

# LEHIGH REGISTER.

A FAMILY JOURNAL—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY HAINES & DIFENDERFER AT ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS PER ANNUM.

VOLUME X.

Allentown, Pa., December 5, 1855.

NUMBER 10.

## 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. To a tailor or seamstress 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. RANDALL,  
Norristown Pa.  
August 1.

## A New MARBLE YARD

Between Dresher's and Hoffman & Bros' 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, 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 elaborate 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.

Front improvements 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 platfirms, 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 BLY HINT TO MEN AND BOYS.

If you want to buy a good, cheap pair of pants, coat or vest, please call at Stepp's Cheap Cash Store.

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

## Lehigh County High School, At Emmaus.

THE Lehigh County High School will commence the third session on Monday, October 22d, 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.

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.

The session will last five months. The charges are ten, twelve, and fourteen dollars per session, according to the advancement of the scholar. An additional charge will be made to such students who may wish to study French, German, Latin and Music.

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.

## REFERENCES:

G. W. COOPER, Esq., Cashier of the Bank of Allentown.

THOMAS B. COOPER, M. D., Copersburg.

C. F. DICKENSON, M. D., Lower Milford.

MARTIN KEMMERER, Esq., Salsburg.

THOMAS BURKHALTER, Emmaus.

WILLIAM JACOBY, Lower Macungie.

SAMUEL KEMMERER, Esq., Upper Milford.

Emmaus, Sept. 12.

## Good Times, Good Times

are before the doors of the people of Lehigh, Northampton, Bucks and Carbon counties, for the first time, and there were something less than 100 cars in the train, and I suppose they have all stopped at

## JOSEPH STOPP'S CHEAP CASH STORE,

in Allentown, at No. 41, corner of Hamilton and Eighth streets, near Hagenbuch's Hotel, for I

pendulous quantity of goods Stopp and his clerks were unpacking. I am sure that the depot must be tight 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 Cloth, Cashmere, Alpaca, Calicoes, &c., from the floor to the ceiling, the other side of the Store, and in, and behold, my eyes were greeted with perfect mountains of Goods, consisting of Cloths, Cassimeres, Satins, Kentucky Jeans, Flannels, Muslins, Table Diapers, Toweling, Stocking Yarn, and Stockings, Gloves, Mittens, Woolen Comforters, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Glass and Queensware, Locking Knives, Knives, Forks, Spoons, &c. &c. Then one of the clerks showed me in another room there he had piles of

such as coats, vests, pants and over coats, all of their own manufacture, and he showed me the prices at 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 usual 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 particular addresses

JOHN BALL, Principal.

September 19.

## W. K. MOSSER & CO'S

LEATHER AND SHOE FINDINGS STORE,

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

THE undersigned respectfully inform their friends that they have just returned from 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 Sole Leather, conch other Leathers for saddlers, 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.

## Miscellaneous.

### THE AWKWARD MISTAKE.

BY K. W. DEWEES.

Cora B. was something of a flirt—there is no denying it, though I do not like to admit anything to her disadvantage, for she was a great favorite of mine.

She was a pretty, little brown thing, with cheeks that the rich blood mantled freely, though as it came from a warm and generous heart. Cherry-ripe lips, often parted to reveal two rows of pearly teeth, as the merry laughter burst gushing out—figure rather petite, out full and graceful—a foot and hand of fairy-like symmetry, and hair dark and glossy as satin, such were some of her outward attractions. And a pretty, gay, coquetish manner, and temper unspottably sweet, and you will have some idea of Cora B.

Cora was only eighteen, but her lovers were already so numerous, that, had she cared to keep count of them, she must have had a notched stick like Robinson Crusoe, for surely her giddy little head could never have remembered them all without that or some similar aid.

Everybody petted, admired and flattered her, and to make love to one so lovable seemed as easy and natural as to inhale the fragrance of a flower.

Among the newest, and consequently the most favored of her admirers, was Horace Henderson, of P., who had recently come to Springfield, Cora's native place.

Besides the novelty of the season, he was a decidedly cleverer and agreeable fellow—handsome and talented; therefore Cora, without wishing to make a serious conquest, would have been mortified at her lack of skill if she had not succeeded in adding so distinguished an attaché to her train.

So, however—and even when she had so far conquered as to find him her obedient servant to command, she saw that his assiduities were less the result of love than gallantry and admiration.

She was quite content, however, and the intimacy between them increased. Cora flirted with no one so much. Horace carried her bouquets more than she did herself—he hardly ever allowed any one else to fan her after dancing, and when he asked her to ride with him she consented—all marks of high favor.

A beautiful, cool summer afternoon was selected for the first ride; and Cora, mounted on a gentle but spirited animal, exhilarated by the exercise, and excited by the nonsense her companion was talking to her, had never been in better spirits, or looked more lovely.

Their way led them along the romantic banks of the Connecticut, in the direction of Ames' famous establishment—then, and I suppose now, on account of the smoothness of the road and the beauty of the scenery.

The country was looking enchantingly. The river gleamed blue and sparkling on their right, and on the left a full and complete orchestra of roadside choristers chanted bewitchingly behind their vernal screen. Cora's heart as well as her ears was filled with music, and her bright cheeks glowed, and her black eyes sparkled with pleasure.

The sun was still high when they turned homeward, and after a lively canter they slackened their pace to enjoy the quiet loveliness of nature. Coming to an alluring little side road, which led into a wood, they were tempted by curiosity and the earliness of the hour, to leave the main road to explore it.

It was an enchanting little fairy causeway, carpeted with turf, and caupied with green. Cora was wild with delight. Horace seemed less pleased, or more occupied with other thoughts, for he was unusually silent.

Cora observing his absent mood, laughingly inquired the reason.

Horace rallied himself, and replied with gaiety, a little forced.

'Ah, Miss Cora, has not a man in love the sanction of Shakespeare and all the poets to be merry or sad, absent or whimsical, at his own capricious will? I claim immunity under the laws enacted by the poets in favor of distressed lovers—for you know, Miss Cora, you see before you a man very much in love.'

'It is coming,' said Cora to herself. 'Well, I'm sorry—perhaps I can laugh it off,' and she answered aloud, 'Indeed! let me take a good look, then, for I should like to see the symptoms of a state come to be regarded now-a-days as problematical.'

'Pray, be serious, dear Cora, for my sake,' replied Horace, in an earnest voice. 'I cannot jest on this subject—it is one too deeply involving my happiness. We have not known each other long, Cora, but I am not one of those who believe that the growth of friendship must always be counted by days and weeks. I think I have known you as well

if I had been acquainted with you all my life—and I am sure you will not think I claim too much in asking you to listen to me. The love I feel is so deep and earnest that it demands and must love expression. May I speak freely, Cora?'

'Oh, no, no!' cried Cora, in a tone of distress—for though something of a flirt, as I have admitted, she was incapable of a coquetish pleasure in witnessing her victim's pain, or keeping him in suspense. 'Do not tell me any more—I am very, very sorry if I have done wrong, but I do not, and cannot return your affection.'

Henderson looked up in astonishment; he appeared for a moment not to understand her, and for a few minutes to feel some embarrassment, but he said at last with a half smile:

'You have made a very natural mistake, Miss Cora—and it would, perhaps, be more polite, or at least, polite, to leave it uncorrected; but my policy is always a straight forward one, and I will confess it was not to yourself I had allusion just now, but Miss C., of Boston. The kind friendship you have shown me induced me to hope you would allow me the luxury of talking to you of what constantly occupies my thoughts. I trust you will permit me to do so still; will you not?'

Cora's face was scarlet—she had made the awkwardest of feminine mistakes. She dropped her horse's reins and hid her face in her hands, overwhelmed with confusion, and unable to utter a word.

Horace caught the bridle and led the horse for her—while he strove by saying the kindest things in the world, by treating the whole thing as a trifling jest, and by skillfully presenting to Cora the only consoling feature in the case—that her reply had been a refusal—to banish her annoyance and mortification.

After a time she was induced to join rather shyly in his laugh, and he followed his promised confession. It consisted simply of a lover's standing his sweetest adoration, his poverty forbade him to address.

Cora proved a very sympathizing and interested listener; and though she had no advice to offer, Mr. Henderson was charmed with the absorbed attention she gave to his story, and they parted better friends than ever, notwithstanding the blunder she had made.

A few days after this conversation an opening presented itself to young Henderson, in another city, and he left Springfield to avail himself of it. He was absent for two years, and having succeeded beyond his utmost hopes in his business, he treated himself, one summer, to the pleasure of returning to Springfield to spend his vacation.

As a matter of course he renewed his acquaintance with Cora. He found her still unmarried and unengaged—but quite as pretty, and, as he thought, far more fascinating than ever before.

The fact is, that having been entirely cured of the youthful fancy he had entertained for Miss C. by the unexpected marriage of that lady before his circumstances had so far improved as to justify him in declaring his attachment, he met Cora with a heart free, instead of fettered, and he could not but see how very attractive, and loveably sweet she was.

His attentions were renewed, but in a very different spirit from that in which they had been rendered of old.

Cora, however, quite unaware of this change of circumstances and feeling, received him quite on the former friendly footing. Indeed she was far more friendly and secure than then, for she fancied she knew the state of Horace's affections, and her intimacy with him could not therefore possibly lead to misunderstandings either on his part or hers.

She felt thus quite free and easy to ride, walk or talk with him without scruple. Sometimes, it is true, she had a feeling there was something in his manner she did not quite understand—a something more of reserve, and at the same time warmth, than formerly, which puzzled her, but she decided she must be mistaken, and tried to banish such fancies.

One day it chanced that they rode out in the very same direction they had taken on the occasion of their first ride. Coming to the shady lane they turned aside, as before, to explore its cool recesses, and see if two years had brought any changes to so retired a spot.

As they slowly pursued their way, Horace said smilingly:

'Do you remember, Cora—'

'My awkward mistake?' interrupted she with a quick blush. 'I was just thinking of it; but don't talk about it.'

'I was thinking,' said Horace quietly, 'that was my mistake, not yours.'

'How so?'

'Because I have since found that the confession of love I then made was but a mistake and a falsity—in short, my profession should have been to you, Cora, and I cannot imagine where my wits were not to know it. Dearest Cora, let me correct my error by telling you how

dearly—better than I can tell or you can imagine—I love you.'

He looked at her, perhaps for encouragement, but not meeting the responsive glance he doubtless expected, he added, in alarm:

'Surely, surely Cora, you will not repeat the same cruel answer?'

'I can hardly tell,' said Cora, hesitatingly.—'You take me by surprise—you must give me time to consider. But,' she added with a blush and a shy smile, 'I will make a confession.—I was thinking just now, that if I had felt toward you then as I do now I might possibly have made my blunder still more awkward by saying yes instead of no.'

THEY WERE MARRIED.

### Down by the Wood.

BY ROBERT NICOLL.

Down by the wood  
When daylight is breaking,  
And the first breath of dawn  
The green leaves is shaking,  
'Tis bliss, without limit  
Alone to be straying,  
To hear the wild wood-birds,  
And what they are saying.

Down by the wood,  
When 'tis noon in the heaven,  
And the steer to the shade  
Of the hedge-row is driven—  
'Tis sweet to recline  
In the beechen tree's shadow,  
And drink all the glories  
Of field, forest, meadow.

Down by the wood  
At the fall of the gloaming,  
'Mong clear crystal dew-drops,  
'Tis sweet to be roaming—  
The hush of the wheat-ears—  
The gushing of water—  
The shiver of green leaves—  
The music of Nature!

### CAN WOMAN KEEP A SECRET?

OR, HOW MR. PODKINS GOT HIS COAT MENDED.

By the Buffalo Express.

It is a well known fact, that women never knew one to keep anything twenty-four hours?

'That's a libel upon the sex, Mr. Podkins—invented, I'll be bound, by some thrice rejected bachelor, who could think of no other mode of revenge. Let anybody put a secret in my possession, and if I can't keep it till the day of judgment, then I wasn't christened Laura, that's all.'

'Guess I will try you sometime,' said Podkins, as he applied a match to his cigar, and walked out.

Proceeding to a confectioner's, he purchased a mammoth sugar heart and two smaller ones. These he took to his shop, and cut a piece of shingle the exact size of the large heart, and placed the wooden counterpane in the paper with the small ones, that the packages might look as near alike as possible.

Nearly tea time Podkins entered the sitting room where Laura and her friend Mary were busily playing their needles. Seating himself near by, he drew from his coat pocket two small bundles, and presenting one to each of the girls, remarked that he had long contemplated making them some presents, but hoped as an especial favor to himself that they would not tell each other what the paper contained. Laura and Mary promised obedience, at the same time casting uneasy glances at the mysterious gifts.

'Remember, the first who breaks her promise will forfeit her claim to the title of secret keeper, and mend my coat in the way of penalty,' added Podkins, rising to exhibit more fully a most sorrowful-looking garment, so 'tattered and torn,' that a tailor would have been puzzled to decide what was its original shape.

The girls considered themselves safe concerning the coat, and chided the wearer for being so skeptical in regard to their ability to keep a secret. Curiosity was only half satisfied, however, after ascertaining that Podkins' generosity bestowed a heart. It was not long ere the donor overheard Mary and Laura in the kitchen, teasing one another to reveal, by some sign, at least, the forbidden fruit. But each stood their ground wonderfully, and Podkins feared his coat would remain tattered.—The girls' sleeping apartment was contiguous to the one occupied by Podkins and his friend Barlow. As only a thin partition separated the rooms, it was easy to hear ordinary conversation from one to the other without the folly of listening. The two men were snugly ensconced in bed, when Mary and Laura entered the adjoining bed-room. The door had scarce been closed, when the former exclaimed:

'Now, Laura, do tell me what was in your paper. It looked just like mine, and I verily believe it is the same thing. I shall not sleep a wink to-night if you don't. Come, do tell, that's a good girl, and then I will tell you what is in mine.'

'Well,' replied Laura, 'there were two sugar hearts in mine.'

'And there was only one in mine,' said Mary in a disappointed tone.

At this point a respectable portion of the bol-

ster went into Barlow's mouth, while Podkins took refuge beneath the bed-clothes, to smother his laughter as best he might.

At breakfast the next morning, while Laura was pouring out the coffee, Podkins, turning towards Barlow, said very gravely:

'Well, there were two sugar hearts in mine.'

'And there was only one in mine,' responded Barlow, so exactly imitating Mary's tone that she almost fancied herself speaking.

'The coffee-pot dropped, to the great confusion of sundry cups and saucers, and then came a burst of laughter from the four that fairly made the dishes dance.

'I will take that coat after breakfast, if you please, Mr. Podkins,' said Laura, quietly, after the mirth had somewhat subsided.

### The World's Progress.

It is curious and deeply interesting to observe how much of the advance which mankind has made in some of the most essential branches of material improvement, has been effected within the last quarter of a century: and on the other hand, in how many departments human intelligence reached its culminating point ages ago. It is not likely that the world will ever see a more perfect poet than Homer, a grander statesman than Pericles, a sculptor equal to Phidias, a painter superior to Raphael. Certain it is that the lapse of twenty, or five-and-twenty centuries has given birth to none who have surpassed them and to few who have approached them. In the fine arts and speculative thought, our remotest ancestors are still our masters. In science and its applications the order of precedence is reversed, and our own age has been more prolific and amazing than the aggregate of all the ages which have gone before us. Take two points only, the most obvious and the most signal—locomotion and the transmission of intelligence. At the earliest period of authentic history, men traveled as fast as in the year 1850. Nimrod got over the ground at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour. Napoleon could go no faster.—Between 1830 and 1840, we raised the maximum of speed from ten miles to seventy.

The first six thousand years did nothing, or next to nothing—the next six years did everything: reached the limit of possible achievements in this direction; for no one imagines that any greater speed is attainable, or would be bearable. Again: it is probable that Abraham sent messages to Lot just as rapidly as Frederick the Great, or George III, transmitted orders to their generals and admirals. In 1794, the old wooden telegraph was invented, and made a certain though a partial and slight advance.—But, with this exception, the rate at which intelligence could be conveyed had remained stationary at that of ordinary locomotion on horseback, up to 1840. In 1840 we communicated at the velocity of twelve miles an hour. In 1850 we communicated over immeasurable distances in inappreciably infinitesimal subdivisions of time. The experiment was made, and a message was transmitted from Belgrade to Liverpool instantaneously. A spark given at Dundee could fire the cannon of the Invalides at Paris. Here, too, at a single leap we have reached the *me plus ultra* of earthly possibility. In ten years—nay, in five—we have cleared the vast distance between the speed of a horse and the speed of lightning.—North American Review.

The following lines were taken from a hymn-book which a young lady had incautiously left behind her in a chapel:

'I look in vain, he does not come:  
Dear, dear, what shall I do?  
I cannot listen as I ought  
Unless he listens too!

He might have come as well as not—  
What plagues these fellows are?  
I'll bet he's fast asleep at home,  
Or smoking a cigar!

The Buffalo Express says the author of this rhyme deserves to be 'nipped by untimely frosts:

'Tis winter, and no more the breezes  
Puz about the budding trees;  
And while the boy with ragged trowsers,  
Shivering homeward drives the cowses,  
The girl sits by her fireside, and her toes,

are warm.

Columbus was the son of a weaver and a weaver himself.

The newspaper is a law-book for the indolent, a sermon for the thoughtful, a library for the poor. It may stimulate the most indifferent—it may also instruct the most profound.

They are trying how ridiculous they can make things. Instance—Shanghai coats and the new fashioned hats. We pity the appearance of some fellows that wear them.