ADVERTISING RATES.

	3t.	1 mo.	3 mos.	6 mos.	1 yr.
One Square,	1.50	1.75	3.50	6.00	10.00
Two Squares,	3.00	3.50	5.50	10.00	18.00
Three Squares,	4.50	5.00	8.00	15.00	20.00
Six Squares,		8.00	12.00	20.00	35.00
Quarter Column,		10.00	20.00	35.00	45.00
Half Column,		15.00	32.50	50.00	80.00
One Column,		25.00	50.00	80.00	150.00

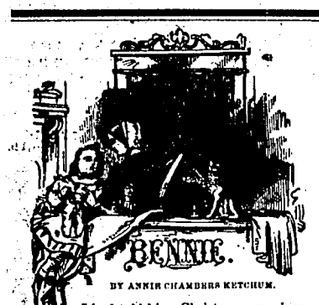
Professional Cards $1.00 per line per year.
Administrator's and Auditor's Notices, $3.00.
City Notices, 20 cents per line 1st insertion, 15 cents per line each subsequent insertion.
Ten lines again constitute a square.

WILLS & IREDELL, PUBLISHERS.
ALLENTOWN, PA.

The Lehigh Register.

VOL. XXIII. ALLENTOWN, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 13, 1869. NO. 2.

WILLS & IREDELL,
Plain and Fancy Job Printers,
No. 47 EAST HAMILTON STREET,
UPSTAIRS,
ALLENTOWN, PA.
ELEGANT PRINTING,
NEW DESIGNS,
LATEST STYLES
Stamped Checks, Cards, Circulars, Paper Books, Constitutions and By-Laws, School Catalogues, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Letter Heads, Bills of Lading, Way Bills, Tags and Shipping Cards, Posters of any size, etc., etc., Printed at Short Notice.



BENNIE.

BY ANNIE CHAMBERS KETCHUM.

I had told him, Christmas morning,
As he sat upon my knee,
Holding fast his little stockings,
Stuffed as full as full could be,
And attentive listening to me,
With a face demure and mild,
That good Santa Klaus, who filled them,
Does not love a naughty child.

"But we'll be good, won't we, moder?"
And from off my lap he slid,
Digging deep among *the goodies*
In his crimson stockings hid;
While I turned me to my table,
Where a tempting goblet stood,
Brimming high with dainty egg-nog,
Sent me by a neighbor good.

But the kitten, there before me,
With his white paw, nothing loth,
Sat, by way of entertainment,
Slapping off the shining froth;
And in not the gentlest humor,
At the loss of such a treat,
I confess I rather rudely
Thrust him out into the street.

Then how Bennie's blue eyes kindled!
Gathering up the precious store
He had busily been pouring
In his tiny pinafore;
With a generous look that shamed me,
Sprang he from the carpet bright,
Showing, by his mien indignant,
All a baby's sense of right.

"Come back, Harney," called he loudly,
As he held his apron white;
"You shall have my candy wabbit!"
But the door was fastened tight;
So he stood, abashed and silent,
In the centre of the floor,
With a defeated look, alternate
Bent on me and on the door.

Then, as from a sudden impulse,
Quickly ran he to the fire,
And while eagerly his bright eyes
Watched the flames go higher and higher,
In a brave, clear key he shouted,
Like some lordly little elf,
"Santa Kaus! come down de chimney,
Make my moder 'have herself!"

"I will be a good girl, Bennie,"
Said I, feeling the reproof,
And straightway recalled poor Harney,
Mewing on the gallery roof.
Soon the anger was forgotten—
Laughter chased away the frown,
And they played beneath the live oaks
Till the dusky night came down.

In my dim, fire-lighted chamber,
Harney purred beneath my chair,
And my playworn boy beside me
Knelt to say his evening prayer:
"God bless fader, God bess moder,
God bess sister"—then a pause,
And the sweet young lips devoutly
Murmured, "God bess Santa Klauss."

He is sleeping—brown and silken
Lie the lashes long and meek,
Like caressing, clinging shadows
On his plump and peachy cheek.
And I bend above him, weeping
Thankful tears—O, undefiled!
For a woman's crown of glory,
For the blessing of a child!

WHY AUNT MARY NEVER MARRIED.

Aunt Mary was what the world called an "old maid;" but to those who knew her best, she was the dearest and best aunt in the world; and many a time used we to inquire, "Why *is* Aunt Mary an old maid?" But some how we could never get a very definite answer; and we came to consider it a forbidden subject yet were certain that there was some cause for it all.

Aunt Mary was our mother's only sister, and she lived alone at the old farm-house, where her parents had lived and died; and yet hardly alone, for there was Ellen, "the maid of all work," and Joe who worked the farm, and then we girls and Brother Tom used to visit there, once in a while, as an especial reward for good conduct. She was probably forty years of age; though she did not look so old, still retaining much of her former beauty. Her's was a gentle, quiet manner, and she was one of those kind of people who accomplish so much with so little noise.

Her dark brown hair was always brushed smoothly back from her pale forehead and bound in a coil at the back of her exquisitely shaped head. Her dress was invariably plain and neat, and without ornaments.

It was nearly a year since I had visited at Aunt Mary's, and it was almost Thanksgiving day, when my mother received a letter from her inviting us all to spend that day at her house. Unfortunately my parents had already accepted a pressing invitation to visit an uncle on my father's side, and were obliged, though reluctantly, to decline that from Aunt Mary; but after a great amount of coaxing on our part they consented to allow little sister Katie and myself to accompany Brother Tom, there, in the carryall. We left home in high glee and after a three hours, pleasant ride through the clear November air, reached aunt's the day before Thanksgiving,

We found her looking for us, though she was considerably disappointed in not seeing our parents, but declared, as she marshaled us into the house and helped to remove our wrappers, that "we would have the happiest Thanksgiving of any of them;" and to increase our pleasure, if that were possible, she informed us that some distant relatives of ours were also coming to spend the day, and would be there that evening; so we would have quite a party after all. Just before dark they arrived—two girls a little older than myself, and a boy of about Tom's age.

Aunt Mary had been busy all day in superintending preparations for the following day; and such preparations were never made before. Such a time as Joe, the hired man, had killing turkeys and geese; and then Ellen was up to her elbows in raisins, preserves and jellies all day while such unheard of puddings and such wonderful pies as came out from under the dexterous hands of Aunt Mary were a perfect marvel of cookery. We really thought she was making preparations on a scale of such magnitude that she might have furnished a whole neighborhood with a Thanksgiving dinner.

We children had gathered in the huge old sitting-room, just after supper, waiting for Aunt Mary to finish the preparations for the morrow still going on in the kitchen, when the conversation, naturally enough, turned on the excellencies of our hostess, and all agreed that there was never anybody equal to Aunt Mary.

"What is the reason?" said Edith, one of the girls, finally, in a half-whisper, "that she was never married?"

"I think," answered Brother Tom, stoutly, "that it's because there was never anybody good enough for her to marry."

"And I guess," piped in little Katie, "that she had to take care of grandpapa and grandmamma, and that's the reason."

All of us, in turn, suggested a reason, and still were satisfied with none of them, until some one proposed that we ask her, to which we all consented, and I was selected as the one best suited to perform that delicate task.

At last the thanksgiving arrangements were all completed; and Aunt Mary came in and seated herself with us. As soon as an opportunity presented itself, I ventured to say:—

"Aunt Mary, will you please tell us a story?"

"A story, Susie! What shall I tell you about?"

"Yes, yes! tell us! tell us!" all exclaimed, at once.

In a moment I regretted that I had made such a request, for Aunt Mary's usually pale face grew suddenly paler, and she turned her head to conceal her emotion. She sat a few moments struggling to overcome the feelings our thoughtless words had awakened; then turned toward us and said, in a more solemn tone than I had ever heard her use:—

"Yes, children I will tell you the story of my life, and I trust the recital will prove a lesson to you all."

Drawing her chair to one side of the huge brick fire-place, where the fire-light no longer shone in her face, and taking up her knitting-work, she began:—

"It is almost twenty years since the events I am about to relate occurred, and yet they are as fresh in my mind now as they were then, and their memory will go with me all through life. I was then called beautiful, and I knew it, and was very proud. My parents often reproved me for my vanity, but with little effect. I loved admiration, and took every means to win it, I had a great many suitors, and began to imagine that I had only to say the word to bring any one I wished to my feet; but as yet I had never met one that suited my fastidious taste, and so I continued my unwomanly pastime of winning hearts only to cast them aside.

"One Fourth of July I was invited to attend a picnic and celebration some miles from home, and as I never missed the opportunity of going where I should be admired, I, of course, accepted it.

"Soon after reaching the grounds a friend of mine approached me and said, in a light tone:

"'Come, Mary: I wish to introduce you to the orator of the day, Mr. George Turner;' and she took my arm and led me toward a distant part of the grove.

"It was customary, some years ago, to hold picnics for the purpose of listening to public speakers, and the one in question was not only as I afterwards learned to celebrate the anniversary of our national independence, but also to listen to an address to be delivered by a young graduate from a neighboring college.

"'Who is this hero?' I asked, laughingly, as Louisa pulled me along.

"'Why he is a young farmer who has educated himself, and worked his way through college. Everybody says he is sure to distinguish himself, though he is quite poor now. You will be sure to like him when you come to hear him speak,' she exclaimed with enthusiasm; and then laughingly added, in a lower tone, 'I expect nothing else than love at first sight, on both sides.'

"'Don't be foolish,' I said, pretending to be very angry, though in fact I felt quite elated at the thought that I was to have the chance to make another conquest.

"By this time we had reached the stand, near which the orator stood, and, while waiting for a chance to be presented, I had a good opportunity of noticing his appearance which was very striking. He was about twenty-three years old, tall and symetrically formed; his dark, curly hair shaded a brow of peculiar breadth and phrenological development; his countenance was the most expressive one I ever beheld, and his calm blue eye seemed as deep and fathomless as the waves of the sea. His face was not really handsome, but it was one of those which once seen is never forgotten—one that almost seems to bear the mark of divinity. I heard him speak; his voice was clear as a flute, and of a remarkable fullness, and there never was heard, mingled with its utterances, a discordant sound.

"We were presented to each other, and were soon in conversation. Instead of the foolish nothings that most men address to women—as though they were a species of talkative magpie, incapable of appreciating anything beyond a lap-dog or the last novel—his words were full of deep and intelligent meaning, and at once charmed and interested the listener.

"Before I went home that evening I knew that I met my destiny.

"A few days after Mr. Turner called at our house, and soon became a frequent visiter. He seemed to be aware of my feelings—to read them intuitively—and instead of the flatteries of my former suitors, he was continually suggesting improvements. This piqued me more than I can tell. I had thought to bring him to my feet, and yet somehow he never was a suitor in the sense of the word that others had been."

"One day—it was the one before Thanksgiving—he surprised me by saying, abruptly:

"'Mary, will you marry me?'

"Had a thunderbolt fallen at my feet, it would have taken me no more by surprise, yet I had long been conscious of Mr. Turner's feelings toward myself; but none of my former lovers had ever addressed me in such a matter-of-fact way, and my heart rebelled at being thus taken by storm; and I exclaimed petulantly:—

"'Don't be a fool, Mr. Turner!' and snatched my hand, which he had taken in his, away, walked to the window and stood looking out upon the lawn. I expected he would follow me and renew his suit; but he did no such thing, though I was conscious he stood looking at me a few moments, but I would not turn my head. Standing there in my foolish pride, drumming on the pane, I was casting away the happiness of a lifetime. Suddenly he turned from the room, and in a moment more I saw him passing down the graveled walk.

"At first I was on the point of calling him back, and if he had once looked toward the casement at which I stood I should have done so. But he only walked through the little gate and strode rapidly down the road. As he passed the window, I saw that his face was as pale as death.

"I waited the next day expectantly, and a hundred times glanced down the road, in hopes to see him coming; but he did not come, and he has never come. I never saw him again.

"A few days after I learned he had sailed for Europe. I have not even heard his name for many years."

Aunt Mary ceased, and wipsd away the tears that stood in her eyes.

After a few minutes of silence, little Katie asked:—

"And if he had come back, Auntie, should you have said 'yes?'"

"Yes, darling," Aunt Mary replied, as she took the little one up and kissed her.

"Mary," spoke a deep bass voice behind us, at which we all sprang to our feet, and standing in the doorway was a stranger who had noiselessly entered as we were listening to Aunt Mary's story.

At the sound of the name she had started to her feet and stood as pale as marble, staring at the apparition.

The stranger took a step forward, saying, "I have come to ask you again; darling, will you say yes?"

"Yes," faintly answered she, and in an instant she was weeping in his arms.

In a few moments she gently disengaged herself and presented the stranger as the hero of the story.

The rest is soon told.

Mr. Turner, believing he had been mistaken in thinking his affection was returned, had gone to Europe, finally amassed a fortune, and had made his home in England. A few months before Thanksgiving party, he had met in London an old acquaintance, from whom he had learned that Mary had never married. He guessed the truth and returned. On reaching the old farm-house his repeated knocks had failed to awaken a response; and he entered the house in time to hear the conclusion of Aunt Mary's story, with the result which the reader already knows.

He declared that they had both lost so much time that they ought to delay no longer, and the next day before we sat down to dinner, a certain interesting ceremony was performed by which Aunt Mary was no longer an "old maid," and for every one of us, I'll venture to say, it was the happiest Thanksgiving we ever enjoyed. And every year since when the good time approaches, the memory returns of "Aunt Mary's Thanksgiving."

ASA PACKER.

BY JOHN ELDERKIN.

Anthracite coal was first used in the Wyoming Valley, Pennsylvania, in the year 1708. A blacksmith, whose name is unfortunately unknown to the writer, was the first man to utilize, in his inconsiderable country smithy, this valuable mineral. It was not until one hundred years afterward, in 1808, that Judge Fell, of Wilkesbarre, first used it in a grate for heating his family mansion.

As late as 1820 the mining of anthracite coal may hardly be said to have begun, for the production in that year did not exceed 365 tons, or one ton for each day. Half a century later, in 1866, the annual production had reached 12,000,000 tons, or 34,000 tons per day. A recent writer on the coal fields, in summing up the amazing development of this great interest, says: "Little did the toiling wagoner who, over rough and mountainous roads, slowly pushed his way towards Philadelphia, with his heavily-loaded wagon with this new and little-understood article of fuel, realize that the child that passed him by the roadside would, ere his head was mantled by silvery locks, see a capital of one hundred and fifty million dollars invested in the transportation routes for carrying this article to market, or that it would become a necessity in every household. It is probably within bounds to say that in mines developed and undeveloped, in mine improvements, and in the cost of construction and equipment of water ways and railways, the anthracite trade of Pennsylvania, at the present time, represents a property valuation of three hundred and fifty million dollars. Great as is this growth, and enormous as are the figures, the trade is by thinking men believed to be yet in its infancy."

To trace the course of this development: how wagons were supplanted by arks; arks by canal boats; canal boats by gravity railroads, and these by locomotive roads, and monuments of engineering skill proportionate to the vast operations of the present time, is impossible within the limits of this article. It is our purpose to glance at the history of one individual whose life has been mainly spent in pushing forward the great works which have largely contributed to this enormous growth, and indirectly to the prosperity and comfort of millions of the American people.

Asa Packer was born in the township of Groton, New London county, Connecticut, in the beginning of the year 1806. His grandfather, Elisha Packer, was the most prominent and successful business man of his native town. He was a farmer, tanner, and shoe manufacturer, diligent in business, and not neglectful of those higher responsibilities which he inherited with his puritan blood. He was a staunch member of the Baptist denomination, and worshipped in the church erected on the site of the old Pequot Fort, still in existence, and known as the Fort Hill Church. His father, Elisha Packer, Jr., was a man of strong sense, industrious, economical, and of independent character, but never very successful in business. A younger brother of his father, Daniel Packer, however, had a watchful eye to the interests of his nephew, and as soon as Asa was of an age to do something for himself, this Daniel Packer got him a situation in the tannery of Mr. Elias Smith, of North Stonington. Although Asa Packer had enjoyed very limited opportunities of education, these had enabled him to master the rudiments of knowledge, and he made every effort to improve his mind, and increase his store of information. By diligence, faithfulness and good temper, the first indications of a manly character, he won the confidence, and ultimately the affection of his employer. Despite his youth, he came to be regarded by the tanner as a confidential friend and adviser, and if death had not interposed and broken the connection, Asa Packer would probably have become a partner in the establishment, and ended his life as a tanner. During Mr. Smith's last illness, Asa was his trusted manager, and after the hours of business, his sympathizing friend and companion.

After the death of Mr. Smith, Asa engaged himself to a farmer by the name of John Brown. This farmer was a man of strong character, and still stronger convictions. He was hard-handed and hard-headed, able either to hoe his own row in the corn-field, or hold his own ground in debate. He was a Democrat of the school of Thomas Jefferson, and always ready to maintain his opinions by reasonable argument, and never so happy as when pitted against a worthy antagonist. From this farmer Asa Packer got the bias which has ever inclined his heart and his judgment to the party which is now known as the Democratic.

After passing a year with the old farmer, summering and wintering with him, talking over in the long days of labor every subject connected with the business of farming, and the duties of the citizen, and getting discipline both of body and of mind of the most valuable kind, Asa went back to Mystic, and spent a year at home. During this year he attended school, and having learned the value of knowledge, he applied himself to study, and arrived at considerable proficiency in those branches which are most useful in the practical affairs of life.

Like all young men of New England, when Asa reached seventeen years of age, he felt that it was time for him to make a serious effort to establish himself in the world. At this time Pennsylvania was attracting great numbers of Eastern men. The tide had not yet set for the more distant Western portions of our national domain. Taken up by the current, in the year 1822, when but just seventeen, with a knapsack which contained his whole wardrobe, and a few dollars in his purse, Asa Packer set out on foot for Susquehanna county, Pennsylvania. Arrived at the town of Brooklyn, he apprenticed himself to the trade of carpenter and joiner. He rightly judged that a man in that frontier country was measured by his power to wield the axe, and that the skilled mechanic was the man for whose services there would be the steadiest and most profitable employment. This selection of a trade which involved manly work, showed the temper which the young man brought to the task of making his way in a new field and among new friends.

After serving his time as an apprentice, and becoming the master of his business, he continued to work at it assiduously for several years, when he invested his savings in a lot of wild land on the upper waters of the Susquehanna, and entered upon the hard but free and adventurous life of the pioneer. He made a clearing, and reared with his own hands the cabin to which he soon after brought a bride.

The lady whom he selected to be the mistress of his home was a daughter of Ropher Blakeslee, a name that will be recognized even now by many in Northern Pennsylvania. She proved a worthy wife to Asa Packer in his early struggles. While he was about his work in the fields, or striking sturdy blows in the forest which hemmed in his homestead on every side, Mrs. Packer was equally hard at work attending to the domestic affairs of the household. Her nimble fingers, with the aid of the spinning-wheel, made all the garments worn by the family during the first ten years of their married life. There was no dispute about the authority or sphere of either; each found appropriate work close at hand, and was content with doing it, and with reciprocating sympathy and counsel.

Here Asa Packer lived eleven years. The circumstance which led to a change in his field of labor, was occasioned by a necessity common to the more enterprising pioneer settlers—that of seeking employment in the thickly-populated districts during a portion of the year, in order to obtain ready money for taxes and articles essential to home comfort and enjoyment. The nearest point where labor could then command cash in hand was a hundred miles away in the Lehigh valley. The journey had to be made on foot, by paths through rough mountain passes and the forests which stretched between the upper waters of the Susquehanna and the Lehigh.

In the valley of the Lehigh, Josiah White and Erskine Hazard, representatives of associated capital of Philadelphia, had projected and executed improvements which made the wonderful riches of this section—its coal, iron, timber, lime, cement, and slate—partially available. Hither came Asa Packer, a poor artisan, to labor with his hands, to mix with a crowd of men similarly employed and undistinguished. What has raised Asa Packer so far above the throng of which he then was but a unit?

Observing the character of the country, the almost immeasurable extent of the coal deposits, and the diversity of the rich productions of the Lehigh valley, he foresaw the establishment of those extensive collieries, of lines of transportation, and all the immense traffic which time has developed. Here was a field for the highest intelligence and the most untiring energy. Accordingly, in the spring of 1833, when he was twenty-seven years of age, Asa Packer left his farm in Susquehanna county, and permanently settled himself in the Lehigh valley. His advent into a region in which he was destined to accomplish so much made no stir. He brought to the new field but a few hundred dollars. His capital lay in his active mind, stout heart, and strong arms, and in industrious and thrifty habits. His first and second summers were employed in boating coal from Mauch Chunk to Philadelphia, in which he acted as master of his own boat. The energy which he displayed in this occupation brought him to the notice of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, and he formed a connection with the company, which was maintained for many years, greatly to his advantage.

About this time Mr. Packer made a visit to his relations at Mystic. To his brother, Robert Packer, and his uncle, Daniel Packer, he gave such an account of the advantages of the coal region, that they were induced to accompany him on his return. They visited in company the collieries established in the valley, and went over the great field just opening for business. Daniel Packer was so struck with the magnitude of the opportunity, that he declared that age alone deterred him from closing his business, and selling all his property in Connecticut, and coming to the Lehigh Valley. He advised the brothers to unite means and engage in business at Mauch Chunk, offering to assist them with money and credit, and to stand behind them in every emergency. This advice exactly accorded with the views of Asa Packer, and the two brothers immediately engaged in business in general merchandise in Mauch Chunk, under the firm name of A. & R. W. Packer, with a capital of five thousand dollars. The most of this money had been saved by Asa Packer from the hard earnings of former years.

The new house entered, from the moment of opening, upon an extended and profitable business. It soon became known by its large transactions both on the Lehigh and Schuylkill rivers. Its operations on the Lehigh during the fifteen years between 1835 and 1850 embraced a large mercantile business at Mauch Chunk; contracts with the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, which involved the building of dams and locks on the upper navigation; working coal mines leased from the company, and afterward Mr. Packer's own mines near Hazleton, and shipping coal to Philadelphia and New York. A similar shipping business was also done by them on the Schuylkill. They were the first through transporters of coal to the New York market, and it is a fitting return that the business should still continue to be the largest item in the income of Asa Packer, its projector. Through his coal mining operations he was brought into close relations with the late Commodore Stockton, and between them there sprung up a warm friendship—a friendship which proved of great value to Mr. Packer at a trying moment when pushing forward to completion the great enterprise of his life, the Lehigh Valley Railroad.

Up to the year 1850, the transportation of the coal of the Lehigh valley to market had been altogether by water, but the business had now reached such a magnitude as, in Mr. Packer's judgment, to justify the building of a railroad along the banks of the Lehigh river. Accordingly he urged upon the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company the policy of building a road as a part of their system of transportation. But the project was not favorably regarded by the company. Experience, it was answered, had proved that coal and iron would only pay water freights. The Reading Railroad, which enjoys unusual facilities in grades and water connections, was instanced to clinch the argument. Asa Packer's opinion, however, was not affected by this adverse criticism of his proposition, and he determined to take the matter personally in hand.

The ground for a railroad in the Lehigh valley was embraced in a charter for a road of much greater extent, projected by that great Pennsylvania financier, Edward H. Biddle. It was embraced in the charter of the Delaware, Lehigh, Schuylkill and Susquehanna Railroad Company, incorporated April 21, 1846. The first survey was made in the fall of 1850. Not until the 4th of April, 1851, seventeen days before the charter would have expired by its own limitation, did Asa Packer take his place in the board of managers. On the same day the board sanctioned the grading of a mile of railroad near Allentown, and thereby the limitation was avoided. On the 30th of October, 1851, Mr. Packer became owner of a controlling portion of the stock, and subsequently submitted a proposition to a build the road from Mauch Chunk to Easton, distance of forty-six miles, for a consideration, to be paid in the stock and bonds of the company, the name of which was now changed to the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company, to suit its extent and true field of labor.

Mr. Packer's proposition was accepted, and he commenced work in November, 1852. Under his personal supervision it was pushed with great vigor. As he received early stock and bonds in payment, he hazarded his whole fortune in the enterprise. In its early completion and profitable working, he saw every dollar of his investment quadrupled, and every acre of land in the Lehigh valley enhanced in value. But it was a heavy load, and many times did it embarrass Mr. Packer to carry it; but his high character, and his reputation as a business man, enabled him to command resources which would have been at the service of no other. Commodore Stockton, the New Jersey Central Railroad Company, and other rich corporations to whose business the Lehigh road would contribute, also came to Mr. Packer's assistance, and made large advances on its stock and bonds.

The Lehigh Valley Railroad was finished and delivered to the company on the 24th of September, 1855, and was put immediately in operation. Its coal freights, which in 1857 amounted to 500,000 tons, in the year 1866 exceeded 2,000,000 tons, 635,000 of which were delivered along its route from Mauch Chunk to Easton, to works which the railroad itself had called into existence. The addition which it brought to Asa Packer's fortune can be stated only in millions.

Within three years after the opening of the railroad from Mauch Chunk to Easton, with connections which made a railroad route from the valley to Philadelphia as well as New York, Mr. Packer suggested the extension of a line of railroad into the valley of the Susquehanna, and up that valley to the great table lands of the State of New York, there to connect with New York and Erie Railroad. This would bring the anthracite coal region within the system of roads leading north and west to Lake Ontario and Lake Erie, and afford a direct route by connection with the Catawissa and Erie roads to the Great West.

Asa Packer has lived to see the whole of this stupendous conception realized. It is not possible to calculate the benefit which it is destined to confer upon the whole country. It will set the wheels of machinery in motion thousands of miles in the interior as well as at tidewater, and bring about in a great section of country that diversity of employment essential to the highest development of the people.

On his return from a trip to Europe in 1865, Mr. Packer announced his intention to found in Lehigh valley an educational institution which should supply to its young men the means of obtaining that knowledge of which he had in his early life felt such a profound need. The branches of education to which it was Mr. Packer's design that the institution should be especially devoted were civil, mechanical, and mining engineering; general and analytical chemistry; mineralogy and metallurgy; analysis of soils and agriculture; architecture and construction; all branches of knowledge of exceptional value in the Lehigh valley. In carrying into effect his purpose, Mr. Packer gave a woodland park, sixty acres in extent, situated on the borders of South Bethlehem, and $500,000 in money.

This institution, known as the Lehigh University, was formally opened September 1, 1866, and its success has realized the intelligent and beneficent purpose of its founder. By its charter it is made a self-sustaining institution; intended to reach both rich and poor with its advantages; its free scholarships being offered as prizes to be competed for by all the students. No sectarian bigotry limits its beneficent influence to a single religious denomination, but those of every creed find a welcome to its halls.

On the 23d of November, 1865, at a dinner given to Mr. Packer at Bethlehem, as a public acknowledgment of his princely gift, at which many of the most eminent men of the State were present, Col. John W. Forney paid the following eloquent tribute to the guest of the day: "Here is a character and a career for youth and manhood to study. Here is a lesson to the one to move on in the path of improvement, and a stimulant to the other never to despair in the darkest hour of disaster and misfortune. We pick out Asa Packer as the miner picks out a piece of coal to show the value of the precious deposit from which it is taken, we pick him out to show what can be won by personal honesty, industry and kindness to men; by courage in the midst of bad luck; by confidence in the midst of gloomy prophecy; by modesty in prosperity, and by princely generosity when fortune comes with both hands full to realize a just ambition." Among his intimate friends and associates W. H. Gatzmer, the president of the Camden and Amboy Railroad, bore high testimony to the energy and ability with which Mr. Packer had carried out his great mining and railroad enterprises, and acknowledged that although Pennsylvania is only his adopted State, few of her sons have done more to develop her mineral resources.

Mr. Packer enjoys to the fullest extent the confidence of the community in which he lives. This it has shown by electing him to public office whenever he could be induced to accept it. He served his neighbors several years in the General Assembly of the State, his services there ending in the year 1843. He was then elected judge of the county court, which position he held five years, and hence he is familiarly known as Judge Packer.

Mr. Packer's whole career exemplifies the truth that in the United States there is no distinction to which any young man may not aspire, and with energy, diligence, intelligence and virtue, attain. When he set out from Mystic, Connecticut, to make the journey to Pennsylvania on foot, it is not probable that his entire worldly possessions amounted to twenty dollars. These possessions are now estimated at twenty millions, all of which has been accumulated, so far as known, without wronging a single individual. On the contrary, the wealth which he has gathered is but a tithe of that which he has been the means of creating in the Lehigh Valley.

O'FLAHERTY.

DENNIS AT HOME—AN UNPLEASANT RECEPTION—HOW HIS POLITICAL FRIENDS STOOD BY HIM—"WANTED EMPLOYMENT."

LITTLE IRELAND, UNDER THE HILL, December 20, 1868.

MISTHUR EDDITHUR:—It's back to me shanty an' me Judy an' the byes I am, but the divil resayve me if it's mesilf that's delited wid the fact. It's a warrum recipshan an' a cowld wan besides I got. Whin I put me head in the cabin wid "Save all here," it was Judy that shtuck her fishts on her hips, an' sez she, "So it's back yez are! Faix yer carner's warrum for yez, ye murdherin' villin. Shure there's niver a bit av mate in the pot, or a handful av male in the bag, or a purtaty in the carner, an' is it the munney yez have to get dinner wid for yersilf an' yer family, I'd like to know?"

"Judy aga," sez I.

"None av yer mulyatherin," sed she; "have yez the munney for the mate?"

"Divil a cent," sez I.

"Thin git out, yez dhrunken gommoch," sez she, "an' never put yer ugly phiz inside the dhure till yez bring in mate or money," an' wid that she cum afthur me wid the brum, an' mesilf didn't shtay to see what she wanthid.

Its to the ould place and the carner I wint fust for consolayshun. "Faix, its a dhrap av the raal shtuff 'ull go mity comfortin' this cowld marnin'," sez I, whin I intered.

"An' have yez the munney fur that same?" sez me ould friend as runs the shebeen house.

"Divil a cint,'s sez I but we'll take a dhrink on the ould party," sez I.

"That's played out," sez he. "The ould party isn't in the licker bizness so much as it wuz, an' it's the sphondulicks I'm takin' now fur me whishky," sez he.

"An' where'll I be gettin' them?" sez I.

"Wurruk!" sez he. "An' the airlier ye go at it, my bye, the betthur for yez."

The curse av the crows on the tight-skinned thafe, to be thratin' me so ondacint whin it's meself had bin dhrinkin' be the wake in his place at the ixpinse av the party! But it wuz fur wurruk I wint, and a weary tramp I had, an' it's not yit I'll be findin' it. It's too busy the git'min all wuz to see me, though it wuz willin' an' friendly enuff they wuz before illikshun. I wuz powerfully tired and discouraged, whin I seen a gintleman av me ackwintance sthandin be his dhure.

"The tap av the marnin' to yer hanner!" sez I. "Its mitey glad I am to see yer good lukin' phiz wanst more"

"Marnin'," sez he, az cowld an' az sharp az an isikle.

"Shure an' its a raal comfort to see a friendly face," sez I.

"Wat the divil do you want, man?" sez he shnappin' like a bull dogy.

"Shure," sez I, "its wurruk, yer hanner, that I may get mate an' purtaties fur the ould wummen an' the childher."

"I've got no wurruk for yez," sed he.

"Will I be afther movin' yer hape of coal?" sez I, fur it wuz shtandin' lukin at the same he wuz.

"What'll yez ax me?" sed he.

"A dahler," sez I.

"Whoo! the divil!" sed he. "Ye're an extortionate raskil," sed he; "fur I've hired a naygur to do that same fur shvinty-five cints!"

"An' is it a Dimmykrat like yersilf that'ull hire a bluddy naygur inshtid av a good Dimmykrat bye?" sez I.

"Av coorse," sez he, "whin the naygur wurruks the chapist."

"An' wuzn't it yersilf," sez I, "that towld us it wuz fur high wages fur the poor man ye wuz!"

"Maybe it wuz," sez he; "but that was before illikshun, an' it was not thin I wanted me coal carried in."

"Blud an' ouns! Thin will yez be afther given' me the price av a dhrink?" sez I fur me throut is as dhry as powdhur."

"Divil a cint," sed he. "It's dhrinkin' is the ruin av yez all," sed he, an I'll be advisin yez to rayform an' live sober—now that the illikshun's over an the timptashun gone."

Misthur Eddithur, its bruk inthirely me hart iz wid the ingratitude av me purtinded frinds. Its not a shtroke av wurruk I can'git, or a cint av munney, or a dhrink av the crathur, an' there's Judy waitin' fur me in the shanty wid a brumshtick an' a tung that's a dale longer an' harder. Will yez help a poor by printin' this advertisement that Paddy Mulcathy's bye Owen, wat goes to shkule, rit out fur me?

WANTED EMPLOYMENT—By a man accustomed to dirty work and carrying heavy loads. Can refer for testimonials of his ability and willingness in these respects to the Democratic party managers, who have no further use for his services, they having gone out of business. Apply to Dennis O'Flaherty, Little Ireland, under the Hill, or by letter to this office. dec21 a

Plaze insirt this for a poor distressed bye an' send me anny letters yez get fur me; an' the blessin av the sore-harted and sorrowful be upon yez. DINNIS O'FLAHERTY.

A SONG FROM THE SUDS.

Queen of my tub, I merrily sing,
While the white foam rises high;
And sturdily wash, and rinse, and wring,
And fasten the clothes to dry;
Then out in the free fresh air they swing,
Under the sunny sky.

I wish we could wash from our hearts and souls
The stains of the week away,
And let water and air by their magic make
Ourselves as pure as they;
Then on the earth there would be indeed
A glorious washing-day!

Along the path of a useful life,
Will heart's-ease ever bloom;
The busy mind has no time to think
Of sorrow, or care, or gloom;
And anxious thoughts may be swept away,
As we busily wield a broom.

I am glad a task to me is given,
To labor at day by day;
For it brings me health, and strength, and hope,
And I cheerfully learn to say—
"Head you may think, Heart you may feel,
But Hand you shall work alway."

LUCK.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The word *luck* is too firmly bedded in our language, and belief in the fact expressed by it is too strong to justify an expectation that it will soon become obsolete. Luck is an event good or bad, which befalls a man independently of his own volition. If a man work all day for five dollars, his wages is not considered luck But if he *finds* five dollars in the road, that is *luck*.

If a man aims at an accomodation train, but hits an express train, which has been delayed a little he is in luck. He has secured what he did not plan for. If the last boat of the season leaves Albany for New York a day sooner than the shipper had calculated, and he loses an opportunity of sending his freight, he exclaims "that is just my luck."

Of the fact itself there can be no doubt. Many disappointments befall men which seem to have no relation to their own agency. Many places of good fortune occur which the recipient did not plan, or look for.

But the cause of luck, thus defined, is another thing. If we could look into men's minds and render clear those obscure and nebulous thoughts that hover there, it would be found probably, that very different notions are entertained about it. Some believe that there are spirits, or sprites, whose power intercalates these events upon the calendar of Nature. Others seem to believe that in the vast realm of Nature events are floating about like motes in sunbeams, and that men accidentally stumble upon them. Some people believe it to be a crook in the grain of things, some men being born and destined to fulfill some mischievous decrees. "Do what they will, they can never escape ill-luck." Were some men's notions analyzed, I should not wonder if it were found that they still believe Luck to be a personal being, as Puck, or Ariel who spent their time in playing tricks upon men, good or bad, according to their peculiar fancy.

But dismissing all these notions, there are several pieces of general good or ill luck, which have much to do with the special luck, that befalls men, I count it a piece of prime and admirable luck to be born of parents who had sound physical constitutions, ample brains, well proportioned and balanced, living in moderately prosperous circumstances. Next to this is to be brought up in simplicity, among people kind and just, and under circumstances which require one to exert himself actively, so that he shall never expect to have anything which he does not himself earn. Lastly, and as a consequence of these, it is supreme good luck to have a patient nature, too proud to do evil, and not proud enough to take offense at the common experience of life: as contented as is consistent with enterprise, and above all, with unwasting good nature.

This last quality—good nature—is perhaps the most desirable of all, in so far as happiness is concerned. Every one knows that it is sugar in fruit that gives it its palatableness, and that converts its juices into wine. Good nature is to human dispositions what sugar is to grapes.

A robust and cheerful nature hardly knows the difference between good and bad luck. Some things, which extort piteous complaints of bad luck from his neighbors, befall him without exciting more than a moment's attention—just as a healthy man does not feel a chilly gust which sets an invalid into shivers.

Ill luck in petty affairs is only another name for want of foresight, unskillfulness, poor judgment, clumsy-handedness, lack of spring and enterprize. Few men are willing to say that their own blunders, negative or positive, return upon their own heads. Luck is to them a fortunate work. Luck is a word that hides a man's inefficiency from himself, and saves his pride.

Every one of us has lucky and unlucky days. Too much excitement, late hours, late eating, poor sleep, and too little of it, bring on mornings full of depression—blue days in which everybody and everything seem wrong. Everything our hand touches fails. This is a simple case in which respectable dissipation has put the whole instrument by which man works, his brain and nervous system, out of adjustment. His mistakes are no more surprising than would be a mechanic's who worked by a false rule, or a chemist's who measured by incorrect standards.

By and by, rest, diet, and good habits restore the equilibrium, and then comes a sparkling day of good luck. Half the labor produces twice the ordinary results. We meet the very person we desire most to see. Everything goes on rightly. The world is propitious.

In olden times, when necromancers would fill the air with spirits, they had potent spells, cabalistic formula, and various charms by which to evoke and control evil spirits. There is a much shorter and surer way than all that to fill heaven and earth with demons. Put your liver out of order. That is a spell that never fails. Dyspepsia will raise more devils in one day than ever Merlin could in a year.

A good man, in good health, engaged in business for which he is fitted, and contented, will always be in luck.

Poor luck goes with slender judgment, with indolence, with supersensitive pride, with indigestion, with torpid livers, with heedlessness and stupidity.

As all of us have flecks and tints of all these elements, at times, so we all of us have our share of bad luck. The height of ill luck is to be born badly, to live badly, and to die badly.