

The Zephrus Review

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ALLENTOWN, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 8, 1860.

(NUMBER 45.)

COACH AND GARRIAGE MANUFACTORY

IN ALLENTOWN, PA.



PETER H. LEHR
RESPECTFULLY announces to his friends and the public in general that he has lately commenced on an extensive scale the business of manufacturing and repairing Coaches, Buggies, Carriages, and all other vehicles. He uses none but the best materials, and employs none but good workmen—consequently his work is of the highest quality. He has a large stock of all kinds of harness, and is prepared to make to order, and also keep on hand.

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THE ALLENTOWN FASHIONABLE TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT

GENTS' FURNISHING STORE,
53 East Hamilton Street, 2 doors below the American Hotel.

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BERGER & KECK

Manufacturers and Retail Dealers in HATS, CAPS, STRAW GOODS, &c., &c.

Seasonable Goods, Straw Goods, &c.

Temple of Fashion.

HEAD-QUARTERS FOR HATS & CAPS.

Christ & Saur's,
NO. 16 WEST HAMILTON STREET, ALLENTOWN, PA.

MOUNT AIRY HOTEL.

THE public are invited to inform his friends and the public in general that he has lately commenced on an extensive scale the business of manufacturing and repairing Coaches, Buggies, Carriages, and all other vehicles.

EAGLE HOTEL.

CORNER of Hamilton and Seventh Streets, (Mar. 1st Square) Allemtown, Pa.

PREMIUM



Cabinet Ware Rooms
No. 29 West Hamilton Street, formerly the "New York Store."

CLOTHING HALL,

Opposite Moser's Drug Store.
No. 20 East Hamilton Street.

NEW JERSEY AND PENNSYLVANIA FREIGHT LINE.

NEW YORK TO ESTON, WHITE HAVEN, WILKES BARRE, AND INTERMEDIATE POINTS.

NEWS FOR THE PUBLIC.

Charles Keck,
Merchant Tailor in Allemtown.

Large Assortment of Woolen Goods.

Woolen Goods, Hats, Caps, &c.

READY MADE CLOTHING.

Woolen Goods, Hats, Caps, &c.

MANHOOD, HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED.

Advertisement for a medical treatment.

NEW MUSIC STORE.

Musical Instruments, Sheet Music, &c.

WALL PAPERS.

Decorative Wall Papers for sale.

JOHN F. HALBACH JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Legal Services and Court Proceedings.

BUY YOUR HOUSE FURNITURE.

MALBURG & HAGENBUCH'S GREAT ESTABLISHMENT.

READY MADE CLOTHING.

Woolen Goods, Hats, Caps, &c.

ALL ABOUT HEAD COVERS.

Hats, Caps, and Headwear.

LYONS' PURE CATAWBA BRANDY.

High Quality Brandy for Sale.

SPRING GOODS.

Seasonal Merchandise for Sale.

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An Hour at the Old Play Ground.

BY HARRY MONROD.

I sat on a bench to-day, John,
Beside the old brook stream,
When we were boys in the olden time,
When manhood was a dream,
The brook is choked with fallen leaves,
The pond is dried away—
I scarce believe that you would know
The dear old place to-day.

The school-house is no more, John,
Beneath our loudest trees,
The wild rose by the window side,
No more waves in the brook;
The scattered stones look desolate,
The soil they rested on
Has been ploughed up by stranger hands,
Since you and I were gone.

The chestnut tree is dead, John,
And what is sadder now—
The broken grape-vine of our swing
Hangs on the withered bough;
I read your name upon the bark,
And found the pebbles rare
Laid up beneath the hollow stairs,
As we had piled them there.

THE HEIR OF LINN.

BY WILLIAM J. SPENGLER.

There was as beautiful Scotch ballad
This title, as I ever saw in my life; it made
a very strong impression on me; but as the
ballad is not found, I will endeavor to
tell the story in plain prose.

The Laird of Linn, in Galway, was one
of the richest land proprietors in Scotland.
Besides the lands and dwellings, he had
flocks and herds, and a good stock of gold.

My son, when my lips are cold in death,
And my eyes are silent in the grave, I know
how I will be with you. You will spend
all the substance of your ancestors, and all
the gold I get together, in dissipation and
extravagance. Nevertheless I do not wish
my son to live a beggar. Therefore give
him my only dying curse, and if you
disregard it, may a father's dying curse cling to you!

With these words the old man fell back
and expired.

The heir of Linn did not grieve long for
his parent. He soon after drove upon his
house to all comers. His forests fell beneath
the axe. His chimneys were always smok-
ing, a hundred men sat daily at his board,
and he bought horses and hounds, and lent
money, without counting it, to his dissolute
companions; he jested, and drank, and gam-
bled, as if he could not get rid of his sub-
stance in all of these ways; he took no care
of his affairs, but gave up the guidance of
them to a bailiff or a steward, named John
of Seales, who was a knave and a notorious
usurer. John cheated his master in a vari-
ety of ways, and put more than half his in-
come in his own pocket.

At last the heir of Linn's father had
foreseen what he would do. His money was
all gone and he had no means of keeping up
his excesses except by selling his lands, but
no one was rich enough to buy them except
John of Seales, and every one knew how he
cheated him. He was obliged to pay his grand-
father's debts, and was moreover heated with
wine when the unjust steward offered to
buy his estate. It was a hard case, but af-
ter much discussion he agreed upon the bar-
gain.

"Give me your gold, good John of Seales,
and my lands shall be yours forever," said
the heir of Linn.

Then John counted down the good, clean
gold, and a hard bargain his master had to
land was worth three.

The last money went like the first, and
the heir of Linn was a beggar. He had
went to the house, that had once been his
own, but now belonged to John of Seales.
To seek some relief, he looked into the win-
dow of the great banquet hall, but there was
no festivity going on in it. The fire was
out and the dinner table taken away, and all
was desolate and dismal. "Here's sorry
cheer," said the heir of Linn.

John would not give a penny, but
told him to go to the friends he had spent
so much money upon foolishly. He did so,
but it did no good. Some pretended not
to know him, and none would lend him a
farthing, or even offer him a dinner, so he
wandered about forlorn and hungry for two
days; for work he could not, and to beg he
was ashamed. At last, in his extreme mis-
ery, he bestowed himself of his father's
dying words. "I said he," for no one
would buy it. "I will go and break upon the
upper chamber. My father said I
would find relief there, and perhaps he
meant treasure. If it should prove so, I
will be a wiser man than I was before, and
not waste it on knaves."

To the house then he went, and broke the
chamber door open. He found relief in-
deed.

There was nothing in the room, except
a high stool, and directly over it a halter,
dangling from a hook in the ceiling. He
looked up and read these words:
"Ah! graceless wretch and wanton fool!
You are ruined forever. This is the only
relief for those who have wasted their patri-
mony as you have done. Behold then—
put the halter around your neck, and jump
from the stool, and save your family
from disgrace and beggary."

"Very excellent counsel," said the heir
of Linn, and as I must either hang or starve
I think I'll take my father's advice and
hang. It is the shortest death of the two."

So he mounted fastened, the halter round
his neck, and kicked the stool from under.
But the heir of Linn was not to die so.

The board into which the hook was driven
gave way with his weight, and he fell on
the floor with a shower of gold coins rattling
about his ears. "I will not say that he
no pain, the next day, but at that moment
he felt none. Joy rushed into his heart
like a torrent, at seeing himself rescued
from death and beggary. The space be-
tween the ceiling and the roof contained an
enormous treasure. On the upper side of
the board from which he thought to sus-
pend himself was fastened a letter address-
ed to the heir of Linn. He hastily tore it open
and read as follows:

"My dear son, I knew your character
and no expectations or advice can wear
you from the desperate course you are pur-
suing. Nothing but misery sharper than
death can work the cure from you. If,
therefore, your misfortunes and sufferings
should be so grievous that you prefer death
to the pain of living, you will not rashly en-
counter them again. You have the trial;
take my gold, redeem your lands, and be-
come a better man."

The heir of Linn did not leave the spot
without putting up a prayer to Heaven for
the soul of a parent whose admirable wis-
dom had discovered the means of raising
him from beggary and despair to affluence,
and of warning him from the follies and
vices which had so disgraced his character.
To evince his gratitude, he resolved to
amend his life from that day forward, and
become all a father's heart could wish.

John of Seales knew that but few people
of the country had so much money, even if
it were a common thing to lend money to a
beggar, and he just saw what reliance was
to be placed upon friends in such a case—
He had not the least idea that the heir of
Linn would be the owner of the hundredth
part of the sum. He therefore called for
the pen and ink, and sat down before
the company and wrote this promise, and
right sofly gave it to his former master.

Then the heir of Linn strode to the win-
dow and opened it, and took a bundle from a
tatter-garbed man and blew it till the joints
and rafters shook with din. Presently a
fair troop of servants rode up, well armed
and mounted, leading a mule laden with
treasure. They dismounted and brought
the bags of gold in the hall.

"My father's lands are my own again,"
cried the heir of Linn, joyfully, and before
the company had recovered from their as-
tonishment, he had counted down to John
of Seales just the sum he had agreed to take.
Then turning to his servants he said:
"I will give you this viper out of the house
of Linn with dog whips." And it was im-
mediately done.

DISSOLVING THE UNION.

The *Knickerbocker Magazine* has
the following, which is not bad, either as a
story or a speech.

During the exciting campaign of 18—,
in Illinois, a prominent politician made a
disunion speech at Quincy. After he was
through, and before the crowd had dis-
persed, a man who styled himself "The
Afroside M. D." was called for. He was
lifted upon the stand, so "elevated" that
he could not stand without holding on to
some thing. He said:

"Gentlemen and ladies, your talkin'
of dissolv'n' the Union; you can't do it; if
you go to— you can't do it! There's that
are flag-a-wavin' up there, called the Star
Spangled Banner; how you goin' to divide
that! Are you goin' to give the Stars to
the Norf' and the Stripes to the Souf'—
No;—ree; the thing can't be divid'ed. [Cheers.]
And that's that good old toon that the
hand's a playin' out there called Yankee
Doodle; how you goin' to divide that, eh?
Are you a goin' to give the Yankees to the
Norf' and the Doodle to the Souf'? I say
boldly the thing can't be divid'ed! [Cheers.]
"And that's that stream of water a-run-
nin' down there, called the 'Father-o-Water-
falls; how are you a goin' to divide that?
Are you a goin' to dam it up, with Mason &
Dixon's line? I say, you can't do that
thing! Walk youn't! [Cheers.]
"And that's the 'Hallow'd Layin' out there;
how are you goin' to divide that, eh? Are
you goin' to tie it up with Mason & Dixon's
line? You can't do it! [Cheers.]
"And that's all the last horses standin'
around here; how are you a goin' to divide
them? Are you goin' to run 'em Norf', and
run 'em Souf', and run 'em East, and run 'em
West? [Cheers.]
"And that's all the 'wimmen' round here;
how are you a goin' to divide them?
Are you goin' to give the old ones to the
Norf', and the young ones to the Souf'?
Wall, you don't! [Tremendous cheering.]
"And that's all the feathered tribe and
other birds a-flyin' about here; and the chick-
ens and eggs 'n' nest, and the yaller legs; and
the black legs; how are you goin' to divide
them, eh? Are you goin' to give the pullets
to the Norf', and the cocks to the Souf'—
[Tremendous cheering.]
"Our reporter could hear no more, for the
roars of laughter which ensued, and the
"Doctor" gave in and fell from the stand."

Don't like Widdowson—If endeavoring
to take the census for the government,
the marshals occasionally meet with such
difficulties as will deprive them of their
senses. The following colloquy is said to
have taken place somewhere between a mar-
shal and an Irish-woman:

"How many male members have you in
the house?"
"Nary a one."
"When were you married?"
"The day Pat Doyle left Tipperary for
America. Ah well! mind that! A sun-shin-
jer day never glibbed the day of old Ireland."
"What was the condition of your husband
before marriage?"
"Divil a man nor miserable. He said
that if didn't give him a promise within two
weeks he would blow his brains out with a
crowbar."
"Was he at the time of your marriage a
single man or a widower?"
"A which 'n' widower, did you say?
Arrah now; go 'wid yer nonsense. Let's
like the likes of that: would take up with
a second-hand husband! Do I look like a
wife of a widower? A poor devil, all legs
and consumption, like a sick turkey
widower? May I never be blessed if I
wouldn't rather live an old maid, and bring
up a family on butter-milk and praties."

A gentleman whose house was re-
pairing went out one day to see how the
job was getting on, and observed a number
of nails lying about, said to the carpenter,
employed on the work, "What are these
nails for?"
"Why, don't you take care of these
nails? they'll certainly be lost."
"No," replied the carpenter, "you'll
find 'em in the bill!"

"Mother," said a little fellow the other
day, "Is there any harm in breakin' egg
shells?"
"Certainly not, my dear, but why do
you ask?"
"Because I dropped the basket just now, and see what a mess I'm in
with the yolk."
"An old ladies bawls that during leap
year the ladies jump at every offer of mar-
riage—hence the term."