

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., MARCH 15, 1849.

NUMBER 23.

THE LEHIGH REGISTER,
Is published in the Borough of Allentown, Lehigh County, Pa., every Tuesday.
BY AUGUSTUS L. RUBE,
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 Stem's Allentown Hotel, formerly Weiss' opposite Schurman's Store.

INDEMNITY.
THE FRANKLIN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY of Philadelphia.
OFFICE, No. 163 1/2 CHESTNUT STREET, near Fifth street.

Directors:
Charles N. Bancker, Geo. W. Richards, Thomas Hart, Mord. D. Lewis, Tobias Wagner, Adolp. E. Borie, Samuel Grant, David S. Brown, Jacob R. Smith, Morris Patterson.
CONTINUED 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 according to an Act of Assembly, were as follows, viz:

Mortgages,	\$890,558 65
Real Estate,	108,358 90
Temporary Loans,	125,459 00
Stocks,	51,583 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. BANCKER, 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. RUBE, Allentown, C. F. BLECK, Bethlehem.
Allentown, June 13, 1848.

WINTER CAMPAIGN!
Schurman's Rotunda Still Open!
Large Sales and Small Profits!
Now's your time, as the Stock of Winter Goods is to be Cleared Out.
It has been settled down to a plain matter of fact case, that "Old Schurman" has sold more goods in the past year than was ever sold in any single establishment in ten counties, and what has proved so beneficial to the community generally, they had the advantage of buying goods at least 10 per cent cheaper. Such then being the case, he issues this as his last manifesto in the Winter Campaign. Having just finished taking an account of stock, and found that they have yet on hand

\$10,000 Worth of Goods,
for which he wants buyers. So now is your time—come far and near—distance is no object, as it will doubly repay your trouble.—Recollect Schurman's Wholesale and Retail Emporium on the Market Square.
February 15.

Dissolution of Partnership.
Notice is hereby given, that the Partnership existing under the firm of **Wagner & Huber**, will be dissolved by the first of April next; and that the business will go into other hands after that time. All persons indebted to the said firm, will call and make settlement, and such who have demands against the said firm, will please present the same for settlement. Such who hold Due-bills for country produce, are strongly urged to present them for payment before the 1st of April next. They further wish to inform their customers, that **Wood**, will not be taken in payment for book debts after the above date.
Feb. 8. **WAGNER & HUBER.**

NOTICE.
Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned have taken out letters of Administration of the estate of **William W. Wagner**, dec'd., late of the borough of Allentown, Lehigh county. Therefore all those who are indebted to said estate, will see the necessity of settling their accounts within 6 weeks, and such who have any demands against the said estate, will present their claims well authenticated within the above specified time.
JOHN WAGNER, Adm'r.
REBECCA WAGNER, Adm'r.
February 8.

REMOVAL.
JOSEPH WEAVER,
Lumber Merchant in Allentown.
Respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he has lately removed his Lumber-Yard to the south side of Hamilton street, near Weaver's Hotel. He has lately received a very large supply of all kinds of Boards and building timber, comprising over

600,000 Feet,
Such as Yellow and White Pine, Floring boards, Poplar boards, Scantling, Joists and Planks, Maple boards and Planks, Rafters, Ash Planks, Laths, Ladder trees, besides all kinds of other Boards, Scantling, Posts, Lath and Shingles, all of which he will sell at very reduced prices.
Farmers, Carpenters and Builders, who have occasion to use the different sorts of timber he has for sale, will do well to give him a call before they purchase elsewhere, as he is willing to have his stock examined without charge.
He returns his sincere thanks for the many favours he has heretofore received, and feels confident that his extreme low prices will be the means of receiving many new customers.
November 10. **JOSEPH WEAVER.**

Cheap Hat and Cap Store.
Hamilton Street nearly opposite Weiss Hotel, Allentown.
Jacob D. Boas,
Takes this method to inform his friends and customers, that he still continues the Hatmaking and Cap business, and keeps constantly on hand, a large assortment of the most fashionable,
Beaver, Nutre, Brush, Russia, Silk and Napped Hats, which he will sell at the lowest prices. Also—a large assortment of Mens, Boys and Childrens Caps, at very reduced prices.
He is likewise prepared to manufacture to order Hats at the shortest possible notice.
Thankful for past favours he hopes to enjoy a continuance of patronage, as he feels confident that his Hats, fully recommend themselves.
Such who are indebted to him for some length of time, will please recollect, that their accounts should be promptly settled, and it is expected will not be neglected.
Nov. 9.

DR. CHARLES H. MARTIN.
Informs his old friends and the public in general, that he has moved into his new building, at the "old stand," and that he is again ready at all times to attend to professional duties.
Nov. 16.

Henry C. Longnecker,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.
Has resumed the practice of his profession in Lehigh and the adjoining counties. His office is in the residence of the late Hon. Jon W. Hornbeck, in Hamilton street, Borough of Allentown.
January 11.

P. WYKOFF,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office East of the Court House and nearly opposite, at the corner of Margaret and Hamilton streets.
May 25.

CHARLES DAVIS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
May be consulted during Court week, and a few days before, at the house of David Stem, Innkeeper, in Allentown.
August 5.

Assignee Notice.
Notice is hereby given, that **John Romig**, and his wife **Maria**, of Lower Macungy township, Lehigh county, have on the 22d day of January 1849, made a voluntary assignment of all their property, real, personal and mixed, to the undersigned, for the benefit of their creditors. Such, therefore, who are indebted to the said John Romig, will see the necessity of making payment, between now and six weeks, and those who have any legal claims, will present them in the above specified time.
Feb. 8. **DAVID O. MOSER, Assignee.**

NOTICE
Notice is hereby given that all claims due the estate of the late **Samuel Runk**, dec'd., not satisfied on or before the first day of April next, will be put in suit immediately after that time. Circumstances imperative upon the administrators render this course necessary.
JOHN RUNK, Administrators.
C. M. RUNK, Administrators.
Jan. 25.

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-trimings 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.

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 Knob 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 Bull's best make, also a large assortment of Carpenter's Tools, for sale cheap by
O. & J. SAEGER.

HOUSE KEEPERS.—A large assortment of articles for House Keeping, such as Iron-melting Boilers, oval and round, &c., for sale by
O. & J. SAEGER.

Frederick Bohlen,
BELL-HANGER, BRAND-CUTTER AND LOCK SMITH,
In Allentown.
Respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he still continues the above business in all its various branches, at his stand, one door south of Dillinger & Craig's Dry Goods Store, in Allen street in the Borough of Allentown, where he will also manufacture to order all kinds of
SCALES
for Druggists, Grocers, and other branches, warranted to be strictly accurate, finished in the most splendid manner. He also manufactures all kinds of Locks, Door-plates, Door-knockers, and every other article in his line.
Repairing of Locks, Lamps, in short every thing in Steel, Iron, Brass or Copper, can be repaired at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms.
Mr. BOHLEN trusts through punctual attendance to business and moderate charges, he will be able to gain a large share of public patronage, for which he will ever be thankful.
Allentown, December 21.

MACKEREL, SHAD, SALMON, HERRING, PORK, HAMS & SIDES, SHOULDERS, LARD & CHEESE.
Constantly on hand and for sale by
J. PALMER & Co.
Market Str. Wharf PHILADELPHIA.
Feb. 22.

Watch Found.
The undersigned has on the 24th of January last found a watch, in Weisenburg township, Lehigh county. The right owner, by proving his property, can take up the same, by paying the cost of advertising.
DAVID METZGER.
Feb. 1.

Poetical Department.

"I will arise and go unto my Father."
When burdened is my breast,
When friendless seems my lot,
When earth affords no rest,
And refuge I have not;
Father! if thou wilt suffer me,
I will arise and come to thee,
When conscience thunders loud,
When sin in dread array
Upon my misery crowd,
Aid find me with dismay;
Even then, there yet is hope for me,
Father! I'll rise and come to thee.
When I have wandered far
Along the downward road,
And mountains seem to bar
My turning back to God;
Yet placing once on Calvary,
Father! I'll rise and come to thee.
And if I am a child,
But have backslidden still,
And filled with projects wild,
Have followed my own will;
Yet, penitent, resolved I'll be,
Father! to rise and come to thee.
With broken heart and sad,
I will retrace my way,
And though my ease is bad,
Thy mercy is my stay;
With Jesus' blood my only plea,
Father I'll rise and come to thee.
And thou in love wilt turn
To thy poor rebel child;
Nor let thine anger burn,
Though sin my heart beguiled;
Thy voice shall greet me graciously,
Arise! arise! and come to me.
And when my cheek turns pale,
And when I sink in death,
Though heart and flesh may fail,
With my expiring breath
I'll whisper, Jesus died for me;
Father! I rise and come to thee.

Miscellaneous Selections.

The Rescue.

It was in the month of February, 1831, a bright moonlight night, and intensely cold, that the little brig I commanded lay quietly at her anchors inside of Sandy Hook. We had a hard time of it, beating about for eleven days off this coast, with cutting north-easters blowing, and snow and sleet falling for most of that time. Forward, the vessel was thickly coated with ice, and it was hard work to haul her, as the rigging and sails were stiff, and yielded only when the strength of the men was exerted to the utmost. When, at length, we made port, all hands were down and exhausted, and could not have held out two days more without relief.
"A bitter cold night, Mr. Larkin," I said to my mate, "I intend for a moment on deck to brush up my coat."
The mate, however, buttoned his coat more tightly around him, looking up to the moon, and bit of his red nose before he replied.
"It's a whistler, captain, as we used to say on the Kenn-see. Nothing lives comfortably out of blankets in such a night as this."
"The tide is running out swift and strong; it will be well to keep a sharp look-out for this floating-ice, Mr. Larkin."
"Well, ay, sir," responded the mate, and I went below.
Two hours afterwards, I was aroused from a sound sleep, by the vigilant officer.
"Excuse me for disturbing you, captain," said he, as he detected an expression of vexation on my face; "but I wish you would turn out and come on deck as soon as possible."
"Why—what's the matter, Mr. Larkin?"
"Why, sir, I have been watching a cake of ice that swept by at a little distance, a moment ago; I saw something black upon it; something that I thought moved. The moon's under a cloud, and I could not see distinctly; but I do believe there's a child lying out to sea, in this freezing night, on that cake of ice."
We were on deck before either spoke another word. The mate pointed out, with no little difficulty, the cake of ice floating off to leeward, and its white glittering surface was broken by a black spot—more I could not make out.
"Get me the glass, Mr. Larkin; the moon will be out of the cloud in a moment, and then we can see distinctly."
I kept my eye on the receding mass of ice, while the moon was slowly working its way through a heavy bank of clouds. The mate stood by with a glass. When the full light fell at last, on the water with a brilliancy only known in our northern latitudes, I put the glass to my eye. One glance was enough.
"Forward, there!" I shouted, at the top of my voice, and with one bound I reached the main hatch, and began to clear away in the ship's yawl.
Mr. Larkin had received the glass from my hand, to take a look for himself.
"My God!" he said in a whisper, as he set to work to aid me in getting out the boat—"my God, there are two children on that cake of ice!"
Two men answered my hail, and walked lazily aft. In an incredible short space of time we launched the cutter, into which Mr. Larkin and myself jumped, followed by the two men who took the oars. I rigged the tiller, and the mate sat beside me in the stern sheets.
"Do you see that cake of ice with something black upon it, lads?" I cried; "put me alongside of that, and I'll give you a bottle of rum each, to-night, and a month's extra wages when you are paid off."
The men bent to their oars, but their strokes were uneven and feeble. They were used up by the hard duty of the preceding fortnight and though they did their best, the boat made little more way than the tide. This was a long chase, and Mr. Larkin, who was suffering as he saw how little we gained, cried out—
"Pull, lads—I'll double the captain's prize, two bottles of rum and two month's pay. Pull, lads, for the love of God, pull!"
A convulsive effort of the oars told how willing the men were to obey, but the strength of the strong men was gone. One of the poor fellows washed up twice in recovering oar, and then gave out; the other was nearly as far gone. Mr. Larkin sprang forward and seized the deserted oar.
"Lay down in the bottom of the boat," said he to the man; and captain take the other oar; we must row for ourselves."
I took the second man's place; Larkin had stripped to his Guernsey shirt; as he pulled the bow, I waited the signal stroke. It came gently, but firm, and the next moment we were pulling a long, steady stroke, gradually increasing in rapidity, until the glow seemed to smoke in the oar locks. We kept time, each by a long, deep breathing of the other. Such a pull! We bent forward until our faces almost touched our knees, and then throwing all our strength into the backward movement, until every inch of the space covered by the sweep had been gained. At every stroke the boat shot ahead like an arrow discharged from a bow. Thus we worked at the oar for fifteen minutes—it seemed to me as many hours. The sweat rolled off me in great drops, and I was enveloped in steam generated from my own body.
"Are we almost to it, Mr. Larkin," I gasped out.
"Almost, captain—don't give up; for the love of our dear little ones at home—don't give up, captain!"
The oars flashed as the blades turned up to the moonlight. The men who plied them were fathers, and had fathers' hearts; the strength which nerved them at that moment was more than human.
Suddenly Mr. Larkin stopped pulling, and my heart for a moment almost ceased its beating; for the terrible thought that he had given out crossed my mind. But I was quickly re-assured by his voice:
"Gently, captain, gently—a stroke or two more—there, that will do"—and the next moment the boat's side came in contact with something, and Larkin sprang from the boat with his heavy feet upon the ice. I started up, and calling upon the men to make fast the boat to the ice, followed.
We ran to the dark spot in the centre of the mass, and found two little boys—the head of the smaller nestling in the bosom of the larger—Both were fast asleep! The lethargy, which would have been fatal, but for the timely rescue, had overcome them. Mr. Larkin grasped one of the lads, cut off his shoes, tore off his jacket; and then loosening his own garments to the skin, placed the chilled child in contact with his own warm body, carefully wrapping over him his great coat, which he procured from the boat. I did the same with the other child; and we then returned to the boat, and the men, partially recovered, pulled back.
The children, as we learned when we subsequently had the delight of restoring them to their parents, were playing on the ice, and had ventured on the cake, which had jammed into the bend of the river, ten miles above New York. A movement of the tide, set the ice in motion, and the little fellows were away on that cold night, and would inevitably have perished but for Mr. Larkin's spying them as the ice was sweeping out to sea.
"How do you feel?" I said to the mate, the morning after his adventure.
"A little stiff in the arms, captain," the noble fellow replied, while the big tears of grateful happiness gushed from his eyes—"A little stiff in the arms, captain, but very easy here," and he laid his hand on his manly heart. My quaint, brave down-caster! He who lashes the seas into fury, and lets loose the tempest, will care for thee! The storm may rage without, but in thy bosom, peace and sunshine will always abide.
—Boston Museum.

The Model Widow.

Of Widows what has not been said! They have been compared to everything, and yet remain incomparable!
Some savage has likened her heart to an "apartment to let," where the incoming lodger is sure to find something that has been left by a previous tenant. Some spiteful Tony Weller has called her "hymenial hydrophobia;" for there is no possible cure for him who was once bitten. She has been compared to a magnet over men's hearts, because her attraction is only to steal.
It has been argued that widows should be put down—for, like the gypsies, they mean no good, and only prouly about for plunder; while others maintain that a widow should carry, over her weeds, a board marked "dangerous," to warn persons from venturing too near her, and being immediately "drawn in."
Young men are cautioned against playing with her, or else they will find it a losing game; for she is always sure to win their hand, at Ecarte, by dint of "proposing."
In fact, what has not been said against the widow?
Is there no such person, then, as a Model Widow? Why, of course, there is; every widow, more or less, is one. She is pretty—the ugliest woman looks pretty in rags—and is, has been, or should be young. Her eyes are not always shrouded by a fine cambric handkerchief. She wears her cap for pure grief, and not for year afterwards only to look interesting. She speaks sparingly of her "dear departed" even of his failings. She wears no miniature as big as a poster, on a high wall of craze. She is well provided for, or if there is no positive proof of this, there should be at least a well-grounded fiction. She is retiring, and has a violent antipathy for matrimony, so much so, indeed, that the mere name it is enough to send her out of the room. She rarely goes into society, but courts solitude and dull towns and damp watering-places. She cannot bear scandal, or a ball, or the opera, or a fancy hazard, or any place where she is likely to be seen. You have a difficulty in persuading her to leave her bed-room. There she remains shut up, allowing no vulgar eye to pry into her sorrow. She lives only for her children. What! has the Model Widow any children?—has she a ready-made family? Yes! we are afraid to say she has—but then she does not send them to school, or keep them always buried in the country, "because it agrees so much better with them," or throw a big black veil over their existence. She is always with them, walking out with them, and taking a pleasure in teaching them. But then she cannot marry again, if she has a parish school of little boys and girls? What! would you have her marry a second time? Why, the notion is preposterous! Matrimony is the very last thought that knocks at her heart. Besides, if it did, the door is barred, bolted, padlocked, barricaded against the possibility of any one entering! It is only a dark vault in which the effigy of her husband is entombed with all the graces of mental sculpture, of love. She alone has the key, and she alone enters to worship in secret by herself. Is it likely, then, she would defile the sanctity of the place, and break the image that has so long been set up on the altar of her affections, to erect a new shrine, and goon her knees to another. Pshaw! no moral, physical, or any other revolution, could effect that. It would be fatal, at once, to the beautiful conception of the Model Widow. Hindoo-like, she sacrifices herself on the burning pyre of her own heart. If one thing tortures her more than another, it is a proposal from any one. Widowers and Bachelors, be kind to her.

Indian Courtship.

The Indian chief known as Ka-go-gah-bowh, or George Copway, in one of his recent lectures described the marriage ceremony of the Chippewas as follows:
He said there was no courtship done by the young people, in most Indian nations; that was done by the parents years before hand, and it often came rather against the grain with the young people. When the day came, the ceremony was performed by the chief, consisting of a lecture to the young couple, and a feast, after which they were considered as man and wife. But among the tribes of the West there were many very curious ceremonies connected with courtship and marriage. One way of getting a wife was as follows: When a young Indian fell in love with any of the daughters of the village, he would go and sit down within a few yards of her, keeping a strict silence all the while; in a few moments he would get up and go away; this he repeated six or seven times, coming nearer to her every time. At last he sits by her side, if she makes no movement of displeasure; then he has hopes. He sits by her several times in this manner, and at last pops the question by putting his hand on her hand, and she accepts him by placing her hand over the other two. All this time he takes care not to say a word, and she likewise; but after the question is popped, then the "words of honey" are applied and they soon become man and wife.