The Lehigh Register

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### Boetical.

### VOICES OF SPRING.

BT MISS CHARLOTTE ALLEN.

There are voices whispering round us, Breathing gently airs of love ; Hands unseen the harp-strings waking Emanating from above. As I list their softened measure, Rich in cadence, soft and clear,

Then the spirit-stirring powers, Joyous utters,-" Spring is here !"

Skies are bright, and birds are warbling Forth their swelling notes of praise ; Sunbeams on the water sparkling, Dance in numbers to their lays Grass is springing round our footsteps, Plants are bursting into life; While the fields and meadows smiling, Speak the the the with incense rife.

As the breezes on the river Tremulously pass along, I can read their notes melodious, For they sing the cheerful song-That the Spring is fast unfolding All its beauties to our sight ; And the face of Nature's teeming With the love of heaven bright.

### 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 bosoin lays soft; Oh ! come when the sea, In the moons's gentle light, Beats low on the car Like the pulse of the night-When the sky and the wavo Wear their loveliest blue, When the dew's on the flower And the star on the dew.

Come in beautiful dreams, love, Oh! come and we'll stray, Where the whole year is crowned With the blossoms of May-Where each sound is as sweet As the coo of the dove, And the gales are as soft As the breathings of love ; Where the beams kiss the waves, And the waves kiss the beach, And our warm lips may catch The sweet lessons they teach

Come in beautiful dreams, love, Oh ! come and we'll fly Like two winged spirits Of love through the sky; With hand clasped in hand On our dream wings we'll go, Where the starlight and moonlight Are blending their glow : And on bright clouds we'll linger Of purple and gold, Till love's angels envy The bliss they behold.

Odds und Ends.



# A PAULLY SOUBJAL --- NEUTBAL IN POLITI

Local and General News, Agriculture, Education, Morality, Amu Devoted to

## ALLENTOWN, PA., MARCH 28, 1855.

A Capital Story on the rocks, he felt that his hour had come 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 .-Near the mouth of one of those streams which flow broad and deep into the sea was Pema-

quid. 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. He was a hard . we and daring boy. He had a fair, open countenance, which disclosed among other desirable qualities, energy and a fixed and stubborn will, to accomplish whatever he deemed worth while to undertake. His manners might seem rude in a brilliant dress party of the present day, and to partake more of the run of woods than the culture of fashion. At the age of seventeen he commenced a trade with a ship carpenter. He quickly proved his ready ability and inclination to do his duty. Still he found time to fall in love with his master's daughter-a sweet and gentle girl, yet of strong mind-in whose society he was thrown. He had gained her affection and confidence before his master knew how great an inroad had been made in his daughter's heart.

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. She was no sooner satisfied that the young couple were in carnest; and that Mary could not be moved from her affection by her mother's opposition, than she assailed her husband in no gentle manner. She insisted upon dismissing William, and thus break the connection. She would not suffersuch things and he ought not to permit them ; she enlarged upon the certain disgrace of Mary's marrying one so much below her in birth and expectation. She had many hopes that her daughter, so beautiful and fair would some day form a connection with one of the wealthy families of Baltimore, where her relatives chiefly resided.

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. At home Caudle reigned with undisputed swayand so he submitted to lose a good profitable

and his thoughts, which concentrated in a mo ment 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. "Farewell Mary," he said, but the roaring winds heeded him not; and the rude rocks rent the ship, and the waves danced in wild and crested foam around him. But as the morning broke and the beach seemed near, hope revived in his heart; if the ship could hold together a little onger. Just then he heard the shrick of a fenale voice which appeared to be at the entrance of the cabins, which had burst open by the workings of the vessel; and looking in that direction, he saw a beautiful woman-a passenger who had spoken kind words to him on the voyage. The water in the cabin had driven her upon deck, where she had stood in speechless agony till now. He rushed forward and grasped her in his arms, for a wave was coming and the ship was breaking up beneath their fult ; its heavy timbers were split into fragments, which the sea tossed far and wide. He sprang over the side upon the bosom of the rolling wave, which dashed shoreward and cast him almost lifeless up n the beach. The shock recovered him ; he held his charge firmly in his embrace. But another he saw was coming which might take them back into the boiling abyss. He struggled up the beach, dragging the senseless form of the woman till he was in safety. Then he laid her down upon the cold wet sand, and smoothed back her locks, and strove to recall the life which seemed to have departed from her sweet, pale countenance, He had rescued a daughter of the Duke of Albemarle. Assistance came from the inhabitants of the neighborhood. A country gentlenan, acquainted with the Duke, rendered every

aid that care could bestow. With gratitude known only to those who are rescued from death, she strove to 'induce William to receive some costly jewelry which she preserved about her person, and to go to England and receive some valuable gift from her father. He would receive nothing but a note of introduction which he never intended to present.

At length he found his way to London, and mable to pursue his trade with advantage, he shipped 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. He had lost also his captain, who had promised to aid him to get a vessel that he might command in person. By the second

wreck, he also lost his acquisitions in the East ; and was poor as ever, and a stranger in a strange land. Worn down by misfortune, and also broken hearted, he was wandering apprentice, that he might prevent his becoming through the streets of the metropolis, and re- just set in, bright, golden and beautiful. The a son-in-law---although it was difficult for tho father of Mary to see why William would not He had written as opportunity had occurred,

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

Afterwards he commanded an expedition against Pert Royal, which he captured. -Other stations of importance were intrusted to his charge. And always did ho 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 .--But it had become a subject of general remark. and a matter of speculation, how it could happen that the Governor had so much to call him way from the capitol to the eastward. However that might be, Pemaquid had its share of attention.

Great preparations were going on in the governor's mansion. It was splendidly illuminated. An assemblage of wealth, and honor, and beauty of Trimountain had conspired to make the affair a brilliant one. The halls were beau tifully decorated and adorned with beautiful paintings ; among them was a fine picture of a shipwreck. The windows were shaded with royal purple drapery curtains, lined with silk and trimmed with gold lace and tassels, a present from Queen Mary of England, the royal consort of William, who was crowned in 1084.-Rare exoties and beautiful flowers from the garden of opulcace were exhaling their perfomes on the air. Soft and rich music burst forth, and the light and merry flet responded to the stirring strain. And the hour went by like a pleasing dream. But the chief object of attraction was the charming bride of the governor, whose marriage was then celebrated .-Then was sanctioned and consecrated those yows which had been hallowed in heaven, and were uttered long before by the youthful hearts at Penaquid, as their good genius bade them never to designing.

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 Phipps, the Celenial Governor of Massachusetts !- Olive Branch.

## The Little Street Beggar.

BY GEORGE CANNING HILL.

The following story is a jewel. We ask for t a careful perusal from all our young friends. It was the morning of new year, that had volving whither he should direct his course .- | sun glistened like jewelled raiment in the cloudless sky. The chiming of the silvery sounds

#### " 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 cat. Our room is quite cold, and there is no wood for us. Oh ! you do not know all." "But I will," replied the manly boy .---

' Where do you live ?" "Will you go with me ?" asked Efsic, her

face brightening. "Yes, let me go with you," said he ; "show

me the way."

Through street, lane and alley, she guided im. They reached the door of the hovel .-The cold breath of the wind whistled in the cracks and crevices and keyholes before them, as if inviting them in. They entered. A sick woman feelly raised her head from the pillow, and gave her a sweet smile. " Elsie, have you come? she faintly said.

"Yes, mother," answered the child, " and have brought this boy with me. I do not know who he is, but he said he wanted to come and sce where we live. Did I do wrong to bring him, mother ?"

"No, my child," said the mother, "if he knows how to pity you from his little heart ; but he cannot pity me yet-he is not old enough."

The bright-faced, sunny-hearted boy gazed The scene was new to him. He wondered if Lisic. Suddenly they filled with tears. The does not support the supposition. want and and woe, the barrenness, the desolaed at the cold, uncovered floor. He gazed ardent spirits and other fermented liquors, but dered wonderingly over the naked walls, looko the child.

ern parts o. Europe. tion into England is, that one Edwards, who The story of its introduchad been a merchant in Turkey, in 1652. brought with him on his return, a servant; who was acquainted with the method of roasting coffee, and making it into a beverage .---Afterwards, a house was kept by this person for the sale of coffice, in London. In Paris, it was hardly known, till the arrival of the Turkish ambassador there in 1669. A public coffe house was soon after opened in that city.

"The grateful estimation of coffee, when propeily prepared, is almost universal. It has been the favorite beverage of many distinguished men, Leibnitz, Voltaire, Frederick the great of Prussia, and Nopoleon. 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. But much depends on the preparation by roasting (not burning), and the duration of time it is subject to boiling. The objection to its strength with every one, is readily removed by the use of milk ; which, at the same time, adds to the nutriment of this agreeable beverage. The

conjecture sometimes made, that coffee is unwholesome, seems not to be confirmed by facts or experience. It neither shortens life, nor stimulate. If it has a tendency to produce this was what they called poverty. His such effects, it ought to be relinquished, as eyes looked and upon the wasting mother, but much as ardent spirits. But the observation they glittered with wonder when turned towards of the most careful and intelligent physicians We are aware of the modern theory recomtion, were all too much for him. He shudder- mended by some, which would exclude not only mournfully into the fireplace. Ilis eyes wan- animal food, coffee and tea; and allow only of a vegetable and milk diet. We will not quaring so uninvitingly and cheerless. Putting his rel with such benevolent men. But it remains hand into his pocket he grasped the coin that to be proved, that water, milk, and vegetable his mother had that very morn given him, and diet will secure the health and vigor as effectually as something more substantial and nutri-"You may have that," said he, holding it out tous. Yet, as the zealous advocates of temperance, we would not be thought to discourage the most plain and simple diet, which consists erous, I fear !" as it she ought not to take it with the athletic and laborious duties of man .-Ardent spirits are never necessary ; not even as a medicine. Other remedies are equally effleacious 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 It was a gold coin of the value of five of intemperance. But whether these must be entirely proscribed as well as ardent spirits, for the promotion of temperance, we do not talked of the gent 'any whose heart had opened undertake to decide. The apostolic advice is, " to be temperate in all things."

CA GAL'S WASTE .- A school boy " down cast," who was noted among his play-fellows for his frolics 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 what it meant .--The youngster paused-scratched his headbut could give no answer, when up jumped a more precocious urchin, and cried out : " I know what it means, master. It means hugging the gals ; for Tom Ross is allers huggin round the waist, and it makes 'em as glad

a great happiness, and has no more right to. bundle herself under a veil or any similar abomination, than the sun has to put on green spectacles.

07". I always think,' said a reverend guest, that a certain quantity of wine does a man no harm after dinner.' 'Oh, no, sir,' replied the host, 'it is, the uncertain quantity that does the mischief.'

D>He who thinks he can find within him self the means of doing without others is much mistaken; but he who thinks that others cannot do without him is still more mistaken.

IFIt is ordinary for one man to build his fortune out of the ruins of another. When the tree begins once to fall, every one hastens to gather sticks.

The good of the community is often connected with harm to individuals. But they who suffer from one improvement are benefitted by a hundred.

There are no hands upon the clock of sternity, there is no shadow upon its dial .--The very hours of heaven will be measured by the sunshine-not by the shadow.

Many a tender tie is broken, Many a gentle heart distrest, By a carcless sentence spoken,

Spoken only as a jest.

DA person who undertakes to raise himself by scandalizing others, might as well sit down on a wheelbarrow and try to wheel himself.

Truth is known but of a very fewthe world.

inke a respectable husband. He was not however, allowed to rest until he had fairly turned the poor fellow out of doors. 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.

"I shall leave the country," said he, "I shall brave the storm and sea, and I will seek in foreign lands, that fortune, which is necessary for our union with your mother's consent." Her feelings were calm and deep, and she was

us fixed as a mountain in her purposes, and she told him so. "Come back," said Mary, when you can, and you will find my heart as ruly yours as ever, if I live ; seek my grave stone if dead, and you will there find my maiden name."

William did not rave and tear his hair ; no did Mary faint, after the approved style of Bulwer or James. He did not threaten to take her rom home and live on love in a mountain cot

upon the wood crowned summits of Maine, He n fact, (how unsentimental he was) did not swear to shuffle off his mortal coil, by the direct agency of pining, powder or poison. But after the first agony of separation and dash of his youthful dreams and carly hopes had passed, he determined to be a man, and achieve a victory over the mother, as he had over the daughter,

by more endearing qualities. William departed for Boston. Ere long he scertained 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. They struggled, for welve hours to keep the ship from going ashord; having done all that it was possible for men to do, in anxiety and despair they awaited the result. They drifted on a leeshore, and as she struck, the sea made a breach over her from stern to stern, and carried away

almost every man on deck. William clung to the rigging, until her masts had gone, and

taken with them beneath the surging waves while false opinions go current with the rest of every other sailor. As the vessel was breaking mination of the voyage caused the bestewal on

out had never received a single line from home or a word from Mary. He knew not whether she was false or dead, or still true. His dreams of greatness and success began to melt away in thin air, one by one, as the mist wreathes from

the mountain summit. As he was listlessly called to the coachman, and seized William by the hands, and wept upon his shoulder. It was the wife of Sir Walter Worthley, whom he had saved from the wreck, years before.

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 suc cess had fled.

At the supper table, the conversation broken n 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 Baha mas. The possibility of recovering the pro perty was in debate. It attracted the undivided attention of our hero. At length he ven tured to make a suggestion upon the matter, which indicated to the gentlemen his ability and enterprise. And finally, he engaged to undertake the hazard of recovering the property. It was accepted ; they fitted out the expedition, which he commanded. His first voyage was unsuccessful. But the duke was so impressed with his ability, that he did not hesitate to send him again. This time he more than fulfilled every expectation. He recovered three hundred thousand pounds sterling .--Sixteen thousand came to him as his proportion, which the generous duke increased to fif-

ty thousand, or \$250,000. The favorable terup by the force of the waves, and by thumping him of much praise. Even the King noticed even though those hot tears only dripped on the have vanished at once, and his heart have flow.

of the bells struck joyfully upon the listener in every street. The air was cold, though not piercing : bracing though not biting ; just cold enough, in truth, to diffuse life and elasticity into every one that moved.

There was a little girl-a child of poverty, on passing along the streets, he beheld an elegantly that new year's morning-walking the streets attired lady riding in an open carriage. She with the gay 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. Her checks shook at every step she took, and her lips looked truly purple. Alas! poor Elsie Gray ! She was a little beggar ! Just like the old year was the new to her. Jus

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. Slie was poor, her

mother was a widoweand an invalid and the child was a poor beggar ! 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.-Why ? Were they outcasts ? Had they outraged their claims on the wide world's charity ? Had they voluntarily shut themselves out from the sunlight of the living creatures around them ? No! shamo take the world that it must be so answered for them. Mrs. Gray was poor!

Little Elsie stopped at times and breathed her hot breath upon her blue and benumbed fingers, and stamped her tiny feet in their casements 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. She had left her mother in bed, sick, exhausted and famishing ! What wonder that she cried,

" Oh, you are too good. You are very genfrom 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. dollars !

Mother and child wept together. Then they for them on New Year's day. Then they let. their fancies run and grow 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 merty voices, and the charming music bells, the accent of innocent tongues and the hugh of gladsome hearts. Ah ! what a philosopher stone was that coin ! How it turned everything first into gold and then into happiness! How it grouped around kind and cheerful friends, and filled their cars with kind voices ! How it garlanded all hours of that day with evergreens and full blown roses! How it spread them a laden table, and crowded it with merry guests :

and those guests, too, all satisfied and happy ! Oh, what bright rays shone forth from that trifling coin of gold. Could it have been so bright in the child's or man's dark pocket ?-No : clse it had before then burnt its very way through and lent its radiance to others. Could it have shone with such visions in the rich man's hands? No; clse his avarice would