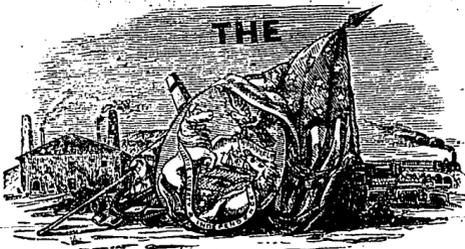


Lehigh



Register.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

Devoted to News, Literature, Poetry, Science, Mechanics, Agriculture, the Diffusion of Useful Information, General Intelligence, Amusement, Markets, &c.

VOLUME III.

ALLENTOWN, LEHIGH COUNTY, PA., JANUARY 25, 1849.

NUMBER 16.

THE LEHIGH REGISTER.

Is published in the Borough of Allentown, Lehigh County, Pa., every Tuesday.

BY AUGUSTUS L. RUHE,

At \$1 50 per annum, payable in advance, and \$2 00 if not paid until the end of the year. No paper discontinued, until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the proprietor.

Advertisements, making not more than one square, will be inserted three times for one dollar and for every subsequent insertion twenty-five cents. Larger advertisements charged in the same proportion. Those not exceeding ten lines, will be charged seventy-five cents, and those making six lines or less, three insertions for 40 cents. A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

Office in Hamilton Street, next door to Stem's Allentown Hotel, (formerly Weiss') opposite Schurman's Store.

PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, the Hon. J. Pringle Jones, President of the several Courts of Common Pleas of the counties of Berks, Northampton and Lehigh, in Pennsylvania, and Justices of the several Courts of Oyer and Terminer and general Jail delivery, and Peter Haas and Jacob Dillinger, Esqrs., Judges of the Courts of Oyer and Terminer and general Jail delivery, for the trial of all capital offenders in the said county of Lehigh. By their precepts to me directed, have ordered the Court of Oyer and Terminer and general Jail Delivery, to be holden at Allentown, county of Lehigh, on the

Fifth Monday in January 1849,

which is the twenty-ninth day of said month, and continue one week.

Notice is therefore hereby given to the Justices of the Peace and Constables of the county of Lehigh, that they are by the said precepts commanded to be there at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, of said day, with their rolls, records, inquisitions, examinations, and all other remembrances, to do these things which to their offices appertain to be done, and all those who are bound by recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or then shall be in the jail of said county of Lehigh, are to be then and there to prosecute them as shall be just.

Given under my hand in Allentown, the 11th day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-nine.

God save the Commonwealth.

CHARLES HIRIE, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Allentown, Pa., Jan. 11, 1849.

N. B. Magistrates are desired to forward their returns in criminal cases to the Deputy Attorney General at once, and to request prosecutors to call at his office before court, and thus afford sufficient time to prepare the indictments, and other matters necessary for trial. The amount of unsettled business renders this present absolutely necessary.

Jan. 11, 1849.

Trial List

FOR JANUARY TERM, 1849.

- Benjamin Jarret, vs. George Beisch.
- Paul Miller, vs. John G. Gouindie.
- George Wenner, vs. Asahel Beach.
- David Roth, vs. George S. Nander.
- Reuben Faust and wife, vs. Jacob Seifert and wife.
- Daniel Ludwig, vs. Frederick Kline.
- Peter Kling, vs. Michael Kline.
- Moses V. Beach, vs. Daniel and Edwin Keiper.
- Peter Hoffman, vs. Jacob Zimmerman.
- Christian Bretz, et al vs. Yandley & Buckman.
- S. and W. Fogel vs. Mandel Fogel.
- Same vs. same.
- Christian Ort, vs. Thomas Shuler.
- Henry Mest, vs. Daniel and Henry Yeager.
- Aaron Guth vs. Nathan Schaffer.
- Jacob Bitz vs. Joseph H. Weidner.
- Catharine Grim's use vs. Peter Schneider his co-defendant and terre tenants.
- Catharine Grim's use vs. the Administrator of John Schneider, deceased.
- Jessup & Moore, vs. Jonas Yergler.
- Stewart & Hopkins, vs. Thomas Wickert.
- Eve Licht, Administrators, &c. vs. Henry Sellers.
- Thomas Craig vs. the Lehigh Crane Iron Company.
- Philip Mauk vs. John Bloss.
- Stephen Ritter, vs. Charles Stopp.
- Charles Stopp, vs. William Ringer and Stephen Ritter.
- Elija Stein, vs. Hiram Brobst.
- Eliza White vs. Steckel & Sheekler.
- Aaron Winch, vs. Ephraim Keckler.
- Taylor & Brock, vs. George Wenner and Thomas Wickert.
- Same vs. same.
- Nathan Drescher, vs. the Lehigh Crane Iron Company.
- George Wenner for the use of Unangst, vs. David Stem et al.
- Thomas Wickert vs. George Wenner.
- Benjamin Grim, vs. Elijah J. Owen.
- George S. Eisenhard's Executor, vs. John H. Helrich's Executors, &c.
- Salomon Boyer, vs. Salomon Gangwerer et al.
- Peter Maus et al vs. H. B. Rupp.
- Joseph Unangst vs. Thomas Wickert.
- Daniel and Benjamin Oswald, vs. Adam Reiz.
- Abraham Handwerk, vs. Peter Wert.
- Same vs. Aaron Handwerk.

From the Records, Teste:

NATHAN MILLER, Prothonotary.

January 11.

JOB PRINTING.

Neatly executed at the "Register" Office.

TAKE NOTICE.

Don't let yourselves be deceived, bought or caught by fictitious prices, that are published in the papers. The undersigned sell as low as our next neighbors, and in fact as low as any commission house in Allentown. We do not deem it necessary to publish prices, in order to inform the public that we sell at lower rates than others—all we ask, is, that such who purchase Iron, Hardware, &c. should give us a call, and they will find that "Saege's Hardware Store" sells as low if not lower than any house in town.

O. & J. SAEGER,

Iron & Hardware Store, Allentown, January 11.

NEW ARRIVAL OF Hardware.

The undersigned have just returned from Philadelphia with a large assortment of Hardware, Cutlery and Saddlery, with Coach-trimmings and Shoe-findings, all of which will be sold at reduced prices at the Store of

O. & J. SAEGER.

November 14.

IRON.—A good lot of Hammered and Rolled Iron, Sheet Iron, American and English Band Iron, Hoop Iron. Cast and Shear Steel, square, fat and round, just received with Anvils and Vices, and for sale cheap at the Store of

O. & J. SAEGER.

GLASS.—150 boxes Glass of all sizes, for sale by

O. & J. SAEGER.

WHITE LEAD.—1 ton of White Lead just received, Pure and Extra, and for sale by

O. & J. SAEGER.

NAILS.—200 Kegs of the best Nails, Brads and Spikes, just received, and for sale by

O. & J. SAEGER.

COACH-TRIMMINGS.—A good assortment of Coach-Trimnings just received, and for sale by

O. & J. SAEGER.

SHOE-FINDINGS.—A large assortment of Shoe-Findings, just received and for sale by

O. & J. SAEGER.

TO BUILDERS.—A large assortment of Hinges, Screws, Nails, Bolts with Mineral Knobs Locks, German Locks and Latches, &c., just received and for sale by

O. & J. SAEGER.

LOOKING-GLASSES.—A splendid lot of Looking Glass Plates, and Frames of all sizes for sale by

O. & J. SAEGER.

OILS & VARNISH.—Oils of all kinds, boiled and raw, Turpentine, Newark Varnish of all kinds, Glue, &c., will be sold cheap by

O. & J. SAEGER.

PLANES.—A full assortment of Planes of John Bell's best make, also a large assortment of Carpenter's Tools, for sale cheap by

O. & J. SAEGER.

HOUSE KEEPERS.—A good supply of articles for House keepers, such as enameled Boilers, oval and round, Plates, &c., for sale by

O. & J. SAEGER.

Nov. 14.

WE W Boot, Shoe and Hat Store.

The undersigned have just opened a New Boot, Shoe, Hat and Variety Store, in the well known stand, formerly occupied by Ludwig Schmidt's Drug Store, Allentown. Their stock comprises every variety of Boots and Shoes for the present and approaching season, viz:

Men's and Boys' Thick, Kip and Calf Boots, Boots and Shoes, Ladies' Morocco, Kid and Leather boots and shoes of every variety, superior Gaiter and half Gaiters, together with an extensive assortment of Gun shoes for men, women and children; children's shoes and gaiters of every variety. Trunks, &c. Also a larger and more fashionable stock of Hats and Caps than was ever exhibited in Allentown. Extra Milk-skin Silks and Beaver hats of Fall and Winter style, got up in the most exquisite manner; also Fur, Brush and Wool hats of every description. A large and beautiful assortment of Cloth, Flannel, Glazed and Velvet Caps, Umbrellas, Champagne, Fluid and Lard Lamps, Stockings, Gloves, &c., &c., all of which will be sold at the very lowest prices, for cash. Come and See.

LOCHMAN & BROTHER.

C. L. Lochman has removed his Daguerrotype Gallery to the same building, (second floor,) where he will continue to take likenesses in his well known beautiful style.

November 9.

Surveyors Compass.

A perfectly new and complete six inch needle Compass and Chain made by E. Draper in Philadelphia, will be sold cheap by the undersigned. The compass is warranted to be perfect. Apply to Lochman and Brothers' Cheap Variety Store.

C. L. LOCHMAN.

Dec. 7.

Poetical Department.

(From the Home Journal.)

To a Miniature.

'Tis strange that Art can weave a face
So radiant and divine—
So eloquent with thought and grace,
So beautiful as thine.
I almost see the warm blood seek
The blue veins on thy brow,
And glow upon thy pearly cheek—
So life-like seemest thou.
I love thy dark eye's sunny gleam;
There's something in its glance
That tells thy heart is fond and free,
And full of love's romance.
The dimpled lake, the sky's soft glow,
Can no such charms impart,
As those which thou dost mutely thro'—
Around the burning heart.

And o'er that bosom, white as snow,
Entwined in thy fair finger,
Dark, dreamy ebon ringlets flow,
As if they loved to linger;
And blest as heaven are they blest,
Rocked in their sea-wave motion,
Like shadows on the tiny breast
Of some sweet mimic ocean.

Oh! could'st thou break the silent spell
That binds thy lips so long,
Each soft, enchanting tone would tell
That thou wert born for song.
To me, Art's melody but meek—
For, in the gilded South,
The softest, sweetest music-box
Is woman's rosy mouth!

How fair these daughters of the sun,
These black-eyed, sparkling things,
These jewels of the Holy One,
These angels without wings!
One golden look, one crystal tear,
One sweet, emphatic word,
Is worth the wealth of Ind, so dear,
Or all we've seen or heard.

Thou art not old, bright tropic gem—
A bud yet half a blossom;
Too young to leave the parterre stem,
Too frail for man's fond bosom:
Thou yield'st but a star-like light—
But were thou woman, girl,
I'd brave the battle's fiercest fight
For one bright smile or curl.

Miscellaneous Selections.

Touching Incident at the Land Office.

A Wisconsin paper relates the following interesting narrative of one of those real struggles of the young, to assist their parents, which sparkle like diamonds along the pathway of human life. In traits like these there is a moral heroism manifested, which marks the pure gold of human character.

Business called me to the United States Land Office; while there, awaiting the completion of my business, a lad apparently about 16 or 17 years old, came in, and presented to the receiver a certificate of purchase for 40 acres of land. I was struck with the countenance and general appearance of the lad, and inquired of him for whom he was purchasing the land; the reply was, "for myself, sir." I then inquired where he got the money; he answered, "I earned it by my labor." Then, said I, you richly deserve the land. I then inquired, where did you come from?

"New York," said he. Feeling an increased desire to know something more of this lad, I asked whether he had parents, and where they lived; on this question, he took a seat, and gave me the following narrative: "I am from New York state—have three sisters—a father, mother and five brothers and sisters—I am the oldest child. Father is a drinking man, and often would return home from his day's work drunk, and not a cent in his pocket to buy food for the family, having spent all his day's earnings in liquor with his drinking companions; the family had to depend chiefly on mother and myself for bread; this distressed mother much, and had a powerful effect on my feelings. Finding that father would not abstain from liquor, I resolved to make an effort in some way to relieve mother, sisters and brothers from want; after revolving things over in my mind and consulting with mother, I got all the information I could about the Far West, and started from home for Wisconsin with three dollars in my pocket. I left home on foot—after spending my three dollars, I worked occasionally a day; and renewed my travel so long as money lasted. By labor occasionally, and the charitable treatment I got on the road, I landed in Wisconsin. Here I got an axe, set to work and cleared land by the job—earned money, saved it, till I gathered \$50, which money I now pay for this 40 acres of land."

Well, my good lad, (for by this time I became much interested in his history,) what are you now going to do with this land? "Why, sir, I will continue to work and earn money, and when I have spare time, prepare some of my land for culture; raise myself a log-house, and when prepared, will write father and mother, brothers and sisters, to

come to Wisconsin and enjoy this home.—This land, now bought by me, I design for my mother, which will secure her from want in her declining years."

What, said I, will you do with your father if he continues to drink ardent spirits to excess?

"Oh, sir, when we get him on the farm he will feel at home, will work at home, keep no liquor in the house, and in a short time he will be a sober man."

I then replied, young man, these being your principles so young, I recommend you to improve on them, and the blessing of God will attend you. I shall not be surprised to hear of your advancement to the highest post of honor in the state; with such principles as you have, you are deserving of the noblest commendation.

By this time the receiver handed him his duplicate receipt for his forty acres of land; rising from his seat on leaving the office, he said, "At last I have a home for my mother!"

The Equity Court in Alabama.

When the Creek Indians inhabited Alabama, there were several magistrates appointed who had extensive jurisdiction to try causes without a jury. One of these magistrates was a well known character who resided in Turkey Town, an Indian village on the Coosa river. He had a marshal who was known in his tribe as "Moneycrles." This magistrate was remarkable for his contempt of legal opinions, and judicial forms. "Equity" was his hobby—and when his notions of right and justice came in contact with law, the latter was forced to give way. He thought the customs of the Indians more "equitable" in many cases than the law of Congress, and he never failed in such cases to set aside the latter. "Moneycrles" cooperated heartily with "the court"—and by their combined efforts they managed to deal out justice, with certainty, but sometimes with real Indian savagery. The following scene occurred in a case brought before a case in which Little Chubby, a Creek Indian, is defendant, and Tom Dale, a grocery keeper, is plaintiff. Dale claims \$20 from Little Chubby—and Chubby says he will not pay a cent. "Great man," said the magistrate, addressing the bystanders, "Ingins ain't likely to be when they owe white men. But white men will lie, when they trade with the Ingins. This is the experience of my court. Proceed, gentlemen, with this case."

The attorney for Tom Dale proceeded to make out his case. Dale swore that his debt was "just, true and unpaid." He then introduced a witness to prove that Little Chubby had only caught ten beavers in the last month—and that he had sold them to the deponent. The Indian had no witnesses, and the case was thus fully made out.

The attorney remarked, addressing the court—"May it please your honor, I claim a judgement for my client—there is no defence, except the averment of Chubby, and this the court can't regard."

"Gentlemen," said our magistrate, "I ain't satisfied; and I ain't going to allow the Ingins to be swindled;" then addressing Moneycrles, he said, "Mr. Marshall, hand me that book; I'll take a swear in the case myself," and suiting the action to the word he kissed the book, and addressing Moneycrles, remarked, "Mr. Marshall, I constitute you my court, and will take a swear in this case. May it please the court," said he, "there's cheating around this board, and I intend to expose it to this court. I'd rather take an Ingins' word than a whiskey seller's oath, any time. But this court can't decide in favor of the Ingins, without a swear in his behalf—and that swear, (kissing the book) I am now, Mr. Marshall, going to take."

He then proceeded to state that Little Chubby had come to his house—with the ten beaver skins, which he (the magistrate) offered to buy at two dollars each. Chubby declined selling them, as he had promised to Tom Dale to pay a debt of \$20 due him. He saw Chubby go into Dale's and leave the skins, and when he came out Chubby told him he had paid his debt. When the worthy magistrate had concluded his evidence, he resumed his seat.

Dale's attorney protested against this "taking a swear in the case," but he was interrupted by the magistrate, who informed him that this was the mode of dispensing Equity.

Lawyer—May it please the court I will take an appeal in this case.

Magistrate—The court is satisfied that the evidence is in favor of Little Chubby, and no appeal will be allowed.

Lawyer—May it please the court, I consider this proceeding a d—d farce!

Magistrate—The court considers this a case of contempt, and will fine Mr. Morrison twenty dollars for swearing in court.

Lawyer—Your court may go to the devil—if your honor pleases.

Magistrate—My marshal will take lawyer Morrison into custody 'till he pays \$20; and unless he pays it, the marshal will summon a posse of Ingins, and tie him up, and inflict on him twenty stripes according to Ingins custom, and then inform him that I will improve his health to get out of the reach of my court, in twenty-four hours.

Lawyer—May it please the court, I will give my vote for the fine—if the court will agree to it.

Magistrate—The court won't be hard, provided the character of this court is hereafter respected.

This, Mr. Editor, is a slightly colored sketch of the early history of the administration of justice in the Creek country in Alabama.

Marat.

Marat was the editor of a paper which he named the *Friend of the People*. It is as difficult to write without disgust of so grotesque a being, as to believe in the sort of worship with which he was regarded at Paris during the latter portion of his life, and after his death. Still, it is impossible not to admit that all we know of him is through the traditions of his enemies, of royalists, who never could forgive him the twenty-first of January, of Girondists, who could never forgive him the twenty-seventh of May. At any rate, his intellect, clouded as it was by a constitutional insanity, was probably not so mean or despicable as we have represented it. Voltaire was even so struck by a pamphlet of his, on the respective influences of the mind and the body, as to have reviewed it. Timon (M. Cormenin) says of him: "Marat was not an orator—he was not even a mob speaker. But he was not without ability as a polemic; and he had shrewdness enough to tear it off." His attacks upon the Newtonian philosophy betoken a similar hardihood and a contemptuous impatience of all received authority. As the revolution advanced, it became developed into the most sanguinary intolerance. As early as August, 1789, he declared that eight hundred deputies ought to be hanged at the top of eight hundred trees in the Tuilleries; and he had the audacity to place Mirabeau's name first upon the list. For this he was prosecuted by the Commune of Paris. The National Guard of Lafayette marched into his house, but Danton managed his escape. He seems at this period to have had the most intimate understanding with the Cordeliers party. The cellars of the Cordeliers were a constant refuge to him—the apartments of Legendre, or of Desmoulins, and even the bondoors of those light actresses who enveloped the sombre orgies of Egalite. His enmity increased with his impunity. The *Friend of the People* became more and more frantic, and more and more popular. It is curious to remark that his chief demand at this period was a Dictator! When the conventional elections began he was named, by almost universal acclamation, a metropolitan member, and what was more extraordinary, (for violence is a common title to the suffrages of capitals), the colleague of a Bourbon. He was received in the Convention, as Mirabeau had been by the States-General, with insult and disgust. He repelled the scorn of his adversaries with an increased ferocity. "Massacre," he said, "two hundred thousand partisans of the ancient regime, and reduce the Convention to a fourth." They attacked him for having called for a Dictator. The words of this article seem now to have something of a prophecy. "Count not upon this or any other assembly. Fifty years of anarchy await you, and you will only emerge from them by means of some Dictator—a true patriot and a perfect statesman. Oh babbling people, did you but know how to act!" When menaced with imprisonment he pulled out a pistol at the Tribune, and declared that he would shoot himself upon the spot. It was by such extravagancies that he prevailed, and excelled all others in that moment of deirious agitation. It was hard to say whether he was most cruel or most mad. Dumouriez, Vergnaud, Brissot, Louvet, the young Duc de Chartres—whosoever became in any way distinguished, was the sure mark for his atrocious invective. One man maintained the least control over his accessions. He hated, feared, abused, but was ruled by Robespierre. The blind and vague caprices of the one required to be led by the methodical, direct, determinate intellect of the other. Danton, indeed, shortly before his death, again renewed his intimacy with him, but it was rather as a *protege* than a patron. But the end of Marat was at hand. On the 13th of July (a melancholy anniversary in French history, for a far other reason) in 1793, Marat was assassinated by Charlotte Corday. Divine honors were paid to his memory. Prayers were addressed to him. The most blasphemous analogies were drawn from his sufferings. Altars were raised, and the most solemn portions of the Pagan system, and the Christian revelation, a host of victims was immolated in his honor. Nor was this public adoration merely ephemeral; months afterwards his ashes were installed in the Pantheon—in the place of a Mirabeau.

Men of a lively turn and generous hearts should be born to fortunes; gain them they seldom will.

Sincerity is an openness of heart; it is found in very few people, and that which we see commonly is not it, but a subtle dissimulation to gain the confidence of others.

Economy—What is it?

It is not economy to burn green wood. The water contained in the wood requires a certain proportion of fuel to drive it off, which must be done as combustion proceeds; so that there is not only a loss of so much heat, which instead of passing into the room, passes up the chimney, but the extra hauling amounts to about one sixth of the whole.

It is not economy to keep a smoky house. The smoke blackens the print, plastering or papering—if there is any; at any rate it gives a dingy and disagreeable tinge to the whole interior—spoiling the complexion of the women and children, which is worth something—causing weak eyes and uneasy throats, a great wear and tear of temper, and this makes life more uncomfortable than there is any need of.

It is not economy to keep a cold house. Modern ways of economising fuel are so many and cheap, and it costs so little more to make a house tight than it does to leave it open, that cold feet, colds, inflammation of the lungs, and twenty other diseases to say nothing of the discomfort endured—are paid too high, when their price is a little neglect and want of enterprise in fitting up an abode to prevent them.

It is not economy for children and the females of a family to wear calico or other light material for dress in winter. Their price may be a little less, but the horrible deaths occasioned by their taking fire, of which the papers are full every cold season, a thousand times overbalances this little advantage; besides woolen stuffs are plenty, easily obtained, and every way more suitable for winter use.

It is not economy when a good grindstone can be got for a dollar, to depend upon a neighbor for this article—especially if the neighbor lives a mile or two off.

It is not economy to send children to school without books.

It is not economy, in short, to indulge in any careless, shiftless mode of doing business, or in any want of energy in attending to one's own affairs.

It is economy to keep farm books in which are entered the expenses of all crops and stock raised on the farm, and the avails of all sales set opposite—a careful balance being steadily struck so as to exhibit clearly the progress made—whether it is real progress, or of a kind with the Irishman's march to Cork, when "every time he took one step forward, he slipped back two."

It is economy to settle with all persons with whom a running deal is had, especially at least as often as once a year.

It is economy to attend to all matters in their season—to be energetic and beforehand with all firm and every other kind of work—to be at a little more expense when the return is sure to be better in proportion; and in short to do things as one's better sense shows they ought to be done.

It is economy to expend one, five, or ten dollars—as the case may be—annually, for good, well conducted newspapers and magazines—thus getting a knowledge of passing events and the ways of the world—obtaining information of inventions, better modes of culture and management—hints which save an animal or a crop, and which enable one to make as well as to save money—giving reading for the children and family, and something to think and talk over—thus promoting good family feeling and making life glide away pleasantly and profitably.

Music in Man.

The Universal disposition of human beings, from the cradle to the death-bed, to express their feeling in measured cadences of sound, and action, proves that our bodies are constructed on musical principles, and that the harmonious working of their machinery depends on the movements of the several parts being timed to each other, and that the destruction of health, as regards both body and mind, may be well described as being put out of tune. Our intellectual and moral vigor would be better sustained if we more practically studied the propriety of keeping the soul in harmony, by regulating the movements of the body; for we should thus see and feel that every affection which is not connected with social enjoyment, is also destructive of individual comfort, and that whatever tends to harmonise, also tends to promote happiness and health. There is every probability that a general improvement in our taste for music would really improve our morals. We should indeed be more apt to detect discords, but then we should also be more ready to perceive their causes, and should not fail to perceive that those feelings which admit not of cheerful, chaste, and melodious expression, are at war with both soul and body. A wholesome musical education is perhaps a necessary part of high religious cultivation, and it will be far more valuable to children than the chateaucastic familiarity with great truths, being, being committed to memory as a task, are, alas! too apt for ever after to be associated with dark ideas, instead of directing the soul to the Maker of illuminated worlds.

Gold is the god, the wife, the friend, and the money-monger of the world.