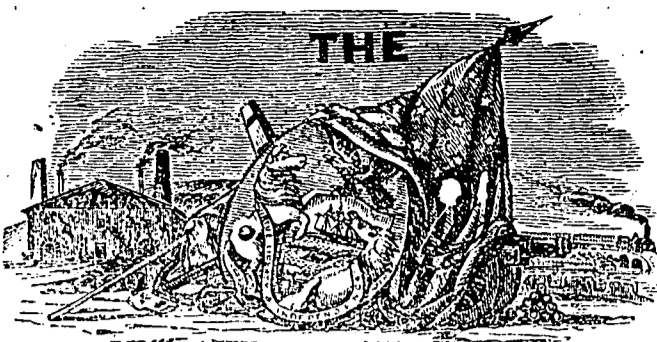


The Lehigh



Register.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

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

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BY AUGUSTUS L. RUHE,

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

Poetical Department.

From the Pictorial Drawing Room Companion.

A Wounded Spirit Who Can Bear?

Who can descend into the heart,
And read the sorrows gathered there?
Who the strange dark mystery impart,
Or lay the hidden secrets bare?
O, who can trace the blackened path,
Or which grim's turning law flows,
The power to scorch it no one hath,
Where blighted hopes find death's repose.
What balm of healing that will cease,
When friendship's hand hath struck the blow?
Where shall the wounded heart find peace,
When those we love no feeling show?
The heart in its own depths must bind,
Its aching pang, its secret sting;
The dove that may not sit its nest,
Folds o'er its wounds its drooping wing.
Those only who have suffered know,
Those only who have felt can tell,
The anguish of that keenest blow,
Struck by the hand we love too well,
But ah! there is a home of rest,
That is an ark of refuge given;
That ark, a dear Redeemer's breast,
That home, that blessed home, is heaven!

Miscellaneous Selections.

THE COUSINS.

[One of the best stories we have lately read is entitled "The Cousins," a country Tale." It is from the chaste pen of Miss Milford, an English authoress of considerable reputation. The whole is to long for one paper, and it is a story which will not spoil to divide. The first half the story, like the bigger portion of Scott's novels, is merely introductory to what follows. So we will sum up the preparatory part in a few words, and then give the denouement in Miss Milford's own beautiful language.—Pittsburg Post.]
Lawyer Moleworth was a rich landlord in Carnley, the native town of Miss Milford. He had two daughters, to whom his pleasant house owed its chief attraction. Agnes was a beautiful woman, Jessy was a pretty girl. The fond father intended that Jessy should marry a poor relation, one Charles Woodford. Charles had been brought up by his uncle's kindness, and had recently returned into the family from a great office in London. Charles was to be the immediate partner and the eventual successor to the flourishing business of his benefactor, whose regard seemed fully justified by the excellent conduct and remarkable talents of the orphan nephew. Agnes, who secretly entertained an affection for Charles, was destined by her father for a young baronet, who had lately been much at the house.
But in affairs of love, as in all others, says Miss Milford, man is born to disappointments. "L'homme propose, et Dieu dispose," is never truer than in the great matters of matrimony. So found poor Mr. Moleworth, who—Jessy having arrived at the age of eighteen, and Charles at that of two and twenty—offered his pretty daughter and the lucrative partnership to his pensioner relation, and was petrified with astonishment and indignation to find the connection very respectfully declined. The young man was very much distressed and agonized; he had the highest respect for Miss Jessy, but could not marry her—he loved another! And then he poured forth a confidence as unacted as it was undesired by his incensed patron, who left him in undiminished wrath and increased perplexity.
This interview had taken place immediately after breakfast, and when the conference ended, the provoked father sought his daughters, who, happily unconscious of all that had occurred, were amusing themselves in their splendid observatory—a scene always as becoming as it is agreeable to youth and beauty. Jessy was sitting about like a butterfly among the fragrant orange trees and bright geraniums; Agnes was standing under a superb fuschida, hanging over a large marble basin—her form

and attitude, her white dress, and the classical arrangement of her dark hair giving her the look of some nymph or naiad, a rare relic of Grecian art. Jessy was prattling gaily, as she wandered about, of a concert they had attended the evening before at the country town.
"I hate concerts," said the pretty little flirt; "to sit bolt upright on a hard bench for four hours, between the same four people, without the possibility of moving, or speaking to anybody, or anybody's getting to us—Oh! how tiresome it is!"
"I saw Sir Edmund trying to slide through the crowd to reach you," said Agnes, a little archly, "his presence would, perhaps, have mitigated the evil. But the barricade was too complete; he was forced to retreat, without accomplishing his object."
"Yes, I assure you he thought it very tiresome, he told me so when we were coming out. And then that music," pursued Jessy, "the noise they called music! Sir Edmund says that he likes no music except his guitar, or a flute on the water, and I like none except your playing on the organ and singing Handel on a Sunday evening, or Charles Woodford's reading Milton and bits of Hamlet."
"Do you call that music?" asked Agnes, laughing. "And yet," continued she, "it is most truly so, with his rich, Pastalike voice, and his fine sense of sound; and to you, who do not greatly love for its sake, it is doubtless a pleasure, much resembling in kind that of the most thrilling melodies on the noblest of instruments. I myself have such a gratification in hearing that voice recite the verses of Homer or Sophocles in the original Greek—Charles Woodford's reading is music."
"It is music which neither of you are likely to bear again," interrupted Mr. Moleworth, advancing suddenly towards them; for he had been ungrateful, and I have discharged him."
Agnes stood as if petrified. "Ungrateful! oh, father!"
"You can't have discharged him to be sure, papa," said Jessy, always good natured; poor Charles, what can he have done?"
"I refused your land, my child," said the angry parent; "refused to be my partner and son-in-law, and fallen in love with another lady!" What have you to say to him now?"
"Why, really, papa," replied Jessy, "I'm much more obliged to him for refusing my hand, than to you for offering it.—I like Charles well for a cousin, but I should not like such a husband at all; so if this refusal be the worst that has happened, there's no great harm done." And off the gypsy ran—declaring that she must put on her habit, for she had promised to ride with Sir Edmund and his sister, and expected them every minute.
The father and the favorite daughter remained in the conservatory.
"The heart is untouched, however," said Mr. Moleworth, looking after her with a smile.
"Touched, by Charles Woodford, undoubtedly," replied Agnes; "but has he really refused his sister?"
"Undoubtedly."
"And does he love another?"
"He says he does, and I believe him."
"Is he loved again?"
"That he did not say."
"Did he tell the name of the lady?"
"Yes."
"Do you know her?"
"Is she worthy of him?"
"Most worthy."
"Has he any hope of gaining her affections? Oh! he must! he must! What woman could refuse him?"
"He is determined not to try. The lady who he loves is above him in every way; and as much he has counteracted my wishes, it is an honorable part of Charles Woodford's conduct, that he intends to leave his affections unsuspected by this object."
Here ensued a short pause in the dialogue, during which Agnes appeared trying to occupy herself with collecting the blossoms of a cape jessamine, and watering the favorite geranium, but it would not do; the subject was at her heart, and she could not force her mind to indifferent occupations. She returned to her father, who had been anxiously watching her countenance, and resumed the conversation.
"Father! perhaps it is hardly maidenly to avow as much, but although you never have in set words told me your intentions, I have yet seen and know, I cannot tell how, all that your kind partiality towards us has designed for your children. You have mistaken me; dearest father, doubly mistaken me fit to fill a splendid place in society; next, in imagining that I desired such splendor. You meant to give Jessy and the lucrative partnership to Charles Woodford, and designed me and your large possessions to your wealthy and titled neighbor. And with little change of person these arrangements may yet hold good. Sir Edmund may still be your son-in-law and heir, for he loves Jessy and Jessy loves him; Charles Woodford may still be your part-

ner and adopted son, for nothing has changed that need diminish your affection or his merit. Marry him to the woman he loves. She must be ambitious, indeed, if she be not content with such a destiny. And let me live on with you, dear father, single and unwedded, with no thought but to contribute to your comfort, and to cheer and brighten your declining years. Do not let your too great fondness for me stand in the way of their happiness! Make me not so odious to them and to myself, dear father! Let me live always with you—always your own Agnes!" And blushing at the earnestness with which she had spoken, she bent her head over the marble basin, whose waters reflected her fair image, as if he had really been the Grecian statue to which while he listened her fond father's fancy had compared her. "Let me live single with you, and marry Charles to the woman he loves."
"Have you heard the name of the lady in question? Have you formed any guess whom she may be?"
"Not the slightest. I imagined from what you said that she was a stranger to me. Have I ever seen her?"
"You may see her—at least you may see her reflection in the water, at this very moment; for he has had the infinite presumption, the admirable good taste, to fall in love with his cousin Agnes!"
"Father!"
"And now, mine own sweetest! do you still wish to live single with me?"
"Oh, father! father!"
"Or do you desire that I should marry Charles to the woman of his heart?"
"Father, dear father!"
"Choose, my Agnes! It shall be as you command. Speak freely. Do not cling around me, but speak."
"Oh, my dear father! Cannot we all live together? I cannot leave you. But poor Charles—surely, father, we may all live together!"
And so it was settled. And a very few months proved that love had contrived better for Mr. Moleworth than he had done for himself. Jessy, with her prettiness and her title, and her fortune, was the very thing to be vain of—the very thing to visit for a day. But Agnes, and the cousin whose noble character and splendid talents so well deserved her, made the pride and happiness of his home.
Old Maids, or a Mistake in Marriage.
When I was a little girl, I was a fat, merry, jolly dumpling, as happy as the day was long. Every body pinched my red cheeks, and I waddled about with my doll in my pump arms, finding fun in every thing, and fully believing that my doll was as sensible as myself; and perhaps she was almost. But, though I had a natural antipathy to a spelling-book, and no fondness for spending a long summer's afternoon in pecking a needle in and out of a bit of calico, though I considered patchwork all foolishness, and guests as utter superfluities, though I was called a simpleton for asking my mother why she cut out and then sewed it together again, still, I was fond of picking up ideas after my own fashion.—When the wise people around me supposed I was thinking of nothing but my play, my two little ears were open to every word spoken in my hearing. And many was the word impressed on my memory which the speaker forgot next moment. The talk around me was my real education, as it is of all children, send them to what school you may.
When I was ten years old, I had one sister aged fifteen, and another seventeen; and as usual with girls of that age, they had a set of cronies, some very like and some quite unlike them in character. One afternoon, as I was tending my doll Ophelia, who was sick in bed, I heard a brisk discussion among these girls, which, I may almost say, decided my fate for life.
The first words that caught my attention came from an animated, romantic girl of sixteen, scolding because the heroine of a novel she had just read was left unmarried at this catastrophe!—what indignation!
One of my sisters did not seem to sympathize with this burst of disapprobation, and then came the pithy question, "What would you be willing to do for an old maid?" Mary said very quietly, "Yes;" and sister Ellen added, "So would I!"
"Then such looks of amazement and incredulity, 'You can't mean what you say,' cried one. 'If I did not know you too well to think you a hypocrite,—' said another. 'Why, it is meant that all women should be married!' exclaimed a third. 'Then why are they not all married!' asked Mary, with her usual simplicity.
Eager and hot grew the controversy, and I lost not a word, while Ophelia lay flat on her back, her still kind arms sticking out, and her croup quite forgotten. Then first did I take notice of that terrible combination of monosyllables,—'Old Maid.' In how many different tones of contempt, dread and deprecation, did I hear it uttered by those juvenile voices! What anecdotes came forth about cross old maids, and filigree old maids, and ugly, and dressey, and learned, and pious, and flirting, and mis-

chief-making, old maids. Never did a bevy of regular fifty-year-old spinsters utter so much scandal in one afternoon as was poured forth by these blooming young creatures. Two or three friends of my mother, whom I had always cherished in my innocent affections, because they talked so pleasantly and were so kind to me, now appeared like new personages. "Z, was so ugly, she never could have had an offer!" "Miss Y. dressed so shabby, and wore green spectacles, to look literary." And Miss X. was for ever talking about Sunday-school and society meetings; and so on.
You may be sure that the next time these ladies came to our house, I scanned very closely the face of Miss Z., a face that I had always loved before; but now I saw that it was exceedingly plain. I looked hard at Miss Y.'s drab-colored bonnet and shawl, perceiving that they were old-fashioned and ordinary, and that her green spectacles looked pedantic. Then Miss X., beside whom I had always squeezed in upon the sofa, encouraged by her kindly smile and delighted with her conversation—how uninteresting she had become! They were all *old maids!*
It must be observed that my sisters—right good, sensible, domestic girls they were—had no part in this bewilderment of my young ideas. They were in the minority, so I took it for granted they were in the wrong. Besides, what children are ever as much influenced by what is uttered in the familiar voices of their own family, as by words of comparative strangers? "Take care of what you say at a friend's house, with the young folks catching up every random sentiment you drop. Many a judicious mother's morning exhortation has been blown to the moon by some light remark from a dinner guest, who did not, after all, mean to give his real opinion, or whose opinion was not worth having."
And now, I assure you, my education went on rapidly. It is perfectly marvellous, in how many ways, and by what different sorts of people, a young girl is taught that it is a terrible thing to be an old maid. Poor's never show their folly more than in their backbiting jests upon this topic; but what shall we say of the wise folks who sin almost as often in the same way? What shall we say of the refinement of him who is gentlemanly in thought and expression on all subjects but this—of the humanity and charity of him who asks the defenceless—of the justice of him who taxes a class with the faults of individuals, and a sneer with that instead of a weapon, and a wound?—of the Christianity of him who indelicately censures and ridicules one of the arrangements of Providence?
I learned my lesson thoroughly, for it came to me in some shape every week.—I read it in every novel and newspaper, and heard it from every lip. The very men who spoke truth and sense on the subject, sometimes neutralized it by an idle jest in some moment of levity, and the jest drove out the truth from my young heart. At eighteen, I lived only for the ignoble purpose.—I cannot bear to say—of getting married; but what could have been the ruling wish of one who had been taught by society to dread celibacy worse than death? I dare say I betrayed it in all the ball-rooms, in the street, everywhere. I dare say I was duly laughed at.
At last quaking on the verge of six and twenty, I had an offer;—a most absurd one. I was six years older than my lover, had ten times as much sense probably except on one point. I knew that he was "rather wild," as the gentle phrase goes. In short, I neither loved nor respected him; but I was willing to marry him, because then I should be Mrs. Somebody, and should not be an old maid.
My parents said "No" positively. Of course I thought them unreasonable and cruel, and made myself very miserable.—Still it was something to have had "an offer" of some kind, and my lips were not hermetically sealed. I had several confidants, who took care that all my acquaintances should know the comfortable fact that I had refused Mr. S.
I went on with increasing uneasiness a few years longer, not seeking how to be useful, or trying to find out for what good purpose I was made. Neither was I looking for a companion who could sympathize with my better aspirations and elevate my whole character, for I had no right views of marriage. I was simply gazing about in anxious suspense upon every unmarried man of my acquaintance, for one who would lead me out of that dismal Valley of Humiliation into which I felt myself descending. Had I met Apollon himself there with the question on his lips, I believe I should have said "Yes."
At thirty-six I wore more pink ribands than ever, I was seen everywhere by a respectable woman could go, wondered why girls went into company so young, found I was growing sharp-faced, and sharp-spoken, and was becoming old maidish in the worst sense of the word, because I was an old maid against my will. I forgot that voluntary celibacy never affects the temper.
My sisters, be it remembered, were older than I. They, too, were single. But they

had lived more domestic lives than I, had read fewer works of fiction, had been cultivating their own natures, and seek to make everybody around them happy. And everybody revered them, and loved to look upon their open, pleasant countenances—I mean everybody worth pleasing—and they were very happy.
At last our good parents died, and left each of us a little independence. Within a year I was married.
I was married for my money. That was ten years ago, and they have been ten years of purgatory.
I have had bad luck as a wife, for my husband and I have scarcely one taste in common. He wishes to live in the country, which I hate. I like the thermometer at 75 deg, which he hates. He likes to have the children brought up at home instead of school, which I hate. I like music, and want to go to concerts, which he hates. There is but one thing which we both like, and that is what we cannot both have, though we are always trying for it—the last word.
I have had bad luck as a mother, for two such huge, selfish, passionate, unmanageable boys never tormented a feeble woman since boys began. I wish I had called them both Cain. At this moment they have just quarrelled over their marbles. Mortimer has torn off Orville's collar, and Orville has applied his cotlike heel to Mortimer's ribs; while the baby, Zenobia, in my lap, who never sleeps more than half an hour at a time, and cries all the time she is awake, has been roused by their din to scream in choros.
I have had bad luck as a housekeeper, for I never kept a chambermaid more than three weeks. And as to cooks, I look back bewildered on the long phantasmagoria of faces flitting stormily through my kitchen, as a marine remembers a rapid succession of thunderstorms and hurricanes in the Gulf of Mexico. My new chambermaid bounced out of the room yesterday, firing her dustier, and muttering, "Real old maid, aber all!" just because I showed her a table on which I could write "but," with my finger in the dust.
I never see my plump, happy sisters, and then glance in the mirror at my own colorless, long, doleful visage, without wishing myself an old maid. I do it every day of my life.
Yet half of my sex marry as I did,—not for love, but fear!—for fear of dying old maids.
They have their reward. And whose idle tongues create this mischievous fear, and thus make so much domestic misery, have their responsibility.
The Wife's Night Cap.
Mr.—, who does not live more than a mile from the Post-Office in this city, met some "Northern friends with Southern" principles the other evening, and in extending to them the hospitalities of the "Crested City," visited so many of our princely saloons and "marble halls," imbibing spiritual consolation as they journeyed, that when he left them at their hotel at midnight hour, he felt that he had a "brick in his hat."—Now, he has a wife, an amiable accomplished and beautiful lady, who loves him devotedly, and finds but one fault with him.—That is, his too frequent visit to the palace where these "bricks" are obtained.
After leaving his friends, Mr.— paused a moment, took his bearings, and having shaped a course, on the principle that conventional angles meet made soil for home.—In due course of time he arrived there, and was most astonished, and rather frightened to find his worthy lady sitting up for him. She always does. She smiled when he came in. That also she always does.
"How are you, dear E.?" said she, "you said out so late, that I feared you had been taken sick."
"He—ain't sick, wife; b-but don't you think I'm—I'm a little tight?"
"A very little, perhaps, my dear—but that is nothing—you have so many friends as you say, you must join them in a glass once in a while!"
"Wife, you're too good—th-the truth is, I'm d-d drunk."
"Oh, no, indeed, my dear—I'm sure that even another glass wouldn't hurt you take a glass of Scotch ale with me, just as a night-cap, dear E."
"You are too kind, my d-dear by half—I know I'm d-d drunk!"
"Oh, no only a julep too much, love—that's all!"
"Yes—juleps—McMaster makes such stiff uns!"
"Well, take a glass of ale at any rate—it can't hurt you, dear; I want one before I retire."
The lady hastened to open a bottle, and as she placed two tumblers before her on the sideboard, set put in one a very powerful emetic. Filling the glasses with the foaming ale, she handed one to her husband.
Suspicion came cloudily upon his mind. See never before had been so kind when he was drunk. He looked at the glass—raised it to his lips—then hesitated.
"Dear, w-won't you just taste mine, to make it sweet—sweeter?" said he.

"Certainly, love!" rebuked the lady, taking a mouthful, which she was careful not to swallow.
Suspicion vanished, and so did the ale, emetic and all, down the throat of the satisfied husband. After spitting out the lady finished her glass, but seemed in no hurry to retire. She fixed a foot-tub of water before an easy chair, as if she intended to bathe her beautiful little feet. But small as were those feet, there was not water enough in the tub to cover them. The husband began to feel sick, and he wanted to retire.
"Wait only a few minutes, dear," said the loving spouse, "I want to read the news in this afternoon's Delta. I found it in my pocket."
A few minutes more elapsed, and then— and then, oh ye gods and Dan o' the lake, what a time! The husband was placed in the chair. He began to understand why the tub was there; he soon learned what ailed him. Suffice it to say, that when he arose from that chair the brick had left his hat. It hasn't been there since. He says he'll never drink another julep; he can't bear Scotch ale, but he is death on lemonade. He loves his wife better than ever.
Reader, this is a truthful story. Profit by its moral.—N. O. Delta.
Two Remarkable Cats.
A gentleman residing in Saratoga county has upon his premises two cats, which afford the most remarkable and interesting exhibition of rational intellect. About fifteen years ago, his son, a lad five years old, obtained a young kitten, and made a constant plaything or companion of it. The young creature was extremely docile and affectionate, evincing unusual understanding. It followed its master about the neighborhood, as a dog would do. Obtained great size—was of a beautiful black, with a coat of fur almost as heavy as that of a fox—became a very skillful and successful hunter, and was called, from a peculiarity, "Long Tail."
Four or five years later, another young kitten was brought into the house, and was of color without a mother to feed and instruct it in hunting. This place was soon supplied by Long Tail. He exhibited all the maternal kindness and attachment for the young stranger, after a few days. He would lay with it, lick and fondle it with the tenderest care, doing all the duties of a mother except supplying it with milk, which being a male he could not conveniently do. Every day Long Tail would bring his little charge a mouse, and lay it before it, with the utmost seeming satisfaction. When the young one, which was afterwards named Striped, from the colour of his coat, had obtained a size sufficient to manage larger prey, he was daily supplied by his foster-parent with a squirrel. From one to three squirrels a day did Long Tail bring in, but was never seen to eat one himself. He always brought them alive, and calling his little one into the middle of the yard, where the squirrel could not easily escape, lay it before him. This operation was evidently for the purpose of instructing and practising on the prey. Striped would play sometimes an hour with the squirrel before devouring it—tossing it about suffering it to creep off to quite a distance, pretending not to see it, and then display his skill in overhauling it. A squirrel, when thus played with will feign great weakness and wounds, by limping, falling down, and using all sorts of schemes to reach a great distance, from its captor, in order to escape, by sudden effort, before it can be overtaken.
During these sports and lessons, Long Tail always sat, by an observer at a little distance off, feigning utter indifference and unconsciousness of what was going on; but he still kept a most vigilant watch over every movement; and when the squirrel had deceived Striped into allowing it too great liberty, and was about to escape, the watchful instructor, with the fleetness of lightning would spring upon and bring it back. If the squirrel was unusually sagacious and active, he would bite it a little, to make it more secure within young Striped's charge; otherwise he never hurt his prey at all before delivering it up to be practised upon.
This process occurred daily, until Striped obtained growth and strength sufficient to enable him to hunt for himself; and then Long Tail would take him out, and they would hunt together. At length aid and instruction were no longer needful, and each was left to pursue and devour its own game Striped reached an enormous size, but obtained all the beauty of proportion for strength and activity that distinguishes the panther and tiger races, the latter of which he strongly resembles. His coat is very long and fine, with rings of black, grey, brown and mouse color beautifully blended, running round the whole length of his body and tail, and with longitudinal stripes on the head and legs.
The old cat Long Tail is now about fifteen years of age. Two years ago he showed evident marks of old age, lost his activity and sprightliness and also, to a considerable extent, his hearing and became unable to hunt. The cats had always betrayed the greatest attachment for each other.