

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 IV.

ALLENTOWN, LEHIGH COUNTY, PA., JANUARY 31, 1850.

NUMBER 17.

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 St., one door East of the German Reformed Church, nearly opposite the "Friedensbothe Office."

Refectory, Fruit Store AND Oyster House.

J. & B. STETLER, respectfully inform their friends, and the public in general, that they have lately purchased the Good Will, Fixtures, &c., of the *Rough & Ready* Oyster House, Ice Cream Saloon, and confectionary Establishment, lately kept by Messrs. Stetler and George, in the building formerly occupied by the old Northampton Bank, on the corner of Market Square and Allen Street, in the Borough of Allentown.

They are prepared to serve up oysters, in the most fashionable City styles, at the shortest notice, to wit:

Fried, Roasted, Sauted, Stewed, &c., ALSO:—Beef Tongue, Tripe, Ale, Porter, Lager and other Beer, Mead, &c.

Their accommodations will be such, that those who will give them a social call, will not leave the establishment dissatisfied.

They trust that by strict attention to business, and good accommodations, they will receive a liberal share of patronage, for which they will ever feel thankful. December 20. —2m.

LIFE INSURANCE.

The Girard Life Insurance Annuity and Trust Company of Philadelphia, Office No. 169 Chestnut Street, Charter Perpetual, CAPITAL 300,000.

Continue to make *Insurances on Lives* on the most favorable terms.

The capital being paid up and invested, together with the accumulated premium fund affords a *perfect security* to the insured.

The premium may be paid in yearly, half yearly, or quarterly payments.

The company adds a BONUS at stated periods to the insurance for life. The first bonus was appropriated in December, 1844, amounting to 10 per cent. on the sum insured under the oldest policies, to 8½ per cent, 7½ per cent, &c., on others in proportion to the time of standing making an addition of \$100, \$250, \$500, &c., on every \$1000 originally insured, which is an average of more than 60 per cent on the premium paid, and without increasing the annual payment to the company.

No. of Policy.	Sum Insured.	Bonus or Addition.	Amount of policy and bonus payable at the party's decease.
No. 58	\$1000	\$100	\$1100
" 88	3500	250	2750
" 205	4000	400	4400
" 276	2000	124	2124
" 333	5000	437.50	5437.50

Pamphlets containing tables of rates, and explanations of the subject; forms of application; and further information can be had at the office in Philadelphia, or on application to A. L. RUHE, Agent in Allentown.

B. W. RICHARDS, President. Jno. F. JAMES, Actuary. December 13. —1y

Selling off at First Cost! Great Bargains!

Great bargains are now offered to the public at the store of *Wm. S. Weil*, consisting of all kinds of *Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods*, as he is desirous of selling out his stock of goods and confine himself to wholesaling exclusively. He offers all his cut goods at cost which are all new and seasonable, and consists of Cloths, Cassimeres, Sattinets, and Vellings. Also all kinds of Cashmeres, Alpaca, Coburg Cloths, Mouslin de laines, Mohair Cloths, Merinos, Calicoes, &c., &c., he also has on hand a splendid assortment of shawls and a large lot of jewelry, Violins, Accordions, &c., &c. Persons in want of goods are requested to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere, as these goods must be sold out before the 1st of April.

He intends making large additions to his wholesaling goods and will supply the country Merchants as heretofore with all kinds of Yankee Notions. He has just received a large lot of Red Ends Violin strings and should be happy to fill any orders that may be sent to him. W. S. WEIL. January, 10. —4t

PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, the Hon. J. Pringle Jones, President of the several Courts of Common Pleas of the Third Judicial District, composed of the counties of Northampton and Lehigh, State of Pennsylvania and Justice of the several Courts of Oyer and Terminer and general Jail delivery, and Peter Hans, and John F. Ruhe, Esqrs., Judges of the Courts of Oyer and Terminer and general Jail delivery, for the trial of all capital offenders in the said county of Lehigh. By their precepts to me directed, have ordered and Jail Delivery, to be held at Allentown, county of Lehigh, on the

First Monday in February 1850, which is the 4th day of said month, and will continue one week.

Notice is therefore hereby given to the Justices of the Peace and Constables of the county of Lehigh, that they are by the said precepts commanded to be there at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, of said day, with their rolls, records, inquisitions, examinations, and all other remembrances, to do these things which to their offices appertain to be done, and all those who are bound by recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or then shall be in the jail of said county of Lehigh, are to be then and there to prosecute them as shall be just.

Given under my hand in Allentown, the 10th day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty.

God save the Commonwealth. CHARLES HIRSH, Sheriff. Sheriff's Office Allentown, Pa. —1c

January 10th, 1850. N. B. Magistrates are desired to forward their returns in criminal cases to the Deputy Attorney General at once, and to request prosecutors to call at his office before court, and thus afford sufficient time to prepare the indictments, and other matters necessary for trial. The amount of unsettled business renders this at present absolutely necessary. January 10, 1850. —4w

Henry Laurence, DENTIST.

Office at *Steele's Hotel*, Allentown, Pa. Has just returned from the City of New York where he has procured newly invented instruments which greatly facilitate the operation of removing teeth, making it less painful to the patient, and more expeditious to the operator. Also a beautiful assortment of artificial teeth which he is prepared to insert in the most durable and artistic manner. Diseases of the gums skillfully treated. Carious Teeth filled. Nerves of Teeth destroyed without pain, and all operations pertaining to the profession performed with entire satisfaction and upon moderate terms.

Refers to the following gentlemen, residents of Philadelphia and Allentown: Saml. Geo. Morton, M. D. E. Townsend, D. D. S. Henry S. Patterson, " J. K. Townsend, Dent. John B. McClellan, " J. R. Kneeler, Dent. Charles H. Martin, " J. P. Shantz, M. D. Charles L. Martin, " J. Romig, Jr. M. D. N. B. Teeth and roots extracted gratuitously, when removed for the insertion of artificial teeth. Allentown, December 20. —4w

TAVERN FOR RENT.

The well known Tavern-stand is offered for rent, sign of the

Black Horse,

on the public road, leading from Allentown, to Bethlehem, about one mile from the Lehigh Bridge, in Hanover township, Lehigh county. The House is two story, conveniently situated, with good Siding, and excellent water springing out before the door. For further particulars, call upon the undersigned, who resides near the Tavern. JOSIAH KLADER. —4w

The Great China Store OF PHILADELPHIA.

Thankful to the citizens of Allentown and its vicinity for their increased custom, we again request their company to view our large and splendid assortment of CHINA, GLASS & QUEENSWARE. Dinner Sets, Tea Sets, Toilet Sets, and single pieces, either of Glass, China or Stone Ware, sold in quantities to suit purchasers, for less than they can be had elsewhere. In fact at less than Wholesale Prices.

American and English Britannia Metal Goods. In greater variety than ever before offered in the city. FANCY CHINA in a great variety very cheap.

We would invite any person visiting the city to call and see us—they will at least be pleased to walk around our beautiful store and to view the finest China and the cheapest world produces.

Very respectfully, TYNDAL & MITCHELL, No. 319 Chestnut Street. Philadelphia, Sept. 20. —1y-8

GUMS! GUMS!!

The undersigned have just received 1000 pair of Men's Ladies' and Misses Gum Shoes. A fine article of Ladies' Gum Boots, which they will sell low. LOCHMAN & BRO.

Poetical Department.

Trifles.

How is it, o'er the strongest mind,
That trifles hold such sway?
A word—may e'en a look unkind
May darken all life's day.
Oh, in this world of daily care,
The thousands that have erred
Can any hardships better bear
Than they can bear a word?
The man who with heroic heart
Can stern misfortune meet,
Unflinchingly perform his part,
And struggle against defeat
With faith unaltered—yet can lose
His temper, e'en for aught,
Which falls not as his will would choose,
Or proves not what he sought!
And woman can forgive a wrong,
Which casts her on the world,
Far better than forgive the tongue
That may some sneer have hurled!
A thousand times prefer a lot
As hard as want deplores,
Then feel or think herself forgot
By one her heart adores!
Alas, the human mould's at fault;
And still by turns it claims
A nobleness that can exalt,
A littleness that shames!
Of strength and weakness still combined,
Compounded of the mean and grand;
And trifles thus will shake the mind
That would a tempest stand.
Give me that soul-superior power,
That conquest o'er fate,
Which sways the weakness of the hour,
Rules little things as great;
That lulls the human waves of strife
With words and feelings kind,
And makes the trials of our life,
The triumphs of our mind!

The Family Circle.

The Dead Alive.

A Thrilling Incident. The subjoined narrative, published originally in *Chamber's Journal*, is stated to be translated from a foreign newspaper. It is necessary to remind the reader that the *Island Mauritius*, appertaining at this day to the English, was originally colonised by the French, and that the population consists in a great measure of persons of that nation, to whom, by a former treaty between the two powers concerned, their ancient laws and usages were preserved without material alteration.

About three or four months ago, the Sir Clodomir Frenois, a rich merchant of the island, was found dead, and frightfully disfigured in his own habitation. His body was discovered lying on the floor, with his face mutilated by a pistol, and all doubt as to the catastrophe was dispelled by the discovery of the fatal weapon by the side of the corpse, as also of a paper in the hand-writing of the deceased. This paper contained the following words:

"I am ruined!—a villain has robbed me of twenty thousand livres sterling; dishonor must be my portion, and I cannot survive it. I leave my wife the task of distributing among my creditors the means which remains to us, and I pray that God, my friends, and my enemies may pardon my self-destruction. Yet another minute and I shall be in eternity."

(Signed.) CLODOMIR FRENOIS. Great was the consternation caused by this tragic event, which was the more unexpected as the loss alluded to in the note had never been made public. The deceased had been held in great esteem over the colony, a man of strict honor, and was universally lamented. His attached widow, after endeavoring to fulfil his last wishes, found her grief too powerful to mingle longer with the world, and took the resolution to consecrate her remaining days to the service of religion. Two months after the sad end of her husband she entered a convent, leaving to a nephew of the merchant, a physician, the charge of completing the distribution of the effects of Frenois among his creditors.

A minute examination of the papers of the deceased led to the discovery of the period at which the unfortunate merchant had been robbed; and that period was found to correspond with the date of the disappearance of a man named John Moon, long in the employment of Frenois. Of this man, on whom suspicion not unnaturally fell, nothing could be learned on inquiry; but, shortly after the division of the merchant's property, Moon appeared in the colony.

When taken up and examined respecting the cause of his flight, he stated that he had been sent by his master to France, to recover some due to the merchant there, in which mission he had been unsuccessful, and he further averred that if Clodomir Frenois, in his existing correspondence, had thrown any injurious suspicions on him (Moon) the whole was but a pretext to account for deficiencies of which the merchant himself was the sole cause and author. This declaration, made by a man who seemed to fear no injury, and whose worldly circumstances remained to appearance the same as they ever had been, had the effect of silencing, if it did not satisfy, the examiners; and the affair soon fell, in a great measure, out of the public recollection.

Things remained for a short time in this condition when one morning, Mr. William Burnett, principal creditor of the late Clodomir Frenois, heard a knocking at his gate at a very early hour. He called up one of his servants, who went down and opened the door, and immediately returned with the intelligence, that a stranger, who seemed desirous of keeping his person concealed, wished to speak with Mr. Burnett in private. Mr. Burnett arose, threw on his dressing-gown, and descended to the parlor. He saw there a stranger, of tall person, seated in an easy and familiar attitude, upon a sofa, with a number of the *Morning Post* in his hand. The back of his visitor was turned to Mr. Burnett as he entered. Rather surprised to see a stranger conduct himself so like an old friend of the house, Mr. Burnett said aloud, "Sir, may I beg to know your business with me?"

The stranger turned round, and advanced to salute his host warmly and courteously. Mr. Burnett started back, and uttered a loud exclamation of surprise and alarm. "Well he might; for before his eyes stood his friend and debtor, Clodomir Frenois, whom he had beheld nearly a year before a mutilated corpse—whom himself had followed to the grave."

What passed at that interview between Mr. Burnett and his strange visitor remained a secret. Mr. Burnett retained the secret. Mr. Burnett was observed to issue several times, pale and agitated, from his dwelling, and to visit the magistrate charged with the conduct of the criminal processes of the colony. In the course of the day, while John Moon was regaling himself with tea, under the palm trees of his garden, with a Circassian female whom he had bought some time previously, he was arrested and taken to prison by the officers of justice. On the following day, he was brought before the criminal court, accused of robbing the late Clodomir Frenois, the crime having been conjoined with a breach of trust and violence.

Moon smiled at the charge with all the confidence of a man who had nothing to fear. The Judge having demanded of him if he confessed the crime, the accused replied that the charge was altogether absurd, that clear testimony was necessary to fix such a charge upon him; and that, so far from there being any such evidence producible, neither the widow of the deceased, nor any other of the persons in his service, had ever heard the pretended robbery even once mentioned by Clodomir Frenois during his life.

"So you then affirm your innocence?" repeated the judge, after hearing what the other had to say. "I will avouch my innocence," replied Moon, "even before the body of my late master, if that be necessary." (Such a thing frequently took place under the old Colonial law.)

"John Moon," said the Judge, in a voice broken by some peculiar emotion, "it is before your late master that you will have to assert your innocence; and may the God of justice make the truth appear."

A signal from the Judge accompanied his words, and immediately a door opened, and Clodomir Frenois, the supposed suicide, entered the court. He advanced to the bar, with a slow and deliberate step, having his eyes calmly but firmly fixed on the prisoner, his servant. A great sensation was caused in the court by his appearance. Uttering shrieks of horror and alarm, the females fled from the spot. The accused fell on his knees in abject terror, and shuddering, confessed his guilt. For a time no voice was heard but his. However, as it became apparent that a living man stood before the court, the advocate for the prisoner gained courage to speak. He demanded that the identity of the merchant be established, and the existence be explained. He said that the court should not be biased by what might prove to be a mere accidental likeness between a person living and one deceased, and that such an avowal as that of the prisoner, extracted in a moment of extraordinary terror, was in no way to be held of much weight.

"Before being admitted here as a witness," continued the advocate, addressing the resuscitated merchant, "prove who and what you are, and disclose by what means the tomb, which so lately received your body, mangled with bullets, has given up its tenants and restored you to the world in life and health."

This firm appeal of the advocate, who continued steadfast to his duty, under circumstances that would have closed the lips of most men, called forth the following narrative from Clodomir Frenois: "My story may soon be told, and will suffice to establish my identity. When I discovered the robbery committed by the accused, he had then fled from the island, and I speedily saw all attempts to retake him would prove fruitless I saw ruin and disgrace before me, and came to the resolution of terminating my life before the evil day came. On the night in which this determination was formed, I was seated alone in my private chamber. I had written the letter which was found on my table, and I had loaded my pistol. This done, I prayed for forgiveness from my Maker, for the act that I was about to commit. The end of the pistol was at my head, and my finger on the trigger, when a knock at the door of the house startled me. I concealed my weapon, and went to the door. A man entered, whom I recognized to be the sexton of the parish in which I lived. He bore a sack on his shoulders, and in it the body of a man newly buried, which was destined for my nephew, the physician then living with me. The scarcity of bodies for dissection, as the court is aware, compels those who are anxious to acquire skill in the medical profession to procure them by any possible secret means. The sexton was at first alarmed at having met me.—'Did my nephew request you to bring this body?' No," replied the man, 'but I knew his anxiety to obtain one for dissection, and took it upon me to offer this body. For mercy's sake,' continued the sexton, 'do not betray me, sir, or I shall lose my station and my family's bread.'

"While the man was speaking, a strange idea entered my mind, and brought to my despairing bosom hopes of continued life and honor. I stood for a few minutes absorbed in thought, and then recollecting myself, I gave two pieces of gold to the resurrectionist, the sum which he expected. Telling him to keep his own counsel, and that all would be well, I sent him away, and carried the body to my cabinet. The whole of the household had been sent out of the way on purpose, and I had time to carry into execution the plan which had struck me. The body was fortunately of the same stature as myself, and like me in complexion. I knew the man; he was a poor offender, abandoned by his family. 'Poor relic of mortality!' said I, with tears in my eyes, 'nothing which man can do, can now injure thee; yet pardon me if I rudely disfigure thy lifeless substance. It is to prevent the ruin of not one but 20 families. And should success attend my attempt, I swear that thy children shall be my children, and, when my hour comes we shall rest together in the tomb, to which thou shalt be born before me.'

"At this portion of the merchant's narrative, the most lively interest was excited in the court, and testified even by tears from many of the audience. Frenois thus proceeded: "I then stripped off my cloths, and dressed the body in them. This accomplished, I then took up my pistol, and with a hand more reluctant than when I applied it to my person, I fired close to the head of the deceased, and at once caused such a disfigurement as rendered it impossible for the keenest eyes to detect the substitute which had been made."

"Choosing the plainest habit I could get. I then dressed myself new, shaved off the whiskers I was accustomed to wear, and took other means to alter my appearance, in case of being subjected by any accident to the risk of betrayal. Next morning saw me on board a French vessel, on my way to a distant land—the native country of my ancestors. The expectation of this scheme was not disappointed. I knew John Moon was the man who had robbed me, and who now stands at the bar of this court, and that he has formed connections on this island which would in all probability bring him back to it, as soon as the intelligence of my death gave him the promise of security. In this I have not been disappointed. I have been abundantly fortunate in other respects. While my unworthy servant remained in imaginary safety, I have been successful in discovering the quarters in which, not daring at first to betray the appearance of wealth, he lodged the whole of the money. I have brought it with me, and also sufficient proof supposing his confessions of this day to be set aside altogether, to convict him of the crime with which he stands charged. By the same means," continued Clodomir Frenois with a degree of honorable pride, in which all who heard him sympathized, "will I be enabled to restore my family to their places in society, and to redeem the credit of a name on which no blot was left by those who bore it before me, and which, please God, I shall transmit, unstained, to my children's children."

John Moon, whose guilt was thus suddenly and strangely laid bare to the world, did not retract the confession which he made, in the extremity of his terror, and without separating, the court sentenced him to confinement in the prison of the colony.

The news of Clodomir's reappearance spread rapidly, and the high esteem in which his character was held led to an universal rejoicing on the occasion. He was accompanied from the court to his house by a dense multitude, who welcomed him with prolonged shouts. It would be vain to attempt any description of the feelings of his wife, he had thus restored to her the beloved being for whose sake she had quitted the world. She was released from her ecclesiastical vows, and rejoined her husband, no more to part till the grave really claimed one or the other of them as its due.

Selections for a Newspaper.

Most people think the selection of suitable matter for a newspaper the easiest part of the business. How great an error. It is by all means the most difficult. To look over hundreds of exchange papers every week, from which to select enough for one, especially when the question is not what shall, but what shall not be selected, is no easy task. If every person who reads a newspaper, could have edited it, we should hear less complaints. Not unfrequently is it the case that an editor looks over all his exchange papers for something interesting and can absolutely find nothing.—Every paper is dryer than a contribution box; and yet something must be had—his paper must come out with something in it, and he does the best he can. To an editor who has the least care about what he selects, the writing that he has to do is the easiest part of his labor. Every subscriber thinks the paper printed for his own benefit, and if there is nothing in it that "suits him," it must be stopped—it is good for nothing. Some people look over the marriages and deaths, and actually complain of the editor, if but a few people have been so unfortunate as to die, or so fortunate as to get married in the previous week. An editor should have such things in his paper whether they occur or not. Just so many subscribers as an editor may have, so many different tastes he has to consult. One wants tales and poetry; another abhors all that. The politician wants nothing but politics. One wants something smart; another something sound. One likes anecdotes, fun and frolic, and the next door neighbor wonders that a man of sense will put such stuff in his paper. Something spicy comes out, and the editor is a blackguard. Next comes something argumentative, and the editor is a dull fool. And so between them all, you see, the poor fellows get roughly handled. And yet to ninety-nine out of a hundred, these things do not occur. They never reflect that what does not please them may please the next neighbor; but they insist that if the paper does not suit them it is good for nothing.—*Vermont Patriot.*

A Beautiful Reflection.

I cannot believe that earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life is cast upon the ocean of eternity, to float a moment upon its waves, and then sink into nothingness! Else, how is it that the glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our heart, is forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and clouds come over us with a beauty that is not of earth and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their loveliness?—Why is it that the stars which hold their festival around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that the bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents on our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will spread out before us, like the island that slumbers in the ocean! and where the beings that passed before like shadows will stay our presence forever.

Dreams.

If a young lady dreams that she is a saint, it is ominous that her stockings are holy.

For a tailor to dream of being imprisoned is a gentle admonition that his last stock of cabbage was altogether too extensive.

If a "fashionable lady" dreams that she was asked to sing, it is a token that she is undoubtedly catching cold.

To dream of colors is bad; as it most generally turns out a *dim.*

It is very lucky for an Editor, or in fact any business man, to dream of mosquitoes; it betokens customers that will settle their bills.

If a printer dreams of starving to death, it foretells an abundance of pi.

A young miss having accepted the offer of a youth to gallant her home, afterwards fearing that jokes might be cracked at her expense if the fact should become public, dismissed him when about half way, adjoining his secrecy.—"Don't be afraid," said he, "of my saying anything about it, for I feel as much ashamed of it as you do."

One of our townsmen, meeting with one of the strolling organ-players, was inclined to engage in conversation with him, and asked him: "What part in the great drama of life do you perform?" "I mind my own business!" was the brief and pointed reply.

In Kentucky a ploughman became enamored of a milk-maid on a neighboring farm. His addresses were rejected; and the disappointed swain, full of melancholy and revenge, procured a rope, went to the barn and tied all the cow's tails together.

"Come out here and I'll lick the whole of you as the boys said to the candies in a window."