

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.

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

New Landlords!
Mauch Chunk Hotel.
The subscribers take this method to inform the citizens of Mauch Chunk, and the public in general, that they have rented and now occupy the well known tavern-stand of Mr. Alexander Stedman, in Mauch Chunk, so extensively known as the **Mauch Chunk Hotel,** which has been refitted in the most comfortable and fashionable manner. They have occupied the same from the first of August last, and they will make it their business to add many other improvements, to the convenience of those who may favor them with their custom, and make it equal if not superior to any public house in the place.
Their Bar will be supplied with the choicest of liquors, their Table set with all the season affords, and their Beds are all new and clean; in short, neither trouble or expense will be saved; to accommodate their customers in the very best manner.
Their stabling is large and convenient, with the hydrant water in the yard, and an attentive ostler to attend to customers.
They trust their strenuous exertions to accommodate those who may favor them with their calls, will be the means of bringing them numerous new customers.
ESSER & PETERS.
September 13, 1849.

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 Stabling, and excellent water springing out before the door. For further particulars, call upon the undersigned, who resides near the Tavern.
JOSIAH KLADER.
January 17, 1850.

Refectory, Fruit Store AND Oyster House.
J. & B. BREYER, respectfully inform their friends, and the public in general, that they have lately purchased the Good Will, Fixtures, &c., of the **Tough & 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, Sawed, 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, 1849.

SECOND ARRIVAL OF Fall and Winter Goods.
MERTZ & LANDIS
Have just received and are now unpacking a large assortment of Fall and Winter Goods, consisting of
Cloths, Costumers, Sateen, Jeans, Shawls, and Silk Vestings.
New styles Ladies Dress Goods, such as DeLains, Cashmores, Alpaccas, California Plaids, a large selection of French and English Merinos, Parranettes and other Goods for Ladies cloths.
Also: A large assortment of Shawls, Ribbons, Gloves and Hosiery, Steel and Silver Knives, &c.
December 20, 1849.

Poetical Department.

The Tales of Old.
The tales of old, that nerved the bold,
To deeds of love and duty;
That woke the sigh, or dimmed the eye,
Of innocence and beauty!
Who heed them now? The chilling brow
And colder hearts reprove them;
Forget the lays of ancient days,
As those who once could love them!
Around the hearth, with honest mirth,
Our fathers gathered daily,
'Twas good to see how merrily
The moments passed, and gaily,
The jester there, inspired by cheer,
Would tell his quaintest story;
While minstrels came, and sang the frame
Of those enshrined in glory.
Those tales of old were often told
By pilgrim, monk or friar,
Who sung of war, in regions far,
Where valor might aspire;
Of gallant deed, where, once achieved,
A host could not repel them;
For themes like these our sires' would please,
And they alone could tell them!

The Deserts of the East.
The stretch beneath the burning sun
Vast waves of dreary, unthrift sand;
Forsorn, as though for evil done
They were of Justice, blighted, banned.
Across those wilds the caravan
Moves slowly on its toilsome way,
And weary beast, and fainting man,
Drop in the scorching light of day.
The pulse of life beats feebly there,
Seems dying in the sun's fierce glare;
The palm-trees and the fountains wear
Alone, proud Beauty's pomp and show.
And few the fountains welling up;
No woodland birds build there the nest—
No wild flowers bloom; the brazen sky
Maintains alone its majesty;
Enchained it holds the boundless sea
Of burning air, close to its breast.
A soul hath proved as sad a waste
Beneath the world's fierce blaze and blight:
A spirit or its sands has paced,
But vainly watched and prayed for night!
For long the withering sunbeams fell,
And dew and silence were delayed—
The spirit drooped—and died! a pall
My hand above the dead has laid.
The dead, dead Hope! I strove to bring
One flower to deck its fair young form.
Alas! the Simoon sped to fling
Its sand above the heaven-born!

I cannot weep above that couch,
I may not waste my tears on sand;
But I will guard my dead—no touch
Shall rest on thee, of human hand!
Thou wert so frail, sweet friend, yet stayed,
When all had fled I chiefly prized,
My heart's long silence hath betrayed
How thou wast loved—how idolized.
Oh, we must meet again, dear friend!
We are not mortal, you and I!
But with thou know me when on high
I shall forget to weep and sigh!
And wilt thou then be mine, sweet friend!
Thou wilt not answer! thou art dead!
Alas! and I have idly plead!

Miscellaneous Selections.

Pain of Dying.
The act of dying is technically termed "the agony," but the pain of dying must be distinguished from the pain of the previous disease, for when life ebbs, sensibility declines. As death is the final extinction of corporeal feeling, so numbness increases as death comes on. The prostration of disease like healthful fatigue, engenders a growing stupor—a sensation of subsiding softly into a coveted repose. The transition resembles what may be seen in those lofty mountains whose sides exhibit every climate in regular gradation; vegetation luxuriates at their base and dwindles in the approach to the regions of snow till its feeblest manifestation is repressed by the cold. The so-called agony can never be more formidable than when the brain is the last to go, and the mind preserves to the end a national cognizance of the state of the body. Yet persons thus situated commonly attest that there are few things in life less painful than the close. "I had strength enough to hold a pen," said William Hunter, "I would write how easy and delightful it is to die." "If this be dying," said the niece of Newton of Olney "it is a pleasant thing to die;" "The very expression," adds her uncle, "which another friend of mine made use of on her death-bed a few years ago." The same words have frequently been uttered under similar circumstances.
A second and common condition of the dying is to be lost to themselves, and all around them in utter unconsciousness. Con-

tenance and gestures might in many cases, suggest that, however dead to the external world, an interior sensibility still remained. But we have the evidence of those whom disease has left at the eleventh hour, that while their supposed sufferings were pitied by their friends, existence was a blank. Wherever there is sensibility, virtual death precedes death itself, and to die is to awake in another world.
The faculties survive, though averse to even the faintest effort, and they badly testify in languid and broken phrases that the torpor of the body more than keeps pace with the inertness of the mind. The same report is given by those who have advanced to the border of the country from whence no traveller returns. Mootaine after his accident passed for a corpse, and the first feeble indications of returning life resembled some of the commonest symptoms of death. But his own feelings were those of a man who is dropping into the sweets of slumber, and his longing was towards blank rest, and not for recovery. "Methought," he says, "my life only hung upon my lips; and I shut my eyes to help to thrust it out, and took a pleasure in languishing and letting myself go." In many of these instances, as in the case of stupefaction, there are appearances which we have learnt to associate with suffering, because constantly conjoined with it. A cold perspiration bedews the skin, the breathing is harsh and labored, and sometimes, especially in delicate frames, death is ushered in by convulsive movements which look like the wrestling with an oppressive enemy. But they are signs of debility and a failing system, which have no relation to pain.
There is not any situation in which steady minds and sweet dispositions evince a greater superiority over the hasty and sensual part of mankind; but self-control adapts itself to the ordinary exigencies of life, and is surprised by evils which it has not been accustomed to measure its strength against. Unless the understanding is affected, irritability and waywardness constantly diminish when experience has shown the wisdom and duty of patience, and there soon springs up, with well-ordered minds, a generous rivalry between submission on the one hand, and forbearance on the other. From the hour that sin and death entered into the world, it was mercy that disease and decay should enter too. A sick-room is a school of virtue, whether we are spectators of the mortality of our dearest connections or experiencing our own.
To be shot is the easiest mode of terminating life; yet rapid as it is, the body has leisure to feel, and the mind to reflect. In drowning, the struggles at the outset are prompted by terror, not by pain; in the majority of instances a pleasing languor succeeds, without any sense of suffocation.
That to be frozen to death must be frightful torture, many would consider certain from their own experience of the effects of cold. But here we fall into the usual error of supposing that the suffering will increase with the energy of the agent, which could only be the case if sensibility remained the same. Intense cold brings on speedy sleep, which facilitates the senses, and fairly beguiles men out of their lives.
The most curious example of the seductive power of cold is to be found in the adventures of the botanical party, who, in St. Cook's first voyage, were caught in a snow storm on Terra del Fuego. Dr. Solander, by birth a Swede, and well acquainted with the destructive deceptions of a rigorous climate, admonished the party, in defiance of lassitude, to keep moving on. "Whoever," said the doctor, "sits down will sleep—and whoever sleeps will perish." The doctor spoke as a sage, but he felt like a man. In spite of the remonstrances of those whom he had instructed and alarmed, he was the first to lie down. The same was repeated a thousand times in the famous retreat from Moscow.

Worse than the halter, axe or wheel, was the fire which, as typical of the flames of hell, was employed in the blindness of theological fury to consume the foremost of the pilgrims to heaven. The legs of Bishop Hooper were charred, and his body scorched, before he was fully enveloped in the fire which a wind blew aside; nor was it till the pile had been twice replenished that he bowed his head and gave up the ghost. A similar misfortune attended Ridley. An excess of fagots hindered the flames ascending, and his extremities were in ashes when his body was unscathed. Ridly yielded slightly to the dictates of nature, and struggled at the height of his protracted anguish. Hooper remained immovable as the stake which bound him. For three quarters of an hour his patience was proof against the fury of the flames, and he died at length as firmly and quietly as a child in its bed. But the pain of burning is of fearful intensity, and the meek endurance of these heroes at the stake, was the triumph of mind over the tortures of the flesh.
The Head, the Hope, the Supporter of those who gave their bodies to be burnt, drank himself of a bitter cup. Of all the devices of cruel imagination, crucifixion is

the master piece. Other pains are sharper for a time, but none are at once so agonizing and so long. One aggravation, however, was wanting, which owing to the want of knowledge in painters, is still, we believe, commonly supposed to have belonged to the punishment. The weight of the body was borne by a ledge, which projected from the middle of the upright beam, and not by the hands and feet, which were probably found unequal to the strain. The frailty of man's frame comes at last to be its own defence; but enough remained to preserve the pre-eminence of torture to the cross. The process of nailing was exquisite torment, and yet worse in what ensued than in the actual infliction. The spikes rankled, the wounds inflamed, the local injury produced a general fever, the fever a most intolerable thirst, but the misery of miseries to the sufferer was, while racked with agony, to be fastened in a position which did not permit him even to writhe. Every attempt to relieve the muscles, every instinctive movement of anguish, only served to drag the lacerated flesh, and wake up new and acuter pangs; and this torture, which must have been continually aggravated, until advancing death began to lay it to sleep, lasted on average two or three days.—*London Quarterly Review.*

Chased by a Catamount.
I was once told a thrilling adventure of the first settler in Paris, Maine, with a catamount. Although I cannot relate with the lively effect with which it was told me, still I have embodied the facts in this sketch.
I had been on a hunting excursion, and as I was returning, I fell in with that oft-described personage, the oldest inhabitant. He kindly accosted me, and I gladly entered into conversation with him.
"Young man," said he, "when I first visited this town, there were only three families living in it. You, who now live in ease can never know the hardships and perilous scenes through which the earliest settlers passed. 'Come with me,' he continued, 'and I will show you the exact spot on which the first hut ever erected in this town was built, and the place where the first settler reached the bottom of the west side of Paris Hill.
There, said he, 'on this spot was erected the hut. I shall never forget the first time I visited it, and the story I was told.
'What was it?' I asked.
"I will tell you. When the first settler moved here, his nearest neighbor lived 20 miles distant, in the present town of Rumford, and the only road between the 2 neighbors was a path that he had cut through the woods himself, so that in case of want or sickness, he might get assistance. One spring, I think it was the third season after he had settled here, he was obliged to go to Rumford after provisions. He arose early one morning, and started for his nearest neighbor. People of the present day would think it hard to make a journey of 20 miles for a bag of potatoes, and on foot too; but such was the errand of the first settler. He arrived before noon, was successful in getting his potatoes, got some refreshments and started for home. But it was not very easy to travel with a load of potatoes; and, finally at sundown he threw off his load, and resolved to make a shelter, and spend the night. I have been with him to the exact locality of it; it was situated just the other side of the stream on which are mills, in the village known as Pinhook in Woodstock. He built a shelter, struck a fire, and took out of his pack a piece of meat to roast. Ah! young man," continued the narrator, "you little know with what relish a man eats his food in the woods! but as I was saying he commenced roasting his meat, when he was startled by a cry so shrill that he knew at once it could come from nothing but a catamount. I will now relate it to you as near as I can in the language of the old settler himself.
"I listened a moment, said he, and it was repeated even louder, and it seemed nearer than before. My first thought was for my own safety. But what was I to do? It was at least 10 miles to my home, and there was not a single human being nearer than that to me, I first thought of self defence; but I had nothing to defend myself with. In a moment I concluded to start for home. For I knew the nature of the catamount too well to think I should stand the least chance to escape, if I remained in the camp. I knew, too, that he would ransack my camp, and I hoped that the meat which I left behind might satisfy his appetite, so that he would not follow me after eating it.
"I had not proceeded more than half a mile before I knew by the shrieks of the animal that he was in sight of the camp. I doubled my speed, content, that the beast should have my supper, although I declared that I would not have run if I had my trusty rifle with me. But there could be no cowardice in my running, from an infuriated catamount, doubly furious, probably, by being hungry, and I with nothing that could be called a weapon save a pocket knife.
"I had probably proceeded about two thirds of the distance home, and hearing nothing

more of my fearful enemy, I began to slacken my pace, and thought I had nothing to fear. I had left behind two pounds of meat beef and pork, which I hoped had satisfied the insatiable monster. Just as I had come to the conclusion that I would run no more, and astonished almost at the distance I had traveled in so short a space of time, I was electrified with horror to hear the animal shriek again.
"Then knew my worst fears were realized. The beast had undoubtedly entered the camp, and at what he could find, and then had scented my track and followed me. It was about three miles from my log cabin and it had already become dark. I doubled my speed; but I felt that I must die. And such a death! The recollection of that feeling comes to my mind as vividly as though I new the animal was now pursuing me. But I am no coward, though to be torn in pieces, and almost to be eaten by a wild beast, was horrible!
"I calmly unbuckled my frock, with the determination to throw it off before the beast should approach me, hoping thereby to gain an advantage of him by the time he would loose in tearing it to pieces.
"Another shriek, and I tossed the garment behind me to the path. Not more than five minutes elapsed before I heard a shrill cry as he came to it. How that shriek electrified me! I bounded like a deer. But in a moment the animal made another cry, which told me plainly that the garment had only exasperated him to a fiercer chase.
"Oh God! said I, and I must die thus! I can, I must live for my wife and children, and I ran even faster than I had done before and unbuckling my waistcoat, I dropped it in the path as I proceeded. The thoughts of my wife and children urged me to desperate speed, for I thought more of the unprotected state than the death I was threatened with, for should I die what would become of them?
"In a moment, the whole events of my life crowded to my brain. The hot blood coursed through my veins with torrent's force! The catamount shrieked louder and louder, and I felt as if I were being torn to pieces, until I fancied I could hear his bounds. At last I came to the brook, which you see yonder, and it was doubled the size which it is now; for it was swollen by the recent freshets and I longed to cool this fevered brain in it, but I knew that would be as certain death to me, as to die by the claws of the beast. With three bounds I gained the opposite bank, and then I could clearly see a light in my log cabin which was not more than 100 rods distant.
"I had not proceeded but a short distance before I heard the plunge of the catamount behind me. I leaped with more than human energy, for it was now life or death. In a moment the catamount gave another shriek, as though afraid he should lose his prey.
"At the same instant I yelled at the top of my lungs to my wife. In a moment I saw her approach the door with a light in her hand.
"With what vividness that moment comes back to my mind. The catamount was no so far from me as I was from my house. I dropped my hat, the only thing I could leave to stay the progress of the beast, the next moment I fell prostrate on the floor of my own cabin.
"Here the old settler paused and wiped the big drops from his venerable brow, ere he continued:
"How long I lay where I fell I know not, but when I was restored to consciousness, I was lying on my rude couch, and my wife was bathing my head with cold water, and my children were gazing anxiously at me. My wife told me as soon as I fell she immediately shut the door and barred it, for she knew that I was pursued, but by whom and what she knew not, and as soon as I had fallen and the door was closed, a fearful spring was made upon it; but the door was strong and well barred, and withstood the spring of the animal.
"As soon as I fully recovered, I knelt and offered the most fervent prayer, to the Almighty that ever passed my lips, or ever will again. My family and myself shortly retired but no sleep visited me that night. In the morning, when my little son, six years old told me that he saw the eyes of the catamount looking in at the window in the night. I knew the catamount had been watching to gain admittance; but our windows, you will perceive, are not large enough to permit a catamount to enter.
"When I looked into the glass the next morning, I was horror-struck at my altered appearance. My hair, which was before as black as midnight, was changed to the snowy whiteness you now see it. And although I have enjoyed a very good health since, I shall never recover from the effects of fright experienced on being chased by a CATAMOUNT!"

Destruction of Guasco by Pirates.
During the period when the pirates ravaged the towns of South America, they made a descent upon Guasco. The Spaniards in habitants had deserted the Buccaneers at sea, and had fled, carrying with them most of their plate and jewels. When the Buccaneers landed they found but one Indian, and the old friar remaining. The friar was just issuing from the porch of the church, to make his escape, when the rude bands of the pirates were laid upon him, and when he recovered from the fright which the grasp occasioned him, he found himself tied fast to one of the pillars of his church, and his savage captors thronging around him with inflamed countenances and angry gestures, demanding of him to show where he had concealed his treasure. The friar, however, by this time having gained some courage, answered that he had no treasure, and that the church was poor and had nothing to conceal. This, however, did not satisfy the Buccaneers, and with curses, they threatened him with torture and death if he did not reveal. But the friar remained resolute, and the pirates finally, telling him that they would leave him to his reflections for a while, turned their attention now to their Indian prisoner.
By signs he signified to them that he would conduct them to a place back in the country, where they would find some booty. The Buccaneers were not slow in following, and after leading them over barren hills and through fertile valleys for about seven miles he at last stopped at the entrance of a large cave, but whose mouth or entrance was closed up, and from the sounds which they heard within, appeared to be guarded. The Buccaneers thinking that the Indian had betrayed them in a trap, turned with fury upon him, but he soon made them understand that the cave was full of jewels and money, that he was not aware that it would have been occupied, but expected on the contrary, that those who had concealed the treasure there would have left it, under the impression that it was safe and secure from even the remotest knowledge of the pirates. The Indians informed them that there could be no other entrance into the cave, and he inclined to suffer the prize to elude their grasp. They, therefore, called on those within to surrender, and the answer they received was the discharge of a few arquebuses through one of the fissures of the stones which blocked up the entrance, this however, did not deter them. Although with the loss of several men, the Buccaneers at length succeeded in piling around the mouth, a quantity of brushwood, and other combustible matter, to which they set fire to, and waited the issue of their inhuman plan. A few more volleys from within, and all was still. The pirates thinking that the suffocation from the smoke had done its work, and feeling the gold and silver almost within their grasp, rushed forward to clear away the burning brands and force an entrance, but at that moment a fearful explosion burst upon their ears, the cave before them seemed to part to its very centre, and then to close again as the falling rocks, and torn up earth sunk into the yawning gap. The victims whom they thought to destroy, had assisted in the work of death themselves, and rather than their enemies should triumph over their corpses in the possession of their wealth, had fired a train of powder, and thus in the agonies of death had foiled the purpose of the hated marauders.
Two of the Buccaneers who were in advance were killed by the explosion, and the rage of the rest rose to fury; as they saw buried before them, the spoil which had a moment before they had felt so sure of securing. Having no other object on which to wreak their vengeance, they would have sacrificed the Indian on the spot, had not the policy of retaining him as a guide on their return to Guasco restrained them.
Again disappointed the Buccaneers retraced their steps to the church where they had left the friar. Here, with a few jars of wine which they found in the town, they held a carousal through the whole night. The aisles and arches resounded to their shouts and obscene songs, mingled with their imprecations on the bound ecclesiastic, whom at intervals they tortured, by piercing him with their bayonets, in order to make him reveal where he had hidden the treasures of the church. But it was all in vain, the friar continued firm, and the Buccaneers after tearing up the pavements of the church and demolishing the altar, gave over the search, and resigned themselves entirely to their wild revelry until morning. At the dawn of day, binding the Indian to the pillar, besides the friar, and leaving them to whatever fate might befall them, they sued forth to make a more thorough investigation of the town. They succeeded in obtaining some sheep and coin, and then, in an inconsiderable boat, the Buccaneers and the port of Guasco, having first fired the town in many places.—*History of the Buccaneers.*

Rags Article.—A stranger to share news with the rebel, wherein ideas are conveyed. Two buttons from a coat of paint. A pin with which quarrels are picked.

Sonny, what does your father raise on this land? "Wal, he raises hacknacks, grass-hoppers, hop-toads, tumble-bugs, and some other vegetables. Yesterday he raised a double-breasted pig-pen right under the window, and mother raised Cain."