

GEO. W. SCHROYER, Editor and Publisher.

Office—Front Street, three doors above Locust.

TERMS.—The Register is published every Saturday morning at the low price of \$1 per annum in ADVANCE...

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—(Fifteen lines or less to the square.)

Advertisements will be inserted three times at the rate of 50 cents per square...

IMPORTANT TO MILLERS.—The subscriber has purchased the Patent right of "Timby's Improved Water Wheel..."

HATS AND CAPS.—LEWIS TREDENICK & Co., late from Philadelphia, dealers in HATS and CAPS...

INDIAN VEGETABLE PANACA.—Hunter's Panaca warrants the American people in soliciting for treatment the WORST POSSIBLE CASES...

DR. HUNTER'S.—INDIAN VEGETABLE PANACA. Hunter's Panaca warrants the American people in soliciting for treatment the WORST POSSIBLE CASES...

TO SAVE MONEY.—By calling at the cheapest CLOTHING STORE under the sun you can save twenty per cent.

REASONABLE READY MADE CLOTHING.—Consisting of French Broadcloth Coats of all colors and descriptions, Pants, Vests, Caps, Handkerchiefs, Cravats, Stockings, Suspenders, Carpet Bags, &c., &c.

REMOVAL.—C. L. KELLING, Herb Doctor, late of Marietta, Ga., begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has removed to the house of Henry Martin...

NEW STORE.—The subscribers respectfully inform their friends and the public, that they have taken the Store formerly occupied by S. D. Boude & Co., corner of Locust and Front Streets...

GRAY HEADS, Bad Heads, and all with Bad Hair.—Read: Mr. ABRAHAM VANDERBEEK, of 93 Avenue D, New York, certifies that his head was entirely bald on the top, and by the use of the hair restorative of Jones' Hair Restorative, he has a good crop of hair...

WANTED.—A gentleman in his eagerness at table, to answer a call for some apple pie, owing to the knife slipping from the bottom of the dish found his knuckles buried in the crust when a wit who sat just opposite to him, gravely observed, as he held his plate, "Sir may I trouble you for a bit whilst your hand's in."

ALL DISEASES.—Of the head, face and hands, such as scurvy, erysipelas, carbuncles, abscesses, and discharges are cured. When these cases are removed, persons who use the hair restorative should remember that more than water is required to remove the lotion from the pores.

SOAP.—JONES' Sulfur Soap is called by the Medical Society of Paris, "a blessing, a miracle and a wonder" to cure eruptions, discharges or discolorations of the skin.

Business Directory.

TERMS OF THE DIRECTORY.—To persons advertising in the Register for the year, there will be no extra charge. Subscribers can have the Register sent them for one year, paying \$1.00 in advance...

JOHN F. HOUSTON, Attorney, Locust Street, between Front and Second Sts. PHILIP GOSSLE, Attorney, Walnut St., between Front and Second.

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Poetry.

From the Home Journal. THE INDIAN SUMMER.—There is a time, just ere the frost Prepares to pave old winter's way, When Autumn, in a reverent lost, The mellow daytime dreams away.

Miscellaneous.

RULES OF KING CHARLES.—The following rules were found in the study of King Charles I., after he was beheaded, January, 1649. 1. Urgo no health.

INDOLENCE.—O the miseries of indolence! Who would be an indolent dog? "I can do nothing," I shall die," says the indolent man, without putting forth one effort or lifting a foot to extricate himself from a difficulty.

THE CRISIS.—A COLLOQUY.—"Why bless me, Mrs. Jones, you don't look well this afternoon. You haven't got the fever and ague, have you?"

WANTED.—A first rate Wagon-maker, to take charge of a horse and carry on the business on his own hook, above the Depot. A shop will be rented to a good mechanic at about \$15 per annum, and at least \$100 worth of work given by the subscriber himself to start on the first year.

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Select Tale.

From the Union Magazine for October. BEAUTY AND GENIUS IN OBSCURITY.—BY MISS MARY B. MORTON. "All are merry, all are happy, all are loved, in this great city, but one unfortunate! All happy, all gay! And I, with spirit loving all things beautiful, longing for companionship with the gentle and refined, with the knowledge burning within, that I might adorn the circle of intelligence, so distant from the sphere I move in, I must live, and grieve, and die, in this pent-up atmosphere, with no name in the world's history, no place in any mortal's memory!"

That was indeed an humble room—a very humble room for genius and beauty to make a home! No birds were there—no flowers—no music from hearts or lips! Sickness was there, and gloom, old age, and fruitfulness, shadows and sighs!

Yes, it was New Year's day in gay New-York. The air was clear and cold—the heavens in a most favorable state for communicating the bright morning greeting of gay, generous Old Sol, to our fair mother Earth.

Over all the great city, creation's lords looked in their mirrors anxiously, and put the finishing grace to whiskers as carefully turned as a lady's curls.

There was no rich table spread in the close room, called Corinne's home. No toilette received her thought—no gifts came, with its voice of love, or friendly interest. She intended to no footsteps, for she was none but a widow.

Alone upon the sea of life! with no star in the heaven of hope—no voice in the dreary waste of deep, dark water, to soothe! Poor girl! Poverty in gold was very light to bear, compared to that dread poverty the soul was crushed by!

Her mother, beautiful but weak, had, after her first widowhood, been bought by an old man's gold. The wealth which bribed her to forget the dead was lost; and she soon sank into a languor of the heart and mind, that made her child's life a constant sacrifice.

For the beautiful Corinne had been, innocently, the ruin of his house. A young Italian count, wanting in all things honorable, had offered the girl indignities, which she resented, and proudly, with exulting contempt, that his evil nature was excited almost to frenzy, and he determined to bring her down to poverty, if not to shame.

Before the noon of that New Year's day, a clearer paleness stole over the mother's face—a stranger brightness filled the wandering eyes—"What can it mean?" whispered Corinne's heart.

And gently, peacefully, she passed from the earthly to the heavenly. Corinne stood by the bed of death, moved by its sanctity, but more enraptured than grieving, as she saw the calmness settling on those features, so lately troubled with the expression of a fading mind's inquiet.

Until sunset the orphan was busy round the dead, who slept so peacefully. The old man made no sign that he was moved by his bereavement, but sat with his forehead upon his hand, as he always sat, and his voice muttering, as it always muttered, dark words against the vision whose keeping down to the wretched fortunes of that hour.

There was no angel visitor upon the threshold as she opened the door; but Hope did come in. A gift was handed her—her, the lonely, the unloved girl! A New Year's gift of a valuable Italian work, elegantly bound.

And the note which accompanied it—how kind, how loving! full of warm interest in her history, hinting at present necessity of the writer's remaining unknown to her; but breathing throughout a half veiled passion, very like a lover's.

"My poor, poor Karl! What gladness can all this wealth and brightness give me, when my only son, my darling boy, is losing all his noblesse in the love of wine?"

But what light stronger than the brightness of the artificial day—what joy greater than the youthful hope upon the faces of that gay company—had cast suddenly away the shadow from the father's brow—was quenched the tear in the mother's eye—was glided the rain in the sister's heart?

It was the son—the brother! His eye was clear, his face firm, his hand firm and warm, as he grasped his sister's, with an emphasis that had a world of meaning in it. He met his mother's eye with the consciousness of his joyful wonder glowing in his face; and sought her side, after due attention to his sister's guests, with the fervor of a prodigal.

Year's night was sure to bring the trembling form, the wandering eye, for the many calls during the evening brought many a draught of poison to Karl's lips.

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