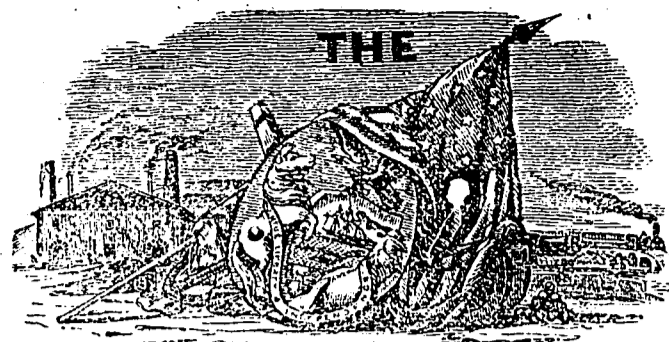


Lehigh



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 V.

ALLENTOWN, LEHIGH COUNTY, PA., MARCH 27, 1851.

NUMBER 25.

THE LEHIGH REGISTER,
Published in the Borough of Allentown, Lehigh County, Pa., every Thursday
BY AUGUSTUS L. RUHE,
At \$1.50 per annum, payable in advance, and \$2.00 if not paid until the end of the year. No paper discontinued, until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the proprietor.
ADVERTISEMENTS, making not more than one square, will be inserted three times for one dollar and for every subsequent insertion twenty-five cents. Larger advertisements charged in the same proportion. Those not exceeding ten lines will be charged seventy-five cents, and those making six lines or less, three insertions for 50 cents.
A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.
Office in Hamilton St., one door East of the German Reformed Church, nearly opposite the "Friedensbothe Office."

Glorious News!
"MONEY SAVED IS MONEY MADE."
The subscribers hereby give notice, that after the 20th of March next, they will conduct their business on the
CASH OR READY PAY SYSTEM,
Whereby their customers and a thousand more, can save from 20 to 25 per centum upon all moneys that they pay for STORE GOODS. As they can afford to sell goods that per cent. cheaper than any other Store that does business upon the credit system.
And Another New Feature.
After the above specified time, the undersigned have the pleasure to announce that to their present large and extensive stock of Goods, they will add that of
Ready Made Clothing,
Of every description, which will be sold cheaper than ever before so'd in this market. To Farmers! Bring us your Butter, Eggs, Lard, Ham, Bacon, &c. we will furnish you with Clothing from head to foot, ready for wear, without any Cash having to be paid either for cutting or making.
No goods will be exchanged for wood or produce before being delivered.
SAMSON, WAGNER & Co.
February 25.

B. FOREST,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office one door east of Kolbs Hotel, Allentown, Lehigh county, Pa.
Allentown, March 25.

Orders Received
FOR
Fruit and Ornamental Trees.
THE undersigned intends visiting the numerous Nurseries, in the vicinity of New York, immediately on the opening of Spring, and will be happy to execute all orders entrusted to his care in the way of
Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Evergreens, Flowering Shrubs, Roses, Vines, Creepers, Herbaceous Plants, Bulbous and Tuberos Rooted Flowers, Esculent Roots, Hedge Plants, Box Edging, &c.
Catalogues can be seen at his residence. All articles will be selected personally by him, and brought on immediately. Orders should be sent in before the first of March next.
H. W. CROSBY.
Near the Borough of Easton, Penn.
February 20.

LOOK HERE!
A Certain and Effectual Cure.
The subscriber, Druggist in the Borough of Bethlehem, Northampton county, adopts this method to inform sufferers of a Rheumatic complaint, he is Inflantrium, Rheumatic or Acute, that he prepares an article of medicine, that will effect a certain cure of this wide spread and painful disease. It is put up in Quart bottles, each bottle accompanied by a box of Ointment. The liquid to be taken internally, and the ointment externally. The genuine article can be had only by the undersigned, a practical Druggist and Chemist, and originator of the medicine.
Price two dollars per bottle, or six bottles for ten dollars—which will be sent to invalids in any part of the county, free of charge. All orders must be accompanied with the Cash, or they will receive no attention.
This medicine needs no puffing, it speaks for itself, while perfectly harmless in its operation it eradicates the system from the effects produced by unskillful treatment. It has already produced some astonishing cures, and of cases where the patient has been confined to the house for years, and those that got abroad only with the use of Crutches, were set at liberty by the use of from one to six Bottles. Certificates of cures can be shown from the most respectable citizens.
None is genuine without his written signature in blue ink.
HENRY GANGWER,
Proprietor, Bethlehem, Penn.
December 12.

The Navigation Opened!
Philadelphia, Allentown & Mauch Chunk TRANSPORTATION LINE,
For transporting merchandise between Philadelphia, New Hope, Easton, Free-mansburg, Bethlehem, Allentown, Weissport, Mauch Chunk and White Haven, and all intermediate places along the Delaware and Lehigh Canals; shipping from Dudd & Comly's Third Wharf, below Vine street, on the Delaware.
HECKER, LONG, & CO.,
Have lately purchased the
Line of Boats,
known for the last two years as the Trenton and Lehigh Transportation Line and previous as Cook's Line.
They being new beginners, hope, by careful and prompt attention to their business to get a liberal share of patronage.
The proprietors have a large and commodious Store House at all the above named stopping places.
HECKER, LONG, & CO.,
Proprietors.
AGENTS:
Stephen Long, Philadelphia,
Samuel L. Opie, New Hope,
G. W. Housel & Co., Easton,
G. & A. Bachman, Free-mansburg,
Charles Seider, Bethlehem,
William Hecker, Allentown,
Lewis Weiss, Weissport,
Robert Klotz, Mauch Chunk,
A. Pardee & Co., Hazleton,
Horton & Blakeslee, White Haven.
March 6.

ALLENTOWN
Livery Establishment.
THE subscribers take this method to inform their customers and the public in general, that they have lately purchased of Mr. George Brissel, his extensive Livery establishment, consisting in part of
Horses, Carriages, &c.
and continuing the business at the old stand on William street, in the Borough of Allentown.
They will always be prepared to furnish their customers at the shortest possible notice with sure and gentle horses and splendid fashionable vehicles.
Pleasure parties or societies, will be furnished with gentle horses, good carriages and careful drivers, if requested. Families can be suited at all times with vehicles to their particular tastes.
Their charges are reasonable, and in order to continue the high credit it has heretofore gained of being the "best livery establishment in Allentown," they will leave nothing undone to keep on hand the best and safest horses, the neatest and most splendid carriages, and sober and careful drivers.
They return their sincere thanks for the liberal patronage thus far bestowed, and trust that they will be able further to merit a continuance of their support.
J. & T. HOFFMAN.
November 21.

S. MAUPAY,
Nurseryman & Florist,
Rising Sun Village, Germantown Road near PHILADELPHIA.
HAS for sale at his Garden and Nursery, an extensive assortment of Fruit Trees, consisting of Pear, Plum, Cherry, and Apricot, as well as Ornamental and Shade Trees of every variety, and Evergreens, viz., Balm of Gilead, Silver Fir, Red and Black Spruce, Norway Spruce, White Pines, Arborvitae, Tree Box, &c.; also Shrubbery, Roses of many kinds, Grape Vines, Hardy Plants, Raspberries, Currants, Osage Orange, Herb Roots, Vegetable Plants, Garden and Flower Seeds—Wholesale and Retail—prices moderate.
His stands for the sale of the above in the City, are in the Market street Market below Sixth Street, where orders are also received.
Communications may be addressed by mail, to the direction of S. MAUPAY, Rising Sun, P. O. Philadelphia county.
February 20.

EDMUND J. MOHR,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
Office a few doors west of the Court House.
He can be consulted both in the German and English languages.
Allentown, April 4.

WILLIAM S. MARX,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Office in the western front room of the building of John D. Lawall, formerly Hornbeck's, west of the Courthouse.
Allentown April 4, 1850.

Job Printing.
Neatly executed at the "Register" Office.

Look out for Bargains!
Selling Off!
—AT—
REDUCED PRICES!!
Messrs. Kern & Kline, proprietors of the New York Store, take this method to inform their friends and customers, that they will after the 15th of March next, adopt the
CASH SYSTEM!
They have already reduced the price of their stock of Goods, which by these means they propose to sell out, in order to lay in an entire new
CASH STOCK
by the above specified time.
Persons will find it to their advantage to call at the New York Store to make good bargains. Now is your time!
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES,
Satinets, Vestings, Coatings, all of which are reduced at least 20 per cent. from their former prices.
SILKS, SHAWLS,
Bombazines, besides all other fine articles of Dress Goods are offered 20 per cent. from former prices.
To Country Merchants great inducements are held out, as we offer a stock of the best selected Goods ever brought to Allentown.
GROCERIES AND QUEENSWARE,
They have on hand a large supply of fresh Groceries, Fish, Salt, and Queensware, all of which they will dispose of very cheap.
They would also state, that under no circumstances will goods be given on account of wood, before the same is delivered at their yard.
With many thanks to their former friends and patrons, they hope by introducing the Cash System, to be able to sell cheaper and not only to retain their present customers, but by the means of bringing to the New York Store many new ones.
KERN & KLINE.
Feb. 21.

Take Notice!
Surveyor and Scrivener.
The undersigned begs leave to announce to his large circle of friends and the public in general, that he still continues the Surveying and Scrivening business, in its various branches, at his office, near Coopersburg, in Upper Saucon township, Lehigh county.
He has lately purchased at a very great expense, a number of the newest and most improved **Mathematical Instruments,** which will enable him, with a practice of 20 years standing, to give general satisfaction.
His experience as a Scrivener is undoubted, as he has also followed the business for many years. Terms moderate.
He will always be ready to serve his friends, at any reasonable distance from home, when called upon.
ANDREW K. WITTMAN.
Oct. 31.

Notice to Assessors.
The several assessors of their respective wards of the Borough of Allentown, and of the several townships of the County of Lehigh, are hereby requested to meet in the Commissioners office, in Allentown, on Monday the 7th day of April next, to subscribe their oath of office, (which is to be filed in said office,) to obtain the assessments, the appeal notices, and such other matters and instructions, relating to the performance of their respective duties.
By order of the Commissioners,
J. M. LINE, Clerk.
March 13.

An Industrious Blacksmith WANTED
By the undersigned, residing in Stockertown, Northampton county. A man of sober and industrious habits, who understands to make light and heavy work, on carriages and wagons, will find a permanent situation and good wages, by making immediate application at the above place to
THOMAS HEIMBACH.
March 6.

NOTICE.
Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned has been appointed by the court of Common Pleas of Lehigh county, at its last session, a Committee over the person and estate of **Thomas Frack,** of North Whitehall township, Lehigh county. Now he is known to the public, that hereafter no debts of the said Thomas Frack, will be paid, unless contracted through an order from the undersigned.
JOHN TROXEL, Committee.
March 6.

Doctical Department.
For the Lehigh Register.
The Days of my Boyhood.
The days of my boyhood, those moments of gladness,
How quick they have fled with my pleasures away,
And left me to mourn in sorrow and sadness,
Over time's desolation and earthly mortal decay.
Oh! often in fancy doth my spirit recall,
To its fond recollection the days that are fled,
But a whisper I hear which tells they're all,
And my playmates are long ago laid with the dead.
The woodland the scene of my wild hunting sport,
Where often I followed the timid wild hare,
Now echoes no more to the rifle's report;
The woodland is cleared, for the woodman was there.
And the clear silver brook from whose white shining foam,
I angled the trout on a fair summer day;
Now listen's no more to the fisherman's song—
For the brook and the trout have long died away.
And thus have the scenes of my boyhood departed,
Like a short summer day, from all mortal review,
And to my lustreless eye the tear drop has started,
While my flattering tongue speaks a silent adieu.
But now in my sorrow old age comes along,
(Yet this I'm told is humanity's lot)
And soon shall I pass from this world to my home,
To sleep my last sleep beneath the green sod.
Then my youthful days I bid you adieu,
With tears in my eyes and grief in my heart,
For many the pleasures together we knew,
While in friendship we dwelt, and dreamt not to part.
Allentown, Feb. 25, 1851. E. J. M.

Miscellaneous Selections.
(From Miss McIntosh's "Christmas Gift.")
The Wolf Chase.
During the winter of 1811, being engaged in the northern part of Maine, I had much leisure to devote to the wild sports of a new country. To none of these was I more passionately addicted than to skating. The deep and sequestered lakes of this State, frozen by the intense cold of a northern winter, present a wide field to the lovers of this pastime. Often would I bind on my skates, and glide away up the glittering river, and wind each myzy streamlet that flowed beneath its fetters on toward the parent ocean, forgetting all the while time and distance in the luxurious sense of the gliding motion—thinking of nothing in the easy flight, but rather dreaming, as I looked through the transparent ice at the long weeds and cresses that nodded in the current beneath, and seemed wrestling with the waves to let them go; or I would follow on the track of some fox or otter, and run my skate along the mark he had left with his dragging tail until the trail would enter the woods. Sometimes these excursions were made by moonlight, and it was on one of these occasions that I had a encounter, which even now, with kind faces around me, I cannot recall without a nervous looking-over-my-shoulder feeling.
I had left my friend's house one evening just before dusk, with the intention of skating a short distance up the noble Kennebec, which glided directly before the door. The night was beautifully clear. A pearl-moon rode through an occasional fleecy cloud, and stars twinkled from the sky and from every frost-covered tree in Millions. Your mind would wonder at the light that came glinting from ice, and snow-wreath, and incrustated branches, as the eye followed for miles the broad gleam of the Kennebec, that like a jeweled zone swept between the mighty forests on its banks. And yet all was still. The cold seemed to have frozen time, and air, and water, and every living thing that moved. Even the ringing of my skates on the ice echoed back from the Moccasin-Hill with a startling clearness, and the crackle of the ice as I passed over it in my course seemed to follow the tide of the river with lightning speed.
I had gone up the river nearly two miles when, coming to a little stream which empties into the larger, I turned in to explore its course. Fir and hemlock of a century's growth met overhead, and formed an arch way radiant with frost-work. All was dark within, but I was young and fearless, and as I peered into an unbroken forest that reared itself on the borders of the stream, I laughed with very joyousness: my wild hurra rang through the silent woods, and I stood listening to the echo that reverberated again and again, until all was hushed. I thought how often the Indian hunter had concealed himself behind these very trees—how often his arrow had pierced the deer

by this very stream, and his wild hurra had rung for his victory. And then, turning from fancy to reality, I watched a couple of white owls, that sat in their hooded state, with ruffled pantalons and long ears, debating in silent conclave the affairs of their frozen realm, and wondering if they, "for all their feathers, were a-cold," when suddenly a sound arose—it seemed to me to come from beneath the ice; it sounded low and tremulous at first, until it ended in one wild yell. I was appalled. Never before had such a noise met my ears. I thought it more than mortal—so fierce, and amid such an unbroken solitude, it seemed as if a fiend had blown a blast from an infernal trumpet. Presently I heard the twigs on shore snap, as if from the tread of some animal, and the blood rushed back to my forehead with a bound that made my skin burn, and I felt relieved that I had to contend with things earthly, and not of spiritual nature—my energies returned, and I looked around me for some means of escape.—The moon shone through the opening at the mouth of the creek by which I had entered the forest, and considering this the best means of escape, I darted toward it like an arrow. 'Twas hardly a hundred yards distant, and the swallow could scarcely exceed my desperate flight; yet, as I turned my head to the shore, I could see two dark objects dashing through the underbrush at a pace nearly double in speed to my own. By this great speed, and the short yells which they occasionally gave, I knew at once that these were the much dreaded gray wolf.

I had never met with these animals, but from the description given of them I had but little pleasure in making their acquaintance. Their untamable fierceness, and the untiring strength which seems part of their nature, render them objects of dread to every benighted traveler.
"With their long gallop, which can tire the deer-hound's hane, the hunter's fire," they pursue their prey—never straying from the track of their victim—and as the worried hunter thinks he has at last outstripped them, he finds that they had but waited for the evening to seize their prey, and falls a prize to the tireless animals.
The bushes that skirted the shore flew past with the velocity of lightning as I dashed on in my flight to pass the narrow opening. The outlet was nearly gained; one second more and I would be comparatively safe, when my pursuers appeared on the bank directly above me, which here rose to the height of ten feet. There was no time for thought, so I bent my head and dashed myself forward. The wolves sprang, but miscalculating my speed, sprang behind, while their intended prey glided out upon the river.
Nature turned me toward home. The light flakes of snow spun from the iron of my skates, and I was some distance from my pursuers, when their fierce howl told me I was still their fugitive. I did not look back, I did not feel afraid, or sorry, or glad; one thought of home, of the bright faces awaiting my return, of their tears if they never should see me, and then every energy of body and mind was exerted for escape. I was perfectly at home on the ice. Many were the days that I had spent on my gray skates, never thinking that at one time they would be my only means of safety. Every half minute an alternate yelp from my fierce attendants made me but too certain that they were in close pursuit. Nearer and nearer they came; I heard their feet pattering on the ice nearer still, until I could feel their breath and hear their snuffing scent. Every nerve and muscle in my frame was stretched to the utmost tension.
The trees along the shore seemed to dance in the moon-light, and my brain turned with my own breathless speed, yet still they seemed to kiss forth their breath with a sound truly horrible, when an involuntary motion on my part turned me out of my course. The wolves close behind, unable to stop, and as unable to turn on the smooth ice, slipped and fell, still going on far ahead; their tongues were lolling out, their white tusks glancing from their bloody mouths, their dark shaggy breasts were drenched with foam, and as they passed me their eyes glared, and they howled with fury. The thought flashed on my mind, that by this means I could avoid them, viz.: by turning aside whenever they came too near; for they, by the formation of their feet, are unable to run on ice, except on a straight line.
Immediately acted upon this plan. The wolves, having regained their feet, sprang directly toward me. The race was renewed for twenty yards up the stream; they were already close on my back, when I glided round and dashed directly past my pursuers. A fierce yell greeted my evolution, and the wolves, slipping upon their haunches sailed onward, presenting a perfect picture of helplessness and baffled rage. Thus I gained nearly a hundred yards at each turning. This was repeated two or three times, every moment the animals getting more excited and baffled.
At one time, by delaying my turning too long, my fierce antagonists came so near, that they threw the white foam over my dress

as they sprang to seize me, and their teeth clashed together like the spring of a fox-trap. Had my skates failed for one instant, had I tripped on a stick, or caught my foot in a fissure in the ice, the story I am telling would never have been told, I thought all the chances over: I knew where they would first take hold of me if I fell: I thought how long it would be before I died and when there would be a search for the body that would already have its tomb; for oh! how fast man's mind traces out all the dark corners of death's picture, only those who have been near the grim origin can tell.
But soon I came opposite the house, and my hounds—I knew their deep voices—roused by the noise, bayed furiously from the kennels, I heard their chains rattle; how I wished they would break them, and then I would have protectors that would be peers to the fiercest denizens of the forest.—The wolves, taking the hint conveyed by the dogs, stopped in their mad career, and, after a moment's consideration, turned and fled. I watched them until their dusky forms disappeared over a neighboring hill. Then taking off my skates, I wended my way to the house, with feeling which may be better imagined than described.

But even yet, I never see a broad sheet of ice in the moonlight, without thinking of that snuffing breath, and those fearful things that followed me so closely down the frozen Kennebec.

Census Anecdotes.
The Oregon Spectator gives some curious facts, which it derives from Mr. O'Neil, the Census Agent for Oregon Territory. These facts will afford some discussion among the ladies. The Spectator says:
The population of Linn county averages about seven to each family, and strange to tell, there is quite a number of bachelors in the same. He found one family containing twelve children, hearty and well to do—the product of 18 years; and another containing 9 children in 11 years. He visited a number of families the mothers of which were but 14 years old, and several of the mothers of which were only 13 years old. One family, in King's Valley, Polk county, the mother of which had three children at a birth, about five months previous, two of whom were still living, the other having died a short time before his visit. Three families by the name of Applegate, residing in the Umpqua Valley, containing 30 children; the distribution being nearly equal between the three.
There was one family, the father of which after giving in the names of nine children, being interrogated whether there was any more, replied,—"Yes, there are four or five more," but he being unable to call over their names, was obliged to send for their mother by whose assistance the catalogue was completed. Mr. O'Neil called upon another family, the head of which being absent, (it should be remarked here, that it is necessary to inquire the birth-place of the heads of families,) his housekeeper, a colored woman, was interrogated as to the State in which he was born—"well," assuming rather a knowing look, "I don't know 'zactly what State," but I think he was born in the State of Illinois—I don't know if it joins Kentucky or not, I've heard him often talk about." He was a native of Ireland. Another, being asked what State he was born in, replied that his father had moved round so much when he was a baby, that he was unable to answer correctly.

Big Gun.
Joe Billings, a romancing Yankee, was one evening seated in a bar-room of a country tavern in Canada, where were assembled several old countrymen discussing various matters connected with the "pomp and circumstance of war." In the course of his remarks, one of them stated that the British Government possessed the largest cannon in the world—and gave the dimensions of one he had seen.
Joe's Yankee pride would not allow him to let such a base assertion pass uncontradicted.
"Poh, gentlemen," said he, "I won't deny that it is a fair sized cannon—but you are a little mistaken in supposing it to be muned the same minute with one of our Yankee guns which I saw in Charlestown last year. Jupiter! that was a cannon.—Why, sir, it was so infernally large, that the soldiers were obliged to employ a yoke of oxen to draw in the ball!"
"The deuce they were," exclaimed one of his hearers, with a smile of triumph, "pray can you tell me how they got the oxen out again?"
"Why, you fool," returned Joe, "they unyoked 'em and drove 'em through the touch hole!"

A lady meeting a girl who had lately left her service, inquired, "Well, Mary, where do you live now?" "Please ma'am," answered the girl, "I don't live now—I'm married."
It is said that a pair of pretty eyes are the best mirror for a man to shave by. "Zactly so, and it is unquestionably the case that many a man has been shaved by them."