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

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B. RANDALL,

August 1.

Glorious News! OR all those ladies and gentlemen that had to work hard for their dollars and cents through hay-making and harvest. Joseph Stopp has just returned from New York and Philadelphia, and he is now going to sell off his entire stock of Summer Goods at near half-price, so as to enable him to make room for a new winter stock. Stopp is determined to sell Parasols at half price; Lawns worth 25 cents he sells at 121; some worth 121 he sells at 61 cents per yard; fine needle worked handkerchiefs at 61; collars 4 cents; calicoes worth 121 he sells at 61; black mits and a fine lot of fans going off almost for nothing. Mantillas at almost half price, also a fine lot of silks and berege, a little too nice and cheap for cash .-us news, good times for the people, if they call at Joseph Stopp's Cheap Cash Store No. 41, at the corner of Hamilton and Eighth streets, near Hagenbuch's Hotel, in Allentown. If you want Ready-made Clothing or the stuff to make them, Stopp sells almost for half price. Well I do declare that Stopp is just as contrary as Dick's hat band, for it goes twice round and ties no where, for every thing is high now and Stopp sells every thing very low, or cheaper than ever for Cash. Look out, gentlemen, if he ever fails, just say, I knew that for he sold too cheap ; then you hit the nail right on the head.

July 18, JOSEPH STOPP. — tr TRUSSES, TRUSSES, TRUSSES & C. H. Needles, Truss and Brace Establishment,

South West Cor. of Twelfth and Race Sts., PHILADELPHIA. IMPORTER of fine FRENCH TRUSSUS, combin-

ing eatreme lightness, case and darability with correct construction.

Hernial or ruptured patients can be stitled by

remitting amounts, as below : - Sending number of inches round the hips, and stating side Cost of Single Truss. \$2, \$3, \$4, \$5. Double

-\$5, \$6, \$8 and \$10. Instructions as to wear, and how to effect a cure, when possible, sent with the Truss.

Also for sale, in great variety, Dr. Banning's Improved Patent Body Brace, For the cure of Prolapsus Uteri : Spinal Props and Supports, Patent Shoulder Braces. Chest Expanders and Erector Braces, adapted to all with Stoop Shoulders and Weak Lungs: English Elastic Abdominal Belts, Suspensories,

Syringes—male and female.

Ladies' Rooms, with Lady attendants. August 1.

Allentown Academy. THE Fall Term will begin on Monday, third

of September.

I. N. Gregory, A. M., Principal.
Mr. E. B. Hartshorn, Assistant.
Miss Alice Moore, Preceptress.
Miss Lucy Moore, Assistant.
Miss Gibson, Teacher of the Primary Depart-

ments.

Mrs. Gregory Teacher of Music. The teachers are able, faithful and persever ing, and will carnestly exert themselves to secure the improvement of their pupils.

RATES OF TUITION PER TERM OF ELEVEN WEEKS. \$4 00 and \$4 50

Common English Studies, ... Higher "" 5 50

6 00

with Classical, and French,

Music, Use of Piano for practice, Fuel for Winter, August 15.

A-BANILY-BOUNDL ---- URUTRAL IN POLITIES.

Tocal und General News, Agriculture, Education, Morality, Amusement, Markets,

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ALLENTOWN, PA., SEPTEMBER 5, 1855.

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Voetienl.

OPERATIVE'S LAMENT.

BY C. L. LOCHMAN.

The sun is up, the flowers awake, With tear-drops in their gentle eyes, Which soon the morning breeze will take, And waft them to the azure skies: But nought will dry my tears away.

Which gush from eyes of wearied head,
And steal my life blood day by day;
Because I'm poor, and earn my bread!

Iow welcome is the morning voice, To those who are all free from care. It greets them with fresh hopes and joys-To me it brings but dark despair: The morn doth break the happy spell, Which angels wave around my bed; And soon will sing the factory bell, And I must go and carn my bread!

When through the crowded street I stray, Where fashion moves in endless whirl, often hear some voices say,
"She's but a poor and working girl,"—
Oh, God, is there in honest toil
A shame, which marks a woman's head!

And do the hands receive a soil, Which labor hard to earn one's bread ! And when the evening's silent hour Bids friends to meet in social glee, And loved ones seek their happy bower,

No one will cast a thought on me: Ly simple home is never cheered, With love's or friendship's welcome tread, Because in wealth I was not reared, And poverty must earn its bread!

And when my feeble health is gone, In working hard and working late, No sympathizing friendly tone Will bless me in my hapless state. Ah! when cold death shall come at last,

(A thought which hath for me no dread) To tears, alas! will trickle fast, Because in life I carned my bread!

one hope—one only hope is left [night Which beams through life's unchanging And though of every joy bereft,

This hope affords me some delight-

The grave will break no happy spell; No fever there shall rack my head! My cars shall hear no factory hell; My hands no more shall carn my bread!

A Select Story. TWICE LOVING

'Wilton, dont you ever intend to get married? I declare, I'm quite in despair about you. Here you are, thirty-six-years old next February, and a confirmed old bachelor !-Why, you ought to have a wife, and two or three fine second editions by this time. Just think of all the trouble I've had about you. too! Rides in the country, and promenades in the city; visits at home, and parties abroad, all to no purpose. It provokes me to think of it. Once for all, Wilton Hughes, do you intend to live and die an old bachelor?' And the lady, still young and blooming, put down, with an air of desperation, the jewel-case with which her fingers had been playing, and confronted the gentleman, who sat opposite her.

He, too, laid down his paper, but with ar air of languid song froid, which was particularly irritating, for dinner was just over, and Wilton Hughes always devoted the next half hour to politics and bank stocks.

'Really, Sara,' he replied, and his coolness was in strange contrast with his sister's vehemence, 'I cannot answer you, for, whether I shall depart from this life in a state of single or double blessedness, is still an indefinite matter to myself. You shall be apprised of my decision, when I make it. Meanwhile, my dear sister, I recommend that you give yourself no further uneasiness on the subject.'

'You are the most provoking being alive, Wilton,' ejaculated the offended lady, as she rose up. 'I believe you are as heartless as you are sarcastic, and I shall never put anoher woman in danger of breaking her heart for you.' And the rustle of Mrs. Hill's brown silk was an emphatic peroration of her anger, as she swept indignantly from the apartment.

Wilton Hughes leaned back in his chair, and half closed his eyes. Now he sits there all alone, his face brought into fine relief by the dark velvet cushioning, we will look at it; for his countenance is something more than book with a date.'

It is not a handsome face; and yet it will win upon you strangely. The features are too ong and thin for masculine beauty; the forehead is broad and high, with thick masses of hair about it; the lips are thin, and in repose stern and grave; but you should see them when they are in the light of one of his smiles. Thirty-six next February !' his sister said .ou would never believe he was more than twenty-eight, looking into his face.

But as the man sits there, his thoughts wander off on a long journey. It may be his sister's words, it may be the dim quiet of the room-have started them on a path which reaches away over the grave-yards of many dead and buried years, to a far country-the land of his youth.

It is an old red farm-house that he sees now ; the sloping roof is covered with moss, and in snow.' the spring the weeds take root among the edge of the house. He has not seen the old home since that night when he learned look! how the cold, proud man's mouth quivers, and his fingers clutch the paper, for that night has come out to meet him. It was ' laid away, and locked up,' he thought, where it would never find a path into the present; but teeted girl should be out alone. now, as some old friend-over whose death we have wept and prayed-comes back and takes our hand, and the seat by our side, and looks into our eyes with the old smile, and whispers. 'It was all false! I was not dead!' so this night came back like a living presence, and took its seat by Wilton Hughes.

He saw her again the only woman who had ever troubled the deeps of his soul, as he saw hazel eyes, as sweet a picture as ever the heart They had just returned from a long ride in the country, and they stood by the gate. He had assisted her to alight, and he still retained her little fingers in his own.

A young moon was mounting over the forest, you?' asked the gentleman. and the light lay soft and sad in the hollows, and along the road side.

enth of July! His heart would keep those two dates, till it took up the last one-Eleruity!

He remembered how, standing there, he leaned down to her, and, putting away the cluster of curls under Her bonnet, said, 'I shall not be here again, till the hollows are as full of and shouting along the street. snow as they are now of moon-light. May God take care of my darling, and oh! you will be true to me, my Mary!'

She looked up to him, her dear eyes shining fondly through her tears. 'Wilton'-how the memory of her voice thrilled his heart still-Wilton, you may trust me!' and it was not the words, so much as the look, which filled his soul with such trust, that if an angel had no more fully. He remembered the last kiss, and that his eyes were dim as he sprang into the carriage. It was the last time he ever saw Mary, or the red house, with the weeds growing on its edge.

He had never blamed her-not even when the blind darkness of that great sorrow settled upon the morning of his life-when he learned that she was another's, and his heart grew

dead within bim. He knew she was true, and that was a great blessing; her friends had deceived her, and she

had gone to the altar, believing that Wilton was false to her. Mary's family was a poor and a proud one;

so was Wilton's. When the rich man came and laid his wealth

and social elevation at the feet of the country girl, her parents looked off on the little yellow cottage, which was Wilton's home, and said, Our child shall be the wife of the rich man! But Mary was true; God bless her! and there was a long web of deceit and falsehood woven about her heart, before she yielded to their entreaties. He learned it all too late!

And then Wilton Haghes went out into the world, and did good battle with it. He educated himself; he elevated his family; and at thirty-five he was a rich man.

He had but two sisters, and when his parents died, they came to the city, and married rich men. Proud, fashionable, elegant women they were, admiring their brother, because the world did so, and yet dreaming little of the spring of poetry, whose clear waters gushed through and kept green the heart, so hidden from them. They called him old, notional, fastidious, and could not understand why he was so indifferent to women, with whom his grace ful, half-indolent manners made him an especial favorite.

Wilton Hughes lived with his sister, Mrs. Hills. Sue was the younger, and perhaps he loved her the better, of the two. But there was no sympathy between them. He was a mystery, and a very provoking one, sometimes, to her, and she was to him like a book' which one admires for the elaborate binding and gilded edges, but knows there is little inside, after

And so Wilton Hughes sat there alone, in his sister's drawing-room, that winter afternoon, and the old years came up softly, and sang a sweet song to him, a song of youth and love, and hope, and he found, after all, that the past still kept some pearls with which to dower the present.

It was quite late when he came back again to the paper and the arm-chair, and he smiled a sweet, half mournful smile to himself, as he ooked at his watch, and murmured.

'What a time-stealer these reveries are! I guess I'll finish up these letters, and not go out till after supper.'

the wind met his face, it was 'getting ready to

When he returned, he found a young girl trycaves, and make a long green fringe on the ling to close the door, in the teeth of the wind, and looking ruefully out into the thick darkness. She was slender, and had pale, delicate features; that was all he could make out by the gas-light opposite, but her youth and timidity appealed to his heart at once. Besides, it was not a night on which a young and unpro-

'Mrs. Hills is not in this evening,' he said to the girl, supposing, she had come there on some errand to his sister. 'Have you seen the housekeeper? She should not allow you to return alone.'

'I have been sewing for Mrs. Hills to day, sir,' answered the girl; and somehow, her soft sweet voice thrilled the heart that was yet quivering to the old memory tune. It took her then, with her shining golden hair, and her me longer to finish the work than I thought it would; but I had no idea it was so dark.'of man framed and housed up in the past. And she shuddered, as she looked down the street.

' Perhaps our paths lie in the same direction ; it is not safe for you to go alone. I am Mrs. Hills' brother; will you allow me to accompany

. She turned, and looked carnestly at him for a moment. It was a very fair, almost childish He was only nineteen then, and it was the face, that dwelt in that plain straw bonnet. 'Yes, sir,' answered the girl, eagerly. '

shall be very grateful for your company, for I am a sad coward.' They had proceeded but a short distance, when the wind sprang up flercer and stronger

than ever, whirling up the yesterday's snow, Wilton's companion stopped suddenly, and

gasped, 'Oh! I cannot go any farther. The wind takes away my breath. It always does.' 'Don't be afraid, my child. I shall take care of you, Hold your shawl before your face, and keep fast to me. There it's going

down. We will proceed now. 'What should I have done if it had not been for you! I should never have reached my spoken from Heaven, he would have believed home; never in the world.' And as the girl spoke, the gentleman heard the throbbing of

the little coward heart against his arm. 'You should never venture out alone again, on such a night,' replied Wilton. 'Have you

no friend to come for you ?' 'No, sir,' she answered mournfully ; 'my mother died two years ago. She was the only

relation I had on earth.' 'Poor child!' Involuntarily the man's hand closed over that which lay on his arm, for helplessness made her seem to him

like a child. 'And with whom do you live now?'

'With a Mrs. Mason, who was a friend of my mother's, after we came from England. We went there when I was a little girl, and papa lost his property, and died there. I was only twelve, when we came back. It was four years ago. Mamma lived two of these, and I was taking drawing lessons, and expecting to teach, when she was taken ill. After she died. I lived a year with Mrs. Mason, and then the money we brought from England was all gone. I learned to do plain sewing of Mrs. Mason's nicec. I am hoping some time to lay by money enough to take drawing lessons again.

This simple epitome of the past was murnured among the wind pauses, in a low, sweet voice, that seemed to Wilton Hughes like music he had heard long ago.

'May I inquire your mother's name ?' 'Mary Willis Arnold.'

Wilton stood still. It was the one name ourned into his soul. Just then the wind beat up hoarser, madder than before. He did not hear it, for the louder wind that was driving through his heart.

The girl clung to him and shivered.

the first thing that aroused him. 'Don't be frightened,' he said, soothingly we are almost home. I think, from your description, your mother and I were old ac-

quaintances. They were walking on again. She looked up in unspeakable surprise. 'If you tell me your name ?'

'Wilton Hughes. Did your mother ever speak of it?'

'Oh, yes! I am so glad! how very strange She left a letter for you the very day she died, and told me to be sure and keep it till I found you. Here we are at home! You will come in, Mr. Hughes, and get the letter ?

He did not answer her, but he followed the light footsteps into the small brown house.

The girl entered the parlor. It was plainly, but decently furnished. An old, but very pleasant looking woman, sat by the small cylinder stove, and a lamp was burning on

'Lena, I have been so worried about you,' said the old woman, and then stopped suddenly, on seeing a stranger.

'It is mother's old friend, Mr. Hughes .-

It was a raw winter night. Wilton Hughes You remember, Mrs. Mason,' said Lena, as stepped back for his umbrella, for he knew, as she ushered the gentleman into the parlor. Mrs. Mason received him with rapturous

expressions of delight; but as Lena threw off her bonnet, and came into the light, he could only think of her. The large hazel brown eyes, the fair, pure features were so like those his early manhood had loved, that he longel to down kisses upon them. Lena's father had bequeathed her hair and lashes their thick darkness, and given the proud curve to her lips in their repose; but in all else she was like her

> the room, and he vainly tried to answer Mes sister, rode un the Mason's inquiries with anything but monos ables.

In a moment Lena returned, and laid the letter in his hand. How it shook as he opened it! There were but a few words, traced, evidently, by a faltering hand. So ran the letter:

'MY BELOVED WILTON.—I am dying to-day, and few must be the words I can say to you.—
Ten years ago, holding my father's dying hand in mine. I learned all. We were both the vice tims. Thank God, your heart was as true as my own.' Wilton, my child is fatherless and motherless, and I have none with whom to leave her. I give her to you, though I know not where you are, whether married or single for I have never heard of you since ---

" I can hardly see the lines, and I know th darkness that is coming over them is death.

To-morrow I shall be at home, and when this plain sewing for you a few days? She is to be Comes to you you will take care of Lena, for the my wife?

Wilton read this letter through, and then the proud man leaded his arms on the table, and burying his head there, sobbed like a very child, unmindful of his tearful listeners.

I cannot tell all which took place that evening in Mrs. Mason's little parlor; but when Wilton Hughes had risen to leave, he put aside Lena's thick curls, and looking in her face, said very tenderly.

'My child never go out to another day's sewing. Your mother has given you to me .-I will take good care of you."

'A month had passed.

'What is the reason that Wilton never stays at home now-a.days?' said Mrs. Hills to her dull, but very stately husband, on one of those infrequent evenings which they were passing alone together. 'He used to be away quite too much, I thought, but now we never get a glimpse of him till eleven. Do, Charles, hand me that magazine.'

'Perhaps he's out courting; ch, Sara?' suggested the gentleman, as he passed the pamphlet to his wife.

'Nonsense; it's nothing of that kind, replied the lady, quickly, for she had no great confidence in her husband's discriminating faculties. 'I'd give him a lecture for leaving me so; but, then, what good would it do?'

If Mrs. Ilills could have known the new life which the heart of her brother had been living for that last month, and if she could have looked into Mrs. Mason's little parlor that evening, it would greatly have modified her re-

Wilton Hughes had passed his evenings with Lena Ainold, and his soul had drunken again of the golden goblet of its youth. Lena was so child-like, so unaffected, that

t was a joy to the world-weary man to be with

He might have been married years before: but his sisters' finesse and frivolity had sickencd his heart of their sex; and then they would never leave him alone, but were always trying to palm off some woman upon him as false and vain as themselves.

But, Lena! Lena! She had taken him back to the golden dream of his youth, and he sat watching her to-night, as she stood by the talde; her graceful head learning over the drawing he had brought her, her dark eyes beaming

bright through their long, heavy lashes. Lena,' he said, at last, ' will you come and sit down by me, for I have something to say to vou?'

She came, with a smile half-curious, half-confiding, for Lena had learned to know Wil on very well during that month.

Lena, he said, stroking the little hand he had taken in his, and looking into her clear eyes, ' do you love me any ?'

'Love you any?' answered the girl, with that frankness which contact with the world had never taught her to conceal; 'to be sure I do. Were you not my mother's best friend, and are you not my own now? Oh! I love you better than any one in the world, Mr. Hughes!

'Well enough to be my wife, Lena?' She sprang up in her wild astonishment and ier cheeks were incarnadined with blushes. 'I your wife! You do not mean it, Mr.

Hughes! He put his arm around her.

'Yes, Eena, I should not jest on such a subect. Twenty years lie between us, and my hair may be growing grey, while your cheek

love me less because I loved your me first-because I shall be old before you Len She drew up close to him. 'No, no. I w not thinking of that ; only I am so different ; know so little, and I am so unfitted to be you

I am in no hurry, Lena. You are i ght in ninking yourself too young to marry now. I will wait for you three years. I will not trammel your girl-life with any engagement which gratitude might induce you to make me. You shall be free, and you shall pass the intervening three years at one of the best schools in the Union.

The pride of Lena's father, and the delicacy of her mother, rose in her answer. 'But to be so dependent before I am married! Forgive me! but I cannot bear the thought of it, Mr. Hughes.

'I have looked out for all that, my Lena.-The gentleman at whose school I would place' you, desires an assistant in drawing. In two' nonths you can be this, and yourself dellay

our expenses. 'How can I thank you?' said Lena, with a burst of happy tears. . How I will study, so you shall not be ashamed of me when I am-She shall not finish the sentence; but before she buried her burning face on his shoulder, draw the sewing girl to his heart, and rain there had beamed a glance thre' her swimming eyes which told Wilton Hughes that she loved

Three years had passed. Wilton had just returned with Mr. and Mrs. Hills from their an-Wilton's eyes followed the girl as she left | nual visit to Saratoga. Martha, his older

· Wilton Hughes!' shricked both the horrified ladies; 'will you so disgrace yourself and your family? We will never, never receive her-never speak to her.

'Martha! Sara! Be still!' The tones were so stern and commanding, that even the proud women yielded to them. 'Listen to me;' and Wilton sat down, and told the sisters the story of his youth-of his love for Mary Willis, and of the lie that had made her another's, and how his heart had holden that one memory in silence,

and tendernes, for so many years. Then he told them of the winter night, and his meeting with her child, and thus he con-

. 'Whether you receive or reject my wife, is a master perfectly optional with yourselves; but, remember, she is never to be insulted in my presence. And he left them.

Wilten's words had reached the woman's hearts of his sisters. There was something of truth and beauty in this deep, long-enduring love, which spoke to their souls through all the pride and false shape which had overgroun

Mary Willis had been their play nate in the days they had since blushed to remember, and her sweet face came back to them once more, and in that better moment they said : 'There is no use in finding fally with him,

and, after all, his love has been very beautiful. She will be his wife, and he will receive her as And they did not after their determination, when Wilton brought Lena to them; and they looked upon her, graceful and vinc-like, in all her rare bridal heatty; for size was happy as few wives are in the husband who had first

Wilkins and His Dinah.

loved her mother.

The following very popular cockney ballad, lately imported from London, is at present all the rage in New York and Philadelphia, and was sung with great applause last week at Rivers & Derious' Circus by Dan Gardner, to whom we are indebted for the words: "Tis of a rich merchant who in London did dwell:

He had but one daughter, an uncommon nice gal: name was Dinah, scarce sixteen years old, With a wery wery large fortune in silver and old. [With a "Tol la ri la rol" chorus at the

end of each verse.] As Dinah vas valking in the garden one day, Ier pappa he came to her, and thus he did say ; Co, dress yourself, Dinah, in gorgeous array, And take yourself a husband both gallant and

Oh papa, oh papa, I've not made up my mind, and to marry just yet, why, I don't feel in-

elined: To you my large fortune I'll gladly give o'er, If you'll let me live single a year or two more.' Go. go, boldest daughter, the parent replied.

you won't consent to be this young man's bride, I'll give your large fortune to the nearest of kin, And you shan't reap the benefit of one single

As Villikins was walking in the garden around, He spied his dear Dinah lying dead on the ground,
With a cup of cold pison laying down by her

And a billet-dux a stating 'twas by pison she died. He kissed her cold corpus a thousand times o'er, And called her his Dinah, though she was no

more; Then swallowed the bottle and sung a short still keeps the bloom of its youth. Shall you And Villikins and his Dinah lie both in one grayo.