

# LEHIGH REGISTER.

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## The Boot-Black's Daughter.

"Have you seen the new comer?" said Mary Linn to her companion, as they walked leisurely through the ground attached to one of the educational institutes of the Empire State.

"No, who is she, and when did she come?"

"Who she is, I cannot tell you, but she came this afternoon; I saw her in the sitting-room, as I went to take my music lesson."

"How does she look?"

"As awkward as you please; I should think from her appearance, that she belonged to people who did without butter on their bread, for the sake of educating their darling, but yonder she comes, with Alice Vinton."

"With Alice Vinton! How came she in her company?"

"I don't know, an acquaintance, perhaps; let us wait, and we may find out something about her; she must be respectable if Alice Vinton is her friend. Her parents may have been unfortunate."

"Must be respectable, if Alice is her friend. How do you know that?"

"How do I know that?"

"Yes, you don't know anything about her, only that she dresses well, and appears like a lady; that is not always a sign of respectability. I have tried to find out something by talking with her, but she never tells what they do at home, or what they have at home. She may be some gambler's daughter, for ought we know; I should think she would say something about her folks, sometimes, if she was not ashamed of them."

"Hush, Julia, or they will hear you; they are most here." The two young ladies now approached, and Miss Vinton introduced her friend as Miss Williams. She seemed to be a little embarrassed, and her dress was such as might be criticised by those who had no better employment. Mary Linn received the stranger with a sort of hesitation in her manner, as if she feared to offend Alice by too cool a reception, while the haughty Miss Summers bowed coldly, and turned away. Alice saw how things stood, and redoubled her attentions, in order to make her friend feel at ease.

"Only see," said Julia, as they passed on, "how attentive she is; with all your efforts, you have not been able to win such smiles as that."

"With all my efforts! What do you mean, Julia?"

"Oh, I do not mean you more than the rest; you have all acted as if there was no one else in the world, ever since she came here, and she has received your homage, as if it was her due."

"Why Julia, how can you talk so of Miss Vinton; what has she done to offend you?"

"Nothing, but that does not prevent me from forming an opinion of her. I have thought from the first, that she was some great nobody, but you all were so taken with her, that I said nothing; I am now convinced, from the way she takes to this stranger, that my conclusions were correct. They are old associates, no doubt."

A few words of explanation, will account for the bitterness of Miss Summers towards the offending Alice. Julia had been a sort of leading star among her companions, beautiful, witty, and withal, so kind and obliging, when in conscious security of the position her heart coveted, that her real character did not appear.

But when Miss Vinton came—dear Alice, as she was often called—she had unconsciously divided, or rather won the plan that had been Julia's, and hence arose that feeling of envy, which Julia had hitherto been able to conceal but when she heard Mary Linn say, "the stranger must be respectable, if Alice was her friend" it burst forth in the bitter remarks above related.

But Julia was artful as well as envious, and after a moment's reflection, she concluded she had said too much for her own purpose; so getting Mary to promise that she would not repeat what had been said, Julia proceeded to unfold her plans.

"We'll manage them," said she; "you see if I don't find out, in less than a week, not only who this stranger is, but Miss Alice also, and from their own mouths too."

"You will not ask them," said Mary.

"Yes, I will, and they shall tell me too, but I will do it in such a way they will not mistrust what I am about; but come let us go and overtake them; we must make up with Alice, or she will frustrate our plans."

"Our plans. How many are thus flattered and made to believe that it is their own plans they are carrying out, when they are only led by some master spirit."

Days passed on. Julia and Mary treated Miss Williams cordially, and this, with the kindness of Alice, was sufficient to insure a like treatment from the rest; though they sometimes wondered why such as she could receive so much attention; and when to their inquiry, as to who she was, Alice replied, "She is my friend," they were more perplexed than ever.

A few days after Miss Williams came, about a dozen of the girls were collected together, af-

ter the exercises of the day were over—Alice and her friend with the rest. Julia was in high spirit, and had contrived, by her ready wit and timely sallies, to put all around her in the best humor with themselves and each other, when she exclaimed: "Here are half a score or more of us; I wonder from how many different places we have come?"

"There is Addie Owens from Pennsylvania, and I am from the Old Bay State. Is there any other star in the constellation, represented by this honorable body, except the one we are now in; if so, step aside. No other; well then from how many counties is there a delegate?"

It was found, upon examination, that only three were from the same county, and only Alice and Ellen Williams from the same town.

"Well, really," said Julia, "Who would have thought that we were the centre of such a large circle? Now I wonder how many of the different trades and professions are represented. My father is a Physician, and yours, Mary Linn, is a merchant. What is yours, Olive?"

"A Clergyman."

"Three different orders already; all belonging to these, please make it known, and then we will proceed." All stepped aside, but Alice, her friend, and two others.

"And what is yours, Addie?" continued Julia.

"A Lawyer."

"And yours, Lucy May?"

"A Judge."

"A Judge! I did not think we had so august a personage amongst us; we shall have to look out how we carry ourselves. What is yours, Miss Williams?"

"A Farmer."

"Come, Alice, let's hear from you; you are the last, I believe."

Julia's look of triumph did not escape Alice as she quietly answered, "A Boot-black; but without appearing to notice it, or the blank astonishment depicted on each face, she continued, "And now ladies, I think you must excuse us, as we have an engagement at this hour," and taking Ellen's arm, they left the room.

"Why Alice," exclaimed Ellen, as soon as they were out of hearing, "how could you say that your father was a boot-black?"

"Because," replied Alice, "I am confident it was a contrived plan of Julia's to ascertain what she has failed to find out by other means; besides I told no lie, he has blacked his boots ever since I can recollect. They will no doubt look down upon us after this; but never mind it, Ellen, it will all come out just right."

"Just as I expected!" exclaimed Julia, as soon as they were gone. "You know what I told you, Mary; didn't I guess right?"

"You did so, but I never should have thought it."

"Nor I! Nor I!" exclaimed another and another; but how has it been possible for her to attain her present position, and to appear so much like a lady as she does?"

"I never could see that she was very lady-like," said Julia, "but you were all so captivated with her, I thought I would let things take their own course. You know what she is now, and if you wish to associate with a boot-black's daughter you can do so; I shall give her to understand, it is time she knew her place!"

Alice now resumed the place she had hitherto occupied among her companions, and urged them on in showing their contempt for Alice and her friend. But they seemed perfectly content with each other's society, and took the neglect of the rest, as so much a matter of course, that Julia and her friends soon became tired of their haughty bearing, and relaxed into an easy familiarity; finding the point of equality undisputed, they commenced a sort of patronizing attention, in return for which it was easy to ask for some little favor; and thus the Bootblack's daughter, and her friend became in a measure waiters for the rest, all of which was meekly submitted to and so readily performed that they soon became quite favorites.

The young ladies said that they were sensible girls after all, and could be treated kindly without forgetting their place; and not unfrequently were presents bestowed by way of assisting them in their struggles for an education.

One day as Alice was bringing a pitcher of water up stairs, she managed to stumble just as she reached the top, and letting it fall, it was shivered to atoms. The girls soon gathered around her to commiserate her misfortune, and ask how it happened.

"Oh dear," said Alice, "I caught my foot in the carpet and fell."

"Well, never mind it," says one, "you did not mean to do it!"

"It is really too bad," said another: "that old carpet ought to be fastened down; it is a wonder that some of us have not fallen down before this!"

"But," said Alice, looking at the picture of distress, as she glanced at the shattered fragments, she had got to be paid for, and it was such a nice one."

"Oh, well you need not pay for it!" exclaimed a half dozen voices at once: "we can make it up

between us; it will be but little for each." "Or," said Julia, "I can easily pay for it myself; it would be no more than right, as you were bringing the water for me."

Alice made all suitable acknowledgements for their kindness; then seeking out Ellen, related the circumstance to her, and made such comments as the occasion called for—comments that we will leave the reader to imagine, when he hears the sequel to our story.

A few days after the affair of the broken pitcher, Julia sent for Alice and Ellen to come to her room. "Now girls," said she, "if you can only spare me a little of your time this afternoon, I shall be so glad. That new dress of mine wants just a little fixing, and I don't know of any one that can do it as well as you, Ellen; and Alice, if you will put up my hair, as you did Miss Canfield's yesterday"—just then, Mary Linn came in, and asked Julia if she was fixing up to go out.

"No, but I have a particular reason for wishing to appear to advantage this evening, and I think this new silk fits me the best of anything."

"Oh, I guess some one is going to be here; come tell me all about it; perhaps I may think it worth while to fix up too."

"Well, you recollect the nephew of Professor Allen, who was here last summer, that you all admired so much; he is to be here this evening with his sister."

"That, we admired so much. He is certainly fine looking, but I think the greatest part of the admiration is left out, when you fail to include yourself."

"Well, never mind as to that; they are to be here to tea. Mr. Allen is on his way to Yale College, and has a classmate with him, but his sister is to stay here; so you see, we shall have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with her."

"And with the brother through her; but how did you find out so much Julia? You seem to know it all."

"Oh, it takes me to find out things, you know," she replied with a laugh, "but I must hurry, or I shall not get things arranged to suit me."

"That is as much as to say, that I must stop bothering you; well, never mind, I believe I have something to do too." So off Mary ran to her room, leaving Julia to complete her toilet, with the assistance of Alice and Ellen.

That evening, as the young ladies were in the sitting-room, waiting for the bell that was to call them to tea, Mr. Allen, his sister and friend, in company with the Principal, passed through, on their way to the supper-room; Alice and Ellen, were standing a little to one side, and just as the strangers were opposite them, the eyes of one of the gentlemen met those of Alice, when he started forward with an exclamation of surprise.

"Why, Miss Vinton, this is an unexpected pleasure. Allow me, Mr. Adams, to introduce an old friend, the daughter of Major Vinton, of M—n." Why Alice, is it you, cried his sister, as she ran forward and threw her arms around Alice's neck. Alice, in turn, introduced her friend, and together they passed from the room, leaving the young ladies to express their astonishment as best they could.

Alice was indeed the daughter of Major Vinton, a gentleman as highly respected, as she was widely known; and Ellen was the daughter of his neighbor, a respectable farmer, in rather strained circumstances. She and Alice had been playmates, in childhood, and difference of position, had not, with the increase of years, weakened their attachment.

When, a few months after, the Major's daughter came to M—n, Ellen found means to follow. Alice, like the noble girl that she was, received her friend with all the warmth of her affectionate heart; but finding that her companions were inclined to judge of worth by the texture of the dress, she had told them, in answer to their speciously covered impertinence, that she was, herself, a Bootblack's daughter, thus saving the feelings of her friend, and furnishing herself an opportunity for studying the workings of false pride.

I might now take the privilege of the Novelist, and say that Alice became the bride of one of those gentlemen, and Ellen of the other; but then it might be so, and then it might not, whereas, what I have related, is substantially true.

The End of Time.

We are passing on, slowly but surely on to our graves. Each day brings us nearer to that unseen world, that strange country, into which so many enter, to dwell in happiness or misery forever.

We meet with no returning travellers who can relate to us their experience; they pass on never to return. We follow our friends with straining eyes, as one by one they pass the sea of life, and drawing, vanish from our sight. Then the warning speaks deeply to our unwilling hearts.

Perchance we have seen a loved one taken

from our family circle. We have seen the light fade from eyes that never beamed on us but with tenderness and affection. We have listened to the dear voice, and marked how each day it grew more faltering, till it was hushed in the silence of death; then we have drawn the hair from the pale, cold brow, and seen the delicate form deposited in the silent tomb. It is in moments like these that we fully realize our actual condition—that we ourselves are slowly, yet surely, travelling towards our graves.

How many there are who seldom give any consideration to this serious subject. They are too busy; too anxious after worldly wealth and power, putting forth all their talents and energy for the one grand object in view, the possession of gold; passing with a careless glance and unfeeling heart, the poor in their desolation and misery; guarding with miserly care their dollars and dimes; unconsciously sowing that others may reap, for the time set apart in the future for rest and enjoyment perhaps never comes. Ere that time, their souls may be called away, and an account demanded of the misused talents entrusted to their care.

Oh! human nature! what strange phases you present to an observing eye. The gay, the sorrowful, the talented, the obscure, the impatient, the believer, the rich and the poor, yet all passing along to the unknown world.

What are riches, talent, wealth, power or fame, placed in the balance with eternity? Mere baubles that do not, or rather ought not, satisfy the craving of the heart. Days, weeks, months and years follow each other in succession; but we should consider, how shall we appear when the earth shall pass away as a scroll, and Angels of God shall declare, "Time was, but is no more."

THE PAST.

Despair not, though thy course is drear,  
The past has pleasures for us all;  
Bright scenes and things to hearts most dear,  
And those how fondly we recall.

Such as some lovely girl we know;  
Such as some touching song we heard;  
Such as some evening spent, when flow  
The hours as swift as passing birds.

Such as some well-tried friend we had;  
Such as some act of kindness done,  
Yet rising up to make us glad,  
And ere will rise when years are gone.

Despair not, still be innocent;  
Admire the beautiful, the good,  
And when the cry of woe is sent,  
Turn to relieve in pitying mood.

So shall the present, when 'tis past,  
Rich with harmonious scenes appear,  
No gloomy shadows o'er it cast,  
No speckles there, to make thee fear.

Found His Father.

"My son can you take a trunk for me up to the hotel?" said a passenger stepping from a boat on the levees to a ragged looking youngster, who sat balancing on the tail end of a dory.

"Your son?" cried the boy eyeing him from head to foot. "Well I'll be d-d drapped if I ain't in luck. Here I've been trying to find daddy this three years, and all of a sudden comes up the old boss himself, and knows me right off. How are you?" stretching out a muddy looking paw.

The traveller was nonplussed. Between a frown and a smile he inquired: "What is your name sir?"

"My name. So you don't know. Well, its nothing for people in these parts to have so many children that they don't know their names. My name's William, but some folks call me ragged Bill for short. What the other part is I reckon you know, if you don't you must ask the old woman."

And shouldering the trunk he marched off towards the hotel, mumbling to himself:

"Well this is a go. The old gemmen come home at last. Good clothes, big trunk, must have the tin. Well I am in luck."

SEVENTEEN THINGS  
in which young people render themselves impolite:

1. Loud laughing.
2. Reading when others are talking.
3. Cutting finger nails in company.
4. Leaving meeting before it is closed.
5. Whispering in meetings.
6. Gazing at strangers.
7. Leaving a stranger without a seat.
8. A want of reverence for superiors.
9. Reading aloud in company without being asked.
10. Receiving a present without some manifestation of gratitude.
11. Making yourself the topic of conversation.
12. Laughing at the mistakes of others.
13. Joking at others in company.
14. Correcting other persons than yourself, especially your parents.
15. To commence talking before others are done.
16. Answering questions when put to others.
17. Commencing to eat as soon as you get to the table.

Look at Home.

Should you feel inclined to sneer  
Faults you may in others view,  
Ask your own heart, ere you venture,  
If that has not failings too.

Let not friendly vows be broken,  
Rather strive a friend to gain;  
Many a word in anger spoken  
Finds its passage home again.

Do not, then, in idle pleasure,  
Trifle with a brother's fame;  
Guard it as a valued treasure—  
Sacred as your own good name.

Do not form opinions blindly—  
Hastiness to trouble tends;  
Those of whom we've thought unkindly,  
Oft become our warmest friends.

Traffic in Chinese Children.

Some disclosures lately made in China, will tend to awaken the sympathies of the civilized world to the horrors of a system as revolting to humanity as the African slave trade.

It appears from the China Mail that a system has long been pursued of selling female children between the age of four and eight years, to be sent to foreign countries, though chiefly to Siam; but as the traffic was carried on in Chinese vessels, it had either escaped the notice of foreign merchants, or was not deemed worthy of their attention. An English vessel was lately discovered having a number of these little ones on board bound to Manila where, it was said, they were to be employed making cigars.

In another instance, forty girls were purchased by a Portuguese in Canton and sent to Amoy, where they were shipped to Cuba. On the discovery of the latter, the children were released and the captain fined £1000: Sir John Bowring, the British Minister, was determined to put a stop, to this traffic and in connection with a Chinese official, had issued a proclamation prohibiting it. These efforts it is said, will prove futile, as the most stringent prohibitions can easily be evaded.

These children who are always females, are purchased at about \$3 each, and afford therefore, a large profit to the trader. Those of more tender years are often disposed of by their parents for a dollar each, which they do to save them from infanticide. They are sent to the Spanish and Portuguese, as well as to the English possessions; and the agent of a Spanish house at Ningbo was lately known to have an order for two thousand of these little innocents for Cuba. Young women command too high a price in China to be sent away as a commodity.

A considerable trade is also carried on with boys; though it is said, to be less exceptional than that with girls, as they are often adopted by the childless, or in other cases are regarded as merely adherents or willing vassals, by their purchaser, whose claim over them when they become adults is of a moral kind only.

Sure Ways of Committing Suicide.

Wearing thin shoes on damp nights in rainy weather.

Building on the "air tight" principle.

Leading a life of encumbering stupid laziness, and keeping the mind in a round of unnatural excitement by reading trashy novels.

Going to balls in all sorts of weather in the thinnest possible dress. Dancing till in a complete perspiration, and then going home through the damp air.

Sleeping on feather beds in seven by nine rooms.

Surfeiting on hot and very highly stimulated dinners.

Beginning in childhood on tea, and going on from one step to another, through coffee, chewing tobacco, smoking and drinking.

Marrying in haste, getting an uncongenial companion and living the rest of life in mental dissatisfaction.

Keeping children quiet by teaching them to suck candy.

Eating without time to masticate the food.

Allowing love of gain to so absorb our mind as to leave no time to attend to our health.

Following an unhealthy occupation because money can be made by it.

Tempting the appetite with niceties when the stomach says no.

Contriving to keep in a continual worry about something or nothing.

Retiring at midnight and rising at noon.

Gormandizing between meals.

Giving way to fits of anger.

Neglecting to take proper care of ourselves when a simple disease first appears.

SHARKS.

The mode by which the race of these formidable creatures is continued, differing as it does so greatly from that of most other fishes, is exceedingly curious. The shark, instead of depositing some millions of eggs in a season, like the cod or the herring, produces two eggs, of a square or oblong form, the coat of which is composed of a tough, horny substance; each corner is prolonged into a tendril, of which the two which are next to the tail of the enclosed fish are stron-

ger and more prehensile than the other pair. The use of these tendrils appears to be their entanglement among the stalks of sea-weeds, and the consequent mooring of the egg in a situation of protection and comparative security. Near the head there is a slit in the egg-skin, through which the water enters for respiration, and another at the opposite extremity by which it is discharged. That part of the skin which is near the head, is weaker and more easily ruptured than any other part; a provision for the easy exclusion of the animal, which takes place before the entire absorption of the vitellus or yolk of the egg, the remainder being attached to the body of the young fish, enclosed in a capsule, which for awhile it carries about. The position of the animal, while within the egg, is with the head doubled back towards the tail, one very unfavorable for the process of breathing by internal gills, and hence there is an interesting provision made to meet the emergency. On each side a filament of the substance of the gills projects from the gill-opening, containing vessels in which the blood is exposed to the action of the water. These processes are gradually absorbed after the fish is excluded until which the internal gills are scarcely capable of respiration.

Philosophy.

First class in Oriental Philosophy, attention: Tibbles what is life?

Life consists of money, 2,40 horse, and a fashionable wife.

Good! Next—what is death?

A paymaster that settles every body's debts, and gives them tomb stones as a receipt in full of all demands.

What is poverty?

The reward of merit genius generally receives from a discriminating public.

What is religion?

Doing unto others as you please, without allowing a return of the compliment.

What is fame?

A six line puff in a newspaper while living, and the fortunes of our enemies when dead.

Next and last—Which is the quickest and easiest method to reach Heaven?

Ask the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company.

Class is dismissed—Go home to your dinners.

Statistics of the Bible.

The Bible contains 3,506,480 letters; 810,697 words; 31,173 verses; 1,189 chapters; 66 books. The word and is 40,227 times; the word *reverend* only once, which is in the 9th verse of the 11th Psalm; the word *Lord* 1,855 times; the middle and least chapter is the 177th Psalm; the middle verse the 8th of 118th Psalm; and the 21st verse 7th chapter of Ezra contains the alphabet. The fines chapter to read is the 29th of Acts; the 19th chapter of second book of Kings, and the 37th chapter of Isaiah are alike. The least verse is the 33d of the 11th chapter of John; and the 8th, 16th, 21st and 31st verses of the 107th Psalm, are alike. Each verse of the 136th Psalm ends alike; there are no words or names in the Bible of more than six syllables.

CAMPFIRE UNTIMBER FOR CHAPPED HANDS.

Scrape into an earthen vessel 1½ ounces of spermaceti and half an ounce of white wax, and 6 drachms of powdered camphor, and four tablespoonfuls of the best olive oil. Let it stand near the fire until it dissolves, stirring it well when liquid. Before retiring to sleep, put the ointment on the hands; also after washing them.

A NEW ERA IN VEGETABLE GROWING.—Dr. A. Alineworth, of Haverford, Pa., has undertaken to produce plants of the carboniferous era of geology, by supplying to them an extra quantity of carbonic acid. He has already produced a mammoth potato in a flower pot, and thinks he shall be able to make one grow to fill a barrel.

Odds and Ends.

What do we often drop, yet never stoop to pick up? A hint.

Why is the letter G like sport? Because it makes a lad 'glad'.

Why are fowls the most economical things farmers keep? Because, for every grain they give a peck.

What is that which we wish for, and often obtain, yet never know when we have got it? Sleep.

An angry woman in a room is as bad as a lighted cracker—for when once she goes off there's no stopping her and when she goes out it is sure to be with a bang.

How dare you," said a young squirt to a mechanic, as they were both crowding in at the Tremont Temple, to hear Jenny Lind, how dare you come to hear to Nightingale without a shirt collar?

How the deuce could I have a shirt collar, when your mother hasn't sent home my washing? was the reply.