

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., SEPTEMBER 25, 1851.

NUMBER 51.

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 E. Milton St., one door East of the German Reformed Church, nearly opposite the "Friedensbothe Office."

Valuable Lot of Ground
AT
PRIVATE SALE.
The subscriber hereby offers to sell his valuable lot of ground, at private sale, situated in Hanover township, Lehigh county, on the public road leading from Allentown to Bath, adjoining lands of Joseph Lichtenwaller, William Wint and others, containing 19 acres. Thereon is erected a first rate
Two Story Stone House,
nearly new, a frame Barn with Wagon house attached, and all other necessary outbuildings.
Thereon is also a first rate
Apple Orchard,
with the best quality of grafted fruit, of every kind, and a sufficient supply of water. The whole is under good fencing and in a high state of cultivation.
The subscriber deems it unnecessary to say more in praise of this beautiful lot, as purchasers will of course examine the same and satisfy themselves of the above fact. The condition can be learned from the owner who resides on the land.
HENRY FOGELMAN,
August 14, 1851.

James L. Selfridge & Co.
FISH
PRODUCE AND GENERAL
Commission Merchants,
No. 67 NORTH WHARVES,
Below Vine Street, Philadelphia.
Adopt this method to inform their friends and country merchants in general, that they have lately established the above business, in all its various branches, at No. 67 North Wharves, where they will be happy to attend to the wants of their customers.
Among the many articles constantly kept on hand of Dried and Pickled Fish, &c. &c. will be found an assortment of
Mackerel, Salmon, Shad, Herring, Blue Fish, Cod Fish, Pork, Lard, Ham, Sides, Shoulders, Cheese, &c.
All of which will be sold at the most reasonable prices. Recollect the place.
March 6.

Church Dedication.
The newly built Union Church in Pottsville, Carbon county, near Dinky's Tavern, will be dedicated in a solemn manner, on Saturday and Sunday the 4th and 5th of October next. A number of well known Ministers of the Gospel will be present on the occasion. Friends of religion are politely invited to be present.
STEPHEN BALLEET, sen.
AARON BALLEET,
CHARLES DINKY,
JOHN DEWELER,
REUBEN HONICKER,
Pottsville, Carbon co. Sept. 18.

Recorder's Office.
To the Free and Independent Voters of Lehigh county.
FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS!—Encouraged by the assurance of my friends, I hereby offer myself as a candidate for the office of
COUNTY RECORDER.
Should I be so fortunate as to receive a majority of your suffrages, I will guarantee that the official duties of the office shall be attended to with all punctuality and dispatch. Yours Respectfully,
EMANUEL J. ANGLE,
Allentown, August 22, 1851.

NOTICE.
The co-partnership of the subscribers having expired by agreement; all persons indebted to the firm are requested to make payment, and any having claims, to present them for settlement at the "Allentown Iron Works."
DAVID E. WILSON & CO.,
Allentown, September 4, 1851.

JOB PRINTING.
Neatly executed at the "Register" Office.

Poetical Department.

Song for Thinkers.

Take the spade of Perseverance,
Dig the field of progress wide;
Every rotten root of faction
Hurry out and cast aside;
Every stubborn weed of Error;
Every weed that hurts the soil,
Tares, whose very growth is error—
Dig them out, whate'er the toil!
Give the stream of Education
Broader channel, bolder force;
Hurl the stones of Persecution
Out where'er they block its course;
Seek for strength in self-exertion;
Work and still have faith to wait;
Close the crooked gate to fortune,
Make thy road to honor straight.
Men are agents for the Future;
As they work so ages win
Either harvest of advancement
Or the product of their sin.
Follow out true cultivation,
Widen Education's plan;
From the Majesty of Nature
Teach the Majesty of Man.
Take the spade of Perseverance,
Dig the field of Progress wide;
Every bar to true instruction
Carry out and cast aside;
Feed the plant whose food is wisdom,
Gleanse from crime the common seed,
So that from the throne of Heaven
It may bear the glance of God.

The Blackbirds' Nest.

In the crotch of an old oak tree,
Where limbs are spread as our arms should be
Where fervent prayers go up,
The blackbirds build with reed and hay,
Their snug warm nest to live long day,
As round as an acorn cup.
From bank to bough the builders fly,
And he who hears the raven cry,
And sees the sparrow fall,
Endows the busy birds with skill,
To teach and weave with wing and bill,
And heed their youngling's call.
When sinks the sun in the golden west,
The blackbirds fly to their new built nest,
Like loving groom and bride,
And guard their spotted eggs so blue,
As fond and faithful parents do,
The children at their side.

Miscellaneous Selections.

The Lesson, a Tale of Domestic Life.

Three young ladies were seated in a richly furnished apartment. They were the Misses Amanda and Emma Ellis and their cousin Deliah Charleton. The latter was engaged in the womanly occupation of sewing; the two former in discussing, critically, a ball, at which all three had been present the preceding evening.
"I don't like that Mr. Barton at all," said Miss Amanda, continuing the conversation.
"Nor me either," responded Miss Emma, who was the eldest.
"And why not, cousins?" asked Deliah.
"I am sure he is handsome enough—is he not?"
"Yes, but—"
"But what, coz?" said she to Emma, who had spoken last. "Surely his manners are pleasing, and his language polished—without affectation."
"Yes, yes, but for all that he is vulgar," said Emma, pettishly, "vulgar in his ideas."
"Vulgar!" exclaimed Deliah, "you must again allow me to differ with you, coz," she continued looking in her cousin's face with a winning smile, "I think he is quite refined—more so than Mr. Price, or Mr. Brown, and many of the other gentlemen."
"Only think of comparing Mr. Barton with Mr. Price and Mr. Brown—two gentlemen!" exclaimed Miss Amanda Ellis.
"Why, Mr. Barton is a mechanic!"
"Well, suppose he is, dear," said her cousin, "does that make him vulgar, or less respectable! For my part, I think a mechanic can be as much of a gentleman, (in the true sense of the word,) as a millionaire."
"Well, I declare, cousin Lile, you have some of the funniest notions," said Miss Amanda, "just for all the world like pa: he thinks one man just as good as another, even though he is a laborer."
"Yes," said Emma, "I do wish he was a little more circumspect, and find better company for his daughters than mechanics. It is his fault that Mr. Barton comes here; he gives him such pressing invitations. I suppose he wants me, or you Amanda."
"Wouldn't it make a fine paragraph for the papers?—Miss Amanda (or Emma) daughter of James Ellis, merchant, to Mr. Charles Barton, mechanic. Oh! dear," and the great personal attractions threw herself back upon the sofa, and laughed heartily as also did her sister.
"Well, well, girls," said Mr. Ellis who

hidden by the half-open door of the apartment, had been an unobserved listener to the conversation, and who now entered the room, "you may laugh now, but you may live to regret that you did not try to obtain Mr. Barton for a husband mark that," and taking up his hat, he left the apartment.
"Who would have thought that pa was listening?" said Miss Amanda, "but I don't care."
"I declare, if there is not Mr. Barton on the steps!" exclaimed Emma, who was looking through the blind. "Come, come," she continued, addressing her sister, "let us go up stairs into the other parlor and leave cousin Lile to entertain him, it will be pleasure to her, for she is partial to mechanics," and the sisters left the room.
The object of the foregoing conversation was a young man whom Mr. Ellis had introduced to his daughters, and niece, some months before, as a master mechanic. But unlike their father, who valued a man for his character, and not for his money, the Miss Ellis were great sticklers for respectability—their standard for which was riches—and the consequence was as we have seen, that Mr. Barton did not stand any too high in their good graces. Mr. Ellis knew that this false estimate of respectability was a predominant fault in his daughters' characters, and he determined to give them a practical and salutary lesson. How he succeeded the sequel of our story will show.

A few moments after the sisters had left the room, Mr. Barton entered. He was about the middle height, with a fine figure, regular features, and an intelligent countenance. His eyes were of deep blue.—His eye-brows finely arched, and his forehead high and white, from which jet black hair was pushed, displaying its fine proportions. He was certainly a handsome man, which fact even the Misses Ellis did not attempt to deny, and the ease and politeness with which he greeted Miss Charleton, spoke his claim to which that lady herself had awarded him—the title of gentleman.
He was soon seated and in conversation with Deliah. Deliah Charleton was a charming girl. It is true she did not possess the exquisite proportions, and regular features of her two cousins, but then there was ever a sunny smile upon her face, and a cheerful sparkle in her clear light blue eye, and she had such light and bounding spirits, that made her appear, if not as beautiful as her cousins, at least more bewitching; at least so thought Mr. Barton, as he gazed upon her laughing countenance. How much better, thought he, would it be to possess her for a wife, dependent as she is upon her uncle, and dowdier as she would be, than either of the Misses Ellis, with their fortunes. "Thinking thus, it is to be wondered at, that he left her with a half-formed determination to win her love if it lay within his power!"

When Deliah appeared at the dinner table that day, many were the meaning and inquisitive glances her cousins cast upon her. At last, unable to restrain their loved habit of "running" their cousin, they spoke—
"I hope you spent a very pleasant morning, cousin," said Miss Amanda, with a mock arch look.
"A very interesting tale, to be it not?" whispered Emma across the table.
"I spent the morning very pleasantly," answered Deliah, blushing slightly.
"Oh! I dare say," said Emma, sarcastically, "I suppose he gave you a dissertation on mechanics, did he not, coz?"
"Well, and suppose he did?" said Mr. Ellis, who had been listening patiently, but into whose honest face the color now rose. "Is it not better to listen to that, than to the senseless conversation, and sickly sentiments, brawled out in affected tones by the foppings, half men, half monkeys, who disgrace humanity?" and the old man cast such a look upon his daughters as made them quail beneath it.
"But never mind, Lile," he continued in a softer voice, and putting his niece's rosy cheek, "never mind, Mr. Barton is worth three or four such would-be-gentlemen as Mr. Price and Mr. Brown, and in more ways than one. Mark that, girls!—he is worth two or three such in more ways than one." The last sentence he addressed to his daughters.

Days, weeks, and months rolled by, and Mr. Barton had become a frequent visitor to Mr. Ellis's. It was very evident he was paying "particular" attention to Deliah Charleton, and it was also plain to see that they were not unacceptable. This fact furnished an ample subject for the sisters' sarcastic remarks. As for their father, whenever they indulged in them in his presence, a knowing smile would play upon his face, and he would repeat to them his assertions, that they would some day wish they had obtained Mr. Barton for a husband.
Thus things continued for some time.—At length one morning, about three months subsequent to the period when our story commences, Mr. Ellis entered the parlor where his daughters were sitting, with a light step and sparkling eye.
"Well, girls, what do you think of it?" said he, rubbing his hands in glee.
"What?" asked both the young ladies in a breath.

"The wedding we're going to have."
"The wedding! what wedding?"
"Your cousin's."
"Deliah's?"
"Yes. She is going to honor the mechanic with her hand. What do you think of it, ha?"
"I don't think much of it," said Miss Emma, with a toss of the head.
"Nor I," said Amanda.
"You don't, eh? Well, suppose I was to tell you she is going to marry a man worth two hundred thousand dollars, would that alter your opinions?"
"Why what do you mean, pa?"
"Listen! and I will tell you, girls," said the old gentleman, bending upon his daughters a grave and somewhat stern look.
"The father of Mr. Barton, to whom your cousin is soon to be married, was an old friend of mine; we were playmates in boyhood. He was apprenticed to the carpenter trade about the same time I entered the counting house. Soon after he had finished his learning he went to the city of Baltimore, and there started business for himself, and where he married. Being possessed of genius and having a good education, from a master mechanic and builder he soon became an architect; and subsequently amassed a large fortune. Knowing the reverses of fortune to which all are liable, he resolved to make his only son Charles a good architect, so that if ever the "fickle dame" should desert him, he would have a way wherewith to earn his daily bread. He succeeded. A year or two ago he died, leaving his son his whole fortune—his wife being already dead, and Charles being an only child. About six months ago Charles came to this city on a visit. He called upon me as his father's friend. In the course of conversation I asked him why he was not married. He said that he had never met with a young lady that he thought worthy of calling his wife, that he could find enough who would marry him for the sake of his money, but that such a one he would never marry. I told him that I would introduce him to some of our city ladies, and see if he could not find one among them to suit him. He required then that I should conceal his wealth, and introduce him only as a master mechanic. I acquiesced, and knowing your false estimate of respectability, embraced the opportunity of teaching you a salutary lesson. I knew when I brought him home with me, and introduced him, that neither of you would be his chosen, because I was certain you would not stoop so low as to marry a master mechanic; but the event which will soon take place I easily foresaw. Your cousin knew nothing of his wealth until to-day. I see you look surprised girls, but did I not tell you that you would be sorry some day that you did not obtain him for a husband?—And did I not tell you that he was worth two or three such minny hammers, as Mr. Price and Mr. Brown, in more ways than one? Remember, girls, that wealth is a false standard by which to judge of respectability and worth. Not that the rich may not be respectable, but that very often he who earns his daily bread by the sweat of his brow is more of a gentleman than he who counts his thousands."

And they did remember it. For in after years they showed in their choice of husbands that they had not forgotten their honest old father's Lesson.
Wisconsin Debating Club.
Wisconsin is a great State, and Gen. Henry Dodge is her greatest man in the estimation of her citizens. It was a good many years ago that a horseman might have been seen alighting from his jaded steed, at the close of a pleasant day in the fall of the year, in front of a substantial-looking tavern in the village of J—, and State of Wisconsin. A few moments later he might have been seen carefully directing the hostler to give proper attention to his panting horse; and a few moments later still he might have been seen deavouring with avidity the substantial meal spread before him in the supper room of his host. All this might have been seen, and more too, gentle reader, if you had been there to see.
"Landlord," said the dismounted horseman, as he pulled away at a Cuban short six, "landlord, any amusements in the village to-night?—meeting, singing school, or anything?"
Well, no, stranger," replied the host, "not exactly any amusements; if you'd only come a little sooner, now, for we had Howe's and Mabus's Circus here a week ago, and they had a first-rate clown. But that's a Debating Club over in the school house to-night; s'pos'n you go over?"
Rejoiced to find anything wherewith to wile away the tedious hours of night, our traveller assented, and to the "Debatin' Club" he went. The house was a country school house, and I presume that you, kind reader, know how it must have looked, for who is there in this "ger-rent and gel-jurious ked'ntry that has not seen one? There, mounted upon his throne in that temple of knowledge, as the village schoolmaster, ex-officio the President of the Society—the

counterfeit presentment of Dominie Simpson, of "prodigious" notoriety. In front of the old dominie sat the Secretary, as is usual, while near at hand the debaters of the evening occupied the desk of the scholars; back from their line of desk the room was crowded—all J—had gathered there, her beauty and her chivalry.
The house was called to order the minutes of the preceding meeting were read and adopted. The Report of the Committee on "Hezekiah Pilcher, charged with non-payment of dues," was offered and laid on the table, when the Chair arose and said—
"Is the house ready for the question?"
"Aye! aye!" cried a dozen voices.
And the Chair proceeded—
"Gentlemen—the question for this evening, which conferred the greatest benefit on mankind, Mr. Christopher Columbus, or Gen. George Washington? On the affirmative, Messrs. Van Dreezer, Dunsbury, and Penix; on the negative, Messrs. Foster, Milligan and Sampson. Mr. Van Dreezer has the floor."
Mr. V., the village lawyer, a smart, dapper looking man, arose, and taking a sup of water from the tin cup which was before him, did dispose and say—
"Mr. President, and Gentlemen, and Ladies—I rose to advocate the affirmative side of this question; that is to say, that I affirm that Mr. Columbus did a greater benefit to mankind than General Washington. In order more fully to digest the interrogatory just propounded, to enter fully into the merits of the case, I will give a brief, succinct, and condensed account of Mr. Columbus's life and exploits. Sir, who was Christopher Columbus? Sir, who answers the greatest man of his times. Sir, Columbus was the offspring of a man of the same name, who was an indigent basket maker in a small town called Rome, situated on the river Tigris, a stream which takes its rise in the Pyrene Mountains, and flows in a southerly course into the Gulf of Mexico.
At an early age Columbus evinced a decided talent for the sea, and occupied the leisure hours of his infancy in pursuing hooks of travel and works on navigation; it was while engaged in these pursuits that he inadvertently met with the works of Robinson and Crusoe, and Captain Cook, and the definition he made from them was that far away over the trackless sea, thither untrod by the foot of man, was an undiscovered country. As he approached manhood he was filled with a desire to discover that country which he so often saw in his youthful dreams; actuated by this desire, he petitioned the great Pontifical Pope to give him three yawls and a jolly boat to carry out his design. That distinguished man at first refused him, but his wise Cleopatra, being pleased with the promising looks of Mr. Columbus, actuated with an indignity which is a caricature of her sex, prevailed upon him to grant Columbus's request, whereupon, providing his vessels with stores and men out of his own pocket, Columbus got ready, and on a certain day of a certain month, and in a certain year, he set sail from the Holy Sea of Rome, and after a long and tempestuous trip, he set foot upon the Plymouth Rock, in the Island of Juan Fernandez; it was on that occasion that he exclaimed—"Breathes there any man with soul so perfectly dead as never to himself has said, this is my own native land!"
"Sir Mr. Columbus did not long survive the hardships of that voyage, and was finally taken prisoner by the King of the Canaries, and with his crew cast into chains and slavery, where he died, at an advanced age, an ignominious natural death, with his whole crew, leaving not one to tell the tale. Peace to his ashes, and likewise to their'n."

"Sir, the discovery of this continent was the greatest invention of the year 1492.—Ferdinandez's Island was the stepping stone to the settlement of this country. Sir, look around you and behold the populated world, the United States, North and South America, Oregon and Asia, Hindostan and Belorichistan, England and Turkey, France and China, and many others, too numerous to mention.—Behold these countries traversed by steamboats, railroads, telegraphs, and ask yourself, would these things have been if it hadn't been for Mr. Columbus? and your reply would certainly be, "certainly not, Sir." If it hadn't been for Mr. Columbus, General Washington wouldn't have been born—but suppose he had, what then? What did Washington ever do that was a great benefit to this country? There is sure he did perform several masterly retreats, but what's that an evidence of?—Sir, it is that he was a coward."
"General Washington a coward!" screamed Foster, the village doctor, in a voice of thunder. "General Washington a coward! who so base dare say it? Look at him at the battle of the Nile, look at him at Waterloo, at Cowpens, on the plains of Marathon, at the Pyramids, at Stillman's defeat, at Bad Axe; and, Sir, look at him at the battle of New Orleans!"
"General Washington at the battle of New Orleans," exclaimed a huge backwoodsman, gesticulating violently. "Mr. Speaker, is there such an ignoramus in the house?—

Sir, any schoolboy knows that the battle of New Orleans was fought before Gen. Washington was born. Let the gentleman read Plutarch's lives, the lives of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, or let him read Artwright's History of the Black Hawk War, and he'll find that General Henry Dodge fit the battle of New Orleans."
Here the noise and confusion became so great that our traveller might have been seen wending his way to the inn, a wiser man than when he arrived at J—.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Incidents of the Revolution.

GENERAL PIKE.
Zebulon Montgomery Pike was born at Lamberton, Mercer Co., January 5th, 1779. His parents were natives of Woodbridge, where their son spent his youth. His father was an officer in the army of the United States, and Zebulon, having received a common school education, entered as a cadet into a company under his father's command, in which he served in the western frontiers. He afterwards received a lieutenant's commission. In 1805, he was employed with a party of 20 men to explore the Mississippi to its source, while Captains Lewis and Clark were sent on a similar expedition up Missouri. Within two months after his return, he was elected by General Wilkinson, for a second perilous journey of hardship and exposure, in exploring the interior of the then called country of Louisiana. After leaving Osage village, Pike and his men were overtaken by winter, unprovided with any clothing suitable for the season. Their horses died, and for weeks they were obliged to explore their way through the wilderness, carrying packs of 60 or 70 pounds weight, besides their arms, exposed to the severity of cold, relying solely on the chase for subsistence, and often two or three days without food. In the course of the expedition, the party visited Santa Fe, and on July 1st, 1807, arrived at Natchitoches. On his return he received the thanks of the government, and was appointed Captain, shortly after, a Major, and in 1810, a Colonel. During the intervals of his military duties, he prepared for the press, a narrative of his two expeditions, which was published in 1810.

In the beginning of 1813, Col. Pike was appointed a brigadier-general. On the 25th of April, at the head of 1,500 choice troops, he sailed from Sackett's Harbor on an expedition against York, the capital of Upper Canada. On the 27th, the whole force landed near York, and were led by Gen. Pike in person against the British works. They advanced through the woods, and after carrying one battery by assault in the most gallant manner, moved on in columns towards the main work. The fire of the enemy was soon silenced by the fire of the American artillery, and a flag of surrender was expected, when a tremendous explosion suddenly took place from the British magazine, which had been previously prepared for this purpose. An immense quantity of large stones were thrown with terrible force in every direction, one of which struck General Pike on the breast, and inflicted a mortal wound. The troops recovering from their confusion, were instantly formed again, and as a body of them passed over their wounded general, he said—"Push on, brave fellows, and avenge your general." While the surgeons were carrying him out of the field, a tumultuous hurra was heard; Pike turned his head, with an anxious look of inquiry; he was told by a sergeant, "The British union-jack is coming down, General—the stars are going up!" He heaved a heavy sigh, and smiled. He then was carried on board the Commodore's ship, where he lingered for a few hours. Just before he breathed his last, the British standard was brought to him; he made a sign to have it placed under his head, and expired, without a groan.

A Preacher's Mistake.

The following anecdote is related of the eccentric divine, Rowland Hill, one of the most popular and effective preachers of the day.
On one occasion, not more than three years before his death, it is said, he was preaching to one of the most crowded congregations that ever assembled to hear him. In the middle of his discourse, he observed a great commotion in the gallery; (he always greatly annoyed at any noise in the chapel;) for a time he took no notice of it, but finding it increasing, he paused in his sermon, and looking in the direction in which the confusion prevailed, he exclaimed,—
"What is the matter there?" The devil seems to have got among you." A plain country-looking man immediately started to his feet, and addressing Mr. Hill in reply, said, "No, sir, it isn't the devil as is doing on it; it's a lady wot's fainted; and she is a very fat un, sir, as don't seem likely to come to a gain in a hurry."
"Oh, that's it, is it," observed Mr. Hill, drawing his hand across his chin, "then I beg the lady's pardon—and the devil's too."
A good newspaper in a family is a good thing.