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FOR FARMER AND MECHANIC.

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

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THE LEHIGH REGISTER, published in the Borough of Allentown, Lehigh County, Pa., every Thursday. BY AUGUSTUS L. RUEB...

Great Hat, Cap and Fur Store IN ALLENTOWN.

Wm. Keck, Truly thankful for the liberal patronage heretofore extended to him by his friends...

Grand Exhibition - OF - New Fashionable Fall and Winter GOODS! AT THE New Cheap Store OF Getz & Gilbert...

Groceries Fish & Salt. The undersigned have just received an entire new Stock of Groceries, Fish and Salt...

COAL! COAL! The undersigned have opened a Coal Yard in Catasauqua, and will constantly keep on hand all kinds of Coal...

Ready-made Clothing. The undersigned keep all kinds of Ready made Clothing on hand, and will make to order, at the lowest possible prices.

Builders, Carpenters, Cabinet Makers and Others.

The subscribers take this method to inform the public, that their Planing Mill, Slitting Mill, Sash Machine, Stave Machine, Turning Laths, Circular and Whip Saws, and other machinery are now complete...

Portable Gas.

GAS has been acknowledged, from the time of its first introduction, to be the best material for light, its use being attended with no danger or trouble...

Water Company.

All persons using the water of the Company for family or other purposes, will please take notice, that the time to renew their permits is the first of April next...

Eagle Hotel, No. 139, North Third Street, BETWEEN RACE AND VINE, PHILADELPHIA.

DAVID STEIN, Proprietor. This gentleman takes great pleasure to inform his friends and the public in general, that he has taken the above named well-known and deservedly popular EAGLE HOTEL...

Dr. J. P. Barnes, DENTIST.

Adopts this method to inform his friends and the public in general, that he has made Allentown his permanent residence. He has opened an office at his dwelling, opposite Kolb's American Hotel...

New Dry Goods Store In Philadelphia, No. 253 NORTH 2d STREET.

Thomas Y. Landes, takes great pleasure to inform his circle of friends and former customers, that he has taken the well known Store, No. 253, North Second Street, formerly occupied by Simon R. Snyder...

Straw Goods - Spring 1853.

THE Subscriber is now prepared to exhibit to Merchants and Milliners his usual heavy stock of Ladies' and Misses' STRAW AND SILK BONNETS, STRAW TRIMMINGS and ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS...

WHOLESALE GROCERS. WATERMAN & OSBORN, North West Corner of Second & Mulberry (Arch) Streets, PHILADELPHIA.

OFFER FOR SALE A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF TEAS, COFFEE, SUGAR, MOLASSES, SPICES, &c., &c. At the Lowest Market rates.

Great Bargains! New Arrival of Fashionable Goods.

Pretz, Guth & Co. Have just returned from Philadelphia and New York, with an immense stock of Winter goods, which they are now unpacking at their store in Allentown...

GROCERIES. Several tons of Groceries such as Molasses, Sugar, Coffee, Spices, Teas, Cheese, &c. - all for sale cheap at the Store of PRETZ, GUTH & CO.

QUEENSWARE. A splendid assortment of Queensware comprising every imaginable article used in housekeeping, just received and for sale by PRETZ, GUTH & CO.

Carpet Carpets. Just received and for sale a splendid assortment of Stair and Parlor Carpets, at the Store of PRETZ, GUTH & CO.

STONE COAL. Just received, a large supply of Lump, Egg, Stone, Nut and Coal dust, at their Wharves, at the Lehigh Basin, and will be delivered to any part of the town by PRETZ, GUTH & CO.

SALT. SALT. A large quantity of Ground and fine Salt, for sale by PRETZ, GUTH & CO.

LOOK HERE! Clocks, Watches & Jewelry.

Come All and Judge for Yourselves! During the past summer the undersigned directly opposite the German Reformed Church in Allentown - has materially enlarged and beautifully finished, his Store room, and in order to make his assortment of Clocks, Watches AND JEWELRY, compare with his other improvements...

CHARLES S. MASSEY. December 15. JOB PRINTING. Daily executed at the "Register" Office.

Miscellaneous Selections. A Revolutionary Sermon.

Frequently during the last ten or twelve years we have met in the papers of the day, with what purported to be a sermon preached upon the eve of the battle of Brandywine. The last place we have met with this "interesting document," which "was recently found among the papers of Major John Shef-meyer," of Pennsylvania, "a deceased patriot of the revolution was in the Nashville Christian Advocate, of the 17th ult., copied, as appears by the credit, from the Delaware Gazette. We believe its paternity has been attributed to several divines, but as copied into the Advocate, it appears to have been delivered by Rev. Jac. Trout, to a large portion of the American soldiers, in the presence of Gen. Washington, Gen. Wayne and others, officers of the army.

Now this sermon which purports to date from "the times that tried men's souls," has not the dust of one-fourth of that time upon it, and is the creation of the very prolific brain of George Lippard, who obtained some notoriety by his "Legends of the Revolution," as published in the Saturday Contributor some years since. These legends, which appear to have been previously delivered in the form of lectures, have been published in book form, and in the legend of the battle of Brandywine, we find incorporated this self-same "revolutionary sermon," with this note appended: "This sermon was published (before it was incorporated with the lectures), with fictitious names attached, etc. There is no doubt that a sermon was delivered on the eve of the Battle of Brandywine, and I have substantial evidence to prove that the preacher was none other than Hugh Henry Bracken-bridge, a distinguished Divine, who afterwards wrote "Modern Chivalry," an eminently popular production, and filled various official positions with honor to himself and his country. The sermon is, I trust, not altogether unworthy of that chivalric band who forsaking their homes and churches, found a home and church in the camp of Washington."

Here is the sermon, which, by the way, is an eloquent affair. "The wonder is that its modern origin has not sooner been discovered. Freached on the eve of the Battle of Brandywine, (September 10, 1777,) in presence of Washington and his army, at Chadd's Ford. TEXT - "They that take the sword, shall perish by the sword."

Soldiers and Countrymen! - We have met this evening perhaps for the last time. We have shared the toil of the March, the peril of the fight, the dismay of the retreat - alike we have endured toil and hunger, the contumely of the internal foe, the outrage of the foreign oppressor. We have sat night after night beside the same camp fire shared the same rough soldier's fare; we have together heard the roll of the reveille which called us to duty, or the beat of the tattoo which gave the signal for the hardy steech of the soldier, with the earth for his bed, the knapsack for his pillow. And now, soldiers and brethren, we have met in the peaceful valley, on the eve of battle, while the sunlight is dying away beyond yonder heights, the sunlight that to-morrow morn will glimmer on scenes of blood. We have met, amid the whitening tents of our encampment - in times of terror and of gloom have we gathered together - God grant it may not be for the last time. It is a solemn time. Brethren, does not the awful voice of nature, seem to echo the sympathies of this hour? The flag of our country droops heavily from yonder staff - the breeze has died away along the plain of Chadd's Ford - the plain that spreads before us glistening in sunlight - the heights of the Brandywine arise gloomy and grand beyond the waters of yonder stream, and all nature holds a pause of solemn silence, on the eve of the bloodshed and the strife of the morrow. "They that take the sword, shall perish by the sword."

And have they not taken the sword? Let the desolated plain, the blood-soddened valley, the burned farm house, the sacked village, and the ravaged town, answer - let the whitening bones of the butchered farmer, strewn along the fields of his home-stead, answer - let the starving mother, with the babe clinging to her withered breast, that can afford no sustenance; let her answer, with the death-rattle mingling with the murmuring tones that mark the last struggle for life - let the dying mother and her babe answer! It was but a day past, and our land slept in the light of peace. War was not here - wrong was not here. Fraud, and woe, and misery, and want, dwell not among us. From the eternal solitude of the green woods, arose the blue smoke of the settler's cabin, and golden fields of corn peered forth from amid the waste of the wilderness, and the glad music of human voices awoke the silence of the forest. Now! God of mercy, behold the changes! Under the shadow of a pretext - under the

sancity of the name of God, invoking the Redeemer to their aid, do these foreign hirelings slay our people! They throng our towns, they darken our plains, and now they encompass our posts on the lonely plain of Chadd's Ford. "They that take the sword, shall perish by the sword." Brethren, think me not unworthy of belief when I tell you that the doom of the British is near! - Think me not vain, when I tell you that beyond that cloud, that now enshrouds us, I see gathering, thick and fast, the darker cloud, and the blacker storm, of a Divine Retribution! They may conquer us to-morrow! Might and wrong may prevail, and we may be driven from our field - but the hour of God's own vengeance will come! Aye, if in the vast solitudes of eternal space - if in the heart of the boundless universe, there throbs the being of an awful God, quick to revenge and sure to punish guilt, then will the man George Bruns- wick, called King, feel in his brain and in his heart, the vengeance of the Eternal Jehovah! A blight will be upon his life - a withered brain, an accursed intellect - a blight will be upon his children, and on his people. Great God! how dread the punishment!

A crowded populace, peopling the dense towns where the man of money thrives, while the laborer starves; want striding among the people in all its forms of terror; an ignorant and God-defying priesthood chuckling over the miseries of millions; a proud and merciless nobility, adding wrong, to wrong, and heaping insult upon robbery and fraud; royalty corrupt to the very heart aristocracy rotten to the core; crime and want linked hand in hand, and tempting men to deeds of woe and death; these are a part of the doom and retribution that shall come upon the English throne and people. Soldiers - I look around among your familiar faces with a strange interest! To-morrow morning we will all go forth to battle - for need I tell you, that your unworthy minister will go with you invoking God's aid in the fight? We will march forth to battle. Need I exhort you to fight the good fight - to fight for your homesteads, and for your wives and children? My friends, I might urge you to fight by the gallant memories of British wrong! - Walton - I might tell you your father, butchered in the silence of midnight, on the plains of Trenton; I might picture his gray hair, dabbled in blood; I might ring his death shriek in your ears. Shelmire, I might tell you of a mother butchered, and a sister outraged - the lonely farm house, the night, assault, the roof in flames, the shouts of the troopers as they dispatched their victims, the cries for mercy the pleadings of innocence for pity. I might paint this all again, in the terrible colors of vivid reality, if I thought your courage needed such wild excitement. But I know you are strong in might of the Lord. You will go forth to battle to-morrow with light hearts and determined spirits, though the solemn duty, the duty of avenging the dead, may rest heavy on your souls. And in the hour of battle, when all around is darkness, lit by the lurid cannon-glare and the piercing musket-flash, when the wounded strew the ground, and the dead litter your path, then remember, soldiers, that God is with you. The Eternal God fights for you - he rides on the battle-cloud, he sweeps onward with the march of the hurricane charge - The Awful and the Infinite fights for you and you will triumph. "They that take the sword, shall perish by the sword."

You have taken the sword, but not in the spirit of wrong and rage. You have taken the sword for your homes, for your wives, for your little ones. You have taken the sword for truth, for justice and right; and to you the promise is, be of good cheer, for your foes have taken the sword, in defiance of all that man holds dear - in blasphemy of God - they that shall perish by the sword. And now, brethren and soldiers, I bid you all farewell. Many of us may fall in the fight of to-morrow - God rest the souls of the fallen - many of us may live to tell the story of the fight of to-morrow, and in the memory of all, will ever rest and linger the quiet science of this autumn night. Solemn twilight advances over the valley the woods on the opposite heights fling their long shadow over the green of the meadows; around us are the tents of the Continental host, the half-suppressed bustle of the camp, the hurried tramp of the soldiers to and fro; now the confusion, and now the stillness which mark the eve of battle. When we meet again, may the long shadows of twilight be flung over a peaceful land. God in heaven grant it. Let us pray. There is nothing purer than honesty; nothing sweeter than charity; nothing brighter than virtue; nothing warmer than love; and nothing more steadfast than faith. These united in one mind, from the purest, the sweetest, the richest, and brightest, the holiest and the most steadfast happiness.