

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., FEBRUARY 1, 1849.

NUMBER 17.

THE LEHIGH REGISTER,
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 50 cents.
A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.
Office in Hamilton Street, next door to Sten's Allentown Hotel, (formerly Weiss') opposite Schurman's Store.

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 "Saeger'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, flat 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 Miscellaneous 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.

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 at Lochman and Brothers' Cheap Variety Store.
C. L. LOCHMAN.
Dec. 7.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the undersigned has been appointed Executor of the Estate of George Bick, dec'd., late of Upper Milford township, Lehigh county. Therefore all persons who are indebted to said estate, will please to make settlement, between now and the first day of March next, and also all persons having claims against said estate, will please to present them within said specified time.
FREDERICK STAMUND, Executor.
Residing at Sally Ann Furnace, Berks county.
Jan. 18.

THE FRANKLIN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY of Philadelphia.

OFFICE, No. 163 1/2 CHESTNUT STREET, near Fifth street.
Directors: Charles N. Banker, Geo. W. Richards, Thomas Hart, Mord. D. Lewis, Tobias Wagner, Adolp. E. Borie, Samuel Grant, David S. Brown, Jacob R. Smith, Morris Patterson.

CONTINUE to make Insurance, permanent and limited, on every description of property, in town and country, at rates as low as are consistent with security.
The Company have reserved a large Contingent Fund, which with their Capital and Premiums, safely invested, afford ample protection to the assured.
The assets of the company, on January 1st, 1848, as published agreeably to an Act of Assembly, were as follows, viz:
Mortgages, \$890,558 65
Real Estate, 108,358 90
Temporary Loans, 125,459 00
Stocks, 51,563 25
Cash, &c., 46,158 87
\$1,220,097 67

Since their incorporation, a period of eighteen years, they have paid upwards of one million, two hundred thousand dollars, losses by fire, thereby affording evidence of the advantages of insurance, as well as the ability and disposition to meet with promptness, all liabilities.

CHARLES N. BANKER, President.
CHARLES G. BANCKER, Sec'y.

The Subscribers are the appointed Agents of the above mentioned Institution, and are now prepared to make insurances on every description of property, at the lowest rates.
AUGUSTUS L. RUHE, Allentown.
C. F. BLECK, Bethlehem.
Allentown, June 13, 1848.

New Millener & Dressmaker in Coopersburg.

Miss Susan Schaffer,
Takes pleasure to inform her old customers, and the public in general, that she still continues the Milliner and Mantua-making business in all its various branches, in the village of Coopersburg, Lehigh county. She has lately returned from Philadelphia, with a beautiful assortment of the newest and most fashionable style of
LADIES BONNETS,

such as Silk, Silk Velvet, Satin, Plush, &c., of all colors, styles and prices, a large variety of Ribbons, French and American Artificials, Caps of all kinds, comprising mourning and others, made in the neatest style, all of which will be disposed of at the very lowest terms.
Cloaks, Dresses, and Mantillas, will be made in the latest fashionable styles and in the neatest and most expeditious manner. She has also made arrangements to receive the monthly Fashions from Philadelphia, both in the Dress-making as well as Millinery branch of the business.
Repairing and shaping of old bonnets and dresses will be done at the shortest notice, and in the most fashionable style.
Miss Schaffer returns her sincere thanks for the liberal patronage heretofore extended to her and trusts her moderate charges will gain her many new customers, and a continuance of the old ones.
Dec. 21.

Great National Exhibition, AT FRANKLIN HALL, No. 50 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia.

For a short time only:—SHERMAN & TOUSEY'S PANORAMA OF MEXICO—THE GREATEST PAINTING IN THE WORLD, covering 19,000 feet of canvas! It shows in the most perfect manner the towns, cities, mountains, rivers, ranches, plantations, domestic animals, grain fields of Mexico, habits of the Mexicans, character and scenery of the country, together with the movements of the army under Taylor, with their marches, encampments, battles, loading of rivers, trains of pack mules, and all the interesting scenery and incidents of the campaign, from Corpus Christi to Buena Vista; the whole forming the most amusing and instructive exhibition ever in the city. The sketches were taken from nature by one of Gen. Taylor's officers, and are correct as life. It was visited by over 100,000 persons in New York, (having been exhibited there for several months in succession,) among whom were the clergy, judges, and the most fashionable people of the city.
Tickets 25 cents; Children half-price. Doors open every night, until further notice, at 6 1/2 o'clock. Panorama commences moving at 7 1/2 precisely. An Explanatory Lecture is given at each exhibition. Afternoon Exhibitions at 3 o'clock.
Cut this advertisement out and put it in your pocket. Remember the place, Franklin Hall, No. 50 North Sixth Street, near Arch.
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JOB PRINTING,
Neatly executed at the "Register" Office.

Poetical Department.

We Are Growing Old.

We are growing old—how the thought will rise,
When a glance is backward cast
On some long remembered spot that lies
In the silence of the past;
It may be the shrine of our earthly vows,
Or the tomb of our early tears;
But it seems like a far-off isle to us,
In the stormy sea of years.
Oh! wide and wild are the waves that part
Our steps from its greenness now,
And we miss the joy of many a heart,
And the light of many a brow;
For deep o'er many a stately bark
Have the whelming billows rolled,
That seered with us from that early mark,
Oh! friends, we are growing old!
Old in the dimness and the dust
Of our daily toils and cares;
Old in the wrecks of love and trust
Which our burthened memory bears;
Each form may wear, to the passing gaze,
The bloom of life's freshness yet,
And beams may brighten our later days,
Which the morning never met.
But oh! the changes we have seen
In the far and winding way—
The graves in our paths that have grown green,
And the locks that have grown gray!
The winters still on our own may spare
The sable of the gold;
But we saw the snows upon brighter hair—
And, friends, we are growing old!
We have gained the world's cold wisdom now,
We have learned to pause and fear,
But where are the living founts, whose flow
Was a joy of heart to hear!
We have won the wealth of many a clime,
And the lore of many a page,
But where is the hope that saw in Time
But its boundless heritage!
Will it come again when the violet wakes,
And the woods their youth renew?
We have stood in the light of sunny brakes,
Where the bloom was deep and blue;
And our souls might joy in the spring-time then,
But the joy was faint and cold,
For it ne'er could give us the youth again
Of hearts that are growing old.

The Character of a Happy Life.

BY HENRY WOTTON.
How happy is he born and taught,
That scorneth not another's will;
Whose affair is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!
Whose passions not his matters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
United unto the worldly care
Of public fame, or private breath;
Who curries none that chance doth raise,
Or vice; who never understand
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good;
Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;
Who doth do late and early pray,
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend;
This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

Miscellaneous Selections.

The Little Match-Girl.

A New Year Story.
It was so terribly cold. It snowed, and the evening began to be dark; it was also the last evening in the year—New Year's Eve. On this cold, dark evening, a poor little girl went into the street with bare head and naked feet. It is true, she had shoes on when she went from home, but of what use were they? They were very large shoes; her mother had last worn them; they were too large; and the little one lost them in hurrying over the street, as two carriages passed quickly by. One shoe was not to be found, and the other a boy ran away with, saying he could use it for a cradle when he had children himself. The little girl now went on her small naked feet, which were red and blue with cold—she carried a number of matches in her old apron, and held the bundle in her hand. No one had bought of her the whole day; no one had given her a farthing. Poor thing! She was hungry and benumbed with cold, and looked so downcast! The snow-flakes fell on her yellow hair, which curled so prettily around her neck, but she did not heed that.
The lights shone out from all the windows, and there was such a delicious smell of roast beef in the street—it was a New Year's Eve, and she thought of that! She sat down in a corner, between two houses—the one stood

a little more forward in the street than the other—and drew up her legs under her to warm herself, but she was still colder, and she durst not go home; she had not sold any matches or got a single farthing! Her father would beat her—and it was also cold at home; they had only the roof directly over them, and there the wind whistled in, although straw and rags were stuffed in the largest crevices.
Her little hands were almost benumbed with cold. Ah! a little match might do some good, durst she only draw one out of the bundle, strike it on the wall, and warm her fingers. She drew one out—ratch!—how it burnt! It was a warm, clear flame like that of a candle, when she held her hand around it—it was a strange light! The little girl thought she sat by a large iron stove with brass balls on the top, the fire burned so nicely and warmed so well! Nay, what was that! The little girl stretched out her feet to warm them too; when the flame went out, the stove vanished and she sat with a stump of the burnt match in her hand—Another was struck—it burnt, it shone; and where the light fell on the wall it became transparent as crystal. She looked directly into the room where the roasted goose, stuffed with apples and prunes, steamed so deliciously on the table, which was laid out and covered with a shining white cloth and fine porcelain service. What was still more splendid, the goose spunged off the dish and waddled along the floor with knife and fork in its back; it came directly up to the poor girl. Here the match went out, and there was only the thick cold wall to be seen—She struck another match. Then she sat under the most charming Christmas-tree—it was still larger and more ornamental than that she had seen through the glass door at the rich merchants, the last Christmas; a thousand candles burnt on the green branches; and motley pictures, like those which ornament the shop windows, looked down at her. The little girl lifted up both her hands—then the match was extinguished—the many Christmas candles rose higher and higher; she saw that they were bright stars—one of them fell, and made a fiery stripe in the sky. "Now one dies," said the poor girl, for old grand-mother, who alone had been kind to her, but who was now dead, had told her that when a star falls, a soul goes up to God!

She again struck a match against the wall; it shone all around, and her old grand-mother stood in the lustre! so shining, so mild and blissful. "Grand-mother!" exclaimed the little girl, "oh, take me with you! I know you will be gone away when the match goes out—like the warm stove, the delicious roast goose, and the delightful Christmas-tree!" and she struck in haste the remainder of all her matches that were in her bundle—she would not lose sight of her grand-mother, and the matches shone with such brilliancy that it was clearer than in broad daylight—Grand-mother had never before looked so pretty, so great; she lifted the poor little girl up in her arms, and they flew so high, in splendor and joy; there was no cold, no hunger, no anxiety—they were with God!

But the little girl sat in the corner by the house in the cold morning hour, with red cheeks, and with a smile round her mouth—dead—frozen to death, the last evening of the old year.
New Year's morning rose over the little corpse, as it sat with its matches, of which a bundle was burnt. She had been trying to warm herself, said they. But no one knew what beautiful things she had seen—in what gladness and splendor she had entered with her old grand-mother into the New Year's joys.

The Midnight Assassin.

I was on my way to P—, in the fall of 18—; it was towards the cold evenings in the first fall month, when my horse stopped suddenly before a respectable house about four miles from N—
There was something strange and remarkable in this action of my horse, nor would he move a step in spite of all my exertions to move him on.
I determined, to gratify this whim, and at the same time a strange presentiment which came over me, a kind of supernatural indescribable, feeling seemed to urge me to enter. Having knocked and requested to be conducted to the lady or gentleman of the house, I was ushered into a neat sitting-room, where sat a beautiful girl of about twenty years of age. She rose at my entrance, and seemed a little surprised at the appearance of a perfect stranger.
In a few words I related to her the strange conduct of my horse, and his stubborn opposition to my mind. "I am not," I observed, "superstitious, nor inclined on the side of the metaphysical doctrines of those who support them; but the strange, unaccountable feeling that crept over me in attempting to pass your house, induced me to solicit lodgings for the night."
"We are not," she replied, "well guarded, 'tis true; but in this part of the country we have little to fear from robbers, for we have never heard of any being near us; we are surrounded by good neighbors, and I flatter myself we are at peace with them. But this evening, in consequence of my

father's absence, I felt unusually lonesome, and if it were not for the superstitions, I reason as you have, and say I consent to your staying; for similar feelings had been mine ere you arrived; from what cause I cannot imagine."
The evening passed delightfully away; my young hostess was intelligent and lovely; the hours flew so quickly, that on looking at my watch, I was surprised to find that it was eleven o'clock. This was the signal for retiring; and by twelve every inmate of the house was probably asleep save myself. I could not sleep—strange visions floated across my brain, and I lay twisting on my bed, in all the agony of sleepless suspense. The clock struck one; its last vibrating sound had scarcely died, when the opening of a shutter, and the raising of a sash in one of the lower apartments, convinced me some one was entering the house. A noise followed as if a person jumping from the window-sill to the floor, and then followed the light and almost noiseless step of one ascending the stairway.
I slept in the room adjoining the one occupied by the lady; mine was next to the staircase; the step came along the gallery, and slipped on part of my clothes, determined to watch or listen to the movements seemingly mysterious or suspicious; the sound of the steps stopped at my door—then followed one as if applying the ear to the keyhole, and a low breathing convinced me the villain was listening. I stood motionless, the pistol firmly grasped. Not a muscle moved, not a nerve was slackened, for I felt as if Heaven had selected me out as the instrument to effect its purpose.
The person now passed slowly on, and I as cautiously approached the door of my bed-chamber.
I now went by instinct, or rather by the conveyance of sound; for as soon as I heard his hand grasp the latch of one door mine seized on the other—a deep silence followed this movement; it seemed as if he heard the sound, and waited the repetition; it came not—all was still; he might have considered it the echo of his own noise. I heard the door open softly—I also opened mine, and the very moment I stepped into the entry, I caught a glimpse of a tall man entering the lighted chamber of the lady.

I softly stepped along the entry, and approached the chamber, through the half-opened door I glanced my eyes into the room. No object was visible save the curtain bed, within whose sheets lay the intended victim to a midnight assassin, and he, gracious heaven!—a negro!
For at that moment a tall, fierce-looking black man approached the bed; and never were Othello and Desdemona more naturally represented; at least that particular scene of the immortal bard's conception.
I was now all suspense; my heart swelled into my throat almost to suffocation, my eyes to cracking, as I made a bound into the room.
The black villain had ruthlessly dragged part of the covering off the bed, when the sound of my foot caused him to turn. He started, and thus confronted, we stood gazing on each other a few seconds; his eyes shot fire—fury was depicted in his countenance. He made a spring towards me, and the next moment lay a corpse on the floor!

The noise of the pistol aroused the fair sleeper; she started in the bed, and seemed an angel of the white clouds emerging from her downy bed to soar up to the skies.
The first thing that presented itself to her view was myself standing near her, with a pistol in my hand.
"Oh, do not murder me!—take all—you cannot, will not kill me, sir!"
The servants now rushed in—all was explained.
The wretch turned out to be a vagabond, supposed to be a runaway slave from Virginia. I had the providential opportunity of rescuing one from the worst of fates, who, in after years, called me husband, and related to our children her miraculous escape from the bold attack of a midnight assassin.
Spirit of the Times.

The Dear Mother in Heaven.

A man once lived with his wife and child happy and contented, for they loved each other and God had given them everything good and necessary. In the morning the man went out to work and the child continued with her mother at home and played, and the mother told her pretty stories such as she liked to hear, and caressed her tenderly; or else she went with her into the garden and the child gathered and ate the sweet strawberries and the finely flavored raspberries. And when the father came home at night they were all three happy because they were together. In this way they lived for some time, till at last the mother became feeble and ill and had to go to bed. Then the father went sorrowfully to work in the morning, and was more sorrowful at evening when he saw that the sufferer grew no better. But the child remained with her mother, and when she was told that she might go alone to the garden she had no wish to go, but would hide her face on her mother's bed and weep. At last the moth-

er felt that she must die, and called the child to her and said:—"I shall soon go away from you, for our dear Father in Heaven is calling me to himself, but if you are good and kind I will come sometimes to see you, my darling, and if it is God's will, take you where I am in Heaven." Soon after the mother died and was buried in the garden, and the father was very unhappy, and shed tears. The child was unhappy too, and would like to have gone to heaven with her mother, but as she hoped her mother would come to see her, or to take her to herself, she was soon consoled again. But the father was sorry for the child because she would have to be alone while he went away to work and so he married another wife to be the mother of the child. But she was a bad woman and did not love the child and did not speak to her, nor even look kindly at her. She took no care of the child nor did she wash her clothes nor mend them, and when she went to bed at night the new mother did not arrange her little bed for her. This made the child unhappy, and very often she went into the garden and sat down on her mother's grave and said:—"Ah, dear mother in Heaven, come and take me away." But when the bad woman saw the child sitting on the grave, she was angry and drove her away, for she could not bear that the child should think of the departed one, and she saw plainly that she had no love for her second mother. And when she saw the child eating strawberries and raspberries as the child had been accustomed to do when her own mother was living, she beat her severely, for she would not let the child have the berries but wanted to eat them all herself. At last she became so bad to the child that she would not let her go into the garden at all, and when she went there herself she fastened the child up in a dark room. Then the child would break into loud lamentations and weep, for she was afraid in the darkness. "Oh mother in Heaven, she said when she was shut up here,—Oh come and take me away."—Then a bright light came into the dark chamber and the mother in white robes, beautiful and loving, just as she had been in life, only much more beautiful, took her child on her knee, kissed her and caressed her and told her stories just as she had used to do. But now they were stories in Heaven about the eternal gardens of paradise where imperishable flowers bloom and flourish, where heavenly sweet fruit ripen, where the angel-children play joyous plays and dance the celestial dances, and sing their hymns before the throne of God our Father. The child was happy to hear this, and became still and quiet, and finally went to sleep. When the bad woman came from the garden and went into the chamber to fetch the child, she found her all pale and asleep in one corner and woke her up with hard and unkind words.

At evening the child told her father how her mother in heaven had been to see her and what she had said to her. At this the father was thoughtful, and though he told the child that it was only a dream, it made him heavy-hearted, for he had loved his first wife much more than the second and knew that the latter was not a good mother to his child. But as he did not know how bad she was, he was silent and said nothing about it. After that, whenever the child was shut up in the dark chamber she was calm and quiet for she did not stay long in the darkness. Her mother in Heaven came to see her with a soft, clear light and comforted her and told her about Heaven and the Angels. Then the child grew more and more full of longing for the heavenly delights and begged her mother at every visit to take her with her, but the mother always said it was not time yet and she must wait. And as the child grew paler and more silent and often looked out of the window toward Heaven with folded hands, the bad woman was more unkind and hard to her and fastened her up often in the dark chamber. Once when she had shut her up there and went to bring her out again from the darkness the child looked much paler than usual, and when she called her, did not stir. Then she saw that she was dead. The mother in Heaven had been with her and rocked her to sleep and promised her that she should wake up in heaven. And there the child has a robe of light like the angel-children, with whom she plays in the gardens of God, and they teach her to sing heavenly hymns.

INABILITY OF IGNORANCE.—How many men, rich in physical energy, stand with folded and idle hands, because they are poor in knowledge! Tell such a man what he should do, and he is ready and willing to act. He stands still because he cannot see his way. He is uncertain, because he cannot make out which of two plans he should choose. He is negligent, only because he is ignorant of what he ought to do, or of how it may best be done. Or, in his physical impatience, such a man rushes forward, he fails to reach his aim, because he is deficient in the materials for successful action. How often do we see the energy of one man ill or wrongly directed because he knows too little of what he engages in, while, under the guidance of knowledge, is observed to be a sure stride in advance.

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