

Lehigh

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

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

VOLUME V.

ALLENTOWN, LEHIGH COUNTY, PA., AUGUST 14, 1851.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

NUMBER 45.

THE LEHIGH REGISTER,
Published in the Borough of Allentown, Lehigh County, Pa., every Thursday.

BY AUGUSTUS E. RUHE,
At \$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.

ADVERTISEMENTS, making not more than one square, will be inserted three times for one dollar and for every subsequent insertion twenty-five cents. Larger advertisements, charged in the same proportion. Those not exceeding ten lines will be charged seventy-five cents, and those making six lines or less, three insertions for 50 cents.

A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

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

Coachmaking Establishment
In Allentown.

ROBERT KRAMER,
Respectfully announces to his friends and the public in general, that he continues on an extensive scale, the

Coachmaking Business.
in all its various branches, at the old stand in West Hamilton Street, directly opposite Hagenduel's Hotel, where he is always prepared to manufacture to order at the shortest notice, and also keep on hand,

Parouches, Omnibusses, Rockaways, Carriages, York Wagons, Buggies, Sulkeys, &c. &c.

Which, for beauty and durability cannot be surpassed by any Coachmaker in the State or elsewhere, while his terms are as reasonable as those of any other establishment. He uses none but the best materials, and employs none but the best workmen—consequently, he intends that the vehicles manufactured at his establishment "shall take the shine off" of all others manufactured in this part of the country. He professes to understand his business by experience, and therefore assures the public that he is enabled to render satisfaction to his customers. Call and judge for yourselves.

Wooden or iron axletrees made to order; and repairing of all kinds done at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms.

Old vehicles taken in exchange for new ones at a good bargain.

ROBERT KRAMER,
July 10.

Allentown
Livery Establishment.

THE subscribers take this method to inform the public that they have lately entered into Partnership in the large "Livery Establishment" formerly owned by George Beisel. They have replenished their large stock of

HORSES, CARRIAGES &c.,
and continue the business at the old stand on William street, in the Borough of Allentown.

They will always be prepared to furnish their customers at the shortest possible notice with sure and gentle horses, good carriages and careful drivers, if requested.—Families can be suited at all times with vehicles to their particular tastes.

Their charges are reasonable, and in order to continue the high credit it has heretofore gained of being the "best livery establishment in Allentown," they will leave nothing undone to keep on hand the best and safest horses, the neatest and most splendid carriages, and sober and careful drivers.

Their charges are very reasonable and hope by strict attention to business to satisfy all those who may favor them with their custom.

HOFFMAN & COMPANY,
June 22.

B. FORBIST,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office one door east of Kolb's Hotel, Allentown, Lehigh county, Pa.
Allentown, March 28.

BANK NOTICE.

APPLICATION WILL BE MADE to the next Legislature of Pennsylvania, for the incorporation of a Bank, with general discount and other banking privileges, to be located at the Borough of Allentown, Lehigh county, to be called the "Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank," with a capital of One Hundred Thousand Dollars, with the privilege of increasing the same to Two Hundred Thousand Dollars.

Elk Stecker, Thomas B. Wilson,
Solomon Weaver, Joshua Hans,
Thomas Yeager, William R. Craig,
James E. Kline, John Wagner,
H. Schuerman, Joseph Dietrich,
Thomas B. Widner, Charles S. Massey,
June 26.

Poetical Department.

[From the Pictorial Drawing Room Companion.]
The Old Oak Tree.

It grew upon a fertile spot,
Within the sunny southern clime,
The vale where first my tiny heart
Thrilled to the tender touch of Time—
Where life was as a blooming buoy,
All fringed and tasselled o'er with joy.

'T was there with comrades blithe and gay,
In life's unclouded morn I played;
Ah! many a happy holiday
I've spent 'neath its ambrosial shade.
Nor time, nor change can steal from me
The memory of that Old Oak Tree.

Amid its leaves of grassy green,
The balmy breezes loved to play;
Sweet warblers there would sit unseen,
And blithely twitter all the day.
There, flocks from summer heat would flee,
And in its cooling shadows lie.

And tho' long years have winged away
Since last its green boughs sheltered me,
Fond memory begets to day,
The grandeur of that Old Oak Tree.
All other scenes may fade, and yet
That tree I never can forget.

Miscellaneous Selections.

A Chapter on Marriage.

BY ISABEL OLDEN.
[We comment the following sensible article to the consideration of all—the married as well as the unmarried. The latter, especially, have a deep interest in pondering upon the truth it contains. As for those who are already caged, and badly so, to them we recommend patience—such need much of the "marryer's spirit"—the only way is to make the best of it.]

I have heard a great deal, at divers times about the ordainings and leading of Providence in connection with this matter. It has been suggested that Providence may wisely ordain the union—no, I will not say union—the contrast of opposite qualities in marriage, that thereby the greatest amount of good may be distributed.

The learned shall instruct the ignorant, the refined shall polish the rude, the liberal dispense the gains of the covetous, and (I might also as well add) beauty reflect some of its attractiveness upon the face of ugliness. This is a very comfortable doctrine for one to preach who feels himself badly mated. Men love to throw their sins upon the shoulders of Providence if they can, or on circumstances, or even on the devil himself. It is an easy way of getting over a piece of egregious folly. No, my friend, just blame your own precipitancy or thoughtlessness, and let Providence go clear. As for circumstances, very likely you moulded them to suit your own views and gratify your own passions. I do not believe that Providence intended you to have any other than one of the best of wives. "A prudent (or good) wife is from the Lord." You see Scripture is plainly against you. If your wife is not a good one, i. e., adapted to your nature and circumstances, you cannot regard her as sent to you from God, except as a punishment to your sins. Had you taken the requisite pains, you might have found one just adapted to you. If there has been any leading of Providence in the case, very likely you took the lead yourself. This sort of leading of Providence is rife in the world.

I shall now address myself particularly to the unmarried, and more especially to the young men. I shall not say with Saint Paul, "Seek not a wife." I suppose you to be thinking about the matter, perchance to be a "seeker." Yet I would say seek not unless thou seekest rightly. I tell thee, friend, it is the most important step of thy life, as thou mayest hereafter find. Pause, therefore, and consider a little. Think what thou shouldst love most, and what thou shouldst love the longest. Believe me, you can love just as deeply, and far more safely, if your reason and judgment have been considerable to say in connection with this business. I go for love the deepest, strongest, and most lasting kind, and I am sure that reason is no enemy of this.

If you suffer yourself to be blinded by mere show and glitter, and are at the same time led by some blind Cupid, you at least, will be likely to "fall into the ditch." I have known those who have regretted that in the choice of a wife, they were led so much by passion and so little by reason, or were so thoughtless in a matter of so great importance. Many, very many, bestow far more pains in the choice of a house, a horse, or even a dress, than in the selection of a wife or husband. The house must be carefully examined, the good points of the horse looked to and the dress turned over and over; but a companion for life, the sharer of our joys and sorrows, the manager of all our domestic concerns—this is nothing—hit or miss—here goes. I say be not hasty in this business. Look—think, before you commit yourself. A knot of this kind is easily tied, but like the old Gordian knot, it cannot be untied. Death alone can cut it, and I would not have you think him long in coming.

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One of the great objects for which marriage was instituted is, as I conceive, the intellectual and moral improvement of the parties. The object is a high, permanent one. The union should be formed with a view to the whole life here and hereafter. How few look upon the matter in this light, and enter upon it with such views! Something transcendent,—Utopian,—can't be made to enter into every day's life. Ha! say you so? They are the only views worthy of the union of two immortal beings. They who marry with such views and feelings will be married body and soul both. "The highest happiness can rest on no sure foundation but that which is laid in the human soul.—Beauty, wealth, equipage, all that is outward, may be swept away in a moment, or, if continued, may not satisfy.

Intellectual and moral qualities are a more sure possession. Time serves but to improve them, and the enjoyment of them never cloy. Marry your wife's soul. Let its qualities attract you. Then, every acquisition which she makes, every day's experience, every book she reads will aid in her onward progress, and render her more capable of ministering to your improvement and happiness. Do you want a wife capable of assisting you to become wiser and better, as well as to patch your clothes, darn your stockings, or cook your dinner? Ah! alas! how many think a woman need to know nothing else. Such might almost as well marry a thread and needle, a knitting machine, or a cooking stove.

What if you are a mechanic, a farmer, or a day-laborer? May not, ought not mechanics, farmers and day-laborers to grow wiser and better? Have you not a virtuous soul, capable of improvement? And do you not want a wife with a soul? Darning stockings and cooking dinners are important affairs, (the latter especially,) and may be peculiarly so to you. I know not, however, why a woman with a soul—feeling, thinking, cultivated soul—may not do these things. There is no good reason why you should not take the most elevated views of this subject, and go about this business in a sensible, rational manner. Do you say— "Only can scarcely find the article you recommend?" Somewhat difficult, I follow. But it is to be feared that little demand exists for wives of this sort. Let the demand become general, and the articles (speaking after the manner of men) will soon come to market. Higher ground must be taken, higher views must be inculcated. The subject, the whole subject of marriage must be understood and felt, and husband and wives must be educated in view of it, ere they can become all to each other what God designed.

I have urged deliberation upon the unmarried. It is irresponsible to a wise choice. Do you remember saying, "Marry in haste and repent at leisure?" pray, will tell you yet a few years older. You need the ripest judgment possible for this business. The eye of sixteen do not see things in the same light as do the eyes of twenty-three or four. Seven or eight years at this period of your life will improve your vision wonderfully, especially if you look well about you. Get old enough to understand your wants tolerably well. Study your own nature. What are your predominant tastes? Good ones of course. What will probably be your avocation in life? What qualities in a wife will be likely to render you the most happy as years roll on? Let the points be well looked to ere you make your choice. Perhaps I can sum up all in one word.

Get a companion—one who will enter heart and soul into your pursuits, who has the power to do so, the disposition to do so whom you can trust to do so, who can read, with you if you read, study with you if you study, who shall possess a full sympathy with you in most or in all things, who can minister to the higher and more refined wants of your nature, and who will be likely to stir you up to noble endeavors. A doll or a baby cannot do this. A woman; is at one capable of it. You need a mind that will travel with your own. So shall you have a companion. There are wives and husbands who yet are not companions. It would be a sad thing to feel that in the highest and most delightful walks of life, in the regions of taste, of intellectual beauty, you are, though married, alone, all alone; your house well taken care of, your dinners and suppers and all that well got up, but in the highest, best pleasure of life—alone. Alas for then! Look well, then, to this business.

Do not be afraid of a woman possessed of a well cultivated mind. Do not adopt the vulgar error of supposing that such a woman must needs be very unfit for the care of a household; must know very little of domestic affairs; that indeed, all this must, as a matter of course, be sacrificed, if intellectual cultivation exists to any extent. I do not believe it. It is a foul slander on the sex. You will generally find that those women who possess the best cultivated minds, are the best managers at home. I admit exceptions. They do, however, but

prove the rule. And why should it not be so? The best disciplined and most highly polished mind, one might naturally suppose, would apply itself with great advantage to the management of domestic affairs. So I am persuaded it will be found, notwithstanding the sneers and saws about "blue stockings," and "literary bodies," "domestic every day duties," and all that.

Some people's ideas of domestic duties seem to be entirely circumscribed by the walls of their kitchens. Such most surely think that the "chief end of man" is to feed, clothe and sleep well, or that woman was designed to be the servant of man's lower appetites, and not a companion of his whole being. And has she indeed no higher mission than this? Is this the "help" designed by Providence as "meet" for man? Is this your view of the matter? Go live in Turkey, friend. Turn Turk. You shall have soulless women for this world, and a hour for the next, if Islamism be true. I repeat it, be not afraid of mental culture. If you can appreciate it in a wife, by all means seek it in her.

And intellectual sympathy is perhaps deeper than any other, and will bind friends more strongly together than ought beside. It is a sympathy between the highest faculties of our nature, the immortal part. You cannot enjoy the highest happiness of which you are capable with a wife who is not able to meet to some extent the higher wants of your nature; with whose spirit yours cannot in most cases blend. You cannot truly marry outward beauty, or money, or lands, or houses. You have a soul, and cannot join it to those things. You can really marry only a human soul, harmonizing in the tasteful and beautiful with your own.

A few words to the married. Are you just married? Then the recollection of the days of courtship are yet fresh. Keep it up. Do not cease to court because you are married, the very reason of all others why you should continue to do so. Your opportunities for this now are far better than they were before. Be just as careful of each other's feelings, and just as solicitous to retain each other's good opinion as before. "Fix up" as smartly for each other's society as before. Go right on doing all that is gallant and handsome as before. Your lover, madam, was a gentleman. Your mistress, sir, was a lady. Shall not the husband and wife remain the lady and gentleman? Do not forget your courtesy, madam. Give the best of these to each other. Do you madam, study your husband's taste and character. Understand him fully. If you are wise, (this is a secret) you may manage him altogether, and he, good man, will know nothing about it. If he be given to reading and study, do you read and study with him if possible. If he is fond of having things sing and quiet to you take a great deal of pains to have things so. Include him to all that is good and noble. You will find your account in it.

Are you ill married? Are you suffering the consequences of thoughtlessness? Matches of thoughtlessness are by far the most numerous in the world, and you, perhaps, are among the multitude. Well, you need much of the "marryer's spirit." You must make the best of it. One good thing you may do; you may prevent others by your advice and influence, from doing in this matter as foolishly as you have done. If you have children save them from the rock on which your hopes have split. Do not marry your son or daughter to a human body with a farm, or so much bank stock on to it. You can fuse gold with gold, and you can mingle dirt with dirt; but unless you possess creative power you cannot blend the immaterial with the material. If a young man comes to court your daughter, do not consider it a good match, merely because he may be "well to do" in the world. How many marry for a "home," but by no means find a "sweet" one. Only think of a fine, sensible, cultivated, intellectual girl, tied to a plodding, utilitarian sort of a fellow, who can no more appreciate her than did the cock the jewel which he scratched up. Horrible! Make good use of your own experience in this matter, so shall you turn your folly to good account.

Are you well married; really well married? Sit down and sing the old song of "O my happy marriage." You can well afford to sing. You are of the few who have got into the narrow way of matrimonial felicity. Providence has smiled (I want to say, I laugh, broadly) upon you. You have many a pleasant smile and good home- laugh at home. I'll warrant. How I should like to "drop in" some evening, and spend an hour or two at your comfortable fire-side, just for the sake of seeing a well-married couple; a *rara avis*, truly!—I leave you to your enjoyment.

VERY FINX.—I say, Mr. Johnson, did you here "bout de catlepsy dat befel Philips?"
"Oh course I did't; what was it?"
"You see, de doctor ordered a blister on her chest; well, as she hadn't no chest, no how, she put 'um on de band box, and it drawed her new' bonnet all out ob shape, and spile 'um intirely."

German Student Life.

As you walk the streets of a German university town you cannot fail to remark the groups of students, distinguished by their picturesque dress and black port-folios from all around them. Most of them wear the sign of their respective "chores" or college societies—a small colored cap, yellow, green, white, or red and silver, according as the wearer is a "Swabian," "Yankee," "Prussian," or "Westphalian" chor-lehrer—the quarter from which he comes, however, by no means determining his college associations. Indeed the Berlin and other Prussian students at Heidelberg not infrequently are members of the Swabian and Westphalian chores. "You must notice, also, that upon very many faces there are one or more scars that rather injure the expression of a set of uncommonly handsome countenances. And if you ask the cause, you are told that these are the trophies won in the duelling room. When you are further informed that the authorities have no control over the students, (who are answerable to their own faculty alone,) and that from one to three or four duels occur daily, you can hardly help regarding a German university as a very turbulent and lawless place. So much for "first impressions." But go with me to view the actual combat before your judgment is pronounced. Through the kindness of an acquaintance I was enabled to be present at the meeting of two rather noted combatants, which took place as usual in the half of a little secluded inn, opposite Heidelberg.

The introduction was hardly necessary—you have only to be known as a stranger, to come and go freely. When we entered, the ante-room was occupied by the parties to the first duel, and their seconds and assistants, who were dressing their principals. Others were lounging about, smoking and handing the weapons, laughing and chattering as if it were no very serious affair. I saw the whole process of robing. The right arm was first enveloped in bandages of silk, then a stuffed sleeve drawn over it, so as to cover it entirely, and at the same time to encumber the arm so much that the duellist must support it upon the shoulder of a friend, who stood by him for the purpose. Then a padded leather breast-guard fastened behind, covered him from knee to throat; he drew on a thick stuffed glove, but with long stuffed wrists; donned a cap, also stuffed with a long leather visor that shielded his face, was pronounced ready, and led to his place on one side of the larger hall. By one side stood his second, similarly guarded but in a less degree, and on the other the arms supporter. The "schlagers," a pointless double-edged sword, with a basket hilt, very litha and flexible blade, and a length of about two and one-half feet, was given to each of the principals and to each second, and everything was prepared.

No combat may last more than fifteen minutes, exclusive of pauses for rest, and the umpire stood with watch in hand and gave the word, "Fertig, ready 'Los!" (Go.) All four advanced to meet each other, holding their weapons "en garde," the hilt elevated and the point downwards, and the seconds, who are to parry and not strike, keeping close behind their principals. They were soon met, when a blow was struck, both seconds interposed their blades, cried "halt!" and all four marched back again. This was repeated again and again until the time was up, and then the two heroes were unpacked and—"satisfied." By this you see there are two men to guard, and but one to strike each blow—and nothing but the end of the nose, the tips of the ears, and a small portion of each cheek, can possibly be hit; every where else a sword-proof armor defends them. But one blow is allowed, and no faint is permissible; indeed, the sword can scarcely cross before the word is given to stop, and the swords of the seconds interposed. They run no possible risk except of an ugly scar, and of that not much. I saw two duels fought, in which neither was touched, though the second pair fought with much spirit, and one of them was left-handed—a fact which gave him no little advantage. The principal damage was done to the weapons, two or three of which were snapped in the course of the fight.

Regarded as duels, the student combats are absurd; they are nothing more than a sword exercise, attended with the risk of an unbecomingly and disgusting scratch. They certainly afford again a very moral law no more than a foot-ball match, and therefore forbidden by the university statutes, they are perfectly notorious, and never interfered with. You may see in the print shop windows a large lithograph, representing a duellist's duel, with all the figures and likenesses (and very good ones,) and to make assurance doubly sure, the autograph fac simile of each is beneath the print.

Any other combat is extremely rare, and only occurs when some serious quarrel is the cause. Within two days, however, the first meeting for "mortal quarrel," for a year past, has taken place. The parties fought with sabres, and undefended by armor. Otherwise the same regulations as to time and the interposition of the seconds

were observed. One of the principals was severely if not fatally wounded by a cut over the head, and now lies in great danger.—The other fled immediately beyond the Badois frontier. Another such will not probably occur for two or three years, and duels with the pistol are almost unheard of. So that, as you may see—the student's life is a far more peaceable one than "first impressions" would lead one to suppose.

Santa Anna Passing the Blockading Squadron.

Lieut. Semmes, in his "Service Afloat and Ashore," gives the following interesting account of the passage of Santa Anna through the American blockading squadron at Vera Cruz. It will be recollected that the commander of the squadron was specially instructed by the President to allow the Mexican chieftain to pass freely:

"Early in August, while the squadron was lying at anchor under Green Island, keeping watch and ward over the enemy's city and castle of Vera Cruz, the seaman on the look-out at the masthead of the St. Mary's then cruising on the blockade, descried the smoke of a steamer. As this was not the regular day for the appearance of any of the English mail steamers—which had been permitted to pass in and out of the beleaguered port without question, the English Government pledged itself for their faithful conduct as neutrals—the smoke of a steamer was a novelty in this now lonely and deserted part of the Mexican gulf.—The St. Mary's in due time, placed herself in a position to intercept the stranger in her approach to the city; and, as the latter came up within hailing distance, she ordered her 'heave to,' while a boat was being sent on board of her. The boat being in readiness in a few minutes, a lieutenant jumped into her, and, with a few strokes of the oars from the sinewy arms of his seamen, placed himself alongside the steamer.

The steamer being evidently a merchant vessel, the lieutenant was surprised to find himself received with much ceremony and courtesy at the gangway. Making his way on deck and explaining the object of his visit to the Captain, he was conducted into the cabin, where he was ushered into the society of a circle of gentlemen, evidently Spaniards or Mexicans, from their olive complexions, black hair and eyes, and pointed and curled mustaches. It was obvious, also, at the first glance, that most, if not all these gentlemen, although dressed in plain or citizens' clothes, wore military men, and persons of bearing and distinction. After a moment's pause, the Captain, as though he had purposely prepared a surprise for the boarding officer, turned towards him, and making a graceful motion with his right hand at the same time, in the direction of one of the gentlemen, who, though of the ordinary height and figure, seemed, by his commanding air and manner, to be the chief of the party, said, "Allow me to present you, sir, to General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna." The officer started back at first in a little surprise, but soon recovered himself, advanced cordially towards the General, and extending his hand, a mutual interchange of civilities took place.

In a few moments Senora Santa Anna, (a second wife) a handsome blonde, with deep blue eyes and auburn hair, and still in the bloom of early womanhood, joined the party and was presented to the officer, who saluted her in turn with becoming gallantry and respect. General Almonde, late Minister of the United States, was also present as one of the General's suite, and speaking our language well, acted as interpreter on the occasion. Gen. Santa Anna having explained briefly who he was—although such explanation was entirely unnecessary, and that he purpose going into Vera Cruz, with the permission of the Commodore, the boarding officer, after sitting as long as courtesy required, and perhaps a little longer than strict regard to duty permitted, in homage to the lady's charms—a petticoat being quite an unusual sight to us rough blockaders, about this time—withdraw to report "progress" to his commanding officer, and to ask for orders in the novel case which had occurred.

The commander, who had been prepared by the commodore, for the contingency, forthwith dispatched the boat back again, and directed the officer at the same time that he should present his compliments to General Santa Anna, and say to him, on the part of the commodore, that "he could proceed to Vera Cruz with his suite as he desired;" whereupon the steamer Arab shot boldly out from under the lee of the blockading vessel, and in an hour or two more landed the distinguished passenger, "big with the fate" of Mexico safely in the desired haven.—That night the roar of cannon and the bursting of rockets in the air, testified the joy of the fickle Vera Cruzanos at the return of their lost Coriolanus; and it soon transpired that the wily peñe maker who had so handsomely duped our Cabinet at Washington, had put himself at the head of the ultra party and proclaimed—in common with acting President Salas, whom he hastened to join with—"no quarter to the Yankee."