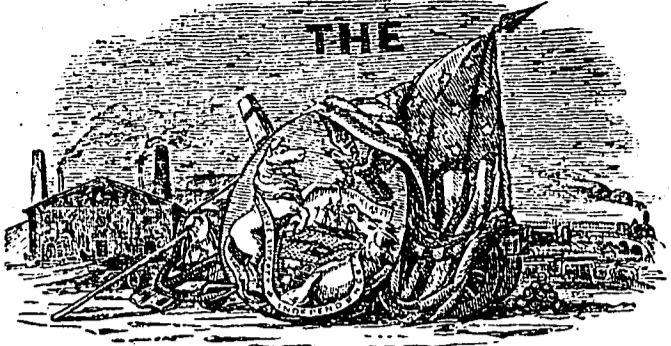


Lehigh



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., FEBRUARY 28, 1850.

NUMBER 21.

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 "Friedenshofe Office."

Now is your Time!
Hats, Caps, Muffs, and Boas,
For Sale at Reduced Prices.

The undersigned has yet a very large and splendid assortment of Hats, Caps Muffs and Boas, of every description, which he offers for sale at very reduced prices, and invites his old customers, and all others, who wish to purchase any of the above articles, to call at his store, directly opposite Moser's Apothecary store, where they can find the above named articles, 30 per cent, cheaper than ever offered before.

Mr. Boas is determined to close his business in spring, which is the reason why he offers these great advantages.

All persons indebted to him, will please call and settle their accounts, before the first of March, by doing which they will save cost.

J. D. BOAS,
Allentown, Jan. 17.

Odd Fellow's Hall Saloon,
STETTNER & GEORGE

Take this method of informing the public, that they are now in the occupancy of the Saloon of the Odd Fellows Hall, Allentown, and having fitted it up in a superior manner, are prepared to serve up all kinds of Refreshments, in a style fully equal to the best City Restaurants. The reputation they have hitherto acquired in the

'Oyster Line'
is regarded as a sufficient guarantee to the public, that everything prepared by them will meet with the approbation of their customers.

Connected with this Establishment is a private **LADIES SALOON**, splendidly fitted up, where parties of ladies and gentlemen alone, can be accommodated with all the delicacies of the season.

Give us a call. By studiously catering to the wants of our customers, by assiduous attention to business, and with a determination to render general satisfaction, we hope to merit a continuance of the liberal patronage with which we have heretofore been favored.

FRANKLIN STETTNER,
JONAS GEORGE,
January 21th

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 Vestings. Also all kinds of Cashmeres, Alpacaes, 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, Accordians, &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.

Wm. S. WEIL,
January, 10.

Brandreth and Wrights Pills.

Country merchants and others, are hereby notified, that the far famous Pills of Doctors William A. Wright, and Benjamin Brandreth, are constantly kept for sale at the office of the "Lehigh Register" by the dozen boxes, at Wholesale prices.

July 3.

ENGLISH AND GERMAN
JOB PRINTING,
Of every description neatly executed at the "Register" office.

EAGLE HOTEL.
A new House and a new Landlord.

The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has taken the newly erected three story brick tavern of Jesse Grim, at the northwest corner of Market Square, in the borough of Allentown, called **THE EAGLE HOTEL.**

The House is known as one of the most spacious and convenient in the State—none more so out of Philadelphia—and contains 44 rooms. He therefore feels assured that he can accommodate satisfactorily all who may favor him with a call.

His TABLE shall at all times be supplied with the best the season and the markets afford, and the Bar with the choicest Wines and Liquors.

The Beds and Bedding, together with all his furniture being entirely new, the patrons of this house may rely upon finding those two great essentials—cleanliness and comfort.

The Stabling is large and commodious, and as he will have none but kind and attentive Ostlers, a due regard will be had to the proper entertainment of the House as well as his master.

In short, the subscriber intends to spare neither pains nor expense to keep his house in the best manner, and he therefore respectfully invites the public to give him a call.

BOARDERS will be taken on reasonable terms, and as the rooms are spacious and well adapted to their wants, they can be accommodated in a satisfactory manner. Families from town or country accommodated with Boarding.

ELI STECKEL,
Allentown, May 3, 1849.

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. 29.

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 Variety Store,
November 29.

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 the world produces.

Very respectfully,
TYNDALE & MITCHELL,
No. 219 Chestnut Street,
Philadelphia, Sept. 20.

Hart's Gold Paint.

An entire new article, used for the purpose of gilding Signs, reguinding Looking-Glasses, writing visiting cards, &c., to be used with a quill pen, for writing, or a pencil brush for gilding, to be furnished with a piece of smooth ivory or agate. It will retain its color for years in being exposed to weather, being already sized. It can be done in a short time, and at a saving of more than one half over the gold leaf gilding. The article can be had at J. B. Moser's Apothecary Store, who is the sole Agent for

R. E. HART,
No. 75, John Street New York,
September 27.

Poetical Department.

(From the National Intelligencer.)
Perseverance.

A swallow in the spring,
Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves
Essayed to make a nest, and there did bring
Wet earth, and straw, and leaves.

Day after day she toiled
With patient heart; but ere her work was crown'd
Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled, (and)
And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought,
But not cast down, forth from the place she flew,
And, with her mate, fresh earth and grasses
And built her nest anew. (brought)

But scarcely had she placed
The last soft feather on its ample floor,
When wicked hand, or chance, again laid waste
And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept,
And toiled again; and last night, hearing calls,
I looked, and lo! three little swallows slept
Within the earth made walls.

What truth is here, O man!
Hath hope been smitten in its early dawn!
Have clouds o'ercast thy purpose, trust or plan?
Have Faith and struggle on.

My Youngest.

They say my youngest is a pet,
And has too much her way;
It can't be so, I think, and yet
I would not dare say nay.

For if my memory serve me right,
And truth must be confessed,
Each youngest that has blest my sight
Has seemed to be loved best.

Thus one by one has shared the love
Of a fond fathers heart:
The youngest tenderer thoughts could move
Than those who had the start.

The oldest was to me most dear,
So was the next—so all;
The youngest came my age to cheer—
On her my love did fall.

'Tis not that she is loved the most,
But she is loved the last;
The youngest may of fondness boast,
But so could all the past.

My youngest, then, is not a pet,
More than each child before;
I think so, certainly—and yet
They say I love her more.

Miscellaneous Selections.

(From the Portland Transcript.)
The Tragie Wedding.

I am no professed story-writer, but there are many tales that I have listened to of the early times, when the red man vainly strove, by wreaking his vengeance on the defenceless settlers of our frontiers, to gain the ascendancy gone from him forever. These tales are invariably interesting; first because they are full of thrilling incidents, and then again, because they are true.

The story of the tragie wedding is one among the many that I have listened to from the lips of an old friend of mine, (a pioneer in the settlements of Northern Vermont, during the long November evenings of 1840, when banishing from my mind, as much as possible, the dogmas of the much "learned commentator.") I took myself to the happy fireside, and gathered profit and recreation from the old man's narrative.

"Just fifty-one years ago, this very night," began the old man, one evening, "on the identical spot where Squire P's house now stands, occurred a tragedy, the remembrance of which fills me with horror. It was one of the most cold-blooded transactions that in all my residence in the wilderness, of seventy years, ever came to my knowledge; it filled the whole region round about with consternation, causing mothers to hug more closely to their bosoms their helpless infants, and the hardy men to take up arms and swear vengeance on their heartless perpetrators. Listen I will tell it to you.

"A few of the more hearty and daring of the early settlers of M——, becoming a little dissatisfied with their situation there, removed into this then wild and unexplored region, distant about thirty miles from any settlements; and finding a fertile soil, and advantageous location, built themselves log houses, and made clearings. Things went on prosperously with them, and they then lived with but little fear of the Indians, as none but a straggling hunter or two, had been known to visit the vicinity since a battle between a large party of settlers and the tribe which occasionally located themselves there, occurred, in which the Indians were signally defeated, and more than half their number slain.

"The settlement numbered some twelve families. My elder brother and sister were among the numbers. Among them, as a matter of course, was a fair sprinkling of lads and lasses, of whom, Mary S——, of the latter sex, was a universal favorite of old and young, and the belle of the settlement.

She was, my young friend, a girl that was a girl—not one of your sentimental, pale-faced, wasp-waisted, dainty figured Misses of the present time; but a bright-eyed, blooming and laughing brunette, who could spin tow, and weave the cloth of which her dress was made. Oh, she was a charming girl, and wherever she went, happiness followed her footsteps. Her guileless heart shed its kindly influence around her, imparting to all who came in contact with her a kind feeling.

"Jack H—— was exactly her counterpart brave, generous, intelligent and enterprising a perfect man in character as well as in form. And as there was always a rivalry among the young beaux of the settlement in striving to gain the favor and approbation of Mary, so among the girls each strove to gain the attention of Jack. The knowing ones among the old folks planned deep schemes for entrapping the young couple into alliances best suited to their own particular interests; but Jack and Mary, disregarding the wishes of others, had taken this matter into their own hands, like sensible young people, as they were; and in spite of the plotting of the old ladies, they had come to a perfect understanding, and formed an intimacy which nothing but death alone could sunder.

"At the time of which I speak, this matter had long been settled, and all the necessary arrangements made for the wedding of the "likeliest couple in the settlement," as the old ladies said, which was to take place on the Evening of the Annual Thanksgiving day.

"Thanksgiving, according to the proclamation of the worthy governor of the province came—and young and old gathered together at the spacious (for those times,) house of Captain S——, to celebrate the nuptials of Jack and Mary; and ample were the preparations for the feast.—Bright-eyed dandies with blushing cheeks, and gallant, hardy young men were there. The worthy parson from the next settlement was there also, and with his side rat another personage, with whom, in these fastidious times, it would be deemed sacrilege to associate the man of god—I mean the fiddler. But things ain't now as they were then.—All was joy, all was gaily. Ah, little did those gathered there dream of the awful fate that awaited them.

"I was just then twenty-two, and having married my worthy wife—peace be to her mouldering ashes—only a few months before, I was unprepared to go with my brother and sister at the onset, but was preparing to follow them as soon as my affairs could be arranged. I had been out for a week or two trapping sable, and knowing what was to come off, I made it my way to be present. The gaiety of the party was now at its height. The ceremony was just being performed. The Minister had pronounced the solemn words—'Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder—the kiss was exchanged, and all were crowding round the happy pair with congratulations, when a yell, wild and hideous, rent the air—the deadly war whoop of the Indians. Terrible was the consternation of all, and faces a moment before radiant with happiness, turned in agony of horror to heaven. In an instant the doors were burst open, and savage after savage, with glittering knife and tomahawk, rushed in to the slaughter. My God! what a moment was that! The hideous yells of the savages—the shrieks and groans of the dying, they ring in my ears even to this present day! I saw the tomahawk cleave the skull of poor Jack, as he vainly endeavored to protect his bride. I heard the wild shriek as the deadly knife pierced the bosom of the lovely Mary. I saw my sister fall dead at my feet. I saw the savage's arm upraised, I felt a stunning blow, and knew no more.

"How long I remained insensible, I have no means of knowing—I awoke as from a fearful dream. I was nearly covered and crushed with dead bodies, to which circumstance I probably owed my life. With a struggle, I extricated myself from the dead upon and around me, and stood upon my feet. The sun was shining high in the heavens! Oh horrors, what a sight met my eyes! There, in the blood, lay every one that had formed the bridal party, not a soul had escaped! How was it that I was alive! involuntarily I put my hand to my head and felt for my scalp; I found the fracture. I had been struck with the back of a tomahawk, and only stunned, and being covered by my friends, the Indians had neglected to scalp me.

"One by one I examined the bodies of all to see if life was remaining in any. I found two or three whom the savages had neglected to scalp—but not one alive. The sight was too horrid for human vision. My brain reeled, and I fell to the earth. Coming again to my senses, I hurried from the dreadful spot, stepping over the mangled corpses of my sister and brother, and the bride and bridegroom, in the embrace of death. I passed to the next house. An aged lady and four children lay dead in their beds. I passed to the next—death had been there, too.—The smoking ruins of others told but too plainly the tragie story; there was not a living being besides me in the settlement.

"When I think of that awful night—the horrors of the morning as I awoke to sensibility, my blood curdles in my veins, and my head swims. From that time I swore vengeance on the red skins. It has long since been accomplished. Not one of that tribe lives to tell the story.

On my way home that night, I thought I saw Indians in every bush. And when at last I slept, the cold glare of the eyes of murdered men and women upon me—I was pressed down by the weight of dead bodies. The incidents of that tragie wedding, as I heard them from the old man's lips, for a long while moved before me as a panorama; so deep was the impression made upon me by the old man's story.

The Betrayed, or Perils of Wealth.

One of the great desires of the human family, or at least of a large portion of mankind in civilized life, is to become independent, affluent—to attain a position beyond the reach of pecuniary want. If we look through society, this object will be found a leading one, with the multitude. Riches are coveted by all or nearly all; and almost every sacrifice is made with the object of attaining a condition of worldly independence. And yet it is conceded that wealth by no means brings happiness; that in many cases it induces habits of indolence, throws open new avenues of temptation, and thus impairs health and shortens life. Nevertheless there are hundreds and thousands, who, already rich and whose span of existence is rapidly drawing to a close, who, notwithstanding toil on as steadily as ever anxious it would seem, to accumulate still more for their children, and thus willing to subject those children to new temptations. We may mention a case in point. A few years since, a merchant of this city died suddenly, and left a fortune of \$150,000, which he divided between his widow, a son and a daughter. The son was engaged with his father in business, had become interested in commercial pursuits; and thus continued on in the good old track. He is perhaps, worth somewhat more at the present day than at the decease of his father. But he is living generously and happily, he attends his counting room daily, overlooks his clerks, and thus usefully employs a large portion of his time. But the widow and her daughter. Both were reputed worth far more than they really were, and they immediately became objects of temptation to mercenary adventurers. The former disgraced herself by marrying a man much her junior, who has already contrived to make way with a large portion of her fortune. She is by no means contented, for now that the deception practiced upon her has become visible, now that she sees that her money was the object, she indeed feels disappointed and wretched. The few charms she possessed in her earlier life are gone, and she observes, with a shudder, that her young husband regards her in any but an affectionate spirit, and that even his acts of courtesy and attention are forced and constrained. She was forewarned of all this, and those who loved and respected her most interceded for hours before she took the fatal step. But the arts of a plausible and captivating man were irresistible with a weak and susceptible woman, and the result is as we have stated.

The daughter, too—alas! her case is still worse. She was one of the loveliest of her sex, amiable, generous and confiding. She regarded with horror, the idea of a deliberate scheme of deception. She was gentle susceptible and affectionate, and would cheerfully have made any sacrifice for the object of her choice. To her, reciprocity of feeling, mutual regard, were dearer, sweeter than life. Money weighed as nothing in the scale with affection. Under such circumstances, she was singled out with deliberate meditation by a heartless fortune hunter, was won, and cheerfully confided her happiness and her property to his keeping. Before the marriage some of her friends ventured to speak of a distinct provision for herself, of the settlement of a portion of her fortune in such a way as to place it beyond the reach of the vicissitudes of trade and speculation. But she heard the suggestions with indignation. She had unbounded confidence in her intended husband, and would do nothing calculated in the slightest degree to imply a doubt. Alas! the fatal error.—They were married. They lived in apparent peace together for a short time. But 12 months had not elapsed before the scales of dissolution fell from her eyes. She saw, and woman's quickness in such matters is wonderful, that she was not, and never had been sincerely loved. Death would have been preferable to such a conviction, and for a long time she strove to shut it out from the mind and heart. But each week and month served to render it stronger and more galling. Her fortune, too, was rapidly wasting away. Her husband had become a profligate in more senses than one. He had been poor until his marriage, and thus his taste, appetite and propensities had been kept in check by the force of necessity.

But now, with ample means at his command and conscious of having played a base part towards his wife he gradually became more neglectful, and more reckless, more vicious. The sensitive nature of the heir-

ess shrunk; and she was appalled at the prospect before and around her. She saw that her life was to be one of misery, and broken in spirit and in pride, she scarcely struggled against her fate. Years rolled on and as her cheeks grew thin and her eyes wan, the companions of her earlier years scarcely recognized her. She was bankrupt in hope and happiness. She had perilled her all of earthly bliss on the fidelity of one, and he had failed. At times she still clung to the delusion that all was not lost, that adversity might induce penitence, and restore something of those delicious hopes which memory still referred to with melancholy delight. But hope was vain. A few years more, and the husband having exhausted his fortune and nearly broken the heart of his wife, was, while indulging in some scene of revil and dissipation, seized with apoplexy and summoned to his last account. But she, whom he had deceived and betrayed—what a wreck did she present; Prematurely old, faded and said, the contrast with her youthful position and brilliant prospects, was indeed mournful. The flower of her youth was gone—the charm of her life was over, and yet it is possible that if she had been born to an humble position, or in moderate circumstances, her destiny would have been happier—far happier.—But she was an heiress and a victim. She gave her hand—her heart—and her fortune received in return false smiles, honied but hollow words—neglect, insult and treachery. Alas! for the heiress! Alas! for the perils of wealth.—Penn. Inquirer.

The Mysterious Guest.

The grandfather of Ben Abon, the present Governor of Riff, when Carl of Tangier made a great feast at the marriage of his daughter. One of his friends, Caid Mahomed Widden, observed a poor man in mean attire in the court and ordered him out; and he not obeying, pushed him so that he fell. The same night the keeper of an oven (there are no sellers of bread; every one makes his own bread at home and sends it to the oven), had barred his door and retired to rest, when some one knocked at the door. He asked, "Who is there?" and was answered, "The guest of God," which means a beggar. "You are welcome he said," and got up and unfastened the door; and having nothing but some remnants of the koscoussoo from his supper, and the piece of mat upon which he lay, he warned the koscoussoo in the oven, and after bringing water to wash his guest's hands he set it before him. He then conducted him to the mat, and lay down himself on the bare ground. In the morning, when he awoke, he found the door unbarred and the poor man gone; so he said to himself, "He had business and did not wish to disturb me or he went away modestly, being ashamed of his poverty." On taking up the mat he found under it two doubloons; so he was afraid, and put the money by, and determined not to touch it, lest it had been forgotten or lest the poor man had stolen it and put it there to ruin him. Some time afterwards an order came from Fez for Mahomed, Widden and the baker to repair thither.—They were both conducted to the place before the palace to await the sultan's coming forth.

When he appeared, they were called before him; and addressing the first, he asked him if he recollected the feast at the marriage of the daughter of the Caid of Tangier, and a poor man whom he had pushed with his left hand and kicked with his right foot. Then Caid Mahomed knew whom he had thus treated and trembled. The sultan said, "The arm that struck me and the leg that kicked me are mine; cut them off." The baker now said to himself, "If he has taken the leg and the arm off the Caid, he will surely take my head;" so he fell down upon the earth and implored the sultan to have mercy upon him. The sultan said to him, "My son fear not; you were poor and took in the beggar when he was thrust forth from the feast of the rich. He has eaten your bread and slept on your mat. Now ask whatever you please; it shall be yours." The Caid returned to Tangier maimed and a beggar, and his grandson was lately a soldier at the gate of the Sicilian council.—The baker returned, riding on a fine mule, richly clothed, and possessed of the wealth of the other; and the people used to say as he passed by, "There goes the oven-keeper, the sultan's host."—Cruikshank's Pillars of Hercules; Travels in Morocco.

"I'll take two children if I can have 'em cheap," said a tall Yankee, on entering an oyster cellar in New York, the other day?

"Two children?—what two children?"

"What, I hain't got any myself, and your sign reads 'Families supplied,' don't it? I want you to supply me with one."

"A sailor being asked if he were allowed to gratify three wishes, what they would be? "My first wish should be for all the rum in the world." "And the next?" All the "bacco in the world." "Now for the third?" Jack was at a loss, turned his quid with his tongue, and at last answered,—"Why darn my eyes, a little more rum!"