The Lehigh Register Is published in the Borough of Allentown Lehigh County, Pa., every Wednesday, by HAINES & DIEFENDERFER.

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OFFICE in Hamilton street, two doors west of the German Reformed Church, directly opposite Moser's Drug Store.

Letters on Susiness must be POST PAID etherwise 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.

MONEY! MONEY!

Glorious news for the State of Pennsylvania that the battle is fought and the victory won and all the taverns and liquor shops are shut up on the Sabbath day, and more, the twenty thousand fathers and mothers, and sons and daughters are now determined to save their ney and always go to

STOPP'S Cheap Cash Store in Allentown, at the corner of Hamilton and

Eighth streets, No. 41, near Hagenbuch's Hotel, for Stopp has just returned from New York Philadelphia with something less than \$25,000 worth of the finest and cheapest Goods ever brought to Allentown.

Well Mrs. Slick do et us hear what all he has got? Why, la me! Mrs. Berry, he has got Silks of all colors and prices, such as changeable, plaids, and black, fine and common de laines, poplins, lawns and calicoes by the cart load. Yes, Mrs. Poole, Stopp has got the finest lot of Spring and Summer Shawls, and also the largest assortment of Parasols I ever my heart this is the very place where Mrs. Goldlump said her daughters got such cheap Silks, Shawls, Spencers, Under-sleeves, Collars. Embroidered Handkerchiefs, mother, Fuller said Stopp had such a fine lot of bleached and unbleached muslins, sheeting from 1 to 21 yards wide, bed ticking, fresh feathers, table diapers, toweling, floor and stair carpets,

floor and stair carpets, floor and stair carpets, floor and stair oil cloths, table oil cloths. Look this way farmers, No. 1 extra fine Mackerel and White Fish. Molasses, Sugars, Coffee, Rices. Soap, Salt, Cheese, Raisins. Dry Peaches and Apples, Chocolate, Tens. Essence of Coffee, &c. Yes, sir, Henry Cashdown, I am bound that these farmers shall have all these cheap goods.

I intend to have some of them too. Bless my heart I must let Henriette Fern know that Stopp has got such cheap Looking Glasses. Window Shades, Window Paper. Knives and Forks. Table and Tea Spoons, Queens and Glass Ware. Well now, Miss Featherabout, I don't like to interrupt you ladies in talking, and I don't like to puff and blow much about cheap goods, but I must say that Stopp sells cloths, cassimeres. sattinetts and all other kinds of pantaloon stuffs and vesting, shirting, fancy stocks, pocket handkerchiefs, black and fancy cravats, stockings, kid and kid finish gloves, very cheap for eash. Yes sir, Henry Sounders, I can tell you that he also sells

Ready Made Clothing. such as coats, vests, pants and shirts of all kinds, quality and prices, very cheap for eash. Well, Mr. Knoweverything how is it that Stopp can sell so much cheaper than anybody else Why, Mr. Knownothing I can tell you he don't trust out his goods for to morrow and next week's pay, and then loose half of it, but he sells for cash and no trust, and I say come one and all, and away we go, to Joseph Stopp's Cheap Cash Store, and there we will get what

ever we want without having our eye-teeth N. B .- Notice is hereby given that Stopp will sell from this day on until further notice, his Goods very cheap, and also, that he will take butter, eggs, lard, rags, smoked meat, dry beef, dry apples, potatoes, soap and tallow in exchange for goods.

JOSEPH STOPP.

Mrs. & Marv M. Stopp's **New M**illinery Goods. THE undersigned respectfully inform the Ladies of Allentown and vicinity, that they have just returned from New York and Phila delphia with a splendid assortment of new and

fashiona ble

SPRING MILLINERY GOODS such as Crape and Summer Silks, Dunstable and Split Straw, Neopolitan, &c., &c.. with a handsome assortment of Ribbons, Flowers, Head Dress Caps, &c. As the above Goods have all been selected with great care, we flatter ourselves that our stock cannot be surpassed in Allentown. Our goods

will be sold 30 per cent. less than they can be purchased elsewhere. Don't forget the place, No. 41 West Hamilton street.

MRS. & MARY M. STOPP.

Odd Fellows' Hall Saloon

THE subscriber hereby informs the ladies and and gentlemen of Allentown, that he will continue to make ICE CREAMS, and serve up all kinds of other refreshments during the season. Families and parties supplied with Ice Cream in Freezers containing from one to twenty quarks, by giving due notice. ty quarts, by giving due notice.

EML. J. ABELE.

Mrs. Abele

Keeps on hand and offers for sale at the same place a very large assortment of Fruits and Confectionaries, consisting in part of Raisins. Prunes, Figs. Dried Fruit, Dried Corn, Hommony, Corn Starch, Rice Flour, Farina, Lindel Beans, Hemp Seed, Peas, Oranges, Lemons, Pine Apple Cheese, Mustard, Confectionaries, Perfumery, Macaronies, Vermicelli, &c., &c. April 11.

William L. Yohn, house and Sign Painter, PAPER HANGER AND GLAZIER

NO. 42 WEST HAMILTON STREET,

ALLENTOWN, PA. Paper Hanging done at the extreme low

price of 121 cents. Feb. 7.

MINE REGISTRA

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

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Voeticul.

THE HEART.

The heart-the heart ! oh ! let it be A true and bountcous thing; As kindly warm, as nobly free, As eagle's nestling wing.

Oh! keep it not, like miser's gold, Shut it from all beside;
But let its precious stores unfold, In mercy, far and wide.

The heart—the heart that's truly blest Is never all its own; No ray of glory lights the breast

A Belect Storn.

EVA BRYAN.

Was there ever such a thing as death from a broken heart? I do not regard myself as having a superabundance of sentiment, yet at the hazard of having the imputation cast upon me. I will answer the question affirmatively; and instead of resorting to arguments, either logical or physical will relate an incident by way of illustration, a knowledge of facts which came to me in the routine of my profession.

Two young men, George Sheldon and Harry Prestone, se seated in the office of an eminent jurist, in the town of C-, in Tennessee.-They are apparently each about twenty-three years of age. In appearance they are noble specimens of young manhood-athletic of body and vigorous of mind.

They are friends-have been from beyhood. They were matriculated together at college, graduated at the same time, read law under the same instructor, have cultivated similar tastes, formed similar habits, and have for each other an ardent friendship.

They have just passed the customary form of udicial examination, and have been admitted to the bar. The usual, yet not justifiable latitude of morals, had been taken by them, and although their course had been such as were common with most " young men about town," they were regarded as reputable young men, and so they were in the main.

Neither of them had the prestige of fortune or family connections. Fond of female society. and having access to the best in C----, they had given more of their time to the sex than was quite compatible with student life. Without having any thought of forming a matrimonial connection soon, at least, until their position in life would justify it, they had, nevertheless, as too many young persons in the same condition do, left the door of the heart a-little iar. This was not so reprehensible in them as was the exertions they made to enter in and take possession of the hearts of the other sex. Without having any particular base design, they had sought to obtain the affections of woman merely as a pleasant excitement, and with no thought of the misery it might bring to

the other party. Am I in error when I say that it is a course of conduct common to the young men of this age. and that it is most evil also? Their object of tself may not be evil; it may be simply,

"To sport awhile with beauty's chain, Then throw it idly by,"

yet little do they dream that what to them may have been intended as a harmless flirtation. may embitter the life of another, or, perchance, lay her early away among the pale faced sleepers.

It does not follow, yet it is generally true, that woman is more trustful than man; that her love is her life, and that when once her heart is fully won, it is won for life. An upright, honorable mind should pause then, before he trifles with a nature too confiding.

George and Harry had been thoughtless in this respect, and without intending it. the formof death, for a young woman who deserved a

better fate. Evalyn Bryant, the young person of whom I lege at Cpoor needle woman, whose great struggle in life was to see her Eva take a proud position in the world of mind. To accomplish this, the poor woman had toiled early and late, had sacrificed Eva repay all in her diligence and success as a student; and ample was the recompense of the poor needle woman, as she listened, on commencement-day, to the valedictory lead by her daughter to a crowded auditory, all of whom delighted to honor the pale, intellectual,

dark-eved girl. George Sheldon was one among many appreciating listeners to the womanly sentiments and the rarely beautiful thoughts that fell in rich cadence from Eva's lips as she addressed her words of parting to her teachers and school

tears. George not only wept but admired. Indeed Eva, whose features were in reality plain, seemed almost transfigured, so beautiful was the play of the mental over the physical. transcendently glorious was the shining of the light of thought upon her sad looking face.

Eva was a genius, it is true, but not wisely balanced. Her imagination had been too much indulged; the sentimental had been too much cultivated; the consequence was that life wore to her an ideal hue, an illusory charm fatal to her peace.

George and Eva met that night at the Presilent's levee. He was in raptures with Eva .-Her conversation charmed him; he was full of sentiment himself and was carried away with hers. His course was not a designed one. He intended no evil to the daughter of a poor needle woman. She was intellectual-she was the belle of the evening; his devotion was but an innocent flirtation, he thought and argued. with harm to himself or injury to her. Ah: Little did he know of her nature, and little did he dream that every tender look he gave, and every gentle word he breathed, and every gentle feeling he professed, were finding a holy lodgment in her guileless nature, and awaking feelings which were to cease only when the heart ceased its throbbings.

* * * * They met often. George admired Eva-perhaps he loved her, but it was a mere pastime. It was not a dishonorable sentiment in the sense of looking to the ruin of the poor girl. We will do George the justice to say that no ulterior end ever presented itself to his mind; yet whatever the feeling he entertained for Eva was, it certainly did not look like a mere pastime.

Eva, on the contrary, loved with her entire woman's nature. It was the first deep passion her poetic soul had ever felt, and it possessed her without reserve. She believed it reciprocated, and therein was George Sheldon's errorwe had almost said baseness. His vanity was flattered. Besides, he did not wish to distress Eva by an avowal of the truth, persuading himself that it would prove an ephemeral feeling with her-that time and circumstances would eradicate it, and that a gradual estrangement on his part would produce forgetfulness on her's.

A year had passed since Eva's graduation, when George Sheldon and his young friend, Harry Prestone, are seated in the office of their instructor Judge D.

"By the G. George," said Harry, in the pauses of a conversation, in which their future prospects had been freely discussed, "what about this flirtation of yours with our town poetess? Love and Law have a very soft and illiterative sound; yet, my dear fellow, that union will forever. not be very favorable to professional success, I am thinking."

in the out set."

"Do you mean," inquired Henry, " that you love Eva?''

"Well no, not exactly that. I am fond enough of the girl. In fact, Harry, I like her society rather better than any of our young ladies ; but I am a little too old to slip my head in the matrimonial noose, where there is so much of poverty on both sides of the house, as

there is in this case." "Eva loves you, George,"

"Well, yes, Harry, she does."

" And that love you sought." " Admitted."

" And you have professed a return of that affection."

"And with no view to matrimony?" "Come, are you getting inquisitorial. But I had as well make a clean breast of it at once.-I did seek the love of Eva Bryan. I professed to love her-I do love her- and would marry her, if her circumstances were better and her family different. As it is, I cannot; that's settled. With Eva this is almost a matter of er had been preparing a cup of bitterness and life and death; at least she thinks so now .-You need not look so black upon me. I am a scoundrel, I know, and I am not worthy of Eva ; yet I cannot marry her. I want to let speak, was a pupil of mine in the French Col- her fall as easily as possible. I have that much -. She was the daughter of a principle left, any way. I have an old miserly uncle in Nashville, you know, who would see me in the clutches of old Nick, before he would give me a dime. I am going to make a formal proposition of marriage to Eva, on the conhealth and pleasure, and had denied herself dition that my wealthy relative sets us up in even the common necessaries of life. Nobly did | the world. I will write immediately to the old gentleman, giving him the state of affairs, and demanding his aid, which, of course, he will refuse. . The result will be that Eva and I will have to resign each other. This will cost her a few tears, a month or so of melancholy, and then my marriage with some one else will make bushels. The other half of the acre he prepared it all straight. What say you to this old fellow ?"

> Harry expostulated and urged candor. George was inflexible in his purpose, and they parted.

7-3m companions. The entire throng was moved to uncle written to—the letter contained as was ing of land.

expected by George, a flat refusal to help him. Eva, in her devotion and trust, proffered to brave poverty, to wait, to do anything, only that she might hope. George affecting to be melancholy-sang those hypocritical lines-

"I'd offer thee this hand of mine, &c," and tore himself from her-" left her in her loneliness."-pledged himself to think of her and to bless her, in his wretched roving; yet forgetting all; for in less than twelve months he was the husband of an heiress. And Eva!

She lived on, growing paler each day, and singing songs, which, for sweetness, were as though they were born in the bowers of an angel.

Two years after I was on a visit to C-It was a quiet autumn evening, that I sat in a darkened room in the cottage of Mrs. Bryan .-The blinds were closed, and upon a low couch lay the wasted form of Eva dressed in white. while a bunch of late flowers-pale like herself rested on the pillow near her. She had sent for me to administer the communion. The service was over, and at her request we were alone.

"I shall soon be at rest, my friend," she began, "and I wanted to talk with you, as with one of my earliest and best friends, before these lips are dumb."

I took her hand in mine. It was cold. I felt that the struggle would soon be past, and that she would be at rest, sure enough.

"They say I am dying of consumption," she continued. "It may be so, but the pain is here," and she rested her white hand upon her heart. "Yes, it has been here all the time -Oh, Mr. ---, you know all. You know how I loved him. I would have toiled for himwould have suffered poverty-could have begged my bread and his, and been happy could I have shared his affection-have had one smile -one word of love. I bore all until I found that he had never loved me. It was that which struck the blow. I have been dying ever since. My heart has been silently breaking from that

"I want you to tell him that Eva loved him to the last, that she forgives him all; that her last sigh will be burdened with a prayer for his -for his-." A paroxysm of coughing interrupted her. 1

summoned her mother. An hour after and poor Eva lay still in death

I delivered the message to George Sheldon .-The old man wept. It has made him a sad man, and we hope, a better one.

His regrets, though, can never warm into life the heart his cruel trifling made cold and still

It may be, though, that this unvarnished recital may warn some generous hearted young "The fact is, Harry," replied George, " it has man against a course of conduct that will only become a more serious affair than I anticipated bring darkness and desolation in the coming

How Oyster-eating was Invented. The North British Review for February, has

n most humorous and withal a valuable article on "Diet and Dress," from which we extract the following:

It has often been said that he must have been a bold man who first ate an oyster. This is said in ignorance of the legend which assigns the first act of oyster-eating to a very natural cause. It is related that a man walking one day by the sea shore, picked up one of these savoury bivalves just as it was in the act of gaping. Observing the extreme smoothness of the shell, he insinuated his finger between them that he might feel their shining surface, when suddenly they closed upon the exploring digit with a sensation less pleasurable than he anticipated. The prompt withdrawal of his finger was scarcely a more natu ral movement than its transfer to his mouth.-It is not very clear why people when they hurt their fingers put them in their mouths: but it is very certain that they do; and in this case the result was most fortunate. The owner of the finger tasted oyster-juice for the first time, as the Chinamen in Elia's essay having burnt his finger, first tasted cracklin. The savour was delicious.—he had made a great discovery; so he picked up the oyster, forced open the shells, banqueted upon the contents and soon brought oyster cating into fashion .-And unlike most fashions, it has never gone, and is never likely to go out.

A Fact for Farmers.

Johnston Noyes, of Haverhill, not having manure enough to thorougly manure a spare acre of land, manured only one-half and plowed it in. He planted it with black Chenango potatoes, and the yield was one hundred in the same manner, with the exception of the manure, and planted it with the same kind of potatoes, and the yield was only eighteen bushels of a small size. This one fact should be sufficient to convince the most skeptical of The proposition of marriage was made-the the advantages resulting from judicious manur-

Ingenuity of Woman.

The following funny specimen of female wi s not now printed as new, but may possibly be so to some of our readers. At any rate it is worth republishing. The stary is, that a young lady, newly married—but long enough to repent her choice—being obliged to show her husband all the letters she wrote, blinded the all gentleman by writing as follows to expirit old gentleman by writing as follows to an inti-mate friend. The old codger, upon reading the letter in the usual way, fancied himself at least twenty years younger, and "came down" to his "dear Mary" handsomely in the matter of new dresses, furbelows, and other flummery.-The explanation is, that the husband reads every line, and the friend, to whom the letter is written every other line:

"I cannot be satisfied, my dearest friend.

blessed as I am in the matrimonial state, unless I pour into your friendly bosom. which has ever beat in unison with mine. the various sensations which pervade and swell with the liveliest emotions of pleasure, my almost bursting heart. I tell you my dear husband is the most amiable of men.-I have now been married seven weeks, and have never found the least reason or cause to repent the day that joined us. My husband is both in person and manners far from resembling ugly, cross, old, disagreeable, and jealous monsters, who think by confining to secure a wife, it is his maxim to treat as a bosom friend and confident, and not as a play-thing, or menial slave, the woman chosen to be his companion. Neither party, he says, should always obey implicitly; but each yield to the other by turns .-An ancient maiden aunt, nearly seventy, cheerful, venerable, and pleasant old lady, ives in the house with us-she is the delight of both young and old; she is very civil to all the individuals in the neighborhood, and generous and charitable to the poor .-I am convinced my husband loves nothing more than he does me. He flatters me far more than the sparkling glass; and his intoxication (for so I must call the excess of his love) often makes me blush for the unworthiness of its object, and wish I could be more deserving

of the man whose name I now bear. To say all in one word, my dear-, and to crown the whole, my former gallant lover is now my indulgent husband. My fondness is returned, and indeed I might have had a prince, yet been deprived the felicity I find in him. Adicu! may you be as blest as I am unable to hope or wish that I could be more happy.'

Indian Bomance.

A correspondent of the Superior News, relates the following incident of "Indian Life,"

in romantic light : Nagonub is the name of an Indian Chief, who resided at Fond Duelac, and here he has three wives in separate wigwams. For aught I know to the contrary—each one is just as happy as though she alone was the possessor of his princely heart. At the time of the late treaty and payment, at the island gem of Lake Superior,-La Pointe, Nagonub was there, accompanied by the lovely trio, and alas for the brave old chieftain, here he was again called on to endure the torments of love. Yes he saw, and became enamored of a beautiful half breed girl, whom he persuaded to become Mrs. Nagonub the fourth, and when the bands dispersed, his three old wives were sent home alone, in a canoe, while he with the young and blooming bride embarked on the steamer Word for Chicago.

thence to return via St. Paul to Fond Duclac. The lonely return of those deserted women to their silent wigwams, presented the best foundation for a dream of romance of any thing I

ever met with. O! dark and bitter were their thoughts, as rose before their mental vision the lineaments of heir beloved protector, who, wearied of his old

companions, had sought for happiness in the caresses of a younger and more beautiful being I picture to myself their dark and flashing eyes so blinded by scalding tears, that they can scarcely see to guide their fragile bark along the waters of Superior, and I hear their plain live voices as they chaunt to the wind the story of their woes: Oh, they must be "more or less human," if, when that rival gains nea home and THEIRS she meets no threatening looks, and hears no deep upbraidings.

Wash Your Trees.

The present month of April, all fruit tree should be scrubbed or scraped clean of moss old rough bark, etc., and washed with a mix ure of weak ley, soot and sulphur. Say to one common water pail full of ley, put one-fourth pound of powdered sulphur, and one quart of common chimney soot or lamp black. Wash ing the bodies of all trees with this at this season of the year, will destroy insects, open pours of the bark and rapidly increase the growth and vigor of the tree. Lime wash should never be used-it closes the pores of the bark, and is unsightly to any cultivated aste. - Ohio Farmer.

In whatsoever house you enter, remain master of your eyes and tongue.

Changes of Climate.

The following, from the Scientific American, contains some interesting facts, and treats of very feeling subject, worthy of a careful inrestigation:

History informs us that many of the countries of Europe which now possesses very mild winters, at one time experienced severe cold during this season of the year. The Tiber, at Rome, was often frozen over, and snow at one time lay for forty days in that city. The Euxine Sea was frozen over every winter during the time of Ovid, and the rivers Rhine at Rhone used to be frozen so deep that the ice sustained loaded wagons. The waters of the Tiber, Rhine and Rhone, now flow freely every winter; ice is unknown in Rome, and the waves of the Euxine dash their wintry form uncrystalized upon the rocks. Some have ascribed these climate changes to agriculture; the cutting down of dense forests, the exposure of the upturned soil to the summer's sun, and the draining of great marshes. We do not believe that such great changes could have been produced on the climate of any country by agriculture, and we are certain that no such theory can account for the contrary change of climate-from warm to cold winters-which history tells us has taken place in other countries than those named. Greenland received its valleys and mountains; and its east coast, which is now inaccessible, on account of perpetual ice heaped upon its shores, was in the eleventh century, the seat of flourishing Scandinavian colonies, all trace of which is now lost. Cold Labrador was named Vinland by the Northmen, who visited it A. D. 1000, and were charmed with its then mild climate.

The cause of these changes is an important inquiry. A pamphlet by John Murry, civil engineer, has recently been published in London, in which he endeavors to attribute these changes of climate to the changeable position of the magnetic poles. The magnetic variation or declination of the needle is well known. At the present time it amounts in London to 23 degrees west north, while in 1658 the line of variation papped through England, and then moved gradually west until 1816. In that year a great removal of ice took place on the coast of Greenland; hence it is inferred, that the cold meridian, which now passes through Canada and Siberia, may at one time have passed through Italy, and that of the magnetic, meridian returns, as it is now doing, to its old lines in Europe. Rome may once more see her Tiber frozen over, and the merry Rhinelander drive his team on the ice of the classic river .-Whether the changes of the climate mentioned have been caused by the change of the magnetic meridian or not, we have too few facts before us at present to decide conclusively; but the idea, once spread abroad, will soon lead to such investigations as will no doubt remove every obscurity, and settle the question.

Constantinople.

This city stands upon seven hills, which gives t the aspect of the largest city in the world .--It is built in a triangular form at the extremity of the Bosphorus, where it joins the Sea of Marmora. There is a treble line of walls round the city, of about eight miles in circumference, flanked by a double row of houses .---Constantinople contians 12 Imperial mosques, 350 ordinary mosques, 30 markets, more than 300 fountains and 109,000 houses. The population is about 600,000. The Imperial residence may be said to form a city within a city, the walls being three miles in circumferance, with twelve gates, and the number of the residents is between 6,000 and 7,000. The marine arsenal is a fine establishment, built upon the northern bank of the harbor. The naval arsinal is hear the quay, close to which the Turk men-of-war are moored. A large and magnificent barrack for sailors is built near the dockyard, in which there are large basins for the repair of ships. At Tophana is the barrack for the cannoncers, and a Scutari, on the opposite or Asiatic coast is an extensive pile of barracks, capable of accommodating 10,000 troops. The harbor, or Golden Horn, of Constantinople is a quiet and safe anchorage of the length of 4,000 fathoms, and the breadth of 3,000 fathoms .--Its depths is so great that the largest ships ofthe-line approaching the two banks, can almost touch the houses. The city is surrounded by a girdle of natural fortifications, and her position enables her to become the first naval and . military port in the world. The two sides of the triangular promontory on which she stands are washed by the deep water, and she is assailable on one side only.

BLACK KNOTS ON PLUM TREES .- We see a. variety of cures recommended in the papers for the Black Knot on the plum tree, but thus far, after having tried each of the remedies recommended at the different dates of their publication, and which includes all that has lately been repeated, we assert, without the fear of contradiction, that the Black Knot cannot be cured . after it has fairly made its appearance, by any process yet made public .- Working Farmer.

NEW HAND CORN PLANTER. - An improvement in seed planting, invented by C. Borden, Dresden, New York, consists in attaching to the handle of an ordinary hoe a seed box of sheet metal connected with devices whereby, when the operator makes a hole in the ground for the seed in the usual way, by a pressure of the? hand, the seed-exact in quantity-flow down into the hole, and are then covered by a backward movement of the hoc.

POTATOES .- Dr. A. Bulkelay, of Williamsown, Mass, has 600 distinct varieties of seed- . ing potatoes to plant the present Spring. One ariety, called the Stone Hill potatoe, yielding 266 bushels to the acre last year. They were fit for use by July 15th, kept the whole year, and are of superior quality.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.