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NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

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Builders Look Here. A NEW ASSORTMENT OF HARDWARE! The undersigned announce to the public that they have just returned from Philadelphia and New York, with a very large lot of Hardware, consisting of House Furnishing Articles, Saddlery and Shoe-trimnings, all of which will be sold at extremely low prices.

To House-Keepers. A great assortment of House furnishing articles, such as ENAMELED and tinned inside, cooking vessels, sauce and stew pans, preserve kettles, fish and ham kettles, frying pans, grid-irons, waffle irons, &c.

IRON.—A lot of Hammered and Rolled Iron, Sheet Iron, American and English Band Iron, Hoop Iron, Cast and Shear Steel, square, flat, and round, just received with Anvils and Vices, and for sale cheap at the store of O & J SAEGER.

GLASS.—150 Boxes Glass, 8 by 10, 10 by 12, 10 by 14, 10 by 15, 12 by 16, and various other sizes, for sale by O & J SAEGER.

TO MECHANICS.—Tools of every description, such as Bench and Moulding Planes, Hand, Pannel, and Back Saws, Brace and Bits, Auger Bits, Hatchets, Squares, &c., for sale by O & J SAEGER.

OILS & VARNISH.—Oils of all kinds, boiled and raw, Turpentine, Newark Varnish of all kinds, Glue &c.,—will be sold cheap by O & J SAEGER.

PLANKS.—A full assortment of Planks of John Bell's best make, also a large assortment of Carpenter's Tools, for sale cheap by O & J SAEGER.

NAILS.—300 Kegs of the best Nails, Brads and Spikes, just received and for sale by O & J SAEGER.

HOLLOWWARE.—500 Iron Pots and Kettles, just received and for sale at very reduced prices at the store of O & J SAEGER.

Poetical Department.

What is a Year?

What is a year? 'Tis but a wave Of Time's dark rolling stream, Which is so quickly gone that we Account it but a dream 'Tis but a single earnest thro' Of Time's old iron heart, Which tiresless now and strong as when It first with life did start.

What is the earth? 'Tis but a type Of life's oft changing scene; Youth's happy morn' comes early on With hills and valleys green. Next summer's prime succeeds the Spring, Then Autumn with a tear, Then comes old Winter—death, and all Must find their level here.

Miscellaneous Selections.

Every-Day Life of Woman.

Kind reader, it is no fancy sketch that I am going to give you. It is drawn from life in all its reality; and in every city, village, county-town and neighborhood, its truthfulness will be recognized. It is the every-day life of woman—woman in her domestic character—we intend portraying.

The result is, the husband soon owns the house he lives in and something besides, takes his ease when he chooses, reads and improves his mind, and becomes important in community. But the cares of his faded, broken-down wife know no relaxation. The family enlarges, and she poor woman, has enough to do without finding time to increase her stock of knowledge, or to watch the progress of the minds of her children. It is, therefore, no fault of hers that they are growing up with characteristics and habits of a doubtful tendency.

signed by the exertions of the day to seek it after the noisy little group are out of the way, and she has done darning and patching. Husband comes in now, and reads from some book or newspaper. He wonders why she is so little interested, and may be, very gently, hints, at her deficiencies in this respect.

In the morning, as soon as the birds begin their songs, the little flock are out of bed. Then come the washings and dressings; the busy mother needs twenty hands, since as many wants are poured in upon her distracted ears. It's "Mother, where's my jacket?" "Mother, I can't get the knot out of my shoe-string," or "I've broken my shoe-string;" "Mother, I want a pin;" "Mother, Ned, is spattering me with soap-suds;" "Mother, mayn't I wear my pink dress or new apron?"

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Now, this is certainly wrong; and the foundation of all this wrong is principally in that avaricious spirit which makes the dollar the standard of respectability.

We hope to see the day when there will be a reform in this thing. We call upon women to engage in this reform—for I fear that many of you are deeply in the fault of avarice—and show husbands that life can be enjoyed more truly by the proper preservation of the health and beauty, accomplishments and good spirits of their companions; that if they would have intelligent and smiling wives, they must not be too willing to have them occupy the time that should be devoted to their own improvement and the training of their children in the most menial drudgery.

Think before you speak, and consider before you promise. Prosperity is not just scale; adversity is the only balance to weigh friends. When ill reports are spread of you, live so that nobody may believe them. The Lehigh Register, should be found in every family.

Rich and Poor.

EXTRACT FROM A SKETCH BY MARY ELLWOOD.

"How many children have you?" "Four." "All young?" "Yes, ma'am. The oldest is but seven years of age." "Have you a husband?" The woman replied in a changed voice.

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The scene was one of mirth, and joy, and loveliness, and beauty. Two spacious parlors had been thrown open in one of the largest houses in Arch street. Lights had glittered in the various chambers since early sundown—carriages had driven up to the door, each freighted with friends or relatives—so that the world without found little difficulty in arriving at the conclusion that some extraordinary scene of festivity was in progress within the walls of that spacious mansion.

"It was about one o'clock when we entered. The two large parlors, brilliantly illuminated by gas, and glittering with a rich collection of young and beautiful females, each dressed in the most tasteful and gorgeous manner, presented a scene truly magnificent. For a moment the eye seemed to quail before the general flash, while the mind also grew dizzy; but these feelings lasted but for the instant, as friends were to be met on all sides, and we soon found ourselves mingled in the giddy and trifling conversation that too many of our fair countrywomen seem to do in on such occasions.

The party was a "Bridal" one, and the bride was the daughter of one of our most respectable merchants, a worthy good-hearted man, who had devoted himself to his business, and paid no attention whatever to the frivolities of fashionable life. The bride seemed very young—not more than sixteen or seventeen. She could not be regarded as beautiful, in the general appreciation of the world, and yet she had one of the sweetest faces that I ever saw.

As I turned away from the door of the large, beautiful house in which that lady lived, I felt something rising in my throat and choking me. I had bitter thoughts of all my kind. Happily, where I next stopped, I met with one more considerate.

ped, I met with one more considerate. She bought two bunches of fish at my own price—spoke very kindly to me, and even went so far, seeing that I looked tired out, to tell me to go down into her kitchen and rest myself for a little while.

"You do not know, madam," continued the woman, "how much good a few kindly spoken words, that cost nothing, or a little generous regard for us, does our often distressed hearts. But these we too rarely meet. Much oftener we are talked to harshly about our exorbitant prices—called a cheating set—or some other such name that does not sound very pleasant to our ears."

The Bridal.

A SCENE FROM REAL LIFE.

BY ROBERT MORRIS.

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gloomy reflections. The nuptial ceremony was pronounced; for a moment all was breathless silence; and then the busy hum broke forth as audibly as ever. The wedding was a brilliant one in all respects. I was followed up by party after party, so that nearly a month rolled away before the giddy round was over.

The world's consolation. We frequently saw the young bride in the streets; and her cousin—who was our immediate neighbor—spoke of her prospects as cheering and happy. But one evening, just after sundown, and less than a year since we had seen each other at the wedding, he called, and with rather a grave aspect, invited us to accompany him to his aunt—the same house that had glittered with so much light and re-echoed with so much laughter, on the night of the bridal. We proceeded along calmly, for although somewhat struck by the sad aspect of our friend, it did not excite much surprise.

And such are human hopes and expectations? Rufus Choate. Jack Humphries, the comic Boston correspondent of the Albany Dutchman, gives the following off-hand description of Rufus Choate:

"Rufus Choate—famous for throwing somersets, flip flaps, making mouths and ugly mugs at judges and juries—is jawing away at that same old Rev. Mr. Fairchild case. You probably never saw Rufus, but you've heard of him? Well, he's great on saving hard cases from getting their dues. He saved Pirel, the murderer of Ellen Bickford, from being stretched; and that fact has made him in great demand, where things are doubtful, ever since. He has saved many a scoundrel from well merited punishment, and, perhaps, has obtained, for some justice. Rufus Choate is a picture to look at, and chewer to sput. He is about seven feet six, or six feet seven, in his socks; supple as an eel, and wiry as a cork screw. His face is a compound of wrinkles, 'squalor jowlers,' and jurisprudence. He has small, keen piercing black eyes, a head shaped like a mammoth goose-egg, big end up; his hair black and curly, much resembling a bag of wool in a gale of wind. His body has kind of brush heap shape; and his wit and legal 'dodges' have set many a judge in a snicker, and so confounded jurors, as to make it almost impossible for them to speak English of tell the truth, for the rest of their natural lives. Rufus is great on twisting and coiling himself up, spouting around, and prancing, jumping and kicking up the dust, when steam's up. His oratory is first rate. He generally makes a ten strike—judge and jury down, at the end of every sentence. He is great on flowery expressions, and high falutin' flib-dud's. Strangers mostly think he's crazy and the rest scarcely understand what it's all about. He invokes his time and eloquence, 1,000 percent, over ordinary charges, having one's self put through a course of law. Rufus Choate is about fifty years of age; perhaps over. He is considered the ablest lawyer in New England, or perhaps—the United States. His hand writing can't be deciphered without the aid of a pair of compasses and a quadrant. His autograph somewhat resembles the map of Ohio, and looks like a piece of crayon sketching done in the dark, with a three pronged fork. He has been in the Senate, and may be, if he had time to fish for it President of the United States. If the Rev. Mr. Fairchild don't lick his adversaries (libel case) with Rufus Choate to talk to the jury, his case isn't worth the powder to blow it up."