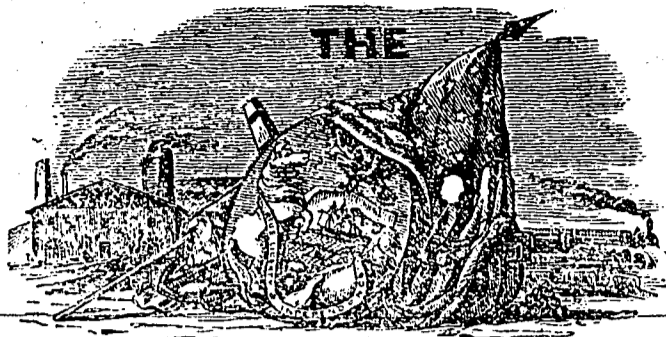


Lehigh



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 VI.

ALLENTOWN, LEHIGH COUNTY, PA., DECEMBER 11, 1851.

NUMBER 10.

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, charge 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."

Great Attractions!
AT THE
New Dry Goods Store
In **Catasauqua.**

Recollect—"A Penny Made is a Penny Saved."
Getz & Gilbert,
Adopt this method to inform their friends and the public in general, that they have lately opened a New Store, next door to "Laubach's Hotel" in the Village of Catasauqua, Hanover township, Lehigh county, where they are now prepared to exhibit and dispose of their customers an entire new and well selected stock of
Dry Goods, Groceries, &c.
at prices lower than ever before offered by any establishment in this place.

Their Fall and Winter stock has been selected with the utmost care and consists of
Cloths, Cassimers, Satinets,
Flannels, Gloves and Hosiery, besides Delaines, Alpaccas, Lustors, Cinghams, Plain and Figured Poplins, Muslins and Prints, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Queensware, Hardware, Looking Glasses, Stationary, Books, &c.
To which they invite the attention of their friends and the public generally, confident that the fullest satisfaction, both in price and quality, will be given to all who may favor them with a call.
The highest prices will be paid in exchange for County produce.
As young beginners they invite all, great and small, rich and poor, high and low, to their establishment, and secure to themselves the advantages of their Winter purchases, by these means they propose securing to themselves a run of good customers.
Nov. 13. 4-3m

Groceries, Fish & Salt.
The undersigned have just received an entire new Stock of Groceries, Fish and Salt, which they intended to sell at the lowest prices at their Store in Catasauqua, Lehigh county. GETZ & GILBERT.
Nov. 13. 4-3m

Coal! Coal!
The undersigned have opened a Coal Yard in Catasauqua, and will constantly keep on hand all kinds of Coal, which they will sell at greatly reduced prices.
GETZ & GILBERT.
Nov. 13. 4-3m

Ready-made Clothing.
The undersigned keep all kinds of Ready-made Clothing on hand, and will make to order, at the lowest possible prices.
GETZ & GILBERT.
November 13. 4-3m

H. G. SICKEL,
BRASS WORKER,
Philadelphia.
Respectfully informs the citizens of Allentown and its vicinity that he continues at his old stand
No. 32 North Second Street
the manufacturing of
Gas Fixtures, Sickel's Patent Fluid Lamps, Chandeliers, Girandoles, Boquet Holders, &c., &c.
He also manufactures Fluid and Pine Oils.
His prices are moderate, and his orders will be filled with the greatest dispatch.—Therefore remember the place, No. 32 North Second Street Philadelphia.
Nov. 27, 1851. 4-1y

Posriders Notice.
The undersigned, who carries the papers through Upper Saucon township, gives notice that a year is due on the 11th of November, he request his patrons, to make settlement either to him or to the packholder.
JOHN S. KLEMMER.
Nov. 13. 4-3m

Poetical Department.

The Boat of Life.

Let's take this world as some wild scene
Through which, in frail and buoyant boat,
With shies now rude, and now serene,
Together thou and I must float;
Beholding oft, on either shore,
Bright spots where we should love to stay;
But time plies swift his flying oar,
And on we speed—away, away.
Should chilling winds and rain come on,
We'll raise our awning 'gainst the shower—
Sit closer till the storm is gone,
And smiling wait a sunnier hour,
And if that sunnier hour should shine,
We'll know its brightness cannot stay,
And, happy while 'tis thine and mine,
Complain not when it fades away.
Thus reach we both, at last, that fall
Down with life's currents all must go—
The dark, the brilliant, destined all
To sink into the void below;
Nor e'en that hour shall want its charms,
If side by side still fond we keep,
And calmly in each other's arms
Together linked, go down to sleep.

Family Amusement.

Acrostical Enigma.

I am composed of 10 letters.
My 1 2 3 3 5 3 5 is a town in Ireland,
My 2 6 8 7 is a very useful metal,
My 3 2 7 9 8 3 7 is a county in Missouri,
My 4 5 6 2 8 7 is a county in Arkansas,
My 5 3 9 8 7 5 is a county in Michigan,
My 6 8 9 10 is a county in Wisconsin,
My 7 5 2 6 7 is a town in Scotland,
My 8 6 2 8 9 8 is a river in South America,
My 9 8 6 8 is a town in South America,
My 10 8 3 8 is a city in Lapland,
My whole is a well known city in Scotland.

Charade.

My first is used distance to show;
Containing many feet.
My next in public streets be sure
You will most always meet;
My whole gives to the traveller cheer
And serves to show what place is near.

Miscellaneous Selections.

The American Wife and the Mexican Sweetheart.

A TALE OF JEALOUSY.

The following story, as related to us by a gallant officer, belongs to the secret of domestic history of our army in Mexico, which has yet to be written. We envy not the position of a campaign, which is rich in racy incidents, such as come within the newspaper description of what may be "better imagined than described." His responsibility will be of a perilous nature. But still a little incident which omits names and personalities may be rescued now and then from the Lethæan stream, and made to "point a moral and adorn a tale." Of such is the story, we have now to relate.
One of our gallant volunteer officers, in leaving his home, to battle for his country on the "ensanguined fields" of Mexico, had to pass through the terrible ordeal, which Homer so beautifully describes in the scene of the parting of Hector and Andromache. In other words, he had to tear himself from the arms of his better half, a lady of most decided character, and like all good wives, doting and jealous. "But her dear George would be true and faithful—she knew he would—she could let him go any where with the greatest confidence"—(all the time looking as if she doubted her own words.)
George vowed eternal fidelity, declared that nothing but duty and patriotism could induce him to leave for a moment the dear society of her who was the solace of his life and the light of his path.
"And mind, dear, if you do any thing wrong, I'll pack up every thing and go right down to Mexico and catch you."
George smiled at the jocular suggestion, but at the same time put on one of Captain Cuttle's expressive looks, when that learned individual said or heard anything which he thought he would "make a note on."
The cruel ship bore the gallant George to the hostile shore. On joining the army, the benevolent husband had the ill luck to be stationed in a Mexican town, where the Senoras are celebrated for their charms, as well as for their penchant for the Northern barbarians.
Now George was handsome, ardent susceptible, and loved the company of the ladies. Indeed he often told his wife, that he always sought ladies society to prevent his falling into dissipated habits, and becoming roughened and vulgarized by continual contact with men. Wary of the dull routine of camp duty, and afraid of the ennui which is so apt to fall upon absent husbands, George yielded to the attractions of

the lovely Senoras, and sought some relief and enjoyment in a pleasant little coquetry, all very innocent indeed, but decidedly dangerous. The physical attractions of the Mexican ladies excited those of any in the world. Stern anchorites than our friend George ever pretended to be, have sometimes fallen victims to the inevitable influence of the voluptuous limbs, the swelling bust, and radiant expression of the passionate Senoras.

George did not prove a Joseph. We are sorry to say it—he did not. The irresistible Dona Panchita added another to her harem of offerings on the altar of the Cyprian Goddess. A system of left-handed marriages having become the fashion in the army, George thought he ought not to expose himself to the taunt of his mess, by standing out solitary, and alone from the general fashion. Being in Buffalo, he did as the Buffaloes did.

Bad news beats the telegraph. George's deflexion soon reached the ears of his patient, confiding, trusting, innocent, dear better half. At first she could not believe it. It was only some mischief of that hateful Mrs. Jones, who was only filling her ears with such slanders in order to blind her eyes to the notorious profligacy of Capt. Jones; but still "trifles light as air are to the jealous," &c., and George's wife was "one of them sort." After much crying and struggling, and a great many wishes that she was a dead corpse, ready to be put in her winding sheet, Mrs. N— resolved that she would be miserable until she could go down and satisfy herself by actual observation that her dear George was a slandered individual. A woman's resolution is no sooner made than it is executed.

So accordingly, Mrs. N— took passage in a transport vessel for Mexico. She had arrived in safety in the town where George was serving his country at the sacrifice of so much domestic happiness and enjoyment. She had hardly recovered her breath before she dispatched a servant for Lieut. N—. The messenger was a Mexican and knew George's resorts, so he proceeds to the public cock pit, (it was at night), and there, with shame we record it was the gallant and faithful George discussing the points of "Santa Anna," and "Baradas," two famous fighting cocks then engaged in mortal fray—with the lovely Panchita, who, hanging upon his arm, smoked her cigarito in most bewitching style. The messenger approached, whispered in George's ear, and quickly departed. The gallant Lieutenant turned alternately pale and red, so that the curiosity of the loving Dona was aroused, and she quietly asked what was the matter. George answered in Spanish, "nothing;" but at the same time begged to be excused for a few moments—and handing the fair Panchita over to a brother officer, proceeded to the hotel where his better half awaited him.

How can we describe the meeting between the innocent wife and her loving husband! How can we paint the passionate grief and burning reproaches of the indignant lady, or do justice to the ingenious explanations and skillful responses of the distressed husband! Finally, however, the scene became so highly wrought, and the feelings of the lady so tumultuous, that she sought relief in a species of epilepsy, generally styled "convulsion fits." These dangerous symptoms continued at small intervals for some time, and became so critical that it was necessary for the gallant Lieut. to take some decided measures for the relief of the afflicted Mrs. N—. Having tried in vain his own solemn assurances of the calmness of nature of the scandal which had reached Mrs. N—'s ears, the unhappy officer resolved at last to act upon one of his lady's suggestions and bring the Mexican Senora, with whom he was accused of being on too intimate terms, face to face with his wife, and getting her to deny the whole slander. He knew the artful and diplomatic character of Dona Panchita and could trust her to carry through any scene in which deception formed the chief feature. He proceeds accordingly to her ladyship's residence, and there in a quiet manner informs her of the inopportune arrival of his wife. As he uttered this word the Senora, who had listened to his introductory remarks with a terrible rage, and advancing upon him with a most threatening air, reminded him of his frequent assurances that he had no wife, and declared that she would proceed immediately to "crucify the pale-faced impostor." The Lieutenant was forced to retreat, to change his position, and to confess that the lady in question was an old acquaintance of his, with whom he desired to stand on good terms, so he wished her to go before the lady and deny that there was anything improper in their intimacy. Now it happened that the Senora had learned but a few words of English, and those were taught her by the Lieutenant, so he could rely upon her inability to understand his wife and her fidelity in repeating what he should teach her. The words taught her were these: "this man is a stranger to me—I did not know him before." The Senora being cheered by the prospect of ridding her friend of what she supposed were the importunities of some

old discarded sweetheart, soon learned the words by hard and promised to repeat them faithfully.

Accordingly, at the time appointed, the Lieutenant escorted the beautiful Senora, in a cold and distant manner, to the residence of his wife. Here the two contestants to the heart of the gallant officer met face to face. At the sight of the voluptuous charms of the Mexican, the American lady experienced a violent twinge of jealousy, and clutching her fists, looked daggers at the beautiful Senora, who returned the glance with the smile of derisive contempt for the lean proportions and angular features of the Yankee. But the Lieutenant, apprehending a scene, soon interrupted this inter-reliance of civilities between his two fair friends by exclaiming—"My dear, I have brought Mrs. What-ye-any-call-em—plague on it, I can't pronounce these Mexican names—let me satisfy you of the ridiculous and scandalous nature of the stories about me which have reached your ears." He then addressed a few words in Spanish to the Senora, who advanced in a dignified manner to repeat the lesson which she had been so carefully taught. Now, it happened that the first English word which Dona Panchita had learned, and indeed it was the first word learned by all ladies, was that hard, ugly, prosaic, Saxon word, "husband," and the last English word she had learned, and the last which Mexican ladies generally learn, was "stranger." Unfortunately, on this occasion her best English acquisition had slipped altogether from her memory, and not knowing any other long word to fill up the vacuum, she thus rendered the sentence which had been so diligently learned by her. "This man is a husband to me; I did not know him before." And these words were delivered with the full, round, distinct, sonorous accent of the Castilian tongue.

How can we describe their effects! The words were hardly out of the beautiful mouth of the Senora, when the unhappy wife was taken with a violent return of her jealous pangs, and a prolonged series of "convulsion fits," accompanied by tearing of the hair, indignant shaking of the fist, and such screams! They might have been heard by the Mexican army, which was certainly a long distance off—terminating in a regular fainting away into the arms of that horrible false man. At this point of the scene the Senora thought it was time for her to interfere, to prevent her lover from being appropriated by the pale-faced impostor; so she rushed towards him, and seizing the Lieutenant by the shoulders, endeavored to drag him to the door, which effort aroused Mrs. N— from her swoon, and caused her to seize the other arm to drag him back. And thus was our poor Lieutenant in danger of being pulled apart by the two angry ladies, who, to add to the discomforts of his situation, attacked him—the one in regular old Saxon, and the other in thunder-toned Castilian—with reproaches the most furious and raging. Finally, however, the uproar raised the guard, who came rushing into the room and rescued him from his perilous situation.

The next day Lieutenant N. received a short furlough, to return to the United States where he arrived in safety, accompanied by his Adromache. How the Senora was ever reconciled to his desertion, and whether she continued, like Penelope, to mourn her absent Ulysses, may be learned from the gallant, accomplished and sociable officers of the—Volunteers.

The Mountain of the Two Lovers.

We forget in what book it was, many years ago, that we read the story of a lover who was to win his mistress by carrying her to the top of a mountain, and how he did win her.
We think the scene was in Switzerland; but the mountain, though high enough to tax his stout heart to the utmost, must have been among the lowest. Let us fancy it a good lofty hill, in summer time. It was at any rate so high that the father of the lady, a proud noble, thought it impossible for a young man so burdened to scale it. For this reason alone, in scorn, he bade him do it, and his daughter should be his.

The peasantry assembled in the valley to witness so extraordinary a sight. They measured the mountain with their eyes; they communed with one another, and shook their heads; but all admired the young man, and some of his fellows thought they could do as much. The father was on horseback, apart and sullen, repending that he had subjected his daughter even to the show of such a hazard; but he thought it would teach his inferiors a lesson. The young man (the son of a small proprietor, who had some pretensions to wealth, though none to nobility) stood respectful looking but confident, rejoicing in his heart that he should win his mistress, tho' at the cost of a noble pain, which he could hardly think of as a pain, considering who it was he was to carry. If he died for it, he should at least have had her in his arms, and have looked her in the face. To clasp her person in that manner was a pleasure he contemplated with such transports as is known only to real lovers; for none others know how respect heightens the joy of dispens-

ing with formality, and how dispensing with formality emboldens and makes grateful and respect.

The lady stood by the side of her father, pale, desirous and dreading. She sought her lover would succeed, but only because she thought him in every respect the noblest of his sex; and that nothing was too much for his strength and valor. Great fears came over her, nevertheless. She did not know what might happen in the chances to all. She felt the bitterness of being herself the burden to him and the task, and dare neither to look at her father nor the mountain. She fixed her eyes now on the crowd (which nevertheless, she held not) and now on her with a pretence—the only deception she had ever used—(Once or twice a daughter or mother slipped out of the crowd and, coming up to her, notwithstanding their fears of the Lord Baron, kissed that hand she knew not what to do with.)

The father said, "Now sir, put an end to this mummery;" and the lover, turning pale for the first time, took up the lady.
The spectators' rapture to see the manner in which he moves off, slow, but secure, and as if encouraging his mistress, they mount the hill; they proceed well; he halts an instant before he gets midway, and seems to be doing something; then proceeds at a quicker pace; and now being at the midway point, shifts the lady from one side to the other. The spectators give a great shout. The Baron, with an air of indifference, takes the tip of his gauntlet, and then casts on them an eye of r-look. At the shout the lover resumes his way. Slow, but not feeble, is his step, yet it gets slower. He stops again, and they think they see the lady kiss him on the forehead. The women began to tremble, but the men say he will be victorious. He resumes again; he is half way between the middle and the top; he tushes, he stops, he staggers, but he does not fall. Another shout from the men, and he resumes once more; two thirds of the remaining part of the way are conquered. The yard a man; the lady kisses him on the forehead and on the eyes. The women burst into tears, and the stoutest men look pale. He descends lower than ever, but seems to be more sure.

He halts, but it is only to plant his foot to go on again, and thus he picks his way planting his foot at every step, and then girding round with an effort. The lady lifts up her arms as if to lighten him. She is almost at the top; he moves sideways taking very little steps and bringing one foot every time close to the other. Now, he is all but on the top; he halts again; he is tired; he staggers. A groan goes through the multitude. Suddenly he turns full front towards the top; it is luckily about a level; he staggers but it is forward. Yes, every limb in the multitude makes a movement as if it would assist him; see, at last, he is on the top; and down he falls flat with his burden. All enormous shout; he has won. Now he has a right to caressing him for neither of them goes up. If he is fatigued, it is with joy, and it is in her arms.
The Baron puts spur to his horse, the crowd following. Half way he is obliged to dismount; they ascend the hill together the crowd silent and happy, the Baron ready to burst with shame and impatience. They reach the top. The lovers are face to face on the ground, the lady clasping him with both arms, his lying on his side.
"Traitor," exclaimed the Baron, thou hast practised this feat before, you deceive me! Arise!"

You cannot expect it, sir," said a worthy man who was rich enough to speak his mind; "Stumpson himself might take his rest after such a deed!"
"And then?" said the Baron.
Several persons went up, not to part them but to congratulate and keep them together. "These people look close; they kneel down; they bend an ear; they bury their faces upon them." "God forbid they ever should be parted more!" said a venerable man; "they can never be!" He turned his old face streaming with tears, and looked up at the Baron: "Sir, they are dead!"

The Eagle and the Woodthrush.

The American white-headed Eagle, though not so noble a bird as the great American Eagle, is, nevertheless, a most magnificent bird. Go with me and view him in his own native woods. Go see him in his haunts on the banks of the Mississippi. See! he takes wing, and there you have him whirling up into the air as a noble swan comes in sight, and now there is the screaming pursuit and the fatal struggle. Now is the moment to witness the display of the eagle's powers. He glides through the air like a falling star, and like a flash of lightning, comes upon the timorous quarry which now, in agony and despair, seeks, by various manoeuvres, to elude the grasp of his cruel talons. It mounts, doubtless and willingly would plunge into the stream, were it not prevented by the eagle which, long possessed of the knowledge that by such a stratagem the swan might escape him, forces it to remain in the air by attempting to strike it with his talons from beneath.

The hope of escape is soon given up by the swan. It has already become much weakened, by the swiftness of its antagonist. Its last gasp is about to escape, when the ferocious eagle strikes with his talons the under side of its wing, and with unresisted power forces the bird to fall in a slanting direction upon the nearest shore.

But with me, the greatest favourite of the feathered tribe is the wood-thrush, one of the most accomplished of songsters. How often has it revived my drooping spirits when I have listened to its wild notes in the forest after passing a restless night in my slender shell, so feebly secured against the violence of the storm as to show me the futility of my best efforts to rekindle my life fire, whose uncertain and fluctuating light had gradually died away under the destructive weight of the deep torrents of rain that seemed to involve the heavens and the earth in one mass of foam and darkness, save when the red streaks of the fishing trout, that burst on the dazzled eye, and glancing along the huge trunk of the stately and noblest tree in the immediate neighbourhood, were instantly followed by an uproar of crackling, crashing, and deafening sounds, rolling their volumes in tumultuous eddies far and near as if to fence the very breathings of the un-forgotten thought. How often, after such a night, when far from my dear home, and deprived of the presence of those nearest and dearest to my heart, wearied, hungry, drenched, and so lonely and desolate; as almost to question myself why I was thus situated; when I have seen the fruits of my labour on the eve of being destroyed, as the water collected into a stream rushed through my little camp, and forced me to stand erect shivering in a cold fit like that of a severe ager; when I have been obliged to wait with the patience of a martyr for the return of day, trying in vain to destroy the tormenting mosquitoes, silently counting over the years of my youth, doubting, perhaps if I ever again should return to my home and embrace my family. How often, as the first glimpses of a morning gleamed doubtfully among the dusky masses of the forest-trees, has there come upon my ear thrilling along the sensitive chords which connect that organ with the heart, the delightful music of this harbinger of day; and how fervently, on such occasions, have I blessed the Being who formed the wood thrush, and placed it in those solitary forests, as if so to console me amid my privations, to cheer my distressed mind, and to make me feel, as I did, that never ought man to despair whatever may be his situation, as he can never be certain that aid and deliverance are not at hand.

The ruin.—The temple of truth is, indeed, built of stones of crystal, but inasmuch as men have been concerned in rearing it, has been consolidated by a cement composed of baser materials. It is deeply lamented that truth herself will attract less attention, and less esteem, until it be amalgamated with some particular party persuasion, or sect; unmixt and unadulterated truth often proves as unfit for currency as pure gold for circulation. Sir Walter Raleigh has observed—"That he that folleth truth too closely must take care that he does not strike out his teeth; but he follows truth too closely, has little to fear from truth, but he has much to fear if the pretended friends of it. He, therefore who is dead to all smiles and to all frowns of the living, alone is equal to hazardous task of writing a history of our own times, worthy of being transmitted to times that are to come.

Audition.—The desire to be distinguished is virtuous. It is the impelling force which keeps a man revolving in the sphere of prosperity. Some indulgence is an attractive power that draws him away from. When an irreligious, fluctuating and vicious man comes to regard with the opinion of the world, he becomes the victim of his own propensities. A man may make a man forgetful of far vanity; but if it redeem him from sin, it is the impulse of an angel, path becomes the path of religion.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.—On Sunday couple of Irishmen stopped in a house up town, one of whom was a farmer, and held the following dialogue did it happen. Patrick?
"Well, I don't don't rightly know the cart went over me or well under the cart." And the couple off, the quietest, evidently perfectly satisfied.

THE BOAR SHELLED LINE.—Speaking of the hurrying propensity Yankees, says—"If a big mortar constructed, which would throw a bomb-shell, containing fifteen lb. from St. Louis to Boston, in a with an absolute certainty that would be killed by the explosion sent by the Express Bombs—would at once be at a premium senger being anxious for the chance himself 'the lucky fiftenth.'"
"I'm thine till death, as to the man about to be hanged."