

# Lehigh

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER.



# Register.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

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

VOLUME IV.

ALLENTOWN, LEHIGH COUNTY, PA., DECEMBER 13, 1849.

NUMBER 10.

**THE LEHIGH REGISTER,**  
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."

**Third Purchase of Fall and Winter Goods.**  
The subscribers have just received, their third supply of Fall and Winter Goods this season, which makes their assortment of the very best character and will compare with any other in the State, and as to prices, we assure our Customers and the public in general, that they shall be at least, as cheap if not cheaper than at any other store in the County. Therefore we invite all to give us an early call.  
**PRETZ, GUTH & Co.**  
Allentown, Dec 6th

**GROCERIES.**  
The subscribers have received and offer for sale, wholesale and retail, a large and well selected Stock of Groceries, at the lowest market price.  
**PRETZ, GUTH & Co.**  
December, 6

**Queenware.**  
The subscribers have received a large supply of the most approved patterns of Queenware which together with their former stock makes a complete assortment.  
**PRETZ, GUTH & Co.**  
December 6.

**Coal, Plaster & Salt.**  
The subscribers offer for sale:  
3000 Tons Coal  
100 Plaster  
5000 Bushels salt  
**PRETZ, GUTH & Co.**  
December, 6

**Cotton Yarn.**  
Just received 5000 lbs Cotton Yarn, coverlet warps, and coverlet yarn, for sale by  
**PRETZ, GUTH & Co.**  
December, 6

**BRING OUT THE BIG GUN!**  
**The Victory is Gained!**  
**THE PEOPLE TRIUMPHANT!!!**  
Citizens of Allentown, and vicinity who are in want of the best quality of  
**Fresh Groceries,**  
are particularly invited to call at  
**Depew's Family Grocery Store,**  
where they will find the best selected stock of  
**Family Groceries, Liquors,**  
and a large variety of Fancy Goods, all of which will be sold at the lowest CASH prices.  
**C. I. DEPEW.**  
Nov. 20

**PERFUMERY.**  
The Ladies of Allentown and vicinity are invited to his new and splendid assortment of fashionable  
**PERFUMERY**  
lately received, all of which are from the fashionable Perfumery establishments of  
**ROUSEL'S AND HOUEL'S**  
in Philadelphia; and will be sold cheaper than they can be bought in the city.  
Remember the place.  
**C. I. DEPEW'S**  
Family Grocery and Manly Store.  
November 20.

**Three Journeymen Tailors WANTED.**  
The undersigned, residing in Catsaquog, next door to Gross's store, wishes to employ three sober and industrious journeymen tailors, to work on coats. Good hands can find constant employment, if application be immediately made to  
**J. T. MCVENNEY,**  
Catsaquog, October 25th.

**Washington Printing Press FOR SALE.**  
A Superior iron printing press, Washington's patent, with a bed 23 by 34 inches, in first rate order, for sale at this office, on accommodating terms.—Address A. L. RUHE, postpaid.  
Allentown, July 40.

**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, Feathers, Counterpanes, Blankets, Linen and Cotton Sheeting, 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, Leonese Cloths, Laina 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 Lusterful Cloths of old Germany; the finest Fabrics of France; the heavy goods from the west of England; and the coarser 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, Socks, 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 29.

**Change makes Change.**  
BY MISS J. P. YEAL.  
"How stupidly Dickens writes now-a-days, or else I have grown stupid myself," said Charley Wood—his friends always called him "Charlie"—throwing down the second number of Copperfield, with a yawn. "I think I must go and see how the boys come on this evening. I don't believe I've been near 'the room' since we've boarded here."  
"And leave me all alone!" pouted his lovely bride, or wife, rather, for they had now been married full three months. "Why Charlie—"  
"Well, Lucy!"  
"I didn't think you would have been tired of your little wife so soon. But it's what I might have expected." And by this time her voice lost itself in sobs.  
"There, there, now," said her kind-hearted husband, kissing her as he spoke. "Don't get into such a fret, pretty one. But you know I have not been away from you one evening since we returned from Saratoga; and the boys think I have cut them. I must go to-night. I met Ned Ludlow at the Post-Office, and he tells me they are going to have a rehearsal of some of the Ernani music, and wanted my flute. One must make sacrifices for one's friends sometimes—so I must 'tear myself away' from you for an hour or two."  
"Well, go, then. I know it's only an excuse. I have seen for some days you were growing tired of me. You went to sleep last night in the rocking-chair, and I sitting right by you."  
"Yes and what were you doing?"  
"Why, working a dear, beautiful crocheted bag for cousin Ellen's bridal present."  
"I hate crocheted. You never can speak a word when you're counting those confounded beads."  
"You didn't think so once, when I did that elegant mazarine blue and silver purse for you, when we were first engaged."  
"Now, Lucy, please, don't cry, darling. But I must go to-night. So good bye; I'll be back as—"  
"Not before midnight, I'm certain," broke in the lady; and, as the door closed with a sound much resembling what crossed children call a "slam," she threw herself upon the sofa and sobbed as if her husband had deserted her forever, instead of one evening.  
"Sob! sob! sob! Oh, how unhappy she was! How she wished she had never been married—that she had never left "Papa's" sob! sob! How very dreadful to have one's husband tired of your society. "Oh, dear! oh, dear!" and Lucy Wood began to believe, as she uttered this heart-rending exclamation, that she belonged to that numerous and formidable class of society, "injured women."  
Her hysterical outbreak had drowned all external noises; and it was only after a repeated double knock, that she became conscious some one was at the door.  
It was Mrs. Tyson, who had a room on the next floor of the same hotel—a nice, motherly looking lady of fifty or thereabouts, who had become very much interested in her young fellow boarder.  
"I saw Mr. Wood get out, my dear," said she, without seeming to notice the swollen eyes of her hostess, (weeping and becoming to most faces, though we have seen one or two in our lives who could bear this severe test.) "So I thought," continued Mrs. Tyson, "I would just come in and see a little while; and I don't like to intrude when Mr. Wood is in—I know young people consider their best friends *de trip* sometimes."  
"I'm sure you're very good; but you never need be afraid of that," and here the sense of her wrongs rushed back afresh, and found vent in a new flood of tears. Then

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**FASHIONABLE Jewelry Establishment!**  
Cheap and Good Watches, Jewelry & Silver-ware, wholesale and retail, at No. 96 North Second street, corner of Quarrel's, Philadelphia.  
Gold Lever Watches, full Jewelled, 18 carat cases, \$30 and over.  
Silver Lever Watches, full jewelled, \$10 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 SILVERWARE. Also, an assortment of M. J. Tobias & 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. 29.

**NOTICE.**  
Notice is hereby given, that the partnership in the Tailoring business heretofore existing between *Steller & Child*, 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 STALLER,**  
**WILLIAM CHILD,**  
November 1.

**Poetical Department.**  
**Song.**  
How sweet it is for us to know,  
That there are hearts that burn  
With love for us where'er we go,  
And sigh for our return.  
Then, though the world is cold and drear,  
And gives the bosom pain,  
We've but to turn to scenes more dear,  
And all is bright again.  
But sad must be the home of those,  
Condemned to live alone,  
With none to cheer amid life's woes  
And none to call their own.  
No season sweet of joy doth come,  
To shed its fragrance there,  
No Sunshine to dispense the gloom  
That broods a dark despair.  
The heart can ne'er be truly blest,  
Unless it can recline  
Upon some fond congenial breast,  
Where loves sweet tendrils twine.  
Then we can brook life's many ills,  
Of sorrow and of woe,  
For love's soothing balm distills  
To cheer us whilst below.

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followed the most natural thing in the world. The whole of scene first was recounted to her sympathizing listener, with a codicil accompaniment, that "she was sure Charlie was tired of her, and wished he had not married," and much more to the same effect.  
"It will not seem very kind in me, after your generous confidence, dear Mrs. Wood, to tell you that such thoughts ought not to be told, even to me. Just think what a risk you ran! If I had not been a prudent, elderly person, who has lived long enough to see the folly and unkindness of gossip and tattling, think what a story I might have made of it! A mutual friend of ours, for instance, would have reported every-where to-morrow, that the Wood's lived very unhappily; and, between us, I guess they are both sick of their bargain. In fact, Mrs. Wood told me as much herself!" No, you must lay it down as a first principle of married life, never to confide even to your dearest friend any little disagreement or misapprehension that may arise between yourself and husband. Sympathy, in these cases, does more harm than good; and, after all, it is on your own judgment that you must principally rely; for no one but yourself can understand all the circumstances. You are not offended?"  
"Oh, no," said Lucy, already calmed by this plain statement of an obvious truth, "I would not have any body think we lived unhappily for the world! Why, Charlie has always been devoted to me. He never gave a cross word to me. Only how does it happen, since I have told you, Mrs. Tyson—how does it happen he seems so indifferent lately, and he can leave me a whole evening. It was not so before our marriage."  
"I wonder if he has remarked no difference in you?"  
"In me! oh, no. Why I would not flatter for the world."  
"That's not the only sin of married life, my dear," said Mrs. Tyson smiling a little at the naive remark. "Perhaps it is set down as such because society is outraged by it. But indifference is a worse evil than open disagreement, because its attacks are so subtle and intangible. I do not wonder you were alarmed if you thought you perceived any signs of its approach. But about your conduct. I wonder if you take the same pains to render yourself agreeable as you once did? How did you amuse him in the days of your engagement?"  
"Why, Charlie came to the house every evening almost—and if there was no party, or concert, or anything, I dressed as neatly as possible, he always liked to see me well dressed, and he was so particular. Then I sang for him—I used to sing a great deal, though, as I've hardly opened my piano since it came from home, I don't know that you have ever heard me."  
"Did you crocheted that purse in the evenings?"  
"Oh, no, that was a surprise—so I did it in the day-time; and besides, we could not talk much if I did such work."  
"Well, and now you do not make a pretty evening toilette."  
Lucy glanced at the opposite mirror and saw there was some truth in the remark. Not expecting visitors, she had thrown on her dressing gown, and tucked her hair back behind her ears, to "be comfortable" as she called it, and though not exactly untidy, she could but confess she would not have liked Charly to have surprised her in such a costume a few months back—before they were married.  
"Oh, but we are married now, it does not make so much difference, you know."  
"A bad argument, my dear, unless you can prove that you're husband's tastes have changed, and that he prefers to see you look untidy. Then you crocheted in the evening now, when you have ample time while he is at business all day. Moreover, by your own confession, you rarely sing or play for him. Was his taste for music one of those numerous affections of courtship?"  
"Oh, no, no; I assure you. He has gone now to a musical club, he asked me only yesterday why I did not play more. But it is such a trouble to keep up your practice. Married ladies are not expected to play."  
"My dear child! So this beautiful and ennobling art is to be degraded to an accessory irritation merely! Think of the wasted hours you have passed at the piano, if this is all. You remember Miss Carlton, so celebrated as a vocalist in society some years since, she married Mr. Harrison. Well, I assure you, she told me only last week, that the happiest hour of her days was directly after tea, when she plays for her father and her husband, who are both passionately fond of music. Her little girl is allowed, as a reward to set up that hour, and listen to mamma's pretty songs." Oh, I'm afraid you are wrong. Why I lately was reading the memoir of a wife of a London Clergyman, Mr. Sherman, of Surrey Chapel, who records as one of his purest enjoyments her exquisite musical taste and ability. She found time to practice in the midst of engagements and labors that would shame any of us. Now forgive me if I scold you a little. Don't think the indifference is displayed on one side. Just see

for yourself if Mr. Wood has no cause of complaint. Some time I will bring you a clever letter by a German author, Moser is his name. I must read it to you, for I am sure it will do you good. It is on this very point, and is witty as well as wise. But let us talk of something else now, for we must destroy every trace of tears and call back all those smiles before Mr. Wood returns or I am afraid he will think me a dull substitute for his society."  
It was well for Lucy Wood that Mrs. Tyson was a just and sensible woman. How merily they chatted away, on so many interesting subjects, and when Charlie returned, as he did at a most reasonable hour—a little fearful of finding clouds and showers we confess—he was agreeably surprised to see his wife more lively and cheerful than she had been for weeks. More like his lady-love Lucy, when she had first attracted him by her good tempered sprightliness, than the little lady he had left in sobs.  
Mrs. Tyson had promised at leaving not to forget the letter of Moser, which our readers cannot fail to be as much interested in as Lucy was sure she should be.

**THE RED CAP.**  
"Hans Christoph, the bailiff of a small town in Germany, was in possession (besides the respect and consideration due him in right of office and personal character) of a young wife, whose name was Eva. As often as the worthy bailiff called her by that name, he grumbled that it should belong to her, for it never failed to put him in mind of the nefarious doings of mother Eve, when she circumvented Adam in Paradise; 'what befel the first man,' he would say to himself, 'may fall to the lot of old Hans Christoph; for if the Eve that took the apple had one devil to help her, my Eva may have ten thousand if she chooses. And will she not choose? Oh, Hans Christoph, it was a foolish thing to marry so young a wife."  
"By the ten thousand devils! Hans really meant nothing more than the young men, particularly those of gentle blood, ten miles round the neighborhood. For the fact could not be denied, that they came from far and near, on foot and on horseback, to pay their respects to the lovely wife of the bailiff, or admire her as she rode or walked past the house. Hans Christoph was not long in finding this out; and the discovery threw him into a transport of rage and jealousy. He would no longer permit Eva to go to the door, nor to leave the house on any pretext; and at last forbade her even looking out at the window."  
"Eva was a sweet, innocent, amiable creature, and had always entertained a profound respect for her old husband. But when he showed such unreasonable distrust, and treated her so harshly, her respect, as a matter of course, was reduced to naught; while he continued day after day, to torment her by his unfounded suspicions. The rebellious spirit in her human nature was roused, until she was at last provoked to deceive him."  
"What a woman seeks to do, she is not long in finding the means to accomplish, in spite of all the Argus watching in the world. For many days had the nephew of their landlord, in passing the house, thrown in pitying glances, intended for the pretty victim of tyranny, which looks, by stealth, were readily understood. So, one day, when the bailiff was gone to the tavern to examine a thief who had let himself down the chimney to steal, Master Fritz availed himself also of the same means to enter the kitchen of Hans Christoph's house. There Eva received him, and disburdened herself of all her troubles. 'Whom had she to complain to but Fritz? Fritz listened sympathizingly, and said he thought he could help her. He knew of a way to cure the old bailiff of his jealousy. That would be a miracle indeed! But Fritz hoped for the best, and presently unfolded his scheme. Eva laughed heartily at it, and promised her aid to the very best of her power."  
"In the afternoon of the same day the bailiff was sitting in a very sullen mood, on the stone bench before his door. He was wondering how it happened that his young wife had not wept bitterly, as usual, at his reproaches; and trying to think who had been daring enough to offer her consolation. A slight noise interrupted his reverie, and looking up, he saw an old Polish Jew, in coarse travelling gear, with a knapsack on his shoulders.  
"Anything to buy?" asked the pedlar, in broken German. Hans Christoph made a gesture of repulsion. "But the Jew stood still."  
"I have very fine things in my knapsack, such as one does not see every-day," he persisted.  
"I want nothing. Get away."  
"Oh, every body wants something; and I have everything that heart can wish. Now if you have a young wife, who gives you trouble, have I not here my red cap? So saying, and opening his knapsack, the Jew drew out several things, and among them a parcel in a number of wrappings. Taking these off one another, he produced a cap of red leather, which he drew on his hand, and exhibited it to the bailiff.  
"Well; and what is the use of this leather

or cap, the like of which, of better, I can get in the town anywhere for a couple of groschen?"  
"The Jew shook his head, and smiled with an air of mystery. 'O yes! you can get plenty of caps,' he cried, black, white, grey, yellow, or blue; silver, gold, or diamond caps—for aught I know; but this red cap of mine, master is worth more than all of them."  
"Eh, fellow, and how can that be?"  
"Because," answered the pedlar solemnly—because my Red Cap is the true covering for his head, worn by the prophet Elijah, which he dropped on the ground when he went up to heaven in the holy chariot of fire."  
"Der tausend! is that true?" exclaimed the bailiff, with open eyes.  
"And it has this virtue, continued the Jew, 'that to the one who has on the cap, everybody must tell exactly what he thinks or purposes.'  
"You are not jesting?"  
"And if an old man, who has a young wife, wears the cap, she will always remain true as steel to him, and will regard him as the handsomest man in the world."  
"Ha! can that be true, pedler?"  
"Well, master, you can make the trial."  
"And what is the price of the cap?"  
"Three ducats; neither more nor less."  
"That is too much, Jew."  
"Too little, far too little, for such a cap as this."  
"I will try it. Therewith Hans Christoph put on the cap, and then called his wife out of the house. Eva came accordingly. As soon as she saw her husband, she exclaimed in apparent amazement:  
"Oh, Hans! why have you put on such a strange cap?"  
"It is a cure for the headache," answered the bailiff. "I bought it just now of this Jew."  
"Eve deigned not to look at the pedlar, but fixing her eyes more earnestly upon her husband: "Do you know, dear Hans," she cried, "that the cap is wonderfully becoming to you. You look extremely handsome in it!"  
"Indeed! asked the bailiff. "It is becoming, is it, eh?"  
"You look at least twenty years younger, answered Eva; and if I had not admired you before, you are certainly now irresistible!"  
"The astonishment of Hans Christoph knew no bounds. But there lingered at the bottom of his mind a shadow of doubt. To satisfy it, he took the cap slowly from his head and put it on that of the Jew. Ev returned instantly, as noticing the pedler for the first time, and exclaimed: "but how comes this handsome young man here? Do not be angry, Hans, but I must give him a kiss." Therewith she ran up to the Jew, but Hans Christoph rushed between, and snatched the cap from the pedlar's hand, and placed it on his own, receiving his wife's embrace. She took no further notice of the Jew.  
"It is really wonderful!" muttered the bailiff. "Well, I will never more lay aside the Red Cap, and will take care, moreover, that no one else puts it on. Here, Jew, are your three ducats, and a piece of silver besides, for a treat. Now, pack yourself out of the village, and never let me see you again, or you may chance to be burnt as a conjurer."  
The pedlar took the money, bowed his thanks, and went his way.  
"Hans Christoph embraced his wife and promised never again to torment her again with his jealousy. She had full liberty thenceforward to sit at the window or the door, as often and as long as she pleased."

**The Nobleness of Charity.**  
What is nobler or blither than Charity? Charity looketh kindly on the erring; she entreateth the misguided without chiding, and leads back the guilty to the path of rectitude, forgetting the sins that are past. Charity mocketh not at the proud nor the humble, she perceiveth that each has a cause for his ways. And if she lendeth advice to either, it is with a soft voice, and modest demeanor. Not that charity self-debaseth herself, or doubteth her own strength, but because she knoweth that the heart of man is stubborn, and may be corrected when it will not be driven. Charity beareth reward in the thing she doeth. She careth not for words of applause; her work, and the payment thereof, cometh from God. Slow to reprove, she is swift to edify, and to bless; and her footsteps are hallowed with the joy of reconciliation and repentance. Charity helpeth to save souls—most of all the virtuous, she helpeth to bless the world. Peace goeth with her, and the wagging of tongues ceaseth in her presence. Who is there that needeth not charity—and his who needeth, shall not give it in return. Charity, as she is, who trusteth in God, casteth her bread upon the waters; to find it ten fold after many days.  
"Sister, are you happy?" "Yes, because, I feel as though I was in Bezebu's bosom." "Not in Bezebu's bosom?" "Well, some of the Patriarchs, I don't care which."