

The Lehigh Register

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STOPP'S Cheap Cash Store.

In Allentown, at the corner of Hamilton and Eighth streets, No. 41, near Hagenbuch's Hotel...

Well Mrs. Sick do et us hear what all he has got? Why, la me! Mrs. Berry, he has got Silks of all colors and prices...

Intend to have the most of them. Bless my heart I must let Henriette Fern know that Stopp has got such cheap Looking Glasses...

Notice is hereby given that Stopp will sell from this day on until further notice, his Goods very cheap...

Ready Made Clothing,

such as coats, vests, pants and shirts of all kinds, quality and prices, very cheap for cash...

Mrs. & Mary M. Stopp's New Millinery Goods.

The undersigned respectfully inform the Ladies of Allentown and vicinity, that they have just returned from New York and Philadelphia with a splendid assortment of new and fashionable...

Odd Fellows' Hall Saloon.

The subscriber hereby informs the ladies and gentlemen of Allentown, that he will continue to make ICE CREAMS, and serve up all kinds of other refreshments during the season...

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, Hominy...

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LEHIGH REGISTER.

A FAMILY JOURNAL--NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

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

VOLUME IX.

ALLENTOWN, PA., MAY 2, 1855.

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Poetical.

THE HEART.

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

Select Story.

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...

Two young men, George Sheldon and Harry Preston, were seated in the office of an eminent jurist, in the town of C——, in Tennessee.

They were friends—have been from boyhood. 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.

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.

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 illiterate sound; yet, my dear fellow, that union will be very favorable to professional success, I am thinking."

"The fact is, Harry," replied George, "it has become a more serious affair than I anticipated 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?"

"I have."

"And with no view to matrimony?"

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; and 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 President'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.

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.

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 error—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 hers.

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

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"Come, are you getting inquisitorial. But I had as well make an 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 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 her fall as easily as possible. I have that much 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 condition that my wealthy relative sets us up in 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 it all straight. What say you to this old fellow?"

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

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Ingenuity of Woman.

The following funny specimen of female wit is now printed as new, but may possibly be so to some of our readers. At any rate it is worth republishing. The story is, that a young lady, newly married—long enough to repent her choice—being obliged to show her husband all the letters she wrote, blinded the old gentleman by writing as follows to an intimate 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.

"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 been 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 confidant, 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, a cheerful, venerable, and pleasant old lady, lives 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 his 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. Adieu! may you be as blest as I am unable to hope or wish that I could be more happy."

Indian Romance.

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 Duclac, 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 arose before their mental vision the lineaments of their 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 plaintive 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 near home and turns she meets no threatening looks, and hears no deep upbraidsings.

Wash Your Trees.

The present month of April, all fruit trees should be scrubbed or scraped clean of moss, old rough bark, etc., and washed with a mixture 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.

A Fact for Farmers.

Johnston Noyes, of Haverhill, not having manure enough to thoroughly 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 bushels. The other half of the acre he prepared 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 advantages resulting from judicious manuring of land.

Constantinople.

This city stands upon seven hills, which gives it 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 contains 12 Imperial mosques, 250 ordinary mosques, 30 markets, more than 300 fountains, and 100,000 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 circumference, with twelve gates, and the number of the residents is between 6,000 and 7,000.

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 hoe.

Changes of Climate.

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

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 Buxine 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 Buxine dash their wintry form uncrystallized 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 passed 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 Rhinelanders 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.

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POTATOES.—Dr. A. Bulkely, of Williams-town, Mass, has 600 distinct varieties of seedling potatoes to plant the present Spring. One variety, called the Stone Hill potato, 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.