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

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**THE LEHIGH REGISTER,**  
is published in the Borough of Allentown, Lehigh County, Pa., every Thursday.  
**BY AUGUSTUS E. RUBE,**  
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 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."

**FOR RENT.**  
A new Store Stand, in the 3 story building, lately put up by the subscriber, in the village of Cata-sauqua, Hanover township, Lehigh county. The Store-room is 20 feet front by 40 feet deep, with cellar, and the second story of the same dimensions. It is situated on the corner of Main st., and a public alley, and well calculated to do a large business.  
A man with family can be supplied with sufficient room, if required, and a single man can have boarding, washing and lodging in the same building. The rent is moderate.  
The Store-room will be shelved and equipped ready to be entered on the 1st of April next. For further particulars apply to the undersigned.  
JESSE KNAUSS.  
January 24.

**Stuttering and Stammering CURED!**  
In from Five to Twenty Minutes.  
THE undersigned would respectfully announce to the citizens of Lehigh and the adjoining counties, that he has located himself in New York for the purpose of **EFFECTUALLY CURING** persons who are troubled with **STUTTERING OR STAMMERING.** So confident is he of success, that no pay will be required until the utmost satisfaction is given. His method is so easy, that any child five years old may understand it, and yet so efficient, that he will forfeit **One Thousand Dollars** to any person who will stammer and apply to it.  
Dr. J. V. WYCKOFF,  
No. 37 Chambers St., New York.  
P. S. For further testimonials as to the efficacy of his method, he refers to the Medical Faculty of New York, who witnessed the application upon a gentleman, who was an inveterate stammerer, and had been operated upon by other Physicians, without the least benefit, and astonishing as it may seem, Dr. Wyckoff cured him in 20 minutes, that he was able to speak and read with ease, without hesitancy or semblance of stammering.  
The Doctor also has over One Hundred Certificates of cures performed, among which are several medical gentlemen.  
N. B. All letters of inquiry, (post-paid) will be promptly answered by mailing the Post Office and State where they reside.  
March 7.

**Cross-Ties Wanted!**  
THE BEAVER MEADOW RAILROAD AND COAL COMPANY are desirous of contracting for  
5000 prime quality of white-oak ties—8 ft. long and to square 8 by 10 inches.  
5000 prime quality of white-oak ties—7 ft. long and to square 7 by 9 inches.  
5000 prime quality white-oak ties—7 ft. long and to square 6 by 8 inches.  
5000 prime quality of chestnut ties—7 ft. long, and to square 8 by 10 inches.  
5000 prime quality of chestnut ties—7 ft. long and to square 7 by 9 inches.  
5000 prime quality yellow-pine ties—7 ft. long, and to square 8 by 10 inches.  
5000 prime quality yellow-pine ties—7 ft. long to square 7 by 9 inches.  
Persons disposed to contract for all or any part of the above described Railroad ties will please apply to Judge Butler at Mauch Chunk or to  
W. L. LAND,  
Superintendent at Beaver Meadow.  
February 23.

**To Printers and Publishers of Newspapers.**  
W. M. C. THORNTON & Co., having removed their office from 73 North Third to 31 South Third st., offer for sale Printer's ink of every color and quality, inferior to none in this or any other country, at prices as reasonable as can be afforded for such inks; and are prepared to favor customers with as liberal credit when they deal largely as they can desire.  
A circular containing prices is ready for all Printers who may wish it. Orders on City Agents, for cash or good trade received.  
Philadelphia, March 7.

**THE Universal Counterfeit & Altered Bank NOTE DETECTOR.**  
THE Subscriber desires to call the attention of the business public to a system of Counterfeit and Altered Bank Note detection, by which any counterfeit or altered note of any modern plate in the U. S. can be infallibly detected at a glance. The system consists of eight simple rules which explain the principle of the work of the several kinds of expensive and perfect engraving engines in general use by all bank note engraving Co., and show wherein all counterfeiters fail in imitating some one thing or other. Counterfeiters may be ever so well acquainted with the system, but their knowledge will only serve to demonstrate the folly of their ever attempting to imitate exactly a genuine plate; for the capital necessary to do this may be much more profitably employed in executing genuine notes for the use of banks.  
The Subscriber's brother has published a little work embodying this system which may be briefly described in the following terms:  
The Universal Counterfeit and Altered Note Detector at Sight! applicable to any bank in the U. S. now in circulation or hereafter issued; a small pamphlet of 20 pages, with illustrative diagrams.  
The New York Scientific American of February 23d says of this work:  
Our readers will see in another column the advertisement of H. C. Foote's Universal Counterfeit Bank Note Detector. We have examined the system, and have no hesitation in stating that it will do more than all others now in use, towards ridding the country of counterfeit notes. The instructions which accompany the magnifying glass, will enable a person with very little trouble to determine between good and bad notes.  
We notice among those who have recommended the system, the names of F. W. Edmonds, Esq., cashier of the Merchants Bank N. Y., E. H. Arthur, Esq., of the Union Bank; C. S. Sloan, broker, Wall Street, and many other prominent money-dealers. From what we can learn we should think it a subject of Universal interest.  
Commendable notices from other papers might be given, but this suffices for the present. The Subscriber will give lessons in this system to any requiring it. TERMS, \$3.00. Besides the instructions, a magnifying glass and the pamphlet will be given without extra charges. TERMS for the pamphlet and glass alone, \$2.  
P. S. If satisfaction be not given, the money will be refunded. EDW. FOOTE.  
February 23.

**Recommendations.**  
From the Hon. Henry King, I have examined with some care the mode of detecting counterfeit Bank Notes, as explained in "The Universal Counterfeit Bank Note Detector," by H. C. Foote, and am of opinion that any person who fully understands the rules laid down, may readily distinguish a counterfeit from a genuine Bank Note.  
The art cannot fail to be of great use to all men of business who make themselves masters of it.  
HENRY KING.  
I have taken a lesson in the art of detecting counterfeit and Altered Bank Notes from Mr. Gilbert who teaches a system similar to that taught by Mr. Foote. I have examined Mr. Foote's rules and have no hesitation in saying that they are good and if rightly observed, would afford very great protection to those who are accustomed to handle Bank Notes.  
WILLIAM S. YOUNG.  
March 7.

**C. M. RUBE,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.  
Has taken the Office of the late Samuel Rank, Esq., and will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care in this and the adjoining counties.  
Mr. Rube may be consulted in the German, as well as English.  
Refer to Hon. J. M. Porter, Easton, Pa.  
June 13.

**PIANO FORTES.**  
The largest, cheapest, best and most elegant assortment of  
**Piano Fortes,**  
in the United States, can always be found at the warehouse of the subscriber,  
171 Chestnut street, above Fifth,  
at the Old Stand occupied more than a third of a century by Mr. GEORGE WILLIAMS, music publisher.  
PIANOS, HARPS, ORGANS, SERAPHINES, ACOLANS, &c., &c.  
fresh from the most celebrated Manufacturers in New York, Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and elsewhere. Sold, wholesale and retail, at the maker's cash prices.  
OSCAR C. B. CARTER,  
171 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.  
February 11.

**CAPS! CAPS!**  
Lochman & Bro. are manufacturing every style cloth and glazed caps, which they will sell extremely low, wholesale and retail.  
LOCHMAN & BRO.  
November 23.

## Poetical Department.

(From Holden's Magazine.)  
**God's Voice in Nature.**  
When morning with her rosy wand  
Day's eastern gate unbars,  
And casts a veil of glory o'er  
The dim receding stars;  
How many a thrilling music-tone  
Breaks on the listening ear,  
Yet mind the thousand echoing strains  
The Father's voice! hear.  
When from the uncreated fount  
Of splendors ever bright;  
The myriad orbs went forth to trace  
Their paths of dazzling light,  
Which through the dim, uncertain past,  
Have mark'd the circling years—  
That voice gave out the key-note grand,  
To the chorus of the spheres.  
'Tis hard in tones of majesty,  
When thunders rock the sky,  
Or when on desolation's wing  
The hurricane sweeps by;  
In the flow'et's drowsy car,  
That voice is in the dew-gem'd bowers  
With cadence soft and clear.  
Whether the gentle summer gales  
Play 'mid the forest trees,  
Or with unwritten melody  
Sweep o'er the shimmering seas;  
In every varying note that peals  
Along the twilight dim,  
I hear the glorious voice that erst  
Awoke Time's morning hymn.

(From Holden's Dollar Magazine.)  
**The Eternity of Time.**  
Ten thousand, thousand years ago,  
Long ere the world was made,  
Ere yet the sun, the moon, the stars,  
The vault of heaven displayed;  
When all things were in chaos blent,  
In realms of endless space,  
Night brooding o'er the shapeless mass,  
The time flew on apace.  
A dread, an awful stillness filled  
The universe around:  
Not even did the slightest noise  
Disturb the void profound.—  
Till from the void God called the earth,  
Then rose the primal morn,  
And from that moment until this,  
The time has still rolled on.  
And yet shall roll, e'en though the sun  
Should set, no more to rise,  
E'en through impenebular gloom—  
Envelop all the skies,  
E'en though the world should cease to be  
And all things else should die,  
Without beginning, without end,  
Time shall all death defy.

## Miscellaneous Selections.

**An Hour With Nature.**  
CAN we explain or account for the influence of Nature on our minds? No matter—let us first consider the fact—what is it—and then we may enquire with better hope of success, or at least with a more definite idea of our subject—why it is. The sensitive soul goes out into the cool and shady woods to satisfy a want of its being—to be addressed by the voice of Nature, Nature who ever speaks to the attentive ear, and never allows her auditor to go away from her presence unimpressed.  
It is not singular?  
This voice which comes from the heart of Nature, and which so thrills through the human soul—this voice, which, if you analyze it, is made up of the various sounds that fill the forest. The low moaning of the wind—the subdued though magnificently grand and awful roar which sounds from the swaying forest tops, faintly, yet continuously, and as though the elements of gigantic strength and power were rocking themselves to sleep—a trouble an unquiet sleep, which at any moment may be broken into a storm—the continual rippling of the waters as they surge around some moss-covered stone, half buried amid their foam—the monotonous hum of the insect that slowly buzzes from flower to flower—all these sounds fill upon the pleased ear at once, and though they utter no articulate voice, yet they have the essential attribute of language, and produce its legitimate effect. They convey an idea to the soul, and what perfect sentence of human construction can do more?  
Is it not so?  
What person of sensibility can set by the river's brink in the lonely forest for even a few moments, without feeling the influence of Nature? It cannot be. As well might you enter the presence of beauty and not be charmed by its magic spell. Her low voice whispers to his inmost soul. It is as if she would rouse his spiritual life into action.—She seems to call on that part of his nature which has often felt moving him with its inexpressible yearnings, to come, forth and develop itself—that he may look at it carefully and steadily, and perhaps discover thus, by her light and suggestion, what is that great good for which he is seeking. Ah!

how powerful his voice of Nature, thus speaking to awake those noble aspirations after some yet unattained good which will occasionally lift the soul above the littleness of the present, in spite of the pressure of all its earthward tendencies and habits and which thus so nobly vindicate its immortality. How powerful is it to awaken the poetry of our minds—to call us back to first truths, and to the realities of our existence. We say realities of our existence, for we cannot tolerate that specious and false form of expression, which calls the outward accidents and occurrences of the day the realities of life, in contradistinction to those flights of the mind which enter within the veil of the immaterial world, and which impress us with the predominance of the intellectual and the spiritual.

We aver that the "man of the world," conversant with the petty detail of business and of human action—engrossed by little cares, harassed by little annoyances, and all his ambition directed to the attainment of little ends—we aver that such a man forgetful of his higher nature, forgetful of the great claims of the mighty Future, and ignorant of his own capacity, for infinitely purer and noble enjoyments than those which now engross him—such a man is the one who may properly be said to be ignorant of the realities of life. Is he not living in a false land of dreams more truly than the warmest enthusiast? Are not the pleasures which he is pursuing fanciful, as much so at least as the so-called fancies of the poet? Are they not still worse? Are they not false? Will not the fair-seeming apple crumble to ashes at his touch? Does he not forget the reality that life is but the vain show of a moment, and that its ends and pursuits, which seem so great, are but the transitory pursuits of a moment. Oh how much more real is the life of the true poet, who sees in the all-surrounding and encompassing material, but the image and shadow of the spiritual. Who knows that a great palace of brick and mortar gives no more of true happiness to the inhabitant than a humble dwelling. Who knows that the universal admiration and envy which talents or a high position excite, are far less than the love of even one being who may occupy a very inferior position in life. It is the true poet who is conversant with the actual—and whose ear ever open to the voice of Nature and of God hears ever sounding the great Truth.

We have said that Nature holds a strange influence over the mind of man—an influence which something becomes so strong as to be irresistible. Sometimes—is it not so? Answer me, passionate soul—sometimes when we are alone with Nature in the stillness of the great woods, her deep low suggestive voice whispering in our ears awakens such a passionate longing for the soul knows not what—for some real, some substantial good that it moves us even to tears. Yes—to tears—we shrink not to avow it, for in everything sublime, in everything intense, there is an element of sadness.

Witness it in the soul-full face of the maiden upturned to meet the ardent gaze of her lover. What a tender, sad expression it assumes. The tear that gives a dewy lustre to her eye, we feel to be the strongest possible proof of the intensity of her passion.

It is so with the sublimity of Nature.—There are times when we are awed by the expression which Nature assumes. It is as sorrowful, so do I say. Then how mournfully complains the murmuring river as the shadows of evening gather around it, and it is hurried on, face-bound, to be buried in the great ocean. It may not stand—and it hits its moaning voice, which strives to be heard above the gurgling of the waters, to us who stand upon its banks, praying us to help and to save.

The mountain stands before you bathed in the mellow twilight, lifting their sore brows upward like some noble and uncomplaining spirit which suffers, and yet is too proud, too magnanimous, to speak of its grief. Nature will have sympathy from man.—Man cannot be alone with her without feeling her softening, her elevating influence upon his mind. One cannot be long in her presence, having his soul open to her teachings, without almost feeling the throbbing of her great heart beneath him as she yearns to unite herself in the bonds of love with her erring children.

And she not only seeks thus by sympathy to unite herself to the soul of man, but like a wise and loving mother, she seeks to educate him; great and worthy lessons, which evil influence have made him forget. And what is her language? Ah! if rightly interpreted, does not her mournful voice counsel him thus? My son, look around you and above! See what infinite skill has been employed to create this infinite life and being which surrounds you. So vast! so varied!  
Behold! and adore Him whose hand now visibly bows the forest-tops above thee, and whose breath now curls the leaf of the anemone at thy feet. See, too, my child, how glad waters dance in the sunlight, with which a mild complacency the venerable trees stand before thee, their heads bathed in the warm rays of the sun! What a fulness

and inexpressible depth of joy gushes forth from the heart-fountain of that little bird!—Behold, and listen my child, and learn to love. This is the wild, earnest, mournful voice of Nature ever sounding in the ear of man—the two great lessons, which are two, yet one—Religion and Love.

Go! thou who art wrapped up in the selfishness of a cold world, and dost strive to begin to feel the stony casing, petrifying about thy heart—go into the solitude of the forest, into the vast stillness of the rocks and mountains, or by the lonely shore of the ever-sounding sea, and learn a lesson of Nature. Come back a man, with manly sympathy for humanity with a generous heart and high aspirations for a nobler position among men, the lofty position of a benefactor and a friend of mankind.

## Joe Smiley's Love Powders.

Joe was the eldest son of old Deacon Smiley, who early emigrated to one of the interior counties of the Hoosier State. He was perfectly familiar with all the labors and amusements of the primitive settlers, but the first ray of the light from the sun of a refined civilization had not beamed upon the dark chaos of his mind. Joe was quite innocent of any affairs of the heart; in fact he was unconscious of the proprietorship of such an article, until Susan Stone moved into the settlement. The first time he saw her at an exhortation meeting in the log school house, he was aware of uneasy sensations in the chest, which he at first attributed to the quantity of "posson meat" he had eaten for dinner; but the next day the symptoms being in no wise abated, and by a queer coincidence the figure of Susan being continually before him, he resolved to consult his maiden aunt, who at once discovered the nature of the complaint and suggested the remedy.—The next Sabbath evening, arrayed in his maiden-tights, which kept him constantly employed to overcome their propensity to peep into his cow-hide boots, Joe was seen taking a short cut to the house of Susan. He knocked at the door with a trembling hand, and was bidden to enter by Susan herself, who was fortunately alone; the family being absent at the house of a neighbor. Joe had never felt so awkward in his life.—He took a proffered seat, but kept silently shifting positions. He would give a side glance at Susan, and then thrust his hands into his capacious pockets, would raise his eyes to the ceiling and whistle. At length collecting his courage for a desperate effort, he faltered out, "Susan, I want to set up with you to-night." "Wall," said Susan, "and the bargain was concluded."

After this Joe was a regular visitor, and seemed to proceed smoothly, when he became alarmed by the appearance of a rival, and he fancied his innamorata, looked sweetly on this detested individual than on himself. Joe was in a agony; something decisive must be done, and the exigency of the case seemed in his mind to justify a resort to desperate means, permanently to secure the capricious affections of his lady love. Joe had heard of the never failing efficacy of "Love Powders" in recalling and attaching the transient affections of the fickle fair, and at once resolved to avail himself of this potent charm.

Sadling "Dobbin" barely one morning, Joe's lover was on his way to the nearest town. Tying his bag, he made a straight line for the drug store. It so happened there was no one in attendance but a waggish student of medicine, who was ever on the alert to "do" some hapless individual whose vulnerability rendered him conspicuous. When Joe entered the store he looked more sheepish than on his first visit to Susan. He detoured on the counter with his fingers, but looked listlessly about, occasionally daring a glance at the clerk, and then averting his eyes, he hummed snatches of "Blue-eyed Mary," and "Barbery Allen," songs which Susan sang with much pathos and power. At length the clerk observed, "Can I do anything for you to-day?" "Not much I reckon," said Joe, still drumming on the counter, and whistling.

Waiting awhile, the clerk again remarked, "If you want anything I must wait on you soon, as I wish to go to dinner."  
Looking cautiously around the room to make sure that no one was present, Joe approached the student and asked in a whisper, "Have you got any love powders?" His case was at once comprehended by the fun-loving disciple of Galen, who looked thoughtful for a moment and replied, "We have had a great demand for them of late, and I think we're nearly out." Turning to the apothecary jar he observed, there is just enough left for one, and scraping out a few grains and very carefully handed it to the anxious Joe, who demanded the price, observing, "They come high, I s'pose?" "Yes," said the clerk, whose visions of heard and washing bills had overshadowed his scruples of conscience, "they do come rather high, 5 dollars is the price." "Oh, I don't care for a V," said Joe, "if it'll only do the thing."—"Warranted," said the clerk, "but sit down and tell me about it." Joe related every particular from his first acquaintance with Susan, dwelling particularly on her altered appearance since the ad-

vent of his hated rival, whom he described as a "bold feller, who war'nt afeared to step up to any gal in them parts." "I had her well enough," sighed Joe, "before he cum, but it's a desperate case now, an' I'm afeared the powders even won't fetch her too agin."

"Never fear," said the clerk, as he coolly pocketed Joe's V. "They were never known to fail—But, have you ever kissed her?" "Oh no," said Joe. "I dar' not do that." "Have you ever squeezed her hand, or put your arm around her?" "Never did," said Joe. "Well, I will tell you how you must manage," said the clerk. "Is she fond of candy?" "Yes," said Joe. "I've gin her lots of 'em." "Well, you can put a little of this on a stick and get her to eat it—you can be eating some at the same time to avoid suspicion. Be careful 'you' dont eat any of the powders." No, no, said Joe; "I should 'eat' her up, if I did, I love her well enough already." After she has taken some," resumed the clerk, "take hold of her hand—squeeze it a little—put your arm around her carefully, and give her a kiss. Then tell her how much you love her, and ask if she will marry you." Joe promised faithfully to observe directions, and departed.

About a year subsequent a tall lank fellow, grinning from ear to ear, approached the same clerk in the same store.—Ha! ha! he said, "don't know me, perhaps. I am the feller what bot the love powders." "I s'posed," said the clerk, "how did it work?" "Fast-rate," said Joe; "she had me straight, an' we've got a boy—luncher too. Here's my brother in the same fix—give him one; he will plank the V—notin like love powders to bring the natural crusters to a fellow anyhow." The brother was supplied, and another five dollar bill found its way into the pocket of the clerk, which soon went for wine and oysters, over which, to his companions, he told the joke, and after a hearty laugh, they all drank to the health of Joe Smiley's first born.

## Trimming Apple Orchards.

Farmers who own large orchards, usually find it convenient to prune during the cold weather of winter. There are few but have discovered, that good and fair fruit is better grown, when the head of the tree is thinned enough to allow all parts a full chance. Small, smothered lumps, within a dense mass of brush, can never furnish a good supply of materials to the swelling fruit. Hence, evenly distributed, and thrifty shoots, forming a well balanced and handsome head, must be the aim of every orchardist.  
Many discover, after years of neglect, that their trees are become dense, matted, and scrubby; and to remedy the defect, the saw and axe are unsparingly applied, and large limbs are at once lopped, and the trees left naked and disfigured. The wounds being large, must be covered with a water-proof composition, and a long time is required for healing.

A better way is to begin early, while the trees are yet comparatively young, and on the first appearance of crooked and thick growing shoots, to cut them out with a chisel or knife. This, if repeated each winter where it appears to be needed, will preserve the trees in good order, form and condition, so far as pruning is concerned. Even where trees have become old and need much pruning, it is decidedly better to accomplish the desired thinning gradually in successive years, by a sparing and evenly distributed pruning, than to cut in heavily at once. In all instances, the cutting of very large limbs, should always be, if practicable, avoided.

Some of the best orchardists in the country, never allow a heavier tool to be used in their orchards, than the knife and chisel.—The latter, for cutting expeditiously such branches as may be a considerable height from the ground, avoiding at the same time, the trouble of handling ladders, and the bruises and injuries to the bark caused by ascending the tree may be placed on the end of a pole, a blow of the mallet at the lower end of which, will quickly separate closely, and smoothly to the tree, any limb an inch and a half in diameter.

While the importance of pruning is not to be forgotten, the indispensable necessity, of mounding and rich and clean cultivation must be constantly borne in mind. A fertile soil and vigorous growth may, to a great extent compensate for other neglect; but no cutting nor forming of the branches can impart life to a tree which is languishing in a hard, sterile, and neglected soil, overgrown, with grass and weeds.—*Albany Cultivator.*

**LIARD ON THE TRADE.**—There is a temperance lady in Boston, who won't speak to a shoemaker because he uses punch in his business.—  
Is that the sole lesson? We thought that shoemakers use a little "black strap." Bo this as it may, awl's for the best!

"Ah," said a mischievous wag to a lady acquaintance, of an aristocratic cast, "I perceive you have been learning a trade." "Learning a trade!" replied the lady indignantly; "you are very much mistaken." "Oh, I thought by the looks of your cheeks you had turned painter." The lady waxed wrathful, and the wag vanished.