances were much of the time useless.

The hour glass, the water clock, and other similar instruments, were very defective and inconvenient. The invention of machinery for measuring time, is ascribed to Pacificus, Archdeacon of Venice, in the ninth century, if we may trust the testimony of Uginilli. Others attribute the invention to Boethius, about the year 510; and some go back as far as Archimides, to whom they give the credit of the discovery. But we know for certain, that Edward the Third, of England, gave permission to three artists to come over from Holland and settle in England, to practice the art of clock making. This must have been about the year 1360. Their constructions, however defective compared with modern clocks, entirely superceded the instruments first named. They were regulated by a small fly-wheel; but this was soon abandoned for the pendulum, which has ever since been used, except in spring clocks. They were called nocturnal dials, to distinguish them from sun dials. These ancient machines did not strike the hour. The striking part was a much later invention.

Before we proceed to describe the improved mode of clock making at present in use, we would remark that a very ingenious machine was invented by Mr. G. Dyer, of Vermont, which differed in every respect from the common clock. So simple was it in its construction, that only two wheels were required to continue the operation for eight days without winding up; and three wheels would do this for a year. With all its apparent advantages, however, it has never been in general use.

The Dutch, many years ago, manufactured large quantities of wooden clocks, which were sold all over the continent of Europe, and in England. They varied in price from four to twenty and thirty dollars. But it remained for the present age, and the ingenuity of our country to bring this useful machine within the reach of every one, in an elegant form, which renders it as ornamental as it is useful.

We have often heard the question—How is it possible that such handsome clocks can be made at such a low price? We will describe the process in one of the principal manufactories in Connecticut, which may, we presume, be taken as a specimen of the whole. The manufactory in Forrestville employs about eighty men, each of them engaged in a distinct part of the work. This manufactory alone sends out about sixty thousand clocks every year, varying in price from fifty cents to six dollars. None are now made of wood, brass being found quite as economical. The machinery consisting of cutting-presses, rolling mills, lathes, draw benches, stamps, &c, is worked by water, or by steam. The brass for the frame of the clock, and for the various wheels, is rolled in the flattening mill to a proper thickness. This operation renders it hard and more durable. It is then cut by the press into the various sizes required for the wheels and other parts—the cutting of the teeth of the wheels being performed afterwards, by a different machine. The parts, thus roughly prepared, and then passed to the hands who dress them perfectly smooth. The wire for axles, pendulums, pins, &c, is drawn at the draw bench. Nothing now remains but to put the parts together. The number of wheels varies in different clocks, from four to ten.

When we consider the immense number of clocks made by the establishment alluded to, and consider further that there are in the country about 10 more manufactories on an extensive scale, the total number made, cannot, we estimate, fall short of four hundred thousand annually. The weight of brass in each, is about two pounds, which makes a total of 800,000 pounds. But in order to obtain this in a finished state, at least 1,500,000 lbs or seven hundred and fifty tons of gross metal is required.—The result is, we have clocks which may be sold at a very low price, and yet yield a fair profit to the manufacturer, while in distant lands, and in our own frontier settlements, the rich and the poor alike are in the enjoyment of the cheap and democratic luxury of a Yankee clock.

FEMALE BEAUTY.

People differ very much in the matter of taste, and what one nation considers a beauty in personal appearance, another would set down as a deformity. It is so in relation to other matters, manners and customs, style of dress, etc. It is not alone the "human form divine" that exhibits food for this great diversity of taste. Probably, however, there is no subject on which there is so much difference of opinion, "among the nations of the earth," as there is in the matter of what constitutes female beauty. A Broadway or Washington street belle would make a sorry appearance in the bazaars of Constantinople; and the prettiest Yankee girl in all New England would be thought hideous by the ladies who bow before the throne of the emperor of Japan.

Let us consider some of the customs of the women of various nations. The ladies of Arabia stain their fingers and toes red, their eyebrows black, and their lips blue. In Persia, they paint a black streak around the eyes, and ornament their faces with various figures. The Japanese woman gild their teeth, and those of the Indies paint them red. The row of teeth must be dyed black to be beautiful in Guzurat. The Hottentot women paint the entire body in compartments of red and black. In Greenland the women color their faces with blue and yellow, and they frequently tattoo their bodies by saturating threads in soot, inserting them beneath the skin, and then drawing them through. Hindoo females, when they wish to appear particularly lovely, smear themselves with a mixture of saffron, tumeric and grease. In nearly all the islands of the Pacific and Indian oceans, the women, as well as the men, tattoo a great variety of figures on the face, lips and tongue, and the whole body.

In New Holland the females cut themselves with shells, and by keeping open the wounds a long time, form deep scars in the flesh, which they deem highly ornamental. And another singular addition is made to their beauty by taking off, in infancy, the little finger of the left hand, at second joint. In ancient Persia, an aquiline nose was often thought worthy of the crown; but the Sumatran mother carefully flattened the nose of her daughter. Among some of the savage tribes of Oregon, and also in Sumatra and Arracan, continual pressure is applied to the skull, in order to flatten it and thus give it a new beauty. The modern Persians have a strong aversion to red hair; the Turks, on the contrary, are very warm admirers of it.

In China small round eyes are liked; and the girls are continually plucking their eyebrows that they may be thin and long. But the great beauty of a Chinese lady is in her feet, which in childhood are so compressed by bandages as effectually to prevent any further increase in size. The four smaller toes are turned under the foot, to the sole of which they firmly adhere; and the poor girl, not only endures much, but becomes a cripple for life. Another mark of beauty consists in having finger nails so long that the castings of bamboo are necessary to preserve them from injury. An African beauty must have small eyes, thick lips, a large, flat nose, and a skin beautifully black.—In New Guinea, the nose is perforated, and a large piece of wood or bone inserted. On the northwest coast of America, an incision more than two inches in length is made in the lower lip, and then filled with a wooden plug. In Guiana, the lips are pierced with thorns, the heads being inside the mouth, and the point resting on the chin. The Tunisian woman, of moderate pretensions to beauty, needs a slave under each arm to support her when she walks, and a perfect belle carries flesh enough to load down a camel. And thus we might go on instancing until we wearied the reader's patience; but we have said enough to show how vastly people differ in their estimate of what constitutes female beauty.

The Ocean and its Depth.

Professor Olmstead, of New Haven, has contributed to the last number of the New Englander (a quarterly publication) an article entitled "a Philosophical Survey of the Ocean," from which we extract the following paragraph. The author commends highly the labors of Lieut. Maury.

The waters of the ocean cover nearly three-fourths (or more exactly, five-sevenths) of the surface of the globe; and of the the thirty-eight millions of miles of dry land in existence, twenty-eight belong to the northern hemisphere.—The mean depth of the ocean has been variously stated, but may for the present be taken at four miles; the numerous soundings now in progress will soon enable us to speak with more definiteness on this point. Enough has already been done to prove that the depth is exceedingly unequal; that like the surface of the earth the bottom of the ocean here rises in mountain peaks, and there sinks in deep valleys. Until recently the deepest sounding ever made was that by Captain Scoresby in the polar seas, which was short of a mile and a half. As late as 1848, the maximum sounding was that of Captain Ross, in the south Atlantic, and gave 27,600 feet or a little over five miles, without finding bottom. But more recently, at a point of the Atlantic farther north, Lieut. Walsh, of the U. S. schooner Taney, without reaching bottom, to the depth of 34,200 feet, or nearly 6½ miles. Within a short time Capt. Dinham communicated to the Royal Society a report of having reached the bottom of the Atlantic, in a passage from Rio Janeiro to the Cape of Good Hope, at the astonishing depth of 7,706 fathoms, or 8¾ miles; a depth so profund, that the plummet occupied in its decent from the reel nearly 9½ hours. From these results it appears that the depth of the ocean exceed the heights of the mountains, since the loftiest summits of the Himmalaya are a little more than 28,000 feet, or 5¼ miles. Notwithstanding these in the immediate vicinity of places where no bottom could be found, were spots of no uncommon depths. These facts indicate that the bed of the ocean is diversified like the surface of the earth. The Gulf of Mexico is thought not to exceed on an average one mile; and the Greenland seas are of such moderate depth, that whales, when harpooned, often run to the bottom, as is indicated by appearance when they rise again to the surface. Whales are even supposed to seek a part of their food at the bottom of the sea.

The Love of Nature.

How many are there to whom the lustre of the rising or setting sun, the sparkling concave of the midnight sky, the mountain forest tossing and roaring to the sky, or warbling with all the melodies of a summer evening; the sweet interchange of hill and dale, shade and sunshine, grove, lawn, and water, which an extensive landscape offers to the view; the scenery of the ocean, so lovely, so majestic, and so tremendous; and the many pleasing varieties of the animal and vegetable kingdom—could never afford so much real satisfaction as he steams and noise of a ball-room, the insipid fiddling and squeaking of an opera, or the vexations and wranglings of a card table!—But some minds there are of a different make, who, even in the early part of life receive from the contemplation of nature a species of delight, which they would hardly exchange for any other; and who, as avarice and ambition are not the infirmities of that period, would, with equal sincerity and rapture, exclaim—

"I care not, Fortune, what you me deny;
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Thro' which Aurora shows her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns by living streams at eve."

To a mind thus disposed, no part of creation is indifferent. In the crowded city and howling wilderness, in the cultivated province and solitary isle, in the flowery lawn and craggy mountain, in the murmur of the rivulet and in the uproar of the ocean, in the radiance of summer and gloom of winter, in the thunder of heaven and in the whisper of the breeze, he still finds something to rouse or to soothe his imagination, to draw forth his affections, or to employ his understanding. This happy sensibility to the beauties of nature should be cherished in young persons. It engages them to contemplate the Creator in his wonderful works; it purifies and harmonizes the soul, and prepares it for moral and intellectual discipline; it supplies a never failing sources of amusement; it contributes even to bodily health; and, as a strict analogy subsists between material and moral beauty, it leads the heart by an easy transition from one to the other, and thus recommends virtue for its transcendent loveliness, and makes vice appear the object of contempt and abomination. An intimate acquaintance with the best descriptive poets—Spenser, Milton, and Thomson, but above all with the divine Georgic—joined to some practice in the art of drawing, will promote this amiable sensibility in early years; for then the face of nature has novelty superadded to its other charms, the passions are not pre-engaged, the heart is free from care, and the imagination warm and romantic.

BLOSSOMS OF THOUGHT.

He has good sense, the rest follows.—*La Fontaine.*

Do not allow grass to grow on the road of friendship.—*Madame Geoffrin.*

Cheerful looks make every dish a feast, and 'tis that crowns a welcome.—*Massinger.*

Persons without energy, allow things to go as they come, always hoping that everything will go well.—*Madame Riccoboni.*

It is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rich in providence, stern upon the poles of truth.—*Lord Bacon.*

A vacant mind invites dangerous inmates, as a deserted mansion tempts wandering outcasts to enter and take up their abode in its desolate apartments.—*Hillard.*

They that are against superstition, oftentimes run into it of the wrong side. If I wear all colors but black, then I am superstitious in not wearing black.—*Selden.*

Mere bashfulness without merit is awkward; and merit without modesty is insolent. But modest merit has a double claim to acceptance.—*Hughes.*

If strict justice be not the rudder of all our other virtues, the faster we sail, the further we shall find ourselves from that haven where we would be.—*Colton.*

Sunsets in themselves are generally superior to sunrises; but with the sunset we appreciate images drawn from departed peace and faded glory.—*Hillard.*

Americans Kneel only to God.

The following incident is said to have occurred, during the revolutionary struggle, in a conversation between a British officer and a young lady, at the house of her uncle who was suspected of favoring the Tory cause.

The conversation turned on the subject of liberty, and the success of the American arms, both of which the officer treated with levity and contempt, adding, "Wait a few months more and you will see the whole party with the much glorified Washington at their heads, humbly begging for his majesty's forgiveness before the royal governor. They won't think of liberty when on their knees. I warrant you."—"Americans kneel!" exclaimed Aurora, suddenly rising from the harpsichord, her eyes flashing like an enraged Pythoness. "Americans kneel! Never, while an American heartstone is left unturned by rain's ploughshare, while an American forest clothes a hill in leafly verdure, while one foundation of an American church stands unshaken by the kings' artillery, while heaven lends Americans life, and, you oppressors are but human flesh—so long, sir, you will never see our gallant Washington, and his brave troops kneel before the minions of your monarchs! No, sir! Americans kneel only to God!"

The Mother.

It has been truly said: The first being that rushes to the recollection of a soldier or a sailor in his heart's difficulty, is his mother. She clings to his memory and his affections, in the midst of all the forgetfulness and hardihood induced by a roving life. The last message he leaves is for her, his last whisper breathes her name. The mother, as she instils the lesson of piety and filial obligation into the heart of her infant son, should always feel that her labor is not in vain. They may drop into the grave—but she has left behind her influences that will work for her. The bow is broken, but the sorrow is sped and will do its office.