



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

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NUMBER 45.

### THE LEHIGH REGISTER

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

A. L. RUEBE,

A \$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 "Freiendebote" Office.

### Pennsylvania Clothing Hall.

Bretzig, Neligh and Breinig,

South East Corner of Hamilton and Seventh Street, Allentown.

Inform their friends and the public in general, that they have entered into Partnership in the

### Merchant Tailoring Business,

lately followed by Neligh and Breinig, and intend to continue the same more extensively than ever. They therefore adopt this measure to inform their old customers, and "hundreds of new ones" that they will at their new establishment, present the

Newest and Fashionable Goods, ever brought to this place, and having purchased in Philadelphia and New York

### For Cash,

it enables them to sell lower than any other establishment of the kind in Allentown. They have selected their Goods with an eye to durability and fancy, and have none but the latest styles in the market. Their stock of Goods among other articles, consist of Cloths of all colors and prices, Cassimers, of French and American manufacturers; Vestings, Silk Velvets, Satins, Silks, Worsteds and other descriptions, figured and plain, Shirts and Shirt-collars, Stocks, Cravats, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Suspenders, &c., besides many other articles coming in their line of business, and all will be sold at the lowest prices. Their stock of

### Ready-made Clothing,

comprises every thing in the clothing line, from an over-coat down to an under-shirt, made up after the latest and most fashionable styles. Their stock being so extensive, that none will leave it, unless fitted from the "bottom to the top"

### Customer Work,

will be done up as usual, and for their work they are willing to be held responsible, two of the firm being practical workmen in the "art of cutting," and all the work is made up under their own supervision.

They would also particularly inform Country Merchants, that they are now prepared to sell at Wholesale and Retail, having the largest Stock of Spring and Summer Clothing on hand ever offered in Allentown, and will be sold at reduced prices.

Thankful for past favors they trust that attention to business, "small profits and quick sales" will be the means of bringing new customers to their establishment.

J. ISAAC BREINIG, JOHN NELIGH, JOHN L. BREINIG.

Allentown, Sept. 7

### COURTLAND ST. HOTEL,

(LATE TAYLOR'S HOTEL.)

No. 28 Courland Street, NEW YORK.

The undersigned respectfully announces to his friends and to the traveling and business public generally that he has leased the above building, and fitted up and finished it as a FIRST CLASS HOTEL.

Visitors to the city, and all others requiring superior accommodations, are solicited to call, assured that no pains or expense will be spared to render their stay comfortable and pleasant.

J. S. STEBBINS, Proprietor. Having engaged Major Eli STECKEL, late of the "Eagle Hotel," in Allentown, who enjoys a large circle of friends and acquaintances, in Eastern Pennsylvania; persons therefore who visit New York from this section of country, will find "Courland Street Hotel," a true Pennsylvania Home.

New York, March 22.

### TO THE LATE AND NEAR TRADE.

### Morris L. Hallowell & Co.,

147 Market Street, Philadelphia, Ask the attention of buyers to their very large and attractive stock of SILK AND FANCY GOODS, which will be sold at Greatly Reduced Prices, for the remainder of the season, to cash and six months' dealers.

TERMS.—Six months' credit or six per cent. discount for cash. Prices for Goods invariably uniform.

April 26.

### WIEDER & BOYER,

No. 25, West Hamilton street, Allentown.

Thankful for past favors and hoping for 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.

### New Family Grocery Store

IN ALLENTOWN.

The subscriber takes this method to inform the citizens of Allentown, and the public in general, that he has opened

### A Family Grocery Store,

at the stand formerly occupied by Dillinger & Craig, No. 27, North 7th street, near the Market Square, where he offers for sale for Cash or in exchange for Country Produce, a large variety of Family Groceries, such as Coffee, Sugar, Molasses, Chocolate, Tea, red and black Pepper, Allspice, Ginger, Saltpetre, baking and washing Soda, Salt, Alum, Madder, No. 1, 2 and 3, Mackerel, pickled Salmon, pickled and smoked Herring, Codfish, dried Beef, Ham, Shoulder, Poultry, Lard, Candles, Vinegar, Soap, Brooms, &c.

Also, all kinds of fruit, such as Lemons, Oranges, Prunes first quality in jars, and in kegs for pies, Figs, Raisins, pealed and unpealed dried Peaches, Apples and Pears, Tomato Catchup, Mustard, Pickles in bottles, Cherries, &c.

In connection with the above business, he also continues the manufacturing of Segars, of every price and quality, which he will sell or exchange to country merchants for all kinds of produce.

He also continues the Candle manufacturing business, and will sell by the box any quantity desired, or exchange them for country produce, such as Butter, Eggs, Lard, Ham, Shoulder, Poultry, Soap, Cherries, dried fruit; Wax, &c., and allow therefor the highest market price.

He trusts that by keeping the best kind of Groceries, &c., and by manufacturing the best kind of Segars and Candles, he will be able to merit a liberal share of public patronage, for which he will ever be thankful.

The undersigned is also the appointed Agent for the sale of Hoyt's celebrated fine cut, chewing and smoking tobacco, snuff, &c., all of which he will sell as low as it can be purchased either in Philadelphia or New York. CHARLES H. RUEBE, Allentown, April 19, 1854.

### FRENCH TRUSSES,

WEIGHING LESS THAN 2½ OUNCES.

For the Cure of Hernia or Rupture. Acknowledged by the highest medical authorities of Philadelphia, incomparably superior to any other in use. Sufferers will be gratified to learn that the occasion now offers to procure not only the lightest and most easy, but as durable a Truss as any other, in lieu of the cumbersome and uncomfortable articles usually sold. There is no difficulty attending the fitting, and when the pad is located, it will retain its position without change.

Persons at a distance unable to call on the subscriber, can have the Truss sent to any address, by remitting Five Dollars for the double—with measure round the hips, and stating side affected. It will be exchanged to suit if not fitting, by returning it at once, unsoiled. For sale only by the Importer, CALLED H. NEEDLES, Cor. Twelfth & Race St. Philadelphia, requiring the benefit of Medical Support, owing to derangement of the Internal Organs, including Falling of the Womb, Vocal, Pulmonary, Dyspeptic, Nervous and Spinal Weakness, are informed that a competent and experienced Lady will be in attendance at the Rooms, (set apart for their exclusive use.) No. 114, TWELFTH ST., 1st door below Race. June 25, 1854.

### Poetical Department.

#### To-Morrow.

To-morrow, mortal, boast not thou Of time and tide that are not now, But think, in one revolving day, How early things may pass away.

To-day—white hearts with rapture spring, The youth to beauty's lips may cling; To-morrow—and that lip of bliss, May sleep unconscious of his kiss.

To-day—the blooming spouse may press Her husband in fond caress; To-morrow—and the hands that pressed, May wildly strike her widowed breast.

To-day—the clasping babe may drain The milk stream from its mother's vein, To-morrow—like a frozen rill, That bosom current may be still.

To-day—the merry heart may feast, On herb and fruit, and bird and beast; To-morrow—spite of all my glee, The hungry worms may feast on thee.

To-morrow—mortal boast not thou Of time and tide that are not now, But think, on one revolving day, That e'en thyself may pass away.

#### The Faithful Friend.

My father left ten thousand pound, And willed it all to me; My friends, like sun-flies, flocked around, As kind as kind could be.

This sent me a buck, and that a hare, And some I know not what; In short, I thought I could declare, No man such friends has got.

They ate my meat, and drank my wine, In truth so kind were they, That, be the weather wet or fine, They'd dine with me next day.

They came, and like the circling year, The evening glass went round, Till something whispered in my ear, "Ah, poor ten thousand pound!"

Phaw, stuff! I cried; I'll hear it not, Besides, such friends are mine, That what they have will be my lot— So push about the wine.

The glasses rung, the jest prevailed, 'Twas summer every day, Till, like a flower by bright assailed, My thousands dropt away.

Alas, and so my friends dropt off, Like rose leaves from the stem; My falling state but met their scold, And I no more saw them.

One friend, one honest friend, remained When all the loaves were— One that ne'er shrunk nor friendship feigned My faithful dog, 'twas you."

### Miscellaneous Selections.

#### Initiating an Outsider

A Know Nothing Yarn.

All creation and the balance of mankind were, early one morning, aroused from the dullness usually pervading the pious, prim, and peaceful town of East Nutmeg, by the cry of—

"What's it all about?" "When did they come?" "How many are they?" "Are they human critters?" "What are they going to do?"

"Who?" "What?" "The Know Nothings?" "Know Nothings?" says a native. "Know Nothings."

"Well I'd give a f' pence to know," continued the native, "what in sin it's all about?" "O, you hav'n't seen 'em, eh?" say a jolly, round visaged, bright-eyed individual, who with other strangers, and natives of East Nutmeg, were gathered in a knot about a depot, discussing the topic which had in a single night, come, now, and took the town. "Hav'nt seen 'em?"

"Seen who?" says the native. "The Know Nothings?" "Know Nothing! Well, I kinder cal'late I have a few."

"O, you are one of 'em, eh?" "Look a here, squire, if you don't want to be squintin' cross-legged in your heap o' sand, I cal'late you'd better not say my education has been neglected in any such a way."

"Not at all, my dear friend, I only predicted that you were—that is, haug it—I mean do you know what's out?"

"Yes; I'll tell you what's out here." "Good: what is it?"

"A writ again Josh Pruden for breakin' the Sabbath all tew flinders, playin' keards in Duncon Dintle's barn."

"Phaw!" said the jolly man, "I don't mean that sort of work. I suppose you are like the rest of these Know Nothings, too sly, eh?—to be caught?" "Squire, do you chaw?"

"Yes," said the jolly-looking man. "Hand us your tobacco, then." "Yes, I don't chaw."

"Get out! gettin' kinder sharp—got too, I cal'late. Now look a' here, squire, I gin tew except yourt from York."

"I s'pect you are correct in your remarks."

"Wall, knew you was I can tell you fellers a mile off, e'yes, can by kingdom. Now, I cal'late there's somethin' goin' on that's fact—all-fired now around this yer town this mornin', 'bout somethin' a feller ever hear?"

"Ah that's what I was comin' at. Now they say, you've got up a new invention—a new fangled society, or a new order, party or sect, or something that's bound to get Christendom in an uproar, how is it?"

"Eh, yes; when they goin' to begin it squire?"

"O, you git out, sly dog, ain't you one of 'em?"

"What! them fellows that's goin' to raise sin, and break things?"

"I don't know; I only ask you"—continued the squire—"I only ask for information you see."

"Wall now, look a' here, a feller never made much by dod' rotted ignorance in this land of universal liberty and general education; and a feller hates to come right down and confess he don't know nothin', that's a fact; squire, I've got to acknowledge the corn, a-a and its use talkin'; but darn my buttons to apple sass, if I want as poor a feller as I be, gin gin ten shillins and upwards to know what's kinder busted round here."

"Would you?" "Wouldn't I? By golly, squire, guess yourt the critter kin jest tell us all about it. I'm just the man that can."

"I knew you be! Great-a-t kingdom, let's here all about it."

"His-s-h," said the humorous man, "his-s-h! I've been sounding you."

"You don't say so! echoes the citizen of Nutmeg."

"Yes, Sir; we have cautions."

"Eh, yes," abstractedly responds the Nutmegger.

"Ain't speak out to everybody?" "So."

"Good egg—sound to the core!" "Sound! wouldn't wonder; never ailin' but once in my hull life; then I had the darrest scratchin' time you ever did see, I reckon. Ever had the itch, squire?"

"Never, thank you."

"O, not at all, squire; you are quite welcome, as Uncle Nat said, when he shot the Legin."

"Well, sir, now I'll give you in a whisper, an idea of what's up; and if you love your country—"

"Me?" "The land of the free, and home of the brave!"

"Great-a-t Fourth of July! pitch in the big ticks, squire."

"Our own dear native land!" "That's the ginger! go it squire!" says Nutmeg.

"Well sir; now you just follow me over to the hotel, so; now take a chair. Here we are; now I'll give you the secret. You see this is a grand secret society."

"Eh, yes."

"And the greatest secrecy is to be adhered to. Now rise, hold up both hands, high above your head; so; now swear—"

"Swear! can't dew it, squire—agin my religion."

"Are you an American?" "Am I? ain't nothin' else by Banker Hill!"

"Will you stand by your country?" "Will I? Yes, sir; till Gabriel toots his horn!" "Then swear, that you will stand by the American flag, the stars, and the stripes, and never reveal the secrets."

proach close, shut up the right eye, grasp his nose, so. He'll then up and tell you all about it!"

"He will? How many fellows in this town have joined this society?"

"O, hundreds; nearly every body you meet are members; it's raising the greatest excitement imaginable!"

"Barn Millentus! I was one of them!" "Barn every thing out, sir. Now here's the oath; you swear by this emblem"—(elevating a boot jock.)

"What, a boot jock?" "Yes, it looks like a jock, but it ain't. It's a bind, a mystery; we swear by this. You put your forefinger on your nose, shut one eye, and swear never to reveal these our secrets, so help you Independence, day!"

"Now, to night, there will be a crowd near the depot, about dark; when the crowd moves, you will follow; they will take you to the secret chamber, where you will learn more particulars. Now scoot!"

"Eh, yes; and Nutmeg left."

He had just got in the street, where a veritable sign met his eyes. A long-legged, double-fisted fellow, with but one eye in his head, stood gaping around, with hands in his breeches; up goes Nutmeg, shuts his eye, and pokes his thumb between his molars. The man with the closed eye look daggers with the other, and by the twitching of his lips seemed to be speaking, or doing something like it inwardly.

"Nix a weed in cully!" says Nutmeg, advancing.

"What in yaller thunder d'ya mean? say!" says the one-eyed man.

"Nibs—Stag his nibs, cully, how's nibs?" continued Nutmeg, advancing, and placing his finger upon his long, sharp nose, and grabbing at the stranger, who, mistrusting the move meant no good, draws off and puts in such a "south paw" that Nutmeg doubled up and went down all in a heap—cobble!"

"Gull darn you, ain't you one of 'em?" "Why didn't you say so!" bawled Nutmeg, travelling into the hotel to find the Professor of Know Nothingness, and settle his hash! But Professor Pete Morris had suddenly left for parts unknown! Nutmeg has been looking for him for some time.

#### Alexander Hamilton.

This distinguished character, in the early history of our country, was a "pre-emption" youth, and notwithstanding proved an exception to the general truth, that early and precocious maturity, is indicative of early decay, and no remarkable maturity. One who says he knows, gives the following bird's eye view of his youth and manhood:

"The many volumes of papers in the records of our government, give a prodigious idea of Hamilton's abilities, usefulness, and the confidence and the influence which these commended for him, almost from the first moment, when a mere boy of nineteen he first drew, as the captain of a volunteer 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 house in St. Croix, we find him at the age of fourteen entrusted, during his principal absence in this country, with his correspondence, and the management of all his operations of buying, selling, shipping, and all that.

Already (as is seen in his boyish letters to a young friend, he has begun to look at 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, New York, perfecting 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 he studied war as an art, more especially the artillerist'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 aide-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 adversity, Steuben, took service with us, it was Hamilton who first supplied our systems of tactics, and Hamilton who, besides drawing up many of General 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 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

Sam Slick on Lawyers.—Few things resemble each other more in nature, than an attorney's lawyer and a spider. He weaves his web into a corner, with no light behind to show the thread of his net; but—in a shade, like—there he waits in his dark office, to receive his visitor. A buzzing, burrowing, thoughtless fly, thinkin' of nothin', but his beautiful wings and well-made legs, and rather near-sighted wial, comes stumblin', head-over-heels, into the net.

"I beg your pardon," says the fly, "I really didn't see this net work of yours, the weather is foggy, and the streets so confounded dark, I'm afraid I've done mischief."

"Not at all," says the spider, "I guess it's all my fault. I reckon I ought to have hung a lamp out; but pray, don't move or you may get danger. Allow me to assist you." And then, he ties up one leg, and then the other, and curls up both wings, and has him fast as Gibraltar.

"Now," says the spider, "my good friend, (a phrase a feller alters uses, when he's a goin' to be tricky.) I'm afraid you've hurt yourself a considerable sum. I must bleed you."

"Bleed me!" says the fly. "Excuse me—I'm obliged to you—I don't require it."

"Oh! yes, you do, my dear friend," and he gets ready for the operation.

"If you dare to do that," says the fly, "I'll knock you down; and I'm a man that what I lay down I stand on."

"You had better get up first," says the spider, "a laughing." "You must be bleed; you must pay all damages." And he bleeds him till he gasps for breath, and feels faintin'.

"Let me go, my good feller," says the poor fly, "and I will pay you liberally."

"Pay!" says the spider, "You miserable uncircumcised wretch, you have nothing left to pay with." "Take that!" and he gives him the last dig, and he is a gone coon—bled to death.

DISAPPOINTED LOVE.—On Wednesday, the 7th inst., a Miss Fulmer, in Derbyville, Pickaway county, Ohio drowned herself in the creek, in a few minutes after reading a note from her lover, that he did not intend marrying her, and was about leaving the village. A correspondent says, after she read the letter she exclaimed, "My God what will become of me?" She crossed the street passed through the house without noticing the family, rushed up stairs where the false one was at work, and caught him around the neck—kissed him—said she had come to bid him a long farewell. She then ran across a hall, and plunged into water fifteen feet deep. A man near by supposing something was wrong, ran after her, but only reached in time to see the bubble where she had sunk.

SCHOOL KEEPING.—First class in mathematics, stand up. What is simple division?" "Please sir, I know. Breaking Bob Smith's cake and eating half himself."

"Right! What is compound division?" "Looking the whole of Bob Smith's cake, and dividing it between yourself and brother."

"Right again. Now go out of doors and put your head against something cold, to keep your nose from bleeding."

night, as Secretary of the Treasury, re-stated the public credit. It is well known that the present Constitution really adopted this plan; but few are aware that the original project (still in existence) was drawn by him in 1781, when he was only twenty-seven years old. We could tell much more, but space fails us.

Plucking A Rat.

Rich girls are always pretty smart, but once in a while they commit blunders.—Their blunders are generally so ludicrous and funny, that it is impossible to get angry at them. At one of the public houses in the Prairie City, lives one who has been over for a few weeks, lively as a cricket, industrious as a bee, and honest and willing to do, she, of course, is well liked, by those with whom she has taken up her abode.

A few days ago, one of the boarders at the establishment spoken of, who is something of a practical joker, happened to kill a large rat; he handed it to Nelly, and told her he wanted it cooked for his dinner. Nelly, with a modest countenance, took possession of the animal and proceeded to the kitchen.—A short time after, the lady of the household acceded to go to the kitchen, where she found Nelly trying to pull the fur off the rat, which she was occasionally dipping into a little of boiling water.

"Why, Nelly! What are you about?" inquired the astonished lady.

"Sure, an' it's tryin' to pluck the feathers off this same, I am, as Mr.—— towled me to cook it for his dinner."

The lady soon put a stop to all further proceedings in that line, by telling Nelly, with all the gravity she could command, that the man had been playing a joke on her.

"Troth, an' a joke it is, sure enough," said Nelly, "for I never seen sich feathers to sick, in all me life."

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