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## Poetical Department.

[From the Pictorial Drawing Room Companion.]

### Love Stanzas.

O hast thou forgotten the time we exchanged  
The vows of affection and love?  
The stars of the night in their places were ranged,  
And shed their pure light from above.  
The zephyrs of summer fanned gently thy brow,  
And played 'mong thy ringlets of jet;  
Then wafted to heaven the half-uttered vow,  
That passed our lips as they met.  
Thou hast not forgotten, and yet thou art cold,  
The breathings of love are all o'er;  
And false to the tale of affection once told,  
Thou hast learned to regard me no more.  
'Tis sad, O 'tis sad when a being we love  
And cherish, sinks into the grave;  
But O how much more so when falsely they prove  
Who vows of affection once gave.  
But I'll not reproach thee, farewell! it is true,  
I'll be seldom allude to thy name;  
I'll mix with the cheerful, and smile when they do  
And falsely they'll deem me the same.  
But O, in the gloom of silent midnight,  
They memory a treasure too dear;  
For hours I spend with the hearts that are light,  
Shall wring from my spirit a tear.  
No more may I hear the sweet voice of hope,  
The ray of her star never know;  
No prospect of aught save despair may spring up,  
And dark be the season of woe.  
And yet I will love thee, ay, ever the same,  
And pray for thee, even as now;  
And yield to the magic that lives in thy name,  
And dwell in the smile on thy brow.

## Miscellaneous Selections.

### A Turkish Wedding.

The father, the sister, and some friends of both sexes of the bridegroom's family were gone the day before to town, to fetch the young girl (twelve years old) and to escort her to her new abode. Strolling leisurely about my garden in the morning of the eventful day, I discovered the bridegroom dressed in his every-day garments, and looking very dejected. I thought some misfortune had occurred to break off the match, and, calling Hassan, I asked him what ailed him. "Nothing," answered the lad, opening widely his large mouth with an intended smile, and winking at me with a knowing look; "nothing—but I am going to get married, and you know."—Again the winking and the smile, but I understood nothing. Happily, the mother joined us, and, understanding my question, she informed me it was the custom in such like circumstances for the bridegroom to keep himself apart from the whole company and, if met by chance by some one, to look as serious as sully, and as shabby as possible.—One laugh from him would be reckoned the greatest impiety in the world—quite shocking!—and, what is still worse, perhaps, would lead to the most distressing consequences, as falling under the power of the Evil Eye, being charmed, or such things. During the explanation, I saw the boy made great exertion not to burst out in a hearty laugh, and fearing to call upon his head all sorts of mischances I hastily retreated, promising to come back as soon as the bride made her appearance.

Late in the afternoon some volleys of musketry announced the expected arrival. I stationed myself upon the narrow foot-path that passing before my house, leads to my neighbour's and, before long, saw the approaching procession. They were all mounted on horseback. First, the bridegroom's father appeared in his most splendid attire, followed by two ragged boys on foot, who figured as pages. Then the male friends; then the sister of the bridegroom a young woman recently married, well-looking and rather intelligent; then—something which I could not name at first sight, but which I subsequently guessed—by its situation in the cortege, and for the powerful reason that it could not be anything else—to be the bride herself. What was visible of her was a counterpane, carefully wrap-

ping up a sort of huge ball, as we are used to see a great many piled up upon the deck of a merchant ship. The music and dancers of the next village; then some men armed with old muskets and carbines, representing the National Guard; children, running, laughing and shouting quite as civilized people.

I, too followed the cavalcade, and arrived at the bridal house just in time to see the young woman's reception. As she stopped her horse (I rather suppose the horse stopped himself, but never mind,) a little boy of two years old was handed to her. She took hold of him, seated him before her upon the saddle, and taking out from the recesses of the counterpane an apple, gave it to the urchin, who, having completed his part, was carried away. It was now the turn of the counterpane lady to dismount, and I thought the feat rather a remarkable one; but she managed it pretty well, and reached the ground without having greatly disturbed the symmetry of the counterpane's folds. Her future, mother-in-law, with some more female friends and connections, were standing at the door ready to welcome her, and, as soon as she advanced, a young boy displayed a carpet she knelt at her mother-in-law's feet and remained one moment in a prostrate attitude, as if kissing the threshold of her new home, and acknowledging her filial duty toward her new mother. I had come with no feelings of compassion, and rather to assist at a ludicrous scene than at a solemn one. And yet the sight of that young girl, of a child entering a new life and prostrating herself upon the threshold of it, imploring pity and affection moved me, and I hastened into the house where I arrived just in time to see the mother-in-law raising her daughter in her arms, and kissing her with tenderness. Then the young bride was confined to the matron's hands the outside door was shut upon her and she was taken into the inner apartments. There a new prostration ensued and a new embrace, but my heart was hardened against melting impulses, and I looked at the second representation, wondering why the first had made such an impression upon me.—I expected to see the young girl discomfited from her ample folds, but I was mistaken. Notwithstanding the burning temperature of the day, she stood wrapped in her manifold veils—her head, face, neck and shoulders quite covered—sinking under the weight of her dresses, scarfs, ruffles and jewels, in a corner of the room, sobbing and crying with all her might. The ladies dined the ladies sung and danced, the ladies chatted and were very noisy. Not so the poor girl who was silent and did nothing but cry. She was the topic of the conversation; her age, her family, her fortunes, all that concerned her—to her very kisses she had received that very day from her brothers as stimulus to her courage and fortitude—all was related, discussed, and repeated many times; but she seemed scarcely aware of what they said, and took no part whatever in the entertainment.

Hours succeeded to hours; the day passed and evening came, and with the evening the priest, or Imam, and the ceremony began. The priest was seated upon a carpet spread upon the ground, outside the door of the house, between two of his acolytes. When the moment was come, and all was ready, the priest changed the sitting posture for the kneeling, invoked the blessing of Allah, and replaced himself in his first attitude. The bridegroom then appeared, handing a young boy of some ten years old, who carried a sort of black paste upon a plate, and handed it to the priest, who took a bit of the paste, which I learned afterwards to be *Keune*, and rolled it in his fingers till he made a ball of it, murmuring all the while some sort of incantation. He then took the hand of the bridegroom, who, with his extraordinary mate, knelt before him, and shut it, as if he wished to show him how to box; but his intentions were of a much more pacific nature. Keeping the ball of paste on the top of his fore-finger, he introduced it into the hand of the young man, and leaving in it the greater part of the paste, he took out a little quantity, spread it upon the orifice of the hole formed by the bended fingers; and inclining the thumb upon it, he sealed the whole hand, and seemed satisfied with the result.—But fearing, I suppose that some unlooked-for circumstance should destroy this capital work, he rolled a handkerchief many times round the closed hand of the bridegroom, and did not leave till he had ascertained that to unloose it would not be the affair of an instant. The same operation was accomplished upon the head of the little boy; after which, they both rose up and were married, or at least to a poor girl, who had taken no part whatever in the ceremony. What was she doing during this time? Nothing but what she had done from the beginning of that memorable day—crying, and I really felt a great deal of compassion for the poor creature. Other people, however, were better occupied in the inferior of the bala-mut. A young girl of twelve and a boy about the same age were preparing the couch for the new couple—kneeling, courtesying and

singing at every new piece of furniture.—Disposing the mattresses, they made one genuflection; placing the pillows, they prostrated themselves upon the floor; arranging the sheets and blankets, they crossed their arms upon their breast, bowed their heads and sang all the while.—The sight of their movements was rather pleasing.

At that period I retired, and nobody but the nearest relatives of the bridegroom remained. But next morning I went, as the etiquette required, to pay my compliments to the new couple, and found the face of the young bride radiant with smiles. I complimented the bridegroom upon the efficacy of his consoling endeavours, adding that I had never seen so many tears dried up in such a short time. "The girl was rather low, yesterday, in leaving her old home," answered the sister-in-law; "but as for tears it don't signify; she ought to cry, and she did her part well." And I vowed never, in the future, to give way to compassion for any crying young-girl without previously ascertaining it was not for etiquette and decorum's sake that she let loose the cataracts of her eyes.

### Louis Napoleon.

Prince Charles Louis Napoleon, the third son of Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland, and of Queen Hortense, was born at Paris, the 20th of April, 1808. He was the first Prince born under the imperial regime, and his birth was announced by salutes of artillery throughout the vast extent of the Empire, from Hamburg to Rome, from the Pyrenees to the Danube. France was then at the height of its grandeur and prosperity.—The genius of the Emperor Napoleon reorganized Europe, and under the delusive hope that his power would be inherited, he greeted with joy, an event which promised to bear down his name to posterity. He had not, as yet, thought of a divorce from the Empress Josephine. The Prince Louis was inscribed in the Family Register of the imperial dynasty, with all the pomp of consecration. He was baptized the 4th of November, 1810, at the Palace of Fontainebleau, by Cardinal Fesch, being held at the font by the Emperor and Empress Marie Louise. His mother gave to his education a grave and severe turn, and most happily for him, whose life has proved so full of strange vicissitudes, whose destiny has exhibited reverses of fortune, that seem rather belonging to romance than sober history.—The nephew was a special favorite with his uncle, who watched his infancy, with the greatest interest. Although absorbed by the affairs of the Empire, Napoleon gave much attention to the mental and physical progress of the young Prince, and this solicitude was not diminished by the birth of the King of Rome. He loaded him with caresses, and in the transports of tenderness, presented him to the people from his window in the Tuilleries, as if to make him the adopted child of the nation.

But a sudden change destroyed all these illusions. The empire fell; the Emperor became an exile, and his family dispersed itself in the foreign lands. At the age of seven, Louis Napoleon quitted France with his mother, for a modest retreat in Switzerland, at the village of Ararburg, on the shores of Lake Constance, where, under the guidance of maternal instruction, his character developed itself under the most favorable circumstances. His body was fortified by gymnastic exercises, and his mind flourished with solid instruction. Having obtained the right of Swiss citizenship, he was admitted to the Camp at Thun, where he essayed to become a soldier, by taking part in the exercises, and going through all the maneuvers. The art of artillery, however, was most congenial to his instincts, and to this essential part of war, he applied himself with the most assiduous study.

While at Thun, he received the news of the Revolution of July, 1830. This awakened in his mind dreams of glory. He changed the quiet exile, to become a conspirator, and with his brother headed the Italian insurgents, in Romagna, who thought that the hour for deliverance from the yoke of Austria had arrived. Behold him now leading an undisciplined band of independents, crying *Vive la Libertie* against Rome.

Dispersed by the first encounter with the Austrians, he escaped death only to witness the last agonies of his brother, who was suddenly attacked with a mortal maledy, and expired in his arms. Exhausted with sufferings and fatigues, dejected by grief, tracked by the Roman police, menaced with dangers on all sides, he was saved by his courageous mother. Queen Hortense, spreading the report that he had fled to Greece, by the aid of a disguise, and an English passport. She traversed with him a great part of Italy. Not without great risk and daring to brave the proscription that interdicted France to them, she ventured to enter Paris, and announced to Louis Philippe her arrival with the Prince. He was in the midst of an access of fever, and covered with leeches, when the imperious summons came for both to quit Paris and France instantly. The two proscribed took the road to London. His stay in England was improved for his instruction by an attentive study of the institutions and government of that coun-

try. Returning to Switzerland in 1831, he refused to enter into the Revolutionary projects proposed to him—by agents from Poland and Italy. The death of the son of Napoleon in 1832, made him the Emperor's heir, and he was subjected to solicitations from insurgents on one side, and to espionage of the French Government on the other, but occupying himself with study, he published, in 1833, a pamphlet entitled, "Considerations Political and Military on Switzerland." In 1834 he was named captain of Artillery, at Berne, thus commencing, like his uncle, in the artillery, with the title of Captain, and in a Republic.

The next grand act of his checkered life was his enterprise against Strasburg—a most rash and unfortunate affair. He hoped by a sudden move to excite an insurrection in connection with a few officers, who had reaped glory under his uncle's banner, and through the sympathy of the French nation for his name and the souvenirs it inspired, to be proclaimed Emperor. Although fortified with two most magnificent proclamations, one to the people and the other to the soldiers, and urged on by an enthusiasm almost superhuman, he failed most signally in this more than Quixotic attempt. His mother again became his protector, and obtained from Louis-Philippe pardon, on condition that he should reside in America. He sailed for Philadelphia in the Andromeda. Some months after, the Prince received at New York the sad news of his mother's sickness. Returning to Switzerland, he saw her expire the 6th of Oct., 1837. The French Government demanded that he should leave Switzerland. The Swiss offered to protect him, but he departed voluntarily for London, where he published a pamphlet called "Idée Napoleon," in which he re-produced all the grand imperial thoughts that so tormented his brain.

Still convinced that France was unhappy without him, he conspired once more to place himself at its head by violence. The expedition against Boulogne was conceived; a more foolhardy attempt than the one against Strasburg. With a few devoted friends, he landed from a bark at the point of day, marched against the garrison, failed completely, was taken prisoner, transported to Paris, and condemned to perpetual imprisonment in the dungeons at Ham.—What a reverse! Yet he did not complain. It was his destiny, to which he was obedient.

To probe France with the sword of Napoleon, with the hope of finding within all those wishes and longings for a return of Bonapartism and the regime of the Empire, was his ruling passion. Writing to a friend from Ham, he says, "In the meantime, I do not desire to leave this place, for here I am in my place; with the name that I bear it is necessary that I should be in the shade of the dungeon, or in the light of power." This light from the depth of his dungeon gives an insight into his whole character.—An irresistible impulse always possessed his mind, that his name was destined to rule France, and that his presence only was necessary as a spark to determine the explosion of the latent Bonapartism.

A piece of good fortune enabled him to escape the "shade," after languishing in it for six months. Profiting by a moment when a great number of workmen happened to be employed about the prison, he found means of disguising himself in the dress of an workman and, putting a plank on his back he passed the guard without being recognized. Once more he landed in England. The sudden revolution of 1848 rendered his return to his native land safe. By a caprice of fickle Fortune, he was chosen President of the new Republic. The "light of power" shone upon and around him, opening to his ardent gaze a long prospect of sovereignty, under the restrictions imposed by legislative representation, and resting on a basis forbidding all hope Legitimacy, was not capable of administering to the carvings of his soul. He cut the Gordian knot by substituting the sovereignty of right, and that in less than two months after he in his Message renewed in the most formal manner his oath to the constitution, and condemned the very idea of Usurpation. The coup d'etat of the second of December has exhibited a new phase in this strange character, when "manifest destiny" seems now about to be accomplished.

The Alpha and Omega of all his aspirations appear as if on the point of realization. The future alone can fully reveal the man, and resolve the problem whether France is capable of resigning herself quietly to the delusions of absolute power, or whether she is destined to be subjected to a repetition of those scenes of violence and disorder; that have so often convulsed her to the very centre, and rendered her almost a by-word among the nations of the earth. At her head is a man of inflexible will, impassable to the most delicate sensations of the soul, incapable of any more poetical transports or sentimentalism. He comprehends neither art, neither poetry; he has a passion neither for rhythm, neither for harmony; he is neither impressed by nature, nor the noble cre-

atures of genius. His heart is the vassal of his head. He calculates all things, even his enthusiasm.—His emotions, impressions, intelligence, are all measured as with a compass, and weighed with a balance. The maxim of Machiavel, that observer of the human heart, "It is better to do evil than to do nothing," is one that he often repeated, and seems to have produced a deep impression on him. His heart, severely tried by adversity, is iron, about to undergo the fiery ordeal of prosperity, and the world can judge for itself, and approve or condemn the sentiment by which he is inspired.

### East Florida and Consumption.

There are but few residents of the northern States who are aware how much this complaint may be alleviated, if not cured, by a residence in Florida. Some twenty years since, I spent a winter in St. Augustine, and experienced all the advantages that beautiful climate presents over the North. During the winter, ice was formed not more than once, and that less than the thickness of a half dollar. While the thermometer in New York was ten above zero, I was enjoying an almost summer heat. Indeed, except the inconvenience of rain, there was no day during the winter when an outside-coat would have been desirable on horseback, even for an invalid.—The oranges remain in great perfection on the trees the whole winter, and continued to improve their delicious flavour till spring.

The expenses of living are very small—a family of half a dozen persons could live in St. Augustine on \$1,000 per annum, who would in New York, expend \$3,000. The oysters were remarkably fine, and so abundant as to be had for the mere cost of a laborer to bring them from the beds in sight of my lodging. The fish, also, were delicious and abundant. House rent, for about \$50 to \$75 a year, with ample accommodation for keeping poultry, horses, cow, etc., at a very small expense; and as to clothing a supply for summer and winter should be provided, and a residence there availed of to wear out all the old stock, as nothing like unnecessary extravagance is encouraged by the people, who are uniformly kind and considerate to the sick. Over one hundred and sixty invalids from New York State were among the number who availed themselves of the Florida climate in one winter, and generally were benefited, in some cases cured, and in others their lives for years prolonged.

Some cases came under my observation, of invalids, suffering under a severe cough, who had extended their lives by a constant residence, probably for ten years, being able to exercise daily in the open air, while at the North the same case would have required constant confinement, in-doors, and thereby shorten the days of the patient. A family going to Florida, and wishing to study the best economy, should bargain with a sailing vessel to land them on the St. John River if not at St. Augustine—taking care to provide themselves with six months' supply of hams, corned beef, vinegar, flour, etc. The poultry yard, horse and cow, can be supplied there; also, the vegetable garden. The commander of the United States garrison had a fine garden, and every day in the year could have green peas upon his table, with all other fresh vegetables; at the same time, one-half the inhabitants occasionally imported their supply from Charleston, rather than be troubled with their cultivation at their own doors.

Often have I seen, in January and February a file of soldiers in one corner of the garden, gathering new potatoes, green peas, lettuce, etc., and in the opposite corner another party planting the same kinds. The city is about one-eighth of a mile wide, bounded by the ocean, and a mile long, containing three churches, viz: Catholic, Episcopalian, and Presbyterian—all very respectable congregations. There was only one small dry-goods shop, and some three or four family grocers, which conducted about all the trade in the place. About twice a month, a sailing packet arrived from Charleston, which gave more joy and interest to the poor invalids than ever the arrival of the Collins steamers gave to the New Yorkers. A land mail came twice a week and the invalids generally assembled around the Post-Office for an hour or two before its arrival, to get letters from their families and friends.

Whoever goes there for health, and there is no other inducement, should carry all needed resources with him, such as books, with an ample supply of newspapers to come by every mail. I was planted there suddenly and taken from the most active business. For the first month, this new life of inactivity of mind and body destroyed both appetite and sleep—afterwards I became reconciled, and enjoyed it exceedingly, after educating myself to a life of idleness. Since that period steamboats may run from Savannah and Charleston—if so, then the intercourse has no doubt become much more convenient.

It was there a general remark, that invalids who survived the month of March would probably live through the year. Such is the kind influence of the climate upon the nerves of invalids, that were I now troubled

with this complaint, and it was reduced to a certainty that my life would end in three months, I should hasten into that climate to die—as there my life would probably end without pain—while at the North the hard winds would make every cough tear me asunder. Leaving home under such circumstances has its evils, but climate, accompanied by a friend, will more than counterbalance in many cases.

Invalids, who comfortably survive the cold till January or February, may often find March unendurable—an escape from which will often prolong their lives. This has induced me to write this article, as I will remember, when ordered myself to seek a more genial climate by my medical friends, I found it impossible to obtain any reliable practical knowledge where to go. Florida is probably better than even Italy, much more convenient, and less expensive—but of course the former is comparatively entirely destitute of interest. During the past twenty years, new hotels have been opened in Florida, as I am informed particularly up the River St. John. Invalids will do well to inquire into this before determining where to reside. Almost any family in St. Augustine, for \$50 to \$100, for six or eight months, would have vacated their house, at a short notice, if it could be rented, as cash was a very rare article.

Invalids go to Florida even from Savannah and Charleston, to avoid the month of March; and Northern invalids, leaving Florida in March, in tolerable health, were generally confined to the house, and often made sick, by the change, on their arrival in Charleston and Savannah—the change of climate being so violent. The medical men in Florida all agreed that Northern invalids should never leave before April, and that it was more safe to remain till even June; then they come into a warmer climate at the North, and have the summer to determine the result. But who can describe the impatience of an invalid to return home after being imprisoned in Florida six months! Invalids should avoid going, unless accompanied by some friend, as a general rule. The change, even with friends in feeling, is severe enough.

### The Battle Field of New Orleans.

The surface of the country in the vicinity of Jackson's lines, on the 8th of January, 1815, has undergone less change, says the Delta, than the scene of any battle-field in the United States. It is true, there is great monotony in the features of the whole narrow strip of land on the left bank of the Mississippi, below the city. The fields are all laid off in the same direction—the ditches run the same way—the lands are cultivated to the same distance towards the swamp—the houses are built and the gardens ornamented in the same style. But little change has passed over this country since 1815. It produced as much then as it does now; sugar was the chief product then, as it is now. The bulwark thrown up by the British, on the 28th of January, 1814, was made chiefly with sugar barrels, full of sugar, which were taken from the sugar-house of Mr. Chalmotte and others; planters. The place where the battle was fought can easily be designated. The old chateau, in which Jackson had his quarters still remains. The ditch, a paltry affair, which any good jumper could leap over in 1815, may be plainly traced. The spot where Pakenham fell, can be pointed out. Near it is a pecan tree, under which, it is said he breathed his last—whose fruit, it is an old Creole superstition, has been red ever since. There, too, are the gnarled old live oaks in the centre of the field, still scarred and marked with the prints of cannon balls and shells. And there, too, in the neighborhood, you may find many an old negro, who can amuse you by an hour, with his reminiscences of the battle, and at the close of his story drive a profitable trade with you, in sundry rusty musket-balls—peradventure, in some of Lafitte's, alias, Dominique You's chain-shot, which rained such destruction into the British ranks.

DECIDEDLY RIGHT.—"Pat can you tell me what is a virgin?"  
"To be sure I can Jimmy."  
"Well, then, will ye be after doing it?"  
"Yes, jist, it's a woman that has never been married at all."  
"Be ye in earnest, Pat?"  
"Yes, Jimmy."  
"The saints in heaven be praised, then, my mother's a virgin; my father never married her at all, sure."

PUTTING IN MIND.—This common phrase was used by a Hibernian, a day or two since, in rather a ludicrous connection. Pat was driving pigs in Grand street, when Barney met him, and after the usual interchange of "How d'ye do?" and "sure it's myself that's glad to see you," Barney pointed to one of the quadrupeds, with—"it's a fine pig, that sow; Patrick." "It is that same, Barney; 'that puts me in mind' of asking for your wife, the crathur, is she doing well?"

Attempt not to fly like an eagle with the wings of a wren.