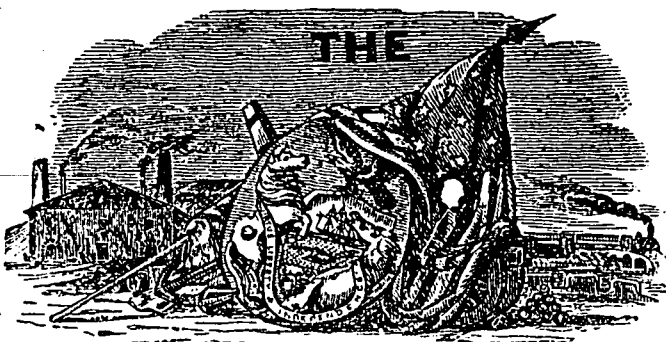


Lehigh



Register.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

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

VOLUME V.

ALLENTOWN, LEHIGH COUNTY, PA., JULY 24, 1851.

NUMBER 42.

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."

Poetical Department.

The Memories of the Dead.

Weep not for the dead!
Thy sighs and tears are unavailing;
Vainly o'er their cold, dark bed
Breaks the voice of thy loud wailing.
The dead, the dead, they rest;
Sorrow, and strife, and earthly woes
No more shall harm the blest,
Nor trouble their deep, calm repose.
Weep not for the dead;
But oh! weep sore for those remaining,
Who bend with grief defiled head
O'er their untimely graves complaining.
The dead, the dead no more
Shall fill our aching hearts and eyes;
But heaven hath left us store
Of sweet and blessed memories.
As stars through dark skies stealing,
With tender, holy light;
As tongues of sweet bells pealing,
Upon the deep still night;
So, on the spirit streaming,
A solemn light is shed;
And long-loved tones come trembling
With memories of the dead.
As clouds drawn up to heaven
Return in softest showers,
Like odors which are given
Sweetest from bruised flowers,
Sad thoughts, with holy calming
The wounded hearts o'erspread,
In fragrant love embalming
The memories of the dead.

Miscellaneous Selections.

(From the Delaware Republican)

Robert Fulton.

The following article written by a gentleman of this county, is well worth a perusal: Fulton was born in Little Britain, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, in the year 1765. His father emigrated from Ireland when young, and settled in Pennsylvania, where he married.

The subject of this sketch, was sent to school at Lancaster, where he received the rudiments of an English education. In his childhood, all his leisure hours were passed in mechanics' shops, or in painting.

At 17 years of age, he went to Philadelphia, where he was occupied in painting Portraits and Landscapes, until he was of age. With the means he had thus acquired, he purchased a small farm in Washington county, where he located his mother, his father having previously died.

Leaving his mother thus provided with a comfortable home, he embarked for England in the 22d year of his age. He took letters of introduction to our illustrious countryman, Benjamin West, by whom he was most cordially received. Mr. West was so well pleased with his amiable qualities, and his genius, that he invited him to take up his abode in his house, where he remained an inmate for several years. After leaving Mr. West, he made portrait painting his chief employment.

Fulton resided in Devonshire, where he made the acquaintance of the renowned Duke of Bridgewater, who constructed the first important Canal in Great Britain. He also formed the acquaintance of Lord Stanhope, celebrated for his love of science and mechanic Arts, with whom he long corresponded upon subjects, to which both their minds had been directed.

So early as the year 1793, Fulton had turned his attention to the subject of Steam Navigation.

In May 1794 he obtained from the British government, a Patent for a double inclined Plane, to be used for transportation. He resided eighteen months at Birmingham, where he acquired much practical knowledge of the mechanic Arts, which was of great advantage to him in after life.

From this period, he devoted a great portion of his time, to the subject of civil engineering, in which his talent for drawing gave him great aid.

He is said to have been an elegant and accurate Draftsman. About this time, he published a work upon Canals. Three sub-

jects appear to have occupied his attention, for the last twenty-five years of his eventful life, viz: Steam Navigation—Canal Navigation, and the use of Torpedoes, for coast and harbour defence in time of war.

In 1797 Fulton went to Paris, where he was invited by our distinguished countryman, the Poet, Joel Barlow, to take up his abode with him which he accepted, and continued to reside there during his long stay in France.

Fulton has been censured for endeavoring to introduce a system of sub-marine warfare, as a violation of the laws of War. His object however, was to put an end to wars, by rendering destruction of human life so certain, that nations would abandon altogether this inhuman practice, and turn their attention to cultivating the Arts of Peace.

Fulton was amongst the first who pointed out the value and importance of connecting the Great Lakes with the Atlantic, by means of Canal navigation. In fact one period, this subject appears to have been uppermost in his mind.

Whilst at Paris, Fulton was desirous that Bonaparte, then First Consul, should aid him in carrying into effect, his great plan of Steam Navigation. For this purpose, he prepared a memorial to the First Consul, setting forth the great advantages France would derive from it both in peace and in war. His memorial, he requested Bourienne, Private Secretary to the First Consul, to present to him.

Bourienne, who was a classmate of Bonaparte at the Military School at Brienne, resided in the family of the First Consul for many years as his Private Secretary; and he has since published, "Memoirs of Napoleon." Bourienne says, that when he presented Fulton's Memorial to the First Consul, Bonaparte said—Bah!! Away with your visionists!! The First Consul, would give Fulton no aid or support whatever.

Through the aid which he received from Chancellor Livingston who was then our Minister in France, he was furnished with means to make contact with Bolton & Watt, of Birmingham, for a Steam Engine, which was built under Fulton's direction, and shipped to New York, in 1806, he made a contract with Charles Brown, to build a Steamboat, which was launched in the spring of 1807; and the Engine from England was put on board of her in August of that year. Mr. Livingston had a joint interest with Fulton in this Boat. All things being in readiness, they invited their friends to witness her first movement.

It may be proper here to state, that whilst this boat was in progress of construction, Fulton was the constant subject of jeers and ridicule. Frequently he heard the scoffs of visitors at the Shipyard, who, not knowing him often expressed their opinions in a manner not very complimentary to his understanding. Nor was this surprising, when we reflect that the grave American Philosophical Society, at Philadelphia, only four years previous to Fulton's complete success, placed upon record, their deliberate opinion, that no practical benefits could ever be derived from Steamboat Navigation.

Fulton says that the day he left New York, there were not thirty persons in the city, who believed that the boat would ever move one mile an hour, or ever be of the least utility.

But return to our narrative. Every thing being in readiness, the boat moved from the wharf and proceeded at the rate of about five miles per hour to the no small astonishment of the multitude, who, though they saw all their predictions falsified, set up shouts of applause. She reached Albany, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, in 32 hours, and returned in 30 hours, although there was a light breeze against her, both going and returning.

The trip of this boat which was called the Clermont, forever put to rest the great question of steam navigation.

At the ensuing session of the Legislature of New York in 1808, Fulton and Livingston got the exclusive right to navigate the waters of that State, by steam extended to thirty years.

As their business increased rivalries grew up. Invasions of their rights ensued; and law suits followed as a necessary consequence. In addition to the boats built in N. York Fulton built a steam boat at Pittsburg in 1813. This boat plied between New Orleans and Louisville, Kentucky. In 1814, Congress passed a law authorizing the construction of a floating battery, after the model of one for which Fulton had taken out a patent.

Commissioners were appointed by the President to superintend her construction. The commissioners appointed Fulton Engineer, to carry into effect his own model. To this object he devoted his undivided attention. She was launched in October, but alas before her machinery was all completed his immortal spirit was summoned to quit the frail tenement it inhabited, and to return to the God who gave it. On his way home from Trenton, where he had been vindicating his invaded rights, he was exposed crossing the Hudson, through the ice which brought on serious indisposition.

Anxious about the steam battery, he went

out to attend to the concern, before his health would justify it, when he took a relapse, which brought him to a premature grave.

The Legislature of New York, which was then in session unanimously passed Resolution's expressive of their high sense of his important public services, and of the heavy loss, which the whole nation, but more particularly that State, had sustained by his death, and as a further tribute to his memory resolved to wear a badge of mourning for the remainder of the session.

A few years after his decease, the Supreme Court of the United States, decided, that the law of the State of New York, granted to Fulton and Livingston, the exclusive right to navigate the waters of the State of New York, was unconstitutional, and of course null and void.

Fulton and Livingston had constructed noble and expensive boats; but as soon as the trade was thrown open, they were opposed by boats of little comparative value, so that their prospects were ruined.

We omitted to state that the steam Battery, was completed some months after Fulton's death, and in the opinion of the Commissioners, would have answered all the purposes which her great Projector ever predicted. But peace was concluded before she was finished, and there was no opportunity of testing her merits.

She was a floating Fortification.—Her Steam machinery was in the middle protected by sides of nine feet of timber in thickness, completely impervious to cannon Ball. Any attempt to board her by an enemy, would have been prevented, by scalding water.

She made two trips to the Ocean, moving with her whole armament on board at the rate of 51 miles per hour.

As great opposition, however, was made to her, as to his first Steamboat, but what human invention or human improvement, has ever been devised by man, which has not been opposed.

We must here do Fulton the justice to say, that he never pretended to lay claim to the original invention of Steamboats. But what he did claim, was the improvement which he made upon the invention of others, and having given practical effect to the whole. The important inventions of Oliver Evans and John Fitch, are matters of public notoriety, and if they had had the means, they probably might have accomplished the same object.

Fulton left a widow, four children, one son, and three daughters.

His widow and son, died long since. His surviving children presented a claim to Congress, under the following circumstances:

The Steamboat of the deceased father, plying between New Orleans and Louisville in Kentucky, whilst pursuing a most profitable business, (being the only Steamboat, then upon the Mississippi), was forcibly seized by General Jackson, during the war, and taken into the public service, for the defence of New Orleans.

In the public service she was run aground, and remained aground for several months, for which, no compensation had been made. Nor had Fulton ever received any compensation for the use of his Patent for the floating Battery, or his service, in the construction of her.

Congress passed a joint Resolution referring the subject to the Secretary of the Navy, who made a report, allowing the heirs a liberal compensation for these demands. The Committee on Claims brought in a Bill to carry into effect the Secretary's Report.

We have already exceeded the space allowed for these "brief sketches." We can therefore only say, that it was nearly ten years, before the Bill finally became a law, although it had repeatedly passed both houses of Congress. The most violent opposition it met with, was from the delegation in Congress from the State of New York, with a few honorable exceptions. On the final passage of the Bill in 1816, the journals of the Senate will show, that both the Senators from New York, voted against it though it passed the Senate by a majority of 18 votes.

The journals of the House of Representatives for 1816, will also show that when the bill finally passed that body, that out of 34 members from the State of New York, only eight of that number voted for the bill. When this bill for the relief of the heirs of Fulton was under discussion in the House of Representatives, the American Aristides, the venerable Sage of Quincy, (whose death the nation has since mourned,) rose in his place and stated to the House that he had thoroughly examined the bill and the proof in support of it, and the claim was founded both in law and justice; and he added, that it was a disgrace to the nation that it had not long before been paid.

The immortal honor of the various delegations in Congress, from New England, (where they had but little interest in steam navigation,) during the long period that this bill was before that body, with few exceptions, they voted to pay the children of this great public benefactor, their lawful due.

The conduct of the New York delegation in Congress, at one time eulogizing

Fulton's character and extolling his public services, and afterwards refusing bread to his children, reminds us of an epigram, written years past by a French physician, entitled the "Doctor with three faces."

The Devoted Wife.

She was a beautiful girl when first I saw her. She was standing at the side of her lover at the marriage altar. She was a little pale, yet ever and anon, as the ceremony proceeded, a faint tint of crimson crossed her beautiful cheek, like the reflection of a sunset cloud upon the clear waters of a quiet lake. Her lover, as he clasped her hand within his arms, gazed on her a few moments with admiration, and the warm and eloquent blood shadowed at intervals his mainly forehead, and melted into beauty on his lip.

And they gave themselves to one another in the presence of Heaven, and every heart blessed them, as they went on their way rejoicing in their love.

Years passed on, and I again saw these lovers. They were seated together where the light at sunset stole through the half closed and crimson curtain, lending a richer tint to the delicate carpeting and the exquisite embellishment of the rich and gorgeous apartment. Time had slightly changed them in outward appearance. The girl's buoyancy of the one had indeed given place to the grace of perfect womanhood, and her lip somewhat paler, and a fainter line of care was slightly perceptible upon her brow. Her husband's brow, too, was marked somewhat more deeply than his age might warrant; anxiety, ambition, and pride, had grown over it, and left the traces upon it; a silver hair was mingled with the darkness of his hair which had become thin around his temples almost to baldness. He was reclining on his splendid ottoman, with his face half hid in his hand, as if he feared that the deep and troubled thoughts which oppressed him were visible upon his features.

"Edward, you are ill to night," said his wife, in a low, sweet, half requiring voice, as she laid her hand upon his own.

Indifference from those we love is terrible to the sensitive bosom. It is as if the sun of heaven refused its wonted cheerfulness, and glared upon us with a cold, dim, and forbidden glance. It is dreadful to feel that the only being of our love refuses to ask our sympathy—that he broods over the feelings which he scorns or fears to reveal—dreadful to watch the convulsive fears and the gloomy brow, the undefinable shadows of hidden emotions, the involuntary sigh of sorrow in which we are forbidden to participate, and whose character we cannot know.

She essayed once more. "Edward," she said, slowly, mildly, and affectionately, "the time has been when you were willing to confide your secret joys and sorrows to one who has never, I trust, betrayed your confidence. Why then, my dear Edward, is this cruel reserve? You are troubled, and yet refuse to tell the cause."

Something of returning tenderness softened for an instant the cold severity of the husband's features; but it passed away, and a bitter smile was his only reply.

Time passed on, and the twain were separated from each other. The husband sat gloomy and alone in the damp cell of a dungeon. He had followed ambition as his god, and had failed in his high career. He had mingled with men whom his heart loathed, he had sought out the fierce and wronged spirits of the land and had breathed into them the madness of revenge. He had drawn his sword against his country; he had fanned rebellion to a flame; and it had been quenched in human blood. He had fallen, miserably fallen, and was doomed to die the death of a traitor.

The door of the dungeon opened, and a light form entered and threw herself into his arms. The softened light of sunset fell upon the pale brow and wasted cheek of his once beautiful wife. "Edward, my dear Edward," she said, "I have come to save you; I have reached you after a thousand difficulties, and I thank God my purpose is nearly executed."

Misfortune had softened the proud heart of manhood, and as the husband pressed his pale wife to his bosom, a tear trembled on his eyelash. "I have not deserved this kindness," he murmured in the choked tones of agony.

"Edward," said his wife, in an earnest, but faint and low voice, which indicated extreme and fearful debility, "we have not a moment to lose. By an exchange of garments you will be enabled to pass out unnoticed. Haste, or we may be too late. Fear nothing for me. I am a woman, and a wife will not injure me for my efforts in behalf of a husband, dearer than life itself."

"But Margaret," said the husband "you look sadly ill. You cannot breathe the air of this dreadful cell."

"Oh, speak not of me, dearest Edward," said the devoted woman. "I can endure anything for your sake. Haste, Edward, and all will be well," and she aided, with a trembling hand to disguise the proud form of her husband in a female's garb.

"Farewell, my love, my preserver," whispered the husband in the ear of the disguised wife, as the officer sternly reminded the supposed lady that the time allotted to her visit had expired.

"Farewell, we shall meet again," responded the wife, and the husband passed out unsuspected, and escaped the enemies of his life.

They did meet again—the wife and husband—but only as the dead meet in the awful communings of another world. Affection had born up her exhausted spirit until the last purpose of her exertions was accomplished, in the safety of her husband—when the bell tolled on the morrow, and the prisoner's cell was opened, the guards found, in the habiliments of their destined victim, the pale but beautiful corpse of the devoted wife.

Cause and Cure of Hard Times.

I profess myself to be an honest farmer, for I can pay that no man can charge me with a dishonest action. I see with great grief, that all the country is afflicted as well as myself. Every one is complaining, and telling his grievances, but I find they do not tell how their troubles came on them. I know it is common for people to throw the blame of their own misdeeds on others, or at least to excuse themselves of the charge. I am in great tribulation; but to keep up the character of an honest man, I cannot in conscience say that any one has brought my trouble on but myself. "Hard times—no money!" says every one. A short story of myself will show how it came to be hard times with me, and no money, at the age of sixty-five, who had lived well these forty years.

My parents were poor, and they put me at twelve years of age to a farmer, with whom I lived till I was twenty-one. My master fitted me with two stout suits of homespun, and four pair of shoes. At twenty-one I married me a wife, a very good young woman she was. We took a farm of forty acres on rent. By industry we gained fast. I paid my rent punctually and laid by money. In ten years I was able to buy myself a farm of sixty acres, on which I became my own tenant. I then in a manner grew rich, and soon added another sixty acres, with which I was contented. My estate increased beyond all account. I bought several acres of out-land for my children, which amounted to seven when I was forty-five years of age. About this time I married my eldest daughter to a clever young man, to whom I gave 100 acres of land. This daughter had been a working, a dutiful girl, and therefore, I fitted her out well, and to her mind exactly; for I told her to take of the best of my wool and flax, and to spin herself gowns, coats, stockings, &c.; nay, I suffered her to buy some cotton to make into sheets; I was determined to do well by her. At this time my farm gave me and my whole family support on the product of it, and left me one year with another, one hundred and fifty dollars, which was for salt, nails, &c.—Nothing to wear, eat, or drink, was purchased anywhere, as my farm provided all. With this saving, I put my money to interest, bought cattle, fattened them, and made great profit.

In two years after my second daughter was courted. My wife says, "come, you are now rich; you know Molly had nothing but what she spun, and no clothing had ever come into our house for any of us, she must be fitted out a little; she ought to fare as well as neighbor B's Betty."

"Well, wife, it shall be as you think best, I have never been stingy, but it seems to me that what we spin would do." However, wife goes to town in a few days, and returns with a calico gown, a calico petticoat, a set of stone ten-cups, and half a dozen pewter spoons, things that were never seen in my house before. They cost but little—did not feel it—and I confess I was pleased to see them. Sally was as well fitted out as any girl in the parish. In three years after my third daughter had a spark and a wedding concluded upon. Wife again comes for the purse; but when she returned what did I see? A silk gown, silk for a hat, looking-glass, China tea gear, &c., and a hundred other things, with the empty purse. Then followed jealousy and quarrels. Molly ought to be out-fitted as well as Betty. Good homespun and cotton fixtures were ruled as vulgar, and white feathers and silk must take their places; Sally's husband must speculate in stocks, backed endorsements; I had all the fun of speculating, and I had all the misery of paying.

"Then grandpa must be the treasury department for all things needful. Nothing was heard but arrangements for journeys, balls, parties, and such like. In about a year Betty's husband made a mistake; and signed somebody else's name to a check instead of his own. He was arrested and sent to jail, and I had to spend half of my earnings to get him out. Sally's husband died, leaving a legacy of nine children, whom, with their mother, I've got to support. Betty's elder boy was framed for a doctor; took his degree, and sent his first six patients out of the world by improper treatment, for which he had to fly the land, leaving his dear in-

cumbances attaches on my purse. I could fill your paper with further particulars, but that might not be so agreeable to your readers. I will only say, in regard to hard times, let every man exercise the ability nature has given, in his prescribed sphere; let contentment reign within the breast, no envy reach its threshold. Regard not the apparent glitter of thy neighbor, nor aim at an equality beyond your comprehension; live more to please yourself, and less to please other people; be frugal industrious and just; bring your ideas down to a level, nor let them be disturbed by bad example. So shall you avoid the mishaps I have experienced in family matters, and rejoice in old age over a life well spent, with just hopes for years hereafter.—*Wilson's Dispatch*

Curious Discovery in Bulgaria.

A very curious discovery has just been made in the province of Bulgaria, in Turkey. Some Greek workmen, in digging near the village of Rahmanileah and the town of Hadzah found a large table of grey colored marble; they removed it, and found one beneath exactly similar; having removed that also, they saw a great number of objects shining like gold and silver. They hastened to the captain of the district, and that functionary, assisted by two ecclesiastics, proceeded to make an examination. They found the skeleton of a man of large stature, with a copper helmet on his head, surrounded by a thin crown of gold; the hands and the arms up to the elbows were strained with something of a bronze color; in the right hand was a copper chain, with an incense-box of the same metal, covered with verdigris, on the third finger of the left hand was a gold ring, with the figures in Roman characters, 966. By the side of the skeleton were three cups in silver, very brilliant, and 26 cups in iron, very rusty, but bearing traces of having been gilded; there were also an immense number of nails, and about 500 arrows, of which the wood was rotten and the points rusty. The skeleton and the different articles were carefully packed up, and sent to Adrianople for examination.

Early Training.

In the case heard before Judge Kane, of the United States District Court, on Friday last, in which the captain and two of the seamen were the opposing parties, there was an incident in the hearing of the case which excited a feeling of filial affection in the heart of every one present, and proved that the early culture of the moral principle by a mother in the habits of her offspring is never lost upon the recipient.

A small lad was called on the stand to testify in the case. He had been a hind on board the barque Conrad while at Pernambuco, and was present during the controversy between the captain and the crew. The shaggy appearance of his head, and the bronzed character of his face and neck from exposure to a southern sun, at first sight would seem to indicate carelessness and neglect; but underneath that long and matted hair the fire of intelligence gleamed from a pair of small and restless eyes which could not be mistaken. The counsel for the captain, from the extreme youth of the lad, doubted whether he understood the obligation of the oath he was about to take and, with a view to test his knowledge, asked leave to interrogate him. This was granted, and the following colloquy took place:

Counsel. "My lad, do you understand the obligation of an oath?"

Boy. "Yes sir, I do."

Counsel. "What is that obligation?"

Boy. "To speak the truth, and keep nothing hid."

Counsel. "Where did you learn this, my lad?"

Boy. "From my Mother, sir," replied the lad, with a look of pride which showed how much he esteemed the early moral principles implanted in his breast by her to whom was committed his physical and moral existence. How truly has it been said "that bread cast upon the waters will return after many days!"

This answer caused a thrill of joy to animate the bosoms of the auditory, and every face was lighted up with satisfaction. The lad was instantly admitted to testify.

Rather a Hard thing to Cast.—"Do you cast things, here?" inquired a Yankee the other day, as he sauntered into a foundry and addressed the proprietor.

"We do."

"You cast all kinds of things in iron, eh?" was the next query.

"Certainly—don't you see that it is our business?"

"Ah, well, cast a shadow will you?"

He was cast out and referred to a brass foundry.

The ignorance of young ladies brought up to thumb pianos, read love-sick novels, and entertain young gentlemen with moustaches, is astonishing. The other day one of this class threw the milk intended for tea out of the window, because it had a yellowicum on the top.