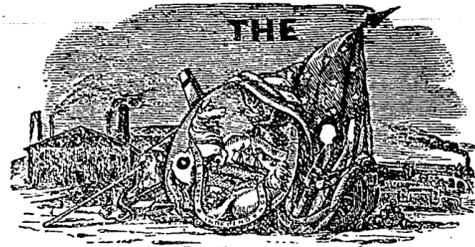


# Lehigh



# 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 28, 1851.

NUMBER 47.

### THE LEHIGH REGISTER,

is 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."

### A CHANGE IN FREY'S

### Livery Establishment!

#### JACOB J. STINE,

Respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he has lately purchased the Livery Establishment of Major William Fry, and continues the Livery business in all its various branches in the rear of the German Reformed Church lot, (entrance by Church alley from East Hamilton street) where he is prepared to accommodate all who wish Horses and Vehicles, at the shortest notice and on reasonable terms.

He has furnished himself with a new lot of horses, and his vehicles have undergone a thorough repair, which places him into a position of keeping the very model of a

### Livery Stable,

and hiring out no broken-down, balky, runaway, ring-boned, spavined or diseased horses, but keeping the right kind of stock, which can travel well, and do credit to his establishment. His carriages and vehicles of every description will always be kept clean and in good order.

All orders left at the office in the stable will be punctually attended to.

Large parties can be accommodated with omnibuses and carriages on reasonable terms.

By punctual attendance to business, he expects to merit and receive a reasonable share of public patronage.

July 24.

### PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, the Hon. J. Pringle Jones President of the several Courts of Common Pleas 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 F. 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 holden 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. NEWHARD, 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.

### BUILDERS! LOOK HERE!

The undersigned will take orders for Window-glass, of all sizes and of every quality, at a discount of 40 per cent. on the original manufacturers prices.

He will also take orders for Cumberland palls at \$3.50 per keg.

J. B. MOSER.

Allentown, July 10.

### Poetical Department.

[From the Pictorial Drawing Room Companion.]

#### Past and Present.

I remember, I remember,  
O, how can I forget,  
The hours when first we roamed together,  
The days when first we met!  
The promptings of my boyish passion,  
The throbbings of my heart,  
Untortured to the world's cold fashion,  
It knew no fickle art.  
I remember, I remember,  
O, never to forget,  
Each look of kind and dear assurance  
That on thy fair brow set.  
Elysian moments, quickly fleeting,  
All too sweet, too dear to last;  
Those moments now my soul is greeting,  
Those stars of joy that light the past.

I remember, I remember,  
O, let me not forget,  
How much of pain there is and sorrow,  
Our saddened thoughts to wet,  
But, though with joy the past is teeming,  
Smiles there are for us to-day;  
While sunny skies are o'er us beaming,  
Let cankering sorrow find no sway.

[From the Home Journal.]

#### Love and Wisdom.

Love went forth one dewy morn,  
With a figure by his side—  
He, of smiles and roses born,  
She, a sober, earnest guide.

With his quiver, on he sped,  
Holding Wisdom by the hand,  
Where the softening shadows led,  
And the fragrant breezes fanned.

Weary grew his little feet,  
And he spread his glossy wings,  
Fancying he thus should meet  
Angels, with their shadowings.

Wisdom still his fingers pressed,  
And where blossoms scent the sky,  
Bade him there his limbs to rest,  
Nor again attempt to fly.

Love grew pouty all at once,  
And he wished his bands were rivet;  
Wisdom checked him for a dunce,  
That his short wings sought the heaven.

So she fled his tiny grasp,  
While amid sweet buds he pined  
Ever for a seraph clasp,  
That he dreamed the earth enshrined.

Gathering up the crushed flowers, wear,  
Wept he tears of eloquence;  
And, in search of angels here,  
He has wandered ever since.

### Miscellaneous Selections.

#### SILVERIO VELEZ.

A TALE OF THE MEXICAN WAR.

It was night on the battle field of Cerro Gordo! The thundering artillery, with its dirge-like echo, had long since ceased, and deathly silence reigned where, a few hours before, mortal waged against mortal in deadly combat—where wild despair reigned in every heart, and death counted his victims in direful numbers. The moon feebly moved among the ominous clouds that shrouded the ice-peak of Orizaba; and as its pale rays fell on that fated field, what a scene of horror it dimly lighted! Proud and bold men who, in the morning walked forth with all their strength and greatness, were now writhing in the cold arms of death. The cowardly and effeminate, who were almost forced to join the deadly combat, were now piteously calling on their dying comrades for a draught of water to assuage their feverish thirst. In the dim darkness, black figures were moving among the dead, who, were it not for their human forms, might have been mistaken for fiendish spirits, escaped from the infernal regions, to hold their midnight revel where Pluto himself would scarcely dare appear. But Pluto could not yet claim them as his, or they were guerrillas, and their hellish occupation to rob the dead and dying. But momentary darkness no longer concealed the deeds of these fiends in human form, for the moon finally sailed triumphantly above the dark mass of clouds through which it had long struggled; and, casting a flood of white light over this great death bed, revealed another scene.

From beneath the shade of a copsewood slowly emerged the form of a soldier—slowly, for he was wounded. The bandage around his left limb, and a deep gash on his temple, showed he had been where the battle was most fierce and that death had been at his side dealing his fatal blows. Although wounded and suffering, his step was still proud, and in his very gait might be read the noble bearing of a haughty spirit. The full Mexican uniform well became his stately figure, and as he stooped to fill his flask at a small rivulet, the rays of the moon fell full upon his face; a face where was written in legible characters, the history of a soul that scorned to be conquered; free

and independent as the proud eagle that soared from the neighboring peaks, who, when his enemy approaches, plumes his wings to soar but higher. A mournful, agonizing groan reached his ear; he grasped his flask more firmly and hurriedly retraced his steps. It was his comrade, his bosom friend; as he rested his head on his arm, and cooled his parched lips with water, a blessing fell from the lips of the dying soldier.

That day Silverio Velez had seen death in its most frightful form. One brave form after another had been cut down at his side, but their dying breath was panted with a horrid curse. He had seen bold officers reel from their steeds, and their last words were to rally their comrades; but here, on his bosom, rested his only friend. The only one that had power to soften his inflexible spirit; and protect him. Once more he attempted to speak. Silverio bent low, and these burning words sunk deep in his heart.

"Love and protect your mother, for she is now your only friend."

When grief takes hold of the strong mind, it is like the raging torrent sweeping everything in its onward course; that heeds not the feeble barriers of men, but plunges on until lost in the ocean of despair.

It was a fearful time for the proud mind of Silverio Velez. The lifeless form of his comrade was close to his heart; its gleaming eyes were fearfully fixed upon him. The clouded hair lay in wild disorder on that noble brow, and the firm set teeth showed that death had struggled hard to obtain its victim. Silverio pressed him with an iron grasp to his heart, and sent forth a fearful shriek—a shriek of wild despair.

Hark! it is a strange echo for this terrific place—an echo; no, it is the voice of a female, and in a moment the form of his mother is at his side; such a mother as many a son would be proud to love and protect. Silverio sprang to his feet, for the voice of his mother sounded on his ear like music from a better land. He seized her hand, and with a fervor pressed it to his lips.

"Loved mother, why here among the dead and dying; such scenes makes stout hearts shrink?"

"My son, I am in search of you. Jalapa's walls could enclose me no longer; you are wounded and must not remain here to die. On this field braver hearts than mine have ceased to beat. Listen! it is St. Mary's bell for vespers; hasten to the convent, and I will follow when I have paid the last tribute to Pedro Ruiz."

He pressed her hand once more to his lips, then placed her in her carriage on the road to St. Mary's. Silverio fixed, his dark and tearless eyes resting on the motionless form before him.

Well it has been said, that there is no grief like that which does not speak. The mournful sound of the convent bell was echoed, and re-echoed, through the neighboring mountains. It fell on the agonized heart of Silverio, like a mournful requiem for the souls of the blest; and as the last note was lost among the hills, he was calm, fearfully calm; and wrapping his cloak around the corpse, he took a long sad look at that ghastly face, then sorrowfully proceeded to bury the dead. With much exertion he dug a shallow grave, and covered Pedro Ruiz with the cold turf of the hill-side. He then took the nearest mountain path that led to St. Mary's, pulled his black cap firmly over his brow, and strode slowly on, wrapped in the deepest sadness of heart. The thick black clouds that had long been lowering over the frozen peaks of Orizaba Nevada, now loomed up high above the horizon, and cast their broad shadows on the rugged mountains. A fearful storm was approaching. The distant roaring of the wind, mingled with the piercing cry of the vulture, produced music so dissonant, that nothing could imitate save the union of Heaven's sublimest notes with the grating and discordant sounds of Earth's wildest musician. The Heavens were gathering together their united powers to give vent to their rage in a terrible tempest. Yet Silverio heeded not this foreboding language; but as he gained the summit of a precipitous hill, he turned to take a parting look of the field where so many of his brave country men were embraced in the arms of death with the green turf for their pillows and winding sheet, and the ravenous birds to sing their burial dirge. A dismal landscape was before him. In the back grounds lay huge mountains stretching their tops far up into the heavens, as if to embrace the still blacker clouds that were driven about by the approaching storm. Never was a range of hills, on one of which, Silverio fixed his mournful gaze.

It fated hill; what tongue will describe that terrible conflict? what pencil paint that unerring scene. And where is the heart can realize such agony? that which wrested tony a heaven—born soul from its unworthy keeper. May thy proud and lofty brow be long reared to heaven as a feeble monument to the sons of Mexico that were willingly sacrificed on this the altar of their country.

A sudden blast of the gathered tempest ended his short prayer; the wind and storm

swept by him, precipitating in the vale beneath trees and rocks in wild confusion. This with the lightning's glare, and the artillery of heaven's echoing notes, aroused him from his insensibility; but he awoke only to stare grim death in the face. His wounded and swollen limb refused to support him longer; his brain was reeling with a feverish dream. A low tree stood before him, extended as if to receive him; he rushed forward and seized its trunk, it reeled and rocked in the storm, but Silverio heeded it not; reason was dethroned and despotism mad now held the sceptre.

It was vespers at St. Mary's; a solemn awe rested on that "consecrated pile," while there arose on the gentle evening breeze the holy incense of prayer. Yet within those massive walls there was none to welcome; prayer was a stranger.

In a lonely apartment on a low couch lay Silverio. His emaciated countenance and rolling eyes, indicated that fever and madness were there; as the beams of the rolling sun cast a higher shadow into the room, he turned and with a vacant look gazed at the ceiling, as if some image hovered near. Then seizing a goblet at his bedside, he hurled it with a giant's strength where his eyes had been fixed.

"Death, thou fell, inhuman monster, come not here; for with this mighty arm will I dash thee from existence!"

These words had scarcely escaped him, ere a gentle hand was laid on his arm and a sweet voice half in commanding and half soothing tone, fell on his ear. Silverio, calm yourself, it is not death you see, but a vain figure of your own conceiving. At this he made a plunge for the hand, but it eluded his grasp, and his arm fell powerless at his side. A low groan escaped him, and he was lost in sleep. When he awoke it was midnight, and for the first time since that fearful night, was he conscious of his situation. He stared wildly around, if possible to tell where he was. The room was small and very scantily furnished, but by the faint flicker of a wax taper, he saw at the extremity of the room a figure of the Virgin; before it knelt the slight form of a female.

Her position indicated the most fervent devotion, while in a low musical voice she breathed forth her soul in prayer; long and fervently did she pray for him that was afflicted, that his mind might be prepared for the dreadful news that awaited him.

Silverio feared to break the heavenly spell. His soul was thrilled with strange music; every note sinking deep and deeper into his heart.

But what did he hear? dreadful news awaited him; was there yet another cry that he must taste to the dregs? He tried to speak and learn the worst; he turned his head slightly, when a daring pain brought from his lips an exclamation. She arose and cautiously approached his bed; and a glance told that reason had returned, if but for a moment. Then seemingly conscious of what she had said, returned to the side of the Virgin.

Silverio closed his eyes; was not this one of his feverish dreams, the work of his imagination; or was it real. "Dreadful news! what is it; tell me, O thou minister of Heaven!"

Minoa came to his bedside and said, "Be quiet and compose yourself, if you value your life. I will retire, when the Abbess will come, and tell you all."

"The Abbess, no! I'll not hear a word from her—tell me from those sweet lips, it cannot be the news from such a source. Sorrow itself would lose its dreadful stings, and become—"

"Hush!" said Minoa, "I must leave you," and as she glided quickly out of the room the mournful notes of his voice still rung in her ears, while her heart beat to strange music, but she soon hushed its wild throbbings, for what has caused it? the half conscious words of a brain that still wandered.

Silverio was alone, he attempted to raise and follow the receding footsteps, but he fell back weak and exhausted; then, for the first time, he felt his weakness and dependence—his heart was subdued, his proud and lofty spirit humbled. And as the Abbess noiselessly approached his bed, he extended his hand and said, "May the great God of the church bless you for all your kindness."

"Heaven be praised for restoring again your reason, and now you must compose yourself to sleep, for you have suffered long and much."

"One more favor grant, and I will die with a murmur. Who was that beautiful being that just left me?"

"Minoa her guardian's bride! never, unless she loves—you must not say more to-night. O, my Mother, where is she? tell me but where she is, and I will go."

"She cannot come to night; but I will send the old confessor to stay with you until morning."

Before he could say more she was gone. Silverio slept not. His fever yet raged. At intervals over his frame a sudden chillness would come, then he would start from his couch, and scorn the feeble assistance the old confessor offered—then, tired and exhausted, would sink back on his pillow, and with a faint smile of gratitude receive from

the hands of the confessor the healing draught. Anon before his eyes would stand his mother, in all her stately beauty, but on her brow rested a frown, a fearful look, that a demon might envy; suddenly her costly robes were changed the unassuming garb of the lovely Minoa, but she was not alone, at her side stood Pedro Ruiz, a fearful sight. A crimson stream was issuing from the wound on his brow and noiselessly trickling down his already clotted garments; and in feverish madness wildly called on the confessor not to join them in marriage, for Pedro was a dying man. Dead! for he himself had buried him.

Morning came and the fever's rage had passed away. The good abbess came and placed her hand kindly on his brow; that hand he had felt its touch before. He opened his liquid eyes, but it was not her, and he murmured, "It was a dream—an angel that I shall never see again."

Long were the days spent by Silverio in recovering, for fever and the agonizing torture of his broken limb, had brought him very low. The kind abbess and old confessor were constantly at his bedside to administer to his every want. But what now was life to him, for as soon as he was able, they had told him his mother was dead; that in the storm of that dreadful night her carriage was thrown from a bridge and the servant alone escaped to call assistance, but it came too late; morning dawned before they found her body, far down the raging stream.

His soul was sick; Pedro and his mother were dead, yet he could not die. News came constantly that his countrymen had been defeated, that fields were strewn with the dead and dying of his brothers, yet he could not be at their side to share their fate. At times a flood of sunshine would light his gloomy soul, making his heavy heart bound with its former gladness. "I was the image of a midnight dream. A beautiful image that stood at his bedside—kneel at the virgin and prayed; O, pray for him. There was sweet pleasure in the thought, yet why should he dwell upon it, it was but a dream. A fairy imagination wafted through the brain; yet he would stroll over the beautiful vale and around the convent, and dwell upon the thought until with a fevered brain and tottering step he would return again sorrowing to the convent.

It was beautiful sunset. The western hills were environed in a sea of golden light, with a few faint rays struggling in the vale to be mournfully reflected by the high dark walls of the convent. Silverio slowly walked from the ponderous gate and chose a narrow path that led to the wood farther than he had dared to go. He walked on, thinking of the battle field, the interest of his country and his own glory. He longed to resume his place in the army, still he was scarcely yet able to bear his sword. Bitter disappointment sunk deep in his heart, and he sat down on a mossy seat to commune with the sadness that was fast consuming his soul. He thought of his mother who had left her quiet home in Jalapa, to search for him among the dead; and of her dreadful death. Then of his sickness in that dismal room, that midnight dream, the beautiful spirit kneeling at the Virgin. "O God if it was real, then would life be sweet, if I could but win her."

A gentle hand touched his shoulder, he turned and it was her. He threw himself at her feet, and in an attitude of worship exclaimed, "Thou spirit from heaven, listen to my vow. No other god will I worship but thee. No other idol shall this heart ever know. Be thou of heaven or earth, I will live but for a smile from thee."

"Rise, noble Silverio," said Minoa, "your brain still wanders. Listen, the sun has long since sunk behind the hills, the ground is already damp with falling dew; rise and follow me to the convent, it is not yet safe for you to stroll so far."

"Be thou only my guide and I will follow through the deepest fog of sorrow."

"Listen, and I will pilot you. A black and wicked soul, one stained in crime has just been summoned to the bar of God. The faint light that glimmers in yonder hut sits at the head of the body, the keeper of that soul. He was my guardian, and for the last month have I watched his sufferings. The night of the battle of Cerro Gordo, he received his death wound, and soon after sent for me to attend him in his dying hours. His heart was seared with the foulest deeds, yet there remained one faint ray of its original beauty, and on me that was directed. He prayed to live for my sake, but just heaven would brook no longer such wickedness, and wrested him from earth that his fiendish plans might not be executed."

"O blessed Minoa, it was not then a dream! It was no angel that I might not see again! But a beautiful being of earth and can I hope to call her mine."

"Hush," said Minoa, "for here comes the old father to open the gate."

Minoa sought her lonely cell and tried in vain to quite the struggle in her bosom. She was weary with long watching; a long month had passed with no congenial spirit near to whom she could unbosom her soul, but the kind impassioned words of Silverio sunk deep into her heart and revived

thoughts of the midnight scene—thoughts that had been choked as unholy, and the frightful ravings of a sick bed. But now she weighed them in a different balance. Her guardian dead, his plans to make her his bride defeated, and she was free.

"That was the orphan Minoa, her guardian placed her here under our protection until his return from the army, when he will claim her as his bride."

Business soon called Minoa, to Las Vigas, but not being long detained there, she went to La Pueblo, for from this point she could learn more easily of the army; yet of the fate of Silverio she could learn nothing. Weeks and months passed. She read of the American army making sad inroads in her native country, of thousands of her countrymen being slain and cities abandoned, yet nothing could she learn of Silverio. Gloomy sadness sat brooding over her spirit, and the conviction slowly came to her mind that the brave Silverio had fallen, that his noble form had been trampled on and rode over by the rushing throng that no friend was there to recognize his mangled corpse, but was buried with thousands in one common grave. Her heart almost ceased to beat, and she prayed that she too might die.

She assumed the garb of a sister of charity and visited the sick, wounded and dying; moistening the fevered lips and aching brow endeavoring in a sweet, sad voice, to prepare their untutored souls for the awful change that awaited them. She was truly a messenger of mercy. The dying looked into her sweet pale face and thought to behold there the celestial brightness of angel.

By a reflection from the lamps that lit the city she saw how death, the consoler laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever. Life, what a bitter thing to her, death came not.

News came that the Americans had gained a new victory, and that a number of the dying and wounded had been sent to a neighboring village. Thither Minoa directed her steps, while a sickening shudder ran through every vein, and as the high and massive dome of the church was dimly seen in the distance her courageous heart began to fail for she knew its consecrated walls echoed not solemn prayer, but to the agonized groans of the dying; and O, agony in the extreme, Silverio might be there and dying. She entered in haste the time worn porch, for she felt that all would soon be ended. Hope, fear, sorrow and an aching heart, all would soon be swallowed in joy inexpressible, or silenced by death. The massive door was opened and she entered on her errand of mercy. As she passed many a head turned on its pillow of pain and the dying ceased to groan. Her presence fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison. Slowly she passed on, closing the sightless eyes of the dead and concealing their faces where on their pallets they lay like drifts of snow by the way-side. Suddenly she paused and the color faded from her parted lips, while a cold shudder ran through her frame as her quick eye caught the form of one kneeling at the dying couch of a silver headed father. A plaintive musical voice fell on her ear, like words of kindness on a broken heart.

"Speak once more and say you saw her, that she yet lives—that the beautiful Minoa bated your aching head at La Pueblo, while I roamed the wild country over and never could see her, save in a vision; and at last in desperation, joined the army to bury all thoughts of her in the wild conflict."

"Yes, noble Silverio," lisped the dying father; "and I see her now or else a bright angel from heaven to show my weary spirit here."

Silverio sprang to his feet, and with a glad cry clasped Minoa to his heart. "Thy father closed his eyes and murmured: 'Father, I thank thee. Now let thy servant die in peace.'"

They knelt at his dying pillow, and in the consecrated temple he blessed them, and before God and the holy angels pronounced the beautiful Minoa and noble Silverio on

IMPUDENT QUESTION.—To ask an unmarried lady how old she is. To ask a lawyer if he ever told a lie. To ask a doctor how many persons he has killed. To ask a minister whether he ever did anything wrong. To ask a merchant whether he ever cheated a customer. To ask a young lady whether she would like a beau. To ask an editor if he had more than one shirt. To ask a subscriber if he has paid the printer.

"La me!" sighed Mrs. Partington, "here I have been sufferin' the bigamist of death for three mortal weeks. Fust, I was seized with a bleeding phrenology in the left hemisphere of the brain, which was exceeded by a stoppage of the left ventrilo of the heart. This gave me an inflammation in the bowels, and now I'm sick with the chloroform morbus. There is no blessin' like that of health, particularly when you're sick."

The poor man's penny unjustly tained, is a coal of fire in a rich man's purse.