

The Lehigh Register

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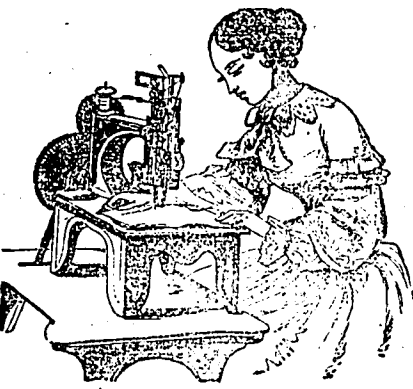
Offices in Hamilton street, two doors west of the German Reformed Church, directly opposite Moser's Drug Store.

Letters on business must be POST PAID, otherwise they will not be attended to.

JOB PRINTING.

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

Singer's Sewing Machine.



DURING the last four years these machines have been fully tested in all kinds of materials that can be sewed, and have rendered general satisfaction. Truly thousands of worthless Sewing Machines have been brought before the public, yet Singer's alone has merited and obtained a good reputation for its perfection and real worth.

The undersigned having purchased of I. M. Singer & Co. the sole and exclusive right to use and vend to others to be used, the above named Machines, in the following localities: The State of Wisconsin, the northern part of Indiana, and Pennsylvania (with the exception of the counties of Erie, Allegheny, Philadelphia and Northampton) and is now prepared to sell Machines as above mentioned.

August 1.

A New MARBLE YARD

IN ALLENTOWN, Between Dresher's and Hoffman & Bro's Lumber Yards, in Hamilton street.

P. F. Eisenbraun & Co.

RESPECTFULLY inform the citizens of Allentown and the public in general, that they have opened a MARBLE YARD at the above named place, and are carrying on the business on an extensive scale.

They have now in their Yard a very large and choice stock of Italian and American Marble which they are manufacturing into Tombs, Monuments, Head and Foot Stones, Mantel Pieces, Table and Bureau Tops, Windows and Door Sills, Steps, Posts, &c. Lettering of the best style done in English and German characters, and all kinds of Ornamental Work executed in the highest style of art and in the most substantial manner; they will be pleased to furnish engravings and designs to suit the wishes of the public.

Great inducements are offered to country manufacturers to furnish them with American and Italian marble of the best quality, as they have made such arrangements as to enable them to furnish it at city prices.

They hope by strict and prompt attention to business, moderate prices, and furnishing the best work in town, to merit a liberal share of patronage.

They also constantly keep on hand a large stock of brown stone for building purposes, consisting of platforms, door sills, steps, spout stones, &c.; &c.

July 11.

New Flour and Feed Store.

THE undersigned, having entered into co-partnership, under the firm of Bernd & Troxell, have opened a new Grain and Flour Store, in the store of Solomon Weaver, No 147 West Hamilton street, next door to Steifer's Hotel, where they will keep constantly on hand a supply of all kinds of Flour, Feed, Grain, &c.—Family Flour delivered at the houses of all who order from them.

They will do business entirely upon the CASH SYSTEM, and can therefore sell a little cheaper than any dealers who adopt any other mode.

The highest Cash price paid for grain. We invite all who wish to purchase flour or sell grain to give us a call.

JESSE H. BERND, PETER TROXELL, Jr.

Oct. 1.

A SLY HINT TO MEN AND BOYS.—If you want to buy a good, cheap pair of pants, coat or vest, please call at Stopp's Cheap Cash Store.

N. B.—And if you want money please pass down on the other side and don't look at Stopp's Cheap Cash Store.

LEHIGH REGISTER.

A FAMILY JOURNAL—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

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

VOLUME X. ALLENTOWN, PA., OCTOBER 31, 1855. NUMBER 5.

Lehigh County High School, At Emmaus.

THE Lehigh County High School will commence the third session on Monday, October 23d, 1855.

The course of instruction will embrace the different branches of a thorough English Education and Vocal and Instrumental Music, with the French, German and Latin languages.

The session will last five months. Young Ladies and Gentlemen, who may wish to study the art of teaching and may desire of becoming Professional Teachers are requested to inquire into the merits of the High School.

There will be no extra charges made for students who wish to study Astronomy, Philosophy, and Mathematics. The Lehigh County High School can boast of having one of the best Telescopes now in use, and also all the Philosophical and Mathematical Instruments which are required to facilitate a student.

Boarding can be obtained at very low rates in private families in the immediate vicinity of the school, or with the Principal at from 50 to 60 dollars per session, according to the age. Everything is included, such as tuition, washing, fuel and lights. The building will be fixed so as to accommodate one hundred students, and the Principal will be aided by good and experienced assistants also in Pennsylvania.

For Circulars and other information, address JAMES S. SHOEMAKER, Principal, Emmaus, Lehigh County.

Good Times, Good Times

are before the doors of the people of Lehigh, Northampton, Bucks and Carbon counties, for the Railroad is now completed from New York and Philadelphia to Allentown. On Monday last the train of cars ran over the entire road for the first time, and there were something less than 100 cars in the train, and I suppose they were all stopped at

JOSEPH STOPP'S CHEAP CASH STORE.

In Allentown, at No 41, corner of Hamilton and Fifth streets, near Hegenbach's Hotel, for I have in my store, and by the looks of the tremendous quantity of goods, and his clerks were unpacking I am sure that the depot must be right at his store, and that the whole train of cars must have been loaded with Goods for Stopp. We all stopped and looked with astonishment at the piles of Shawls, De Lains, Silks, Merinos, Persian Cloths, Cashmere, Alpaca, Merinos, &c., from the floor to the ceiling, the goods all new styles. Then I looked to the other side of the store, and lo, and behold, my eyes were greeted with perfect mountains of Goods, consisting of Cloths, Cassimeres, Satins, Diapers, Toweling, Stocking Yarn, and Stockings, Gloves, Mittens, Woolen Comforts, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Glass and Queensware, Looking Glasses, Knives, Parks, Spoons, &c., &c. Then one of the clerks showed me in another room, there he had piles of

Home Made Clothing.

such as coats, vests, pants and over coats, all of their own manufacture, and he showed me the prices of some of their goods, then I said I don't wonder that all the people say that Dan Rice has the best show and Joseph Stopp the cheapest Cash Store.

Sept. 12.

QUAKERTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL

For Young Men and Boys.

LOCATED at Quakertown, Bucks County, Pa., 14 miles below Bethlehem and Allentown. The course of instruction at this Institution is thorough and practical, and embraces the several branches of a liberal English education. The Winter Term will commence the 22d of October, 1855. Charges including Board, Washing, Tuition, Fuel, Lights, &c., \$60 per Session of 22 weeks, one half payable in advance.

For Circulars and particulars address JOHN BALL, Principal, September 19.

W. K. MOSSER & CO'S

LEATHER AND SHOE FINDINGS STORE.

No. 34 East Hamilton Street, nearly opposite Singer's Hardware Store.

THE undersigned respectfully inform their Philadelphia and New York with large additions to their already heavy and well selected stock, and in connection with this they still carry on business at the Tan Yard formerly owned by their father, Jacob Mosser. They keep a complete assortment of LEATHER of every description, and Shoe Findings, which comprises all articles used by Shoemakers, such as CALF SKINS, MOROCCOS, UPPER LEATHER, LININGS, &c. A general assortment of Hemlock and Oak Saw Leather, constantly kept on hand. Also Harness and all other Leathers for saddlers.

The highest price constantly paid for Hides either in store or at the Tannery. Two of us being practical Tanners, we feel confident in warranting every article sold by us as represented. We therefore hope by fair dealing and low prices to merit a liberal share of patronage.

W. K. MOSSER, PETER K. GRIM, J. K. MOSSER.

Sept. 19.

THE Maiden with Golden Hair.

BY OLIVER S. LELAND.

Many, many years ago, near by the old Abbey of Chelles, there was a fountain, a little fountain, which went rippling, rippling along laughingly, through the flowers and the fresh green grass.

In the fountain, a large willow bathed its long green hair, and under this willow came Jacqueline every evening, at the hour when the night flower opens its chalice. But Jacqueline came not under the tree to drink of the fountain; for here, at the hour when the night flower opens its chalice, came her lover, Pierre. Pierre was a blacksmith of the country, the handsome smith with the proud yet tender glance. And every evening they culled with the same hand, the little blue flowers which enameled the borders of the fountain. And when the flowers were culled, Pierre would kiss them and conceal them in the bosom of the beautiful Jacqueline with the golden hair.

One evening when Jacqueline came with Pierre under the great willow tree, he grew pale as death. "Dearest," said she, "you to me to love thy Jacqueline as long as the fountain shall glide on." And Pierre answered, "as long as the fountain shall glide on, so long, and longer, will I love my beautiful Jacqueline with the golden hair."

He vowed: but one day Jacqueline stood all alone beneath the great willow tree. She gathered the little blue flowers while waiting for him, but he came not to place them in the little red bodice. She threw the flowers into the fountain, and she thought that the fountain wept with her. The next day she came a little sooner and went away a little later. She waited; the nightingales were singing in the woods; the cattle were lowing in the meadow. She waited; the old abbey clock sounded the hour of the Angelus; the miller of Nogent chanted his joyous song.

Eight days after, Jacqueline came once more to the fountain. She was still alone. "It is over," said she; "it is over!" The soldiers of the king just passed by the brookside. "Ah!" said she, "he has gone to the war." She went and knocked at the door of the Abbey. "It is a poor girl," said she, "who wishes to love God alone."

They cut off her beautiful golden hair—they sent back to her mother her little bodice and hoop of silver. Yet he came back—he, the blacksmith with the proud eye, yet tender glance. "Jacqueline, Jacqueline, where art thou? The fountain still runs on; it is the hour when the white pigeons seek the dovecot, the hour when the night flowers open their chalice. Where art thou, Jacqueline? Where art thou?" And even as he spoke, Pierre saw Jacqueline pass by, robed in the black garb of the nuns. Poor Jacqueline! she has lost her golden hair.

He approached her. "Jacqueline, Jacqueline, what hast thou done with our happiness? While I was a prisoner of war, behold thou hadst descended into a living tomb. Jacqueline, darling, what shall I do to my forge without thee? Thou, who shouldst have given to me thy smile to cheer my heart, thy brow to embalm my lips, thy neck on which to rest my arms. Thou who shouldst have given to me children as beautiful as angels, to enliven the corner of my fireside. Already I have seen them in my dreams, with their rosy feet, playing on their father's knees, smiling in their mother's arms. Adieu, Jacqueline; adieu! I will go to night and bid farewell to the fountain, and to the great willow tree, and to the little blue flower. And when I have said farewell to all that I loved, I will cut me a staff in the old forest, and I will journey into far off lands."

That evening when Pierre came to the fountain, the sun was gilding with his last pale ray, the branches of the great willow tree. It was a hunting day, and the baying of the dogs and shouts of the huntsmen resounded gaily over the Maine. When Pierre had come under the great willow tree, he shuddered and pressed his hand closely to his heart; for lying on the grass, his head leaning against the stone base of the fountain, he had seen the figure of a nun. "Jacqueline! Jacqueline!" falling on his knees: and the echo from the woods answered, sadly, "Jacqueline! Jacqueline!"

With faint and love he raised her in his arms. "Farewell, dear Pierre," she said softly; since I have prayed to God within these gloomy convent walls, I have felt that I was dying from hour to hour. Already am I dead; if my heart still beats, it is so near to thine. Grant me one favor, will you my dearest? When I am dead, bury me here. I do not wish to return to the convent, where my heart was frozen; but bury me here, dear Pierre, where I may still hear the rippling of the fountain and the waving of the branches of the great willow tree. And in the soft, sweet evenings of the month of May, when the nightingale sings his tenderest lay down in the woods, I will remember that you have loved me well."

She ceased, and pressing her death cold lips for the last time upon his brow, she breathed her soul away in that last kiss of love. Thus died Jacqueline, the beautiful maiden with golden hair.

The moon, just rising above the mountain top, shed down a sweet, sad light upon the scene. Pierre took her in his arms, saying to her a thousand tender words, thinking still that she would answer him. But she heard him not. How beautiful she seemed in death, resting her pale face upon the shoulder of her lover, Pierre.

All the night long Pierre prayed to God for the soul of his dear Jacqueline, sometimes on his knees before the body, sometimes pressing her wildly to his heart. At daybreak, all sobbing, he dug her grave, lined it with the fresh, green grass, glistening with the morning dew, all studded with flowers and pearls. On this funeral bed he placed Jacqueline for eternity. For the last time he pressed her hand, for the last time he kissed her pure white brow. Over her body he scattered all the wild flowers he could gather in the meadow, or at the borders of the wood. Upon the wild flowers he threw the earth—earth blessed by holy tears. Slowly he went away. The nuns, on their waking heard the sobs of her lover, Pierre.

Since that sad day the smith has never beaten iron at his forge. Since that sad day, Jacqueline has slept to the rippling of the fountain—music sweet to her heart. And in the soft, sweet evenings of the month of May, when the nightingale sings her tenderest lay down there in the woods, she remembers that Pierre has loved her well. And to this day, you can see the little blue flowers growing from her tomb, which is ever green.

An Indian Execution in Michigan.

The Clinton County (Mich.) Express publishes the following, and vouches for its authenticity. It is certainly a curious history:

In different parts of Central Michigan there are two tribes of Indians, the Ottowas and Chippewas. They are friendly to each other, and during the hunting season, frequently camp near each other. In the Fall of 1853, a party of one tribe built their cabins on the banks of Maple river, and a party of the other tribe, about eighty in number, encamped in what is now the town of Dallas. It is unnecessary to speak of their life in these camps—suffice it to say that the days were spent in hunting, and the nights in drinking "fire-water" and carousing. In one of the revels at the camp on Maple river, an Indian, maddened by liquor, killed his squaw, and concealed the deed threw her body upon the fire.

Recovering from the stupor of the revel, he saw the signs of his guilt before him, and fearing the wrath of his tribe, he fled toward the other encampment.

His absence was noticed—the charred remains of the poor squaw were found, and the cry for blood was raised. The avengers were soon upon his track—they pursued him to the encampment of their neighbors—he was found, apprehended, and in solemn council doomed to the death which, in the stern old Indian code, is reserved for those only who shed the blood of their kin. It was a slow, torturing, cruel death. A hatchet was put in the victim's hands, he was led to a large log that was hollow, and made to assist in fixing it for his coffin. This was done by cutting into it some distance on the top, in two places about the length of a man apart, then slapping off, and digging the hollow until larger, so as to admit his body. This done, he was taken back and tied fast to a tree. Then they smoked and drank of the "fire-water," and when evening came, they kindled large fires around him, at some distance off, but so they would shine full upon him. And now commenced the orgies—they drank to intoxication—they danced and sang in their wild Indian manner, chanting the dirge of the recreant brave. The arrow was fitted to the bow string, and ever and anon with its shrill twang it sent a missile into the quivering flesh of the homicide; and to heighten his misery they cut off his ears and nose.

Alternately drinking, dancing, beating their rude drums and shooting their arrows into the victim, the night passed.

The next day was spent in eating and drinking the victim meanwhile still bound to the tree. What his reflections were we of course cannot tell, but he bore his punishment as a warrior should.

When night was closed around it brought his executioners to their work again. The scene of the first night was re-enacted, and so it was the next night, and the next, and so on for a week. Seven long and weary days did he stand there tortured with the most cruel tortures, before his proud head drooped upon his breast, and his spirit left its clayey tenement for the hunting-grounds of the Great Spirit.

And when it did they took the body, wrapped it in a new clean blanket, and placed it in the log coffin he had helped to hollow.

They put his hunting-knife by his side that he might have something to defend himself on

the way, his whiskey-bottle that he might cheer his spirits with a draught now and then, and his tobacco and pipe, that he might smoke. Then they put on the cover, drove down stakes each side of the log, and filled up between them with logs and brush. The murdered squaw was avenged. The camp was broken up, and the old stillness and quiet once more reigned over the forest spot where was consummated this signal act of retributive justice.

Our informant has visited the spot often since then: the log is still there with its cover on; and beneath may still be seen the skeleton of the victim.

LOVE SONG.

BY ANSON G. CHESTER.

She who sleeps upon my heart Was the first to win it: She who dreams upon my breast Ever reigns within it: She who kisses off my lips Wakes my warmest blessing: She who rests within mine arms Feels their closest pressing.

Other hours than these shall come, Hours that may be weary: Other days shall greet us yet, Days that may be dreary: Still that heart shall be thy home, Still that breast thy pillow: Still those lips meet thine, as oft Billow meeteth billow.

Sleep, then, on my happy heart, Since thy love hath won it: Dream, then, on my loyal breast— None but thou hast done it: And when age our bloom shall change, With its wintry weather, May we, in the self same grave, Sleep and dream together!

Don't Depend on "Father."

Stand up here, young man, and let us talk to you—you who have trusted alone to the contents of "father's purse," and on his fair fame for your influence in business. Think you that father has attained to eminence in his profession, but by unweary industry? or that he has amassed a fortune honestly without energy and activity? You should know that the faculty requisite for the acquiring of fame or fortune, is essential to, nay, inseparable from, the retaining of either of these. Suppose "father" has the rocks in abundance; if you never earned anything for him, you have no more business with these "rocks" than a gosling with a tortoise; and if he allows you to meddle with them till you acquire some by your own industry, he perpetrates mischief. And if the old man is lavish of his cash toward you, while he allows you to while away time, you'd better leave—yes, run away—sooner than be an imbecile, or something worse, through so corrupting and influence. Soon or later you must learn to rely on your own resources, or you will not be anybody. If you have become idle, if you have eaten your father's bread and butter, smoked father's cigars, cut a swell in father's buggy, and tried to put on father's influence and reputation, you might far better have been a poor canal boy, son of a chimney-sweep or a boot-black—or indeed, we would not swap with you the situation of a half-starved motherless calf!

Miserable objects you are, that depend entirely on your parents, playing gentlemen, (dandy loafers.) What in the name of common sense are you thinking about! Go to work with either your hands or your brains, or both, and be something! Don't merely have it to boast of that you have grown in father's house—that you have vegetated as other greenhorns—but let folks know you count one! Come, off with your coat, clinch the saw, the plough handles, the scythe, the axe, the pick-axe, the spade—anything that will enable you to stir your blood. Fly round and tear your jacket, rather than be the passive recipient of the old gentleman's bounty! Sooner than play the dandy, hire yourself out to some potato patch, let yourself to stop log holes, or watch the cars, and when you think yourself entitled to a resting spell, do it on your own hook. If you have no other means of having fun of your own, buy with your earnings an empty barrel, and put your head into it and holler, or get into it and roll down hill—don't for pity's sake, make the old gentleman furnish everything, and you lie at your ease.

Look about you, you well-dressed, do-nothing drones. Who are they that have worth and influence in society? Are they those that have depended alone on the old gentleman's purse? Or are they those that have climbed their way to their position by their own industry and energy? A miserable fledgling—a bunch of flesh and bones that needs to be taken care of!

Again we say, wake up; get up in the morning; turn round at least twice before breakfast; help the old man; give him now and then a generous lift in business; learn how to take the lead, and not depend forever on being led, and you have no idea how the discipline will benefit you. Do this, and our word for it, you will seem to breathe a new atmosphere, possess a new frame, tread a new earth, and

wake to a new destiny; and then you may aspire to manhood. Take off, then, that ring from your little finger, break your cane, shave your upper lip, wipe your nose, hold up your head, and, by all means, never again eat the bread of idleness, nor depend on fathers.

Mammoth Trees of California.

A correspondent sends us the following notice of the grove of Mammoth Trees in California:

The Mammoth Tree Grove is situated in Calaveras county, in California, about 28 to 30 miles from Sonora, 95 from Stockton, and about 200 miles east of the city of San Francisco. It contains in its valley 85 monster trees, in an area of 50 acres.

The Big Tree (not the largest in the grove, but the largest perfect tree), is 95 feet in circumference, and measured after it was cut down 200 feet in length, the stump standing 8 feet high: it is estimated by the grains on the stump to be about 3000 years old. It required 6 men 25 days to fell the tree, (which was done by boring,) and three weeks to strip the bark for a height of 52 feet.

On the upper trail, the first tree of note is the Miner's Cabin, about 80 feet in circumference, and nearly 300 feet high. It tapers up regularly from the extreme base to the top of the cabin, some 40 feet. It is open in front some 17 feet.

The Three Sisters are a group evidently grown from the same roots. They are about 300 feet high, and together 92 feet in circumference. They are perfect trees, and the most beautiful group in the grove. It is 200 feet to the first limb of the centre tree.

The Pioneer's Cabin is about 160 feet high, where the top is broken off. It has a small opening through the top.

The Old Bachelor, a forlorn looking tree, having many rents in his bark, and the ugliest bark of any tree in the grove, is nearly 300 feet high and about 60 feet in circumference.

The Hermit stands entirely by itself, is 320 feet high and 75 feet in circumference. It is exceedingly straight, regular and symmetrical.

Hercules is 350 feet high and 107 in circumference. It is the largest standing tree in the grove, and would make 625,000 feet of lumber. Like many of the other large trees, it is imperfect, being burned on one side of the trunk.

The Grave of Franklin.

Great and wide-spread as is the fame of the "PANICHA PHILOSOPHER," and proud as the people of Philadelphia are of their illustrious townsman, we doubt much if one in a hundred of the present generation of Philadelphia have ever seen his tomb. Thousands pass daily within a few feet of the spot where his ashes, and those of his wife repose, without being conscious of the fact, or, if aware of it, unable to obtain a glimpse of the grave. The bones of the lightning-tamer lie within a very short distance of Arch street, in the north-west corner of Christ Church grave-yard, at Fifth and Arch streets. As is generally known, the spot is marked by a slab of marble, which is almost level with the earth, and which bears the simple inscription, "BENJAMIN AND DEBORAH FRANKLIN." If the wall at this point were removed, and a neat iron railing erected in its stead, every passer-by would be afforded the gratification of seeing the grave; a gratification now very difficult to obtain. In a Philadelphia newspaper, published in December, 1774, we find the following notice of the death of Mrs. Franklin:—"On Monday, the nineteenth instant, died, at an advanced age, Mrs. Deborah Franklin, wife of Dr. Benjamin Franklin; and on the Thursday following, her remains were interred in the Christ Church burying ground." The announcement of the death and burial of Mrs. Franklin was as simple and unostentatious as the slab and its pithy inscription, which marks her final resting place.—Phila. Bulletin.

The Fate of a Filirt.

It is very rarely, indeed, that a confirmed filirt gets married; ninety-nine out of every hundred old maid

self-govern him by gentle means to curb his temper. If he is greedy, cultivate liberality in him. If he is selfish, promote generosity. If he is sulky, charm him out of it by frankness and good humor. If he is indolent, accustom him to exertion, and train him so as to perform ever-onerous duties with alacrity. If pride comes in to make his obedience reluctant, subdue him by council or discipline. In short, give your children the habit of overcoming their besetting sins. Let them acquire from experience that confidence in themselves which gives security to the practised horseman, even on the back of a high-strung steed, and they will triumph over the difficulties and dangers which beset them in the path of life.

"I really can't express my thanks," as the boy said to a schoolmaster when he gave him a thrashing.