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Poetical.

VOICES OF SPRING.

BY MISS CHARLOTTE ALLEN.

There are voices whispering round us, Breathing gently airs of love; Hands unseem the harp-strings waking, Enamating from above.

COME TO ME IN DREAMS.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Come in beautiful dreams, love, Oh! come to me oft, When the light wing of Sleep On my bosom lays soft;

Odds and Ends.

A GAL'S WASTE.—A school boy "down east," who was noted among his play-fellows for his frolic with the girls; was reading aloud in the Old Testament, when, coming to the phrase, "making waste places glad," he was asked by the pedagogue what it meant.

A Capital Story. NEVER DESPAIR.

In 1760, Maine had, here and there scanty settlements along the coast, and on the banks of beautiful rivers, whose sources had never been touched or tracked by the white man.

There lived, long ago, a family of the early settlers of New England. It consisted, according to veritable history, (we refer to Holme's Annals,) of twenty-six children. William, one of the youngest sons, is the hero of our tale.

The mother was at once notified, and enraged that her only daughter should throw herself away upon a poor apprentice. Like all good mothers, who forget they were once young, Mrs. Mason did not remember that the more she meddled with such delicate webs, the more tangled they became.

Mr. Mason had learned from sad experience, extending over a period of years, that however much he might order his business out of doors, within his threshold his dominion ceased.

William with a bursting heart, had only an opportunity to clasp Mary to his arms for a moment, and, as their hearts beat high with the purest affection, they vowed before God, never to marry unless they could be united to each other.

William did not rave and tear his hair; nor did Mary faint; after the approved style of Bulwer or James. He did not threaten to take her from home and live on love in a mountain cot upon the wood-crowned summits of Maine.

William departed for Boston. Ere long he ascertained that a ship was soon to sail for London; he engaged as common sailor before the mast, and soon acquired a knowledge of his duties. A heavy gale came on as they sighted the coast of Ireland.

on the rocks, he felt that his hour had come and his thoughts, which concentrated in a moment whole years of memory, flew to the home of his childhood, and the haunts of his early love; and as the image of Mary stood out before him—a burst in grief from his heart.

He had rescued a daughter of the Duke of Albenmarle. Assistance came from the inhabitants of the neighborhood. A country gentleman, acquainted with the Duke, rendered every aid that care could bestow.

At length he found his way to London, and unable to pursue his trade with advantage, he slipped for the East Indies. After a few years beating around the world, and slowly gaining the office of a mate of a vessel, once more he was in London, having again been wrecked and lost.

She now insisted upon his going home with her. She had never ceased to be anxious for his fate. She thanked God that she was once more able to testify her gratitude for his services and noble daring.

He was received in the most cordial manner by her husband, and the duke, her father, who gallantly told him he was indebted to William for his daughter, while Sir Walter Worthley was equally indebted to him for his wife.

He was provided with every comfort, as though he were a most distinguished guest, instead of a homeless wanderer from whom success had fled.

At the supper table, the conversation broken in upon by his appearance, was resumed by the duke and Sir Walter; it related to the wreck of a Spanish vessel which had been richly laden with specie and bar gold, and lost on the Bahamas.

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him, and made him a knight in proof of his regard, and conferred upon him at the suggestion of the duke, the desirable office of high sheriff of New England.

Afterwards he commanded an expedition against Port Royal, which he captured. Other stations of importance were intrusted to his charge. And always did he exhibit the strong and stern elements of the man he promised to be, when a friendless boy he was working in the ship-yard of Pemaquid.

He became Governor of Massachusetts in 1692. He had nobly fulfilled the vow never to marry until he could command the respect of the mother of Mary. He had written to his love, still for many years they had not met.

Great preparations were going on in the governor's mansion: It was splendidly illuminated. An assemblage of wealth, and honor, and beauty of Triountain had conspired to make the affair a brilliant one. The halls were beautifully decorated and adorned with beautiful paintings; among them was a fine picture of a shipwreck.

Beautiful womanhood added rather than detracted from the early loveliness of Mary. A calm and holy joy, a repose of spirit known only to the virtuous and the happy, rested like an angel's smile upon the brow of Mary, then bride of William Phillips, the Colonial Governor of Massachusetts!—Olive Branch.

The Little Street Beggar.

BY GEORGE CANNING HILL.

The following story is a jewel. We ask for it a careful perusal from all our young friends. It was the morning of new year, that had just set in, bright, golden and beautiful.

There was a little girl—a child of poverty, on that new year's morning—walking the streets with the gray crowd that swept past her. Her little feet had grown so numb, encased only in thin shoes, and those badly worn, that she could but with difficulty move one before the other.

Just like the old year was the new to her. Just like the last year's wants, and last year's sufferings, were the wants and sufferings of this! The change of the year brought no change in her condition with it.

In the old and cheerless room gleamed no bright fires of anniversary. No evergreens, no wreaths, no flowers, save a few old withered ones, decked her time-stained walls. There was no sound of merry voices within the door, to say to the Widow Gray—

"A happy new year to you, Mrs. Gray." Heaven seemed to have walled her and her abode out from the happiness that was all the world's on that festive day of the year. It had provided to all appearances, no congratulations, no laughter, no gifts, no flowers for them.

Little Elsie stopped at times and breathed her hot breath upon her blue and benumbed fingers, and stamped her tiny feet in their cements with all the force left in them, and then big tears stood trembling in her large blue eyes for a moment, and rolled slowly down her purple cheeks, as if they would freeze to them.

"Has any one hurt you?" asked the feeling little fellow. She shook her head negatively. "Have you lost your way?" he persisted. "No," answered the child quite audibly.

"What is the matter, then?" he asked. "Mother is poor and sick, and I am cold and hungry. We have nothing to eat. Our room is quite cold, and there is no wood for us. Oh! you do not know all."

"Where do you live?" "Will you go with me?" asked Elsie, her face brightening. "Yes, let me go with you," said he; "show me the way."

The bright-faced, sunny-hearted boy gazed in astonishment upon the mother and child. The scene was new to him. He wondered if this was what they called poverty. His eyes looked sad upon the wasted mother, but they glittered with wonder when turned towards Elsie.

"You may have that," said he, holding it out to the child. "Oh, you are too good. You are very generous, I fear!" as if she ought not to take it from him.

"Mother will give me another if I want," said he. "It will do you a great deal of good, and I do not need it. Take it, take it, you shall take it," and he was instantly gone.

It was a gold coin of the value of five dollars! Mother and child wept together. Then they talked of the great joy whose heart had opened for them on New Year's day. Then they let their fancies run and glow wild and revel as they choose.

They looked at the glistening piece. There was bread, and fuel and clothing, and every comfort in its depths. They continued to gaze upon it. Now they saw within its rim pictures of delight and joy; visions of long rooms, all wreathed and decorated with visions of evergreens and flowers; visions of smiling faces and happy children; sights of merry voices, and the charming music bells, the accent of innocent tongues and the laugh of gladness hearts.

The grateful estimation of coffee, when properly prepared, is almost universal. It has been the favorite beverage of many distinguished men, Leibnitz, Voltaire, Frederick the great of Prussia, and Napoleon. It is used by all classes of the people in Europe. As a medicine, strong coffee is a powerful stimulant and cordial; and in the paroxysms of asthma, it is one of the best remedies. In faintness, or exhaustion from labor and fatigue, it is one of the most cordial and delicious restoratives.

We are aware of the modern theory recommended by some, which would exclude not only ardent spirits and other fermented liquors, but animal food, coffee and tea; and allow only of a vegetable and milk diet. We will not quarrel with such benevolent men. But it remains to be proved, that water, milk, and vegetable diet will secure the health and vigor as effectually as something more substantial and nutritious. Yet, as the zealous advocates of temperance, we would not be thought to discourage the most plain and simple diet, which consists with the athletic and laborious duties of man.

Ardent spirits are never necessary; not even as a medicine. Other remedies are equally efficacious in all cases; and, as a drink, even in a moderate use, it is always injurious. Wine, porter, and cider may also be used to purposes of temperance. But whether these must be entirely proscribed as well as ardent spirits, for the promotion of temperance, we do not undertake to decide. The apostolic advice is, "to be temperate in all things."