

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.

Poetical.

THE EXEMPLARY WIFE.

O blest is he whose arms enfold A consort virtuous as fair! Her price is far above the gold That worldly spirits love to share. On her, as on a beauteous isle, Amid life's dark and stormy sea, In all his trouble, all his toil, He rests with deep security. Even in the night-watch, dark and lone, The distaff fills her busy hand; Her husband in the gates is known Among the elders of the land; Her household all delight to share The food and raiment she bestows— Even she with a parent's care Regards their weakness and their woes. Her pitying hand supplies the poor, The widowed one, the orphan child, Like birds assemble round her door, When sweeps the winter tempest w. Her lips with love and wisdom fraught, Drop, like the honeycomb, their sweets; The young are by her dictates taught, The mourner her condolence meets. Her lovely babes around her rise— Fair scions of a holy stem! And deeply shall her bosom prize The blessings she receives from them. Beauty is vain as summer bloom, To which a transient fate is given; But her's awaits a lasting doom In the eternal bowers of Heaven.

Miscellaneous.

Anna, the Young Wife.

"When thou givest thine alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." "Robert, you can't deny me that beautiful ribbon," said a very pretty and a very amiable young married woman to her husband, Robert Kean, a worthy Journeyman Printer. "And why not, Anna?" he said, as he poured the milk into his second cup of tea. "Because, you have just the sum, and do not want it for anything." "Yes, I have a particular use for the very sixty-two cents and a half you have discovered lurking in the corner of my waistcoat pocket." "I can't conceive what it can be," she answered, without the least air of pettishness or disappointment, and speaking as cheerful as a loving wife always will; "here it is Saturday evening, and you have told me that with the week's pay you received at sunset, you settled up your weekly bills, at the grocers, the butcher's, and milkman's, and had bought Sunday's dinner, and was square with the world, and as happy as a king. These were your words, now, Robert." "Well, I confess they were, and thank God that they were true ones. I am, indeed, as prosperous and independent as you say, though, as yet, we have not begun to lay up anything. But that will come, by and by. At present, I am content to make both ends meet at the end of the week." "And sixty-two and a half cents over!" said his young wife, archly. "Now Robert, what is the reason you won't let me have it to buy that love of a ribbon I saw to-day? The store will be shut up by eight, and I want to put it on my hat to wear to church to-morrow. It comes to two dollars, and I have all but just the very sum you hold so tightly in your pocket." "But why must you have the ribbon, Anna? I think your present one very pretty; I was admiring it last Sunday." "Dear me! I have worn it four months. It is a winter ribbon. Nobody wears winter ribbons in the spring, Robert! Really I begin to feel quite ashamed to go out again in it." There was a slight, a very slight protrusion of the nether lip, as she ended. "Why, admire the ribbon more, and more! Each Sabbath day that you wear it, I think it prettier and prettier; but I suppose it is because you wear it, and loving you, I love all that belongs to you." "You can't get off, Robert, by flattering me," she said, laughing; "I mean to have the ribbon. Don't plague and pester me, when you know you mean to give it to me at last!" And she held out her hand in a winning way, that no man but a husband could have resisted. "Indeed, Anna, I can't let you have the money to-night," he said, tapping the palm of his forefingers, and looking pleasantly and kindly in her eyes. "You must try and do without the ribbon till next Saturday." Anna, good-tempered as she was, looked a little vexed; for though he spoke playfully, he spoke firmly. "Will you tell me, Robert," she asked, "what it is you intend to do with that money? or do you this only to tease me?" "You are such a foe to the Odd Fellows, Anna, I fear you will not be pleased to hear that it is to pay my quarterly dues." "Your quarterly dues! and what are they? Really, I have reason to dislike the lodge! so I

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., JUNE 13, 1855. NUMBER 30

must go without my beautiful ribbon, just to please the Odd Fellows!" "Now, don't be angry, Anna!" he said, calmly, as he buttered his fifth piece of toasted bread, for our Journeyman Printers have a larger appetite on Saturday nights than on any other day. "How nicely this bread is toasted, and really I think you excel in making tea! I don't believe there is a Jour in the land that has a wife who makes such excellent tea, and then who is so handsome and good-tempered, and hates Odd Fellows, too, so heartily." "Robert, shall I have the money?" she said quite earnestly, tapping gently the devil's tail with the point of her little foot on the floor: we say floor, because Robert, the printer, was not rich enough yet to have a carpet, but he hoped to be one of these days. A young husband can have nice toast and a nice cup of tea, and a pretty wife, without being rich enough to have a carpet on the floor of his little sitting room. "Indeed, Anna," he answered, as he took his last swallow of tea, and put the spoon in the cup as a sign that his demands upon the teapot were ended for that day; "indeed I must pay my dues to-night!" "How much are they?" "Just the sixty-two and a half cents you want for your ribbon." "Didn't you pay them five dollars when you were initiated, six months ago? and then there were fifteen dollars more for degrees; and I recollect you had to wear your old blue coat three months longer, just for that! And now here's more to pay!" "Didn't you love me just as well, Anna, in the blue coat when it was old as when it was new?" "Yes. No! I hardly think I did! If I did, I wouldn't say so!" "I shall love you just as well in your old ribbon. I must pay the dues at the Lodge to-night. It is a trilling tax upon each member, quarterly. This is all the expense the Lodge will henceforth be to me, if I should live fifty years." "And in fifty years it would amount to a pretty large sum. I wonder what good it will ever do to you. It seems to me like throwing away money." "It is a safe investment. By paying my quarterly dues I retain my standing in the Lodge, and am entitled to all the privileges of a member. It is point of honor to settle them promptly. To-night is our meeting when they are to be paid in. I did not think that I should need any money for anything else, and so I shaved my payments so closely as just to save this sum. I did not know Anna, you wanted the ribbon, or I would have in some way curtailed other expenses this week. I do not mean you shall suffer for my Odd Fellowship." "Well, I hope it will rain to-morrow, so that I won't have to go to church, and then I shan't care anything about it," she answered good humoredly. "I suppose you think these Lodges are all right, Robert. But I don't think much will come of them to you and me. Secret societies cannot have much good in them, it seems to me. I cannot abide secrets." "No, I dare say not, Anna! Ladies are great enemies to all such things. A lady once asked President Adams why he might not appoint females as commanders as well as men, for they certainly have quite as much courage." "Yes, madam," answered John Quincy, "of that I have no doubt—but I fear they would hardly resist the temptation to own secret orders before leaving port." "I don't think any more of Mr. Adams for such an ungallant speech," replied the young wife. "So you refuse to let me get the ribbon, Robert," she added, coaxingly. "I must pay my dues. If I should neglect them, and next week be taken ill, I should not be entitled to the aid of the Lodge. You know I never go in debt, and would not let my dues lay over on any account." "Well, let the ribbon go! If I wear the old one to-morrow, you shall wear your old coat beside me!" "That I will do cheerfully, Anna," answered the obliging young Printer. "Nobody can ever provoke you," she said, laughing. "But for all that I wouldn't give two figs for all the good that your Lodge will ever do you or others. If we should be burned out to-night, and everything we had in the world was burned up—furniture, clothing and all—I don't think they would aid you." "I hope the test will never be put, Anna," he answered seriously. "Do you know I recently heard of a very amusing case in which a wife, just such an one as yourself, tho' not half so good nor half so handsome, put the benevolence of the Order to the trial. Would you like to hear it?" he added, as he sat down after putting on his coat and hat. "Yes; though I dare say it is a lion's story, all in your favor." "Well, I confess it is; but it is a true one.—There was a young Journeyman Printer, an old friend and a crony of mine before I was married, (I have no cronies now, Anna, but you)

who left New York last fall to go to New Orleans to work in the Picayune office, I believe. He had just been married to a handsome, roguish girl, who nearly broke Tom's heart half a dozen times before she would consent to have him. Poor fellow! such a game of coquetry she played him, till really, for fear of being hanged outright for murder, she married him. And made him, from the most miserable wretch to the happiest dog in the world. Well, as I was saying, he was going to New Orleans to live. He had lain by nearly three hundred dollars, and with this sum, and his beautiful wife, who hated all Odd Fellows, he started one bright morning for his destination. "If she hated all Odd Fellows, Robert, she was worse than I am, for I don't hate you," she said, with a demure simplicity, that made him laugh outright. "Don't you hate me, Anna? well I ought to feel marvellously glad, Anna, that you do not, seeing I am an Odd Fellow. But I don't mean to say that Tom's wife hated all the Odd Fellows, for in that case she would have hated Tom. I mean to say that she didn't like the Order any more than—than you like your old ribbon!" "Now, Robert, give me the sixty-two and a half cents—why won't you?" she asked wincingly. "What the deuce made me mention the ribbon again! Well, hear about Tom, and forget it! It so happened that in the stage to Pittsburg there were several Odd Fellows, and two strong opposers of the Order. They got to disputing, and, as Tom's wife sided with the latter, they disputed with the greatest energy; for when we men get a woman on our side, we feel that we are more than half right!—Tom's wife heard so many praises from the Odd Fellows of what they had done, that she became quite incredulous, and would not listen with any patience at a long defence from Tom, of the heavenly charity of the Order; but with wit and merry laughter, fairly silenced her less eloquent husband. "At length they reached Cincinnati, and after staying there one night, were to take a boat in the morning for Louisville. About 8 o'clock in the evening, Tom came running into his wife's room aghast, and cried with horror— "Kate, I have lost my pocket book. I have had my pocket picked. I missed it after leaving an auction store. We are lost and ruined! I have not a dollar and a half in the world!" His wife did not seem to feel the least concern. Her countenance, instead of reflecting the horror of his own, was perfectly tranquil. He far an instant forgot his loss to gaze on her with amazement, which was rapidly growing into anger. "What is the matter with you?" he cried, unable to restrain his indignation at her indifference at his great loss. "Why don't you feel for me and say something? I tell you, Kate, I am utterly ruined. Two hundred and thirty dollars—all we had in the world! and then to see you so—cool about it." "Don't swear, dear Tom," she said, with the most provoking serenity. "Swear! I don't know which I feel most, my loss or your perfect unconcern." "Why should I feel concern, Tom? You have only to apply to the Lodges here and get double the sum you have lost. Now is an opportunity for testing the boasted charity of your Order! Our loss will by to-morrow be more than made. My indifference is my perfect faith in the liberality of your Order to members in distress. Why should I feel concern?" This was spoken with an appearance of sincerity that amazed Tom. He knew not what to do or say. But the end of it was, that he that very night, while the Lodges were open, went to one of them, and being admitted, laid his case before the proper officer. It was at once taken into consideration, and he was told that an answer should be sent him before ten o'clock next morning. At precisely that hour a person arrived, and handed Tom a note in the presence of his wife. It contained one hundred and fifty dollars, with the request simply, that he would acknowledge the receipt of it to the person who bore it. Tom did so, and then held the money up to his wife exultingly. "Stay, sir," said she to the Odd Fellow, who was leaving. "Tom, look at this," she cried, displaying his pocket book with the contents untouched, before his astonished eyes. "What can this mean? My pocket book found?" he cried with joy. "It was never lost, Tom. Sir," she said, addressing the stranger, "I have been incredulous about the benefits of Odd Fellowship.—My husband is an Odd Fellow, and last night I resolved I would put to test the benevolence he had so much boasted of. Before he went out I purloined his pocket book. He supposed he had lost it, and was urged by me to apply to your Lodge, for I wished to see if he would be aided, a perfect stranger here unknown to a

human being. If he had his own way, he would rather have sought work and delayed his journey. He wanted to show me that he would not make the appeal to the Lodge in vain.—Sir, I am satisfied? Here, sir, is my husband's money, and he does not need the noble aid you have contributed. Tom, give it back to him; and, sir, I beg you will state the circumstances to the Lodge as they have occurred. From this moment, I too am an Odd Fellow." "I cannot, Anna," continued the Journeyman Printer, Robert Kean, "paint Tom's surprise and joy. I don't know which gratified him most, the recovery of his pocket book or the conversion of his wife." "Well, it is a very nice story, Robert, but until I have a similar reason for being converted, I shall be a skeptic. That night, Robert Kean, the Journeyman Printer, was burned out of house and home.—He lost everything he had. Moreover, he burned his hands so in trying to save some things from the flames, that for three months he was unable to hold a composing stick.—During that time he was surrounded by a brotherhood of love and kindness. There came to him a band of brothers who put him in a neatly furnished house, supplied him with provisions and even luxuries, placed money at his command, and nursed him unweariedly with the benevolence of the Samaritan. At length when he recovered and went to work, he found friends who assisted him, gave him credit, and helped him along heart and hand, until once more he prospered and was independent. One good lesson was taught to Anna by means of this reverse: it was never to despise a benevolent society because it wraps about its charities the mantle of secrecy. Fishes and their Migrations. From an interesting article in the April number of Putnam's Monthly for April, entitled "Nature in Motion," we clip the following paragraphs: For known and for unknown purposes in the tiny mountain brooks and in the wide ocean, fishes are seen in unceasing motion, darting in all directions, traveling now single and now in shoals. Their regular journeys are mostly undertaken for the purpose of spawning: the delicate mackerel moves southward when its time comes, and the beautiful sardine of the Mediterranean goes in the spring westward, and returns in autumn to the East. The sturgeon of northern Europe is seen singly to ascend the great rivers of the Connecticut, and the ornamental migratory salmon of the polar seas travels, we know not how, through river and lake, up into the Baikal, and there swims, in whimsical alterations, but always in immense crowds first on the southern and then on the northern bank. The travels of the salmon are probably best known, because the fish was a favorite already in the days of Pliny, and yet strange enough, is found in every sea in the Arctic, near the equator, and off New Holland, only not in the Mediterranean. They press in large, triangular masses up all the great northern rivers of Europe, Asia and America. They enter Bohemia with Shakespeare by sea, sailing up the river Elbe; they approach Switzerland in the green waters of the Rhine, and even the foot of the Cordilleras by a journey of 3000 miles up the Amazon! Their crowds are not infrequently so dense that they actually stem for awhile the current of the mighty rivers: still these bands are formed with great regularity. The strongest and largest females lead—a fact which will rejoice the strong-minded woman of our age—followed by others of the same sex, travelling two and two at intervals; after them come the males in like order. With a noise like the distant roaring of a storm, they rush up the stream, now sporting in easy, graceful motion, and now darting ahead with lightning speed that the eye cannot follow. Do they come to some rock or wall that impedes their way, they leap with incredible force, and repeat the effort until they have overcome the difficulty: it is even said that, at the foot of the cataracts, they will take their tail in their mouth, and then suddenly letting it go, like an elastic spring, rise twelve or fifteen feet in the air, and thus they travel on, undismayed and untired, until they have found a suitable place for depositing their eggs, and with the same marvellous instinct return, year after year to the distant ocean. The herring is a small, insignificant fish, yet it gives food to millions, and employment to not less than 5000 decked vessels, not to speak of all the open boats employed in the same fishery. Where their home is, man does not know; it is only certain that they are not met with beyond a certain degree of northern latitude, and that the genuine herring never enters the Mediterranean, and hence remained unknown to the ancients. In April and June, all of a sudden, innumerable masses appear in the northern seas, forming vast bands, often thirty miles long and ten miles wide. Their depth has never been satisfactorily ascertained, and their denseness may be judged by the fact, that

jances and harpoons thrust in between them sink not and move not, remain standing upright. Divided into bands, herrings also move in a certain order. Long before their arrival, already their coming is noticed by flocks of sea birds that watch them from on high, while sharks are seen to sport around them, and a thick oily or slimy substance is spread over their columns, coloring the sea in daytime, and shining with a milky mysterious light in a dark still night. The sea-ape, the "monstrous chimera" of the learned precedes them, and is hence by the fishermen called the king of the herrings. They there are first seen single males, often three or four days in advance of the great army: next follow the strongest and largest, and after them enormous shoals, countless like the sand on the sea shore and the stars in heaven. They seek places that abound in stones, and marine plants where to spawn, and like other animals they frequent the localities to which they have become accustomed at a regular time, so that they may be expected as surely as the sun rises and sets. Other fishes have strange peculiarities connected with their travels. Thus, we are told that the mackerels spend their winter in, what would appear to others, a most uncomfortable position. In the Arctic as well as in the Mediterranean, as soon as winter comes, they deliberately plunge their head and the anterior part of their body in deep mud, keeping their tails erected, standing straight out. This position they do not change until spring, when they emerge, in incredible numbers, from their hiding-places and go southward for the purpose of depositing their eggs in more genial waters. Still they are so firmly wedded to this element that they die the instant they are taken out of the water, and then shine with phosphorescent light. The eel is the strangest of travelling fishes; he even performs journeys on land. In hot, dry summers, when ponds and pools are exhausted, he boldly leaves his home, and winding through thick grass, makes his way by night to the nearest water. He is a great gourmand, moreover, and loves young tender peas so dearly that he will leave the river itself, and climb up steep banks to satisfy his desire, and, alas! to fall into the snares of wicked men. Other fishes travel in large crowds all night long, and perch in Tanguebar not only creep on shore, but actually climb up tall fustulums in pursuit of certain shell-fish, which form its favorite food. Covered with viscid slime, he glides smoothly over the rough bark: spines, which he may smother and unfold at will, serve him like hands, to hang by; and with the aid of side-fins and a powerful tail, he pushes himself upward, thus completing the strange picture of fish and shell-fish dwelling high on lofty trees. Plants in a Bed-room. Mr. D. Beaton, in the Cottage Gardener, remarks that, "although it is quite true that plants do vitiate the air of a room to comparatively a fractional degree, it is equally well ascertained that they consume and destroy a very great deal of foul air, and that without foul air, such as would kill a man, plants could not be kept alive at all. We gardeners know this fact from our every day experience. We cannot grow plants so well or so quickly in the sweetest air as in an sinking hotbed. All the animal creation vitiate the common air every time each one breathes the breath of life or life sustaining air: and were it not that all the vegetable kingdom depend on this vitiated air for part of their subsistence, and a great part too, this world would have been at an end as soon as animals covered the face of the earth. Therefore, and without the shadow of a doubt, plants are the best purifiers of all the agents that have yet been known to cleanse the air of a bed-room or any other room in a house, provided always that such plants are not in bloom, or at least do not bear bloom with a strong scent." Good Advice. There is no country in the world where the people are so addicted to the medicine eating propensity as the United States. It has grown to be a perfect mania—a disease of itself. The fact is, Nature never designed the human body to be such a receptacle of medicine. If men would but study the laws of nature, diet properly instead of excessively, be regular in their habits instead of regular in their doses, use common sense and cold water freely and the doctor as little as possible, they would live longer, suffer less, and pay little for the privilege. Love. Love is a queer article. People fall into it, are led by it, get into all sorts of trouble for it, and frequently go to jail on its account. It swindles the young man and deceives the young woman. It puts on a fine dress, when at heart all is hollow and frigid. It smiles from a cloud, weeps from a laugh, and does various other matters neither mentioned in Genesis or Revelations. It makes people the happiest and most miserable of folks, and comes and goes in all shapes. Cupid is a riddle. would have reached thousand pound. In the estimated population are between than 45,000 have period into all Protestant or 80,000 children reached. When an borrow your money you would rather