

# LEHIGH REGISTER.

A FAMILY JOURNAL—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

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

VOLUME X.

Allentown, Pa., January 23, 1856.

NUMBER 17.

## 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.,  
No. 100 N. 3rd St.

August 1.

**WORTHINGTON & BREINING,**  
South East Corner of Hamilton and Seventh Streets, respectfully inform their friends and the public that they have just returned from New York and Philadelphia with a large stock of new and fashionable

**Fall and Winter Goods,**  
which they purchased for cash, and which enables them to sell lower than any other establishment of the kind in Allentown. They have selected their Goods with an eye to quality and price, and have none but the latest styles in the market. Their stock of Goods, among other articles, consists of Cloths of all colors and prices, Cassimeres, Tricots, English and American manufactures; Veilings, Silk Velvets, Satins, Silks, Worsted and other descriptions, figured and plain, shirtings and shirt collars, Shirts, Cravats, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Suspenders, &c., besides a great many other articles coming in their line of business, and all will be sold at the lowest prices. Their stock of

**READYMADE CLOTHING**  
comprises every thing in the clothing line, from an over coat down to an under-shirt, and includes the latest and most fashionable styles. Their stock being so extensive that none will leave it, unless fitted from the "bottom to the top."

**CUSTOMER WORK**  
will be done up as usual, and for their work they are willing to be held responsible, two of the firm being practical tailors, and all the work is made up under their own supervision.

Thankful for past favors, they trust that attention to business, "small profits and quick sales" will be the means of bringing new customers to their establishment.

Oct. 1

## BECKER'S DAILY EXPRESS.

BETWEEN Allentown, Bethlehem and Philadelphia. Office in Allentown, at George L. Rubin's, No. 30 West Hamilton street. Office in Philadelphia, No. 101 Race St.

The proprietor, G. S. Becker respectfully announces to the citizens and business men generally, that he has just started a daily Express, as above, via the North Pennsylvania Rail Road, for carrying merchandise, packages, &c., every kind, at rates fully as low as any other Express, and all packages will be carried with the greatest care, and delivered with promptness.

Having had four years' experience in the Express business, Mr. B. feels confident that he will be able to supply the wants of the public in a satisfactory manner.

All business for Allentown and vicinity will be promptly transacted by George L. Rubin, Agent, No. 30 West Hamilton street.

N. B.—Goods packaged, and all orders punctually attended to.

Allentown, Jan. 2.

## Allentown Academy.

AN examination of classes will take place at this Institution on Thursday and Friday, 20th and 21st inst. Parents and Guardians of pupils, and friends generally are respectfully invited to attend.

After the usual recess for the Christmas holidays, the school will resume the regular duties on January 26, 1856.

Pupils are received at any time, and are charged from the date of entrance, according to the following

Common English Studies,	\$4 00 and \$4 50
Higher	5 00 " 5 50
" " with Classical,	6 00
" " and French,	7 50
Music	2 00
Use of Piano for practice,	2 00
Fuel for the Winter,	50

I. N. GREGORY, Principal.

December, 19.

## NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that letters of Administration have been granted by the Register of Lehigh County, to the undersigned, upon the Estate of Solomon L. Keck, late of Hanover township in said County, deceased. All persons indebted to said estate are requested, without delay, to make payment, and all persons having claims against the same, to present them for settlement, to be understood in said County, near the Borough of Allentown.

ANDREW S. KECK, Administrator.

THOMAS KECK, Administrator.

December 19.

## A Capital Story.

### IDA CLIFFORD.

BY MAE DE BAY.

#### CHAPTER I.—THE BALL-ROOM.

Smiles of joy are followed by tears, Brightest hopes, by darkest fears. As both the sunshine follow the rain, So doth pleasure follow pain.

"Who is that lady in the blue velvet bodice, in yonder group, Hal?"

"Why, that is 'Squire Clifford's daughter.—Have you not had an introduction yet?"

"No, Hal; but do give me one. She's as handsome as a June rose."

"And as proud as she is handsome!"

"Ah! She is the very picture of meekness, as she stands there, arms folded, listening to the conversation of that fair-faced gentleman.—Do see how attentive she is! I declare, Hal, I wish I was the speaker! I wonder what the subject may be."

"O! some milk-and-water description of a recent journey out of town, I presume! I'm glad to see how the ladies will listen to such nonsense."

"You would feel differently, no doubt, were you the speaker; ha! ha! ha! But do you know the fellow? Who is he?"

"Why, nobody but a young artist that is visiting here; but his peculiar accent have made the ladies crazy."

"Perhaps now, he is a sensible fellow. At any rate he has drawn a crowd of listeners around him, and let us go with the tide. But remember the introduction to that blue bodice, will you? For, upon my word, I have never seen such nonpareil beauty anywhere."

The crowd that had gathered so thickly round the artist, at length began to disperse, and, as Miss Clifford turned, she saw her father.

"Ida, my dear," said he, "here is Mr. Milton; my daughter, sir."

Ida smiled demurely, and inquired if he was "a stranger in the place?"

"Yes," he replied; "I have been here but a few weeks."

"How do you like it?" said Ida.

"Well, I think the site of L.—very pleasant. With the people I have, as yet, but little acquaintance. Are you engaged for the next quadrille?"

"I am."

"And the cotillon, too?"

"No, I believe not," said she, looking at a card.

"May I have the favor of your hand for the cotillon?"

"Yes, if you wish it."

"Thank you."

In a moment the sound of merry music called to the dancers, and away they whirled on "light fantastic toe," led by Miss Clifford and the handsome young artist. Mr. Milton stood in the recess of a bay window, gazing intently upon her, as her slender figure turned gracefully, in the mazy dance, to each change of music.

"How beautiful!" thought he. "I wonder who that partner of hers is. A good looking couple, anyhow. I declare what a smile she wears! Now he is speaking to her. Some compliment, I dare say. How she blushes!—wonder what he said. Confound it! What business has he to dance with her before I do? Well, I have engaged her for the next anyhow; and I'll see if I can't initiate myself in her favor."

"Whose, Milton?" said Hal, coming towards him.

"O, I see; that Miss Clifford's, hey?—Well, do it if you can; but my word for it, you will repent it, and wish you had never known her. For ten chances to one, you don't lose your heart."

"Really, you increase my interest for her very much. But possibly you do not rightly understand her."

"Ah! Milton, I know her, but too well! I only—"

"Well, well, the quadrille is done, and I am to be her partner in the next cotillon. So adieu! Don't you break the tenth commandment when you see us hand-in-hand in the dance," said he gayly, hastening towards Miss Clifford, who was still leaning on the arm of the young artist.

"Miss Clifford," said he, approaching her, "I believe I have the honor of claiming you for my partner in the cotillon."

"Please excuse me," said Ida, "for this one, I am wearied with that long quadrille, and I wish for air. Here is my card for the Spanish waltz, if you like."

"Thank you. May I accompany you to the balcony?"

"I have that honor," said Mr. Weston.

Milton bowed and turned away. "Confound him!" again thought he.

After they were seated in the balcony, Mr. Weston said,

"Miss Ida, may I inquire who that gentleman is that you released yourself from?"

"He is a stranger. Father introduced him as Mr. Milton. I never met him before to-night. Do you know him?"

"O! John Milton? No, I never met him before. But I have often heard of him."

"Is he famous?"

"He has acquired some fame, I believe, in the literary world."

"O! an author, is he?"

"Yes. He is the author of that celebrated poem, entitled, 'The Sacrifice.'"

"I wonder if he wrote from experience."

"I presume not. Many writers have the happy faculty of representing life-scenes, without experiencing them. Does he stop here long?"

"Yes; I think father said he was to spend the season here."

"Is he a friend of your father's?"

"No; father has never known him before."

"After a pause, Mr. Weston said,

"Ida, I leave town to-morrow. I'm going far away."

Ida started, blushed, and said,

"You going away?"

"Yes," replied Weston.

"Where?" asked Ida.

"To Europe. My uncle is very kind to me, and knowing my intense desire to see the works of beauty and art, which have been so highly extolled in the Old Country, he has made arrangements for me to go and realize all my boyish dreams. Oh!" said the artist, his eyes glistening with delight, "I shall go and scale the Alpine heights, visit the Colosseum at Regent Park, the ruins of the ancient cities, Athens and Rome, bask in the mellow light of Italy's sunset skies, and gaze with my own eyes upon the rich beauty of Italian landscapes."

"O, Ida! could you share the pleasure with me," said he, with a sigh. "Leaving you is all the regret I feel. I am afraid your father will teach you to forget me when I am gone!"

"My father," said Ida, "how can he? He can make you love some other one!"

"Never!" said Ida. "I never will be forced to love any one."

"I'm glad of that. Ida, could you love me?"

Ida blushed, but whispered, "Yes."

"I thank you for that one word, dear Ida," said Weston. "But I may be gone many long other days."

Ida hesitated.

"If I have asked too much, dear Ida, forgive me. But that one word filled me with such a wild hope. I have long wished to tell you how dear you are to me; but circumstances of which I may not now speak, have prevented me. Since first I met you on the mountain's brow, Ida, you have been the object of my sincerest affection. Could I feel that you had loved to me, I should be happy. But if I have spoken too freely, forgive me. Let me feel that you will at least remember me when I am gone!"

Ida's eyes filled with tears, and for a moment she spoke not.

"Dearest Charles," at length said she, "I will ever love you."

"O, Ida!" said he, "will you ever love me better than any other one?"

"Ida whispered, 'I will.'"

Mr. Weston was so overcome, for a moment, he could not speak. He threw his arms around her neck and pressed the first fond kiss of affection on her trembling lips. As they rose to leave the balcony, he put a locket in her hand, containing his miniature, and asked her to wear it in memory of him.

A moment afterwards Mr. Clifford met them and said,

"Ida, I have missed you. Are you tired of pleasures, that you thus retire from it?"

"No, father; but I was wearied with the quadrille, and wished for air," said Ida, blushing and concealing the locket.

"Well, well," said Mr. Clifford, glancing at Charles Weston, "that is all right enough if they have the right sort of company."

Ida blushed; Mr. Weston pressed her hand, whispered "farewell," and they parted.

"Come, come, Ida," said Mr. Clifford. "Mr. Milton has just been inquiring for you. Go, now," said he, as Mr. Milton came up and offered her arm, "go and do your best; my Ida must not be outdone to-night."

"No, father," she replied, gayly, and hastened to join the merry waltzers, apparently the gayest of the gay. But her heart was sad, for she had just parted from one dearer than aught beside. Yet she hoped they might soon meet again.

Mr. Milton talked and smiled, but Ida heeded him not, for her thoughts were away. And as he led her to her seat he thought within himself,

"I guess Hal was more than half right about it; she's proud, or something else; I didn't suit the beauty, anyhow, that time."

The next morning saw Charles Weston seated in the cars, and soon he was rapidly borne away from her so deeply loved. Yet she had herself told him she loved him and would ever love him, and he was happy.

## CHAPTER II.—CLOUDS.

"Life is a sea of fathomless. As wide, as terrible, and yet sometimes so calm and beautiful."

"Anon dark clouds Arise contending winds of fate go forth, And Hope sits weeping 'or the general wreck."

Charles Weston was no only son. Bereft of his parents in early life, he had been adopted by an aged uncle, and bore his name. He had ever indulged in his ardent love for the beautiful in Nature and Art, consequently he spent much of his time in travelling, and sketching various scenes and landscapes. Afterwards he spent several years with a distinguished artist, acquiring much skill and an increased love for his profession. In one of his travels he was attracted by the rural beauty of L.—, and concluded to stop a few days for sketches. In one of his rambles for that purpose he overtook a mountain party. They greeted him cordially and invited him to join them. He did so. It was then he first saw Ida. Feeling much interest in her, and wishing for an acquaintance, he prolonged his visit several weeks and sought her society. Mr. Clifford received him coldly, but Ida, who had been pleased with him from the first, would have encouraged his attentions; but she feared Mr. Weston would observe her father's coldness.

Ida was an only daughter. Her mother and one little brother had died when she was a child. She had one brother, George, living, but he was in a far distant city, and many years had elapsed since she had seen him. Her father, a retired merchant, was her chief companion. She loved him very dearly, and sought every way to please him. In return he gave her every indulgence; but being a very aristocratic man, he sternly forbade Ida's association with any but those of their own rank. This gave Ida an air of pride; but in her heart she regarded all alike.

A few days following the evening above mentioned, Mr. Clifford came in one morning, saying he had invited Mr. Fontaine to dine, and to become their guest for a few weeks.

Ida was sorry, but she smiled faintly and said she would try to entertain him. Mr. Clifford had often told her of him, and spoke of him in very flattering terms. Ida recollected of seeing him when quite a child, but it had been so many years since she regarded him almost as a stranger. His father, a very aristocratic and wealthy merchant, was an old friend of her father's, and they had often spoken of confirming their friendship for each other in the union of their children. With this view in perspective, Mr. Fontaine having now finished his collegiate course, Mr. Clifford had invited him to be his guest.

He came. At first Ida thought him very pleasing, and enjoyed his company. But she soon felt uneasy in his presence, and his flattering words and meaning smiles so embarrassed her that she often wished him away.

Three weeks passed away and yet he lingered; and Ida cautioned by her father, was obliged to receive his attentions. One morning they were preparing for a ride on horse-back. Mr. Fontaine seemed much more attentive than usual. Ida observed it, and wished she was not going. But it was too late. Mr. Fontaine touched the horses, and in a moment were out of sight.

The beauty of the scenery, the flowers opening in the sunlight, the leaves glistening with dew, the singing of birds, and the fresh morning air, revived Ida's spirits, and she chatted merrily and laughed in glee. Mr. Fontaine was delighted and complimented her on her flow of spirits; and as they were returning, after a long ride, he told her those few hours that morning were "the happiest of his life."

Ida thanked him, but it chilled her spirits, for she felt that she had been too gay. The remainder of the ride she was very silent; for she feared he might think she enjoyed the ride even more than she did.

That evening, as Ida was sitting alone, watching the stars, as one by one, faintly twinkling, they peeped through the deepening veil of night, the door opened and Mr. Fontaine entered, saying,

"I have long been looking for you down the garden-walk, but not finding you I have sought you here."

Ida made no reply.

"I hope I don't intrude, Miss Clifford?"

"I am sad to-night," said Ida, "and prefer to be alone."

"Pardon me," said Fontaine, "but I wish to speak to you on a subject that, to me, is very important."

Ida replied not.

"Miss Clifford," said he, "the few weeks I have spent here have passed pleasantly and rapidly away. And the inexpressible pleasure I have felt in your society has caused me to cherish a deep affection for you never felt before."

Ida turned pale.

"I have often wished to manifest my regard for you, but owing to our comparatively short acquaintance, I have hesitated. But your late

appearance has given me a hope that I am kindly regarded by you. Tell me, Miss Clifford, that I not deceived."

Ida was about to reply, but he interrupted her.

"Tell me that you will cherish an affection for me, deep as my own. Tell me," said he, attempting to take her hand, "that you will love me."

"Mr. Fontaine," said Ida, withdrawing her hand, "you are not deceived. I have, it is true, kindly regarded you as my father's friend. As such I may ever regard you, but no more. I can never love you!"

Mr. Fontaine's face colored; but, recovering himself a little, he replied,

"Miss Clifford, I little expected this. Consider the friendship of our parents, and their united wish for our union. Do not speak so hastily. Our acquaintance has been short.—Will you not recall those words, Miss Clifford, and tell me I may yet hope for a return of affection?"

"Never!" said Ida, firmly.

Mr. Fontaine bit his lip. They passed some minutes in silence, and then Mr. Fontaine, rising, proudly, coldly bade her good-evening, and left the room. After a few minutes' walk in the garden, he went in and gently tapped on Mr. Clifford's door. Mr. Clifford bade him enter; and not until a late hour did he steal softly to his own room; not, however, to sleep, for he was too much dis-spirited.

At an early hour the next morning, Mr. Clifford sent for Ida in the drawing-room. As she entered he rose and pointed to a seat beside him, saying,

"Ida, why have you young Mr. Fontaine so coldly? He is a very fine young man, of high birth, wealthy and talented, and in every way just such an one as I could desire for your companion. Beside, he is the son of my old friend whom I have ever cherished as a brother, and your union with him I have ever looked forward to from your infancy. He feels your cold repulsion sensibly, and I am fearful he may not overlook it. Last night he came to my room and wished me to talk to you. He also said, unless you had changed your mind, he did not wish to see you again, and should leave in the first train this morning. Now, Ida, it is my wish that you receive his attentions. It will be a great disappointment to us all. You had better send him word by me that you have not sufficiently considered the subject, but that you will give him an answer in a week. He is a fine fellow, and you will soon love him well enough; you don't know what love is yet!—Come, my darling, shall I go and tell him?"

"Father," at length said Ida, "I never can love him—my affections are given to another."

"Another!" exclaimed Mr. Clifford; "who could you dare to love without my approval?"

Ida hesitated.

"Tell me, Ida," said he; "for it shall not be, unless, indeed, it be one in every way worthy of you."

"He is," said Ida with much earnestness, "he is—"

"But who is he?" interposed her father.

Ida, blushing, replied,

"Charles Weston!"

"Charles Weston!" exclaimed Mr. Clifford, his face crimson with anger. But in a moment he calmly replied, "Ida, you have been sadly deluded! Unfortunate child! I have done wrong to allow you to associate with him. He is poor, and we know not his parentage.—Think you, Ida, I will ever consent to your union with a poor, nameless orphan? Never. You may give up that foolish whim; it never will be realized. Though I may not force you to unite with one you foolishly think you do not love, I can, and will, forbid your union with any one against my will! So now go to your room, child and compose yourself," said he and left the apartment.

Ida, trembling like an aspen-leaf, hastened to her chamber, and, throwing herself upon a lounge, wept bitterly.

"O, what sorrow has befallen me!" thought she. "Dear, dear Charles, where are you?—O, if I could only speak and tell you all this! Alas! thousands of miles stretch between us, and many, many long, weary years may pass away ere you again return." And then she thought of sickness and death. "Forget me! he never will!" thought she. "If he only writes when he arrives there I can write to him and tell all. Alas! I know not what to do!"

She heard the gate shut, and looking from her window she saw her father and Fontaine, arm in arm, walking towards the depot. Do-joicing inwardly, she drew her locket from her bosom and pressed it to her lips. "Forbidden me, he cannot, he cannot be so cruel!" and again bursting into tears she wept long and bitterly.

CHAPTER III.—SUNSHINE.

"There were cheerful smiles in that household room Where we heard the first sad song. For the sunshine banished the wintry gloom That had shadowed the hearts so long."

Five years passed away, but not without leaving their impress on Ida. She had heard nothing from Charles since first he went away,

and she felt that her worst fears were realized. She had no hope ever to see him again. She was now the fair and joyous creature she once was. O, no! Anxiety and sorrow had stolen the roses from her cheek and the light from her eye. Her father, somewhat alarmed at her altered appearance, took her to every party of pleasure, and often invited guests to his own house. Ida always wore the same sad smile, and though she received the guests with cheerfulness, she often wished she could be alone, and would frequently retire to her own room and sit there for hours.

One day she was feeling more sad than usual. She was alone and freely indulged her grief.—She had hardly dried her tears when Mr. Clifford entered hastily, saying,

"Ida dear, here's a letter from our George. Good news, too. Hear now. He says he has just returned from his wedding-tour to Europe, and shall soon be here to introduce to us his bride and make us a visit. He also says that a young gentleman, whom he formed an acquaintance with in Florence, accompanied him in his travels, and has returned with him, and he will bring him here to be our guest till he returns. He says he's the finest fellow he ever met with, and he wishes to show him his pretty sister. Ha! ha!"

"What is his name?" asked Ida, smiling faintly.

"Charles Carlisle. A respectable name, at any rate. Now, Ida, cheer up, and receive your brother and his bride with your sweetest smiles."

"Yes, father," said Ida.

The next Tuesday Mr. Clifford was unexpectedly called to a neighboring town on urgent business. He went, and Ida was left alone.—She felt happier than she had for many a long year, and yet she knew not why. She drew her locket from her bosom, and for the first time since she placed it there, did she gaze upon the loved face within, without shedding tears. She even hummed the notes of an old song, as she gazed round the rooms to see if all was in readiness for her brother. She wondered at her own happiness, but smiled on! In the afternoon she was sitting alone by the parlor window, when she heard the rumping of a coach. Glancing down the street, she saw one approaching the house. She went to the door to see if it stopped, as it did so. She ran down the garden-walk, and soon was clasped in the arms of her long absent brother!

He introduced his young bride, and then, turning to Ida, said,

"I have brought another visitor."

The gentleman who had remained in the coach now got out. Ida turned, and with a scream of joy sprang towards him.

Charles Weston, for he it was, caught her and bore her into the house.

As soon as she had recovered Charles, who had been watching her pale countenance with much emotion, said,

"Ida, how is this? I did not expect such a warm reception."

"Have you indeed, then, forgotten the past?" said Ida, with a look of mournful surprise.

"Not I! O, no, indeed! Never!" said Charles. "But why did you not write me?"

"Write you? I did not know where you were. But I have often wished to hear from you."

"And have you never received any letters from me?" said Charles.

"Never!" said Ida.

"This strange!" said he, turning to George; "I wrote, two or three times, several letters in succession. So then," said he, turning to Ida and kissing her pale cheek, "that is what has caused all our suffering. Probably the letters were misdirected. I feared it had proved as I told you the evening before I left."

"No indeed!" said Ida. "Fontaine did attempt to gain my affections, and father would have been pleased to have had me receive his attentions, but I firmly refused."

"O! my dearest Ida, had I known this!—Supposing you had forgotten me, or, at least, had ceased to regard me, I continued my travels much longer than I intended. I should have returned at least two years ago. Last autumn I chanced to meet with your brother in Florence. I made inquiries for you, and after I felt sufficiently acquainted, and had courage, I told him all. He kindly sympathized with me, and invited me to return with him. I came, but, Ida, with what feelings of anxiety you may never know!"

"But why did you change your name, Charles?" said Ida.

"I had become so much changed," said Charles, "I thought you, or your father, at least, would not recognize me. I feared your father would not welcome me as Charles Weston, so I took my own father's name, Carlisle, and thought to come a stranger. But where is your father, Ida?"

"He has gone to S.—" replied Ida. "He will return to-night; but, alas, I fear he will recognize you."

"Why fear?" asked her brother, who had just come in from the garden.

Ida then told