

LEHIGH REGISTER.

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War in Kansas. GREAT EXCITEMENT!

It is an indisputable fact that at the present time there is much excitement existing all over our country, and great men seem to be discussing the important subject as to whether the Territory of Kansas shall be free or slave State.

Lehigh County CABINET WAREHOUSE.



No. 36 West Hamilton street, opposite the "Lehigh Patriot" Printing Office.

LOOK HERE! STOVES! STOVES! STOVES!



Owen R. Hoffman, No. 13 West Hamilton street, opposite the Old Fellows' Hall, calls the attention of the citizens of Allentown and vicinity, to the fact that never in the history of the town was there an establishment that kept on hand a larger and more complete assortment of all kinds and varieties of STOVES, TIN AND HOLLOW WARE, and which were offered at such exceedingly low prices.

S. SWEITZER'S



Piano Forte Manufactory, ALLENTOWN, Pa., WARE ROOM, No. 122 West Hamilton street.

A DOCTOR IN NEW TEXAS.

Dr. Wm. M. R. Hill has moved to the village of New Texas for the practice of his profession, where he will be ready to serve the sick and afflicted by day and night.

BEANS AND PEAS.—Small white Soup Beans and Green Peas, by the bushel or small quantity. C. A. RUIE & SON.

NEW GOODS.—The undersigned have just received at their Grocery Store, in North Seventh st. a good assortment of all kinds of Groceries. C. A. RUIE & SON.

GREAT RAIL ROAD ACCIDENT!

\$50,000 LOST AT EASTON.—Great Fall of the Railroad Bridge—two locomotives precipitated into the Canal—One man killed and several wounded. Accompanying this terrible disaster there still was a strike of luck to the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company for its occurring at the time it did—on Tuesday afternoon, because on the following morning some 30 or 40 cars were about being loaded by merchants in New York and Philadelphia with new style Fall and Winter Goods, all of which were to pass over the Bridge the same afternoon, directly to Allentown, and there to be unloaded at Joseph Stopp's Cheap Cash Store, No. 25 West Hamilton street. It is evident that if these cars, with their heavy freight, had been shipped in time to get on the Bridge, that their immense weight would have broken down the entire structure, and precipitated their contents into the Delaware, and thus would have incurred a loss to the Company of between \$300,000 and \$400,000; and not this alone, but the citizens of Allentown and vicinity would also have felt the loss, because of this immense quantity of cheap goods would have been lost, it would certainly have caused a scarcity, and a rise of 20 per cent. But by the aid of luck and the telegraph the intelligence of the accident was communicated to Philadelphia, and Stopp consequently had his goods loaded during the three successive days, on steamboats, canal boats, wagons, carts, and horse-drawn wagons, and he has now they have commenced to land at his new Store House. His clerks are now engaged both day and night in unpacking and selling goods. As I passed by there last night between 11 and 12 o'clock, I stepped in, and to my astonishment found perfect mountains of goods piled from floor to ceiling. I passed back through the Store and saw a pile of about 500 Shawls, of all colors and prices—from \$25 down to 37 1/2 cents a piece. On the other side I saw about 4000 yards fancy De Laines; and a little further along about 6000 yards of twilled Persian cloth; on the other side I hit my elbow against 14 or 15 cart loads of Calico, and a little further along there was a pile of 8 or 10,000 yds. shirting and sheeting from 1/4 to 2 1/2 yds. wide. I then looked for men and boys' wear, and on one side of the store saw many thousand yards of cloths, cassimeres, sattinets, Kentucky jeans, tweeds, &c., of all colors and prices. I then began to get towards the rear end of the looking glasses, window shades, glass and queensware. By this time I began to get pretty tired and sleepy, and as I turned around at the end of the store I made a mis-step and down I went, head over heels, into the cellar. When I opened my eyes and my senses were restored, I saw a stack of salt in one corner from floor to ceiling; on the other side there was the nicest sugar, coffee, molasses, cheese, and mackerel I ever laid eyes on. I asked one of the clerks the price of the salt, and after I was told, I felt disgusted at the price, and I had so long been a fool by paying double prices for my goods elsewhere. It was almost daytime now, and I determined after breakfast to send you these facts for publication in the Register. In conclusion I will say, both one all, great and small, go to Stopp's Cheap Cash Store, No. 25 West Hamilton street. SAM.

BONNETS, BONNETS, BONNETS.

WE take pleasure in informing our friends and the public in general, that we have just received a large and elegant assortment of FALL AND WINTER BONNETS, Ribbons, French and Domestic Flowers, Ladies' Dress Caps, Children's Hoods, &c., from the most fashionable openings in New York and Philadelphia. We are satisfied that our goods cannot be equalled by any other establishment in town for beauty and style, and we have them made after the most approved French patterns, and are acknowledged superior to any in the country. We return our sincere thanks for past favors and hope for a continued share of patronage, as we flatter ourselves that we can give satisfaction both as to price and style, to all who may favor us with a call. Country Milliners supplied at City prices. MRS. STOPP & CO.

ROSE'S PATENT WINDOW BLINDS.

THE subscriber, in view of the great utility of the operation of the public in their new patent ROSE'S PATENT WINDOW BLINDS, which they are now manufacturing, and selling wholesale and retail, at their Factory, No. 125 West Hamilton St., Allentown, Penn. These blinds are far superior to any other ever manufactured, and are secured by Letters Patent, known as "Rose's Patent." They are greatly superior to all others in the fact that they are constructed with a double screw, which when the upper head is fastened to the window frame, the lower part may be separated or connected with ease. A little child can take the blind down, clean and polish it. This is a great advantage when it is remembered that with the old style of blinds, a mechanic was always necessary to take them down or put them up. In other particulars, too, they exceed for beauty and convenience all others. This improvement will be attached to the old-fashioned blinds on reasonable terms. Orders are respectfully solicited. Persons wishing to secure Patent Rights, or above in any part of the Union, can do so by addressing the undersigned at Allentown, Lehigh Co., Pa. ROSE & HUMBERT. Allentown, Sept. 3.

C. GILBERT CIBONS, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

NO. 67 EAST HAMILTON STREET, ALLENTOWN, PA. Can be consulted in English and German. Allentown, May 14.

CURRENTS, RAISINS AND PRUNES.—No. 1 Layer Raisins of superior quality at retail; Bav. Raisins at 10 cents; Superior Prunes in jars at retail, also taking Prunes. C. A. RUIE & SON.

Revolutionary Incident.

The hero of the following thrilling story was embodied in the person of a stout blacksmith, ay, and humble blacksmith, but in his stout frame, hardened with toil, throbbled as generous an impulse of freedom as ever beat in the bosom of Lafayette, or roused the heart of mad Anthony Wayne.

It was in full tide of the retreat that the follower of the American camp, who had at least shouldered a cart whip in his country's service, was dragging a baggage wagon from the field of battle, while a short distance behind, a body of continentals were pushing forward with a body of British in pursuit.

The wagon had arrived at a narrow point of the by-road leading to the south, where two high banks of rocks and crags, arising on either side, affording just space sufficient for the passage of the baggage wagons, and not an inch more.

His eyes were arrested by the sight of a stout muscular man, apparently forty years of age, extended at the foot of a tree, at the very opening of the pass.

He was clad in the coarse attire of a mechanic. His coat had been flung aside, and with his shirt sleeves rolled up from his muscular arm, he lay extended on the turf while the blood poured in a torrent from his right leg, which was broken at the knee by a cannon ball. The wagoner's sympathies were arrested by the sight. He would have paused in the very instant of his flight, and placed the wounded blacksmith in his wagon, but the stout hearted man refused.

"I'll not get into your wagon," said he in his rough way, "I tell you what I will do. Do you see yonder cherry tree on the top of that rock that hangs over the road? Do you think you can lift a man of my build up there? For you see, neighbor," he continued, while the blood flowed down from his wound, "I never meddled with the Britishers until they came tramping over this valley, and burned my house down. And now I'm all riddled to pieces and hain't got more than fifteen minutes in me; I've got three balls in my cartridge box, and so just prop me up against that tree, and I'll give them the whole three shots and then," he exclaimed the blacksmith "I'll die."

The wagoner started his horses ahead, and then with a sudden effort dragged the wounded man to the foot of the tree. His face was to the advancing troops, and while his shattered leg hung over the bank, the wagoner rushed on his way, when the doomed blacksmith proceeded coolly to load his rifle.

It was not long before a body of American soldiers raged by with the British in pursuit. The blacksmith greeted them with a shout, and raising his rifle to his shoulder he picked the foremost from his spirited steed, with the exclamation: "That's for General Washington!"

In a moment his rifle was re-loaded, and again it was fired, and the pursuing British rode over another of their officers. "That's for myself!" cried the blacksmith, and then with the feeling of approaching death, loaded, and raised his rifle, and fired his last shot, and another soldier kissed the soil! A tear quivered in the eyes of the dying blacksmith.

"And that," he said with a husky voice, which strengthened almost to a shout, "is for mad Anthony Wayne!" Long after the battle of Brandywine was past, the body was discovered against the tree, with the features frozen in death, smiling grimly, while the right hand still grasped the never-failing rifle.

And thus died one of the thousand brave-mechanic-heroes of the Revolution; brave in the hour of retreat and undismayed in the hour of death.

Freedom of the Press.

Around her waist I put my arm— It felt as soft as cake, "Oh dear!" says she, "what liberty you printer men do take!" "Why yes, my Sally, my charming gal, (I squeezed her some I guess) Can you say nought, my chick, against The freedom of the press?" I kissed her some—I did by gum— She colored like a beet, Upon my living soul she looked Almost too good to eat! I gave her another buss, and then Says she, "I do confess I rather kinder sorter like The freedom of the press!"

The Model Lady.

The model lady puts her children out to nurse, and tends lap dogs; lies in bed till noon; wears paper soled shoes, and pinches her waist; gives the piano fits, and forgets to pay her milliner; cuts her poor relations, and goes to church when she has a new bonnet; and turns the "cold shoulder" to her husband, and flurts with his friend; never saw a thimble, don't know a darned needle from a crow bar, wonders where puddings grow, eats ham and eggs in private, and dines on a pigeon's leg in public; runs mad after the last new fashion, and when asked the name of her youngest child, replies "don't know indeed! Ask Betty!"

[From the New York Weekly Brother Jonathan.]

Sad Fate of a Young Girl.

Two weeks ago on Sunday morning, at two o'clock, a well dressed young woman went aboard of one of the South Ferry boats on the New York side. When the boat reached the foot of Atlantic street, Brooklyn, this passenger—the only female on board—was not to be found. The only way of explaining her absence was the supposition that she had jumped overboard with the intention of self-destruction. The missing girl was searched for, and on Thursday of last week her dead body was found in Thompson's dock, Brooklyn, and was buried at Greenwood cemetery. The story of her life is painfully interesting, and not without its moral. Lizzie Howard, for such was the name she was known by, came to the city from Roxbury, Massachusetts, some three years since. She was then 18 years of age, with blue eyes and light hair, and otherwise a most attractive girl. Soon after her arrival she formed the acquaintance of a young man who betrayed, and, as usual in such cases, deserted her. She then became the inmate of a brothel in Mercer street, where she formed the acquaintance of a young "squire" attached to a certain restaurant in Broadway, that is much frequented by fashionable people, and for him she conceived an ardent attachment. She then removed to a brothel in Green street, where she was surrounded with every luxury that could be provided by a woman that led the life she did. About this time her lover displayed a disposition to cut her acquaintance, and the woman of the house says she experienced the most intense anguish at his coolness. On Saturday night, October 24th, she and her former lover met accidentally at Perachio's ball, where she accosted him and wished him to dance with her. He coldly refused. She then pleaded with him to go home with her as she wished to communicate something of importance to them both, but he repulsed her importunities with rudeness. Wounded at his conduct, she left the ball room and retired to her home; she lay down for a while, but shortly after arose, dressed herself and left the house. This was at two o'clock on Sunday morning. She was accosted by a policeman at the corner of Courtlandt street, but not noticing him, she continued her way to South ferry, and went on one of the boats. It was a cold, chilly night; there was no moon, and when the boat was half way across, the unfortunate girl threw herself without a cry from the stern, and was soon buried under the heavy tide that was running at the time. The two passengers in the boat little knew of the fearful tragedy that had been enacted on the boat, but the girl was missed on the Brooklyn side. Her body when recovered was identified by her female companions. A photograph was found on her person of the young man whom she had loved so well. On Thursday her remains were conveyed to Greenwood, where she was interred, with the picture of her lover placed upon her breast. The scene at the grave was painfully impressive. The frail landlady of the house, her frail female companions, a clergyman, the undertaker and his wife, were all there present. After the reading of the Episcopal burial service, by the clergyman, one of Lizzie's female companions read Hood's celebrated and touching poem, "The Bridge of Sighs," amid the tears and sobs of all present, after which the funeral cortege returned to the city. This is one of many similar stories that might be told of life in the great metropolis.

Home Again.

Home again—home again, From a foreign shore; And O, it fills my soul with joy To meet my friends once more. Here I dropped the parting tear, To cross the ocean's foam; But now I'm once again with those Who kindly greet me home. Home again, &c.

Happy hearts—happy hearts With mine have laughed in glee; But O, the friends I loved in youth Seem happier to me. And if my guide should be the fate Which bids me longer roam, But death alone can break the tie That binds my heart to home. Home again, &c.

Music sweet—music soft, Lingers round the place; And O, I feel the childhood charm That time cannot efface. Then give me but my homestead roof, I'll ask no palace dome; For I can live a happy life With those I love at home. Home again, &c.

Lightning.

Every nation has had at some period in its history some superstitions regarding storms.—Many of these are very curious and worthy of repetition. In ancient times, the Greeks, as well as the Romans, regarded the lightning as the minister of the gods. The Thracians menaced the thunder clouds with arrows, and attempted to combat the dread artillery of Heaven. By the Romans, persons killed by lightning were supposed to have called down upon themselves the special indignation of the gods and were buried in unfrequented places, lest the ashes of others should be polluted by their presence, or sometimes their remains were suffered to lie where they fell, without receiving any interment whatever. Even a spot of ground struck by lightning was heeded in and avoided, under the belief that Jupiter had either set upon it the mark of his displeasure, or appropriated it as sacred to himself. It was unlawful for any man to approach such enclosures. The Romans supposed caverns to be secure places of refuge during thunder storms, and some of them were accustomed to wear the skin of a seal around their body as a protection against lightning. During tempests, it is said that the Emperors of Japan retire into a deep grotto, in the centre of which is a reservoir of water intended to extinguish the lightning. The Tartars as soon as the first warning thunder is heard, expel all strangers from their dwellings, wrap themselves in long black woolen cloaks, and sit silent and immovable till all danger is past. The Chinese suppose they can protect themselves by the presence of mulberry or peach—a superstition similar to that of the Roman Emperor Tiberius, who never failed to wear a chaplet of laurel, under the belief that lightning would not strike this kind of leaf. In our own country and in Europe at the present day it has been very generally supposed that a feather bed or a mattress offers a secure retreat during storms of thunder and lightning; but it has of late years been proved that these simple means are deserving of little reliance. Birds, despite their feathers, are frequently killed by the destructive meteor, and a flash of lightning has been known to rend mattresses completely in fragments, without injuring those who were sleeping upon them at the time. The only certain means, known at present of securing life and property, is the presence of lightning-conductors.

A Good Story.

We are kindly permitted to copy the following good anecdote from a private letter just received by a gentleman from this city, from a brother now in Nebraska. The Yankee referred to is the right kind of a man to deal with the "border ruffians" in Kansas. We do not remember to have seen this story in print. Here it is:

You know the test to which the Missourians subject all travellers who make their appearance at any of their ferries, and ask to be crossed into Kansas. Some days since a slab-sided Yankee arrived at one of the Northern Missouri landings with a long train of plunder of various sorts. By way of testing him, the ferryman asked him what stock he had.

"Waal," says the Yankee, "I've got two horses, a yoke of oxen, and two keers." "That's enough," replied the ferryman, you can't cross here."

"Why not?" inquired the Yankee. The ferryman told him that his instructions were not to cross anybody that couldn't pronounce the word cow.

"But I said keers," persisted the Yankee. "Well, you can't cross here," rather gruffly replied Charon.

"But I have got tickets entitling me to cross," urged the Yankee. The ferryman replied that he did not know of anybody who had a right to sell his tickets. "But I have got them any how." The ferryman demanded a sight of the tickets, whereupon Mr. Yankee stepped back a little, hauled out a revolver in each hand, crying "Them's the tickets, and I am bound to cross this ferry, keow or no keow! And he crossed.—[Marengo Journal.]

To Keep Celery.

Many, especially amateurs, experience much difficulty in keeping this delicious vegetable during the winter. Where it has been grown in beds, (as it always should be in small gardens,) nothing more is necessary than to cover it as it stands, with a good thick coat of coarse manure; and it can then be dug at any time during the winter when it may be wanted. Where it has been grown in single trenches, it should be taken up and placed in a bed prepared as follows: Dig out the earth two spades deep and of convenient width; lift the plants from the trenches with the earth adhering to the root; put in a row of plants three or four inches apart, and throw some earth against them; then another row six inches from the first, and so on filling in the earth to the tops of the plants as you go along. When all the plants are in, cover the bed with a thick coat of coarse manure, straw, or litter of any kind; manure, however, is to be preferred. From such a bed the plants may be dug at any time during the winter. The bed may be made of less depth, but the plants will not keep as well unless the winter should prove mild. It is best, however, in all matters of this kind, to be prepared for the worst. It is not always, however, pleasant in winter to dig celery from a bed out of doors, and if a cool air cellar is at hand, the plants may be kept in good condition by placing them upright on the floor, and covering them with earth or sand, as directed above.—American Agriculturist.

Temperature of the Earth.

CURIOS FACT.—It has been ascertained, by accurate scientific investigation, that the increase of temperature in the earth is about ten degrees Fahrenheit for every fifteen yards of descent. In all probability, however, the increase will be found to be in a geometrical progression as investigation is extended, in which case the present crust will be found to be much thinner than it has hitherto been calculated to be. Taking, then, as correct, the present observed rate of increase, the temperature would be as follows:—Water will boil at the depth of 2,430 yards; lead melts at the depth of 8,400 yards; there is red heat at the depth of seven miles; gold melts at twenty-one miles; cast iron at seventy-four miles; soft iron at ninety-seven miles; and at the depth of one hundred miles there is a temperature equal to the greatest artificial heat yet observed—a temperature capable of fusing platinum, porcelain, and indeed every other refractory substance known.

Saving Cabbages.

The best way to preserve Cabbages green all winter, so that their good qualities shall in no manner deteriorate, is as follows:—As late th' month of the weather will allow, dig out your cabbage that you have set apart for winter use,—dig trenches, say eighteen or twenty inches apart, and from twelve to twenty feet in length, as may be most convenient, and in accordance with the quantity to be preserved.—transplant your cabbages firmly in these trenches, as closely as they will stand together. When your bed is finished, raise a platform some eighteen or twenty inches high, over them, which can be made of any refuse posts, rails, or boards about a place; across this place a few bean poles or laths, and upon the whole throw a quantity of bean halm, cornstalks, straw or any material of this kind, as a protection against wet and frost,—and you can eat green cabbage up to April, finer than if plucked from the garden in October.—Germanoten Telegraph.

The American Flag.

It is indeed strange that the people of these United States understand so little of the proper form, proportion of size, number of stripes, even of their own national flag, the glorious "Star Spangled Banner." The standard of the army is fixed at six feet six inches by four feet four inches; the number of stripes is thirteen, viz: seven red and six white. It will be perceived that the flag is just one half longer than it is broad, and that its proportions are perfect when properly carried out. The first stripe at the top is red, the next white, and so down alternately, which makes the last red. The blue "field" for the stars is the width and square of the first seven stripes, viz: four red and three white. These stripes extend from the side of the "field" to the extremity of the flag. The next stripe is white, extending the entire length of it, and directly under the "field" in strong and pleasing relief, then follow the remaining stripes alternately. The number of stars on the "field" is now thirty-one, and the army and navy immediately add another star on the admission of a new State in our glorious Union.

A Mammoth Sheep.

The St. Lawrence American, of Ogdensburg, New York, says: The largest sheep we ever saw was on board the steamer Northern, on her passage from Kingston to this port. He was two years old, and weighed 315 pounds. He was an imported sheep and was exhibited at the Provincial fair at Kingston. A gentleman from Vermont had purchased him, and was taking him home. The price paid was \$315—a dollar a pound for mutton! What think ye of that farmers of St. Lawrence? He was as large as a young steer.