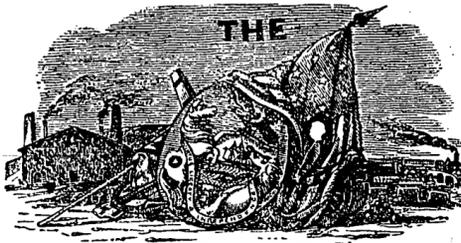


Lehigh



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.

VOLUME V.

ALLENTOWN, LEHIGH COUNTY, PA., AUGUST 21, 1851.

NUMBER 46.

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

BY AUGUSTUS L. 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."

PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, the Hon. J. Pringle Jones, President of the several Courts of Common Pleas of the Third Judicial District, composed of the counties of Northampton and Lehigh, State of Pennsylvania, and Justice of the several Courts of Oyer and Terminer and general Jail delivery, and Peter Haas, and John E. Ruhe, Esqrs., Judges of the Courts of Oyer and Terminer and general Jail delivery, for the trial of all capital offenders in the said county of Lehigh. By their precepts to me directed, have ordered the court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, to be held at Allentown county of Lehigh, on the

First Monday in September, 1851, which is the 1st day of said month, and will continue one week.

Notice is therefore hereby given to the Justices of the Peace and Constables of the county of Lehigh, that they are by the said precepts commanded to be there at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, of said day, with their rolls, records, inquisitions, examinations, and all other remembrances, to do those things which to their offices appertain to be done, and all those who are bound by recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or then shall be in the jail of said county of Lehigh, are to be then and there to prosecute them as shall be just.

Given under my hand in Allentown, the 1st day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty one.

God save the Commonwealth.

JOSEPH F. NEUHAARD, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office Allentown, August 7, 1851.

N. B. Magistrates are desired to forward their returns in criminal cases to the Deputy Attorney General at once, and to request prosecutors to call at his office before court, and thus afford sufficient time to prepare the indictments, and other matters necessary for trial. The amount of unsettled business renders this at present absolutely necessary.

August 7.

TRIAL LIST,

SEPTEMBER TERM 1851.

- 1 Samuel & Thomas Daniel, vs. Joseph Daniel.
- 2 Haberacker & Ritz, vs. John G. Goun, die & others.
- 3 United Brethren, vs. John Blank and others.
- 4 George Miller, Son & Co. vs. Nathan German.
- 5 Daniel Smith & wife, vs. Joshua Grim & wife.
- 6 Nathan Dresher, vs. Thomas Craig.
- 7 Jacob De Long, vs. William Mohr.
- 8 Jonathan K. Knauss, vs. Gideon Hallenbach.
- 9 H. & D. Peter, vs. John Treichler.
- 10 Jacob Rex, vs. George Rex.
- 11 George Benighoff & wife, vs. Conrad Rader, Jr.
- 12 John Fuss, vs. Jacob F. Heiter.
- 13 John Merkel & wife, vs. Bertram Seip.
- 14 Elias Ditlow, vs. Jonathan Ditlow.
- 15 Solomon Hausman & others, vs. Samuel Lightcap.

NATHAN MILLER, Prothonotary.

August 7.

Dissolution of Partnership.

Notice is hereby given, that the Partnership heretofore existing in the "Milling Business" between John and William Bern, in Salisbury township, Lehigh county, has been dissolved by mutual consent on the sixth of July, 1851.

All Persons who are yet indebted in the Books of the said firm are requested to call at the Mill within 60 days from the date hereof, and settle their accounts, after which times the books will be placed in the hands of a Justice for collection.

JOHN BERT. WILLIAM BERT.

July 31.

JOB PRINTING,
Neatly executed at the "Register" Office.

Miscellaneous Selections.

The Mormon Prophet.

One lovely day, at noon, in August, 1850, the inhabitants of the little village of R— in Lincolnshire, were unusually stirring. Groups of men and boys in working attire might have been seen collected here and there. Women lingered on the threshold of their dwellings, unwilling, by an attention to their domestic avocations, to lose one iota of that piquant dish, called scandal, which "in every age in every clime," appears so well to suit the feminine palate.—The appearance of two strange horsemen, approaching this out-of-the-way village, slightly diversified the tention of our rustic *dramatis personæ*, until now wholly engrossed with a more immediate object of interest. Let us follow the example of the good people of R—, and take a glance at their physiognomy and appearance.—The elder of these equestrians possessed a visage at once striking and unprepossessing. Intellect marred by low cunning—fanaticism mingled with, if not overpowered by, hypocrisy—tips that vainly endeavored to curb an habitual contemptuous smile—eyes now flashing with scornful pride now raised to heaven with an air of sanctified humility—such were the prevailing characteristics of his countenance. His dress, without being remarkable for singularity, was arranged more for effect than in accordance with the prevailing fashion of the day. His companion formed a pleasing contrast to this repelling personage.—He was young and handsome; his features more expressive of good-nature than common sense, and he evidently appertained to a class common enough in agricultural districts, wealthy gentlemen farmers.

"Dreaming still of the beautiful unbeliever!" exclaimed the elder, in a voice more powerful than melodious; "can unutterable bliss be obtained without sacrifice?" "Sacrifice!" retorted the young man, "sacrifice! Was it nothing, think you, to leave childless an aged mother? nothing to relinquish my own true-hearted Marion? Nothing?—and for what?"

"Patience, my son," interrupted the first speaker, "this day—the voice of the Most High has proclaimed it to me—this day shall the truth be made manifest; powerful whirlwind when it rushes headlong on its course, pure as the drops that glisten in the sun, boundless as the expanse of the starry worlds, eternal as the city of the Lord.—Yes, my pupil," he continued in an elevated tone, "this day shall thy future destiny be decided—this day shall prove me a prophet or a deceiver."

As he concluded these words, they entered the one long solitary street of R— "Hollo!" he cried, as he reined in his horse at the Rose and Crown, which from time immemorial had enjoyed a state of singular blessedness as the sole inn of the village. "What! all the world turned holiday-seekers? Alas! poor misguided mortals groping in darkness!"

His pathetic exordium was here unfortunately curtailed by the shrill voice of an old woman in a flaming red cloak, who, in that musical (?) patois, impossible to be conveyed upon paper, peculiar to the rustic denizens of fenny Lincolnshire, exclaimed: "Thee munna gang there; mon; you'll be clean left to shift for yoursen."

"And why my good woman?" "Good woman, forsooth! none o' your gaminers here. Take my word and ride off from that ere bad luckit'ous;" and the "good woman," having delivered this mysterious injunction drew her scarlet robe more closely around her, to screen her person, we presume, from the scorching rays of the sun, and slowly hobbled away.

"What's all this about?" cried our pious friend, waxing more wrathful than became his saintly character; "call the master; our horses are tired out. What's the matter with the house?"

"Why, sir," answered a boy in a smock who stood at the horse's head; "why, sir, there be a dead man in the ouse, and," he added in a whisper, "our Mag says as how there was summat wrong."

"Fools!" said the traveller, turning to his young companion, whom we will call Philip Rivers, "let us alight, and solve the mystery for ourselves;" and suiting the action to the word, he sprang from his saddle, and quietly led his horse beneath the old fashioned portal of the inn. Philip followed. Boniface soon appeared, but with none of that smiling visage or honeyed speech which usually distinguishes mine host.—No bills of fare were in his hand, no praise of forthcoming dainties on his lips; all he brought into the presence of our travellers was a countenance as woe-begone as generally greets a hand-cuff or a sheriff's officer.

"How now, my friend," and the senior equestrian, "does death so rarely visit your fellow-villagers that this sudden appearance causes such great sensation?" "Is an awful business, sir," said the republican, who seemed superior to his station; "but walk in, and if you would hear the history and give a word of advice, why there's none would be so grateful as Sam Winger—that is myself."

"Let us accept his proffered confidence," whispered the Mormon priest; "inscrutable are the ways of God; who can say—but let us enter."

For the benefit of our readers we will condense the incoherent Sam Winger's narrative into a few words. A stranger had arrived here yesterday evening, had retired to rest, and that morning been found lifeless in his bed.

"It was not only his dying," continued the disconsolate innkeeper, "though that was bad enough, for never a body would sleep in the room again if they heard on't; but I have inmates in the place, and Bessie Walters and Bill Jowler," (and a host of other rusticated cognomens), "had spread it about there must be something wrong in so sudden a death. What can I do?"

"Is there no clergyman," inquired Philip, "that could have advised you in the matter?" "Clergyman!" echoed Sam Winger, "sorrow a bit of a parson do we see here, except on Sunday; he lives at 'Ocher village.'" "Are there no medical men within reach?" pursued Philip.

"Lor bless your honor!" cried Sam, "and who'd pay for a dead man's doctor's stuff? and I've been so flurried like, and my misus' (anglic, wife,) is away, but I'll send Joe at once that I will," and he hastened to the door.

"Stay!" exclaimed the mormon, "stay and witness the power of the Prophet of the Lord, the dead restored to life." But first I would see the corpse—lead on.

His voice was commanding, his manner impressive; in a few moments he was ushered into the chamber of the dead. The body of the unfortunate man was stretched upon the couch; a few straggling beams that forced a way through the closet shutters fell upon his countenance, from which all color had fled; the lips and face were tearful from the very intensity of their pallor, the eyelids were firmly closed, and the night-dress in which the body was still arrayed, seemed like the shroud ready to inclose those rigid and lifeless limbs.

"Nothing is impossible to a priest of Jerusalem," said the *sai disant* prophet to his prayer every thing is conceded; heaven and earth before it bend. Go, assemble your friends, your neighbors; let all behold the miracle, let all rejoice and believe."

It took some time before Sam Winger could fully comprehend what was required of him, but the papers outside were speedy in obeying the summons to come and see the strange gentleman bring the dead man to life. The apartment, which was tolerably large, was soon crowded with spectators.—We will spare you, gentle readers, the prophet's oration; it was, like his ordinary conversation, more replete with fine sounding verbiage than common sense, but it told upon his simple and illiterate hearers, as was soon manifest by the awe-stricken countenances of all his auditors. All did we say? No! there was one sturdy looking fellow, Jim the butcher, a perfect personification of John Bull, who, with arms skimming, stood by the preacher with a look of irreverent unfriendliness.

"Now," said he when our friend the prophet had concluded, "I be no scholar; I be a plain, spoken man, but I'd like to ask you question or so. You say as how you can make that ere dead body alive again?"

"Yes!" exclaimed the Mormon, resuming his oratorical voice and gesture; "yet! at my command those eyes shall open to the light, those pallid lips shall smile and speak, the blood shall once more warmly flow through those motionless limbs, the spirit of life again shall animate the clay."

"Well," continued the imperturbable butcher; "but if I was to chop off an arm of his'n, would he come to life w'out his arm?"

"Assuredly answered the prophet.

"And if I chopped off his leg, would he come to life then?"

"Assuredly," was again the reply; "but we waste time—let us pray."

"Stop a wee bit," pursued the butcher; "if I chopped off his heede, would he come to life then, eh?"

"Certainly, my friend; all is possible to the prophet of Jerusalem."

"Then I'll do it," cried Jim in a thundering voice, pushed his way to the head of the couch, and raising his cleaver in the air; "here goes."

Hollo! hollo! shrieked the dead man, jumping up; "I'd rather not have my head chopped off this bout, any how."

The spectators, men, women, and children, screamed wildly, and threw one another down in their haste to depart. In an incredibly short time, mine host, the butcher, and Philip Rivers were alone left with the ex-corpse. Jim, laughing heartily, approached the resuscitated man, and seizing him, exclaimed,— "Now, measter, we'll put a bit polish on your face," and lo! a few energetic rubs transferred the chalk from that worthy's face to Jim's blue apron. But where is the prophet? Has he not remained to witness this wonderful resurrection? No; the sagacious Mormon, finding that instead of a bevy of dupes he had caught a Tarter, has

tily decamped in the general confusion, and his confederate, thus left in the lurch, confessed the whole conspiracy. It is almost unnecessary to add, that after this occurrence no Mormon ever again ventured even the shadow of his nose in R—, and Philip Rivers, for whose edification the little episode had principally been concocted, returned to his home a wiser and a happier man. The last we heard of him was his marriage with his fair Marion, and doubtless he finds matrimonial bliss the best safeguard against the seductions of religious fanatics, and we would counsel all whose heads are a little inclined to be led by the last new-fangled doctrine to follow his example.—*Tail's Magazine.*

The Midnight Struggle.

It was on the 3d of June, 1847, that Col. McIntosh left Vera Cruz for the main army then at Puebla, with a train carrying a large amount of funds of gold and silver for the use of the pay subsistence and Quartermaster's Department. He had not penetrated into the interior more than 15 miles, when he met a most determined resistance. He immediately apprised General Cadwalader, then at Vera Cruz of his position and the necessity for reinforcements. On the 10th of June, that General, with a force of 500 men, came to the assistance of McIntosh at "Puente de los Vegas," where he assumed the command, and at noon on the 11th took up the line of march for "Puente Nacional," or the National Bridge, five and a half miles distant, where he designed encamping for the night.

It was becoming dark when the vanguard arrived at the east end of the bridge, and it was about eleven o'clock P. M. when the rear guard passed over. During these three or four hours, our brave troops were receiving the fire of their murderous assailants without permission to return it. "This was a severe test for new troops. The details of this dreadful and bloody night have never yet been placed before the public.—I shall not attempt to record its horrors.—I merely give an account of the following singular incident.

A little after midnight, when all was quiet as death, save the moaning of the wounded and the heavy breathing of the toil-worn soldier, a single shot was heard. The report came from the direction of the picket of the bridge, and appeared to have proceeded from a distance beyond it, and to the right of the fork overlooking the bridge, and the circuitous road approaching it.

Those who have been in actual service in a campaign, will at once imagine the excitement of the alarm. A shot fired near a camp, especially where the enemy is known to be in the vicinity, is always a signal for the troops to jump on their feet, and the companies or regiments to form in line, and "stand at ease," waiting the report of the officer of the guard, whose duty it is to ascertain the cause of the alarm. This was ordinarily the case during the campaign in Mexico; but the present was extraordinary in the highest degree. We were in a measure encompassed on all sides by a ruthless foe. They had a bitter revenge to seek, and their thirst for gold was strongly tempered. Here were two strong and marked characteristics of the Mexican made keenly active, impelling our enemy to put forth more than his usual pertinacity of purpose. They had already spread havoc in our ranks. Some of our brave comrades lay dead near us, and others were suffering from mortal and severe wounds.

Our troops, too, thirsted for vengeance; but there was little prospect of that strong feeling being gratified. The incoherent "chapparel," its thorny thickets and rocky fastness were at this time sufficient barriers to protect them from the American rifle.—Scarcely had the sound reverberated among the lofty mountains knobs and died away in the distance, ere our gallant fellows were in the ranks, awaiting the summons to meet the foe, or return to their stone-paved couches. An electric shock would not have brought them to their feet sooner than the supposed discharge of a Mexican "escopet."

Being on duty I proceeded to ascertain the cause of the alarm. I first went to the picket on the bridge, and interrogated the corporal on duty there, but failed in obtaining any explicit information from him. After making all the inquiry possible, with no better success, I returned and reported the fruitless result, when the companies were again ordered to rest on their arms.

Again all were wrapt in slumber, save those whose duty it is to watch. Nothing was heard but the firm and measured tread of the weary sentinel, and the steady step of the officers whose duty it is to go the rounds and see that all was well. Matters were in this desirable condition, when the stillness was broken by the quick tread of persons approaching, making inquiry for the officer of the guard, who soon presented himself. Immediately one of the guards stepped forward saluted the officer, and reported that he had under his charge two American soldiers who had voluntarily surrendered themselves to the pickets near the river and in the direction of the fork. The officer then made inquiry, and received the

following explanation from the soldiers. One was a cavalry and the other an infantry soldier. They had both left their respective quarters, which were wide apart, alone for the purpose of going to the river Rio Antiqua, to slake their thirst, which was extreme. The infantry man was cautiously armed with his musket; the dragoon imprudently ventured so near the enemy unarméd. They met near the river brink, each supposing the other a Mexican guerilla.

Both challenged at the same moment.—Neither answered.—The infantry man raised his musket and fired! His now ferocious antagonist bounded forward, for they were, when they first met, but a few paces apart, and clasped his victim with what he intended should be the grip of death. The struggle was long and desperate. No eye was upon them save the "All seeing Eye." The darkness was great, made extremely so by the proximity of the surrounding mountains and thickets.

The night was calm, and the water, as it dashed against the rocks, rolling and foaming along on its rough course, was the only element that appeared to disturb the perfect stillness which surrounded the horrid and unnatural struggle. The stars twinkled in the blue vault above, but their glimmering though beautiful, was faint; and instead of dispelling the darkness, served to increase it, and add to the sombreness and desolation of the scene.

When the strength of both was well nigh spent, an exclamation which I call to my mind, came from the one who was about to be overcome, which arrested the attention of his antagonist, and caused him to desist. Explanations were hurriedly made, and the return to camp, and surrender to the guard, the consequence.

The officer of the guard directed them to the surgeon. The infantry man's shot, which had been the cause of the alarm, had taken effect in the fleshy part of his supposed enemy's arm, and it was bleeding profusely. They went away rejoicing at their happy escape. I never saw them again. Whether they lived to meet the foe, and pass through the fiery and brilliant conflicts which shortly ensued, and to return to their sweet native hills to gladden the hearts of their friends and to enjoy the delights of home, or were permitted by an inscrutable Providence to pass through this danger to find a grave upon a bloody field, and in an inhospitable clime, is of course unknown to the writer, who has briefly penned the facts of which he was cognizant.

Newspaper Collecting.

My dear sir: I have just returned from a tour through this State, and proceed to furnish you with an account of my labors and success. I have been gone for three months, and assure you, in all sincerity, that I am fully satisfied. You furnished me a list of one hundred and seventeen owing subscribers, as you will recollect. I have called upon one hundred and four of them and have the honor of paying over to your order three dollars and twelve and one-half cents, being the amount to which you are entitled. I return you the list numbered 1 to 117, and now give you the reply of each.

No. 1—Is a minister. He says, in the first place, he never got one-half of the numbers, (a lie according to the account of the Postmaster, and in the next place, your joker's column was too scrupulous. He can't think of aiding to sustain a paper that advertises horse races and gander pulling.—Besides, he knows from the tone of your editorials, that you drink, and paying you would only be the means of your ending your days in the kennel. He wonders at your impudence in sending him his bill, after publishing the account of the great prize fight between Left Handed Smokes and Battering Bill. He wants nothing to do with you—never wants to hear from you again.

No. 2—Is in jail for debt. He says he would pay with the utmost cheerfulness if he only had the money, but had to borrow a shirt to put on last Sunday. Admires your paper wonderfully, and hopes you will continue sending it to him. He wishes you to take a bold stand in favor of the abolition of imprisonment for debt, as he thinks it would be a very popular move with gentlemen in his situation. If you send him any more papers he hopes that you will see that the postage is paid, as otherwise he will be unable to enjoy your lucubrations. Sends his best respects.

No. 3—Is a young doctor. Says your paper is beneath the notice of a gentleman. Would not give a— for a cart load. Says you inserted an article reflecting on the profession. Only wishes he could catch you here—would make you smell.—Is going to persuade everybody that takes your paper to stop it. Cuss'd your bill, and says you may collect it the best way you can.

No. 4—Is an old maid. Says you are always taking a fling at single ladies of an uncertain age. Would not pay you if she was rolling in wealth, and you had not cash enough to buy a crust of bread. Sent all the papers she had back a month ago and says now that she sent them back, she don't owe you anything. Says she is even with you, and intends to keep so until the day of

judgement. Asked me not to tell you that you are no gentleman, or you would not under take to slander a large and respectable class of female population of the country.

No. 5—Is a gander—a sporting gentleman. Says he got completely cleaned out last week at the races. Could not accommodate his grandmother with a half dime if she was starving. Likes your paper tolerably—would like it better if you published more races, and would occasionally give an account of a cock fight. Liked the description of the prize amazing—it redeemed a multitude of your faults. Hopes you won't think hard of him for not paying you now; but has got a prospect of some loose change, as he is after a rich young greenhorn who arrived here last week. Will pay your bill out of the pluckings.

No. 6—Is an old drunkard. Has not got anything, and never expects to have. Gathered up all the papers that he had and sold them for a half pint of rum to the doggerkeeper to wrap groceries in. Which you would send him a pile, as they cost him no postage, his brother-in-law being post-master, and permitting him to take out his letters for nothing. Winked at me when I presented your bill, and inquired if I was not a distant relation of the man that butted the bull off the bridge.

No. 7—Is a magistrate. Swore he never owed you a cent, and told me I was a rascal—for trying to swindle him in such a bold and bare-faced manner. Advised me to make tracks in a considerable less than no time, or he would get out a warrant against me as a common cheat, and have me sent to prison. Took his advice. Is by all odds, the meanest man I have seen yet.—Will never go near him again.

No. 8—Is a politician. Says although you profess to publish a neutral paper, it is not so. Thinks he has seen a considerable squinting towards the side to which he is opposed. Means to have told you to stop his paper a year ago, but forgot it. Tells you to do so now, and thinks you are getting off very cheaply in not losing any more by him. Believes you to be a rascal, and too honorable to have anything to do with you as it might compromise him and injure his prospects.

No. 9—Paid up like a man. The only one. Likes your paper first-rate, and means to take and pay for it as long as you publish it or he lives. Asked me to dinner, and treated me like a king. An onsis in the desert! A man fit for Heaven.

No. 10—Is a merchant. Expects to break shortly. Must save all his small change. Offered me a pair of breeches and a cotton handkerchief for the debt. Refused him with scorn. Had a long jaw.—Threatened to break my head. Dared him to do it. Threw a hatchet at me. I dodged it, and put out.

Nos. 11 to 117—Mean as rot. Had no money—would not pay—did not owe. I swore I'd sue. Said I might sue and be hanged. Cursed all the little ones, and hurried from the big. Never got the first cent from one of them.

The foregoing is an extract from my note book. I have not succeeded a whit better with the patrons of the other publications for which I am agent, as it is impossible to collect from those who are determined not to pay. I have expended in that period two hundred and ten dollars traveling, and my entire commissions amount to eighty-two dollars and forty-five cents. I am very willing to do my share towards the propagation of news, but more than that no reasonable man could ask. This business don't exactly suit me—can't stand it.

Please accept my resignation, and strike my name from your list of agents. I admire your paper very much myself, but it would be a queer looking sort of a concern that would come fully up to the requirements of every body. One wants independence in an editor—another don't. One wants all slang—would not touch a journal that contained an irreverent line with a ten foot pole. One sentimental, lackadaisical miss in a pantalette wanted nothing but love and poetry; another never read anything but the marriages.

All kinds of abuse I have to bear, I would not mind if they only cursed you and your paper; but they curse me too! Swindler, rascal, villain, blood sucker—are some of the names they think proper to bestow upon me. I tried fighting for awhile, and thrashed several of your patrons; but occasionally I got licked like thunder myself.—Once I got put in jail for assault and battery, and only escaped by breathing out.

Send me a receipt for the three dollars twelve and a half cents, she believe me yours in despair. AARON SWEATWELL.—*South Carolina Paper.*

If life be a battle, how mad must he be who fails to arm himself for the contest!—If life be a storm, how infatuated is he who sleeps while his bark is driven amid unknown waters! If life be a pilgrimage, how unwise is he who strays from the right road, nor seeks to return till the twilight shadows gather round his pathway.

Riches got by deceit cheat no man so much as the getter.