

# LEHIGH REGISTER

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## THE FORGED WILL.

Some years ago, there lived in a quiet German village an old farmer, named Gottfried, who, having in his youth suffered disappointment in a love affair through the inconstancy of a fair peasant, passed the remainder of his life in a state of morose and discontented celibacy. He was assisted in the labors of his farm by his two nephews, Hans Engelheim and Karl Landerman, whose characters were so dissimilar, that it was no wonder they were frequently quarreling. Hans was cheerful, candid, and generous; while Karl was morose, treacherous, and vindictive. These were qualities which naturally recommended him to his uncle, to whom he reported every day on the green and every glass which Hans enjoyed, exaggerating them in a manner which led the old man to believe the latter much too gay and dissipated to be entrusted with any part of the management of his affairs. Thus Karl grew in favor with his uncle, while he gratified his envy of his cousin, and prepared the way for his own succession to the farm. Hans at length found his position so uncomfortable, exposed as he was to injurious suspicions and unmerited obloquy, that he left the farm and his fatherland to seek his fortune in the far west.

Twenty years passed away, and old Gottfried was still alive, and more morose than ever. Karl managed the affairs of the farm, with the assistance of a hard-working and good-tempered youth, named Peter Mitzer, over whom he so tyrannized, that the poor fellow would have left the farm a hundred times, but for his poverty. Had Karl been a more estimable person, he would have been as much an object of commiseration as Peter, for the older his uncle grew, the worse his temper became; and the only source of consolation he had (for, like his uncle, he was a bachelor) was in anticipating the time when the old man would give up the ghost, and he should become the owner of the farm. The happy day at length arrived; old Gottfried died, and was buried, and there being no other claimant, Karl took possession of the farm, as next of kin, without any opposition.

We must now relate the fortune of Hans. He had obtained employment on a farm in one of the western States of America, and in the course of a few years was able, by industry and frugality, to have sufficient money to purchase a few acres of land and a cow. Then he married a very amiable girl, the daughter of a settler from the same district of Germany as himself, and all went well and happily with him. But, as he advanced in years, he experienced a growing desire to return to his fatherland, from which he was only withheld by the disinclination of his wife to leave a country in which were settled her parents and her sister. At length, however, his wife died; and then he hesitated no longer, but sold all his property, and returned to Germany, taking with him his only child, a blue-eyed, fair-haired girl, who was now his only consolation.

Karl Landerman was smoking his pipe at the door of the farm-house, mentally calculating the profits of the harvest just gathered in, when Hans and his daughter came up, accompanied by the notary of the village. He touched his hat to the latter, without rising or removing the pipe from his mouth, and then glanced inquiringly toward his cousin, whom he did not recognize.

"Good evening, farmer," said the notary. "This good man and I have a little business to settle with you."

"What business can he have with me?" returned Karl, in a surly tone. "I don't know him."

"Then I must introduce him," said the notary. "This is your cousin, Hans Engelheim, who went to America, and who has now returned to settle down in his native land, on the farm which has become his by the death of his lamented uncle."

"His?" granted Karl, his brow dampening. "The farm is mine; the old man made me his heir."

"Possibly," returned the notary; "but you must prove that to be the case, friend Landerman, for your cousin, here, is son of the deceased's brother, while you descend from his youngest sister."

"Ay, but there is a will," said Karl, eyeing his cousin maliciously. "Come in, and satisfy yourself, friend notary."

All four entered the kitchen, where everything looked just the same as when Hans had eaten his supper there. The old walnut-wood chest stood against the wall in its old place, and above it hung the sieve and the bill hook, beneath the shelf on which stood the milk-pail, the sugar-jar, and the pots of preserved fruit.

"The old man told me a hundred times that I should have everything," observed Karl, going to the chest; "and here we shall find the will, I have no doubt."

He had thought his possession of the farm so secure, that he had never searched for the will; nor had his uncle ever informed him where he would find it. But he knew that all papers of

consequence were kept in a secret recess at the bottom of the strong chest, and there he had no doubt he should find it. He took a bundle of papers from the recess, and glanced over them, but, to his confusion and dismay, the will was not among them.

"It must be up stairs," said he; and returning the papers to their depository, he ascended the stairs in feverish haste.

"If there is no will, your claim cannot be disputed," observed the notary, turning to Hans.

The latter made no comment, and in a few minutes Karl came down again, his countenance showing that his search had been unsuccessful.

"I can't find it," said he; "but I am quite sure it is somewhere about the house."

"Well, look again—take time," observed the notary. "Your cousin does not wish to turn you out either to-day or to-morrow; but, if you cannot find the document in a week or ten days, I advise you to give up the farm without having recourse to litigation, which will be both expensive and fruitless."

With this excellent piece of advice, which Karl was not in a frame of mind to appreciate, the notary took his leave, followed by Hans and his daughter. Karl passed the greater part of the night in searching for the will, which he had supposed old Gottfried to have made, but without finding it, for the simple and sufficient reason that no such document had ever existed. The promises of his uncle had only been made to secure his fidelity, and reconcile him to hard work and meagre rations, the object accomplished, he was too selfish to trouble himself about the reward. This conviction dawned upon Karl's mind, when he became satisfied that further search would be fruitless; and the anathemas which he muttered against his dead uncle were frightful. There was no help for it, however, and a few days afterwards he gave up possession of the farm to his cousin.

One night, a few months after this change in the position of affairs, Gertrude Engelheim was standing at the door of the farm-house, listening to the sweetly plaintive song of the nightingale, which was borne on the soft and still air from the neighboring wood, and looking up at the bright stars which gemmed the dark-blue canopy of the universe. The honey-suckle which trailed over the porch exhaled its delicate perfume, and from a little distance the night air wafted the exquisite scent of a blossomy bean-field. Save the melody of Philomela and the gentle whispering of the tree, no sound was heard. All was still as when the twinkling stars, to which the maiden's soft blue eyes looked up, shone above the green and perfumed bowers in which the first pair of human kind slept the sleep of innocence and peace.

In a few minutes, however, footsteps came slowly across the road, and Peter Mitzer appeared, leaning over the rustic gate, and looking towards the flowery porch, in which the farmer's daughter was half concealed. A brighter light shone from the maiden's eyes, and a deeper tint of rose diffused her fair cheek, as she recognized the youth; and she tripped lightly down the narrow path leading to the gate. Just as he reached it, a dark figure emerged from the gloom of a clump of fir trees and stole on tip-toe into the house.

"What a beautiful night!" said the young peasant, as Gertrude reached the gate.

"Speak lower," whispered Gertrude. "Father has gone to bed."

"Do you think he would be very angry, if he knew that—?" Peter hesitated.

"I don't know," said the maiden, casting down her eyes. "He loves me very much; and I sometimes think it would be better to be less secret; we should then know his mind at once, and my poor heart would be at rest."

"He is my master, Gertrude, and I am poor," rejoined Peter. "He might think it an unwarrantable presumption in me to love his daughter. But did you not say he had gone up to bed?"

"Yes," replied Gertrude, turning round, and looking towards the farm-house, where a light shone at an upper window, and a dim figure of a man was indistinctly seen between the curtain and a candle; "there is his shadow reflected upon the curtain."

"Then some one must have crept into the house," exclaimed Peter; "for I will swear I saw a man in the room just now—he stooped down near the fire-place."

"You frighten me, Peter!" said Gertrude, turning pale, and clinging to his arm. "Are you sure?"

"I could not fancy such a thing," returned the young peasant, throwing first one leg and then the other over the gate. "Let us go and see."

The trembling girl suffered Peter to lead the way, and her heart beat quickly as they entered the kitchen, which served as the ordinary sitting room, and to which they have already briefly noticed. To the surprise of both, and of Peter Mitzer in particular, there was no one

visible, nor had a single article been displaced.

"This looks like witchcraft!" said the puzzled youth, when he had looked under the table and behind the door.

"You must have been mistaken," observed Gertrude, beginning to breathe more freely.

Peter scratched behind his right ear, and looked perplexed, but made no observation. At that moment a sneeze sounded from the vicinity of the walnut-wood chest, and Gertrude and her lover exchanged glances.

"It must be the cat," suggested the former. "She must have got shut up in the corn chest."

"If I had not seen that fellow, I might think so," returned Peter, advancing towards the chest.

"What is the matter, Gertrude?" said the farmer, from the stairs.

"Peter thinks there is some one hid in the corn chest, father," replied the young girl.

"Peter!" echoed her father, "what is Peter doing here?"

Gertrude and the young peasant both blushed as the farmer came down the stairs and advanced towards them.

"Peter came to the gate to me, and while we stood there he saw a man here," replied Gertrude, in a trembling voice; "and when we came in we heard a sneeze from the chest."

"At that moment a second sneeze, louder than the first, started all three."

"Raise the lid, Peter," said the farmer; "we will see who this intruder is."

Gertrude crept timidly behind her father, and the young peasant proceeded to lift up the heavy lid of the chest. When this was accomplished, the ungainly form of an ill-favored countenance of Karl Landerman was revealed, crouching down in the chest, into which he had crept for concealment when he heard Gertrude and Peter approaching the house. The dust at the bottom of the chest had stirred up by his entrance, and it was this which, by causing him to sneeze, led to his discovery. As he slowly raised himself, and stepped out of the chest, his features expressed a strange compound of feelings—shame, fear, and cunning blended together.

"What do you do here?" inquired Hans, as soon as he had recovered from surprise.

"Well, I have no business here, I admit," replied Karl, his voice expressing the same feelings as his countenance; "but I dreamt last night that uncle Gottfried's will was under a stone in this kitchen, and I stole in to look; but, before I could do so, I heard these people approaching, and not liking to be caught where I had no business, I got into the chest."

"Well, take yourself off," said Hans. "There can never be any friendship between us, for I cannot trust you; so let me see your back."

Karl sneaked out of the house, and Peter was about to follow, after wishing his master and Gertrude good night, when Hans made him stay a moment, and desired his daughter to go to bed.

"Peter," said he, after a pause, "you and Gertrude are more together than I should like, if I did not believe you to be a sober and industrious lad. I suppose there has been some love-making between you?"

"Master," said the young peasant, with the earnestness of sincerity, "I love Miss Gertrude as if she were a part of my life, and have thought of her and dreamt of her from the first moment I saw her."

"Well, work for me a year longer, and we will then talk further about the matter," said Hans. "My daughter is very young, and you are young enough to wait that time; if Gertrude is willing to accept you as her husband in a year's time she shall be yours."

"Master, you have made me the happiest lad in the village," returned Peter; "and I am sure Gertrude will be as happy as I am, when she knows what you have promised."

With that he went home, and Hans secured the door very carefully.

About a fortnight afterwards, the village notary called upon the farmer, and informed him that Karl had again dreamt that his uncle had deposited his will under a certain stone in the kitchen floor, and, for his satisfaction, wished to make an examination. He made no objection; and a loose stone was found near the fireplace, which, being raised, disclosed to view a folded paper. The notary eagerly picked it up, and on opening it found that it was really a will, bearing the signature of Gottfried, and bequeathing the farm, with all the live and dead stock, to his nephew, Karl Landerman. The notary carried off the document, and legal proceedings were immediately commenced to recover possession of the property, under the so strangely discovered will. Hans, in his perplexity, had recourse to the counsel of a shrewd lawyer, who, after hearing all the circumstances, procured a copy of the will and perused it attentively, but could gather no hope from it, the intentions of the deceased being so clearly expressed. Still he advised Hans to keep possession, and let the cause go for trial; nothing being, he said, so uncertain as the issue of a trial at civil law. On the trial he had an opportunity of examining

the original document, and, on holding it up to the light, discovered that the water-mark was of more recent date than that of the writing, which was so clear an internal proof of forgery, that Karl's advocate immediately threw up his brief. Karl fled the country when he found that his villainy was discovered, and Hans and his daughter were left in undisturbed possession of the farm. Gertrude, at the end of the year, became the wife of Peter Mitzer, who, justified by his exemplary conduct as a husband and father, the good opinion which Hans had formed of him at first.

## ALL MANKIND ARE BARBERS.

I'll prove to you, my friend, I hope, That none a doubt can harbor, That all the world's a barber shop, And every man a barber.

Some shave to make themselves look neat, And some because 'tis funny And breaks shavers in the street, And addi shave for money.

Some shave their foreheads slick and clean, If with low heads they're bothered, But then 'tis plainly to be seen, That they're the ones that lathered.

To court a girl with elegance, The dandy never frets her, But lathers her with compliments, And shaves her when he gets her.

The maidens also, now and then, Will find at last with bitter cost, That both got shaved when married.

## "Don't Stay Long."

It is rarely indeed that we have read anything more truthfully pathetic than the subjoined waif, which we find floating among our exchanges. Would that every husband in our town might read and profit by it.

"Don't stay long, husband," said a young wife tenderly in my presence one evening, as her husband was preparing to go out. The words themselves were insignificant, but the look of melting fondness with which they were accompanied, spoke volumes. It told all the whole vast depths of a woman's love—of her grief when the light of his smile, the source of all her joy, beamed not brightly upon her.

"Don't stay long, husband," and I fancy I saw the loving gentle wife setting alone anxiously counting the moments of her husband's absence, every few moments running to the door to see if he was in sight and finding that he was not. I thought I could hear her exclaiming in disappointed tones, "not yet."

"Don't stay long, husband," and I again thought I could see the young wife, rocking nervously in the great arm-chair, and weeping as though her heart would break, as her thoughtless "lord and master" prolonged his stay to a wearisome length of time.

O, you that have wives to say—"Don't stay long," when you go forth, think of them kindly when you are mingling in the busy hive of life, and try, just a little, to make their homes and hearts happy, for they are gems so seldom replaced. You cannot find amid the pleasures of the world, the peace and joy that a quiet home blessed with such a woman's presence will afford.

"Don't stay long, husband," and the young wife's look seemed to say, "for here in your own sweet home is a loving heart, whose music is hushed when you are absent; here is a soft breast for you to lay your head upon, and here are pure lips unsoiled by sin, that will pay you with kisses for coming back soon."

## To Make Glossy Shirt Bosoms.

Those ladies who wish to see their "lords" wearing nice glossy shirt bosoms, will do well to observe the following receipt:

Take two ounces white gum arabic, powder it in a pitcher, and pour on a pint or more of water, according to the degree of strength you desire, and then, having covered it, let it set all night. In the morning, filter it carefully from its dregs into a clean bottle, cork it and keep for use.

A table-spoonful of gum water stirred into a pint of starch made the usual way will give to either white or printed shirts a look of newness that nothing else can restore to them after washing.

## The Dead Sea.

The Dead Sea is over 1,300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, and nearly 4,000 below Mount Olivet, from which it is 15 miles distant and distinctly visible, a view of which is given in Barclay's Panorama of Jerusalem and its vicinity. The waters of this sea have a greater specific gravity than any known, with a salty and pungent taste, which stings the tongue like saltpetre. Bayard Taylor says:—"With a log of wood for a pillow, one might sleep as on one of the patent mattresses." On the shores, washed up by the waters, the inhabitants pick up asphaltum, from which is made the sacred trinkets sold to pilgrims.

## Who was Cain's Wife?

How often has this inquiry been made? To a certain class of minds such a question possesses more importance than the gravest investigations in theology. Brother Weaver, of St. Louis, in answer to a correspondent, thus responds through the Herald and Era to the inquiry, "Who was Cain's wife?"

A subscriber asks this singular question.—We answer, she was Cain's wife. That's all we know about her. That is all the account says of her, save that she was the mother of Enoch.

It is said that Cain went into the land of Nod, and we suppose that he took his wife with him, as any good husband would. In the land of Nod they had Enoch, and probably other children not a few, and grandchildren, for they built a city there. The city probably was not so large as St. Louis is, but it very likely was a large household, of which Cain was patriarch. It might have been his own and the families of his children living in separate dwellings.

What Cain's wife's name was, and who her parents were we are not certified. She might have been the daughter of Adam and Eve, or some of their children. She was probably closely related to Cain, or a sister or a niece, or something nearer than cousin. Cousins marry in our day when the world is full of strangers. It wouldn't have been so great a wonder for Cain to marry his sister, when there were no other girls in the world, and no laws of marriage, and nobody else to claim her affections. The command was to marry and multiply and replenish the earth. And we presume it was pretty well obeyed, for it seems well replenished now, and likely to be.

We know nothing about the number of children and grandchildren the first pair had. No doubt it was a goodly number, both of male and female; else who inhabited Cain's city, and who were the wives of Enoch, Irad, Methuselah, and Lamech, the bigamist?

We haven't got the whole story of those days; only a drop in the bucket, as it were. We have the descending line of generation from Adam downward and but little more.

## LOVE.

What is love? To some an ocean, Made to wreck some fond devotion, In its youthful happiness. To some a course of innate sorrow, But speaks to us of joy to-morrow, Yet none 'tis known to bless.

What is love? That never ranges That from one object never changes, What is love sincere? 'Tis the choicest gift of Heaven, That could to men on earth be given, 'Tis a gift of all most dear.

## Circuses in the United States.

We learn from a contemporary that out of twelve equestrian companies travelling in the South this winter, three have been embargoed by the severe weather, viz: Rosston's, at Baton Rouge; Butler's at New Orleans, and Orton's at Trinity, Arkansas. Of the rest, during last week, Robinson & Eldred's was at Charleston, S. C.; Ballard & Baily, at Macon, Ga.; Mable's, at Selma, Ala.; Washburn's, at Mobile, Ala.; Spalding & Rogers' exhibition steamers, Floating Palace, and James Raymond at Bayou Sara, on the Mississippi, and their new show steamer, the Barjo, at Shreveport, on Red River. Charini & Nicolò's circus is in Havana; Stout & Reynolds' circus in Austin, Texas, and Harper & Antonio's circus at Victoria, Texas. In consequence of incessant rains and extreme cold, the business has been quiet disastrous in the South this winter.

The ten circus companies remaining at the North are making great preparation for the traveling season of the ensuing summer, commencing during the last week in April. Welch & Lent, Rivers & Derious', and Colonel Cushing start from near Philadelphia; Spalding & Rogers' land company, from Binghamton, N. Y.; Dan Rice, from Girard, Pa.; Van Amburg & Co., from Covington, Ky.; Sands & Nathans, from Detroit, Mich.; North & Co., from Chicago, Ill.; and Flagg & Co., (a new company from Boston, Mass. The notable feature of the season in circuses is a new equestrian establishment, originated by Spalding & Rogers, to start from Washington, D. C., with railroad cars built expressly for the transportation of the company, and with adjustable axles to run on any gauge, and so constructed as to be hauled daily from the track to the exhibition ground, and there used as dressing rooms, ticket-offices, refreshment rooms, museums, &c. This concern is got up expressly for the cities and large towns of New York and New England. The cost of the foregoing twenty-three circus companies, exclusive of the expensive steamers of Spalding & Rogers on the Western waters, cannot be less than \$750,000, and as the average daily expense is about \$350, over \$8000 is paid out by them, in the aggregate, daily. For the prosecution of their business, over 2,000 persons and 2,000 horses are required.

## The Albany Evening Journal publishes a list of the battles fought during the year 1855, with the number of people killed at each, beginning with the bombardment of Shanghai by the French, at which one hundred fell, and ending with the fall of Kars, at which 2,600 fell, by which list it appears that 73 battles have occurred during the year, or more than one for each week with an average loss of over 1000 men killed in each. This list does not include those who have fallen by disease, or in skirmishes, nor the wounded, disabled, and those who have died in the hospital or the ambulance, or were irreparably maimed, or missing, or prisoners. The number left dead upon the field usually comprises only about one fourth of the entire loss in a battle. By this rule, the entire number swept out of useful existence by the war of 1855 must have reached over 300,000 men.—No year has presented so bloody a record since Waterloo.

How to Judge a Horse. If the color be light sorrel or chestnut, his feet, legs, and face white, these are marks of kindness. If he is broad and full between the eyes he may be depended on as a horse of good sense and capable of being trained to almost any thing.

As respects such horses, the more kindly you treat them, the more kindly will be treated in return. Nor will a horse of this description stand the whip if well fed.

If you want a safe horse, avoid one that is dish-faced; he may be so far gone as not to scare, but there will be too much go ahead in him to be safe for everybody.

If you want a fool, but a horse of great bottom, get a deep bay, with not a white hair upon him; if his face is a little dished, so much the worse.

## The Wyandotte Corn.

The Prairie Farmer, talks as if he knew all about this variety of corn, and gives us the following: The Wyandotte, or South western Squaw Corn is one of those varieties of soft white corn in much favor with the Indians for home consumption, as it is easily made ready for use without the aid of a mill. Indeed, it is more than probable that it cannot be kept long, if reduced to meal; and it is equally certain that it will not do for shipping, in any form, being almost, if not quite, destitute of the oil so necessary to its preservation in bulk. There can be no doubt, that as far south as Morgan county, in Illinois, the variety will ripen reasonably well, though probably not much, if any, north of there. But when ripened, it is fit only for distilling, or for starch; though for making whiskey, it may do, and yet we doubt even that, and warn our readers against planting it except as an experiment."

## Odds and Ends.

The following lines "On presenting a lady with a rose," are neatly turned:

I pray thee on that brow of thine, To rear this blushing flower fit me; For of a love as pure as mine The rose will a fitting emblem be.

Its leaves are like thy lips in hue, Its fragrance like thy balmy breath: Ah! if thy heart were real and true, I'd love thee, Jinnie, until death.

The Lynn News, tells a good story of two boys, one of whom was boasting of the beauties of his father's house. It's got a couple, said he, and we are going to have something else.

What is it asked his interested companions. Why I heard Father say to mother this morning that it's going to have a mortgage on it.

As life is sometimes bright and fair, And sometimes dark and lonely, Let us forget its pain and care, And note its bright hours only.

A pedlar overtook another of his tribe, on the road, and thus accosted him: "Hallo, friend what do you carry?"

"Rum and Whiskey," was the prompt reply.

"Good!" said the other; "You may go ahead, I carry gravestones."

He who in this world would rise, Must read the Register and advertise.

Four things come not back; the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life, and the neglected opportunity.

Blessed are the young girls who have no bees to plague them, for they shall not be kept awake Sunday nights.

There is a lady out in Arkansas who has had seventeen husbands during sixteen years, and is still alive and ready for another!