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## PRIDE AND POVERTY.

BY HATTIE.

"O mother, I have hit upon a plan that I can procure needle-work, and not have it known," said Ellen Grey to her mother, as she threw herself on the sofa, after a fatiguing walk around the city, one sultry day in the middle of August. "I am almost tired to death," she continued, "for I walked as fast as I could, lest some one should recognize me."

"Don't run on so," interrupted Mrs. Grey impatiently; "pray, tell me what is the result of your morning's rambles, for I have been thinking while you were out, that we must either find something to do, or sell this house and move into a smaller one."

"O, mother, do not think of such a thing! How it would sound to have it said that the Greys had to give up their nice house and sell off their furniture, in order to live! No, mother, I rather work night and day than this should be said of us."

"I know, Ellen, it is hard; but what are we to do? we certainly cannot live as we are."

Mrs. Grey was left a widow with two children, a son and a daughter. Ellen had arrived at the age of seventeen; she was what many would call handsome; but she was proud, cold and haughty; inheriting all the sterner traits of her father's character, she was calculated to figure in the gay world or shine in a ball room. She had been educated by her father with great care; and as she grew up was a most agreeable companion for him.

Edward, her brother, now fifteen years of age, was the reverse of his sister. Although proud in many things, he had a kind and affectionate disposition, and loving everybody he supposed every one loved him in return. They had been nurtured in the lap of affluence and plenty; every wish had been gratified that wealth could procure, by an indulgent father.

After Mr. Grey's death, it was ascertained that his property amounted to only enough to settle his debts. The house they lived in, together with the furniture, was all that was left to them; and, ere their grief for the loss of their father had subsided, the startling truth burst upon them that they were henceforth to work for their daily bread. This neatly overwhelmed them in sorrow.

One evening, about three months after Mr. Grey's death, Ellen and her mother were seated by the window in the old homestead, sadly musing on their changed condition. The spirits of both mother and daughter were much depressed. The door bell rang, and they anxiously awaited the appearance of the domestic. Betty soon made her appearance.

"Mr. Charles Ashton is in the parlor, and wishes to speak with Miss Ellen."

"Oh! dear me, what shall I do! here mother, do help me fix," exclaimed Ellen, as a consultation of her mirror showed many defects in her hair and dress.

"Betty, go to the parlor and tell Mr. Ashton I will be down in a few moments."

"What shall I do, mother? I cannot appear like myself, I feel so sad," continued Ellen, while she trembled all over like a leaf.

"Be composed, my daughter, and on no account let Mr. Ashton think we are in embarrassed circumstances."

Ellen waited a few moments until she could compose herself, and then descended to the parlor. Charles Ashton was a man of noble, generous feelings, who would soon to see deception in the least thing. He had often visited Ellen, and had begun to regard her in the light of a very dear friend. Ellen had always appeared, when in his presence, like one who he would like to share the joys and sorrows of a lifetime with; but he had never spoken to her on the subject, thinking it best to wait awhile. Since her father's death, and the news that he had died insolvent, he sometimes thought he would offer himself, and thus, perhaps, save them from the mortification which must necessarily follow the humble position they must now occupy. But as time passed on, and they still kept their house and furniture, and moved in the same splendor as before, he thought something must be wrong; therefore he continued his visits, waiting for time to decide the circumstances.

This evening he met Ellen with the same frank courtesy which had always characterized their former meetings; kindly inquired after her mother and absent brother, and then introduced such subjects of conversation as in their nature were not too gay to shock her feelings or too grave to depress them. He sat with her an hour and then retired.

"I am heartily sick of trying to keep up appearances," exclaimed Ellen as she threw herself on the sofa, after Mr. Ashton's departure.

"I hope you did not betray your feelings in Mr. Ashton's presence," replied her mother; "Don't you think," continued Mrs. Grey, "that Mr. Ashton means something serious in his visits to you?"

The color mounted to the neck, cheeks and

forehead of Ellen; she cast her eyes to the floor in confusion, and remained silent.

"Do not, my daughter, feel any delicacy in speaking your mind to your mother," said Mrs. Grey. "We are dependent on each other for sympathy and advice. Let us be free and confiding in one another. How we are to struggle through this world, God only knows."

Mrs. Grey's voice trembled as she said this, but she soon resumed.

"Mr. Ashton is a wealthy man. His family are wealthy. He has been visiting you for a number of months; and if he would make you his wife, we could again hold up our heads in the world. I was thinking of this when I asked you the question. Now answer me, seriously, Ellen."

"He has never alluded to the subject," replied Ellen in a low tone of voice, "let his attentions be what they may."

"I wonder if he knows we have lost everything? Have you noticed any change in his manner towards you lately?" asked Mrs. Grey.

"I have not observed any," replied Ellen; none to speak of, would have expressed her feelings better, for she had thought his manner toward her was tenderer since her father's death than before.

"I don't know what to think," replied Mrs. Grey; "still I cannot help thinking that he loves you, or he would not be so attentive towards you; but if he should hear of the change in our circumstances I do not know how this sudden and terrible reverse would affect him. Our only hope is in keeping it a secret from him. But how we are to do it, unless we can get something to do, I cannot tell. A fortnight from tomorrow Edward will be at home, and how shall we contrive to keep him at school any longer? Mr. Ashton knows that we were intending to fit him for college; and if we take him out of school now, he must know it was for the want of means."

"Edward must not leave school; every thing depends, as you say, upon keeping up appearances; and I am determined to do my part," said Ellen, rousing herself from the lethargy she had so long been wrapped in. "Tomorrow morning I will take a walk down to the widow Holden's. Perhaps Lucy and Clara can assist me in procuring work. You know I can embroider nicely, and I might earn a good deal at that business."

"But is it best to go to them," said Mrs. Grey, her conscience smiting her for her former neglect of them after Mr. Holden's death. "They may think we took no notice of them in their distress, and that they will turn the cold shoulder to us in our troubles."

"No danger of that," replied Ellen; "Lucy thinks too much of Edward, and, for his sake, I know she would assist us."

"I fear Lucy will not think the child of a penniless widow of half the consideration she did the son of Henry Grey," rejoined Mrs. Grey. "Perhaps she does not feel the same affection for him she once did."

"I think you judge Lucy wrong," said Ellen; "I do not think Lucy loved Edward just for his riches. I had much rather not go to Mrs. Holden's for assistance; but I know of no other place where they would feel interested for us."

After a good deal more conversation, which they will not stop to relate, it was decided that Ellen should go to Mrs. Holden's the next morning, and see if they would assist her in getting work.

Mr. Holden, who was supposed a wealthy merchant, died, leaving a widow and two children. As it often happens, with men engaged in mercantile business, the settlement of Mr. Holden's affairs revealed the unexpected fact that he had died insolvent. To the kind consideration of their creditors they were indebted for their furniture and plate, which was all they had left them.

Mrs. Holden, naturally a feeble woman, sank beneath the blow. Clara and Lucy, Mr. Holden's two daughters, were noble minded girls; and they resolved to support themselves and their widowed mother by their own industry.

They sold their furniture and plate, and took up their residence in a neat cottage in the suburbs of the city. Clara was twenty years of age, and possessed a good education. Her musical talents were superior to any of her acquaintances. When they sold their furniture, Clara thought it best to keep her piano, thinking it might be serviceable to her in earning a livelihood. She engaged a school of young ladies, to whom she taught music. When not employed in this way, she, with her sister Lucy, worked on embroidery. In this way they were able to live comfortably. It is true they were obliged to deny themselves many of the luxuries which they had formerly enjoyed; but, as Clara said to Lucy, one day, "how much better to live as we do, than to worry our liver out trying to live beyond our means."

Edward Grey and Lucy Holden were children together; hand in hand had they walked to school, and there existed a friendship between

them which proved to be lasting. Their affection grew with their years; and when it was announced that Mr. Holden had died, and left his family penniless, Edward was the first to go and speak the words of consolation and sympathy.

Young as they were, the vows of eternal constancy were interchanged.

"No," replied Edward to the question, whether he could marry a poor portionless girl, "I think not it was your riches I loved; it was your own dear self."

Some of their summer friends in prosperity deserted them now in the hour of adversity. Among the number was Mr. Grey's family. Every thing was said to persuade Edward from cherishing the idea of ever marrying poor Lucy Holden, one so much below him in point of riches. But all was in vain; for love is a wayward thing; the more you try to stay its course, the faster it will flow.

Seeing that all their efforts were in vain, they sent him off to school, hoping to change the current of his feelings. Mrs. Grey and Ellen continued in every possible way, to show their indifference towards Lucy. None of their coldness was passed unnoticed by her, and many a bitter tear did she shed over their neglect; for, much as she loved Edward, she could not bear the thought of ever marrying into a family where she was not beloved by all.

She never ventured to mention their coldness and neglect to Edward, thinking it might cause him pain. But their unkindness had not escaped his eye. He had seen it all with feelings of pain, and had often remonstrated with them upon the impropriety of such treatment, telling them they, too, might some day stand in need of a friend; the truth of which was verified sooner than they expected.

The next morning after the call of Mr. Ashton to Mrs. Grey's, Ellen started to call on the Holden family with no very pleasant feelings, as she remembered her ill treatment towards them since their father's death.

Clara and Lucy were quietly seated at the window, and, on looking up, they saw Ellen coming up the walk.

"As true as I live," exclaimed Lucy, "there comes Ellen Grey. It must be true that they have met with some misfortune, if she will condescend to call on us."

In a few moments the door bell rang. Now Clara had dismissed all their servants but one. She had all the work to do, and they did not expect her to leave the kitchen every time the bell rang. Lucy laid down her work and ran gaily down stairs to the door.

"Good morning, Ellen. How do you do?—I am very glad to see you," said Lucy, at the same time giving her a cordial shake of the hand. "Walk up stairs, if you please," at the same time leading her into a neatly furnished parlor.

Ellen was met with the same cordial reception by Clara and her mother, who were reclining on a lounge.

"How is your mother's health?" kindly inquired Mrs. Holden.

"She is not very well. Father's death nearly overcame her," replied Ellen, in a low tone of voice.

"There is nothing so wearing to any one's health as trouble," answered Mrs. Holden. "I feel to sympathize with her. I know what it is to have trouble."

All this, and much more, was said in such a kind sympathizing way, that Ellen felt heartily ashamed of herself, and almost thought she would not mention the object for which she had called. As she looked around on their neatly furnished room, so free from anything like ostentation, and then upon the smiling happy faces of its inmates, she could not help contrasting their situation with her own.

Clara and Lucy were at work embroidering cases. They made apologies for not laying aside their work during her call, by saying, "that they had promised to have the capes done in an hour from that time, and they must work busy to accomplish it."

"What do you have a piece?" inquired Ellen.

"For these we are at work on we have eight dollars; and for this kind," taking up some cheaper ones, "we have only four."

"Can you earn much working on them?" asked Ellen.

"Oh, yes," replied Clara, "by working on these, and what I get for teaching music, we support the family. We do not expect to live in splendor; but when we contrast our situation with those poorer than ourselves, we ought to be very thankful that we get along so nicely."

"Who do you work for?" asked Ellen.

"Williams & Co.," replied Lucy.

"Have they all the hands they want?" inquired Ellen, anxiously.

"I believe they have," replied Lucy, "for I heard Williams say the other day he could hardly supply them in work, so great was the demand."

"Do you know of any other place, where they give out work?" inquired Ellen.

"There is a store three miles from here," replied Clara, "where they give out work."

"Three miles! that is a great way," Ellen said.

"Did you wish to get work?" Lucy ventured to ask.

"Yes, I should like to," replied Ellen.

"If you will wait until we get these capes done, I will walk down to the store with you," said Lucy. "I shall have to carry them home, and it will be one mile of the distance."

Ellen concluded to wait, and they were soon on their way in search of work. Ellen walked very fast, lest she should recognize some of her old acquaintances. They were successful, and Ellen returned with a bundle of work carefully concealed under her shawl. The result of her walk she was relating to her mother when we opened this story.

Now Ellen had obtained work, she was at it early and late, notwithstanding such unaccustomed toil produced incessant weariness. But all was in vain. She could not earn enough to meet the demands. Piece after piece of plate had to go, and article after article of jewelry, until absolute want stared them in the face.

Mr. Ashton still continued his visits, but hesitated to offer his hand, in hopes of obtaining a clue to the mystery. Had appearances corresponded with their supposed condition, he would long before this have offered her his hand, and saved her—he so much loved—from sinking into obscurity and want. Tenderly would he have clasped her to his bosom and called her his wife. But he knew not how to act.

When Edward returned from school his mother told him their true situation. He immediately advised them to sell off their things and assume their true position.

"Just as I told you, mother," replied Ellen, to his good advice; "because he is going to marry a poor girl, he wants to have it said that we, too, are poor."

"But why not own to what everybody must know to be true," replied Edward.

"I don't believe Mr. Ashton knows," indignantly replied Ellen.

"Well," said Edward, "if he does not know it now, he must sometime."

"I shall be his wife then, and shall not care," replied Ellen.

"True," said Edward; "but will he love you so well? Will not the knowledge of the deception you have practised cause him to love you less? For my part," continued he, "I will take no part in such deception;" and taking his hat, he went out.

"What shall we do?" said Ellen to her mother, as the hall door closed on the receding figure of her brother. "If Edward will not help us keep the secret, how is it to be done?"

"Well may we ask, what we are going to do," said her mother; "all hope is at an end, unless Mr. Ashton makes proposals at his next visit. If he should, you must name the day—at the earliest time possible; and we will try to struggle on until you are married."

Mrs. Grey and her daughter were seated at an open window with the blinds closed. Their conversation designed for no other ears but their own, met the ears of a young-man, an intimate friend of Charles Ashton, who was passing in the street. This young man, a fun loving, frolicking youth, not always thinking the mischief he might do, soon met his friend Charles, and jokingly told him the conversation he had heard while passing Mrs. Grey's. From that hour Mr. Ashton was decided. He saw the deception that had been practised toward him, and he resolved to show them that he did not stoop to such baseness.

Week after week passed on: Edward had obtained a situation as clerk in a store. Ellen toiled on day after day. It had been a long time since Mr. Ashton had called on her, and hope had almost died in her breast.

One morning as she was bending over her work, worn out in body and mind, a note of invitation was handed her to attend a large party to be held the approaching week at one of the wealthiest in the city.

"I have nothing fit to wear," said Ellen, laying aside the note.

"But you must go," replied her mother; "Mr. Ashton will be there. How much will it take to fit you to go? Remember this is your last chance."

"It will take fifty dollars; and if I work all the time I could not earn so much," replied Ellen despondingly.

After a good deal of thought, Mrs. Grey suggested another article that might be sold. Fifty dollars was soon realized, all of which was expended for Ellen, to dress for the party.

The expected evening arrived, and at an early hour Ellen started, her mind agitated with conflicting emotions. How was she to meet Mr. Ashton? Should she treat him with the same familiarity as before? or should she be cold and haughty in his presence?

Guest after guest arrived, until the rooms were nearly filled; still her anxious eyes had not been cheered by the presence of Mr. Ashton.

Late in the evening, as she was trying to converse with a friend, she looked up and saw

Charles Ashton coming into the room, with the lovely Clara Holden leaning on his arm; as he passed her he gave her a cold formal bow, and passed on. This was too much for Ellen's excited nerves. She soon complained of illness, and asked to have the carriage sent for. In this she returned home, heartsick and hopeless.

In a week they sold their house, and what furniture they had left, and with the assistance of Edward, moved into a smaller house. Ellen still continued to earn what she could by sewing.

Mr. Ashton often persuaded Clara to become his wife, but it was not until after her mother's death that she consented.

He married her—poor as she was—her only dowry, the riches of her mind and heart. She was elevated to her old position in society, and moved in all the splendor she could wish.

Lucy, her sister, went to reside with her, until Edward should claim her for his bride; which he did in the course of a few years, having first entered into partnership with a rich, influential merchant. He furnished a handsome house, installed his young bride the mistress, and gave his mother and sister an invitation to make their home with him.

Prosperity has crowned his efforts. He is now one of the wealthiest men in the large city of B. His mother long since paid the last debt of nature, and has gone to her reward.

Ellen still lives with them, wiser, perhaps, than when she tried to win the rich Mr. Ashton; and, as Ella sits by her side, she often relates the history of her sad experience, and ends by telling her never think to win a husband by deception.

**DEQUITED LOVE.**  
Oh, love! if all the wealth of earth  
Could be bestowed on me,  
I would not take it, if thereby  
I were forgot by thee.

It would not give me any joy  
To live in halls of gold,  
If for that wealth I knew that I  
Thy precious love had sold!

Then say again thou'lt love me still  
When many years are past;  
That, come what will, thy love will live  
As long as life shall last;

That though all other friends may flee,  
Thou'lt love me still the same;  
That adverse winds will only serve  
To brighten up love's flame!

Thou need'st not speak—the beaming light  
In thy soft hazel eyes,  
Raised unto mine with tender glance  
And earnest tone, replies—

"O, friend, my dearest earthly friend,  
Think not my love can change;  
It is my spell within my breast  
Time never can estrange."

"True love is like the clinging vine:  
The more the keen winds blow,  
The more it clings to its support,  
The stronger it will grow!

Such love is mine; though clouds may rise,  
And storms of sorrow fall,  
My heart will still be true to thee,  
And cling to thee through all!"

Enough! one drop of pleasure more  
My cup would overflow;  
'Tis all the joy I ask, that thou  
Wilt share my real and woe!

That though my bark be rudely tossed  
Upon life's raging tide,  
To cheer as only woman can,  
Thou wilt be by my side!

And by thy strength of heart within,  
Patience that naught can kill,—  
By all the vigor of my soul,  
And by my dauntless will;

Thou shalt not rue the hour thou pledged  
Thy love and hand to me;  
My constant study shall be this,  
To worthily prove of thee!

**Stick to one Pursuit.**  
There cannot be a greater error than to be frequently changing one's business. If any man will look around and notice, who got rich and who did not, out of those he started in life with, he will find out that the successful generally stuck to some one pursuit.

Two lawyers, for example, begin to practice at the same time. One devotes his whole mind to the profession, and waits patiently, it may be for years till he gains an opportunity to show his superiority. The other tired of such slow work, dashes into politics. Generally at the end of twenty years, the latter will not be worth a penny, while the former will have a handsome practice, and counts his tens of thousands in bank stock or mortgages.

Two clerks attain a majority simultaneously. One remains with his former employers, or at least in the same line of trade as at first, on a small salary, then on a large, until finally, if he is meritorious, he is taken into partnership. The other thinks it beneath him to fill a subordinate position now that he has become a man, and accordingly starts in some other business on his own account, or undertakes for a new firm in the old line of trade. Where does it end? Often in insolvency, rarely in riches. To this every merchant can testify.

A young man is bred a mechanic. He ac-

quires a distaste for his trade, however, thinks it is a tedious way to get ahead, and sets out for the West or California. But in most cases, the same restless discontented and speculative spirit, which carried him away at first, renders continued application at one place irksome to him; and so he goes wandering about the world, a sort of semi-civilized Arab, really a vagrant in character, and sure to die insolvent. Meantime his fellow-apprentice who has stayed at home, practicing economy, and working steadily at his trade, has grown comfortable in his circumstances, and is even perhaps a citizen of mark.

**Asiatic Savages.**  
The savage tribes of Asia are numerous, and a sufficient idea of their mode of life will be formed from a description of a few of them. The Aloutians—or rather, the inhabitants of the Aloutian Islands, situated at the North-Eastern extremity of Asia, and neighboring on America—have no government of any kind, yet each community selects some chief, invested with no other authority but that of deciding any dispute they may have with each other. They generally choose the man that has the largest family, and is most successful in hunting and fishing. They occupy, probably, the lowest place in the scale of savage life, eating wild roots seaweed and fish, frequently half putrified and cast on shore, and flesh of foxes and birds, of prey, which they devour raw. They clothe themselves in the skins of sea-calves, foxes and birds, and live in a ditch nine feet deep, eighteen broad, and from thirty to three hundred long. The ditch has its sides supported by posts, and is covered by a frame on which earth and grass are laid; apertures serve for doors, with a ladder fixed to each; others admit air and light, and some let out smoke, when they happen to have fires, which they seldom have, for even without any the heat is insupportable and the smell from putrifying fish horrible. Sometimes 500 persons inhabit the same ditch. Their disposition brutal; if they surprise their enemies they exterminate them, pay no attention to their children, who leave them when they choose, and marry at pleasure without consent of parents, contracts, portions or festivity. The Kamachadals are almost as savage. They feed on bears and other quadrupeds, but the heads of half putrified fish, reduced to a pap, are their greatest delicacy. They also live in ditches, but less deep and better constructed. There is one good point in their characters—they have a high respect for woman, and, though permitted, rarely practice polygamy.

**How to Break up a Cold.**  
Dr. Hall, in his "Medical Journal," gives the following direction for breaking up a cold:—

"A bad cold, like measles and mumps, or other similar ailments, will run its course in about ten days, in spite of what may be done for it, unless remedial means are employed within forty-eight hours of its inception. Many a useful life may be spared to be increasingly useful, by cutting a cold short off, in the following safe and similar manner. On the first day of taking a cold there is a very unpleasant sensation of chilliness. The moment you observe this go to your room and stay there; keep it at such a temperature as will entirely prevent this chilly feeling, even if it requires a hundred degrees Fah. In addition, put your feet in water half leg deep, as hot as you can bear it, adding hot water from time to time, for a quarter of an hour, so that the water shall be hotter when you take your feet out than when you put them in, then dry them thoroughly, and put on warm, thick, wollen stockings, even if it be in summer, (when colds are most dangerous,) and for twenty-four hours eat not an atom of food, but drink as largely as you desire of warm tea, and at the end of that time, if not sooner, the cold will be effectually broken, without any medicine whatever. This theory is no doubt good for weak constitutions, but for a hale hearty person we would recommend the substitute of cold water drinks in the place of hot tea."

**GUM ARABIC.**  
In Morocco, about the middle of November, that is, after the rainy season, which begins in July, a gummy juice exudes spontaneously from the trunk and principal branches of the acacia tree. In about fifteen days it thickens in furrows, down which it runs, either in a vermicular (or worm) shape, or commonly assuming