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TRUE AND FALSE.

BY M. ELLEN HOLCOMB.

Elizabeth and Clara Jackson were left orphans at an early age. Reared by an uncle who imposed upon them no other duty than that of their love, each was greatly left to her own inclinations, receiving no other education than that of circumstances; but the world is a dangerous book to those who are called to read it untaught save by their own inexperience and their passion; instead of reading what we find there, and for want of a guide to direct us, our prejudices form our judgments, and our errors our principles.

Thus it was with Clara: possessed of a prompt spirit, a firm will, but of an imperious character, she was accustomed never to hesitate in her resolution, and to hold herself as inflexible towards others as herself. The intolerance of youth, which is only through ignorance of life, transformed every thing with her into unalterable rules of conduct; she was vivacious, judged after the senses, and acted without hesitation. The result was sometimes that of reason, but oftener sorrow and chagrin. The practice of life had not yet taught her that the virtues themselves to remain human must be tempered by tenderness and patience.

Happily God had placed near her the mildest of admonitions in the example of a sister. As courageous and sincere, Elizabeth was less implacable: hers was not one of those iron hearts which will neither listen, bend or wait; older than Clara by some years, she had learned that this terrestrial existence is nothing more than a mere exchange of indulgences, benefits, and pardons, and that the road of Rhodamantus appears not to natural mortals. Happily sometimes she had arrested Clara in her rash resolutions, but the young sister revolted against the temporary indulgences of the elder, and usually avoided consulting her that she might avoid her objections.

After the death of their uncle, Elizabeth came to be head of the family, and exercised an authority which Clara had no wish to contest, but from which under certain circumstances, she forced an escape.

She happened, however, upon one occasion to save her from a lasting and unhappy quarrel with her cousin John Broring.

Protecte of her uncle who had raised the two sisters, John had come often to Lanark, and had become intimately acquainted with Elizabeth and Clara. The character of the latter surprised at first, then interested him. Mild and timid, he found in the firmness and assurance of the young girl that which was wanting in his own nature, and much more drawn by a quality of which he regretted the absence in himself, he attached himself to his young cousin, and concluded by applying for her hand.

The same reasons of contrast, which had led him to prefer Clara, drew her towards him, and his proposal was favorably listened to.—The marriage was to take place next. In waiting for the day fixed, a regular correspondence was established between the two affianced. The letters of John were affectionate, but generally quite brief, for which Clara made him some serious reproaches. The young man threw the fault upon the numerous affairs of the house of Edembourg, with which he had associated himself, and upon his eyesight, a little fatigued. This last excuse disquieted Clara still more, for John Broring had in times past been threatened with a serious ophthalmia. She informed him with her usual vivacity, of the serious nature of his malady; but John replied in so pleasant a manner as to completely re-assure her.

However his letter grew continually fewer and more brief. The time fixed for the marriage drew near. He pretended an increase of business which obliged him to delay.

On receiving this letter Clara saddened, then became pale. For the first time a doubt raised itself in her mind. Incapable of dissembling, she wrote to John, informing him that his engagement could not bind him, and that if he hesitated in fulfilling it, she would show neither anger nor resentment, but what she demanded of him alone was sincerity.

Broring replied only by a note of a few lines, of which the confused writing showed the extreme haste with which it was written. He announced to his cousin that he was going to London for an affair which suffered no delay, and that he could answer her question when he returned. Until then he prayed Clara to wait and to preserve for him her friendship.

This letter struck to the heart of the young girl: the brevity of the reply, and adjournment of explanation, the species of constraint which pervaded the letter—all persuaded her that John repented of his promise. Elizabeth conjured her to decide nothing before the promised letter, but Clara would listen to nothing.—Wounded in her dignity, her hopes in her love, she received the blow with the inflexible resolution which was habitual to her.

She wrote to her cousin returning his promise, and declaring that an alliance between them was henceforth impossible. She gave her motives for this resolution in analyzing the character of Broring, with a severe frankness which could leave him no chance for reply. On receiving it, he could not fail to regard the rupture as definite, and to accept through dignity if not through inclination. Clara, who feared the objections of her elder sister, and who felt no strength to sustain a new discussion on the subject, spoke not to her of this letter. She gave it to a servant, ordering him to carry it to the post.

So long as she was writing, the animation of thoughts and the effort of the will had sustained the young girl; but the act once accomplished, she fell into the most profound dejection. During nearly a year that this engagement with her cousin had existed, she had habituated herself to his tastes—all her projects of happiness had attached themselves to him. She had planned in the future all her hopes and all her joys which must henceforth be abandoned as a crumbling edifice. She must form new connections, and cast from her heart the hopes that had lodged there. Clara felt this most keenly, for under a haughty exterior she concealed a sincere sensibility. Affianced to John Broring, she was attached to him as the future companion of her happiness and misery,—and his affection which had been a long time growing, had taken a firmer hold of her life than she had herself imagined.

After the departure of this letter of rupture, her sadness seemed to increase day by day.—However, she regretted nothing she had done, for her grief could not discourage this love of what she considered to be her duty, but the fulfillment of which had left in her heart a wound which she could not conceal.

Fifteen days had elapsed without receiving any news from Broring. One evening Clara was alone in the drawing-room, watching from a window the setting sun. A tear coursed silently down the length of her pale cheeks, which she herself perceived not. The noise made by the opening of a door aroused her from her reverie; she quickly wiped her eyes and recovered herself. Her sister entered.

The latter wore a gay visage yet, nevertheless agitated. Holding in her hand a letter, she approached Clara, and embraced her with tenderness.

"I have sought you, my sister," said she, "to speak with you."

"What have you to say?" demanded Clara, who feared some questions on her sadness or some pleadings in favor of her cousin.

"I have a long confession to make to you," continued Elizabeth, in a joyous tone, "and I pray you to listen with patience."

"I will listen to you," replied Clara, still suspicious.

Elizabeth seated herself while Clara remained standing. "The note which John wrote you before going to London, wounded you from the first, and listening to nothing but your impatience, you have replied to him."

Clara wished to interrupt.

"Let me go on," continued Elizabeth, quickly; "you have replied to him immediately, and a part of the night has been employed in writing this reply, for your lamp was not extinguished until the first hour of the morning! How could you believe me ignorant?—Think you that chagrin could attend you without my perceiving it and not attempting to prevent the consequences?"

"I know your tenderness, my sister," Clara replied, with effort, "but I pray you speak no more on this subject."

"I must," said Elizabeth, in a tone of mild firmness. "This letter that you have written, Clara, has the expression of bitter resentment, and would break off the projected alliance."

"How do you know?" exclaimed the young girl.

"Before I go, I will tell you," replied Elizabeth.

Clara raised herself with a severe look and a frowning brow. "You!" repeated she; "and who has given you the right?"

"My friendship," mildly said the elder sister; "I know by experience how inflexible you are in your resolutions, Clara. I had fears of your decision under the influence of your impatience; alas! my fears are more than realized. My first impulse was to come to you and combat so fatal a resolution. I had fears at the time of not finding you enough calm to listen to me; since then I have waited on account of—"

"Why, then, do you speak to me to-day?" demanded Clara impatiently. "Now that all is accomplished, for what use are these remonstrances. Understand, my sister, that I regret nothing I have done. I shall suffer without doubt in the ruin of my hopes; I shall suffer a long time, perhaps, but the suffering is not repentance. Better break a fatal chain before it has bound you, a better struggle to tear and loosen than to condemn one's self and bear eternally the weight of remorse. In accordance"

with the dictates of reason I wish to unite myself only to a man to whom I will be the first interest and the sweetest pre-occupation. Decided to yield to him all my affections, I desire to be repaid by an equal return. Other women may consent to be merely a detail in the lives of their husbands, to come after the distractions of business affairs; I commend them not; each arranges her destiny according to her taste, but as for me, I cannot, I will not accept a condition which will bring unhappiness upon myself and upon others. If to-day John Broring finds no time to write to me, in a few months he will find no more time to speak to me.—If the success of a speculation in London is of more importance than the opinion I may have of his attachment to Lanark, we could not understand and are not made for each other."

"And do you say that you are not deceived in judging the actions of John Broring?" replied Elizabeth, who had listened to her sister with a grave sadness. Do you then understand yourself so well as to condemn immediately and without appeal? You complain of the short letters of your cousin—of his apparent hesitancy—of his sudden journey. Listen to this letter which I have received from him."

Elizabeth unfolded the letter, which she held in her hand, and read as follows:

"DEAR COUSIN: I dictate a letter to you, not being able to write myself. It is necessary at length that you know the truth. For nearly three months the ophthalmia, with which I was threatened, became each day more alarming; I said nothing to you about it, for I hoped to find myself deceived; yet my uneasiness was continually increasing. Miss Clara accuses me of brevity: she knows not that each note has cost me sad pain. I can endure the pain, but her reproaches pierce me to the heart. Finally, when she had appeared to destroy my want of time, and had given me the liberty to break off my engagement, I made a firm resolution. A celebrated oculist in London, says one to me, can alone judge your malady. I would address myself to him as to my destiny. If he consents, I will refuse to associate your name with a lost existence. I would remain alone in my darkness with the hope of not living long time. In consequence, I wrote a note to Clara, in which I delayed all explanation until my return from London. I am there, yet, dear cousin, but re-assured and nearly happy. Thanks to the help of the art, my malady dissipated, and the physician who has the care of me, promises a speedy and complete cure. When he has given me this assurance, I have wished to prostrate myself at his feet, and alone for the light he has promised me, but for the life!—A life of joy and tenderness passed with Clara."

"Communicate this letter to her with caution; I have endeavored to spare her the least unhappy emotions, that I may never be to me the occasion of a sadness, while she may be to me none other than the cause of gratitude and happiness."

JOHN BRORING

During the first of this letter Clara could not retain an exclamation: the truth flashed upon her eyes as a meteor. But as the reading advanced, her visage bore all the expressions of surprise, regret and tenderness. She comprehended all at once. The noble silence of John; his generous indecision; the kind of delay at which she was so indignant—all this of which she had accused him, contributed to his praise—all that had seemed to condemn John, glorified him.

Tears of happiness and of admiration inundated the visage of the young girl. Falling upon her sister, she folded her in her embrace, without power to speak. But suddenly she raised herself. The remembrance of the letter she had written came to her mind. Addressed from Lanark, it had without doubt suffered some delay, for which he could not then have received it; but he must have received it now. To-day perhaps he had read it; at the same instant, even when she had received the proofs of his disinterested affection, he was suffering through her expression of coldness and injustice. This idea struck to the heart of Clara like a dart: she fell upon a chair and covered her face with her hands.

"What ails you?" said Elizabeth quickly.

"Ah! I have myself destroyed my happiness," exclaimed she.

"What would you say?"

"My letter! my letter!" sobbed the young girl.

"Look here," said Elizabeth, joyously, at the same time presenting a letter with a broken seal.

Clara uttered a cry of joy, and threw herself once more in the arms of her sister. "Ah! you have saved me," said she.

"Yes," said Elizabeth, mildly, but one cannot always save those who expose themselves to misery. Never forget this admonition, my sister, that has come to you from Providence. True courage consists not in acting without hesitation or in affronting without prudence. When we are brought to judge of others, we may believe the good easily; but for the bad, we should await the proofs."

The person that goes into business places and carries off our subscriber's papers before they have read them, would walk five miles to rob a blind sheep of his fodder. Such persons should be winked to death by blind people.

WILLIE BELL.

BY SUE.

Down in yonder shadowed valley
Where the death tide's waters roll;
Where dark phantoms ever dally
With the fleeting, fainting soul;
Where the hymn, of death is wailing,
In the gloom with measured swell;
Thither went, our heart-strings breaking,
Little, loving Willie Bell.

Chorus.—Gentle Willie, darling Willie:
How we loved thee none can tell;
Thou hast left us, and forever,
Little, loving Willie Bell.

All the Spring-time played he gladly
With the sunbeams from the sky;
In the Summer watched he sadly
All the Spring flowers fade and die;
And he wandered by the brook-side
Where the gushing waters tell—
Where the angels sang at night-tide,
Music low to Willie Bell.

But when summer blossoms faded,
And the Autumn leaves flew by,
When the gentle buds were shaded
By the snow wreaths from on high—
Then a voice came down from heaven
Like the waves in winding shell,
And an angel crown was given
To the brow of Willie Bell.

Folded they his hands of whiteness
O'er the marble, lifeless breast,
While sweet strains from hearts of brightness
Welcomed him to heavenly rest:
And the eyes of blue were closing
While in dreamless sleep he lay,
Was the form of Willie Bell.

Down within the grassy meadow,
Down within the silent vale,
Where at even comes the shadow
Of the moonbeams still and pale—
There, upon the earth's cold bosom,
'Mid the snow-flakes, as they fell,
Laid we our bright Summer blossom,
Loved in death sweet Willie Bell!

What is the Use of Snow?

The snow was proverbially called the "poor farmer's manure" before scientific analysis had shown that it contained a larger per centage of ammonia than rain. The snow serves as a protecting mantle to the tender herbage and the roots of all plants against the fierce blast and cold of winter. An examination of snow in Siberia showed that when the temperature of the air was seventy-two degrees below zero the temperature of the snow a little below the surface was twenty-nine degrees above zero, over one hundred degrees difference. The snow keeps the earth just below its surface in a condition to take on chemical changes which would not happen if the earth were bare and frozen to a great depth. The snow prevents exhalations from the earth, and is a powerful absorbent, retaining and returning to the earth gases arising from vegetable and animal decomposition. The snow, though it falls heavily at the door of the poor and brings death and starvation to the fowls of the air and beasts of the field, is yet of incalculable benefit in a climate like ours, and especially at this time, when the deep springs of the earth were failing and the mill streams were refusing their motive powers to the craving appetites of man. If, during the last month, the clouds had dropped rain instead of snow we might have pumped and bored the earth in vain for water; but, with a foot of snow upon the mountains, the hum of the mill-stones and the harsh notes of the saw will soon and long testify to its beneficence. Bridges, earth-works, and the fruits of engineering skill and toil may be swept away, but man will still rejoice in the general good and adore the benevolence of Him who orders all things aright. The snow is a great purifier of the atmosphere. The absorbent power of capillary action of snow is like that of a sponge or charcoal. Immediately after snow has fallen, melt it in a clean vessel and taste it, and you will find immediately evidences of its impurity. Try some a day or two old and it becomes nauseous, especially in cities. Snow water makes the mouth harsh and dry. It has the same effect upon the skin, and upon the hands and feet produces the painful malady of chilblains. The following easy experiment illustrates beautifully the absorbent property of snow: Take a lump of snow (a piece of snow crust answers well) of three or four inches in length and hold it in the flame of a lamp; not a drop of water will fall from the snow, but the water, as fast as formed, will penetrate or be drawn up into the mass of snow by capillary attraction. It is by virtue of this attraction that the snow purifies the atmosphere by absorbing and retaining its noxious and noisome gases and odors.

Hard of Hearing—A Love Story.

A young Jonathan once courted the daughter of an old man that lived down East, who professed to be deficient in hearing; but, forsooth, was more capacious than limited in hearing, as the sequel will show.

It was a stormy night in the ides of March, if I mistake not, when lightning and loud peals of thunder answered thunder, and Jonathan

sat by the old man's fireside, discussing with the old lady (his intended mother-in-law) on the expedience of asking the old man's permission to marry "Sal." Jonathan resolved to "pop it" to the old man next day. Night passed, and on the dawn of another day the old man was found in his barn lot feeding his pigs, and Jonathan resolved to ask him for Sal.

Scarce had a minute elapsed, after Jonathan made his resolution, ere he bid the old man "good morning." Now Jonathan's heart beat; now he scratched his head, and ever and anon gave birth to a pensive yawn. Jonathan declared that he'd as lief take "thirty-nine stripes" as to ask the "old man;" but, said he aloud to himself, "however, here goes it; a faint heart never won a fair girl," and addressed the old man thus:

"I say, old man, I want to marry your daughter."

"You want to borrow my halter. I would loan it to you, Jonathan, but my son has taken it and gone off to the mill."

Jonathan, putting his mouth close to the old man's ear, and speaking in a deafening tone, "I've got five hundred pounds of money!"

Old man, stepped back as if greatly alarmed, and exclaimed in a voice of surprise, "You have got five hundred pounds of honey, Jonathan! Why it is more than all the neighborhood has use for!"

Jonathan, not yet the victim of despair, and putting his mouth to the old man's ear, bawled out "I've got gold!"

"So have I, Jonathan, and it is the worst cold I ever had in my life." So saying he sneezed a "wash-up."

By this time the old lady came up, and observing Jonathan's unfortunate luck, she put her mouth to the old man's ear and screamed like a wounded Ya-hoo.

"Daddy, I say daddy—you don't understand; he wants to marry your daughter."

"I told him our calf halter was gone."

"Why, daddy, you don't understand—he's got gold—his rich."

"He's got gold and the itch, eh!" So saying the old man aimed a blow at Jonathan's head with his cane, but happily for Jonathan he dodged it. Nor did the angry of the old man stop at this, but with angry countenance he made after Jonathan, who took to his heels; nor did Jonathan's luck stop here, he had not got far from the old man, who ran him a tight race, before Jonathan stumbled his toe and fell to the ground and before the old man could "take up" he stumbled over Jonathan and fell sprawling in a mud hole. Jonathan sprung to his heels, and with the speed of John Gilpin cleared himself. And poor Sal, she died a nun, and never had a husband.

I HAVE NO MOTHER NOW.

BY C. H. CRISWELL.

I hear the soft wind sighing,
Through every bush and tree;
Where now dear mother's lying
Away from love and me,
Tears from my eyes are starting.

The Real Cause of Consumption.

According to the grand design, everything we eat, no matter whether meat or vegetables, is first changed by the stomach into albumen; but it seems that meat and grease are absolutely necessary to prevent these irregular deposits of albumen or tubercle in the substance of the lungs and bones. Now meat and grease are loathed by all who are not much in the open air, and who do not labor or use very active exercise; the laboring man demands fat pork and beef; the Esquimaux must have whale, walrus and seal oil; the hog has been called the laud whale; it is the laborer's staff, and was undoubtedly designed by nature for his food; air turns albumen into red blood. The mixed negroes of the South, or mulattoes, have a very strong tendency to consumption, and often get it when much pampered as house servants; but as field hands, working hard, and living upon bacon and corn, which impart heat, they rarely have it. Spirituous liquors, which are almost all hydrogen, are used with much more impunity by those who travel and labor; they produce heat, and are now known to be preventives of tubercle when used in moderation so as not to oppress the delicate

tissues of weak lungs. All slow-moving and cold blooded animals, such as tortoises and snakes, are actually formed and nourished by liquid albumen; yet they never have tubercles, because it is their proper blood; those that breathe faster always run or fly, and have the red particles. Domesticated ones, such as cats, guinea-pigs, monkeys and parrots, often die of tubercular consumption, because they are confined and their exercises cut off. And here you will observe we even have in this list a bird. Now birds which are red and hot-blooded, particularly those that fly long, such as pigeons, gulls, eagles, and wild geese and ducks, never have tubercles; their blood ranges from 104 to 112 degrees, and they use very stimulating food; the parrot eats cakes, candies, &c., and is confined in a cage.—*Medical Scalpel.*

Washington at School.

Having no longer the benefit of a father's instructions at home, and the scope of tuition of Hobby, the sexton, being too limited for the growing wants of his pupil, George was now sent to reside with Augustine Washington, at Bridge's Creek, and enjoy the benefit of a superior school in the neighborhood, kept by a Mr. Williams. His education, however, was plain and practical. He never attempted the learned languages, nor manifested any inclination for rhetoric or belles lettres. His object, or the object of his friends, seems to have been confined to fitting him for ordinary business. His manuscript books still exist, and are models of neatness and accuracy. One of them, it is true, a cipher book, preserved in the library at Mount Vernon, has some school-boy's attempts at calligraphy; nondescript birds, executed with a flourish of the pen, or profiles of faces probably intended for those of his schoolmates; the rest are all grave and business like. Before he was thirteen years of age, he had copied into a volume forms of all kinds of mercantile and legal papers: bills of exchange, notes of hand, deeds, bonds and the like. This early self-tuition gave him throughout life a lawyer's skill in drafting documents, and a merchant's exactness in keeping accounts, so that all the concern of his various estates, his dealings with his domestic stewards and foreign agents, his accounts with government, and all his financial transactions are to this day to be seen posted up in books of his own hand-writing, monuments of his method and unwearied accuracy.

He was a self-disciplinarian in physical as well as mental matters, and practised himself in all kinds of athletic exercises, such as running, leaping, wrestling, pitching quoits, and tossing bars. His frame, even in infancy, had been large and powerful, and he now excelled most of his play-mates in contests of agility and strength. As a proof of his muscular power, a place is still pointed out at Fredericksburg, near the lower ferry, where, when a boy, he flung a stone across the Rappahannock. In horsemanship, too, he already excelled, and was ready to back and able to manage the most fiery steed. Traditional anecdotes remain of his achievements in this respect.

Above all his inherent proclivity, and the principles of justice on which he regulated all his conduct, even at this early period of his life, were soon appreciated by his school-master; he was referred to as an umpire in their disputes, and his decisions were never reversed. As he had been formerly military chieftain, he was no legislator of the school; thus displaying in boyhood a type of future man.

In a Bad Fix.

A farmer had occasion to send his man, who, by the way, was a jolly Dutchman, to the neighboring town for a barrel of molasses.—The weather being warm, and the driver moreover, driving rather fast, the molasses took a notion to "work," as it is generally called.—But we will let him tell his story in his own words. "Well, I gomed along, and I gomed along, till I got to de hill vat stands at de top of de black-smith's shop, and den, I looks around behind my pung-hole. Thinks I, I will stop dat, so I silops de cart, and scotches der oxen mit a grabble rock and trove der pung-hole in as tight as neber vos, mit a lightwood knot and gomed along again, till I got to where de forks of de road cross each oder mit de meeting-house, and I look around behind my pack agin, and de sthuff was all run ober mit de barrel agin. O, says I, I will fix you now, an' I