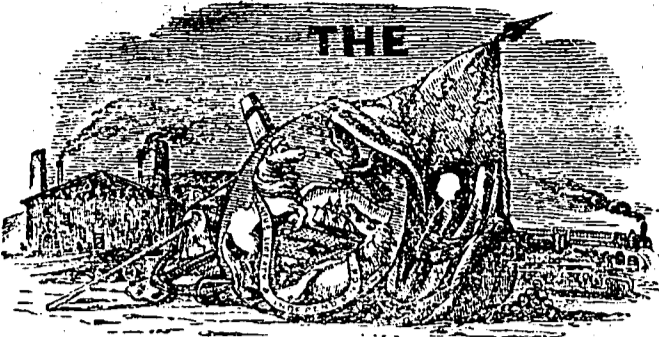


Lehigh



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 VI.

ALLENTOWN, LEHIGH COUNTY, PA., NOVEMBER 13, 1851.

NUMBER 6.

THE LEHIGH REGISTER.

Published in the Borough of Allentown, Lehigh County, Pa., every Thursday.
BY AUGUSTUS L. RUBE,
At \$1.50 per annum, payable in advance, and \$3.00 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, charge 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."

Baker's Improved Churn, With Double Spiral Wheel.

So numerous are the Churns, that we had almost come to the conclusion, that all were but mere modifications without any essential improvement and under these impressions we slightly examined this Churn. Closer investigation, however, has led us to a different conclusion. As the most simple and the least observable improvement is often the most important, appears to be the case here. Mr. Baker's Churn is simple, durable and not liable to get out of repair, easily worked, secures a constant supply of pure air, displacing the gas as it is created, and produces thorough and rapid agitation of the cream. The mechanical construction of the Paddles is such as to be the most perfect in bringing the Butter together in five to twenty minutes.
The good qualities of the Churn, have been fully established, as it has been tested in trials with other Churns, and has brought butter in far less time, and in much greater quantity and of a better quality.
The simplicity of construction renders the cleaning of this Churn less laborious than any other now in use. They may be examined and purchased from the subscriber, at his workshop; near Siegersville, North Whitehall township, Lehigh county, on very reasonable terms.
J. CULBERTSON,
Siegersville August 11.

REMOVAL! STOVE MANUFACTORY.

James H. Bush.
Takes this opportunity to inform his friends and the public in general, that he has removed his store and workshop, in his newly built business house, easily known by its iron front, between the German Reformed Church, and Prov. Smith & Co's Store, and one door east of the Lehigh Register Office, when with a very large addition to his former stock, he is able to expose to public view, and offer for sale the largest Assortment of Stoves
ever brought to Allentown, among which are the newest and best Cooking, Range, Office and Parlor Stoves, for wood and coal. The patterns are so numerous that it would occupy too much space to enumerate them; therefore we would recommend one and all to step into his beautiful Store and examine for yourselves, and we assure you that you will not leave the establishment without making a purchase of some kind.
Besides Stoves, he keeps every imaginable article wanted in house keeping, such as Iron, Tin and Pewter ware, all of which he will sell at the cheapest cash prices.
Thankful for past favors, he trusts that his immense assortment and his reduced way of selling will gain him many new customers to whom he will ever feel thankful. He will exchange new for old Stoves.
All his wares will be sold wholesale and retail.
Allentown, Oct. 30.

NOTICE.

In the Court of Quarter Session of the Peace of Lehigh county.
September 8th, 1851. The Town Council of the Borough of Allentown, made application to the said Court, praying the Court to grant an order, that the said Borough of Allentown become subject to the restriction, and possess the powers and privileges conferred by an Act of Assembly of this Commonwealth, approved the third day of April, A. D., 1851, entitled "An Act Regulating Boroughs," and that all the provisions of said Act be extended to the said Borough as fully as by law this Court can extend the same.
The application was read and accepted, and the Court direct notice to be given in all the newspapers published in the Borough of Allentown, that unless cause be shown on the first day of the next term of this Court, the prayer of said application will be granted.
FESTER—J. D. LAWALL—Clerk.
October 23.

Poetical Department.

[From Sartain's Union Magazine.]
The Household Graves.
Away in that valley of sunset light,
Where the loveliest verdure of summer waves,
The heavy shadows have closed to night
O'er the quiet place of our household graves.
There the blue-eyed violet, meek and mild,
Looks softly up when the spring-time glows;
And the dark-leaved ivy is running wild
Under the shade of the damask rose.
And oft I think, as the dim eyes pass,
And a shadow comes to my heart and brow,
Whose sad foot falls on the quiet grass—
What hand is tending the roses now?
From the stony blooms of the myrtle vines,
Who gently pushes the leaves away?
And the silver thread which the spider twines,
Is it broken not through the Evelong day?
Oh, I know, in that valley, far away,
One heart still turns to its loved and gone;
And one step, grown sadder with every day,
Comes often now to the graves alone.
Sad mourner, left on that far-off shore,
I have stood in the shadow beside thee here;
But my raven tresses are swept no more
By the mournful flow of thy silver hair!
Time's Changes.
I do not blame the bachelor,
If he leads a single life;
The way the girls are now brought up,
He can't support a wife.
Time was when girls could card and spin,
And wash, and bake, and brew;
But now they have to keep a maid,
If aught they have to do.
Time was when wives could help to buy,
The land they'd help to till—
And saddle Dobbins—shell the corn,
And ride away to mill.
The old bachelor is not to blame,
If he is a prudent man;
He now must lead a single life,
And do the best he can.

Miscellaneous Selections.

The Emigrant Ship.

During the last summer, business summoned us to one of the wharves of this city at the moment when a ship from Liverpool had just arrived, bringing some two hundred and fifty emigrants, men, women and children chiefly Irish. Much as we had heard and read of the condition of many of these poor passengers, we never fully realized their distress until we personally witnessed them.
The emigrant ship whose arrival we witnessed had been seventy odd days from port to port. Her passengers were of the poorest class. Their means had been nearly exhausted in going from Dublin to Liverpool, and in endeavoring to obtain work in the latter city, previous to bidding a reluctant but eternal farewell to the old country.— They depended on a speedy passage over the Atlantic. In this they were disappointed. The ship had encountered a succession of terrific gales—it had leaked badly, and they had been confined a great part of the voyage to their narrow quarters between decks, herded together in a noisome and pestilential atmosphere, littered with damp straw, and full of filth.
What marvel that disease and death invaded their ranks. One after another died, died were launched into the deep sea. The ship entered Fayal to refit, and there that climate of endless summer proved to the emigrants more fatal than the blast of the Capas-poisoned valley of Java. The delicious oranges and the mild Pico wine, used liberally by the passengers, sowed the seeds of death yet more freely among their ranks. On the passage from Fayal, the mortality was dreadful, but at length, decimated and diseased, the band of emigrants arrived at Boston.
It was a summer's day but no cheering light fell upon the spires of the city. It was damp and gloomy; the bay spread out before the eye like a huge sheet of lead, and the clouds swept low and heavily over the hills and housetops. After the vessel was moored, all the passengers who were capable of moving, or of being moved, came up or were brought up on deck. We scanned their wan and haggard features with curiosity and pity.
Here was the wreck of an athletic man. His eyes, deep sunken in their orbits, were nearly as glassy as those of a corpse—his poor attire hung loosely on his square shoulders. His matted beard rendered his sickly, greenish countenance yet wan and livid. He crawled about the deck alone—his wife and five children, they for whom he had lived and struggled, for whose sake he was making a last desperate exertion, had all been taken from him on the voyage. We addressed him some questions touching his family. "They are all gone," said he—"the wife and the children." The last one—the baby—died this morning—she lies below. They're best off where they are."
In another place sat a shivering, ragged

man, the picture of despair. A few of his countrymen who had gathered round him, offered him some food. He might have taken it eagerly some days before. Now he gazed on vacancy without noticing their efforts to induce him to take some nourishment. Still they persevered, and one held a cooling glass of lemonade to his parched lips.
Seated on the after hatchway was a little boy who had that morning lost both his parents. He shed no tears. Familiarity with misery had deprived him of that sad consolation. We passed on to a group of Irishmen gathered round an old grey-haired man lying at length upon the forward deck. One of them was kneeling beside him.
"Father! father!"—said he earnestly—"Rouse up for the love of Heaven, See how I've brought you some porridge—take a sup or it—it will give ye heat and life." A sup or bit of life's left in the old man any how. Leave him alone Jamie." "Lift him ashore," said the man, "he wants air."
The dying man was carefully lifted on the walk, and laid down upon a plank. His features changed rapidly during the transit. His head now fell back—the pallid hue of death invaded his lips—his lower jaw relaxed—the staring eye-balls had no speculation in them—a slight shudder beside him closed his eyes—it was all over.
And there in the open air, with no covering to shield his reverend locks from the falling rain, passed away the soul of the old man from its earthly tabernacle.
The hospital cart arrived. Busy agents lifted into it, with professional sang froid crippled age and tottering childhood. But all the spectators of this harrowing scene testified by their expressions, sympathy, and sorrow. One low-browed ruffian alone excepted. "Serves 'em right—don't 'em!" said he, savagely. "Why don't they stay at home in their own country, and not come here to take the bread out of honest people's mouths?"
Honest quotha? If ever "flat burglary" and "treason dire" were written on a man's face, it stood out in staring capitals upon that Cain-like brow. But there were lights as well as shadows to the picture. Out of that grim den of death—out of that floating lezar house, there came a few blooming maidens and stalwart youths, like fair flowers springing from the rankness of a charnel. Their sorrows were but for the misfortunes of others; and even these were awhile forgotten in the joy of meeting near and dear relatives and old friends, upon the shore of the promised land. They went their way rejoicing, and with them passed the solitary ray of sunshine that streamed athwart the dark horrors of the emigrant ship, like the wandering pencil of light that sometimes visits the condemned cell of a prison.

A Nose at a Masquerade Ball.

"May I presume, lady, to sit beside you?"
"Delighted!—I feel flattered by your preferring my society among the many beauties that make the ball so brilliant. You know me perhaps?"
"Not now—and indeed it is possible my answer might be the same if you removed your mask. But what does it matter? To-night we may begin to know each other, and be as intimate as you please. The friendship commenced at a masquerade are by no means the worst."
"Sometimes they deceive one terribly."
"That can't be denied. I have met with sad disappointment myself."
"And been the cause of them?"
"No—'tis not very easy for a man to assume a false character when he shows himself in all places—even in a carnival ball."
"Indeed! Perhaps you have no cause to hide it, and that can't be said of every one."
"Thanks, gentle lady; you know me then?"
"Yes, by sight. They tell me you are a poet. Will you write me a sonnet?"
"Oh, certainly! I make it a rule never to refuse a lady. But I must first know your name."
"Call me anything—Phyllis, Laura, Felicia—any name that you think poetical."
"Tis better not to tell you my true one. You may choose one to your liking."
"But without at least seeing the face whose beauties I am to immortalize—without knowing the sweet object of my inspiration!"
"Does a poet say this? What do you gentlemen of Parnassus, who live in the illuminated regions of the fancy, want with the real presence of the object of your admiration? For my part, I have so little confidence in my face, and so much in your imagination, that I must remain my mask."
"Tis true that you poets—since you include me in the number—feast our minds in the realms of imagination, but we cannot support ourselves with these illusory viands. And, in regard to pleasure, I profess myself one of the most prosaic of men."
"But what pleasure can you expect in seeing my face?"
"The pleasure of adoring it—if it is beautiful, as I presume it is, of adoring it!"
"Adoration is constantly on your lips—"

You poets ought to be banished from every Christian and well-ordered community."
"And why, my dear?"
"If you say what you really think, as impious idolaters; if you do not, as impostors. You did well in coming without a domino. Poets don't require them, in order to deceive. They are never without a mask."
"If that be true, I am delighted to placidly to an accusation that makes me so much reasonable the softer sex."
"Are women then so false?"
"Yes, fair mask, you can't deny that they are guilty, but, at the same time, I confess that the want of confidence and the tyranny of us men are the causes of your immaturity, and that your very deceptions are excusable, as they arise entirely from a wish to please us. But it is impossible that I am not to see your face?"
"Impossible! The wish to please you induced me to preserve my mask."
"Your conversation enchants me, and every word increases my desire to know you."
"Must you absolutely see the face, to enable you to suppose it beautiful? Have you not called me already the sweet object of your inspiration? Believe me, your interest and mine, in this matter, are opposed to each other. While I remain concealed, I am sure of hearing flattering speeches to, which, perhaps, I am not always accustomed. If the guardian mask were lifted, adieu to illusion. Still politeness and sober seriousness would take the place of the compliments, the pretty speeches and the attention, which, though they do not altogether turn my head, keep me at least pleased and satisfied."
"This modesty is a convincing proof, with me, of your numberless charms."
"Yes—but if I have not other charms; I am at least modest—or rather sincere."
"Even if I could confound you with the common run of women, I could believe you nothing more nor less than the reverse side of the medal of life; and, as the ladies' slight would appear to add then to a certain speaking the whole truth with impunity."
"But you—you are beautiful! I'll swear you're the art of judging through the thick veil of the nose. The nose can't escape me. In the world, I perceived a sudden start in my sure. I thought she had not been displeas'd with such a vulgar phrase, and I apologized for not having expressed myself in more elegant language; but she smiled, and pressing her hand, gave me to understand that she pardoned the lapsus linguae, and went on. There is only one reason why I should regret your unmasking."
"And that, I pray?"
"That I should not then be able to speak to you as to a mask. Wouldn't it be miserable to give up this charming familiarity, and the intimacy allowable in a carnival ball? We speak now with as little restraint as friends or brothers, or married people, or lovers."
"If I were to be so indiscreet as to unmask myself, you would jump up in a hurry, and hardly find time to utter a cold and rapid, 'Your servant, madam,' before you left me."
"How can you tease me so? Do you think me capable of so much unopenness? Suppose, even for a moment, you were ugly—will your mask carry away with it the charms of your conversation? your bewitching voice? your captivating affability? your exquisite grace? How could a woman be ugly with such attractions? If your face is uglier than a gorgon's I'll forgive it."
"Look to what you say. Are you more indulgent than other men? Have you less self-love? With your most sensible sex, ugliness is the greatest crime woman can be guilty of."
"Either I am of a different kind, or you calumniate other men, fair mask. Away with that envelopment, envious of my happiness! and you will see that my attentions instead of diminishing, will grow still more tender; and do not fancy that my promise is a bold one—for where can the ugliness be with which you threaten to astonish me? Don't I see the perfect elegance of your shape? Don't I hold your beautiful hand in mine? Hasn't your small and flawless foot made me madly in love with it? Doesn't the palpitating of that bosom reveal to me a thousand charms? Don't the arrows of those dark Moorish eyes strike me at every glance? Those coal black tresses that contrast so finely with the marble whiteness of the neck—whose are all these if they are not yours? And have I watched so attentively the motions of your head, that the smile of your ripe red lips has escaped me?"
"And yet with these advantages which you prize so highly, I assure you I am a monster, and you will be horrified if I unmask."
"No, no—it is impossible—your shape, your features!"
"Have you seen them all?"
"I may say so—the nose is the only—"

here she interrupted me with a laugh—"you laugh—is it a Roman?"
"Ora Carthaginiana, for anything I know. You had better not trouble yourself to decide."
"No, no—it is impossible that a nose out of keeping perhaps with the other features, can destroy the effect of so many beauties; and moreover I undertake all the consequences of the request I make you. With that mouth, with those eyes, with that flawless form, you may be either all nose or no nose."
"Imprudent man!"
"Come, unmask! Let the sun rise on me! though 'tis now two o'clock in the morning."
"Rash man!"
"Must I fall on my knees to ask you? Will you make me the laughing stock of the hall?"
"Enough you desire it. Well, then, you are about to see me without my mask—Alas, women are so weak—but at least I shall not be my hands that throw open Pandora's box. Receive from your own the punishment of your foolish curiosity!"
"Is that all? Oh glory! oh fortune! Envy me, ye mortals—give me the lyre, oh Muses! at this moment I am Pindar!—I am Tyrtamus!"
"At this moment you are a fool."
"What a nuisance!—I can't utter the mask—I shall cut it,—ah, here it is—must be—"
"I could not get out another syllable. She was my surprise, my disappointment, my horror! What a nose! what a nose! what a nose! I could not have believed nature capable of producing such a plume, such an amplification, such a hydra-head. The sonnet of Quevedo—"
"There was a man once tied to a great nose," would be poor and inefficient in describing it. It was not a human nose—it was a beet root—a scymitar—a knife case—an Egyptian pyramid. Great heavens and earth! submit to such gigantic abuses? If every thing is condemned that interferes with the slow and progressive advance of our institutions—if every thing is out of place—every thing is *exaggerated*—why isn't there a law against the exaggeration of the human nose? In the midst of the horror caused by this terrible change of scene, I wished to disengage myself from my avowed companion, if possible, without being rude. I made incredible efforts to utter a few complimentary phrases. It was impossible! If at that moment I had a looking glass before me, I should most undoubtedly have seen the countenance of a fool.
To my great relief, the lady, who had doubtless learned to reconcile herself to her deformity and its results, laughed very heartily, either at my attempts or at herself. This gave me an opportunity of hurrying off under pretence of assisting a friend, and, without venturing another look, I took leave of her with a short and dry "Your servant, madam."
She gave wings to my feet—rage blinded me—I wanted room to escape. I stumbled among furniture and people, and should have fled home without waiting for the carriage, or remembering my cloak, if my disappointment had not excited in me a hunger as tremendous as the nose beneath the shadow of which my happiness had withered away. I flew to the reflection room—look possession of a table, seized a carte, and ordered what could be got readily soonest. I devoured, not with appetite, with rage, four different dishes, and they were just sat down in front of me the same masked lady—or rather the same masked nose—which had horrified me a few minutes before. My first impulse was to fly; but the malicious gress detained me, saying, with most diabolical sweetness—
"What! aren't you going to invite me to supper?"
I looked puzzled and foolish—and the nose laughed; but unluckily for me, the gentleman at her side did not join in the laughter, or I might have vented my rage on him.
"Madam! put you to much expense—no glass of Roman punch, and nothing more."
Her easy assurance piqued me and I determined to revenge myself with a little rail-lery. "I shall be delighted, fair lady, to obey you; but I am afraid your nose will slightly interfere with the functions of your mouth. If you don't remove your mask, I don't see how."
"Of course I can't drink with it on. I shall take it off."
"How? What do you say? Then?"
But while I spoke she had laid her hand on her nose, and pulled it off!
Wretch that I was, it was a false one—it was of Pasteboard—and there was her perfect nose before me, as handsome and as perfect as the other features!
How shall I describe my shame, my despair, at seeing such a lovely creature, and remembering the folly, the rudeness, the impudence of my behavior! I would have lamented my error—I would have asked a thousand pardons—I would have kissed the dust under her feet—but she took the arm of her companion, and looking at me haughtily and severely, disappeared, saying with chilling coldness—"Your servant, sir."

Fly Fishing in the Mississippi.

The Falls of St. Anthony are a perpendicular height of about seven feet; they are highly picturesque, from the immense masses of rock that have been torn off by the water wearing its course upward. The whirl of waters around those rocks at the base of the falls constitutes the greatest attraction. The river is here probably the third of a mile in breadth, with a narrow strip of island dividing the falls; for the distance of a mile below the current is impetuous, and flows among large rocks; the descent given to the river by these falls, throws it into a deep channel, cut between the high hills on either side, until the point is gained seven miles below, where the St. Peter's enters.
It was on the day or rather the evening of the 21st of September, 1816, between the hours four and five, that I cast my first fly into one of the turbulent eddies at the foot of the falls; I will not disseminate my emotions of joy on finding that it scarcely had touched the water ere a most lusty bass seized it as his own. One glance at the falls preparatory to threading my way down the rugged descent had been enough to daunt my type them on my brain for all time; by jumping from rock to rock I had made my way some yards out from the shore, and unconsciously had my fish hooked, before being aware that my foothold, far from being sufficient to play him was not large enough to move more than a few inches on either side. Luckily he had dipped beneath a rock not more than a yard from me, and lay quiet; I deliberated how I was to act in this emergency.
Without disturbing my friend beneath the water I quietly let out some twenty yards more of line, spanning it off from the reel with my hand, I then gathered some coils of it up on the rock in my place and as speedily as I could made my way to the shore. I then wound up my silk till my rod formed a comfortable angle for a gentleman to be given to the tenet at the other end; a slight strain roused him, and we forthwith joined issue. A pretty affair we had it of this plaintiff—our Richard Roe—Roe struck across a current, and with a tremendous press of water, where I will do him the justice to say none but his kin could have held their footing for an instant. As it was he got under the toe of a rock, where he hoped to find breathing time; but he had had his turn and took mine. I trusted him the moment I saw he had come to a halt; he shifted quarters immediately, till the tug became too hot for him; his foothold was too small, and I knew he had in his eye a shelter across a long and dangerous channel which if he reached he was safe. He made a dart for it but the current and the ugly affair in his mouth, hurt his headway, became confused, lost his way, and was down in the midst of pools and rocks before even he or myself were aware of his whereabouts. I quickly wound him up, and he fairly floated for a few instants on the water for want of breath; but he was game to the tip end of his caudal fin—He made a last effort to get up, but his back was of some four pounds or so. I towed him as gently as I could towards the shore but was afraid he was playing false merely for a breathing sulk; nearer and nearer he came till he fairly touched the beach, but at the first groundings he made a plunge or two and was off again in swift water.
The current fairly did with him as it pleased, however, and in a few minutes he came to the surface and shore almost at the same time, a perfectly exhausted fish. I took him with a rod fly of home manufacture, made of the feathers of a grouse's tail, the body of yellow silk, a big fat lolly looking affair, but very prepossessing in the eyes of a bass. I found these fine fish held in contempt most of the delicate, tight laced, and elegantly dressed flies I offered them; they prefer a cross between the Grecian Rubens form, with colors not too glaring. This fly, with which I caught my first fish on the Upper Mississippi, was about three inches long; in contour it was not unlike the regularly accented salmon fly. I took at different times, probably thirty bass with it, until in fact it was so mumbled up, that it had lost nearly all its original shape; I made it in some fifteen minutes' time, but no hour's labor that I could bestow on any subsequent effort seemed to be so successful. Turbulent waters like these require a very large fly, nor are extra colors of much avail; the fly is whirled off so rapidly by the current, and the light is so modified by passing through quick water, that two or three colors are all that are necessary. I have been amused by seeing the bass nose this fly, even after it had become so ruffled as to prevent their taking it outright. Even when this was the case, however, I caught three or four bass one evening with it, by throwing it with a strong swing of the rod horizontally, directly against the fall of water in Little Fall Creek, a fall of some 60 feet, of a beautiful stream directly below the Falls of St. Anthony; the line would be carried off so swiftly that it was impossible to keep sight of it.
DANGEROUS COUNTERFEITS.—Girls dressed in boy's clothes.