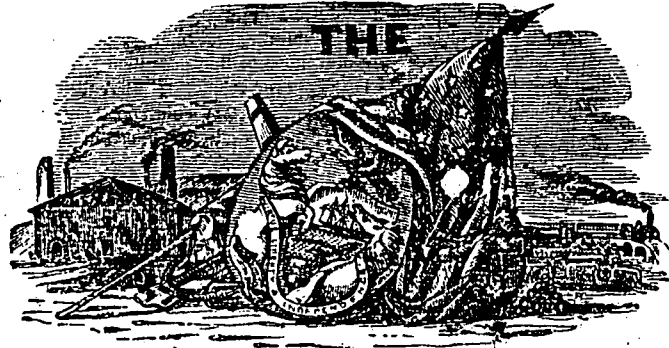


Lehigh



Register.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

FOR FARMER AND MECHANIC.

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

VOLUME VIII.

ALLENTOWN, LEHIGH COUNTY, PA., NOVEMBER 24, 1853.

NUMBER 8.

THE LEHIGH REGISTER

Is published in the Borough of Allentown, Lehigh County, Pa., every Wednesday, by

A. L. RUIE,

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.

Office in Hamilton Street, one door East of the German Reformed Church, nearly opposite the "Friedensbote" Office.

TRIAL LIST,

For December Term, 1853.

- 1 William Fry vs Solomon Gangwer.
- 2 H. & D. Peter vs John Treichler.
- 3 Jesse Weaver vs William Kuntzman.
- 4 Charles Loeser vs William Frantz.
- 5 D. & C. Peter vs Daniel Boyer.
- 6 J. J. Turner vs Charles Loeser.
- 7 William J. Kaul vs Solomon Fogel.
- 8 Waterman & Young vs Solomon Fogel.
- 9 Waterman & Young vs Jacob Erdman.
- 10 Henry Haberacker vs Nathan Whitley.
- 11 William Mink vs Reuben Mink.
- 12 Reuben Mink vs Nicholas & W. Mink.
- 13 Henry Raup vs Jonathan Dewald.
- 14 The Administrators of Durs Daur, dec'd, vs Jonas Peter.
- 15 Samuel Steel vs School Directors of Hanover.
- 16 John Backensto vs Benjamin Fogel.
- 17 Christian Pretz and others vs William Fry.
- 18 Carolina Deibert vs Jesse Hullman.
- 19 Daniel J. Smith vs Ephraim Bigony.
- 20 Peter Stauffer vs John Keim.
- 21 Daniel Kohler vs Michael Kelchner.
- 22 Solomon Apple vs Nathan Lerch.
- 23 David Heimbach vs David Heil.
- 24 David Heil vs David Heimbach.
- 25 John H. Rice vs Luckenbach and Jacoby.
- 26 Henry Dillinger vs Kemerer & Garis.
- 27 Executors of Peter Cooper deceased vs Israel Rudy.
- 28 Jonas Heil vs Henry Schmidt.
- 29 Reuben Luckenbach vs Geo. Wenner.
- 30 Jonathan Wenner vs George Wenner.
- 31 William Wenner vs George Wenner.
- 32 Abraham Rohn vs David A. Tombler.
- 33 Yohe & Schwartz vs John Wagner.
- 34 David Erney vs William Kramer.

FRAN. E. SAMUELS, Proth.

PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, the Hon. Washington McCarty, President of the several Courts of common pleas of the Third Judicial District, composed of the counties of Northampton and Lehigh, State of Pennsylvania, and Justice, of the several Courts of Oyer and Terminer and general Jail delivery, and Peter Haas, and Jacob Dillinger, Esqrs., Judges of the Courts of Oyer and Terminer and generally Jail delivery, for the trial of all capital offenders in the said county of Lehigh. By their precepts to me directed have ordered the court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, to be holden at Allentown, county of Lehigh, on the

First Monday in December, 1853, which is the 5th day of said month, and will continue two weeks.

NOTICE is therefore hereby given to the Justices of the Peace and Constables of the county of Lehigh, that they are by the said precepts commanded to be there at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, of said day, with their rolls, records, inquisitions, examinations, and all other remembrances, to do these things which to their offices appertain to be done, and all those who are bound by recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or then shall be in the jail of said county of Lehigh, are to be then and there, to prosecute them as shall be just.

Given under my hand in Allentown, the 9th day of November in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and fifty three. God save the Commonwealth.

NATHAN WEILER, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office Allentown, Pa. Nov. 12, 1853.

A chance to go into Business.

The subscriber would respectfully inform the public, that he intends to relinquish his entire stock of Store Goods on the most reasonable Terms to any person or persons wishing to go into a good and safe business.

J. W. GRUBB.

September 28.

New Supply of Coal! Farmers & Limeburners LOOK HERE.

The undersigned have just received, and constantly keep on hand, a large supply of all kinds of Coal, suitable for Farmers and Limeburners, and the coal consuming public in general, which they will dispose of at the following reduced prices:

Chestnut Coal	at	\$2 25
Extra Nut Coal		\$2 37
Egg, Stove and Lump		\$3 37

EDWELM. HANSE & Co. April 20, 1853.

Poetical Department.

The Voice of Autumn.

Thou lonely man of grief and pain,
By lawless power oppressed,
Burst from thy prison—rend thy chain—
I come to make thee blest;
I have no springlike buds and flowers,
I have no summer bees and bowers,
But oh, I have some pleasant hours,
To soothe thy soul to rest.

Plenty o'er all the quiet land
Her varied vesture weaves,
And flings her gifts, with liberal hand,
To glad the heart that grieves;
Along the southern mountain steps,
The vine its purple nectar weeps,
While the bold peasant proudly reaps
The wealth of golden sheaves.

Forth, with the earliest march of morn,
He bounds with footsteps free;
He plucks the fruit—he binds the corn,
Till night steals o'er the lea;
Beneath the broad, ascending moon,
He carries home to welcome boon,
And sings some old-remembered tune
With loud and careless glee.

Then come before my reign is passed,
Ere darker hours prevail—
Before the forest leaves are cast,
And wildly strew the gale;
There's splendor in the day spring yet—
There's glory when the sun is set—
There's beauty when the stars are met
Around Heaven's pilgrim pale.

The lark at length hath left the skies,
The thrush sings alone;
And far the vagrant cuckoo flies
To seek a kinder zone;
But other music still is here,
Though fields are bare and woods are serene—
Where the lone robin warbles clear
His soft and plaintive note.

While heaven is blue, and earth is green—
Come at my earnest call,
Ere winter sadden all the scene
Beneath his snowy pall;
This faithful wailing of the woods—
The solemn roar of deepening floods,
Sent forth from nature's solitudes,
Proclaim my coming fall.

Miscellaneous Selections.

The Journeyman's Secret.

FROM THE DAIRY OF A JOURNEYMAN PRINTER.

"You can take this case," said the foreman; "here is a stick—here is some copy; and if you would like a quiet and steady partner, you will find this gentleman still enough in all conscience."

The "partner" merely looked up and faintly smiled in acknowledgment of the foreman's compliment, and kept on with his work, while the foreman turned away to attend to something else.

We worked on steadily until dinner, as we were in a hurry to get the paper out, without exchanging a word, or even a look. In the afternoon, I had more leisure to study the physiognomy of my neighbor. He was a young man of about three or four and twenty, with handsome features and a rather intellectual cast of countenance. His face was quite pale, and the raven darkness of his hair, eye-brows and eyes, made me immediately come to the conclusion, after thoroughly studying his physiognomy, that he was a hard student during his leisure hours, or that a devious student of the recreation of books, or other sources of enjoyment, he spent all his waking hours at the case.

The latter supposition proved correct. As day after day passed away, I became acquainted with him; and I found him to be a singular character. Beneath his stand he had constructed a kind of closet; which contained a spirit lamp, a mattress, with bedding, a few cooking utensils, and a small stock of the plainest kind of food. When the hours for meals arrived, he would light his lamp, and putting some food over it to cook, would work until all the rest of the hands had left the office, when he would sit down to his frugal repast. He worked incessantly during work hours, hardly leaving the office, unless to purchase food, or upon some errand of that kind. Morning, noon and night, when I returned from my meals, I invariably found him at the case, working away with all his might as if some great issue depended upon the improvement of every minute. I suppose he slept upon the cot which he kept in his closet, but as he was always at work when I returned in the morning, I could not positively assert that he did so. I am not very garrulous, especially when employed at the case, and as he would not first address me, I would not speak to him; so while the fun and joke were passing round the other cases, we were silent as the grave. I was not long in discovering that there was some mystery connected with him, and that his intense application to labor was not prompted merely by a desire to make money; for if there is anything in phrenology, judging from the formation of

his head, he was the very one whom I would have selected from a score for a spendthrift. Occasionally his cheek would flush, his eyes light up, and a happy smile overspread his features; then the smile would go away, his eyes would fill with tears, while an expression of sadness—almost despair—would send itself upon his countenance. I have been tempted a thousand times to ask him the cause of this, but as he appeared so cold and isolated, I refrained from doing so, as it is not pleasant proffering sympathy unasked.

"Well, how do you like your neighbor?" asked one journeyman of me, as we were descending the stairs one evening.

"I can hardly make him out," said I; he appears to be a strange sort of being. You are better acquainted with him than I; how do you like him?"

"For my part I hate him, and what is more, he has not a friend in the whole office. That fellow has been here for three months, and he has hardly spoken to any one. A man who makes such bills as he does, and hoards up his money like a miser, I have very little friendship for. We wouldn't any of us care so much if he would be a little sociable, and spend a dollar, or even a dime occasionally; but no—every five-cent piece he gets he hangs on to as if he was afraid the eagle on it would spread his wings and fly away with it, doing him out of a five-cent piece. But he can't stay here long. We have insulted him a dozen times; and he has less spunk than I think he has, if he don't resent it some day. We'll get him into a quarrel then, and have him discharged."

"But," said I, "do you know anything about his history? He may have some all absorbing end to accomplish, which is the cause of his untiring assiduity. You should have a little charity for the fellow, and taking Crockett's motto, 'be sure you're right before you go ahead.'"

"No, we know nothing of him; and if circumstances are as you suppose, it will be his own fault if they are discovered too late, for we have tried often enough to scrape an acquaintance with him. You had better not take up on his side if you do not wish to incur the displeasure of the whole office. Good night."

I had some charity for the fellow, and was resolved to see him righted should he get into a difficulty. I soon saw that he was very unpopular, and that I, as I felt rather disposed to make allowances for him, was considered his friend. Many were the jokes cracked at our expense. Whenever the "Quaker corner" (as the place occupied by us had been dubbed) was mentioned, a universal titter ran round the office. These little things irritated me some, but as I was not the principal object at whom these arrows were aimed, I resolved to forbear and let him be as he pleased.

"I say, fellows," said a rowdy-looking customer, who went by the name of Zeke, "do the Quakers ever have a camp meeting?"

"Yes," answered another, "they have a camp meeting over there in Quaker corner every night. That fellow camps out upon the floor every nap he takes."

"Well," said another, "I've heard of boarding at the market house and sleeping on the bridge, but I never saw an illustration of it before."

"Wonder if they wouldn't take in boarders?" asked the first speaker. "I'll see if they don't want the rules and regulations of the house printed. If they do, I'll board out the bill."

I glanced at my neighbor to see how he bore this ridicule. His face was flushed and his lips firmly compressed, as if to choke down the rising indignation. But he said not a word. I fancied, however, that he picked up the type faster than usual.

Things could not go on this way much longer, for as God-like a quality as forbearance is, it cannot hold out against everything. I saw that a storm was gathering, and prepared to act my part as a man when it burst forth.

It was Saturday afternoon; the hands were ranged around the "stone," with their bills in their hands waiting to be paid off—"Quaker" happened to be at one end of the "stone," and immediately opposite him stood "Zeke." As usual "Quaker" was the observed of all observers, and sly whispers, which were answered by a titter or a nudge of the elbow, passed around the group. As the foreman paid "Quaker" the amount due him, he gave him a new quarter dollar to make out change. This did not escape "Zeke's" eye, and he said in a tone loud enough to be heard by all—

"If that eagle on that quarter had life, and I were a State prison convict, I would swap places with it, for my confinement would be far preferable to being squeezed to death."

"This was the hair that broke the camel's back. With the exclamation, 'You scoundrel!' he made one bound, and with a stunning blow, brought 'Zeke' to the floor. Then jerking off his coat and placing himself in a fighting attitude, he turned to the astonished group with 'come on, now, cowardly ruffians; if you cannot let me alone peacefully, I will make you do it by force. I have borne your insults long enough, and if you have any more to offer come on with them!'"

This challenge was sufficient. Coats came off and sleeves were rolled up in a minute. I saw that my friend would be apt to get the worst of the fight, and forcing him into a corner, I exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, one word, if you please! It would be cowardly for you all to attack this man; I will not see it done. And if you will attempt it, I have something here (tapping my breast significantly) that will stop it. He is not to blame; he has only resented an insult, which any of you would have done. You have insulted him because he has conducted himself strangely; let him explain his conduct, and perhaps we can make up our quarrel. He owes you an explanation—if not to you, he certainly does to me. And now, sir, said I, turning to him, 'I demand it of you as a right.'"

He hesitated a moment. "Come, my friend," said I, "let us have it, whatever it is, and at once put an end to this quarrel."

"Well, gentlemen," said he, "I am not disposed to lay my private affairs open to public gaze, but I suppose I must do it for once. You must know, then, that from my earnings I must not only support myself, but my mother, two sisters and three small brothers, who reside in a distant State. I could earn enough at home to support them well, but my reason for coming here is this: One of my sisters, who is now a beautiful girl of sixteen, and the pet of the family, has been blind from birth. We had no hope of her ever acquiring the faculty of sight, and were content to abide by what we thought a dispensation of Providence. But recently I have seen a case similar to hers—a young man—who was restored to sight by an eminent physician of Paris. I have corresponded with that physician, and he has high hopes that in my sister's case he can effect a cure. This, gentlemen, is what I have been laboring for since I have been here—to raise funds sufficient to take her to Paris. I love that sister as I do my life; I have loved day and night—have deprived myself of many comforts, and borne your taunts and jeers for her sake. But I can bear it no longer. If, on any one day, you will do me the honor to do, I warn you of the consequences!"

"Zeke" had risen to his feet and heard all my friend had said. As he listened to the "Quaker," I could see the moisture coming to his eyes; and when he had finished, he stepped forth, and grasping "Quaker's" hand, while the tears trickled down his face, he said, in a voice quivering with emotion—

"My noble fellow, we have wronged you deeply, and I, for one, ask your forgiveness. Had you but told us what your objective was, we would not have placed a single obstacle in your way."

"I forgive you freely, sir—I forgive you all," said "Quaker."

"And how much have you to raise yet?" I asked, before you will have the requisite sum?"

"About one hundred and fifty dollars. If I have my health and continue to make good bills, I shall be ready to start to Europe in about two months."

"You won't have to wait that long," said "Zeke" laying the money he held in his hand upon the stone, "if my week's wages, every cent of which you're welcome to help you along any. Come boys," he added, "how many of you will follow suit?"

"Well, there's mine," said Jim, laying an X upon the pile, "and mine," and mine, said a dozen voices, as each had deposited an equal amount, until they had made quite a pile of bank bills.

A Visit to the Ugly Man.

As we stepped over the low fence, I heard the hum of a spinning-wheel, and another moment, one of the sweetest, rosiest faces I ever beheld, looked out at the door. It was Lucy Wallis, the pretty daughter of the Ugly Man! Saluting us modestly, she asked us in—and to be seated—and resumed her work. There be few more lovely girls than Lucy. In her moist blue eye, was a blended expression of mirthfulness and something more tender, that went into your heart without ever asking leave. Clad in a homespun frock, coarse but tasteful in its colors and adjustment—and oh! how brilliantly sportless—her fingers tipped with the blue of the indigo tub—her little feet in buck skin moccasins—she plied her task industriously; now with an arch toss, shaking into place her rich auburn hair, and now, with a bound forward gracefully catching the thread that had slipped from her fingers. Sweet-voiced too, was Lucy Wallis, as she stood at her wheel, spinning two threads. One of cotton on her spindle and the other of gossip, with my excellent and loquacious friend Dick McCoy.

Plague take the girl! She has made me forget her ugly father! Mr. Wallis and his "woman" were from home when we got there—having been on a visit to the sick neighbor—but in half an hour they returned.

"Thar they come!" said Dick, as he heard voices outside the cabin; "seat yourself and don't be scared!" Then looking at Lucy.

"You've never seen daddy, squire have you?" she asked, slightly coloring and pouting.

"Never have—always had a curiosity," but the wounded expressions of the girl stopped me, and in another moment the Ugly man was before me.

Truly had McCoy said "nothing on the breathing yearn could match him." His face generally had the appearance of a recently healed blister-spot. His prominent eyes seemed ready to drop from off his face and were almost guiltless of lids. Red, red, red, was the almost prevailing color of his countenance—even his eyes partook of it. His mouth—ruddy, red, and looked as if it had been very lately licked by a rough shod mule, after having been originally made by gouging a hole in his face with a nail grab!

The *tout ensemble* was horribly, unappealingly ugly.

"So you've come to see the Ugly Man, have you, Squire? I've heard of you before. You're the man as took the sencers of this country last. It was in Georgetown, well, you're mighty welcome. Old 'oman, fly round, get somethin' for the squire and Dick to eat. Lucy, ain't you got no fresh eggs?"

Lucy went out at his suggestion, and her father went on: "They called me ugly, squire and I am. My father before me was the ugliest man that ever lived in Hancock county. But I'll give you my experience after supper. I likes you've heard that I've been through the ruffs. No! Well, when we get somethin' to eat, I'll tell you more about it: old 'oman for heaven's sake, do fly around thar!"

"The old lady did 'fly around,' and Lucy got the 'niggs,' and between them they got an excellent supper.

The purity of the table cloth, the excellence of the coffee, and the freshness of the eggs, not to mention Lucy's good looks were more than a set-off against the ugliness of Bill; so that Dick and I continued to eat quite heartily, to the evident gratification of our hospitable though ugly entertainer.

Supper over, Old Bill drew out his large soap-stone pipe, and filling and lighting it, he placed it in his mouth. After a whiff or two he began:

"It's no use argyfyin' the matter—I am the ugliest man on top of dirt. Thar's my natter like me. I am a crowd by myself. I allers was. The first I knowed of it, though, was when I was 'bout ten years old. I went down to the spring branch one mornin' to wash my face, and as I looked in the water I seen the shadow of my face! Thar's the last time I've seen my countenance—I darsen't but shet my eyes when I go about water."

"Don't you use a glass when you shave?" inquired.

"Glass! Thunder! What glass could stand it—would burst, if it were an inch thick. Glass—pish!

Lucy told her father he was 'too bad,' and that he knew it was no such thing, and the old man told her she was a "sassy wench," and to hold her tongue.

"Yes," he continued, "It's so, I hav'n't seen my face in forty years, but I know how it looks. Well, when I grewed up I thort it would be hard to find a woman that'd be willing to take me, ugly as I was."

"Oh, you was not uncommon hard-favored when you was a young man," said old Mrs. Wallis.

"Uncommon I tell you when I was ten years old, a fly would 'nt fight on my face—and it can't be much wuss now. Shet up and let me tell the squire my experience."

"It's no use put in Lucy, 'to be runnin' one's own self down that way, daddy! It ain't right."

"Runnin' down! Thunder and lightnin'!"

"Well, I told her, 'squire, ses, I come down to it now I shet your eyes! I love your breath—and upon that she bussed me, so you might hear it a quarter of a mile, and sence that, nobody's had better kissin' than me! Now, that was my first experience about being ugly, arter I was grown, and it warn't 'dud, neither!"

"The next time my ugly feeters came in to play, was in Mobile. Was you ever tharf. Greatest place on green yearth: steamboats, oysters, free niggers, furnires, brick houses—that's the place! I went down on a flat boat from Wetumpky, with old John Todd. We had fast rate time of it till we got most in Mobile, and the steamboats would run so close to us, that the sloshin' would pretty nigh capsize us. They done it, for devilment. How old John cussed—but it done no good. At last ses I, 'I'll try em; ef thars enny strength in cussin', I'll make 'em ashamed and snortin' like it was gwine right into us, and did pass in twenty foot. I rise up on a cotton bag, and ses to the crowd—and there was a most almighty one on the guards of the boat—ses I, you infernal racket-making, snortin' sons of o'—"

"Afore I could get any further in my cussin', the crowd gin the most tremendous yearth-shokin' howl that ever was heard—and one feller, as they were broadside with us hollered out, 'It's the old He ugly himself! Jeminy! what a mouth!' With thar thar was somethin' rained and rattled in our boat like hail, no heavier; and directly arter that John picked up a level peck of buck-horn handled 'nigs."

Old Mrs. Wallace looked to Heaven, as if appealing there for the forgiveness of some great sin her ugly consort had committed, but said nothing.

"So I lost nothin' by bein' ugly that time. Arter I got into Mobile, however, I was bothered and pestered by the people stoppin' in the street to look at me, all dirty and light-wod smoked as I was from bein' on the boat."

"I think I'd a cleaned up a little," interposed the tidy Lucy.

"Old 'oman! ain't you got narrycold tater to choke that gal with? Well they'd look at me the hardest you ever seen. But I got ahead of my story... A few days after thar had been a boat builded, and a heap of the people scalded and killed; one way and another. So at last I went into a grocery, and a squad of people followed me in, and one 'lowed, ses he, it's one of the unfortunate sufferers by the bars in' of the Franklin; and upon that he axed me to drink with him, and as I had my tumbler half way to my mouth, he stopped me of a suddint—"

"Beg your pardon stranger,—but," ses he.

"But—what?" ses I.

"Just fix your mouth that way again!" ses he.

I done it, just like I was gwine to drink, and I thought the whole of 'em, would go into fits!—they yelled and hooped like a gang of wolves. Finally, one of 'em ses, 'don't make fun of the unfortunate; he hardly got over bein' blowed up yet. Let's make up a puss for him! Then they all hollered in, and they made me up five dollars. As the spokesman handed me the change, he axed me, 'Whar did you find yourself after the 'sposion.'"

"In a flat boat ses I.

"How far from the Franklin?" ses he.

"Why," ses I, "I never seen her; but as nigh as I con guess, it must have been from what they tell the, nigh no to three hundred, and seventy-five miles!" You oughter, sence that gal scatered. As they left, ses one, jif's him. 'T's the UGLY MAN OF ALABAMA!"

—A. E. DUCKHAM