

LEHIGH REGISTER

A FAMILY JOURNAL--INDUSTRIAL IN

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

VOLUME X.

Allentown, Pa., June 25, 1856.

FARMERS LOOK THIS WAY.



THE opposition say that in a short time the ground will be ready to sow Oats, Barley, &c. How they know this we are not able to say, but this much we will say, that whenever it gets ready, you had better give us a call for one of the best Grain Drills, and warranted at that, (no large talk about refunding money) but if the article is not as represented, it can be returned, and all matters satisfactorily arranged. Likewise, in due time the grass will be in order for hay making, and then we are prepared to furnish you with Allen's Mower, a splendid machine for cutting grass of any kind. And in addition, when desired, we have also the combined Mower and Reaper, of Manny's Patent, which is manufactured upon a different principle from those made heretofore, and warranted to cut grass and grain as fast as one team of horses can draw it. And further, we have the Premium Corn Shelter of Lehigh county, and as there has been sold a very large number in a short time that have rendered universal satisfaction, we are confident in saying, that it has no superior here or elsewhere. We likewise have a mill for chopping feed, which has been tested thoroughly in different sections, and all who have witnessed its operations, testify to the good qualities of the mill, and recommend it to farmers as an article to save time, and likewise grain in the amount which is yearly given to millers in the shape of "toll." In short we have almost any article which farmers require for agricultural purposes, such as Ploughs of almost any pattern, Corn Cultivators, Revolving Hay Rakes, Hay Forks, Corn Ploughs, Corn Planters, Lime Spreaders, Thrashing Machines, and Horse Powers of different kinds, and all warranted to give satisfaction. Repairing done in all the different branches, on reasonable terms and at short notice. Any person residing at a distance, in want of any of the above articles, can obtain them by addressing the subscribers at No. 80 West Hamilton st., Allentown, Pa. SWETZER & SAGEEL.

GRAIN DRILL REFERENCES.
Wentzen Hofflich, North Whitehall; Charles Henninger, do; David Kuhn, Macun; George Beiser, Allentown.

CORN SHELTER REFERENCES.
David Bortz, Westmoreland; John Bortz, Cedar Creek; Jacob Wenner, Lower Merion; C. & W. Ebleman, Allentown; Reuben Gackenbach, North Whitehall.

FEED MILL REFERENCE.
Charles Sengreaves, Allentown.
Allentown, April 2.

WARREN'S IMPROVED FIRE AND WATER PROOF COMPOSITION ROOFING.

Joseph C. Warren, Allentown, Agent for Lehigh Co.

YOUR attention is respectfully solicited to the above method of Roofing, now much used in Philadelphia and vicinity, and which has been extensively in use in many of the cities of the West, during more than eleven years past, during which time it has been tested under every variety of circumstances, and we confidently offer it to the public as a mode of Roofing unobjectionable in every important particular, while it combines, in a greater degree than any other roof in use, the valuable requisites of cheapness, durability, and security against both fire and water. This is rapidly superseding the use of all other kinds of roofs, wherever it has been introduced, giving general satisfaction, and is highly recommended by all who have tested its utility. These roofs require an inclination of not more than one inch to the foot, which is of great advantage in case of fire, and for drying purposes. They are offered at a price considerably less than any other roof in use, while the amount of material saved, which would otherwise be used in extending the walls and framing for the steep roof, often makes a still further important reduction in the cost of building. Gutters may be formed of the same material as the roof, at much less expense than any other. In case of defect or injury, from any cause, there is no roof so easily repaired. The materials being mostly non-conductors of heat, no roof is so cool in summer, or so warm in winter. Those wishing to use our roof, should give the rafters a pitch of about an inch to the foot. For further information apply to Joseph C. Warren, at Allentown, our agent for Lehigh and Carbon counties, who is prepared to execute all orders at short notice.

No. 4 Farquhar Buildings, Walnut St., Philadelphia

Dr. Edwin G. Martin,
ANNOUNCES to the citizens of Allentown and vicinity, that he has lately graduated as a Physician in all the various branches, in the University of Pennsylvania, and has commenced his practice in the Office of his father, Dr. Charles H. Martin, next door west of the Odd Fellows' Hall, West Hamilton street, Allentown, where he is at all times prepared, by day or by night, to attend the afflicted, and render his services to all who may honor him with a call.

DR. H. A. GRIM, A. M.
OFFICE AT THE
EAGLE HOTEL,
NO. 3 WEST HAMILTON STREET,
ALLENTOWN, PA.
Allentown, Feb. 6.

HOLLO, MR. FARMER, where have you been that you have got such a heavy load. You will kill all your horses. Ah, I have been to Stopp's Cheap Cash Store, at No. 35 West Hamilton St., Allentown. I suppose you got all that load for about \$10. Yes indeed, and 25 cents change at that. Ah yes, see I got Mackarel, Salt Sugar, Coffee, Rice, Raisins, Chocolate, Teas, Molasses, Cheese, &c., all for buying and harvest.

WANTED!
The undersigned want three hundred cords of GOOD BARK, at their Tannery near the Little Lehigh. They pay seven dollars per cord cash.
W. K. MOSSER & Co.
Allentown, May 21.

TRUSSES, TRUSSES, TRUSSES.

C. H. Needles,
Truss and Brace Establishment,
South West Cor. of Twelfth and Race Sts.,
PHILADELPHIA.

IMPORTER of fine FRANKLIN Trusses, combining extreme lightness, ease and durability with correct construction. Hernial or ruptured patients can be suited by remitting amounts, as below--Sending number of inches round the hips, and stating side affected.
Cost of Single Truss, \$2, \$3, \$4, \$5. Double--\$5, \$6, \$8 and \$10.
Instructions as to wear, and how to effect a cure, when possible, sent with the Truss.
Also for sale, in great variety,
Dr. Banning's Improved Patent Body Bracer, For the cure of Protrusion Uteri; Spinal Protrusion and Supports, Patent Shoulder Braces, Chest Expander and Erector Braces, adapted to all with Stoop Shoulders and Weak Lungs; English Elastic Abdominal Belts, Suspensories, Syringes--male and female.
Ladies' Rooms, with Lady attendants.
August 1.

SAVING FUND

OF THE
United States Insurance, Annuity and Trust Co.
S. E. corner of Third and Chestnut Sts.,
PHILADELPHIA.
CAPITAL \$250,000.
MONEY is received on deposit daily. The amount deposited is entered in a Deposit Book and given to the Depositor, or, if preferred, a certificate will be given.
All sums, large and small, are received, and the amount paid back on demand, without notice.
Interest is paid at the rate of five per cent., commencing from the day of deposit, and ceasing fourteen days previous to the withdrawal of the money.
On the first day of January, in each year, the interest of each deposit is paid to the depositor, or added to the principal, as he may prefer. The Company have now upwards of 3,500 depositors in the City of Philadelphia alone. Any additional information will be given by addressing the TREASURER.

DIRECTORS.
Stephen R. Crawford, Pres., Lawrence Johnson, Vice Pres., Ambrose T. Thompson, Benjamin W. Tingler, Jacob L. Florence, William M. Godwin, Paul B. Goddard, George McHenry, James Devereux, Gustavus English.
Secretary and Treasurer, **PLINY FISK,**
Teller and Interpreter, **J. C. Oelschlaeger,**
September 5.

INDEMNITY BY LOSS AGAINST FIRE.

Franklin Fire Insurance Company of Philadelphia.
OFFICE, No. 163 Chestnut street, near Fifth.

STATEMENT of Assets, \$1,225,919 08, January 1st, 1855, published agreeably to an Act of Assembly, being
First Mortgage, amply secured, \$1,199,284 87
Real Estate (present value \$110,000) cost \$2,139 00
Temporary Loans, on ample Collateral Securities, 130,771 20
Stocks (present value \$76,191) cost, 60,665 37
Cash, &c., &c., \$1,525,919 08

Perpetual or Limited Insurances made on every description of property in
TOWN & COUNTRY,
at rates as low as are consistent with security. Since their incorporation, a period of twenty-four years, they have paid over three million dollars Loss by Fire, thereby affording evidence of the advantage of Insurance, as to their ability and disposition to meet with promptness all liabilities.

DIRECTORS:
Charles N. Bancker, Mord. D. Lewis, Adolph E. Burie, David S. Brown, Samuel Grant, Morris Patterson, Jacob R. Smith, Isaac Lee, Geo. W. Richards, Isaac Lee.
CHARLES N. BANCKER, President.
CHARLES H. BAXTER, Secretary.
The subscribers are the appointed Agents of the above mentioned Institution, and are now prepared to make insurances on every description of property, at the lowest rates.
A. L. RUIE, Allentown.
Allentown, Oct. 1855.

SWEITZER'S

Transportation Line.
The undersigned is now prepared to ship all kinds of Merchandise, &c., from Philadelphia to Boston, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Penn Haven, and all intermediate places. Goods will be received and shipped from No. 65 North Wharves, below Vine street, Philadelphia. The Line is fitted out in the best possible manner, which enables him to transport all goods entrusted to his care with safety and dispatch. As he is a new beginner, he hopes, by careful and prompt attention to business, to be favored with a liberal share of patronage.
HENRY SCHWEITZER, Proprietor.
AGENTS,
R. B. Sellers & Co., Philadelphia.
George W. Housel, Easton.
G. & A. Bachmann, Freemansburgh.
Andrew McCarty, Bethlehem.
Aug. J. Ritz, Allentown.
Persons having Goods in the Store House at Allentown are requested to take them away without delay.
May 7.

REMEMBER'S

PREMIUM INSTANTANEOUS LIQUID HAIR DYE, just received and for sale, wholesale and retail, at Reimer's Shaving Salon, No. 10 East Hamilton Street.
Hair colored at all times, and satisfaction warranted.
Allentown, March 5.

MISS JENNY LIND where did your mother get that fine set of dishes that she had on the table when you were married? At Jos. Stopp's Cheap Cash Store! Well I declare, that before Stopp came to Allentown we could get nothing so handsome nor so cheap.

THE SUICIDE, OR WOMAN'S WITCHERY.

CHAPTER I.

Gorgeously, grand and beautiful, was the setting of that summer's sun, on the 1st day of August, 1854. Nature was hushed and quiet; the bright birds, with golden plumage, ceased their melodious warblings; the green leaves upon the tallest trees had ceased to quiver; nought was heard but the feverish pulsation of the great world's heart.
Edwin Milford and Kate Compton stood beneath the ivy-mantled porch of the old stone Church in the village of East Chester. They had lingered behind the rest of the congregation that afternoon; and, for two hours, had been wandering among the tombs of the loved and the forsaken. Solemn and sacred was that spot to them; but it was the one of all others that they had chosen in which to pour out the deep affections of their young and trusting hearts. Edwin lived some five miles distant, in the town of Yonkers; and, as Kate's parents were decidedly opposed to his visiting her in the light of a suitor, (they having peculiar notions, like many parents have, when they perceive a matrimonial engagement in view,) the young lovers had met in part as best they could, while being subjected to such arbitrary dictation, nevertheless, as it invariably happens when such restrictions are placed upon young people, Edwin and Kate audibly expressed their feelings. Upon this occasion, however, a shade of sadness rested upon their usually joyous and beaming countenances. No wonder. The young lovers were soon to separate. Edwin started on the following morning, for New York city, to enter the counting room of his uncle. Kate was to take her departure in a few days, for the gay and glittering city of Paris.

"Kate, you will soon forget the merchant's poor clerk, in the whirl of a luxurious life, which you will be thrown; but, whatever happens, I never will cease loving you darling!"
He folded her gently in his bosom, and imparted a fervent kiss upon her, pure, white forehead.
"You know I do not want to go, Edwin; I have told you so an hundred times, and more. This separation is painful, very painful to me, dearest; but you know how determined father is about it."
"Yes, yes, I know full well," replied young Milford, deeply affected as he spoke; "he is aware that a change of scene and new faces will soon obliterate all thought or recollection of me."
"Do not talk so foolishly Edwin," replied the tenderly and beautiful girl; "absence will only more strongly endear you to me; my very thought shall be of you, waking, sleeping, or dreaming; I shall pray for you, night and morning, and my constant wish shall be our speedy re-union. Oh how happy we will be then--won't we?"
"Yes, love; but suppose anything should happen that we may never--"
"Ah, stop that. You are constantly anticipating trouble. Remember the poet's words--"
"Though the clouds are dark as night, never fear."
"There are a good many bright and happy days in store for us yet--take my word for it."
"God knows I hope so? But Kate, love, there is something which lies heavily upon my mind--something which makes me feel that we will part to night, never more to meet as we are now. You may laugh at my weakness--I can't help it."
The melancholy song of the whip-poor-will was heard in the batmy air and the newly risen moon shed her silvery beams upon the cold, white tombstones.
"Both of you shall pay dearly for this stolen interview!" exclaimed a voice; but from whence it proceeded, it was impossible to detect.
"Did you hear that?" asked Kate, as she tremblingly grasped Milford's arm--"did you?"
"Yes--what did it mean?"
"That I shall be revenged!"
"That voice again!"
"We are discovered!" cried Edwin.
"I must go," replied Kate, still trembling more than ever.
There was a warm embrace, a burning kiss, a sad "good-bye," and the young girl bounded like a frightened deer across the green sward to her father's house, which was fortunately close at hand. Edwin, with a heavy heart proceeded to the church-yard gate, to mount his horse waiting for him there. He had scarcely gone ten steps, before a man, who had been concealed behind one of the tombstones, approached him.
"I told you I would be revenged Master Milford!" I told you so," saying which the stranger raised his arm to strike him in the face, but the intended blow was quickly stopped by Edwin, who, in return for the compliment, gave the intruder such an one as sent him staggering to the earth.
"Ah, it's you, is it, Thomas Graham? I hope you will accept that for your impertinence."
Without more ado, young Milford mounted his horse, leaving his discomfited rival gnashing his teeth with rage on the ground.

CHAPTER II.

Kate Compton, 'tis true, was a "boarding-school miss," and reared in the so-called "fashionable circles;" yet, notwithstanding, she was a girl of a good deal of genuine affection; and at the time to which we allude, her character and mind were entirely divested of those foolish, frivolous and "empty nothings," which form the sum and substance of a fashionable personage. Her father had long since retired to his "country seat"--having accumulated, as the saying is, a "very handsome property," by the practice of law. Edwin had also received a "boarding-school," (Heaven save the mark!) education; and we believe, it

was altogether owing to this fact, that an attachment was formed between Miss Compton and himself. Their schools were very near each other, and as young people, will be young in spirit of themselves, Kate and Edwin, not to be out of fashion, closely intimated a long line of predecessors. Many a dainty wild flower had he gathered, to grace her head and ornament her bosom. Many a time had he romped the green fields with her picking the sweetest berries he could find--sweeter and far better to him, to see with what relish she received them. But time, relentless Time, passed on, and Kate had grown to womanhood, almost before she knew it, and Edwin was forced to buy a set of razors, extraordinary keen ones at that, so beautiful was his beard. He no longer sighed for whiskers and moustaches, as in school-boy days, to "look like a man;" his greatest grief now being that he could raise any at all. But we are digressing.

Catharine Compton (we will call her that for once, although she was generally called Kate, no doubt for brevity,) was really a beautiful woman, with hair as dark as the blackest night you ever saw--eyes of similar hue, flashing liquid light at every glance; face of an exquisite mould, and teeth of pearly whiteness. Her figure was perfection itself, and her walk, as many a love-sick swain can testify, was the very "poetry of motion."
Notwithstanding all this, she was like most young beauties, rather susceptible of flattery. She knew that she was pretty--why shouldn't she? We never knew a handsome woman yet (although all secretly strive to hide it,) but was vain of her beauty, and brought its power to bear, with all its force, upon the heads of those attached to the masculine gender--each one, however, having a different method of sending Cupid's arrows to the heart.
Kate and Edwin had parted: one for a tour of pleasure on the continent, the other to re-counter the stern realities of life in a counting house in the city of New York. "Lord's young dream" had in a measure passed away. The future was to each a blank, the filling up of which was very doubtful.
Edwin had already seen announced in the public journals the departure for Europe of "Mr. Andrew Compton and daughter," the very reading of which made his heart strings quiver, and his soul grow weary and sad. Weeks passed away, and no news was received of the absent one. The daily business of the counting room became irksome to him, and to dissipate the thoughts that crowded upon his mind, he occasionally found relief in the society of the gay and dashing young fellows with whom the nature of his occupation brought him in contact.
On his first arrival in the city, after business hours, his books and the library attracted all his attention; but the scene had changed. Now it was the ball, the theatre, and the play; midnight suppers, billiards, champagne and cigars. In the habit of leading an exemplary and steady life at his country home, these habits of dissipation soon became observable. As he was at his desk one day, writing with a tremulous hand, his uncle, Nathan Fundle, of the firm of Fundle & Co., gently tapped him on the shoulder and requested him to step into the private office "for a few moments." The color rushed to the face of Edwin, as the dark eyes of his uncle met his own, and he left his desk and followed him, with trepidation.
"I have observed of late," remarked his uncle, after they had become seated, "that there is a marked difference in your conduct. Now, tell me what is the cause. Do you receive a sufficient recompense for your services?"
"Yes, uncle, I think I am amply paid for all I do," replied Edwin, nervously.
"Is your business too arduous?"
"Quite the contrary; I think I have it very easy."
"But what then?"
Edwin stammered somewhat, but managed to articulate, "I have been laboring under a great depression of spirits."
"Fudge--nonsense! Depression of spirits in a youngster like you! Who ever heard of such a thing? I never did."
Here the old gentleman rose from his seat, adjusted his spectacles, crossed the room, and, after pausing a moment, suddenly turned around and exclaimed--
"Well, the truth--out with it--what's the matter?"
Edwin paused, and looked still more confounded.
"Come, no beating about the bush. If there is anything wrong I will remedy it. Speak out like a man."
"Well, to tell you the truth, uncle, it is an affair of the heart."
"An affair of the heart! ha! ha!" laughed the old gentleman. "An affair of the heart? Fudge--nonsense! Who ever heard of such a thing? Look at me--haven't I grown rich and rubicund by being a bachelor?"
At that moment the office door opened, and the carrier entered, announcing a letter for Mr. Edwin Milford. The superscription was in a female hand, and was post marked "Paris."
Mr. Fundle perceiving it, in his usual rich and uncouth voice, exclaimed, "I know it's from her!" the last words being emphasized particularly.
"It was right. It was from Miss Compton. Its contents, however, did not seem to enliven the spirits of Milford much, to judge by the expression of his countenance. The letter was mostly descriptive of her numerous travels and adventures in that great city; giving an account of the balls and parties she had attended, and the numerous and distinguished acquaintances she made. Not a line of fond affection, nor an allusion to other times was discernible in its contents.
"I know all about it. Only a boyish attachment. Cheer up. All will be right. Keep your powder dry--that's all."
Milford heard a deep sigh, as he re-folded the letter, and placed it in his pocket. A change had come over the spirit of his dream, and he renewed his duties at the desk with a heavy heart, notwithstanding the repeated requests of the senior members of the house of Fundle & Co., to "cheer up."

CHAPTER III.

Broadway was thronged with pedestrians of all ages, colors and conditions. That gay and glittering thoroughfare never before exhibited so showy and attractive an appearance as it did on one golden afternoon in October, just one year after the occurrence of the above event narrated in the above chapter.
Edwin Milford, tired and fatigued with the business of the counting-room, had thrown down his pen, and sauntered forth, to help make up the motley group. Notwithstanding however, the fair faces and bewitching forms that he met, he seemed like one with
"mind diseased."
"Tis true, he would occasionally gaze with rapturous adoration upon the beautiful countenance of some lovely woman, and now and then stop to admire some exquisite work of art, exposed in the shop windows, but his heart was
"far, far away."
As he passed dreamingly along, his attention was of a sudden arrested by the appearance of an elegantly dressed lady, who had alighted from a carriage opposite Hitchcock & Leadbeater's store. Her face was familiar to him; yet he could not possibly imagine who she was. There was something about her whole appearance which seemed to mystify his senses. Her graceful and dignified demeanor, her beautiful face, and her apparent unconcern withal of what was passing around her, had already created thoughts in his mind which he had not dreamed of before for many months.
"I am sure I have seen that face," said he; "it looks very much like her--but no, that cannot be. I will see, however; if it really be Miss Compton, she will certainly recognize me, I will stand by the door and wait till she comes out."
While muttering these thoughts to himself, Milford continued walking backward and forward in the immediate vicinity of the store.
"No, no," he articulated, as he brought himself to a sudden stand; "that would be acting foolishly. Then, again, I might be observed by those who know me. I think I will pass on. It cannot be her, for she could not have arrived from Europe without my knowing it."
Scarcely had he given vent to these thoughts, when he espied, walking rapidly towards him, no less a personage than Mr. Thomas Graham, who suddenly "turned up" in the village church yard, referred to in the first chapter. He did not observe Milford, so great appeared to be his haste to reach a certain spot. On arriving at Hitchcock & Leadbeater's, he pulled from his pocket a watch, and noticing the time, replaced it, and walked on hurriedly.
"There is something wrong here," thought Milford, as he retraced his steps; "some mystery--I am sure of it."
He stationed himself beside the door of the dry goods store and anxiously waited the appearance of the parties. He was not long waiting. Leaning gently forward on the arm of Graham, the lady appeared in the door-way. There was a pleasant smile upon her face; her whole manner seemed buoyant with life and gaiety. Milford, stepping forward, her gaze met his, and in a moment the color left her cheeks, and her face became as pale as if the cold hand of death had been placed upon it.
"Stand aside, sir," said Graham, as they moved on; "how dare you insult a lady by such impertinence!"
Milford moved out, but gazed steadily in the face of Miss Compton for it was she. She had returned from Europe but three days previous. He did not enjoy that luxury long, however, for Graham quickly hurried her into the carriage, and with a contemptuous sneer slammed the door in his face. The horses dashed off at a rapid pace, leaving Milford on the sidewalk, nearly half bewildered at the unexpected scene which had taken place. How little did he think, when he departed from his counting-room that he would meet with such a strange and singular adventure!

Milford slowly turned away, and moved off in a different direction from the one he had originally intended to follow. He had not gone far, however, before he was accosted by an old acquaintance, who, quickly observing his melancholy manner, observed, "What is the matter, Noddy, boy?"
"Ah, it is you, Martin; how are you old fellow?"
"Pretty well, I thank you. What makes you look so sad? Come and take a drink!"
The memory of the past and fearful thoughts of the future made Milford a willing victim to the seductive compliments of his friend, Martin Shaw.
"Well, I don't care, Martin. It's all up with me now. The world has turned against me. I have lost the kindest, best, friend that ever I had."
Milford bowed his head as if endeavoring to overcome a giant trouble.
"Never mind what a woman can do, in making a true man unhappy. Take the advice of an old cruiser. As soon as they see that you love them--love them, mind you--they will find some other tree, with bigger hearts, as they suppose, whereon to build their nests."
After having "imbibed" a sufficient quantity of the "rosy god" (yelex Dr. Otard,) whose exhilarating influence was soon made manifest by sundry unique and exquisite expressions of both gentlemen; a call was made for several bottles of champagne. That popular and sometimes delicious beverage, having been produced, and, with equal rapidity, having been made away with, the "party," which now numbered some half dozen "heads," resolved upon a "tramp about town."
The mind of Milford was already wandering--his feelings had been deeply wounded, and having plenty of money in his possession, of course he was "one of em."
"Foolish fellow!" the world will say; but yet how little, very little, does that world know or care for the sufferings of a human heart--a seely coat, a dirty shirt--that man is past sympathy--he is ruined," says that same world.
"I don't feel as I should to-day," said Milford, "my head is a little out of order."
"Never mind that," replied his friend Mar-

My whole is a newspaper in New York.

[For the Lehigh Register.]
Enigma.

By "LILLIE AND IDA," OF NORTH WHITEHALL, PA.

I am composed of 10 letters.
My 9, 8, 9, 6, 8, is a person's name.
10, 8, 1, is an essence of plants.
5, 2, 5, 9, is a part of the head.
7, 4, is a part of speech.

My total is what could be partly dispensed with by the citizens of Allentown, as the cry not be maintained in the manner which they deserve.

A woman's tongue has been found capable, on actual experiment, to move 1,619 times a minute. Think of that and weep.