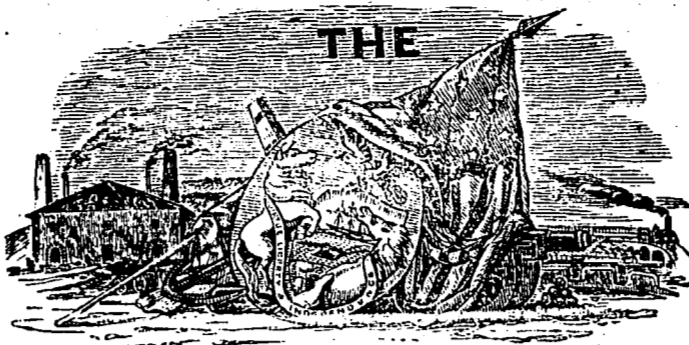


Lehigh



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.

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THE LEHIGH REGISTER

Published in the Borough of Allentown, Lehigh County, Pa., every Wednesday, by A. L. RUHE.

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

CALL AND SEE?

EXHIBITION

Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods IN ALL THEIR VARIETIES AT THE

New Cheap Store

Getz & Gilbert,

In the Borough of CATASAUQUA, PA.

These gentlemen, take this method to inform their friends and the public in general that they have received a very large and well selected stock of Winter and Spring Goods, which they are now ready to dispose off to their customers at the lowest prices.

Their immense stock has been selected with the utmost care and consists of

Clothes, Cassimers, Satinets, Flannels, Gloves and Hosiery, besides Delaines, Alpacas, Debashe, Ginghams, Prints and Figured Poplins, Muslins and Prints, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Queensware, Hardware, Looking Glasses, Stationary, Books, &c.

To which they invite the attention of their friends and the public generally, confident that the fullest satisfaction, both in price and quality, will be given to all who may favor them with a call.

The highest prices will be paid in exchange for County produce.

They have reason to be thankful for the favors received thus far and hope by attention to business, disposing of their goods at small profits, good treatment towards their customers to merit still a greater share of customers. GETZ & GILBERT.

September 14.

Groceries Fish & Salt.

The undersigned have just received an entire new Stock of Groceries, Fish and Salt which they intend to sell at the lowest prices at their Store in Catasauqua, Lehigh county. GETZ & GILBERT.

September 14.

COAL! COAL!

The undersigned have opened a Coal Yard in Catasauqua, and will constantly keep on hand all kinds of Coal which they will sell at greatly reduced prices. GETZ & GILBERT.

September 14.

Ready-made Clothing.

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

Catasauqua, Sept 14.

WIEDER & BOYER,

No. 25, West Hamilton street, Allentown.

Thankful for past favors and hoping by strict attention to business and a desire to please, to merit a continuance of the patronage so liberally bestowed on them, and wishing the people to understand the fact, that they are both PRACTICAL HATTERS—both having served a long apprenticeship at the business and understanding the business thoroughly in all its various branches—they are confident they can MANUFACTURE HATS of all kinds inferior to none in the market, and also a little cheaper, because they perform a great deal of the labor themselves and buy their material from the importers for cash, and understanding the business they employ none but good workmen, and doing a large business they can afford to sell at small profits.

These are some of the reasons why you often hear the remark that "Wieder & Boyer sell such beautiful Hats at such astonishingly low prices. They always have the latest Philadelphia and New York styles on hand, so you need not be afraid of having an old fashioned Hat stuck on you.—Give us a call. It don't matter what is the shape of your head, we will insure a fit. Country Merchants would do well to give us a call, as we will wholesale them hats and caps cheaper than they can get them in the city. Also a large assortment of all kinds of straw goods which they will sell cheap. TERMS CASH.

Allentown, March 15.

WANTED.

Timothy Hay, Wheat, Rye, Corn and Oats, for which the highest market price will be paid by

PRETZ, GUTH & CO.

May 4, 1853.

Poetical Department.

LILLY LEE.

BY ALICE CAREY.

I did love thee Lilly Lee,
As the petrel loves the sea,
As the wild bee loves the thyme,
As the poet loves the rhyme,
As the blossoms love the dew—
But the angels loved thee too.

Once, when twilight's dying hand
Prest her golden sheeted bed,
And the silent stars drew near,
White and tremulous with fear,
While the night's repelling frown,
Strangled the young zephyr down,
Told I all my love to thee,
Hoping, fearing, Lilly Lee.

Floated then her gentle breast,
With a troubled sweet unrest,
Like a bird too near the net,
Which the fowler's hand hath set;
But her mournful eyes the while,
And her spirit speaking smile,
Told me love could not depart
Death's pale arrow from the heart.

Hushing from that very day
Passion pleading to have sway,
Folding close her little hand,
Watched I with her till the sand,
Crumbling from beneath her tread,
Lowered her softly to the dead,
Where in peace she waits for me,
Sweetest, dearest Lilly Lee.

As chaste heart loves the wave,
As the blind silence loves the grave,
As penitent loves prayer,
As the pale passion loves despair,
Loved I, and still love I thee,
Angel-stolen Lilly Lee.

Be Strong in Truth.

Be strong in truth! No cause can fail
White truth's its corner-stone;
No hope can die—no bosom quail,
White truth has there its home.

No tyrant's steel may pierce the heart,
And break each human tie,
But truth will live to act its part,
When time itself shall die.

The gory hand may shake its spear,
And sound its dead alarm;
But none who stand for truth need fear
Such futile power to harm.

Then strike once more, nor dread the blow,
That paper'd millions wield,
But brave for truth each pungent thro'—
On life's broad battle-field.

A brighter day will dawn, and soon
His sun to zenith rise,
When high above the earth will loom—
Truth lives and never dies!

The Character of a Happy Life.

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill.

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
United unto the worldly care
Of public fame, or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who bath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth love and early pray,
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend;

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

Miscellaneous Selections.

The Two Artists.

In a dirty and obscure alley of Paris was once—ay, perhaps a hundred and fifty years ago—situated a house, the front and arrangements whereof, from foundation to roof, had been altered by additions, demolitions, and repairs, so that the poor mansion would not have recognised its old creators. The house was composed of two stories, if a species of garret, with an earthen floor, and low roof, which covered two-thirds of the room, and to which you ascended by a steep ladder, might be called one. It was with this garret that we are to be made acquainted. There were two windows to the garret, one looking out upon an alley, and the other upon a court-yard. In this room might be observed several frames, and pieces of canvas ready for the brush; for it was the abode of

an artist, and one who had but little order in his own composition, for the pictures were suspended some one way, some another, all carelessly and without symmetry, inclining at random from the perpendicular, according as the nail upon which they were balanced was more or less removed from the centre of the frame.

Several unfinished paintings and sketches, sparkling with imagination and life, ornamented the large portion of the chamber, while a shelf, that served for a library, supported some fifteen or twenty volumes on painting poetry, etc.

A stone, its muller yet moist with white lead, was placed on a walnut table, a large easel and canvas stretched upon it occupied the centre of the room. The window skillfully covered with blackened paper and canvas, gave but a small ingress to the light, which came in with a bright ray, falling upon the face of a ruby and stalwart peasant, who, in a grotesque attitude, exhibited two ranges of broad, white sharp teeth, feigning a most extravagant and violent fit of laughter.

The only other person in the room shared not in his merriment. A youth apparently about eighteen or twenty years of age, of a grave and silent demeanour, of a dark complexion, with bright eyes and steady glance, stood before the easel, a pallet in one hand and a brush in the other, apparently embodying the extravagant and strange grimace of his companion. And he could not be aught else but ill-satisfied with his work, for his contracted brow, compressed lip, and sudden quick motion convulsive with dissatisfaction, left no doubt of the state of his mind.

Twice or thrice he stooped back to survey his work, his eye travelled rapidly from the original to the copy, then gave a touch, effaced it, touched again, stepped back, compared once more, the result of all being "al-lex au—" and here he stopped, like a good Christian, searching by whom he should swear. At length better thoughts came over him. "God help me who can initiate such tints!" and much as he strived after self-control, with a moment's struggle, and an attempt to restrain his anger, he raised his hand, drew the brush over the canvas, mixing the colours with the motion and tracing a curve varied with all the colours of the rainbow. After completing this peculiar process, which appeared to be anything but a balm to his irritated feelings, he threw himself down, his forehead resting on his hand, and lapsed into prostration, as though a fainting fit had seized him—the prostration, the despair of genius, which looks in at heaven, and yet cannot ascend to the blissful scene.

The peasant who served as a model, without a single word, seeing his master thus immovable, shut his mouth, sent himself upon the floor, and commenced a vigorous attack upon a piece of brown bread. He waited until it was night-fall, and seeing his master still fixed in the same attitude, and immovable he, with as little noise as possible, glided from the room.

Thus he remained depressed and pensive, giving signs of being still awake by some convulsive motion; and he raised his head, looked around, covered his eyes, clenching his hand and striking his forehead fiercely.

Thus sped on the hour, and he tasted not food, thus night found him, and he slept not and the next morning at daybreak he sallied forth exhausted and overcome, but now with rather an expression of sadness than that of his first fit of despair. He donned his cap with its broken feather, and enveloped himself in a long cloak. By a natural and involuntary motion he twisted and carelessly his budding moustache, and bearing with him proof of his recent excitement in his hollow eyes and pallid complexion he descended the steps and emerged into the street.

He was a good Christian, and a Christian of the seventeenth century; so his first act was to go to the nearest church; he there heard mass, waited awhile, and groyn more composed, was about leaving, when a hand touched him lightly on the shoulder, and a familiar voice exclaimed, "God be with you Alphonse."

He who thus spoke was a man over seventy years of age, well made, a pleasant countenance, and olive complexion, with proofs of having been good-looking, quick black eyes of genius, which told of war and art, with all the enthusiasm of one expelling in both. His mouth was small, and furnished with only two or three straggling teeth, but in person he was active, in appearance genteel and cheerful. He wore a black camblet cloak, old and threadbare, doublet ditto, with handsome flowers and slashed, but in no better plight than his companion; he wore knightly hose; or pedoeras, as they were then called, with coloured lacing, a long and shining sword, a cap set on one side, in a martial and soldier-like style, much worn and threadbare, evidencing poverty from afar, but clean and brushed most carefully.

It was a scene worth observing, the meeting of these two men—one entering life, the other leaving it; the one all hope, the other empty, and both battling it with destiny, both looking at each other with eyes that betrayed a fiery soul, a genius of flame, a volcanic imagination, a life which enthusiasm

wasted as with a file, and this thwart the prism of the future youth, and the veil of the past old age. Whoever had seen them thus would not have confounded them with common souls, but would have exclaimed, "Much is there of good and evil within those fleshy prisons, a heaven or a hell, glory or suicide awaited the one; the other had braved and overcome a hundred combats throughout life against a hard and unmanageable fate."

And so it was; the old man was a poet, but unrecognised amidst the host, known and respected at least by some artists of enthusiastic genius, who, in that dark age for learning could alone appreciate the florid and ardent genius of that aged man.

Our young painter knew, loved, and revered him, as a profound philosopher, philanthropist, and brave soldier, and he had his verses by heart.

After the first salutation, the poet suddenly exclaimed, "But this paleness, those red wearied, and hollowed eyes. Do not, my boy, waste a life which may be glorious; waste not thy heart: this means—"

"It means," said the painter, interrupting him even rudely, "a night of watchfulness of sorrow and torment of rage and despair; and he grasped his companion's arm roughly; and clenched a convulsive sigh.

"What a youthful love!" exclaimed the old man with interest; "but no, I see another fire than that of love shining in those eyes. No it cannot be young man; tell me what has happened."

"What has happened! To lose my hopes of glory, to— to fail."

"Thou hast undertaken more than thou shouldst."

"I could not advance one line, one inch and there must I remain—there be confounded with the crowd."

"No young man, thou hast not been born for such a fate; no, raise thy head, elevate it, thinking upon glory."

"Glorify! yes, I dreamed of glory, and you I owe those dreams which are my despair. I wished to live admired or to die, not a common existence, one of those which cover in the mind, and now how may I soar aloft!"

"Had I thy touch, brush and imagination!" exclaimed the other with a look of enthusiasm, and placing his hand upon his shoulder, animated with genius and poetry.—

"Thou knowest not the treasure that is thine work and I promise thee fame."

"It is all in vain; already it loses its charm for me; I shall exhaust myself before emerging from the crowd," answered the youth, with apparent apathy. Then came a moment of silence, and he continued, "You too have dreamed of glory; you too, have composed verses, comedies—and what has been the result; your glory is in this cloak, in this doublet."

"True," said the old man sorrowfully—true, I am poor, forgotten, infirm, persecuted; behold my glory. The ungrateful goddess I have worshipped, carested, and so much admired. What a return! and he bowed his head, but only for a moment. I am poor, true, he resumed, with the bold air of a poet and a soldier. I am poor, but honored, and those dreams of love and happiness, and those characters I have created, with their virtues, qualities and passions, good or bad in will; those characters I love as my creatures—those works which are my children, those moments of illusion and delirium, those celestial delights that delicious volition, vague, free as the air; those worlds I live in, tell me, do they not compensate for all those troubles all the misfortunes of life?—And who shall take them from me? What avails the glory of man in comparison with these creations, the godlike pleasure of creating? The deep furrows in his brow disappeared, his eye shone with the double light of youth and enthusiasm, his head noble and erect, his disdainful glance seeming to spurn the earth, he is no longer man, but genius and inspiration. The young painter felt controlled by the eagle eye and fascinating glance of the old man. He dropped his eyes, ashamed of his weakness, when the other exclaimed,—

"Let us go to your room—let me counsel you. Labour will not assume the place of genius—you have overruled your pencil.—Remember, it is the moment of inspiration which yields the masterpiece, and it is then that the gifted can ascend beyond their competitors—it should be seized and carested when it arrives; but can never be compelled to attend upon your will."

Reader, that hint was the road to fame, which was pursued by a young man who lived to see his name glorious and famous amongst the greatest of his day.

gratulations of the day, insists upon her visitors taking a merry glass from Gen. Washington's punch-bowl, which, with other portions of his table-set, remains in her possession."

Mrs. Hamilton completes, on the 16th of August next, we believe, her ninety-sixth year. Slight of figure rather small in size, and originally of what seemed a feeble organization, she has yet passed to her present remarkable age with an almost total exemption from disease, in spite of the severe misfortunes which overcast her life in its very prime. We allude to the bloody death first of her eldest son Philip, a young gentleman of great promise, and soon after, the fall of her beloved lord, by what was nothing less than a deliberately executed assassination; for Aaron Burr knew when, upon the mere pretence of a quarrel, he summoned General Hamilton to the field, that he would not decline to meet him, but would never take the life of a fellow-being in private combat.

To return, however to his widow. Her admirable virtues and sense, with the firm yet gentle courage and cheerfulness which these bestowed, and a piety as simple as it was unshaken, have no doubt gone far to uphold by the forces of the mind the natural weakness of her body. When last we saw her less than a year since, she was still in the habit of going on foot, and unattended, to visit friends who lived half a mile from her. Two years before we had seen her in a very hot summer's day, arrive at her own house on H. st., Washington, (the Menou buildings), from a morning's walk to visit her old friend, Judge Cranch, on Capitol Hill, to the east of the Capitol. The distance which she had trod for this friendly purpose is a good deal above three miles.

She never was what the text which we have taken calls her, brilliant; for the woman who shine or blaze with that sort of light, seldom have the genuine one of their sex; its gentleness, its pure warmth, its sure womanly sense, which rather perceives than reflects, and sees at a glance all it is fit that a woman (nature's most delicate and ingenious work) should see. Though very pretty, vivacious and winning, Mrs. Hamilton was never dazzling. Neither her manners, though high-bred, nor her conversation though spirited and full of sense, were at all of the showy order; she never said a silly, she never said a brilliant, thing in her life. There was no flash about her; she shone only with the soft beam which radiates from what in a woman not boys nor mature coxcombs lipsing adore, nor false sentimentalists dilate upon, but what the heart and the understanding of all however shallow or corrupt, own, with not mere admiration but love and awe—every thing that is most feminine which is, we take it, a good deal better than angelic; for we must confess that, so far as can be judged from the most commendatory descriptions, we look upon one woman as worth full forty angels.

In short, she was just the wife for one of a spirit so high, faculties so powerful, a character so strenuous, and affections so fond as those of Hamilton, and accordingly there could be no tenderer union than was theirs. Not only did her loving, serene and cheerful temper gladden whatever he could snatch for brief intervals of repose or enjoyment, but her perfect discretion made her the confidence, and her admirable sense the counsellor, of his affairs; in many of the weightiest of which he thought it wise to have such a woman's opinion. She shared, as far as she could, his labours; and, when she could not, often sweetened them by her presence. His papers, in particular, she kept in order for him; and it is to her zealous care of them we owe the preservation of that large and (in every sense of either the merely curious or the historically valuable) precious body of the Hamilton manuscripts, which our government acquired by purchase in 1840, and of which selected portions are now seeing the light in a Congressional series of some nine or ten volumes, edited by Mr. John Hamilton who had previously given to the world a more limited selection, with a biography of his father. Of the value of these papers to the secret history of our public affairs, during the space of thirty years (1775 to 1804) which they cover, no one is in a better condition to speak than ourself; for we were entrusted on the part of the family with a choice out of a still vaster body, of the fifty-seven folio volumes which, after excluding whatever was of no interest, went into the hands of the government.

They give a prodigious idea of Hamilton's abilities, usefulness, and the confidence and the influence which these commanded for him, almost from the first moment when a mere boy of nineteen he first drew as the captain of a volunteer artillery company, General Washington's attention to the superior discipline of his corps and the skillful service of his guns. Never did any man possess a more remarkable power of mastering at once whatever he set about.—Introduced at the age of twelve into the counting-house of a considerable shipping merchant in St. Croix, we find him at only fourteen entrusted, during his principal's absence in this country, with his correspondence and the management of all his opera-

tions of buying, selling, shipping and all that. Already (as is seen in his boyish letters to a young friend) he has begun to look to the state of things rising up in this land of ours, and to foresee in it a country and a career which the West Indies could never give him. At sixteen he is in Columbia College, N. Y. perceiving his boyish Latin and Greek. At seventeen he is already writing for the public journals, in behalf of the cause of the colonies, papers so striking that they seize upon the general attention, and are attributed to the best writers. In his nineteenth year he has not only become a strong popular orator, but has studied war as an art, more especially the artilleryist's part of it; and raising a company, (chiefly at his own charge) has joined Washington's army in the Jerseys, and made upon that cautious commander so strong an impression that he transfers him to his personal staff as chief aid-de-camp, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Here it is well known that before he was twenty he became one of Washington's most efficient officers; but, though equally true, it has escaped attention that, until that veteran of science, Steuben, took service with us, it was Hamilton who first supplied our systems of tactics; and Hamilton who besides drawing up many of Gen. Washington's important papers, wrote the admirable Instructions to John Laurens—a master-piece of ability—under which he, when Dr. Franklin had failed, brought about the Armed Alliance of France. Hamilton was then twenty-one. In 1781, perceiving that the struggle had become on our part one of finance, he turned financier, and took charge, under Robert Morris, of a part of that department, quickly displaying in it that singular capacity which led Morris to say on the formation of our present government, that there was but one man in the country—Alexander Hamilton who might, as Secretary of the Treasury, re-instate the public credit. It is well known that the present Constitution is really his plan, but few are aware that its original project (still in existence) was drawn up by him in 1784 when he was only twenty-seven years old. We could tell much more; but space fails us.

A Truth for Parents.

The Rev. Dr. Duff, a man of eminent practical wisdom, as well as of the eminent piety says, "I am prepared from experience to say that, in nine cases out of ten, the horde of accumulated money given to the children by whom they were never earned, and who acquired no habits of industry, or thrift, or laboriousness, prove, in point of fact, rather curse than a blessing. I am prepared to substantiate that as a matter of fact, not merely from my own knowledge of the subject, but from the statement of men who have been of watchful and observant habits, cultivate not only in Great Britain, but in America. But it is a melancholy fact, that so little do parents know of the mass of misery they are accumulating for their children in heaping up these hoards for them—so little do they think how big with misery these hoards are. Let parents think of his solemn truth, and do good with their wealth instead of treasuring it up for their children."

BED-BUGS.

Speaking of bed-bugs, a friend of ours who put up at the Kalamazoo House, tells the following "strong one":
"You see I went to bed putty all-fired up, after a hull day on the road before the plank was laid, calculation on a good snooze. Waal, jest as the shivers began to ease off, I kinder felt suthin' tryin' to pull off my shirt, and diggin their feet into the small of my back to get a good hold. Wriggled and twisted, and doubled and pucker-ed—all no use—kept agoing it like sin.—Bimoby got up and struck a light to look around a spell—found out a peck of bed-bugs scattered around, and more droopin' off my shirt and runnin' down my legs every minit. Swept off a place on the floor, shook out a quilt, lay down and kivered up in it for a nap. No use—mounted right onto me, like a parcel of rats on a meal-tub—dug a hole in the kiverlid, and crawled through and give me fits for tryin' to hide. Got up again, went down stairs and got the slush bucket from the wagon. Brought it up and made a circle of tar on the floor—lay down on the floor on the inside, and felt comfortable that time anyhow. Left the light burnin', and watched 'em. See 'em get together and have a camp-meetin' about it and then they went off in a squab, with an old grey-headed he one at the top, right up the wall, out on the ceiling till they got to the right spot, then dropped right plump into my face. A fact by thunder.
"Well, I swep't 'em up again, and made a circle of tar on the ceiling too. Thought I had 'em foul that time; but I swan to man if they didn't pull straws out the bed, and build a reg'lar bridge over it."
Seeing an incredulous expression on our visage, he clinched the story thus:
"It's so, whether you believe it or not; and some o' 'em walked decess on attilla.—Bed-bugs are curious critters and no mistake; specially the Kalamazoo kind." Grand River Eagle.