

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.

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THE LEHIGH REGISTER.

Is published 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."

PROCLAMATION.

The falling of the leaves, the whistling of the wind, the rapid decay of vegetation, and a thousand other phenomena in nature, remind us of the fast approach of winter, and admonish us to provide accordingly.

NOW BE IT KNOWN,

To the good people of Allentown, Lehigh County, that we the undersigned have just received and now offer for sale one of the

Largest, Cheapest and best Stock of GOODS,

ever brought into said County; and which we will sell for

CASH; UNDOUBTED CREDIT OR PRODUCE,

at almost your own prices.

Our Goods

speak for themselves. Call and see, and we will give you some practical illustration of saving money, by offering Goods at prices that will convince you that money can be saved by purchasing at the celebrated

New York Store,

particularly those who are about going to HOUSE KEEPING.

They will find a good assortment of Carpets, Floor Cloths, Rugs, Feather, Counterpanes, Blankets, Linen and Cotton Sheet, Table Covers, Diapers, Flannels, Muslins and Oil Cloths.

LADIES please give us a call and examine our large, rich and fashionable styles of

Dress Goods,

consisting of

Cashmeres, De Laines, Mohairs, Coburgs, Leonesa Cloths, Lanna Cloths, and numerous other fancy goods, which if worn will add beauty to the beautiful, make the plain look gay, and cast the approach of old age and deformity into the shade.

GENTS.

Give us a call, and we will show in all their magnificence, heap upon heaps,

The Lustrous Cloths of old Germany; the finest Fabrics of France; the heavy Goods from the west of England; and the coarsest webs of America; and the softest textures of Cassimeres.

VESTINGS

of Cotton, of Silk, of Wool, of Wooster fancy, from grave to gay, from lively to serene. Cravats, Collars, Wrappers, Stocks, Stockings, Hose, Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Sacks, unmentionables and inexpressibles, plain, delicate and fancy; heavy, light and middling, large, small and medium, long, short and average, coarse, fine and superfine.

Doors open at all business hours. Admission free, come one, come all.

Call as the tempest does, sterner and stronger on KERN & SAMSON. November 20.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the partnership in the Tailoring business heretofore existing between Steller & Gels, is dissolved by mutual consent. All persons who are indebted in the firm books will please call upon John F. Ruhe Esq., with whom the books are left for collection, and settle their account between now and the first of December next, and such who have any legal claims against the firm will present their accounts for settlement.

EDWARD STETLER, WILLIAM GELS, November 1.

ONE CENT REWARD!

Runaway from the subscriber residing in Hanover township, Lehigh County, on Tuesday night last, a boy named Henry Buss, an indentured apprentice to the TAILORING BUSINESS. The above reward, but no charges will be paid if he is brought back. ADAM SULTZ. November 22.

FASHIONABLE Jewelry Establishment!

Cheap and Good Watches, Jewelry & Silver-ware, wholesale and retail, at No. 96 North Second street, corner of Quarantary, Philadelphia.

Gold Lever Watches, full Jewelled, 19 carat cases, \$30 and over.

Silver Lever Watches, full jewelled, \$16 and over.

Silver Lepine Watches, jewelled, \$11 and over.

Silver Quarter Watches, \$5.00 to 10.

Gold Pencils, \$1.50 to 7.

Fine Gold Rings, 37 1/2 cts. to 80.

Other articles in proportion. All Goods warranted to be what they are sold for.

Constantly on hand, a full assortment of fine GOLD JEWELRY and SILVER-WARE. Also, an assortment of M. J. Tobins & Co., E. Simpson, Samuel & Brothers, E. S. Yates & Co., John Harrison, G. & R. Beesley, and other superior Patent

Lever Movements, which will be cased in any style desired.

Arrangements have been made with all the above celebrated makers, the best manufacturers of Liverpool, to furnish at short notice any required style of Watch, for which orders will be taken and the name and residence of the person ordering put on if requested.

O. CONRAD, No. 96 North 2nd St. Importer of Watches. Philadelphia, Nov. 20.

The Largest, Most Fashionable and Cheapest Stock of

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS

And Caps, IN LEHIGH COUNTY.

The undersigned would respectfully call the attention of the public, to their very extensive and fashionable stock of

Mens and Boys, Kip, Calf and Morocco

BOOTS AND Shoes, ALSO.—A general

assortment of all kinds of HATS AND CAPS,

which they are determined to sell cheaper than any other establishment in Lehigh County.

Their stock consists of every variety of Women's Kid, Morocco, and Calf Skin Shoes, Gaiters and Slippers, Boys and Men's fine and coarse Boots and Shoes. Children shoes of every description, Gum Boots and Shoes, &c.

Call and see at the old stand, one door west of Saeger's Hardware Store.

LOCHMAN & BRO. Oct. 25.

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 favors he hopes to enjoy a continuance of patronage, as he feels confident that his Hats, fully recommended 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.

H. LEVIN JR., LATE WILLIAM STOVER & SONS, GROCER

AND DEALER IN COUNTRY PRODUCE, No. 185 North Third Street, corner of Wood Street, Philadelphia.

Has been replenished by the subscriber, with an entirely fresh and well selected assortment of every description of

Groceries including prime coffee, choice flavored Teas, genuine Wines and Liquors, Spices &c. &c. Every article is strictly good of its kind and will be supplied to consumers and dealers at a small profit for cash.

H. LEVIN JR. (late Wm. Stover & Sons, Phil.) Country produce bought and taken in exchange for groceries. September 27.

Poetical Department.

The Stranger's Heart.

The stranger's heart! Oh would it not! A yearning anguish is its lot; In the green shadow of thy tree The stranger finds no rest with thee.

Thou thinkest the vine's low rustling leaves Glad music round thy household eaves; To him, that sound hath sorrow's tone— The stranger's heart is with his own.

Thou think'st the children's laughing play A lovely sight at fall of day; Then are the stranger's thoughts oppressed— His mother's voice comes o'er his breast.

Thou think'st it sweet when friend to friend Beneath one roof in prayer do blend; Then doth the stranger's eye grow dim— Far, far at those who prayed with him.

Thy heart, thy bosom, thy vintage land— The voices of thy kindred band; Oh, midst them all when blest the art, Deal gently with the stranger's heart.

(From the New York Tribune.)

The Hero Dead.

War's note is hushed! The Soldier's ear By tumult vexed, is closed in death. And in the grave no more shall hear

The cannon's fierce and sulphurous breath. Far from the blood-dyed battle-field

He sleeps, whose Hero race was run Mid Havoc's storm, of sword and shield,

Where Glory's wreath are sought and won. He sleeps in peace! no trumpet's blast

The silence of that tent can break, Where Death has bound him still, and fast,

'Till God's own trump shall bid him wake. He sleeps! green laurels on his brow;

A nation's tears upon his grave; And Grief and Glory, mingling, bow In honor of the good and brave.

THE BATTLE OF TRENTON.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

The battle of Trenton was the turning point of the War of Independence. For months before, the prospects of the Colonies had been darkening, and but for this bold stroke, would soon have set in gloom forever. A brief review of the condition of affairs is necessary to a just comprehension of the battle.

When, in March, 1776, the British found themselves compelled to evacuate Boston, they resolved to carry their arms into the Middle States, and there strike at the very heart of the nation. Accordingly, Sir William Howe, after recruiting his forces at Halifax, sailed for New York. On the 25th of August, at the head of an army twenty thousand strong, he defeated the Americans on Long Island; and a few days subsequently, compelled them to abandon the city of New York. Washington now retreated to White Plains, where an ineffectual engagement followed. Soon Fort Mifflin, at the upper end of Manhattan Island, was stormed and carried by the royalist troops. Finding it impossible to maintain his hold upon the Hudson, the American General determined to retreat across New Jersey; and accordingly, abandoning all his positions, hurried over the North River, the British following in quick pursuit.

Thus, within two months after the battle of Long Island, the cause of the Colonies sunk into almost hopeless ruin. The enthusiasm which accompanied the first outbreak at Lexington, had given way before the privations of a protracted contest; and the soldiers, who in 1775 turned a deaf ear to the bounty offered by Congress. In the army, the spirits of both officers and men were broken by a long series of disasters. Before the end of November the force of Washington, by loss in battle, by expiration of enlistment, by desertions and by other casualties, had dwindled down to a little over 3,000 men. With this remnant of an army he retreated across New Jersey, hotly pursued by Cornwallis, at the head of twenty thousand well-appointed troops; nor could he save himself from utter ruin except by throwing the Delaware between himself and his foe. On the 8th of December, he crossed that river, and having destroyed the bridges behind him, gained a momentary respite.

To the eyes of nearly every man but the commander-in-chief, this momentary relief seemed only an interval of additional agony between the sentence and execution, for ultimate escape appeared impossible. The most sanguine believed that Philadelphia would fall before the month was out. Congress, which had been in session there, hurried off to Lancaster. Meantime, the British, in secure possession of New-Jersey, issued a proclamation, requiring every inhabitant to lay down his arms and take the oath of allegiance; and hundreds, who had been among the most enthusiastic for resistance, but who now despaired of success, hastened to purchase mercy by a timely submission. Even gentlemen high in rank on the

side of the Colonies wavered in their patriotism. The panic was universal. The hurricane seemed about to prostrate every thing before it.

In the gloom of this awful tempest, Washington, almost alone, stood unappalled. Not for one moment did his constancy forsake him. He saw the full peril of his situation; but he brought to it the resources of his mighty genius, and the unshaken resolution of his giant soul. Never, in any period of his life, was he greater than in this. No hint of submission crossed his mind. "If Philadelphia falls," he said in public, "we must retreat to the Susquehanna, and thence if possible, beyond the Alleghany." From the moment he had crossed the Delaware, he had been revolving in his mind a plan to change, by one bold act, the whole aspect of the war. The British instead of being concentrated in some central point, were scattered in detachments over New-Jersey, a proceeding they had adopted for the convenience of forage, believing their enemy utterly powerless for aggressive measures. Washington resolved to take advantage of this error, and to strike at several of these detachments at once. He learned that 15,000 men, principally Hessians, were cantoned at Trenton, and that smaller bodies lay at Bordentown, Burlington, Mount Holly, and neighboring villages. To cut off one or all of these from the main army was his design.

It has been said, by more than one interested writer, that this masterly idea did not originate with Washington, but was suggested by others; and various officers have been named as the real authors of the plan. But the very number of the aspirants destroys the exclusive claims of each, and strengthens the notion that the manœuvre sprang from the commander in chief alone. The letters of Washington for a fortnight before the battle, point to the great thought he was maturing in his mind. He was encouraged in his plan by the alacrity with which the Pennsylvania militia, under the command of Gen. Cadwallader, began to turn out; and by the reflection that, unless some bold stroke was promptly hazarded, the spirits of the people would sink into hopeless despondency. Accordingly, he called a council of war, before which he laid his daring scheme. As absolute secrecy was necessary to the success of the enterprise, only the very highest officers were admitted to this assembly, which met at the headquarters of Gen. Knox, in Upper Merion, Bucks county Pennsylvania. The house is, we believe, still standing, an antique dwelling of two stories.

Little did those who met at the council of war, though aware that mighty results hung upon their decision, imagine a tithe of the truth. They knew that the success or defeat of the Colonies might possibly be involved, but they could not penetrate the future and foresee that the existence of the greatest and most enlightened republic that ever lived, depended on their conclusion. To their eyes it was chiefly a question of preserving their little army, or at most of protecting the contest into another campaign, that they might have the benefit of whatever chances should turn up. But in reality they were determining whether the great problem of man's capacity for self-government should be tested or not—whether 20,000,000 of people, as we now are or 100,000,000 as we will be by the close of the century, should rise into freemen, or sink into slaves. Under God, all the progress that liberty has made since that hour, here or abroad, may be traced to the resolution adopted by that council of war! That we are a free people; that our wide spread territories are filled with prosperity and happiness; that the United States is looked to by the whole world as the Mecca of the oppressed; and that every breeze that blows from Europe brings sounds of falling thrones and nations breaking the chains which have galled them for centuries—we owe to the determination of that little assembly to sustain their commander in chief. We can imagine when the council rose, that the angel who watched over the youth of our republic, and who trembled for the result, clasped his hands for joy, and that the exultant sound, taken up by messenger after messenger, passed from hierarch to hierarch, until all heaven rung with the acclaim.

The plan, as finally determined on, was that Washington, with the continental troops should cross the Delaware above Trenton, and move down to the attack of that town; while Ewing, crossing the river below, should make an assault simultaneously from the lower side. Meantime, Cadwallader, with a strong detachment of militia, crossing at Bristol, was, if possible, to carry the posts at Burlington and Mount Holly. The night of the 25th of December was chosen for the surprise, as it was supposed that the enemy on that festive occasion would be more or less off his guard. The weather had become unusually warm for the season, and there was no ice as yet in the river to impede the crossing. Everything looked promising until within forty-eight hours of the appointed time. Suddenly, at this crisis, the weather set in cold, so that the Delaware became full of floating ice, which rendered navigation almost impossible. Nev-

ertheless, Washington determined to persist in his enterprise. Boats had been collected for the transportation of his own detachment, at McConkey's Ferry, on the west side of the river, about eight miles above Trenton. An express was sent to Cadwallader to inform him the attempt was to be made, and to command him to cross, if possible at Bristol.

As soon as evening came, the Continentals, twenty-four hundred in number, with a battery of twenty light field-pieces, were put in motion, and marched to the ferry. It was a wild and threatening night. The wind howled ominously over the landscape; a few stars only were seen in the dark and troubled sky; and the ice in the river, splitting and grinding as the tide moved its huge masses one against another, filled the air with foreboding sounds. In vain, for awhile the boats struggled in the current. Now locked in the arms of apparent immovable fields of ice, and now in peril from floating blocks that threaten to crush them, they were borne hither and thither, and with difficulty reached the shore, where new dangers awaited them in cakes of the frozen material, which pushed endwise against the bank frequently overlapped and almost engulfed them. At one time it was feared, that the artillery would have to be left behind. At last, however, after most incredible exertions, the little army was ferried over, but the task, instead of being achieved at midnight, as had been intended, was not completed until three hours afterwards. During the suspense of this awful night, Washington, who had crossed early, sat, it is said, on a bee-hive by the shore, wrapped in his cloak, and watching the struggling boats by the light of the few stars which broke here and there through the stormy rack of the heavens.

Two principal roads led from the landing place to Trenton. One, following the course of the river, entered the town at its lowest extremity; the other called the Pennington road, made a circuit into the interior, and struck Trenton at its upper end. Dividing his force, Washington took the latter route with one detachment, while Sullivan, with the other, pursued the river road. The instructions of the commander in chief to the latter general were to push on until he had reached Trenton, which he would probably be the first to do, as his route was the shortest, and there wait till he heard firing at the upper end of the town, when he was to attack at once. By thus assaulting the British simultaneously on both sides, Washington hoped, in conjunction with the surprise, to render them an easy prey.

The march had scarcely been renewed when the storm, which had been threatening all night, burst upon the army. The snow, at first coming in squalls, finally fell unrelentingly, accompanied occasionally with gusts of sleet and hail. The two divisions moved in company for nearly three miles before separating, and Sullivan, remarking that the wet might spoil the powder, asked his chief what was to be done in that emergency. "We must fight with the bayonet," was Washington's stern reply. The tempest now rapidly deepened. The thick flakes nearly obscured the way; the cold became intense, and the wind moaning across the landscape, seemed to wait for the approaching ruin of America. Many of the soldiers being scantily clothed, were soon wet through and through and almost frozen. Others had no shoes, and their feet, cut by the icy road, left at every step a mark of blood. History presents no parallel to that eventful march. When still some distance from Trenton, two of the Americans exhausted and chilled, dropped from their ranks and died. Yet still the remainder toiled on. No martial file was there, no banner flaunting on high, no squadrons of cavalry to guard their flanks, with triple rows of steel; but in silence, like the Spartans bound to Thermopylae, the little band pursued its way. The inhabitants of the farm houses on the route, half waking from sleep, fancied for a moment there were strange sounds upon the breeze; but imagination that what they heard was but the intonation of the tempest, they turned and slept again, little thinking that the destinies of America quivered at that hour in the balance.

The anxiety of Washington, during this protracted march, rose to the highest pitch. He was aware that if the attack failed, escape would be impossible, with the wintry Delaware behind him. In deciding on this bold move, he had staked not only his own life, but the existence of his army, and with the question of submission and independence for his country, then and forever after. He had put everything "at the hazard of a die." Yet the flight of a single deserter, the accidental discharge of a musket, or the occurrence of any of a dozen possible contingencies might destroy success entirely. As the gray dawn approached, and the vicinity of Trenton became apparent, his heart, usually so calm, beat with terrible suspense. He rode forward at the head of his troops, just at this instant the outposts of the enemy, mounted up in front of a challenge was heard—a hostile answer was given, and a musket flashed across the breaking day. Fired by the scene, and by the mighty responsi-

bilities of the hour, Washington rose in his stirrups, and pointing ahead with his sword, exclaimed, in a voice husky with emotion, but in words that will ever be immortal, "Soldiers, now or never—this is our last chance."

On the instant the men broke into a cheer, carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, and returning the volley of the retreating guard, dashed forward in pursuit. The British kept up a desultory fire as they fled dodging from house to house. At their head was a young officer, who courageously exhorted them to stand their ground, until a ball mortally wounding him, fell in the road, when they precipitately fled. The Americans now saw, a little in advance, the houses; heard the alarm which was calling the British soldiery together, and immediately after heeded the enemy endeavoring to form a battery across King street, directly in front. Not a moment was to be lost. Six of Knox's pieces immediately galloped into position, and unlimbering, opened a destructive fire down the street. When this discharge was over, the advanced guard rushed forward, charged up to the muzzles of the enemy's guns, sabred some of the artillerymen who were about firing, and drove the rest away, and capturing the pieces, turned two of them on the flying foe. This occurred near where the feeder crosses the street. Having thus destroyed the outworks of the enemy, the successful assailants advanced down Queen's street, extending towards the left, across the fields, so as to cut off the retreat of the Hessians, towards Princeton.

Meanwhile, all was terror and confusion among the enemy. The night had been one of festivity in Trenton; the soldiers being in the beer-shops carousing, and the officers indulging in mirth. Col. Rahl had been occupied all night in playing cards at Head-Quarters; a house belonging to Mr. Stacy Potts, and still standing near the head of Greene street. When the firing of the picket occurred, he stopped and listened, the sleet driving against the window pane for a moment deceived him. But when the rattle of the first volley came to his ears, flinging down his cards, he rushed to the door. Here through the misty lawn, he beheld some Hessians running down the street towards him, with the cry that Washington with his entire army was upon them. At this Rahl shouted to arms. The drums beat. In an instant all Trenton was in a tumult. The privates rushed from their quarters, some with, and some without arms; the officers were heard calling to the men, of seeing endeavoring to form the ranks; and the inhabitants, roused from sleep, hurried to their windows, and looking out for an instant, on the uproar, instead of content themselves in the recesses of their dwellings.

The main division of the army had scarcely unlimbered its battery in King street, when the sound of firing from the lower extremity of the town, announced that Sullivan had reached his position. Not three minutes had elapsed between the time when the two divisions came into action. The knowledge that the enemy had been surprised in front and rear at once inspired the Americans with fresh ardor, and they charged down the two principal streets, King and Queen, with an impetuosity that broke through every attempt at resistance. In vain Rahl galloped to and fro rallying his men: in vain, the subordinate officers exerted themselves; in vain the privates, ashamed to be conquered without a blow, endeavored to make a stand;—the enthusiasm of the assailants was irresistible, the Hessians everywhere gave way, and when Rahl, after falling mortally wounded, his troops broke into ignominious flight. A few threw themselves into a stone mansion, where they were speedily forced to surrender. The remainder fled precipitately toward the As-sumpink river, which flows along the lower end of the town. Here, some endeavoring to swim across were drowned or frozen to death; but the greater portion, heaved in on one side by Washington, and on the other side by Sullivan, did finding escape hopeless, laid down their arms.

The victory was complete. The whole force of the British at Trenton fell into the hands of Washington, except a body of 500 horse, which fled in the direction of Bordentown early in the action. Even these, however, would not have made good their escape, if Gen. Ewing, who was to have crossed below, had been able to effect his purpose. The number of prisoners actually taken was 900, of whom 23 were officers, about one thousand stand of arms fell into the arms of the victors. The glorious success was purchased without the loss of a man, except the two who died of the march; and but two officers, and a few privates were wounded. The Hessians lost 7 officers and nearly thirty men killed. As Washington rode over the field after the conflict, he found Rahl lying in the snow, weltering in his blood. The dying commander, supported by a file of sergeants, tendered his sword to the victor, and in broken accents seemed to implore clemency. The American Chief, touched by the spectacle, ordered his own physician to attend the sufferer. But medical assistance was in vain. Rahl, on being carried back to his Head quarters, died