

The Lehigh Register
Is published in the Borough of Allentown,
Lehigh County, Pa., every Wednesday, by
HAINES & DIEFFENDERFER,
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 arrears are
paid.
Office in Hamilton street, two doors west
of the German Reformed Church, directly oppo-
site Moser's Drug Store.
Letters on business must be **POST PAID**,
otherwise they will not be attended to.

JOB PRINTING.
Having recently added a large assortment of
fashionable and most modern styles of type, we
are prepared to execute, at short notice, all
kinds of Book, Job, and Fancy Printing.

A Beautiful Story.

ORIGIN AND DESTINY.

Among those who aspired to the hand of Laura Woodville, was a young man named Percival, whose father, a poor day laborer, had, by self-denial through many years, succeeded in giving him an education beyond what was usually acquired at that time by those in the lower walks of life. When sixteen years of age, an attorney of some eminence, who perceived in the lad more than ordinary ability, took him into his office, and raised him to the profession of the law. At the time of which we write Percival, who was twenty-five years old, had already gained some reputation at the bar, having conducted to a successful issue several very important cases.

Mr. Woodville, to the hand of whose daughter, as has just been seen, Percival aspired, was a merchant in rather reduced circumstances, but connected with certain families more distinguished for aristocratic pride than virtue. This connection was the more valued in consequence of the loss of wealth through disasters in trade, and the inability to keep up those external appearances which dazzle the multitude and extort a homage that is grateful to weak minds.

Laura, a beautiful and highly accomplished girl, was a favorite in all circles, and there were many among the wealthy and fashionable who, for her personal attractions alone, were ready to approach and offer the homage of sincere affection. Among these was a young man named Allison, whose family had in the eyes of Mr. Woodville, everything to render a marriage connection desirable. But Laura never encouraged his advances in the least: for she felt for him a strong internal repulsion. He was wealthy, accomplished, attractive in person, and connected, both on his father's and mother's side, with some of the oldest and so-called "best families" in the State. These, however, were not, in her eyes, attractions sufficiently strong to induce her to overlook qualities of the heart. Already in her contact with the world had she been made to feel its hollowness and its selfish cruelty. For something more than mere fashionable blandishments had her heart begun to yearn. She felt that a true and virtuous friend was a treasure beyond all price.

While this state of mind was in progress Laura met Henry Percival. A mutual regard was soon developed, which increased until it became a deep and sincere affection. In the meantime Allison, confident from his position, became bolder in his advances, and as a preliminary step, gave Woodville an intimation of his views. The old merchant heard him gladly, and yielded a full prosecution of his suit. But perceiving what was in the mind of the young man, Laura shrank from him, and met all his advances with a chilling reserve that was not for an instant to be misunderstood. In the meantime, Percival daily gained new favor in her eyes, and was at length emboldened to declare what was in his heart. With ill concealed pleasure Laura referred the young man to her father. As to the issue of the reference she had well grounded fears.

The day that followed this declaration was one of anxious suspense to Laura. She was alone, late in the afternoon, when her father came into the room where she was sitting. She saw instantly what was in her mind; there was a cloud on his face, and she knew that he had repulsed her lover.

"Laura," said he gravely, as he sat down by her side, "I was exceedingly surprised and pained to-day to receive from a young upstart attorney, of whose family no one has ever heard, an offer for your hand, made, as was affirmed, with your consent. Surely this affirmation was not true?"

A deep crimson flushed the face of Laura, her eyes fell to the floor, and she exhibited signs of strong agitation.

"You may not be aware," continued Mr. Woodville, "that Mr. Allison has also been to me with a similar application."

"Mr. Allison!" The eyes of Laura were raised quickly from the floor, and her manner exhibited the repugnance she felt. "I can never look upon Mr. Allison as more than a friend," she said calmly.

"Laura! Has it indeed come to this?" said Mr. Woodville, really disturbed. "Well you disgrace yourself and family by a union with a vulgar upstart from the lower ranks, when an alliance so distinguished as this is offered!—Who is Percival? Where is he from? What is his origin?"

"I regret rather his destiny than his origin," replied the daughter: for that concerns me far more dearly than the other. I shall have to tread the way my husband goes, not the way he has come. The past is past. In the future lies my happiness or misery."

"Are you beside yourself?" exclaimed the father, losing his self-command before the rational calmness of his wife.

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., APRIL 11, 1855.

NUMBER 27.

"No father," replied Laura; "not beside myself. In the principles that govern Mr. Allison, I have no confidence; and it is a man's principles that determine the path he is to tread in life. On the other hand, I have the fullest confidence in those of Mr. Percival, and know where they will lead him. This is a matter in which I cannot look back to see from whence the person has come; everything depends on a knowledge as to where he is going."

"Do you know," said Mr. Woodville, not giving the words of his child the smallest consideration, "that the father of the fellow, Percival, was a day laborer in one of Mr. Allison's manufacturing establishments. A mere day-laborer?"

"I have heard as much. Was he not an honest and honorable man?"

"Madness, girl!" ejaculated Mr. Woodville, at this question, still further losing his self-control. "Do you think that I am going to see my child, who has the blood of the Percival's, and R's, and W's in her veins, mingle it with the vile blood of a common laborer? You have been much in error, if for a moment, you have indulged in the idle dream. I positively forbid all intercourse with this Percival. Do not disobey me, or the consequences to yourself will be of the saddest kind."

As her father ceased speaking, Laura arose weeping, and left the room.

A deep calm succeeded to this sudden storm that had fallen from a summer sky. But it was indicative of a heavier and more devastating storm. Laura communicated to Percival the fact of her painful interview with her father, and at the same time gave him to understand that no change in his views was to be expected, and that to seek to effect a change would only be to place himself in the way of repulse and insult. Both of these the young man had already received.

A few months later, and fully avowing her purposes, Laura left the house of her parents and became the wife of Percival. A step like this is never taken without suffering. Sometimes it is wisely, but oftener unwisely taken; but never without pain. In this case the pain on both sides was severe. Mr. Woodville loved his daughter tenderly, and she felt for her father a more than common attachment. But he was a proud and selfish man. The marriage of Laura not only disappointed and mortified, but made him angry beyond all reason and self-control. In the bitterness of his feelings he vowed never to look upon nor forgive her. It was all in vain, therefore, that his daughter sought a reconciliation; she met only a stern repulse.

Years went by, and it remained the same.—Many times during that long period did Laura approach the old home; but only to be repulsed. At last, she was startled and afflicted with the sad news of her mother's death. In the sudden anguish of her feeling she hurried to her father's house. As she stood with others who had gathered around, gazing upon the lifeless form of her dead parent, she became aware that the living one had entered the room, and, to all appearance, unconscious of her presence, was standing by her side. A tremor went through her frame. She felt faint and ready to drop to the floor. In this season of deep affliction might he not forgive the past? Hope sprang up within her. In the presence of the dead he could, could not throw her off.—She laid her hand gently on his. He turned.—Her tearful eyes were lifted in his face. A moment of thrilling suspense! Pride and anger conquered again. Without the sign of recognition, he turned away and left the chamber of death.

Bracing herself up with an intense struggle, Laura pressed her lips to the cold brow of her mother, and then silently retired.

During the time that intervened from his marriage up to this period, Mr. Percival had been gradually rising in the confidence, respect and esteem of the community, and was acquiring wealth through means of a large practice at the bar. As a husband he had proved most kind and affectionate. As a man he was the very soul of honor. All who knew him held him in the highest regard.

After the death of his wife, Mr. Woodville fell into a gloomy state of mind. His business, which had been declining for years, was becoming less and less profitable, and to increase his trouble, he found himself progressing toward bankruptcy, if not bankruptcy. The man whom of all others he had wished to see the husband of his daughter, married a beautiful heiress, and was living in a style of great elegance. He met the brilliant bride occasionally, and always with an unpleasant feeling.

One day while walking with a gentleman, they passed Allison, when his companion said: "If that man doesn't break his wife's heart within five years I shall think she has few of woman's best and holiest feelings."

"Why do you say that?" asked Mr. Woodville, evincing much surprise.

"In the first place," replied the friend, "a man with bad principles is not the one to make

a right-minded woman happy. And, in the second place, a man who regards neither virtue or decency in his conduct, is the one to make her life wretched."

"But is Allison such a man?"

"He is, to my certain knowledge. I knew him when a boy. We were school mates. He then gave me evidence of more than ordinary natural depravity; and from the training he has received, that depravity has been encouraged to grow. Since he became a man I have had many opportunities for observing him closely, and I speak deliberately when I say that I hold him in exceedingly low estimation. I am personally cognizant of acts that stamp him as possessing neither honor nor, as I said before, decency, and a very long time will not probably elapse, before he will betray all this to the world. Men like him, indulge in evil passions and selfish desires, until they lose even common prudence."

"You astonish me," said Mr. Woodville, "I cannot credit your words. He belongs to one of the best families."

"So called, but judged by a true standard, I should say one of our worst families."

"Why do you say that?" asked Mr. Woodville, evincing still more surprise.

"The virtues of an individual," replied the gentleman, "make his standard of worth.—The same is true of families. Decayed wood, covered with shining gold, is not so valuable as sound and polished oak. Nor is a family, raised by wealth, or any external gilding, into a high social position, if not possessed of virtue half so worthy of confidence and esteem as one of less pretension but endowed with honorable principles. The father of Mr. Allison, it is well known, was a gentleman only in a Chesterfieldian sense. A more hollow-hearted man never existed. And the son is like the father, only more depraved."

Mr. Woodville was profoundly astonished.—All this he might have known from personal observation, had not his eyes been so dazzled with the external brilliancy of the period condemned, as to disqualify them for looking deeper, and perceiving the real character of what was beneath the brilliant gilding. He was astonished, though not entirely convinced. It did not seem possible that any one in the elevated position of Mr. Allison could be so base as was affirmed.

A few months later and Mr. Woodville was surprised at the announcement that the wife of Mr. Allison had separated herself from him, and returned to her father's house. Various causes were assigned for this act, the most prominent of which was infidelity. Soon after an application for divorce was laid before the Legislature, with such proofs of ill-treatment and shocking depravity of conduct, as procured an instant release from the marriage contract.

By this time the proud, angry father, was beginning to see that he had probably committed an error. An emotion of thankfulness that his child was not the wife of Allison arose spontaneously in his breast; but he did not permit it to come into his deliberate thoughts, nor take the form of an uttered sentiment. Steadily the change in his outward circumstances progressed.

He was growing old, and losing the ability to do business on an equality with the younger and more eager merchants around him; who were gradually drawing off his oldest and best customers. Disappointed, lonely, anxious, and depressed in spirits, the conviction that he had committed a great mistake was daily forcing itself more and more upon the mind of Mr. Woodville. When evening came, and he returned to his silent, his almost deserted dwelling, his loneliness would deepen into sadness; and then like an unbidden but not entirely unwelcome guest, the image of Laura would come before his imagination, and her low and tender voice would sound in his ears. But pride and resentment were still in his heart and after gazing on the pensive, loving face of his child for a time, he would seek to expel the vision.—She had degraded herself in marriage. Who or what was her husband? A low vulgar fellow, raised a little above the common herd?—Such and only such did he esteem him; and, whenever he thought of him, his resentment toward Laura came back in full force.

Thus it went on, until twelve years from the time of Laura's marriage had passed away, and in that long period the father had seen her face but once, and then it was in the presence of the dead. Frequently, in the first year of that time had she sought a reconciliation; but repulsed on each occasion, she had ceased to make approaches. As to her husband, so entirely did Mr. Woodville reject him, that he cast out of his mind his very likeness, and not meeting him, ceased actually to remember his features, so that if he had encountered him in the street he would not have known him. He could, and had said, therefore, when asked about Percival, that he "didn't know him." Of his rising reputation and social standing he knew but little; for his very name being an offence, he rejected it on the first utterance, and pushed aside rather than looked at any information regarding him.

At last the external affairs of Mr. Woodville became desperate. His business actually died out, so that the expense of conducting it being more than the proceeds, he closed up his mercantile history, and retired on a meagre property, scarcely sufficient to meet his wants.—But scarcely had this change taken place, when a claim on the only piece of real estate which he held, was made on the allegation of a defective title. On consulting a lawyer he was alarmed to find that the claim had a plausible basis, and that the chances were against him. When the case was brought up Mr. Woodville appeared in court, and with trembling anxiety watched the progress of the trial. The claim was apparently a fair one, and really just. On the side of the prosecution was a subtle, ingenious and eloquent lawyer. In whose hands his counsel was little more than a child, and he saw with despair that all the chances were against him. The loss of this remnant of property would leave him utterly destitute. After a vigorous argument on one side, and a feeble rejoinder on the other, the case was about being submitted when a new advocate appeared on the side of the defence. He was unknown to Mr. Woodville. On rising in court there was a profound silence.

He began by observing that he had something to say in the case ere it closed, and as he had studied it carefully and weighed with due deliberation all the evidence which had appeared, he was satisfied that he could show cause why the prosecution should not obtain a favorable decision.

In surprise Mr. Woodville bent forward to listen. The lawyer was tall in person; dignified in manner and spoke with peculiar musical intonation and eloquent flow of language that marked him as possessing both talents and education of a high order. In a few minutes he was perfectly absorbed in his argument. It was clear and strong in every part, and tore into very tatters the subtle chain of reasoning presented by the opposite counsel. For an hour he occupied the attention of the court.—On closing his speech he immediately retired. The decision was in Mr. Woodville's favor.

"Who is that?" he asked, turning to a gentleman who sat beside him, as the strange advocate left the floor.

"The man looked at him in surprise. 'Not know him?' said he.

Mr. Woodville shook his head. "His name is Percival."

Mr. Woodville turned his face partly away to conceal the sudden flush that went over it. After the decision in his favor had been given, and he had returned home wondering at what had just occurred, he sat musing alone, when there came a light tapping as from the hand of a child at his door. Opening it, he found a boy, there not over five or six years of age, with golden hair falling over his shoulders, and bright blue eyes raised to his own.

"Grandpa," said the child, looking earnestly into his face.

For a moment the old man stood and trembled. Then stooping down, he took the child in his arms, and hugged it with a sudden emotion to his heart, while the long sealed fountain of his feelings gushed forth again, and tears came from the lids that were tightly shut to repress them.

"Father!" The eyes were quickly unclosed. There was now another present.

"My child!" came trembling from his lips, and Laura flung herself upon his bosom.

How changed to the eyes of Mr. Woodville was all, after this. When he met Mr. Percival he was even more surprised than in the court room at his manly dignity of character, his refinement and enlarged intelligence. And when he went abroad and perceived what he had never before allowed himself to see, the high estimation in which he was held by all in the community, he was still further affected with wonder.

In less than a year after this reconciliation, Mr. Percival was chosen to a high office in the State; and within that time Mr. Allison was detected in a criminal conspiracy to defraud, and left the commonwealth to escape punishment.

So much for origin and destiny. Laura was right; it concerns a maiden far more to know whether her lover is going, than whence he came; for she has to journey with him in the former and not the latter way.

SELF.
This insignificant intruder is at all times one of the most impertinent companions in the world: you may try every art and contrivance in your power to get free from his troublesome conversation: the creature will press upon your retirement, and force himself upon you in spite of your teeth: will be meddling in your affairs, setting them in such a light as cannot fail of putting you out of humour, or teasing you with reflections that make you weary of your life. No place is safe from him. He will force himself into the closet, hover about the bed, and penetrate through the thickest darkness, into the deepest recess: will travel with

you by land or sea, and will not quit you, though you be in banishment. There is a very whimsical circumstance, at the same time attendant upon this paradoxical character.—Most people are reproached with loving him with the greatest partiality and boldness; and are greatly delighted, it is said, to hear him praised, yet very few seek to come to the knowledge of him or cultivate his acquaintance; nay, the greatest part, by all possible means, avoid encountering him. It is surprising to see, say they, the pains that are continually taken, and the contrivances used to get rid of this continued phantom; some flatter him; some bully him; some endeavor to impose upon him, some carry him to the gaming-table, others to the bottle, and the like; but he never fails to detect their frauds, and to resent them with severity: like the reckoning, he appears after the banquet is over, and not unfrequently reproaches one with profusion, and another with satiety. Nay, so gallant are his reprehensions, and so troublesome his intrusion, that there have not been wanting instances, even in high life, of some, who not being able to help him otherwise off, have called to their relief the halter, the dagger, or the pistol; and fairly removed themselves into another world, to get rid of him.

First Seven Presidents.

Four of the seven were from Virginia. Two of the same name were from Massachusetts, and the seventh was from Tennessee. All but one were sixty-six years old on leaving office, having served two terms; and one of those who served but one term, would have been sixty-six years of age at the end of another. Three of the seven died on the 4th day of July, and two of them were on the same day and year. Two of them were on the sub-committee of three that drafted the declaration of Independence, and these two died on the same day and year, and anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, and just a half a century from the day of declaration. The names of three of the seven end in son, yet neither of these transmitted his name to a son. In respect to the names of all, it may be said in conclusion, the initials of two of the seven were the same—and of two others that they were the same—and the initials of still two others were the same. The remaining one who stands alone in this particular, stands alone also in the love and admiration of his country-men and the civilized world—Washington. Of the first five only one had a son, and that son was also President.

Another curious fact may be mentioned in this connection. It is that neither of the Presidents who had sons was elected for a second term.

WOMAN.

A pretty woman is one of the "Institutions" of this country—an angel in dry goods and glory. She makes sunshine, blue sky, Fourth of July, and happiness wherever she goes.—Her path is one of delicious roses, perfume and beauty. She is a sweet poem, written in rare curls, and choice calico, and good principles.—Men stand up before her, as so many admiration points, to melt into cream and then butter. Her words float around the ear like music, birds of Paradise, or the chimes of Sabbath bells. Without her, society would lose its truest attraction, the church its firmest reliance, and young men the very best of comforts and company. Her influence and generosity restrain the vicious, strengthen the weak, raise the lowly, flannel shirt the heathen, and strengthen the faint-hearted. Wherever you find the virtuous woman, you also find pleasant fire-sides, bouquets, clean cloths, order, good living, gentle hearts, piety, music, light, and model institutions generally. She is the flower of humanity, a very Venus in dimity, and her inspiration is the breath of Heaven.

Mahomet.

This great reformer was not free from superstition; he believed in jinn, omens and charms, and he had many superstitious habits. The jinn were, according to his opinion, of three kinds: some have wings and fly; others are snakes and dogs, and those of the third kind move about from place to place like men. Again, some of them believed in him, and others did not. He gave instructions to his followers that if a fly falls into a dish of victuals to plunge it in completely, then to take it out and throw it away, for in one of its wings is a cause of sickness and in the other a cause of health, and in falling it falls on the sick wing, and if it is submerged the other wing will counteract its bad effect. To make a bad dream harmless he thought it necessary to spit three times over the left shoulder. He was very careful to begin everything on the right side and end with the left; and he smeared the antimony first in the right eye. His ideas of omens, however, were more sensible; he admitted lucky omens but forbade to believe in unlucky ones.

Money in four purses will credit you—wisdom in your head adorn you—but both in your necessity will serve you.



The Farmer's Department.

WORK FOR THE MONTH.—Farm.—Sow oats as soon as the ground is in order; harrow it thoroughly and then roll. Pass the roller over mowing fields; also top dress winter grain not previously manured, with short manure or guano and plaster. Plow for corn, and subsoil before ground becomes too dry. Much of the success of the crop depends on good plowing and preparation of ground. Avoid such plows, as turn up and leave a smooth, glazed and unbroken furrow. The sun often hardens such into lumps impervious to harrow. Fine pulverization of soil is of great importance. Open seams and cracks in the furrow, which admit the air, greatly aid the subsequent operation of the harrow. Spread the manure or guano previous to plowing. In ordinary seasons there is no advantage in planting corn in this section before the second week in next month, but the ground should be often stirred previously.—Plant early potatoes. Plow and prepare for root crops. Also for sowing corn for fodder, when there is likely to be a necessity for it. Give particular attention to stock. After being well cared for all winter they often fall off in last month, before pasturing. Ewes and lambs should have allowance of grain and roots and good hay, daily turned out in fine weather on a pasture lot reserved for the purpose. Continue or increase the allowance of meal and roots to fresh cows. It is an old saying that stock well-wintered are half summered. They should go out to grass in good order. There is never any profit in keeping stock below the thriving point. To merely keep them alive will not pay. Do not turn out the stock to grass too early. Feed well all working cattle, both oxen and horses. Cut hay is of great advantage, as it economizes time, and gives animals more time to rest between working hours. It takes them less time to eat it, and is easier digested. Give all animals daily access to salt.

SMALL POTATOES FOR SEED.—Mr. C. T. Alvord, of Wilmington, Vermont, says: "Some eight years since, at the time of planting my potatoes, I came short of seed to plant. Previous to this time I had used large whole potatoes, or the seed ends cut off, for seed and supposed that the other would answer. I resolved to try the experiment of planting small potatoes; the largest being about the size of common plums, but the most of them being smaller. I carried several bushels of these little things to the field, and commenced planting them, putting from two to four in a hill.

"The potatoes in the different parts of the field came up at the same time, but the vines from the small potatoes were not so large and as thrifty as those from the large ones. At the first hoeing, there was some difference in the tops, but after that the tops from the small potatoes looked as well as any of the field, and continued through the season. When I came to dig them I found the potatoes, where the small seed was planted, to be as good, in every respect, as those where the large potatoes were planted. There were as many in a hill, and the potatoes were as large, and with as few small ones, as those from the large seed.

Many of the farmers in this vicinity, after seeing the experiment fairly tried, are using small potatoes for seed. This winter I have had several applications from dealers in potatoes for seed who inform me that the farmers whom they purchase from are generally adopting the way of using small potatoes for seed.

FRUIT ORCHARD.—Planting trees in this section can be done during this month. Select the best varieties of fruit trees, and plant apple trees from 35 to 40 feet apart; peach, pear, plum, and cherry trees 20 feet apart; dwarf pears from 10 to 12 feet apart. Grafting may be done this month. Prepare grafting wax by mixing three parts of bees-wax, three parts of resin, and two of tallow.

Plant out gooseberry and currant cuttings, first removing all the lower eyes. Trench and prepare the ground thoroughly with short manure. Grape vine cuttings should be planted with two eyes out of the ground, and a soil rather sandy and moist. Drain grape vines at once, if not already done, and dig in around the roots well rotted manure. Strip of all trees cocoons and larvae of insects, and apply wash before recommended. Apply salt to quince trees. Manure and clear up strawberry and raspberry beds, and make new plantations of each. Uncover such of the latter as were laid down last fall for protection.

TAR A REMEDY FOR HOARSE DISTEMPER.—Thomas W. Ladd, of Smithfield, Jefferson Co., Ohio, writes the Ohio Farmer, that he has found a remedy and cure for distemper in horses. He says: "Having three colts sick with this disease, an experienced farmer told me to use tar, and he thought that the sick colt would soon recover and that those who had not taken the disease would not have it all, or but lightly. I followed his directions, to my entire satisfaction. I gave the colts morning and evening as much as I could readily get into their mouths with a paddle. After a few applications, the sick ones commenced running at the nose, their appetites returned, and in a short time they had entirely regained what they had lost from disease. The others never took it to my knowledge.

GRAFTING WAX.—One of the most successful grafters we know, makes his grafting wax of two parts of resin and one part of beeswax, adding a small quantity of lard or tallow—say one third that of beeswax. His object is always to make his wax of such consistency that it will not run in warm weather, and will not crack in dry, windy weather. These are the important qualities in grafting wax, of whatever it may be made.