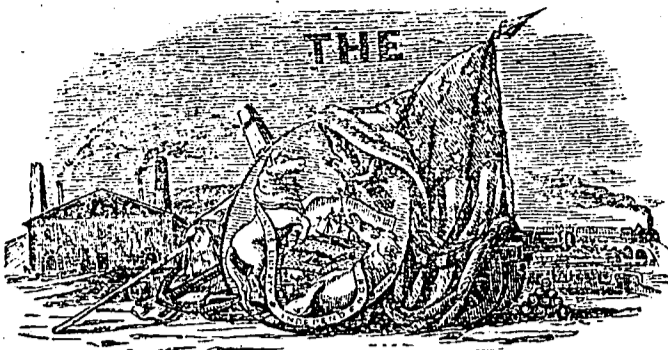


Lehigh

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER.



Register.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

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

VOLUME IV.

ALLENTOWN, LEHIGH COUNTY, PA., MARCH 28, 1850.

NUMBER 25.

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 "Friedensbothe Office."

NEW GOODS

Pretz, Guth & Co's. Store

The subscribers have the pleasure of announcing to their customers and the public generally, that they have just returned from Philadelphia, and are now busily engaged in unpacking a very large and desirable lot of Spring and Summer Goods, consisting in part of the following, viz:

De Laines, Linen Lustres, figured Mohair Lustre, black and colored Silks of all kinds and descriptions, Gingham, Lawns, Fille de Magnolia, a fashionable article for Ladies dresses, British and American Prints, Ribbons, Shawls, Scarfs, Gloves, &c.

Ladies! We cannot enumerate all the different kinds of goods, that we received in your dress line, but extend our invitation to you all, to come and look at them. We feel confident that such a course cannot but be the most satisfactory both to the buyer as well as the seller. We also have received a large lot of the most fashionable goods in your line of dress, such as Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Silk Cravats and Handkerchiefs, Cashmeret, &c. We do not pretend to say, that we sell Goods cheaper than our neighbors, but we do say, that all the above goods will be disposed of very cheap for Cash or approved credit.

PRETZ, GUTH & Co.
March 21. \$-1w

GROCERIES.

The Subscribers have just received a large supply of the best Honey Syrup Molasses, in Hogsheads and Barrels, also the best New Orleans in Barrels, that they can afford to sell Wholesale at Philadelphia prices. Also Java and Rio Coffee, Brown and White Sugars, all kinds of Teas, Raisins, Honey, Chocolate, Rice, Starch, &c. all of which will be sold very low.

PRETZ, GUTH & Co.
March 21. \$-1w

Dried Peaches.

Just received fifty bushels dried Peaches in halves, offered for sale at their Store at a very low price.

PRETZ, GUTH & Co.
March 21. \$-1w

MACKEREL, &c.

The subscribers have just received: 50 barrels, halves and quarters, No's. 1, 2 and 3 Mackerel. 2 barrels No. 1 Salmon. 500 pounds Codfish. 5 Casks Superior Cheese. All of which will be disposed of at the very lowest prices.

PRETZ, GUTH & Co.
March 21. \$-1w

Clover & Timothy Seed.

The subscribers have on hand a large lot of prime Clover and Timothy Seed, which they offer for sale cheap.

PRETZ, GUTH & Co.
March 21. \$-1w

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In the Orphan's Court of Lehigh County. In the matter of the Account of David A. Smith and Sarah Mohr, Administrators &c., of John Mohr, late of Lower Macungy, Lehigh county, deceased.

And now, February 8, 1850, the Court appoint H. C. Longnecker, Willoughby Fogle and David Schall, Auditors to audit and re-settle said Account, and make distribution and make report to the next stated Orphans Court. From the Records.

TESTE—J. D. LA WALL, Clerk.

The Auditors above named will meet the parties interested, for the purpose of their appointment, on Tuesday the 12th of April next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at the Public House of Mr. Jacob Fisher, in Trexport, in said county.

H. C. LONGNECKER, } Auditors,
WILLOUGHBY FOGLE, }
DAVID SCHALL, }
March 14. \$-1w

Odd Fellow's Hall Saloon.

STETTLER & GEORGE

Take this method of informing the public, that they are now in the occupancy of the Saloon of the Odd Fellow's 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 STETTLER,
JONAS GEORGE.
January 24th \$-3m

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, 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

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. M. S. WEIL.
January, 10. \$-1t

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.

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.

Of the Doctor's 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 naming the Post Office and State where they reside.
March 7. \$-1t

Auditors Notice,

In the Court of Common Pleas of Lehigh county. In the matter of the account of J. Levi Giering and Jacob Romig, assignees of Henry Weider.

And now, Feb. 11, 1850, the Court appoint John D. Stiles, J. De Pay Davis, and Henry C. Longnecker, Auditors, to audit and re-settle the above account, if necessary, to make distribution according to law.

From the Records:
TESTE: NATHAN MILLER, Proth'y.
The Auditors above named, will meet for the purposes of their appointment, at the house of Jonathan Kolb, in the borough of Allentown, on Saturday, the 30th day of March next, at ten o'clock, in the forenoon, at which time and place, all persons interested can attend if they think it proper.

JOHN D. STILES, } Auditors,
J. DE PAY DAVIS, }
H. C. LONGNECKER, }
March 7. \$-1w

Poetical Department.

The Song my Mother Sings.

It is the song my mother sings,
And gladly do I list the strain,
I never hear it but it brings
The wish to hear it sung again.
She breathed it to me long ago,
To lull me to my baby rest,
And as she murmured soft and low,
I slept in peace upon her breast.
Oh, gentle song, thou hast a throng
Of angel tones within thy spell,
I feel that I shall love thee long,
And fear I love thee far too well.
For though I turn to hear thee now,
With dozing glance of warm delight,
In after years I know not how
Thy plaintive tones dim my sight.
That mother's voice will then be still,
I hear it falter day by day—
It soundeth like a fountain rill,
That trembles ere it ceases play.
And then this heart thou gentle song,
Will find an anguish in thy spell,
'Twill wish it could not love so long,
Or that it had not loved so well.

Miscellaneous Selections.

The Runaway Match.

"Caroline, I wish you would remain a moment," said Mr. Warren, as his daughter was about to leave the parlor.
"Well, papa," she said "what is it?"
She strove to look unconscious, but her varying color, and the nervous movement of her lips, betrayed secret agitation; in fact, she suspected the purpose of her parent.
"I thought," said Mr. Warren, "that when I forbade young Collins my house, you were desirous to submit to the presence of my decision. I have since the matter over, Caroline, if you remember, and I was at considerable pains to convince you that he was idle, wasteful, and I feared dissipated, in short a very unfit person for any woman to trust her happiness with. You silently agreed with what I said, at least, you said nothing in reply. I fancied I had persuaded you, for I thought your own good sense to which I appealed, would see the matter in a light similar to that which I and your mother beheld it. Judge then of my inexpressible pain, when I saw you walking arm in arm, with him, in the outskirts of the city."

He paused, and Caroline held down her head abashed. "I was not mistaken," she said, to herself, "it was papa whom I saw."

Mr. Warren waited for more than a minute, for her to reply, but as she continued silent, he went on—
"Now Caroline," he said, "I wish you to look on me, as what I am, the best friend you have in the world, and one who has no motive, much less any wish, to advise you wrong. It is a common mistake of young people, especially of those of your sex, to suppose that their parents wish to tyrannize over them in the affair of marriage. Believe me, nothing is generally further from a parent's thoughts! It is not unfrequently indeed that a father differs from a daughter as to the wisdom of her uniting herself with a certain suitor; but, in such cases, the father is, nine times out of ten right, and the child wrong. The parent, from his knowledge of men, from what he hears on the street, and from other sources, usually arrives at a juster conclusion respecting a young man's character, than a daughter who has little, or no means of ascertaining the truth. In the case of this young Collins, I know him to be extravagant, idle, occasionally intemperate in his habits, and head over ears in debt; besides this he has a violent temper. I beseech you, Caroline, my dear, do not give way further to this infatuation of yours."

As Mr. Warren spoke, he approached his daughter and tenderly took her hands. She burst into tears, looked up into his face and said—"Oh! but papa, I love him, and he loves me; he says, he will throw himself away if I do not marry him; surely, surely if I can I ought to reform him!"

Mr. Warren shook his head. "Caroline," he said severely, "this is sheer folly, miserable infatuation! No woman ever reformed a man, whose principles were so loose as those of Collins; a wretch, who, in his own words, will throw himself away if you do not marry him. Listen to my words, child for you are weaker than I thought, and I must rule where I would prefer to persuade—if ever you marry Collins, from that hour this house is shut against you."

The tears of Caroline flowed faster. Mr. Warren, after a turn or two cross the room, softened again, and addressed her in kinder tones—
"My child," he said, "I speak thus for your own good. I know, if you marry Collins, that you will regret it, and I would, by interdicting it, spare you much future sorrow. I will never urge you to unite yourself with any man you do not fancy, how-

ever excellent I may think him to be; this I promise you; and on your part, I shall expect you to give up this acquaintance. Tomorrow, I will look for your promise to this effect. Go, now, and think of it: I am sure you will obey me."

He stooped down, and kissed her tenderly; and then Caroline still weeping, rushed from the room.

But was it to think as her father desired, of her duty?

Alone, in her chamber, she recalled, at alternate moments, the words of her parent and the insidious persuasion of her lover; and alas! the latter had most influence with her.

Caroline was not exactly a weak girl, but she had fallen into a bad set at school, and from it imbibed many hurtful notions of a child's duty to her parents, especially in a case of supposed affection. She had read, not good novels, but visionary romances, and these had strengthened her mistaken ideas. Her present suitor was a handsome designing libertine, who knowing her father to be rich, desired to possess the daughter's hand, as with it, went a large fortune. The finished manners of Collins, had easily won her liking for we cannot call it love, and, imagining herself to be in a similar position to her favorite heroines, she regarded the opposition of her father as oppressive and unreasonable.

That very day her suitor had urged her to elope with him, and she had consented to do so; but her parent's kind exhortation had, now for time, shook her purpose. Finally, however, the vanity of being the heroine of a runaway match, as well as her biased views respecting the supposed injustice of her father, induced her to fulfill her promise; and, at the dead of night, she left her home forever.

We say, left her home, for she never had another. Mr. Warren proved true to his threat, and was the more inflexible, because Caroline had eloped, on the very night he had pleaded so earnestly with her. "She left me," he said, "she will never see my clock!" he said; "she preferred another, and a stranger to me; she treated me, not like her best friend, but like an enemy; and henceforth she is banished from my house!"

Yes! she never again had a home. Her husband took her to a hotel, where they remained for several weeks, hoping daily to receive a summons from her father; but, as none came, they were forced at last to retire to a cheap boarding house. Here, amid indifferent society, Caroline, who had been tenderly nurtured, learned soon to feel keenly the advantages of which she had deprived herself and yearned for her old home.

If her husband had really loved her, or if she could have continued to persuade herself that her father had been unjust, she might have found some alleviation in her altered fortunes. But her husband, angry that Mr. Warren was inexorable, now began to punish Caroline for her father's firmness, by neglecting her; and left her, evening after evening to amuse herself, while he spent the hours at the billiard table, in the theatre, or with some gay friends over a bottle or two of wine. It was now that Caroline saw the correctness of the judgement, which her father had expressed respecting Collins. She not only soon learned that he was both idle and a spendthrift, but discovered that he was intemperate, passionate, and unprincipled.

Often, when he came home excited by wine, he would address her in the most brutal manner, charging their present poverty on her or rather on her "ingratitude father," as he called Mr. Warren to her face. At last, one night, he returned, in a state of violent excitement, from the gaming table, where he had lost largely; and, finding Caroline weeping, struck her a blow, in a fit of passion, that felled her to the floor, where she lay bleeding.

And this was the end of her dream of romance! Into this life of slavery, into this deep degradation, her vanity had led her! Ashamed to tell the truth and throw herself on her father for protection, she endured, for more than a year, every variety of insult from her husband; her health, meanwhile, consuming away and spirits which had once been so high, utterly broken.

Oh! how often she repented of her folly. How, when she had heard of others of her sex forming clandestine marriages, she would shudder, and exclaim—"Alas! the chances are they will be yet as miserable as I am. Can they not see that the man, who pursuades them to desert their parents, shows in that very thing, a want of principle that promises little for their happiness with him?"

But the cup of her misery was not yet full. She had been married a little over a year when her husband left her to visit a neighboring city; and, though she waited his return long after the promised day, he never came. At last a letter from him was put in her hands; and the missive announced, in the most unfeeling terms, that he had left her forever.

She sank in a swoon, and lay for hours before she recovered. When she regained consciousness, it was a shudder at her condition; for she was penniless, with board for

many weeks due, and not a friend on whom she could call for the slightest loan. Suddenly, the parable of the Prodigal Son came up to her memory.

"I will arise and go unto my father," she said, humbly, in the words of that beautiful story; and, with the exclamation she went forth, to seek her old home and sue for forgiveness, heart broken as she was.

It was snowing fast, but she did not heed it. She had thrown on her bonnet, and a light shawl, but had forgotten to change her thin shoes, or to assume a cloak. The melting flakes penetrated her slight attire, but she hurried on, braving the wild tempest.

She arrived, at last in the broad square where her father lived; and stood, a few seconds after, in front of the house. The window shutters were still open, though twilight had set in, and through the lace curtains the ruddy glow of the fire within shot athwart the stormy night. A sharp pain twined her in the heart; she felt faint; and, staggering up the steps, just managed to pull the bell, when consciousness deserted her.

The servant who answered the door started and cried out when he saw an apparently lifeless corpse lying on the steps, with the fast falling snow rapidly covering it; and Mr. and Mrs. Warren, who were sitting by the parlor fire, coming out to learn the cause of the disturbance, staggered to behold in this emaciated form their disobedient child.

They took her in, they wrapped her in warm clothing, they laid her in her old bed, but it was all of no avail. She revived just for forgiveness, and received it from them weeping. Then murmuring blessing on them, she died.

"This may be thought a fancy sketch; but it is not. It may be considered an excessive case, it is not either. Caroline Collins, or Warren, as we would rather call her, was early delivered from her sufferings; and in that, terrible as death may seem to the young and happy, she was blessed. There are others, victims of runaway matches, who drag on an existence so miserable that to grave itself would be a relief.

Back Woods Custom.

I will proceed to state the usual manner of settling a young couple in the world.

A spot was selected on a piece of land of one of the parents, for their habitation. A day was appointed, shortly after their marriage, for commencing the work of building their cabin. The fatigue party consisted of choppers, whose business it was to fell the trees, and cut them off at proper lengths. A man with a team for hauling them to the place, and arranging them, properly assorted, at the sides and ends of the building, a carpenter, if such he might be called, whose business it was to search the woods for a proper tree for making clapboards for the roof. The tree for this purpose must be straight-grained, and from three to four feet in diameter. The boards were split four feet long, with a large frow, and as wide as the timber will allow. They were used without planing or shaving. Another division were employed in getting punchcoats for the floor of the cabin; this was done by splitting trees, about eighteen inches in diameter, and heaving the faces of them with a broad axe. They were half the length of the floor they were intended to make.

The materials for the cabin were mostly prepared on the first day, and sometimes the foundation laid in the evening. The second day was allotted for the raising. The first thing to be done was the election of four corner men, whose business it was to notch and place the logs. The rest of the company furnished them with the timbers. In the meantime, the boards and punchcoats were collected for the floor and roof, so that by the time the cabin was a few rounds high, the sleepers and floor began to be laid. The door was made by sawing or cutting the logs in one side, so as to make an opening at least about three feet wide. This opening was secured by upright pieces of timber about three inches thick, through which holes were bored into the ends of the logs, for the purpose of pinning them fast. A similar opening, but wider, was made at the end for the chimney. This was built of logs, and made large, to admit of a back and junks of stone. At the square, two end logs projected a foot or eighteen inches beyond the wall, to receive the butting poles, as they were called, against which the ends of the first row of clapboards was supported. The roof was formed by making the end logs shorter, until a single log formed the comb of the roof; on these logs the clapboards were placed, the ranges of them lapping some distance over those next below them, and kept in their places by logs, placed at proper distances upon them.

The roof, and sometimes the floor, were finished on the same day of raising. A third day was commonly spent by a few carpenters in levelling off the floor, making a clapboard door and table. This last was made of a split slab, and supported by four round legs set in auger holes. Some three-legged stools were made in the same manner—

Some pins stuck in the logs at the back of the house supported some by clapboards, which served for shelves for the table furniture.—

A single fork, placed with its lower end in a hole in the floor, and the upper end fastened to a joist, served for a bedstead, by placing a pole in the fork, with one end through a crack between the logs of the wall. This front pole was crossed by a shorter one within the fork, with its outer end through another crack. From the front pole, through a crack between the logs of the end of the house, the boards were put on which formed the bottom of the bed. Sometimes other poles were pinned to the fork a little distance above these, for the purpose of supporting the front and foot of the bed, while the walls were the supports of its back and head. A few pegs around the walls, for a display of the coats of the women and hunting shirts of the men, and two small forks, or buck's horns, to a joist, for the rifle and shot-pouch, completed the carpenter work.

In the meantime, masons were at work. With the heart-pieces of the timber of which the clapboards were made, they made billets for chocking up the cracks between the logs of the cabin and chimney, a large bed of mortar was made for daubing up those cracks; a few stones formed the back and jambs of the chimney.—Louisville Chronicle.

Man With one Garment.

The following amusing paragraph we clip from the Springfield Republican. It certainly contains a moral which may be commended to the attention of all parties or sects who base their faith upon one idea or one principle.

"There was once a man, wise in his own eyes and deemed by his neighbors a little strange, who upon rising from his bed one morning, paused and considered before he dressed. He was an awaking dreamer, and thus he dreamed. 'Pantaloons are essential. No other garment is so absolutely essential as pantaloons. In truth, no other is essential but pantaloons, therefore I go in for pantaloons, and I shall wear but pantaloons.' Any man who goes in for anything else is a hippocrite, and the truth is not in him. Well, he went out into the world with nothing but pantaloons on. He met men in coat and hat, and coats and men usually are. 'My friends,' said the dreamer, 'you are wrong. You must take off your coat and pull off your hat, and wear only pantaloons, for those are all a mess, and I have just as good pantaloons as you have, and I wear the men.' 'I know, but they are partly covered with your own excrement, and are not the prominent objects of your dress.' 'Look at me! I'm wearing but pantaloons.' Thus the man went up and down the country, and thought he found many who admitted that pantaloons were essential, he could find but few who did not consider other articles of dress in the same category. He was wroth at this, and in process of time gathered to him some wise and more simple, who lifted up their voices and cried, 'pantaloons forever!' The world pegged on as usual, but as is usual with a curious world, it would like to know what the party in pantaloons, and nothing else, propose to do. Let us have the programme.

The Thief and the King.

A Hindoo thief was once convicted and condemned to die, but hit upon the following expedient to escape the penalty of the law:—He sent for the jailer, and told him he had a secret to disclose to the King, and when he had done so he would be ready to die. The King sent to him to know what the secret was. He told him that he knew the art of producing trees that would bear gold. The King, accompanied by his prime minister and priest, came with the thief to a certain spot, where he began his incantations. The thief at length produced a piece of gold, declaring, that if he planted it, it would produce a tree, every branch of which should bear gold; but, said he, 'this must be put in the ground by a person perfectly honest. I am not so, and therefore pass it to your Majesty!'

The King replied—'When I was a boy, I remember taking something from my father, which, although a trifle, prevents my being the proper person. I pass it to my prime minister.'

The latter said—I receive the taxes from the people, and, as I am exposed to many temptations, how can I be perfectly honest? I therefore give it to the priest.'

The priest pleaded that he received the sacrifices, and was equally exposed. At length the chief exclaimed—I know not why we all four should not be hanged, since no one of us is honest!

The King was so pleased at the ingenuity of the chief, that he granted him a pardon.

The Louisville Journal, in copying from an eastern paper the account of a very tall fellow, with the Eastern editor's speculations as to what this tall fellow did with his legs when he went to bed remarks that there is a man in Louisville much taller, and he finds no difficulty with his legs, as he always, when he lies down, shuts them up like a jack-knife.