

Lehigh

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Register.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

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

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BY AUGUSTUS L. RUEB,

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

Poetical Department.

We clip the following lines from the "Pottsville Emporium." They are from the pen of Messrs. the "Chippeway Chief," who visited Allentown a few weeks ago. He wrote them when at Pottsville, and they are indeed strikingly original and truly beautiful!

Spiritual Railway.

The line to Heaven by Christ was made,
With Heavenly Truth the rails are laid,
From Earth to Heaven the line extends,
To Life eternal where it ends.

Repentance is the station then
Where passengers are taken in,
No fee for them is there to pay
For Jesus is himself the way.

The Bible then is Engineer,
It points the way to Heaven so clear,
Through tunnels dark and dreary here
It does the way to glory steer.

God's Love the Fire, His Truth the Steam,
Which drives the Engine and the Train,
All you who would to Glory ride
Must come to Christ, in him abide.

In first and second and third class,
Repentance, Faith and Holiness,
You must the way to Glory gain
Or you with Christ can never reign.

Come then poor sinners, now's the time,
At any place along the line
If you repent and turn from sin,
The train will stop and take you in.

The Early Dead.

Why weep for thee!—thou heepest not
The tears that o'er thy tomb we shed,
Thou'rt happy and thou heepest not
Our sighs for thee,—the early dead!

Why weep for thee!—thy cares are o'er,
Forgotten now in yon bright skies,
Thy bark hath reached its destined shore,
And lies, soft moored, in Paradise.

Why weep for thee!—thou'rt most shared
The smiles of youth's most sunny clime;
If short thy course, thou hast been spared,
The lengthened risks and storms of time;

And if a cloud e'er tried to throw
A shadow o'er thy sunny day,
'Twas like the tear of infant we,
Scarce seen ere charmed by smiles away.

Then let us not shed tears for thee,
But check the vain and selfish flow,
Thou shouldst a cause of envy be
To struggling mortals here below;

Then be thy tomb with roses twined,
And be thy grave with lilies spread,
Let's weep for those who are left behind,
But not for thee, the happy dead.

Miscellaneous Selections.

A Romance of Real Life.

AN EVENTFUL AND REMARKABLE HISTORY.

[The following marvellous and interesting narrative is given in a letter from Paris, under date of the 15th of January last, from the correspondent of the St. Louis Republican.]

The venerable Abbess of the Ursuline Convent of Nevers, whose life was, perhaps, one of the most eventful on record, died last week at the advanced age of ninety-eight. For fifty years she has been an inmate of the Convent, winning the love and respect of all who approached her.

In the summer of 1762, there broke out at Paris a disease very similar to what is now called cholera, and which was quite as fatal in its consequences. Although not contagious, the immense number of persons attacked by it led the people to think it was so, and terror took hold of the minds of all. Mothers abandoned their children, wives their husbands, sisters their brothers, and almost as many perished by flight as by the disease itself. In two months thirty-one thousand persons were buried in the different burial-grounds around the city. The hospitals were crowded—so crowded, that the physicians and nurses passed with difficulty among the beds, and the demand for admission was so great that every day a

long file of sick might be seen at the door, some supported by relations, but the most part lying on the ground, waiting until their turn should come to be admitted, but often before night the half of them were carried to the cemetery instead of the infirmary. As may well be supposed, the task of the physicians was no light one, and finally, they were obliged to organize their labor, and force themselves to repose a certain time every day, and take the service in turns, in order to be able to bear up under the extraordinary efforts they were called upon to make.

One day, as a young physician, he who twenty years later was known as the celebrated Dr. Soulie, was having the hospital to go and take his turn of repose, a servant man, breathless and pale, led him at the gate, and asked if he was a physician. The doctor answered in the affirmative, and the man begged him to go with him to a sick person. Although against the rules they had established, the doctor consented, and was conducted to the house by the servant, who showed him into the large, handsomely furnished room. In this room the doctor remarked first a tall, handsome young man with his hair all in disorder, and his face pale as a corpse, standing near and seeming a child, who lay upon a sofa. Around her was collected a group of twelve young girls, who looked to the doctor to be of nearly the same age, and made him suppose it was a boarding school, particularly as these young girls all wore dark green silk dresses, and had their blond hair braided and tied with blue ribbons. The doctor could see no difference between any of them; they all had the same small blue eyes, and fair long noses and large mouths; but before he could ask any questions about them, the woman advanced hurriedly, and seizing him by the arm, led him to the sofa, and in a hoarse voice said: "Look at this child." The doctor looked—before him lay a beautiful girl of about ten years of age, but very different from the others. Her hair was black as midnight, and hung in ringlets over her shoulders; her eyes were closed, and her livid complexion and contracted features showed that the dreadful disease had seized upon her.

"Open that window," said the doctor, and bring some vinegar immediately to rub the child's body.

"What!" cried the woman, "she has not got the plague?"

"Why, certainly; did you not know it?" answered the doctor.

"No, no; take her away, take her away. She shant stay here to kill us all. Come, my daughters, come away quick! Oh! the wretched child, she will be the death of you!" and she pushed the twelve girls out of the room, and went after them.

But the door sprang after her.

"Are you the mother of that child?" he asked.

"Yes; but take her away—she shant stay here."

"She must be put to bed and taken care of," said the doctor.

"She shall not have a bed in this house—take her away."

"But where shall I take her; besides, she will die if removed."

"I don't care, take her to the hospital; anywhere, only take her away from this house."

Though horrified by the feeling expressed by this unnatural mother, the doctor tried a moment to persuade her to do something for her child; but finding it useless, and seeing that if he left the little girl in the house she would die from neglect, he took her in his arms, wrapped her in a blanket, and carried her to the hospital, where he was fortunate enough to find a vacant bed for the little sufferer. The doctor then made some inquiries concerning her parents, and learned that Monsieur Domergue was a manufacturer of large means and his wife really the mother of thirteen children, all daughters, and duly registered at the Mayor's office as having been born in seven years. Six times Madame Domergue brought a pair into the world all wonderfully resembling each other, light hair, blue eyes, fair skin, and sharp features. The mother adored them, and her pride and joy was at its climax when she found her family again about to be increased. But alas! this time she was disappointed, for a little girl arrived, but without any companion. This alone would have been enough to have saddened her mother's heart from her, but besides this she was entirely different from the twelve others. The mother could see no beauty in her clear brunette complexion, her black curling hair, dark eyes and exquisite features, and from the moment of her birth, little Esther was an isolated being, unloved and uncared for. While her sisters were dressed in silk, she wore cotton, and while they were fed upon dainty food, she ate with the servants in the kitchen. As she grew she gave her mother fresh cause for dislike, for whereas her sisters were endowed with intellects of the most mediocre order, and learned the simplest things with the greatest difficulty, Esther's talents and quickness of perception made her the wonder even of her sisters.

Seeing this, that her twelve pets were likely to be thrown in the shade, Madame Domergue stopped Esther's lessons entirely, and the most poor child could obtain was permission to remain in the room while her sisters were with their teachers. By this means she was enabled to learn a great deal, and as she afterwards often said, these were her only happy hours. The father of this large family, though a kind hearted man, was exceedingly weak, and the slave of his wife. Besides, he was much from home, and when in the house, never dared to interfere in the regulations made by his wife.

All these particulars the doctor heard from the servants and neighbors, and the interest he felt for the child thus singularly placed under his care, was doubled, and he determined to use every means to save her life. He accordingly watched her hour by hour, and day by day, and finally found his efforts crowned with success. "The child yet get well."

It was just three weeks after his first visit to the house of Monsieur Domergue, that the doctor returned, taking with him the little girl who had been almost miraculously saved from death. When he reached the door, several men were just bringing out two coffins to be placed on a hearse which stood in the street. The doctor and his protegee ascended the stairs, entered the parlor and proceeded to another room, without seeing anybody or hearing any noise. A deathly silence pervaded the whole house. But Esther in the greatest alarm pushed open a door and led the way to the room where she and her twelve sisters had slept together. The door was open, but four beds alone occupied the room, and two of them were empty. On the other lay two of the fair haired twins, and by their side stood Mad. Domergue looking at them as if stupefied. Esther, with an undefined dread of something frightful, rushed up to her mother and threw her arms around her. But as soon as Madame Domergue saw her, she threw her from her, then seized her again and would have torn her to pieces if the doctor had not snatched her from her grasp. As it was, the poor child's face was all scratched and bloody, and she fainted almost immediately.

"Why do you bring her here?" cried Mad. Domergue. "She is the cause of all my misfortune. There lie the only two I have left. Take the little demon away or I will kill her in spite of you!"

Almost frozen with horror, the doctor answered not a word, but bore the insensible and bleeding child from the room, out of the house, and placed her in a carriage which he saw passing and stopped. He ordered the coachman to drive to an obscure little street where lived, in the most humble manner, the doctor's venerable mother. She received the unhappy child, gave her all necessary relief, and installed her in a small room near her own.

It was as Madame Domergue had said; in three weeks ten of her idolized daughters had fallen victims to the terrific disease, and the day after the doctor's second visit the other two died, and were buried like their sisters. A few days more, and the mother herself followed, and when the doctor hearing of it, returned, he found that house, once so noisy with young voices, and so full of the joy and pride of a large family, silent as the tomb, occupied only by a prematurely old man, left alone in the world and prostrate with his grief. A few months afterwards, Mr. Domergue died in hopeless insanity.

Esther brought up under the motherly care of Madame Soulie, budded into womanhood as lovely a young creature as could possibly be seen. When in her eighteenth year she became the wife of the doctor, who was now beginning to be known in the world, and she made her appearance in the saloons of Paris, and was for years the most admired woman of the time. She became the mother of five children—four sons and one daughter—whom she brought up and educated to be an honor to herself and ornaments to the Society in which they lived. Dr. Soulie became in time one of the physicians of the court of Louis XVI, and when the political troubles began to break out, he, unfortunately, wrote a pamphlet in favor of the court, and thus became a marked man. In the fall of 1792, at 3 o'clock one morning, the people forcibly entered Dr. Soulie's house, dragged him and his two eldest sons from their beds, and in spite of the prayers and entreaties of the poor wife and mother, carried them off. It was nearly a week before Madame Soulie could hear any news of her loved ones, and then—they had already been dead four days—the guillotine had done its work for them. Madame Soulie clasped her three remaining children in her arms, two boys of seventeen and eighteen, and a girl of fifteen years of age. But as she staid them to her in the agony of her grief, fresh trouble was preparing for her. Her sons vowed within themselves to revenge the murder of their father and brothers. It would take too long to narrate all the circumstances which followed; but these two young men placed themselves at the head of a conspiracy against the government, and one year precisely

from the day on which she had learned the death of her husband and two eldest boys, Mad. Soulie received a short note, as follows: "CONCERNING, Thursday noon."

"Mother dear mother—We have conspired against the government—we have been taken and sent to the guillotine. Bear bravely, we shall die for father and our brothers. HENRIETTE VICTOR."

What words can describe the despair of that poor mother! At first she prayed God to take her life or her reason. But a ray of hope dawned upon her. She might, perhaps, save her boys; the tribunal which had condemned them could not be deaf to a mother's prayer—a mother's despair. But alas! Madame Soulie little knew the men upon whose compassion she counted. In vain she supplicated, in vain she prayed they ended by refusing to listen to her any longer. She did all that could possibly be done to save her boys from death; she even after the example of Madam Chalais, tried to bribe the executioners. But they accepted her money and betrayed her. Finding all her efforts useless, she tried to resign herself and determined, as she could not obtain her sons' lives, at least to get permission to die with them. "This was with great difficulty granted her, but at last she received it, and a couple of hours before the execution was to take place, she presented herself before her unhappy boys.—"Then all the grandeur of her soul the devotion, the resignation which was so remarkable in her after life, showed itself. No useless tears or reproaches, no lamenting. One short burst of agony, which the sight of the mangled limbs of her children forced from her in spite of herself, and she was done with this world. Every moment was very precious. God, and the eternity into which these two boys were soon to enter, formed the sole subject of the conversation between the mother and her children; until the jailer came to announce that the moment had arrived to say their last prayers. Madame Soulie stood by while the chains were knocked off; she knelt and prayed with the priest, who had been sent to accompany the prisoners to the scaffold; and then she took an arm of each of her beloved boys and left the prison with them. The public place was crowded with people. They could not help pitying those two handsome youths about to be executed, but tears ran down the hardest cheeks at the sight of that noble mother, still in mourning for her husband and two eldest children, and now accompanying her two remaining sons to death. She ascended the scaffold with them, embraced them tenderly, offered up a short prayer with them, and then allowed herself to be led off by a friend. But was not out of hearing when the shout of the multitude announced to her that all was over.

Well, in '95 she was herself condemned to death on the charge of concealing her brother-in-law, a political prisoner who had escaped from prison. A second time she mounted the scaffold, and was preparing to die, when an order came for her release. She then retired to a little farm she owned near Blois, and soon after married her daughter to a man every way worthy of her. But misfortune was to be her lot through life. Her only child, all that fate had left her to love and cherish, died in child birth, eleven months after her marriage.

It was then that Madame Soulie turned her eyes towards the cloister. After considerable delay she was received into the Ursuline Convent of Nevers, and in 1825 was made Lady Abbess, which place she held until her death. Her last moments were soothed by the presence of many of those upon whom she had conferred her benefits and charities, and she died as calmly as an infant falling to sleep, her lips sealed to the crucifix and her eyes turned to that heaven to which certainly, if afflictions accord the right to enter, she had won.

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Mormonism Exposed, by a Mormon.
The late high-handed and treasonable proceedings of the Mormons in the territory of Utah, as shown by the official report of the United States officers returned therefrom however strange and startling they to those who have had an opportunity of scrutinizing and observing them, and their doctrines and designs, but are in perfect keeping with the character of the sect, openly avowed by them to most of their members for some ten years no more.

The writer of this, having been one of their number, and having been personally acquainted with Brigham Young and his associates called by them the twelve apostles, and having had frequent conversations with them in respect to their policy in relation to the Government of this country, is perhaps better qualified than many to submit a few hints thereon.

First, then, a word in regard to their great leading doctrine. They believe and teach that the aborigines of this continent are descendants of a branch of the house of Israel, through the seed of Joseph, the Patriarch; and consequently those remarkable blessings pronounced upon Joseph and his two sons, by Jacob his father, also by Moses, will be fulfilled upon the head of the

Mormon church, and on this continent.—Hence all those terrible denunciations and destructions predicted of in the Prophets against the oppressors of Ephraim and Manasseh (the Indians) are to be fulfilled upon the devoted heads of the American people, the Mormons being the instruments.

The Book of Mormon—misnamed the Mormon Bible—which Joseph Smith claimed to have found miraculously in the shape of metallic plates inscribed upon in an unknown or lost language, but translated by him through inspiration, is the sacred and political history of this branch of Israel, the predecessors of the American Indians. The organization of the Mormon Church is the beginning of this political power to the Indians ostensibly, but in reality to the Mormon Church. In regard to the government and laws of this country, they are ready at any and at all times to set them at defiance except when they may deem it politic to do otherwise. In addition to their religious idea of vengeance on this Government, they have sworn vengeance against the States of Missouri and Illinois, from which they have been driven, and against the United States Government for not siding with them against these States.

The Salt Lake movement was got up for the avowed purpose of placing themselves without the pale of this government, (they, with all their prophets, little dreaming that it was so soon to be a part of the government) that they could the better manage their reasonable designs; and at that time the Mormons petitioned Queen Victoria for aid for the Mormon emigrants from Great Britain, urging in that petition the importance of her Majesty's government counteracting the rapid emigration from the United States to California! That petition can be seen by examining the files of the Mormon paper printed in England at that time, called the Millennium Star.

In regard to polygamy, it has been preached among them for many years; and, if it were necessary, I could give you cases of the separation of husbands and wives, and breaking up of families, the demoralization of young women by some of these twelve apostles, in this city and vicinity, that would almost chill the heart's blood.

They teach and avow openly that marriages performed out of that church are null and void, and can be broken at the pleasure of either or both parties! There is no particular order or system about it. The heads of the church manage to secure to themselves the most desirable of the females that join the church; and when tired of them give them over to the laymen of the church, and not over.

I know of one instance of a family from this city, where the mother and two daughters (mere children) were used as wives of one of these apostles, Heber Kimball, he at the same time living with his lawful wife. I know of another case, in which P. P. Pratt, another of those twelve, took the young wife of Mr. Hum, of this city, unbeknown to him, and they had lived as husband and wife since. But your space will not permit to begin to enumerate instances of that kind that have come to my personal knowledge. Instead of polygamy, it should be termed licentiousness run mad. Any and all of these charges I stand ready to substantiate by their own documents, and by unimpeachable witnesses.

New York. JOHN HARDY.

False Pretences.
A man, with a pair of whiskers, or rather, a pair of whiskers with something faintly resembling a man attached to them, appeared before Mayor Gilpin with an accusation against Clementine Derby, otherwise Millet, who, according to the affirmation of the complainant, Abraham Millet, had swindled him out of his personal freedom by inducing him to marry her, the said Clementine, who proved afterwards, on close inspection, to be a mere bundle of false pretences. Abraham, the man of whiskers, had become acquainted with Miss Derby at a reputable boarding house, where the lady had fixed her temporary residence. She had a fine suit of brown hair, charming teeth, a due proportion of roses and lilies in her complexion, an innocent maidenly countenance, a good figure and a fortune of forty-five thousand dollars, including a rice plantation, stocked with ninety-three negroes, somewhere out South. Some of these attractions were visible to Mr. Millet, but the rice grounds and the negroes had never been seen by him; they were merely objects of faith, therefore. Miss Clementine gave him such a particular account of the property—the real estate respectively—that Abraham was quite satisfied with its reality. After a rapid courtship, they were married; and then, said Mr. Millet, "I found her out." Her fine hair was merely a wig, and when this off, her head was as naked as a sandy desert; an unweaving Zakara, without a single oasis. Her charming teeth were all porcelain; her roses and lilies, chalk and carmine; her exquisite figure, cotton-wadding; and as for her maidenly innocence," observed Mr. Millet, very truthfully, "I found she had two children boarded out in Jersey, one of which children is a dingy, curly-headed

little fellow, that looks prodigiously like he had African blood in him. Still," said Mr. Millet, pursuing the subject, "the thoughts of the rice plantation out South, and the ninety-three negroes, afforded me some comfort; but it wasn't long before I discovered that this plantation was so confoundedly far 'out South,' that there was no coming at it; and as for her niggers, I guess she has none except that little frizzly head chap that calls her 'mammy.'" "I pity your case, Mr. Millet," said the Mayor, "but we can do nothing for you. Your own imprudence brought you into this predicament. You were in such a hurry to secure a fortune, that you got bit." "Yes," answered Abraham, "but indeed; and that by a woman who hasn't a tooth in her head that she can call her own; for the dentist she bought them from never was paid for them."—"Settling that bill is a privilege that will belong to you," said his Honor, as Abraham, with many a convulsive sob, left the Hall of Justice.—*Phila. Pennsylvanian.*

The French Constitution.

A correspondent of the Journal of Commerce has condensed the already concise French Constitution as follows:

1. I am a State, with entire liberty to do as I please.
 2. The people are nobody.
 3. The Senate, the Legislative body, the Ministers and Council of State, are tools and puppets in the hands of the Chief Magistrate of the nation. He can use them, or play with them as he thinks proper.
 4. The people shall be entitled to universal suffrage, that is, all of them shall vote for me.
 5. Laws shall be enacted privately, and when and how, the President thinks advisable. No speech making shall be allowed. Oratory creates confusion, and is unnecessary.
 6. The press is muzzled.
 7. The right of petition is abolished.—The duty of submission is in full force.
 8. What is not openly expressed in the written code, is secretly understood. "Constitutions," says my uncle, "cannot have too wide a margin."
 9. I and my uncle are one. My uncle is my uncle, and I am his nephew.
- Done at the Palace of the Tuilleries, 14th Jan. 1852.

A Good Shot.

A bear for some time past carrying off an improper intimacy with the young hogs belonging to the settlers in the Queen's Bush, closed his career last week in rather a singular manner. From a litter of nine in an industrious man's hog-stye, the bear had at divers times abstracted four, and one night on repeating his visit, the hogs screamed so furiously at the abstraction of one of their brethren, that the settler became alarmed, and loaded his gun in all trepidation, hastened out to the sty, and seeing the grizzly monster a few paces from him, with the porker in his tusks, he let fly with the musket, and the recoil was so violent that it threw him several feet backwards, with his head under the fence. Believing that the blow had been struck by the bear, and that the monster was upon him, he roared out hideously, and was of course immediately joined by his wife, who disabused him of the idea that anything else but herself was near him. He then got up, and found that his monster antagonist was pierced through the neck and fastened to the hogsty by the ramrod of the gun, he having forgotten in his hurry to abstract it from the weapon, and thus the recoil became so great as to upset him. The bear died immediately, and his carcass amply repaid for the loss of the pigs, and the fright of being turned into grease in the bowels of the grizzly brute. *Gull (Canada) Reporter.*

I Don't Like His Looks.

Why? Because I don't. Powerful reasoning, is it not? But are you guilty of the same sin? Have you not expressed your mind unfavorably towards an individual with whom you had no acquaintance, because you were not pleased with his looks? Was it right? You may as well judge a book by its covering a pearl by its shell in which it is found. The roughest looking men sometimes are the possessors of the kindest hearts and the noblest feelings. The homeliest man of our acquaintance is one of the finest fellows we ever met with. We once thought we did not care to number him among our friends; we now could not part with him. One of the plainest women that we have seen is a meek and humble Christiana, beloved by all who knew her. We wish we could say as much for the handsome men and pretty women who walk our streets and fill our churches. The face is not the index of the heart. From the shell no one can judge of the meat. Pearls are as often picked from a dung-hill, as a flower-garden. Never then judge by looks alone; nor speak disrespectfully or unkindly of one who may not be acquainted with the person, and then judge of the disposition and character, by never before.