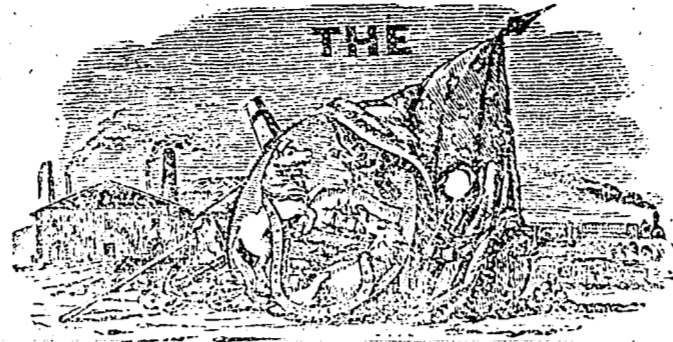


Lehigh



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., JANUARY 29, 1852.

NUMBER 17.

THE LEHIGH REGISTER,
is published in the Borough of Allentown, Lehigh County, Pa., every Thursday
BY **AUGUSTUS L. RUEBE,**
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."

Valuable Property AT PRIVATE SALE.

The subscriber now offers at private sale the property situate at the south east corner of Hamilton and Margaret Streets, in the Borough of Allentown.
The improvements consist of a large and convenient
Brick Mansion House,
built in the most substantial and finished manner, and surrounded by beautiful Shade Trees. It occupies with the ground attached, one entire square, 240 feet front and 480 feet deep. A brick stable, 100-horse, and other out buildings are upon the grounds convenient to the house.
The house will be sold if desirable with part of the ground. The title is unquestionable, and payments will be made easy.
Eli J. Sanger, agent for
M. T. DALE.
Allentown, Jan. 8, 1851. 5-1w

SOMETHING NEW! Bureau's Sky-Light DAGUERREAN ROOMS.

The subscriber would respectfully inform the public in general, that he has just opened his
SKY-LIGHT DAGUERREAN ROOMS,
expressly constructed for the purpose of taking superior Daguerreotypes, in Hamilton Street, a few doors below the German Reformed Church, third story of the newly erected building occupied by Mr. J. H. Bush as a Store and Tinware Depot.
As it is a well established fact, that Daguerrean Likenesses in true perspective can only be taken by Sky-Light. The position of his rooms for blending beauty of light and shade, enables him to give the most splendid and the most like expressions, and as he has determined not to pass off any picture unless perfect in every respect, he will respectfully solicit all those who wish to have a correct likeness of high finish, to favor him with a call.
Likenesses taken of all sizes, with or without colors, single or in groups, in a style not surpassed in this place or the largest Cities, on cloudy as well as clear days, on the very best of plates, in cases, lockets, breast-pins, finger-rings, &c. Such are the advantages of Sky-Light, that he is enabled to produce perfect likenesses of children in the short time of only 2 seconds.
We recommend ladies to dress in figure or dark dresses.
Prices of Pictures according to size and finish.—All pictures warranted durable.
Entrance to the above Rooms at the first Alley below J. H. Bush's ware-room.
N. B. Instruction given in the art, and apparatus and stock furnished at city prices.
S. W. BURCAW.
January 6. 5-1w

Dissolution of Partnership.

The partnership heretofore existing between **Good & Schraier,** in the Shoemaking business has been dissolved by mutual consent. All persons indebted to the said firm, will please call and settle their accounts within 6 weeks from the date hereof.
Those who having any claims against the said firm, will please present their accounts for settlement to
**WILGHMAN H. GOOD,
CHARLES SCHRAIR.**
Allentown, Dec. 11, 1851. 4-1w

NOTICE.

Whereas **Joseph Nunemaker** and **Emma**, his wife, under voluntary assignment dated January 5, 1852, assigned and transferred all their estate, real personal and mixed, to the subscriber for the benefit of creditors. Therefore all persons indebted to the said Joseph Nunemaker, are required to make payment, and those having legal claims against the said Assignor, are requested to present them well authenticated, within six weeks.
WILLIAM H. BLUMER, Assignee.
Allentown, January 15. 4-1w

Poetical Department.

Will You Love Me when I am Old.

Will Affection still enfold me,
As the day of life declines,
When Old Age with ruthless vigor,
Ploughs my face in furrowed lines;
When the eye forgets its seeing,
And the hand forgets its skill,
When the very words prove rebels,
To the mind's once kingly will!
When the deaf ear, strained to listen,
Scarcely hears the opening word,
And the unfathomed depths of feeling,
Are by no swift currents stirred;
When fond Memory, like a lumbric,
Many a lone perspective casts,
Sprung out into by gone pleasures,
On the canvas of the past!
When the leaping blood grows sluggish,
And the fire of youth hath fled;
When the friends which now surround us,
Half are numbered with the dead;
When the years appear to shorten,
Scarcely leaving us a trace;
When old time with bold approaches,
Marks his dial on my face!
When our present hopes all gathered,
Lie like dead flowers on our track;
When the whole of our existence,
Is one fearful looking back;
When each wasted hour of talent,
Scarcely measured now at all,
Sends its witness back to haunt us,
Like the writing on the wall!
When the ready tongue is palsied,
And the form is bowed with care;
When our only hope is heaven,
And our only help is prayer;
When our idols, broken round us,
Fall amid the ranks of men—
Until death upris the curtain,
Will thy love endure till then!

Family Amusement.

Enigma.

I am composed 32 letters.
My 19 11 26 17 31 8 is a town in Maine,
My 7 5 27 4 12 is a town in New Hampshire,
My 4 28 13 7 12 16 is a town in Vermont,
My 15 21 9 is a town in Massachusetts,
My 13 2 10 23 21 22 is a town in R. Island,
My 30 20 26 27 31 32 is a town Ct.,
My 4 30 13 7 6 31 is a town in New York,
My 30 18 12 21 19 is a town in New Jersey,
My 13 11 10 23 31 22 is a town in Pa.,
My 30 1 21 23 8 23 is a town in Delaware,
My 30 8 31 13 25 11 15 16 is a town in Maryland,
My 12 4 6 26 32 is a town in Virginia,
My 5 18 12 9 29 6 23 is a town in N. C.,
My 12 10 11 31 8 is a town in S. C.,
My 7 15 14 1 3 4 21 is a town in Georgia,
My 13 11 14 11 15 22 32 2 is a town in Florida,
My 9 5 21 7 8 is a town in Alabama,
My 5 21 21 6 23 is a town in Mississippi,
My 1 18 5 31 21 is a town in Louisiana,
My 14 11 16 2 is a town in Texas,
My 16 11 11 2 is a town in Ohio,
My 40 2 12 7 13 is a town in Kentucky,
My 5 2 12 7 11 6 23 is a town in Tennessee,
My 12 29 19 18 is a town in Indiana,
My 16 2 12 7 8 19 is a town in Illinois,
My 11 4 8 23 26 is a town in Michigan,
My 4 5 9 6 31 8 is a town in Missouri,
My 20 9 12 7 5 2 is a town in Arkansas,
My 1 4 8 5 31 9 is a town in Wisconsin,
My 19 31 32 13 1 7 is a town in Iowa,
My 20 2 32 3 13 9 7 is a town in California,
My whole was an American Officer.
Answer next week.

The Enigma in the Register of Jan. 22d, is "Friendship, Love, Truth," and is correctly answered by D. U. —, and H. B. —, of Allentown.

Miscellaneous Selections.

THE WIFE'S REVENGE.

Terrible were the days of the Reign of Terror, and those three inhuman monsters, Robespierre, Danton and Marat, sat in judgment over warring France, and denounced that fair land in blood. In those days, the executioner was neither more nor less than a human butcher, whose duty it was to stand upon the reeking scaffold from morning till night, and chop off the heads of the cart loads of fellow creatures that were brought to him as we sometimes see sheep conveyed to the place of slaughter. It did not follow, then, that the executed must be criminals. No! so far from it, that to behold a man or woman on his or her way to the scaffold, was to behold a person or persons in whom the noblest virtues of mankind united, and who, as a consequence, were not fit to live in a land where crime—dark, hideous damning crime—was in the ascendancy. Then it was the order of law was reversed, criminals became judges, and the pure, noble, virtu-

ous, became victims. The more honest, upright and fair dealing a man then was, the more likely that he would, sooner or later, end his life upon the scaffold, in the presence of jeering monster fiends, who wore the human shape.

At a time when the Reign of Terror was at its height, M. Dubois, a man sixty years of age, and whose only crime was that of having been Attorney General to the Parliament of Bordeaux, was seized and thrown into prison to await the period of his trial before the Revolutionary Tribunal.

The wife of M. Dubois was a beautiful woman, scarce turned of twenty years; and, strange as it may seem, she loved her husband with true affection. It was not, however, a love of sensual passion, but a love of veneration, not unlike what a daughter may feel towards a father. She could not bear the thought that he should be condemned to death, as well she knew he would be, unless she could bribe his judges to let him off—for money then, as well as now, was a powerful weight in the scale of so-called justice.

But to add to her discomfiture, Madame Dubois was poor—for the revolutionary committee had searched her house, and seized upon all her available effects, with the exception of a hundred louis d'ors, which, ingeniously secreted in a closet, had escaped their notice. In the hope that these might save her husband from the scaffold, she flew to the house of the President of the Tribunal, on the day set for the trial of her husband, and demanded to see him on very important business. After considerable delay she was conducted by a menial into the presence of the brutal chief of legal murderers.

President Lancone was seated in an easy chair, wearing a dressing gown and slippers—for it was an early hour in the morning, and he had not yet gone forth to the bloody business of the day. He was a coarse, sensual looking man, with revolting features, some forty years of age; and Madame Dubois saw at a glance that she had nothing to hope for from an appeal to the better feelings of human nature, for in these he was totally deficient.

"Well," said he, "you are certainly a form of the beautiful wife with an expression of ill concealed desire, you are certainly a very pretty woman, and I shall take the freedom of inquiring why I am honored with this early visit?" and again his black, sinister eyes wandered over the form of the fair victim in a manner to bring the blush of shame to her modest, beautiful countenance.

"I have come," said she, with dignity, "to endeavor to procure the release of a M. Dubois."

"Ha! Dubois?" returned the President, his black snaky eye flashing with anger at the mention of his name. "Do you know, woman, that the man whose release you seek, is a heart's royalist, and as such deserves to die?"

"But you can save him, M. President?"

"What is he to you?"

"He is my husband."

"Your husband, and he is sixty years of age, and you—"

"I am only twenty."

"Forty years your senior! May I ask you why you wish to save him from the noose?"

"Because he is my husband, and I love him."

"Your husband he may be; but it is impossible you can love him."

"It is true, Citizen President."

"A singular love, then. Why, what induces you, a young, handsome, vigorous woman, but of passion, to love a man old enough to be your grandfather? Come, come, this is nonsense! Instead of begging his life, you ought rather to thank us for putting him out of your way; for there is no danger of your being in want of lovers for ten years to come."

At this insulting language, Madame Dubois first turned red and then pale; and then mastering her indignation as best she could, she said with stern, cold haughtiness, looking the villainous President full in the eye—

"I did not come here to be insulted—though aware of whose presence I was coming into, I came prepared for anything but decent treatment."

"This to me, vile woman!—begone!" cried Lancone in a burst of fury; and then seemed to recollect himself, he added, "yea, stay! what do you propose as a recompense for the liberation of that old dotard, Dubois?"

"All the money I have in the world."

"How much?"

"One hundred louis d'ors."

"Where are they?"

"At home."

"Go and get them."

"Oh, will they save him?"

"Yes."

"Oh, thank you! I will fly and get them and thank you with my knees besides. I forgive all you have said, and you must pardon me for my intemperate language! I was excited, and scarcely knew what I uttered."

"Go and get the money!" was the stiff

rejoice; and remember you must be back here in ten minutes, or I shall be gone to the Tribunal, and it will then be too late."

"Oh, I will fly! I will fly!" cried the now overjoyed wife, and the next moment she had disappeared.

Lancone now arose, put off his wrapper and slippers, habited himself in the ordinary costume of a citizen, and stepping to a mirror, examined his ugly countenance, and brushed his coarse hair for some minutes, during which time he seemed in an excellent humor with his own distinguished personal appearance.

Meanwhile Madame Dubois hurried home and running to the concealed closet, seized upon the money, and darted away again, as if life and death were depending upon her exertions. Ere the ten minutes had expired she stood breathless in the presence of Lancone.

"Here," she cried—"here it is! and now when shall I see my husband?"

"The man of terror threw himself upon a seat, and the money upon a table; and then coolly began to count it, occasionally examining a piece closely, and causing it to ring as if he thought it might be counterfeit.—At length, the whole was counted; and then looking at Madame Dubois savagely, he said—

"So vile woman, you thought to cheat me, eh?"

"What mean you?" cried the affrighted wife.

"Here are only ninety-one louis d'ors, and you promised me a hundred."

"Good heavens!" cried the trembling lady, "only ninety-one! I thought there were a hundred. I must have left some in the closet where these were secreted. I will run and see."

"I will wait five minutes and no more."

Madame Dubois darted away, and in two minutes reached her dwelling; but all the people who saw her running through the streets, thought she was demented, or frightened almost to madness. And the latter was the case—she was frightened almost to madness, least the nine missing pieces might be lost in reality, and then nothing could be done, nothing she could do would save her husband from the scaffold. Her fiercest soul changed to joy almost as wild—she found the missing money in the closet—and again she darted through the streets of Bordeaux to the dwelling of Lancone. She met him on the steps, just ready to depart for the Tribunal.

"You were right before to late," he said, "but have you the money?"

"It is here!" and almost breathless with haste, Madame Dubois placed the nine missing pieces in his hand.

Lancone coldly examined them, and as he deposited them in one of his pockets, he began to move slowly away, saying in an low tone, that struck a chill to the heart of Madame Dubois—

"Stay on your absence, my beauty. I have thought seriously of your proposition to save the life of your husband, and have come to the conclusion that I cannot do so short of one hundred pieces more, making in all one thousand louis d'ors."

"My God!" cried Madame Dubois—"I have not a single sou in the world."

"There is one alternative."

"O, name it."

Lancone turned about, and approaching her, whispered a something in her ears.

"Monster! D'evil! fiend! barbarian! begone!" almost shrieked the horror stricken wife.

"Well, I go, but your husband dies."

"Stay! don't stay!—will nothing else save him?"

"Nothing."

"But he will die to day?"

"No! I give you three days in which to comply with my demand. On the fourth morning, if I have not received the sum I require, by one o'clock, and you make not your appearance, your husband shall die at ten."

Saying this, the vile President hurried away, leaving Madame Dubois, more dead than alive, leaning against the wall of his dwelling for support.

It was eight o'clock on the fourth morning after the preceding events, that M. Dubois languidly arose from her couch, on which she had lain for some three or four hours. Her beautiful features were very pale, with the exception of a bright red spot on either cheek, which made a very forcible contrast to the rest of her complexion.—Her countenance, too, exhibited an unnatural calmness, considering the peculiar light which gleamed from her dark eyes. Her whole look showed that some high resolve had taken unshaken possession of her mind.

As she arose, she glanced first in a mirror, and then toward the clock of a neighboring church. The hands denoted two minutes past eight. Madame Dubois then turned to the mirror again, and made her toilet with great care, but so speedily, that by the time the longer finger of the clock pointed midway between eight and nine, she was ready to depart. Issuing forth into the street, she took her way directly to the house of President Lancone, and was at once

ushered into his presence. He was alone; and as at her first interview with him, was seated in his chair, wearing dressing gown and slippers.

"I have come," said she, calmly.

"So I see," he returned, at the tenth hour.

"I have brought no money—I could raise none—all my friends pleaded poverty."

"Then you have concluded to accept my other proposition."

"Yes."

"It is well, and I must say you are a charming woman," and the low eyes of the President rolled gleamingly over her voluptuous form. "Shall the compact be ratified now?"

"At what moment you please," was the calm reply.

"Now, then, let it be; I have a few moments to spare;" and he consulted his watch. "Follow me!" he arose and led the way to a dark boudoir, lighted only by a globe lamp.

"You see," he said, as Madame Dubois entered the room with a firm step, "I have prepared for your reception."

"First give me wine," said she—"I have my own wine?"

"Yes, here is sparkling champagne!" and stepping to the table on which stood the lamp, the President poured her out a glass. Madame Dubois turned her head and drank off half of it. Then turning to Lancone she said calmly:

"You must pledge me the remainder."

"With all my heart; and not only shall it be in the remainder, but in a bumper!" and he filled the glass to the brim. "Here's to love in the dark boudoir!" he said, and drained the glass.

Madame Dubois watched him closely while he drank, and when he had done, his eyes sparkled strangely, and a peculiar smile wreathed her lips. The next moment the coarse features of the President grew flushed, and placing hand to his temples, he said:

"I feel strangely."

A wild, unnatural laugh greeted his ears. He looked at Madame Dubois, and a terrible suspicion crossed his mind.

"Dizziness!" he exclaimed, "what means this?"

"You are poisoned!" was the retort, accompanied by another laugh, triumphant and thrilling. "You are poisoned, President Lancone, beyond the power of any medicine to save you. My husband will die unless you shall I—but you shall go into the presence of an avenging God before us."

"Poisoned!" shrieked the wretch, agitated at the horrible thought. "Oh, dizziness of Satan! hell's curses on you! Poisoned! Oh, my God! my God!" and he reeled against the bed—that bed which a few minutes before he had contemplated as the couch for licentious enjoyment. "Poisoned! yes; I feel my blood like molten lead running through my veins. Oh, call for help! call for help! I shall die! I shall die!"

"Yes," was the answer, "you shall die! Say your prayers, and repent, for you would have robbed me of my honor, as you robbed me of my purse, and then sent my husband to the scaffold! I at last! But I have triumphed, and you shall die, feeling a wife's revenge!"

The wretched Lancone sunk down with a groan, uttering the vilest blasphemy, and calling upon Almighty God to curse his murderers. Madame Dubois made no farther reply, but perceiving there was foam upon his lips, she went out and locked the door behind her, and carried away the key. In a few minutes she stood within the hall of the tribunal where she beheld her husband already arranged to meet his doom—it being the design of the vile Lancone, if she acceded to his terms, as she had the night before informed him she would, to have the husband on his way to the scaffold while he was dishonoring her.

"Husband," cried the devoted wife, springing forward reverently, yet ardently, "I have come to die with you. We are revenged. I have murdered the President of this accursed Tribunal. Lancone is dead. There," she cried in a louder tone, tossing the key to the astonished judge's dog search for your vile chief in his own den of iniquity; and when you have found his black, swollen and hideous carcass, gaze upon it and tremble, for such or a similar death will, sooner or later, be your fate!"

It is impossible to describe the scene that followed, as the horrified judges rushed from their seats to learn the truth or falsity of Madame Dubois' words. Suffice it to say that in half an hour they returned, pale with horror and rage, and proceeded to pronounce sentence of death upon M. Dubois and his young and beautiful wife. Half an hour later the Tribunal was in a state of excitement at the strange news that had spread as if flung upon the wings of heaven, from the prison to the scaffold were swarming with people, all eager to get a sight at M. Dubois and his lovely, heroic wife, who transferred to the bloody cart, were already on their way to the place of execution, while all the bells of the city were solemnly tolling for the death of President Lancone.

Madame Dubois stood erect in the cart, pale and calm; and so lovely did she appear, combined with the knowledge of her heroism and the gratification of her heroic deed inscribed in the hearts of the populace, most of whom had cause to hate the incarnate whom she had destroyed that more than once she was greeted with an outburst of cheers that prudent fear could not wholly restrain.

At the scaffold she conducted herself with heroic dignity, and embracing her husband, she bade him yield his head to the block with calmness, remembering they were to separate only for a few minutes, to reunite again forever.

As M. Dubois complied, and calmly bowed his head to the fatal stroke, Madame Dubois laid upon the scaffold, said a short prayer, and then rising to her feet and turning toward the crowd of spectators, exclaimed with great solemnity, holding up her right hand—

"I thank God, my friends that He was pleased to make me the humble instrument whereby to rid the world of a monster!" She then bowed her head to the executioner, the axe fell, and her soul was with its Maker.

Thus died Madame Dubois a heroine of twenty—and thus closed one of the many strange episodes of the French Revolution.

Anecdotes of Rev. Lemuel Haines.

He happened to go into a store where alien spirits were drank as well as sold. In his pleasant manner he addressed them, "How do ye do?" The merchant, willing to get a little, replied, "O, not more than half drunk." "Well, well," said Mr. Haines, "I am glad there is a informant begun."

A young clergyman, in conversation on the subject of an educated ministry, remarked, that ministers without learning succeed well, and ignorant ones usually do the best: "Won't you tell me," said Mr. H., "how much ignorance is necessary to make an eminent preacher?"

A minister, having had his house burnt was stating the circumstance to Mr. H., adding that the most of his manuscript sermons were consumed. Mr. H. replied, "Don't you think, brother, they gave more light from the fire than they ever did from the pulpit?"

A physician of libertine principles, to whom he was indebted, had stated for the then far wiser and stepped in town. Mr. H., learning the fact, went on him, confessed the debt, and started off to borrow the money. He was called back by the Doctor, who presented a receipt in full, adding: "Here, Mr. Haines is a discharge; you have been a faithful servant here a long time, and received but a poor support. I give you the debt."

Mr. Haines thanked him, and still expressed his willingness to pay, when the Doctor added: "But you must pray for me, and make me a good man." Mr. Haines quickly replied, "Why, Doctor, I think I had much better pay the debt."

Meeting a preacher who had been on a tour, preaching false doctrines, he said to him:

"You have been out on a preaching tour, what success do you meet with?"

"O, good success, great success. The devil himself can never destroy such a cause," was the reply.

"You need not be concerned about that he will never try," said Mr. H.

Having solemnized a marriage in a neighboring town, the young and rather ignorant bridegroom said to him:

"What, sir, is your fee?"

He humorously replied—"that depends upon parties; if they're promising and respectable, we of course receive a liberal reward; if they are whitt we call poor things, we expect but little." A liberal reward was instantly presented.

Being once at an association, he addressed a minister near him, who was a stranger and inquired what kind of a minister they had settled in such a town. He was answered:

"A man of rather ordinary qualifications."

At this he wondered that a town of such standing and consequence should settle such a minister. But looking around the room, he saw by the smile on every face that this stranger was no other than the minister in question. After joining in the laugh he added:

"But it appears that this minister has one good qualification."

"And what is that?" they said.

"He is a man of truth," was the reply.—[Christian Mirror.]

Shut the door.—The weather is very cold. At this season of the year, shutting the door after you a cardinal virtue. "Though you fly a trifle, may boast a gifted mind." A soul of honor and a taste for something more.

A cardinal virtue is—to shut the door.

Louis Napoleons 44 years of age; his uncle was 44 when he abdicated at Fontenoy.