

# LEHIGH REGISTER.

A FAMILY JOURNAL—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.  
PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY HAINES & DIFENDERFER AT ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS PER ANNUM.

VOLUME X.

Allentown, Pa., September 24, 1856.

NUMBER 51

## Lehigh County CABINET WAREHOUSE.



No. 30 West Hamilton street, opposite the "Lehigh Patriot" printing office.  
S. H. PRICE would respectfully announce to the citizens of Allentown and the public generally that he has always on hand a first-rate assortment of  
**CABINET WARE.**  
of all descriptions, consisting of Bureau, Side-board, Pier, Centre, Card, Dining and Breakfast Tables, also Writing, Not and Sofa Tables, Parlor Chairs, Spring-seat Locking Chairs, Seating with a general assortment of every description of Furniture, Beds, and every article which will sell at prices which defy competition in either town or country. He also manufactures to order every description of Furniture, and every article sold by him is warranted to give entire satisfaction, or no sale. So please give him a call and see for yourselves, at No. 30 West Hamilton street, or at the sign of the Yellow Hammer, in the city.  
N. B.—A complete assortment of Looking Glasses, always on hand, and for sale cheap.  
Allentown, July 2, 1856. S. H. PRICE.

## Ready Made Clothing!

### ANOTHER ARRIVAL OF NEW GOODS! BREINIG, NELIGH & BREINIG.

No. 2 East Hamilton street, have just returned from the cities with another large and choice stock of  
**SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,**  
of the most fashionable styles, from all of which they will make to order, and also keep on hand a large supply of  
**READY MADE CLOTHING,**  
at such astonishing low prices, that cannot be equalled by any establishment in this or any other town in Eastern Pennsylvania. Our Stock is twice as large, and we will double the amount of our superior garments in town, consequently enabling us to sell at a very small profit. We have on hand every style of garments adapted to the season, with the attention of the public invited for a careful examination of quality, workmanship, style and price, and we guarantee to the proprietors will guarantee to the superior quality of our goods. We constantly keep on hand a well selected stock of Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, consisting of Shirts, Collars, Stockings, Cravats, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Suspenders, &c., besides many articles coming in our line of business, all of which are sold at the lowest prices.  
**CUSTOMER WORK.**  
Orders for Customer Work will always be received with pleasure, and attended to with promptness, and as two of the firm are practical tailors, none but the best workmanship will be suffered to pass our hands.  
BREINIG, NELIGH & BREINIG.  
May 21.

## Candidate for Sheriff.

### To the Voters of Lehigh County.

FELLOW CITIZENS.—At the next of a large number of my friends, from various parts of the County, I again offer myself (subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention,) as a Candidate for the office of Sheriff.  
I am confident that I can give satisfaction to all who place their confidence in me.  
CHARLES B. HAINES.  
Aug. 6.

## Recorder of Deeds.

### To the Voters of Lehigh County.

FELLOW CITIZENS.—Encouraged by a large number of my friends and acquaintances, and in view of a sense of duty to appropriate the benefits accruing from the office, and in behalf of the widow and children of Charles Gross, deceased, late Recorder of the County, I am induced to offer myself to your consideration for the office of RECORDER OF DEEDS, (subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention,) at the ensuing October election. Should I be so fortunate as to receive a majority of your votes, I will endeavor to attend to the duties of the office with faithfulness and punctuality.  
GEORGE T. GROSS.  
(son of the late deceased Recorder.)  
Aug. 6.

## E. W. ECKERT'S

### WHOLESALE AND RETAIL TOBACCO, SNUFF & SEGAR STORE.

NO. 13 EAST HAMILTON STREET,  
ALLENTOWN, PA.

Constantly on hand a large stock of Leaf Tobacco. Also a superior stock of Segars, comprising the latest styles and brands, at the lowest City prices. All Goods warranted.  
July 20.

## COURTLANDT STREET HOTEL.

28 Courtlandt Street,  
NEW YORK.

J. S. STEBBINS, PROPRIETOR.

New York, March 26.

## GREAT RAIL ROAD ACCIDENT!

\$50,000 LOST AT EASTON.—Great Fall

of the Railroad Bridge—two locomotives precipitated into the Canal—One man killed and several wounded. Accompanying this terrible disaster there still hangs a shroud of gloom over the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company for its occurring at the time it did—on Tuesday afternoon, because on the following morning some 30 or 40 cars were about being loaded by merchants in New York and Philadelphia with new style Fall and Winter Goods, all of which were to pass over the Bridge the same afternoon, directly to Allentown, and there to be unloaded at Joseph Stopp's Cheap Cash Store, No. 35 West Hamilton street. It is evident that if these cars, with their heavy freight, had been shipped in time to get on the Bridge, that their immense weight would have broken down the entire structure, and precipitated their contents into the Delaware, and thus would have incurred a loss to the Company of between \$300,000 and \$400,000; and not this alone, but the citizens of Allentown and vicinity would also have felt the loss, because if this immense quantity of cheap goods would have been sent, it would certainly have caused a scarcity, and a rise of 20 per cent. But by the aid of luck and the telegraph (the intelligence of the accident was communicated to Philadelphia, and Stopp consequently had his goods loaded during the three successive days, on steamboats, canal boats, wagons, carts, wheelbarrows, backs of niggers, &c., and now they have commenced to land at his new Store in Allentown. His clerks are now engaged both day and night in unpacking and selling goods. As I passed by there last night between 11 and 12 o'clock, I stepped in, and to my astonishment found perfect mountains of goods piled from floor to ceiling. I passed back through the Store and saw a pile of about 500 Shaws, of all colors and prices—from \$25 down to 37 1/2 cts. a piece. On the other side I saw about 400 yards fancy De Laines; and a little further along about 6000 yds. of twilled Persian 14 or 15 cent goods of Calico, and a little further along there was a pile of 5 or 10,000 yds. of shirting and sheeting for men and boys' wear, and I then looked for men and boys' wear, and on one side of the store saw many thousands yards of cloths, cassimere, sateen, Kentucky jeans, tweeds, &c., of all colors and prices. I then began to get towards the rear end of the store, and my eyes fell on carpets, oil cloths, looking glasses, window shades, glass and steel and stoves. By this time I began to get pretty tired of the store I made a mis-step and down I went, head over heels, into a mis-step and down I went. I opened my eyes and my senses were restored, I saw a stack of salt in one corner from floor to ceiling; on the other side there was the nicest sugar, coffee, molasses, cheese, and mackerel I ever laid eyes on. I asked one of the clerks some of the prices, and after I was told, I felt pained on reflecting that I had so long been in the store. It was a but a daytime now, and I determined after breakfast to send you these facts for publication in the Register. In conclusion I will say, both one all, great and small, go to Stopp's Cheap Cash Store, No. 35 West Hamilton street.

## BONNETS, BONNETS, BONNETS.

WE take pleasure in informing our friends and the public in general, that we have just received a large and elegant assortment of FALL AND WINTER BONNETS, Ribbons, French and Domestic Flowers, Ladies' Dress Caps, Children's Hoods, &c., from the most fashionable openings in New York and Philadelphia. We are satisfied that our goods cannot be equalled by any other establishment in town for beauty and style, as we have them made after the most approved French patterns, and are acknowledged superior to any in the country. We return our sincere thanks for past favors and hope for a continued share of patronage, as we flatter ourselves that we can give satisfaction both as to price and style, to all who may favor us with a call. Country Milliners supplied at City prices.  
MRS. STOPP & CO.  
N. B.—A good experienced hand can get employment by calling on the undersigned. A good girl, to do housework, is also wanted.  
Sept. 3.

## ROSE'S PATENT WINDOW BLINDS.

THE subscribers invite the attention of the public to their new and improved PATENT WINDOW BLINDS, which they are now manufacturing, and selling wholesale and retail, at their Factory, No. 125 West Hamilton Street, Allentown, Penn. These Blinds are far superior to any other ever manufactured, and are secured by Letters Patent, known as "Rose's Patent." They are greatly superior to all others in the fact that they are constructed with upper and lower heads, in such a manner that when the upper head is fastened to the window frame, the lower part may be separated or connected with ease. A little child can take the Blind down, clean and replace it. This is a great advantage when it is remembered that with the old style of Blinds, a mechanic was always necessary to take them down or put them up. In other particulars, they exceed for beauty and convenience all others. This improvement will be attached to the old-fashioned Blinds on reasonable terms.  
Orders are respectfully solicited. Persons wishing to secure Patent Rights of the above in any part of the Union, can do so by addressing the undersigned at Allentown, Lehigh Co., Pa.  
ROSE & HUMBERT.  
Allentown, Sept. 3.

## Venetian Blinds.

The subscriber having purchased the entire establishment of Mr. Muir, is prepared to manufacture all kinds of Window Blinds, of the best quality, at prices as low as any in the city—at 36 West Hamilton street.  
S. H. PRICE.  
Allentown, January 9.

## NORMAN STEWART.

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him to repeat his visit, and to consider his house as a home. Norman availed himself of the invitation, and felt an indescribable pleasure in the society of Isabella, who, on her part, justly esteeming the qualifications of the youth, paid him the most marked respect. Poor Norman little knew the danger he was incurring, nor the vile machinations which were laid to ruin his peace of mind. His repeated visits to the baronet's only increased the envy and hatred of those around him, and a small coterie of scandal-mongers and maliciously-disposed parties devised a diabolical plot to injure him.  
One evening previous to a country ball, to which he had been invited, a letter was received by him. It was written in a fashionable female hand, and bore a crest on the seal. He opened it, and beheld written a painting of a red rose and a sprig of myrtle, while underneath were the words—  
"Mark this well and judge aright,  
You meet me at the ball to-night."  
Surprised at this, Norman ruminated over the subject, and his heart and mind jumped at once to the conclusion that it must have come from Isabella. All doubt was removed by the seal, as he had seen a similar one in her possession. With a tumult of joyful feelings he pressed the card to his lips, and life seemed now to have tenfold pleasure to him. He attended the ball, and sat in a fever of anxiety till Isabella entered the ball-room, leaning on the arm of her father. As she entered, she caught the impassioned look of the youth, and her cheek slightly colored at his ardent gaze. Love lives on trifles: so it fared with Norman. Her look—her blush were both construed by him to be an open declaration of her love. Several dances passed before he had the courage to address her; but when he did so, his strange flurried manner attracted her attention, and she kindly inquired if he was well enough. He stammered forth an answer in the affirmative, and she led him to the next quadrille. She smiled and rose with him, yet still his agitation was so visible that she really thought he was ill; and acting upon this feeling, her language and looks assumed a kindly, softened expression, which increased rather than lessened the flame which consumed him. When the dance was finished, and as he led her to her seat, she pressed his hand, and advised him to be guarded of his health. Heart and brain seemed burning—the very room was reeling round with him; but he was again recalled to his senses by her soft accents advising him to retire, as the heated room was evidently injurious to him. Scarcely knowing what he was doing, he bowed and withdrew.  
Early next morning a letter, in the same hand-writing as the former card, was handed to him. It bore the well-known crest. He broke it open and read—  
"DEAR NORMAN.—I hope that you are better this morning. Be more guarded in future. Your agitation had almost betrayed us last night. In future, when we meet in public, you must act a different part. We must rather greet each other as strangers. For my sake do this. I will be in church on Sunday first. Do not fail to be there. Yours affectionately,  
"ISABELLA."

It seemed an age till that Sunday came, and Norman was in attendance at church. He eagerly glanced towards the well known pew, and there, in unmatched beauty, sat the mistress of his soul. She smiled, and he was happy. Wrapt in dreams of Elysium, the service soon passed, and Norman watched Isabella stepping into her carriage. She turned and catching his look, smiled and bowed. He returned home—that fatal passion was increased ten thousand fold. Again a note was handed to him:—  
"DEAR NORMAN.—I have seen you, and am glad that you obeyed my instructions. Above all, I charge you not to write to me, as your letters, falling into my father's hands, might create mischief. I enclose you a ring, containing a lock of my hair—wear it for my sake. Yours affectionately,  
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Thus passed nearly a month, and every time he met her, her accustomed kindness of heart was construed by the unhappy youth into fresh protestations of the depth of her affection. Every glance, or smile, or gesture was interpreted, where all were dictated by kindness, into manifestations of affection, and Norman Stewart suffered himself to sink deeper and deeper into the dream of happiness that seemed to throw its spell around him.  
At length a cavalry regiment was stationed in the neighboring town. The colonel became a frequent visitor at the baronet's mansion, and the rumor ran that he was soon to lead Isabella to the hymeneal altar. The intelligence came like a thunderbolt on poor Norman—sense and brain reeled beneath the shock, and in a paroxysm of rage, grief, and jealousy, he penned a letter to Isabella, referring to her repeated professions of love, and upbraiding her with cruelty in countenancing the addresses of another. His peace of mind, he added, was for ever gone, and he prayed her to give him a meeting without delay.

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At length a cavalry regiment was stationed in the neighboring town. The colonel became a frequent visitor at the baronet's mansion, and the rumor ran that he was soon to lead Isabella to the hymeneal altar. The intelligence came like a thunderbolt on poor Norman—sense and brain reeled beneath the shock, and in a paroxysm of rage, grief, and jealousy, he penned a letter to Isabella, referring to her repeated professions of love, and upbraiding her with cruelty in countenancing the addresses of another. His peace of mind, he added, was for ever gone, and he prayed her to give him a meeting without delay.

meanor of the young man, the baronet pressed him to repeat his visit, and to consider his house as a home. Norman availed himself of the invitation, and felt an indescribable pleasure in the society of Isabella, who, on her part, justly esteeming the qualifications of the youth, paid him the most marked respect. Poor Norman little knew the danger he was incurring, nor the vile machinations which were laid to ruin his peace of mind. His repeated visits to the baronet's only increased the envy and hatred of those around him, and a small coterie of scandal-mongers and maliciously-disposed parties devised a diabolical plot to injure him.  
One evening previous to a country ball, to which he had been invited, a letter was received by him. It was written in a fashionable female hand, and bore a crest on the seal. He opened it, and beheld written a painting of a red rose and a sprig of myrtle, while underneath were the words—  
"Mark this well and judge aright,  
You meet me at the ball to-night."  
Surprised at this, Norman ruminated over the subject, and his heart and mind jumped at once to the conclusion that it must have come from Isabella. All doubt was removed by the seal, as he had seen a similar one in her possession. With a tumult of joyful feelings he pressed the card to his lips, and life seemed now to have tenfold pleasure to him. He attended the ball, and sat in a fever of anxiety till Isabella entered the ball-room, leaning on the arm of her father. As she entered, she caught the impassioned look of the youth, and her cheek slightly colored at his ardent gaze. Love lives on trifles: so it fared with Norman. Her look—her blush were both construed by him to be an open declaration of her love. Several dances passed before he had the courage to address her; but when he did so, his strange flurried manner attracted her attention, and she kindly inquired if he was well enough. He stammered forth an answer in the affirmative, and she led him to the next quadrille. She smiled and rose with him, yet still his agitation was so visible that she really thought he was ill; and acting upon this feeling, her language and looks assumed a kindly, softened expression, which increased rather than lessened the flame which consumed him. When the dance was finished, and as he led her to her seat, she pressed his hand, and advised him to be guarded of his health. Heart and brain seemed burning—the very room was reeling round with him; but he was again recalled to his senses by her soft accents advising him to retire, as the heated room was evidently injurious to him. Scarcely knowing what he was doing, he bowed and withdrew.  
Early next morning a letter, in the same hand-writing as the former card, was handed to him. It bore the well-known crest. He broke it open and read—  
"DEAR NORMAN.—I hope that you are better this morning. Be more guarded in future. Your agitation had almost betrayed us last night. In future, when we meet in public, you must act a different part. We must rather greet each other as strangers. For my sake do this. I will be in church on Sunday first. Do not fail to be there. Yours affectionately,  
"ISABELLA."

## In the evening an express from the barone

arrived, requesting his immediate attendance. Agitated beyond measure, as a feeling of dark, deep, dread weighed down his spirits, Norman instantly obeyed the summons; and on arriving at the mansion, was shown into an apartment where he found the Baronet and Isabella. It was evident that she had been weeping, and both she and her father received him with a distant politeness that struck him to the heart. Motioning him to be seated, the baronet turned to him and said—  
"Young man, you wished an interview with my daughter. I have consented that she should meet with you; but, as her father, I have a right to know upon what grounds you presume that my daughter has encouraged your addresses."  
"If she authorizes me to produce the evidence," said Norman mournfully, "I will do so; but I hold any communication from her too sacred for even her father's eyes."  
"With a voice trembling with emotion, Isabella turned to him and said—  
"Let my father be the Judge between us, if ever I suspected that any attention of mine exceeded that of sincere friendship."  
Norman placed his hand in his bosom, and drawing forth a small packet, placed it in her hand. Turning to her father she handed them the letters before referred to. Not a muscle of his face moved till he finished the perusal of them, and handing them back to his daughter, said calmly—  
"Read these letters. They certainly demand some attention."  
She obeyed. As she read, her countenance exhibited much surprise and indignation; and when she closed the letters, her look was bent on Norman with deep sympathy. She arose, and placing her hand on his arm, said with a suppressed voice—  
"And could you think so little of me as to imagine for one moment that I would depart so far from all maidenly modesty as to pen such letters as these?"  
His face was deadly pale—his very lips were blackened, and every nerve shook as his eye assumed the dull glazed hue of death. Still he spoke not.  
"There is some foul conspiracy on foot to injure your feelings and my character," she added mildly. "Norman, these letters were not written by me. I never saw or heard of them till now."  
A bitter groan burst from his lips, and the very strings of his heart were breaking asunder. The baronet saw and felt for him.  
"Take courage, my young friend," he said kindly—"take courage. Though it should cost me fifty thousand pounds, I will trace out the perpetrators of this scandalous act, and punish them. Isabella—love, leave us for an instant."  
She walked towards the door, while Norman stood transfixed as if he had changed from a living being to stone. Her movement for a moment aroused him from his stupor, and he gazed after her with a wildness that made the baronet tremble for his reason. As the door closed, Norman breathed a deep convulsive sigh.  
"Come, come," said the baronet kindly, "view this matter in another light."  
"I will, I will," said Norman faintly, as a strange smile passed across his countenance.  
"You will remain here to-night," said the baronet. "You will not think of leaving us?"  
"I must, I must," was the hurried rejoinder.  
"I will send the carriage with you, then," was the offer.  
"No, no; thanks for your kindness. I will walk home; the air is cool, and I require it."  
He walked towards the door as he spoke, and hastily bidding the baronet good-bye, left the house. Still there was a strange uneasiness on the part of the baronet and he caused two of the servants to follow him, and see him safe home.  
Isabella and her father sat down to supper, but neither partook thereof; both were sad, and remained wrapped in thought. Supper was removed, and Isabella, drawing in her embroidery frame, was preparing to finish a little sketch which she had been previously engaged at, when on a sudden, the needle fell from her hand, and she sat with looks of fixed horror gazing before her. A thrill of terror ran through the veins of her father, as he beheld her looks and rigid attitude, when, with a piercing shriek, she sprang from her seat and exclaimed—  
"Merciful God! Father, father! fly, fly—save him! See! see! he shrieked wildly. He is ascending yon fearful cliff: he is on the brink of it. Norman! Norman! O, horror! The foaming billows have received him!"  
Shriek, followed shriek as she sank convul-

sively into her father's arms. The servants, terrified by the cries, rushed into the apartment. Medical aid was instantly sent for, while some of the servants, well-mounted, were ordered to gallop off to the village and inquire for Norman. They returned; he was not to be found, but a letter addressed to Isabella was discovered lying on a table. The letter was handed to the baronet, who shook violently as he perceived it sealed with black wax. With a trembling hand he broke it open, and glancing at it, uttered a bitter groan and sank back in his seat; but instantly starting up, he exclaimed—  
"It may not be too late yet. Mount, mount; alarm the inhabitants."  
He rushed forth, and springing on horseback, dashed with headlong fury to the village. The inhabitants were alarmed. Dreadful although the night was, and a fierce tempest raging, they set out with alacrity on the search. Torches were obtained, and a thorough search took place; fresh footsteps were traced in the sand and sludge leading towards the cliff. The boldest heart shrunk back at the terrible scene. The sea, lashed into foam, glowed like a fiery cauldron, while the thunder rolled incessantly, and the broad lightning glanced along the foaming billows; and as each huge wave dashed against the rock, the very earth shook and trembled. The search continued till dawn, when the cloak and hat of the unhappy youth were found close on the verge of the cliff, indicating too plainly the lamentable fate of their owner.  
A length of time elapsed before Isabella recovered from the dreadful shock which she received. By a tacit understanding, neither she nor her father returned to the awful event. Public sympathy went with her. Many were the offers of marriage which she received, but she refused them all. The baronet died and left her the heiress of his wealth, and in charitable actions to all around her she spends the evening never deafening ears of deep mourning and death, and she still clings to his memory with fond yet sad recollection.  
The authors of the plot which hurried poor Norman to self-destruction were latterly found out, and their subsequent course through life was marked by the avenging hand of a Higher Power. One died in a madhouse; another suffered the penalty of the law for forgery; and a third committed suicide. The fate of the young lady, who, prompted by the rancour of an unrequited passion for Norman had acted as accomplice in penning the forged epistles, was equally severe. She became the wife of the forger, in whose degrading crimes she also became an accomplice. It was scarcely probable that a union, which might be said to have been based upon association in crime, was likely to prove happy. The unhappy woman, was only relieved from her domestic misery by the ignominious death of her husband; and she, in surviving him, lingered out a miserable existence, sustaining the whole disgrace of the odious connection she had so unhappily formed.— Thus we see that even the secret actions of the wicked are brought to recoil upon themselves.

## God's Glorious Gift—Water.

The Eternal Father of us all has brewed it for his children. It has been produced, not in filthy distilleries, but in beautiful fragrant places. It has been brewed down in yon grassy dell, where the deer lingers, and the rippling rills sing their wild lullaby; or away upon the mountain tops, where the blazing sun has lighted up with heavenly fire; or far off upon the ocean, where showers and storms are born. It sparkles in the ice-gem. It makes the graceful forest tissue on the moonlight plays. It dabbles in the cataract; weaves the snow-wreath and the emerald's setting on the mountain peak. It never injures, but always does good. It is ever beneficent and kind. God made it glorious. Take and drink. Take the pure liquor which God our father gave us. Take it as it is—bright, beautiful and blessed.

## Keep your Sabbath.

Be jealous on this point. Whether you live in town or country, resolve not to profane your Sabbath. Once given over caring for the Sabbath, and in the end you will give over caring for your soul. The steps which lead to this are regular. Begin with not honoring God's day, and you will not honor God's house, cease to honor God's book, and by-and-by you will give God no honor at all. Let any one lay the foundation with no Sabbath, and I am never