

The Lehigh Register

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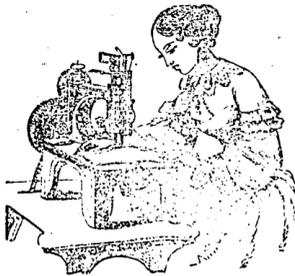
Office in Hamilton street, two doors west of the German Reformed Church, directly opposite Moser's Drug Store.

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 worth- less Sewing Machines have been brought before the public, yet Singer's alone has acquired and obtained a good reputation for its perfection and real worth. To a tailor or dress-maker one of these Machines will bring a yearly income of \$750.

The undersigned having purchased of J. 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.

All orders for the Machines will be punctually attended to. In all cases where a Machine is ordered, a good practical tailor and operator will accompany the same, to instruct the purchaser how to use it. A bill of sale will be forwarded with each Machine. The price of the Machine, with printed or personal instructions is \$125. For further information address: B. RAXDALL, Sorristown, Pa., 5-6m August 1.

A NEW MARBLE YARD

IN ALLENTOWN, Between Dresler's and Hoffman's Bros.' Lumber Yards, in Hamilton street.

P. F. Eisenbraun & Co.,



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, Mantle Pieces, Table and Bureau Tops, Window 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. They flatter themselves in doing as good work as is done in Pennsylvania, and certainly the best in this section, and to satisfy the public of the truth of this assertion, they invite them to call at their yard and examine their stock and style of work. They furnish all kinds of Sculptures and Ornamental Work, such as has never been made in Allentown. They also keep on hand some beautiful sculptures made out of Italian marble, consisting of very neat and most chaste designs for Cemetery purposes, with Lambs carved to lay on the top, Flower Vases, Urns, Doves, and many other figures, to which they invite the attention 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 very low 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.

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Miscellaneous.

OUR COUNTRY. THE PAST AND THE FUTURE. AN ESTIMATE FOR 1840.

The truly extraordinary progress of this country in power, population and resources, is calculated to excite wild and sometimes visionary speculation as to the future. Our national existence is a thing of yesterday, compared with some of the older nations. And yet State after State has grown up, million upon million has been added to our population, and not a year goes by that additional thousands and tens of thousands are not poured in upon us from the Old World. The discovery of steam, and its application to the purposes of navigation and railroad travelling, have given a new impulse to our progress. We are now, by the agency of Atlantic steamers, within the distance of a fortnight, if we measure distance by time, of several of the crowded cities of Europe. The emigrant, moreover, may land at one of our Atlantic ports, and by the agency of railroads, pass westward through half a dozen of our States in the course of a few days. Thus the adventurer on the other side of the Atlantic may, before setting out, calculate within a short time, the exact sum that it will be necessary to expend, and the precise amount of time that will be consumed in transferring his little family to Wisconsin, Iowa, Texas, or some other flourishing point of the far West or South. The dangers and difficulties of the enterprise, which years ago were considered to be almost insurmountable, have in a great measure disappeared. A vast multitude have already passed the trackless ocean, and written back to their friends in a cheerful and encouraging spirit. Thus it is that one emigrant makes another, and that the tide continues to swell.—Who then under these circumstances ventures to read the future? Who will venture to give a picture of this Republic with its teeming millions as it shall appear a hundred years hence? A hundred years! What changes may take place within such a period! How many new States may be carved out of the wilderness and redeemed to civilization! We some days since saw a paragraph in one of the public journals, announcing that fifteen or twenty years ago, six young men left the neighborhood of Lexington, Ky., to seek their fortunes further west—and that the whole six would meet together at Washington during the next Session of Congress, as representatives of the new States of the Republic. What a commentary upon our progress, our people, and our institutions! What an inducement to others in like circumstances—the young, the ardent, the energetic and the enthusiastic, to imitate the example, and also to become pioneers, patriots, and legislators. True, all do not succeed.—Many perish by the wayside. Many, unable to wrestle against difficulties incident to new settlements, or to resist the effects of a new climate, sicken and die. But the complexion of the new House of Representatives, if closely analyzed, would, perhaps, form the most eloquent commentary upon this subject that could be given. We are indeed advancing with rapid strides. We are eminently favored by Providence. But while in the enjoyment of so many national blessings, while basking in the light of prosperity, and dwelling happily in a land that teems with abundance, we should not forget our duties. Truth, honor, and honesty should form our characteristics. As we increase in power and prosperity, so also should we increase in justice, virtue, and magnanimity.—We are working out the mighty experiment of a people governing themselves. We are testing on a grand scale the beauty of republicanism. This world is looking on. Despotism watches with fear and trembling, the lovers of liberty with anxious solicitude. When we commit an error, the tyrants of the earth, who would keep the masses in a condition of dependence and scorn, exult and point their fingers with scorn. When we prove false to our mission, the friends of liberty and humanity weep tears of blood. Much has been accomplished, and yet we are by no means perfect. Liberty sometimes degenerates into licentiousness, and a violation of law is sometimes mistaken for freedom. But we must live and learn. Our sages, patriots and philosophers must exercise a sleepless vigilance. There are here, as in all other parts of the earth, demagogues, ambitious, vicious, and dangerous men,—men who for self, would thrall and trample upon the masses; would sacrifice a world. Let these be watched and guarded against. Let us at least strive to improve, not only morally and intellectually, but politically. Then and then only will our future be glorious. Then and then only will we prove true to the mighty mission that has been confided to us. But, when we commenced this article, we merely intended to invite attention to the following extract from a late number of Hunt's Merchants' Magazine. It furnishes a startling estimate of the future population of the American Union.

"In 1840, the United States had a population of 17,068,966. Allowing its future increase to be at the rate of 33 1/2 per cent. for each succeeding period of 10 years, we shall number in 1940, 303,101,641. Past experience warrants us to expect this increase. In 1700, our number was 3,927,827. Supposing it to have increased each decade in the ratio of 13 1/2 per cent, it would in 1840 have amounted to 16,660,250, being more than a half a million less than our actual number as shown by the census. With 500,000,000 we should have less than 150 to the square mile or our whole territory, and but 220 to the square mile for our organized States and Territories. England has 300 to the square mile. It does not then seem probable that our progressive increase will be materially checked within the one hundred years under consideration. At the end of that period, Canada will probably number at least 20,000,000. If we suppose the period of our country east and west of the Appalachian and the Rocky mountains, and between the Gulf of Mexico and Canada, and for the country west of the Rocky mountains. Allowing the Oregon Territory 10,000,000 there will be left 250,000,000 for that portion of the American States lying in the basins of the Mobile, Mississippi and St. Lawrence. If to these we add 20,000,000 for Canada, we have 270,000,000 as the probable number that will inhabit the North American valley at the end of one hundred years, commencing in 1840. If we suppose one third, or 90,000,000 of this number to reside in the country as cultivators and artisans, there will be 180,000,000 left for the towns, enough to people 360 each containing a half million. This does not seem as incredible as that the valley of the Nile, scarcely twelve miles broad, should have once, as historians tell us, contained 20,000 cities."—Dickens.

FIRMNESS.

BY PHOEBE CAREY.

Well, let him go, and let him stay—I do not mean to die; I guess he'll find that I can live Without him if I try. He thought to frighten me with frowns, So terrible and black— He'll stay away a thousand years Before I ask him back.

He said that I had acted wrong, And foolishly beside; I won't forget him after that—I wouldn't if I died. If I was wrong what right had he To be so cross with me? I know I'm not an angel quite—I don't pretend to be.

He had another sweetheart once, And now when we fall out, He always says she was not cross, And that she didn't pout? It is enough to vex a saint— It's more than I can bear; I wish that girl of his was— Well, I don't care where.

He thinks that she was pretty, too— Was beautiful as good— I wonder if she'd get him back Again, now, if she could? I know she would, and there she is— She lives almost in sight, And now it's after nine o'clock— Perhaps he'll be there to-night.

I'd almost write to him to come— But then I've said I won't; I do not care so much, but she Shan't have him if I don't. Besides, I know that I was wrong, And he was in the right; I guess I'll tell him so—and then— I won't be his to-night!

TEETH.

Healthy teeth depend mainly on health, digestion, and on cleanly habits. They must, of course, be confined to the purposes for which they are designed. If they are employed for the purpose of cracking nuts, biting thread, unscrewing needle-cases, or turning the stopper of a smelling-bottle, if the mouth is used as a kind of portable tool-chest, in which a pair of scissors, a knife, a vice, corkscrew, or any other instrument may be found at the time of need—then serious and irretrievable injury will eventually be done to the enamel of the teeth, which no healthiness of digestion nor cleanliness of habit will avail to remedy.

"We once saw a young man gazing at the 'ry heavens, with a f in 1 and a w of pistols in the other. We endeavored to attract his attention by jing 2 a f in a paper we held in our f, relating 2 a young man in that f of country, who had left home in a state of mental derangement. He dropped the f and pistols from his f f, with the f: 'It is I of whom U read. I left home b4 my friends knew of my design. I had so the f of a girl who refused 2 his 10 2 me, but smiled b9ly on another. I—ad madly from the house uttering a wild f of the god of love, and without replying to the f?? of my friends, came here with this f & w of pistols to put a f to my existence. My case has no f in this f."

A Dutchman Abroad.

"Hello, friend can you tell me the way to Reading?" inquired a Down Easter the other day of a Pennsylvania Dutchman, whom he found hard at work beside the road a few miles from Reading.

"O yaw, I could tell you so besser as any body. You must first turn de barn round, de pritch over and brook up stream, den de first honse you come to ish my proder Hians' big barn; dat ish de biggest barn dere ish on dish road: it ish eighteen feet von way, and eighteen feet back again. My proder Hians thought to thatch it mit shingles, but he sold dem, and shingled mit straw, and clappard it mit rails: after you go by my proder Hians' big barn, de next honse you come to ish a hay stack of corn stalks bilt mit straw, but you must not stop there too. Den you goe along till you come to tree roads and den you git lost. Den you must git over de fence into a great pig pen mit no fence around it. Den you take the road upon your shoulder, and go down as far as de pritch, den you turn right again. Ven you is comin' back, den you come by a house dat stands right back alongside of a yaller tog.—He runs out and says, pov, wov, wov, de, and bites a little piece out of your leg, den he runs and shumps into an empty pig-pen dat has four sheep in it. Den you look way upon the hill down in the swamp dere, and sees a pine white house painted red, mit two front doors on de back side; well, tere ish vere my proder Hians live, and he would tell you so besser as I could. I don't know."

"Wall I swow, by hokee, mister, you are about as intelligent as ayt Jeremy; but I reckon as how you don't know her, though she's dumb. But I say yeou, why don't you dig out them pesky weeds, hey?"

"O, dear me, I hash had very bad luck.—Von or two days next week mine proder Hians' pumpkins broke into my pig patch, and ven I drove dem home, every little pumpkin in de field catch up von little piece of pig in its mouth and den der run through the telf as if der fence was after dem, and a post tumbled over me, and I'm almost kilt I am."

"Whew! dew tell."

"Den I tinks as how I must take me a wrov, so I goes to Reading, and tells Kattereen if she would take me for worse or besser, and she says yaw. So I takes him home, and he eats seven quarts sour kroust, and went to bed well enough, but in de morning she shump up tead! She was a very heavy loss; she weigh more as dre hundred and seventy pounds. Den my little boy take sick and tide. O! I rather give up tree shillings cash den have dat happen, he was so fat as butter. Den my hens came mit dere ears split, and the hogs all came home mit nine of dem missin'."

Apples as Food.

With us the value of the apple as an article of food is far underrated. Besides containing a large amount of sugar, mucilage, and other nutritious matter, apples contain vegetable acids, aromatic qualities, &c., which act powerfully in the capacity of refrigerants, tonic and antiseptics; and when freely used at season of mellow ripeness they prevent debility, indigestion, and avert, without doubt, many of the "ills which flesh is heir to." The operators of Cornwall, England, consider ripe apples nearly as nourishing as bread, and far more so than potatoes. In the year 1801—which was a year of much scarcity—apples, instead of being converted into cider, were sold to the poor; and the laborers asserted that they could "stand their work" on baked apples without meat; whereas a potato diet required either meat or some other substantial nutriment. The French and Germans use apples extensively, as do the inhabitants of all European nations. The laborers depend upon them as an article of food and frequently make a dinner of sliced apples and bread. There is no fruit cooked in as many different ways in our country as apples; nor is there any fruit whose value as an article of nutriment is as great, so little appreciated.

The Power of an Elephant's Trunk.

One has been apt to consider the steam hammer—which can with one blow exert a force of two tons, and with another break a nut without injuring the kernel, as a triumph of human ingenuity; and so it is; but how insignificant when placed in comparison with the trunk of an elephant, for not only can the latter strike a blow of a ton or so, and break an egg or a nut, but it can pick a pin from the floor, or pull down a tree; project water with the force of a twenty-man power forcing pump, or uncork and drink a bottle of soda water without spilling a drop.

Precept is instruction written in the sand—the tide flows over it, and the record is gone. Example is graven on the rock, and the lesson got is soon lost.

A writer of high reputation is often praised for his faults, because, in criticising acknowledged genius, men think it safer to praise than to censure.

BOY LOVE.

One of the queerest, and funniest things to think of in after life, is "Boy-love." No sooner does a boy acquire a tolerable stature, than he begins to imagine himself a man, and to apo-mannish ways. He casts sidelong glances at tall girls he may meet, becomes a regular attendant at church, or meeting; carries a cane, carries his cane erect, and struts a little in his walk. Presently, and how very soon, he falls in love; yes, falls is the proper word; because it best indicates his happy, delicious self-abasement. He lives now in a fairy region, somewhat collateral to the world, and yet, somehow blended inextricably with it. He perfumes his hair with fragrant oils, scatters essences over his handkerchief, and desperately shaves and anoints for a beard. He quotes poetry in which "love" and "dove" and "heart" and "dart" peculiarly predominate; and, as he plunges deeper in the delicious labyrinth, fancies himself filled with the divine afflatus, and suddenly breaks into a scarlet rash—of rhyme. He feeds upon the looks of his beloved; is raised to the seventh heaven if she speaks a pleasant word; is betrayed into the most astonishing ecstasies by a smile; and is plunged into the gloomiest regions of misanthropy by a frown.

He believes himself the most devoted lover in the world. There never was such another. There never will be. He is the one great idolator! He is the very type of magnanimity and self-abnegation. Wealth! he despises the grovelling thought. Poverty, with the adorable beloved, he rapturously apostrophizes as the first of all earthly blessings; and "love in a cottage with water and a crust," is the beau ideal paradise of dainty delights.

He declares to himself, with the most solemn emphasis, that he would go through fire and water, undertake a pilgrimage to China or Kamschatka; swim storm-tossed oceans; scale impassable mountains; and face legions of bayonets, but for one sweet smile from her dear dear lips. He doats upon a flower she has cast away. He cherishes her glove—a little worn in the fingers—next his heart. He sighs like a locomotive letting off steam. He scrawls her dear name over quires of foolscap—fitting medium for his insanity. He scornfully depreciates the attentions of other boys, of his own age; cuts Peter Tibbets, dead; because he said that the adorable Angelina had curly hair; and passes Harry Bell contemptuously, for daring to compare "that gawky Mary Jane," with his incomparable Angelina.

Happy! happy! foolish boy-love; with its hopes and its fears; its joys and its sorrows; its jealousies, its delights; its raptures and its tortures; its ecstatic fervors and terrible heart-burnings; its solemn ludicrousness, and its intensely prosaic termination.—Er.

America in the Year 1900.

On the 12th of October, 1755, John Adams, writing to a friend, records the remarkable prediction—remarkable the whole letter must be called, as proceeding from a young man not yet quite twenty—that "our people, according to the exactest computations, will, in another century, become more numerous than England itself." Five years from this—the time designated in the letter—the prediction will be realized. In fifty years from this, the city of New York will contain a population of two millions of souls. A hundred millions of people, will occupy the soil of our extended territory. Remote deserts, unknown to us, in the solitudes of the West, will be smiling under the culture of happy freemen. Flocks of sheep and herds of cattle will supplant the elk and buffalo.—Natural obstacles to intercourse will be removed; and the two oceans will meet together.—The banks of our rivers and the shores of our lakes will shine with opulent cities; commerce will whiten our waters; agriculture cover a continent with wheat and corn, and places now unknown to civilized man will resound with all the hum and stir of busy life. The school-house and the church, those engines and hopes of freemen, will be reared fast as the forest drops before the march of enterprise. The churches which we are now planting on our frontiers will then be strong and able to reproduce and return the benefits they have received; farther and farther onward, and the mis- sionary labors commenced in this generation, in the hearts of paganism, developo we know not what results.

Our thoughts run forward to meet the men who shall stand in our pulpits to preach the gospel of Christ on the first Sabbath of the next century. We welcome them, ere yet they may be born, to the unspeakable privilege of living in such an epoch of time. We who write and read, now in adult life, will take no part on the earth in the worship of that day. Our children, now in the bud and promise of life, will be in our places with heads silvered with the honors of age.

On the morning of that Sabbath, the familiar hymns which we now sing in our houses and sanctuaries, will be begun in the crowded cities of our sea-board, repeated by millions of a religious people in towns and cities through our extended interior, rolled onward with the progress of the hours farther and farther to the West, till, with the sitting of the sun, they die away amid the soft murmurs of the Pacific.—The islands of the sea will catch the strain and as morning breaks again on the orient, there will be multitudes in swarthy India to re-echo the praise, and roll it onward again around the world. The day of universal jubilee will surely come. Every year bears the world nearer to its promised Sabbath. Generations pass from the earth, but time does not stop.—Dr. Adams.

Men's happiness springs mainly from moderate troubles, which afford the mind a healthful stimulus, and are followed by a reaction which produces a cheerful flow of spirits. Hasty ebullitions are often best met by silence, for the shame that follows the sober second-thought, pierces deeper than rebuke.