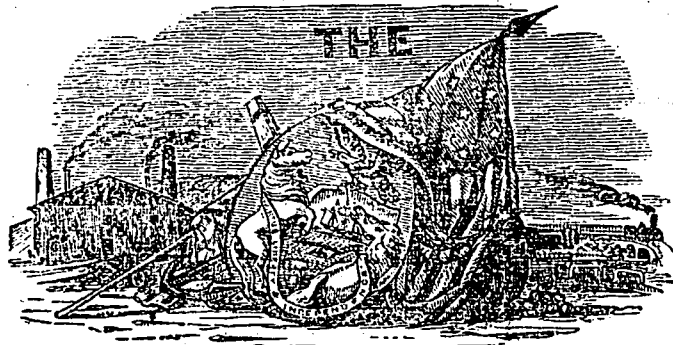


Lehigh



Register.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

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

VOLUME III.

ALLENTOWN, LEHIGH COUNTY, PA., JULY 12, 1849.

NUMBER 40.

THE LEHIGH REGISTER,
Is published in the Borough of Allentown, Lehigh County, Pa., every Thursday.
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, one door of German Reformed Church, and nearly opposite the "Friedensbothe Office."

Highly Valuable Plantation

For Sale

At Public Vendue.
Will be sold at public sale, on Saturday the 8th of September next, on the premises, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, the following valuable tracts of land.

No. 1.—A beautiful Farm.

situated in Upper Milford township, Lehigh county, adjoining lands of Elias Wicant, George Kenner, Francis Schwartz and others, containing 175 acres, more or less, 15 acres of which are good meadow land; the balance is good farm land.

The improvements thereon consist in a large two story stone Dwelling House, Swiss Barn, Wagon-house, Springhouse, and other outbuildings necessary to a well regulated farm. A handsome stream of water runs past the house and through the land, besides an orchard, with the best of fruit on the place. It is in fact a farm, worthy the attention of capitalists.

No. 2.—A Tract of Woodland.
Situated in said Upper Milford township, bounded by land of Christopher Musselman, Peter Diehl and others, containing 22 acres, more or less. This tract is covered with heavy Oak timber, and is really a valuable tract.

No. 3.—A Tract of Woodland,
situated in aforesaid township, bounded by lands of Elias Wicant, Anthony Stahl, and others, containing about 2 acres.

No. 4.—A Lot of Woodland.
Situated in aforesaid township, bounded by lands of Peter Diehl and others, containing 1 acre and 141 perches.

No. 5.—A Lot of Woodland.
Situated in aforesaid township, bounded by lands of Henry Jordan, William Schmoeyer and others, containing 19 acres and 90 perches.

It is a part of the real estate of *Ruben Trexler*, deceased, late of Upper Milford township, Lehigh county.

Persons wishing to examine the respective tracts, will please call upon Mr. Ritter, who is the present occupant of the Farm, and who will give any information required respecting the same.

Should the farm not be sold on the above day, it will be rented for one year from the first of April next.

The conditions will be made known on the day of sale and attendance given by
EDWIN W. TREXLER,
JONAS TREXLER.

July 5.

The State Taxes.

To the Tax collectors and Tax payors of Lehigh County.

A number of citizens of Lehigh county, having expressed a desire to pay their State taxes, during the month of July in order to secure the 5 per cent discount provided for by the several acts of assembly of this Commonwealth, and in order to sustain the honor and credit of the county, the Commissioners have resolved to authorize the Collectors to receive the State taxes, from all wishing to pay the same previous to the 27th July next; provided that they at the same time pay their County taxes, in order to meet the demands at home.

The Collectors of the Townships of Upper Saucon, Salisbury, Hanover, North Whitehall, South-Whitehall, Heidelberg, Washington and Lynn, are to meet the Treasurer in the Book Store of Blumer, Bush & Co., on the 27th day of July next, and those of the Borough of Allentown, Northampton, Weisenburg, Upper Macungy, Lower Macungy, Upper Milford and Lowhill, on the 28th of July next, for the purpose of paying over what they have received.

N. B. Bankable Pennsylvania money, or Relief Notes, only will be taken by the Treasurer, the Collectors will govern themselves accordingly.

PETER BREINIG,
J. LICHTENWALNER,
BENJ. BREINIG,
Attest—J. M. LINE, Clerk.
Commissioners Office.
June 28, 1849.

GOOD NEWS!

BY THE ARRIVAL OF THE
Steamship "Cambria."
WILLIAM S. WEIL, at his Wholesale and Retail Dry Goods and Fancy Store, 3d door below Hagenbuch's Hotel, takes this method of informing his friends and customers, that he has just arrived from New York, with a splendid assortment of Fancy Dry Goods.

Although the Cholera is raging so fearfully in New York, and the decesses keeping merchants from going there to buy, in consequence of which goods are very low; yet it has not detained him from going there and therefore he has bought 20 per cent cheaper than ever.

He is thankful for past favors, and hopes by moderate charges and strict attention, to merit a continuance of their patronage.

W. S. WEIL.

June 28.

Steel Beads.

Just received 1000 bunches Steel beads, at reduced prices. W. S. WEIL.

June 28.

Silk Twist.

Just received from N. York, 10 boxes shaded and plain Silk twist. W. S. WEIL.

June 28.

Steel Clasps.

Plain and Figured, Rings, Tassels and Fringes, a large and splendid assortment. W. S. WEIL.

June 28.

Willow Baskets.

A large lot of French Willow Baskets, of all sizes, to which he calls the attention of the citizens of Allentown. ALSO.—Ladies dressing cases. W. S. WEIL.

June 28.

Accordeons.

S. 10, 12 and 14 keys of Sanderson's, best French Accordeons of Paris, which he has received of his agent direct from New York. W. S. WEIL.

June 28.

Received per Ship "Wellington" from Europe.

500 Violins of different manufactures and prices.

50 Dozen violin bows.

500 Rings of the best E. A. and D. Italian violin strings.

100 Doz. silver violin strings.

200 Rings of the well known Roman red end violin strings.

FLUTES.—A lot of extra Flutes from 75 cts. to 5.00.

TOYS.—A large lot of French and German Toys. W. S. WEIL.

June 28.

TO THE LADIES.

I have received a large lot of new style *Lavans*, Silk and Mohair Lustrés, and other dress goods, also a splendid lot of Turtle, Buffalo and imitation Buffalo combs, Polka Twist, and side combs of sizes and prices.

W. S. WEIL.

June 28.

Jewelry.

A new assortment of Gold and plated Breast Pins, Ear Rings, Finger Rings, Silver pencil cases with gold pens, German silver pencils, a variety of Vest, Pop and Guard chains.

W. S. WEIL.

June 28.

RIBBONS.

A large and elegant assortment of Bonnet ribbons also plain and Figured cap ribbons, plain Satin and Mantua ribbons, &c.

W. S. WEIL.

June 28.

To Storekeepers and Milliners.

I have paid every attention to the selection of my wholesale assortment, which consist among many other things of the following articles, viz:

Suspenders, German pins, Spool thread, Sewing silk of all kinds, Shoe and Corset laces, all kinds of Buttons, the best quality needles, Pantaloon and Vest buckles, a large variety of Combs, Whalebone, Corset bones of extra finish, Cotton and Silk Hdkfs., Jewelry of every description, Perfumery, Cotton cord, a general assortment of Ribbons, imported Slates and slate pencils, which I have bought considerably below market prices.

His assortment is unequalled in Allentown, and will be kept complete the entire year, and orders can be promptly supplied at all times, to any extent. W. S. WEIL.

June 28.

WANTED.

1000 Cords of good Wood, in exchange for goods at the New York Store.

June 7.

KERN & SAMSON.

June 7.

N. S. LAWRENCE,

Agent for the sale of Southworth Manufacturing Co's Writing Papers.
Warehouse No. 3 Minor St. PHILADELPHIA.

100 cases of the above superior Papers now in store, and for sale to the trade at the lowest market prices, consisting in part of—

Fine thick Flat Caps, 12, 14, 15, and 16 lbs., blue and white.

Superfine-Medium and Demi Writings, blue and white.

Extra super and superfine Folio Posts, blue and white, plain and ruled.

Superfine Commercial Posts, blue and white, plain and ruled.

Extra super Linen Note Papers, plain and gilt.

Superfine and fine Bill Papers, long and broad.

Superfine and fine Counting-House Caps and Posts, blue and white.

Extra super Congress Caps and Letters, plain and ruled, blue and white.

Extra super Congress Caps and Letters, gilt.

Superfine Sermon Caps and Posts.

Superfine blue linen thin Letters.

Extra super Bath Posts, blue and white, plain and ruled.

Embroidered Note Papers and Envelopes. "Lawyer's" Brief Papers.

Superfine and fine Caps and Posts, ruled and plain, blue and white, various qualities and prices.

Also, 1000 reams white and assorted Shoe Papers, Bonnet Boards, white and assorted Tissue, Tea, Wrapping, Envelope, assorted and blue Mediums, Cap Wrappers, Hardware Papers, &c.

July 5.

W. S. WEIL.

June 28.

Also, 1000 reams white and assorted Shoe Papers, Bonnet Boards, white and assorted Tissue, Tea, Wrapping, Envelope, assorted and blue Mediums, Cap Wrappers, Hardware Papers, &c.

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W. S. WEIL.

June 28.

Poetical Department.

(From *Hallen's Dollar Magazine*.)
A Voice from Hungary.

BY CAPT. H. BRADFORD.

Ask ye why we draw the sword?
Is Freedom but a passing word?
Or dwells it in the human heart
There to become of life a part?
Creating aspirations high
Teaching patriots how to die?

Ask ye why we brave the stroke?
Why Hungary scorns her yoke?
Why Hungary spurns her chains?
Look around her desert plains—
Her cities buried in the dust
By men who revel in their lust
Her peasant homes by fire consumed!
Her daughters to affliction doomed.
Her fathers borne to the gallows!
The sword is drawn, the die is cast!
We have sworn with solemn word—
"Tis writ upon each crimsoned sword!
Though Russia doomed us to despair!
Would ye have us falsely swear?
Hungary has proclaimed her right,
Now she dares the worst in fight!

In realms above, we place our trust;
Our fathers pray each morn and even,
"Austria is faithless—God is just—
May those prayers ascend to Heaven!
Israel was gathered to the Lord
From a ruthless monarch's sword;
Thus Hungary, thou! she bleed!
From oppression shall be freed!

Though streams of hostile blood are spilt,
In many a deadly battle field,
It hath but left its stain of guilt—
It has not taught us yet to yield!
Crime may be in death forgiven,
But vengeance cries aloud to Heaven!
We serve our country—she shall be
The grave of Austrian tyranny.

Miscellaneous Selections.

How Lazy Sam won the Race.

A Kentuckian horse drover being in South Carolina with a drove, happened to take it to the neighborhood of General H—, whose character for jockeying and maneuvering in trade is much more celebrated than his feats in arms. The Kentuckian having perfect acquaintance with his character, went to see him to sell him horses—or to swap—or to run a race, as the destinies might order and decree.

He was one of our careless, unconcerned, knock-down and drag-out looking sort of fellows; who would assume just as much simplicity of countenance and address, as circumstances might require. He had the appearance of about twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, and usual, was dressed in the blue mixed jeans to hide dirt, and wore a drab colored hat for the same reason.

"General," said he, "I am just from old Kentucky, with some powerful nice horses, and may be you want some. Daddy told me if I came on your parts to call on you, and he reckoned may be you would buy a pair of matches, or hold me out in trading; for he said you had a power in money, and understood trading to a scribble. Here's a letter from him," handing one. "And besides I've as nice a pair of matches, as you could shake a stick at; and as tight a nag for a quarter, Daddy says, as any in the parts; he says I must run no races, cause I might lose; and we want all the money we can scrape to pay for land. But I reckon he'd suit you to a fraction cause you're a sportsman character, and might win a powerful chance of money on him."

While he was thus introducing himself and telling his business, the General opened the letter which read as follows:—

"Dear General! I take this opportunity, to write to you by my Job, who is taken the first drove he ever driv, and I want you to roll logs a leetle for him, if so he suits you. Job's sly enough at home, but hasn't cut his eye teeth, and if you'll lend him a hand, I'll due as much for any of your boys if you've got any, whenever they come here trading or any thing else. So no more at present but remain your affectionate friend till death."

PETER TOMPKINS.

The hero of our horse races, cotton bags, and sugar hogheads, thought he perceived a neat speculation and acted accordingly.—Mr. Job Tompkins was received with much courtesy; his man and boy entertained with the best in the larder; while his five-and-twenty horses were not neglected. It is true the General had not the slightest recollection of his friend and correspondent Peter Tompkins. He might have once known him, or not—it was the same thing. Here was Job, a raw Kentucky stripling, with twenty-five horses, as easily squeezed as a ripe lemon. It was not in his nature to forbear.

In the meantime, Mr. Job Tompkins made himself quite free and easy; and swaggered about the costly furnished apartment as if he had been in a log cabin. He viewed the silver plate on the sideboard with much apparent astonishment; and a pair of silver snufflers, especially, excited his curiosity.

"Lord, General! far them thar candle-snufflers made out of the pure stuff? I never see'd any afore but ir' no nes and many uses her sheers. And all them ar things on thar ar big chist (the sideboard) is the real spanish castins! I heard talk of this afore, but never seed it. Now if I was to tell this in our settlement, may be they wouldn't hop straddle of me, and ride right over me rough stood, for a liar. But they say you're a powerful sight the richest man in the South States, aint you?"

To all which the General returned suitable answers; and Mr. Job and he were hand in glove, for the time being. Each man resolutely bent to make a successful lodgment in his neighbor's pocket with the view of taking it out—a Herculean task to be sure—when Job heard in the next room the sound of music. Several Kentucky reels were played, anon, the sweet breathings of a melodious voice sung "Sweet—sweet home."

"May be d—d," said Job, "if that don't beat Bob Walker, and he's a patch above common. But that aint none of your music boxes, I know; it can't be. Is it?"

"My daughter is playing on the piano," said the General, "we will walk in the room and hear her." Here were blandishments to strike Job dumb, and entrance all his senses.

"The man who has no music in his soul, And is not moved with concord of sweet sounds Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

Job thought a man might love music and spoils also. He felt a liking for both.—Therefore he applauded the music in his own way most rapturously.

Said Job, "May I never pull another trigger, if she's not a priming above anything I heard talk about. Why, she's chartered! She's a real one, I assure you. Why, it's enough to make a fellow swim that can't; and if it wasn't for all these fine kiverlids over the track, (the carpet) and I had a partner to my mind, I'd go my drove to nothing or less, I can shake the ticks off any boy you can produce."

The General now thought the Kentuckian ripe enough. To aid in which he had been plied with choice liquors as he denominated the Brandy and Madeira.

The horses were brought out and examined and praised, and cheapened, and faults found withal.

They could agree upon nothing.

"Well, where is your quarter horse?" asked the General. "Oh ho! I sort o' tho't what you were after," answered Job, "for you hardly looked at them thar matches, and these fine geldings." So you must be after the quartering, Jim, fetch up Lazy Sam, will you? Now General! I'll tell you, honor bright, he's never been lick't in a quarter spurt, but once; by Joe Miller's sorrel mare which runs like a streak of lightning.

She's a real screamer. Daddy swapt for him last fall, after she tanned him out. If I know'd her I'd give you her marks, so as you mightn't be tuckt in. For I heard Joe was bringing her to the South to win his experiences. But here's the horse any how and I assure you he's not slow."

Now be it remembered that honest Job was not ignorant, that General H— was at that time the owner of this identical mare, and for reasons best known to himself he wished to make a race between her and the Lazy Sam.

The General examined Lazy Sam with the eye of a Jockey.

"Pish," said he very contemptuously, "why this thing cannot run; why it's flab-sided as a sheep, and as heavy shouldered as a hog and cat-hamined besides; I would not give a mule, for three of it. Why did you not bring a lot of mules to market? I would have bought some at a fair price.—Your horses do not suit me. Pray what do you ask for this thing which you call a running nag? It may do to plough a season or two. Does it work?"

Unlike the Job of ancient days, Job Tompkins suffered his anger to rise and master him. At least he made the General think. To use his own words he converted. He screamed out:

"Hello! Mister, I wonder you're so mighty wise considerin you know so little. Why, you make me feel all over in spots, to listen at you. I reckon may be you've got a quartering yourself; aint you?"

"I have a plough nag here," said the General very coolly, "that I am sure can run away from that thing of yours."

"Thing!" laughed Job, "why, you make me feel a sort of woolly, and I've a good mind to go my whole lot again any thing you can parade in the whole South."

"I would not spoil a good mind then," quoth the General. "But I suppose you are afraid to run, as your father has forbid it."

"I don't care a solitary flint what daddy says when my Irish is up," exclaimed Job indignantly. "Bring out your nag and let's see it."

The General gave the order; and as Job expected, the sorrel mare, (once Joe Miller's) was brought forward.

While Job examined, his adversary endeavored all he could to fret him by dispraising his horse; and Job appeared worked to fever bent.

To cut short the story, the drove was staked against twenty-five hundred dollars in a check upon the C—Bank. And the

company adjourned to the General's track, to see the race. On the way Job stopped short and facing the General, asked very earnestly:

"Now you're sure this aint Joe Miller's nag? My mind sort o' misgives me, cause from what I've heard they sort o' favor like."

"D—n your Joe Miller and his nag also," replied the General, "the mare is mine! I tell you."

This appeared satisfactory.

I have given you the General's description of Job's running horse—done to fret him. It was by no means a correct one. Lazy Sam was a well made pony of the Printer stock, but was of a mild, sleepy, sluggish disposition; until his metal was roused.

He generally went with his eye half shut and his head dropping at an angle forty-five degrees. When the General viewed him he was in this condition.

The horses were in the General's stable, and the check for two thousand dollars was in the hands of a gentleman present. The General had no doubt keeping all Joe's fine horses and sending him home on his ten toes.

Lazy Sam, was led along by Job's boy as sleepy as usual. The preliminaries were adjusted, and riders mounted. As Job threw Jim on Lazy Sam, he sprang all four of the ground; and his dull, sleepy look, was changed into a wild, almost devilish expression.

He looked as Job did when he was teased.

The General lost his mahogany color and looked pale; but he said nothing.

Lazy Sam won the race by thirty feet. Job was suddenly cool as a cucumber.

And as he put the twenty-five hundred dollar check in his easy, greasy pocket book, which he did very deliberately, he looked round cunningly.

"I sort o' think that's first rate and a half," said Job, "and a leetle past common. Why Gin'ral, Sam's laid you as cold as a wedge."

He turned round suddenly to his rider,—"Jim," said he, "here's five dollars; why it all goes in a man's life time, but the General looks as if he'd been squeezed through the little epd of nothing or less."

Re-Vaccination.

First, every individual is susceptible of vaccination; second, re-vaccination is not necessary before puberty; third, the system undergoes a change at puberty, and re-vaccination is then necessary; fourth, vaccination is a sure preventive of small-pox; fifth, re-vaccination is a sure preventive of varioloid; sixth, the third vaccination is inert; seventh, the system is susceptible of small-pox after puberty, whenever it has been exposed to small-pox, viz: before or after the first operation was performed; eighth, re-vaccination is not necessary after puberty; ninth, those who discontinue vaccination are always liable to small-pox, whenever exposed to the influence of that dreadful disease; tenth, if every individual were vaccinated before puberty, and re-vaccinated at that revolution of the system there would be no such disease existing as small-pox.

American Cities.

The growth of American cities is unparalleled in the history of the world. Already half a million are embraced within the suburbs of New York, and more than half that number within those of Philadelphia. New Orleans contains about one hundred and fifty, Boston one hundred and thirty, and Baltimore one hundred and five thousand inhabitants. The second child-born in Cincinnati, it is said, is still living, and has not reached the middle age of life, while the city has a population of a hundred thousand.

The population of St. Louis was about 1,600 in 1810, 16,000 in 1840; 40,000 in 1845; and is probably now not less than 60,000. Buffalo contained in 1825 2,412; in 1840, 29,773; and now contains about 45,000. In 1828, the population of Lowell was 3,532; it is now more than 30,000.—Chicago, a place scarcely known on the latest maps, has already reached a population of 18,000; and Milwaukee, of still more recent origin, is rivaling it in its growth and population.

Pride.—Pride ennobles from a weak mind; you never see a man of strong intellect, proud and haughty. Just look about you. Who are the most given to this folly? Not the intelligent and talented, but the weak-minded and silly.

"Ma," said an imaginative little girl, "will rich and poor people live together when they go to