



A FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

FOR FARMER AND MECHANIC.

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

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Indemnity against Loss by FIRE.
THE FRANKLIN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY of Philadelphia.

OFFICE, No. 1634 CHESTNUT STREET, Near Fifth Street.

STATEMENT OF ASSETS, \$1,525,949 68, January 1st, 1854.

Published agreeably to an Act OF ASSEMBLY, BEING

First Mortgages, amply secured, \$1,199,284 48
Real Estate (present value \$110,000) cost, 82,139 87
Temporary Loans, on ample Collateral Securities, 130,774 25
Stocks (present value \$76,191) cost, 63,085 50
Cash, &c. &c., 60,665 97
\$1,525,949 68

PERPETUAL OR LIMITED INSURANCES made on every description of property, in TOWN AND COUNTRY, at rates as low as are consistent with security.

Since their incorporation, a period of twenty-four years, they have paid over three millions dollars Loss by Fire, thereby affording evidence of the advantage of Insurance, as the ability and disposition to meet with promptness all liabilities.

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A. L. RUIE, Allentown.
C. F. BLECH, Bethlehem.
Allentown, Oct. 1852. ¶-1y

New Family Grocery Store
IN
ALLENTOWN.

The subscriber takes this method to inform the citizens of Allentown, and the public in general, that he has opened

A Family Grocery Store.

at a stand formerly occupied by *Dillinger & Craig*, No. 27, North 7th street, near the Market Square, where he offers for sale for Cash or in exchange for Country Produce, a large variety of Family Groceries, such as

Coffee, Sugar, Molasses, Chocolate, Tea, red and black Pepper, Allspice

Ginger, Salaratus, baking and washing Soda, Salt, Alum, Madder, No's. 1, 2 and 3, Mackerel, pickled Salmon, pickled and smoked Herring, Codfish, dried Beef, Ham, Shoulder, Pick, Lard, Candles, Vinegar, Soap, Brooms, &c.

Also, all kinds of fruit, such as Lemons, Oranges, Prunes first quality in jars, and in kegs for pines, Figs, Raisins, pealed and unpealed dried Peaches, Apples and Pears, Tomato Catchup, Mustard, Pickles in bottles, Cherries, &c.

In connection with the above business, he also continues the manufacturing of Segars, of every price and quality, which he will sell or exchange to country merchants for all kinds of produce.

He also continues the Candle manufacturing business, and will sell by the box any quantity desired, or exchange them for country produce, such as Butter, Eggs, Lard, Ham, Shoulder, Pick, Soap, Cherries, dried fruit, Wax, &c., and allow therefor the highest market price.

He trusts that by keeping the best kind of Groceries, &c., and by manufacturing the best kind of Segars and Candles, he will be able to merit a liberal share of public patronage, for which he will ever be thankful.

The undersigned is also the appointed Agent for the sale of Hoyt's celebrated fine cut, chewing and smoking tobacco, snuff, &c., all of which he will sell as low as it can be purchased either in Philadelphia or New York.
CHARLES H. RUIE.
Allentown, April 19, 1854. ¶-6m

Groceries Fish & Salt.

The undersigned have just received an entire new Stock of Groceries, Fish and Salt which they intend to sell at the lowest prices at their Store in Catsaquia, Lehigh County.
GETZ & GILBERT.
September 14. ¶-6m

CALL AND SEE
THE
EXHIBITION
OF

Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods
IN ALL THEIR VARIETIES
AT THE
New Cheap Store

Getz & Gilbert,
IN THE BOROUGH OF CATASAUQUA, PA.

These gentlemen, take this method to inform their friends and the public in general that they have received a very large and well selected stock of *Winter and Spring Goods*, which they are now ready to dispose off to their customers at the lowest prices.

Their immense stock has been selected with the utmost care and consists of
Clothes, Cassimers, Satinets,
Flannels, Gloves and Hosiery, besides Delaines, Alpaccas, Debashe, Ginghams, Plain and Figured Poplins, Muslins and Prints, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Queensware, Hardware, Looking Glasses, Stationary, Books, &c., &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.

They have reason to be thankful for the favors received thus far and hope by attention to business, disposing of their goods at small profits, good treatment towards their customers to merit still a greater share of customers.
GETZ & GILBERT.
September 14. ¶-6m

FRENCH TRUSSES,

WEIGHING LESS THAN 2½ OUNCES.

For the Cure of *Hernia or Rupture.*

Acknowledged by the highest medical authorities of Philadelphia, incomparably superior to any other in use. Sufferers will be gratified to learn that the occasion now offers to procure not only the *lightest and most easy*, but as *durable* a Truss as any other, in lieu of the *cumbrous and uncomfortable* article usually sold. There is no difficulty attending the fitting, and when the pad is located, it will retain its position without change.

Persons at a distance unable to call on the subscriber, can have the Truss sent to any address, by remitting *Five Dollars* for the double—with measure round the hips, and stating side affected. It will be exchanged to suit if not fitting, by returning it at once, unsoiled. For sale only by the Importer,
CALEB H. NEEDLES,
Cor. Twelfth & Race St. Phil.

Ladies, requiring the benefit of *Mechanical Supports*, owing to derangement of the Internal Organs, including Falling of the Womb, Vocal, Pulmonary, Dyspeptic, Nervous and Spinal Weakness, are informed that a competent and experienced *LADY* will be in attendance at the Rooms, (set apart for their exclusive use), No. 114, TWELFTH ST., 1st door below Race.
June 28, 1854. ¶-1y-88

Dr. J. P. Barnes,
DENTIST.

Inform his friends, and the public in general, that he still performs all operations on the teeth, and treats diseases of the gums and alveolar processes in the most effectual and skillful manner.

His mode of inserting artificial teeth, cannot be surpassed, for comfort to the wearer and durability and beautifulness in appearance. The general satisfaction he has given for years, has been duly appreciated by the public.

Office No. 48, East Hamilton street, a few doors East of Pretz, Guth & Co's store, opposite Bechtels American Hotel.
December 6, 1853. ¶-1y

BOOTS AND SHOES.

The Best and Cheapest Stock of Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, Gums, &c., in the city, at

Dunbar's
76, South Second St. Philadelphia,
(corner of Carters Street.)

Being mostly of his own manufacture, he guarantees them to wear; and will sell wholesale or retail as cheap as the cheapest.

Easy Shoes for Old Ladies.

Plain and Fancy Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, &c., always on hand in great variety, for *Boys, Youth, Misses and children.*

Prices.—Ladies Gaiters, of every quality and style, from \$1 to \$2.50. Gent's Calf Skin Boots, from \$3 to \$5. Patent Leather Shoes, Gaiter Boots, Congress Boots, Button Boots, &c., from \$1.50 to \$4.50.

Gum Boots, Shoes, Sandies, Clogs, always on hand.
Old Gums bought and repaired.
June 28, 1854. ¶-1y

Poetical Department.

What is Noble?

What is noble to inherit?
Wealth, estate and proud degree?
There must be some other merit
Higher yet than those for me!
Something greater far must enter
Into life's majestic span;
Fitted to create and center
True nobility in man!

What is noble? 'Tis the finer
Portion of our mind and heart;
Linked to something still diviner
Than mere language can impart;
Ever prompting—ever seeing
Some improvement yet to plan;
To uplift our fellow being,
And, like man, to feel for man!

What is noble? Is the sabre
Nobler than the humble spade?
There is dignity in labor
Truer than e'er pomp arrayed!
He who seeks the mind's improvement
Aids the world in aiding mind;
Every great commanding movement
Serves not one—but all mankind.

O'er the forge's heat and ashes—
O'er the engine's iron head—
Where the rapid shuttle flashes,
And the spindle whirls the thread;
There is labor lowly tending
Each requirement of the hour,
There is genius still extending
Science—and its world of power!

'Mid the dust and speed and clamor
Of the loom-shed and the mill;
'Midst the clink of wheel and hammer,
Great results are growing still!
Though too oft by Fashion's creatures
Work and workers may be blamed,
Commerce need not hide its features!
Industry is not ashamed!

What is noble? That which places
Truth in its enfranchised will,
Leaving steps—like angel traces—
That mankind may follow still!
E'en though Scorn's malignant glances
Prove him poorest of his clan,
He's the Noble—who advances
Freedom and the cause of man!

The Kansas Emigrants.

We cross the prairie as of old
The pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free.

We go to rear a wall of men
On Freedom's southern line,
And plant beside the cotton-tree
The rugged Northern pine!

We're flowing from our native hills
As our free rivers flow;
The blessing of our Mothers land
Is on us as we go.

We go to plant her common schools
On distant prairie swells,
And give the Sabbath of the wild
The music of her bells.

Uphearing, like the Ark of old,
The Bible in our van,
We go to test the truth of God
Against the fraud of man.

No pause, nor rest, save where the streams
That feed the Kansas run,
Save where our Pilgrim gonfalon
Shall flout the setting sun!

We'll sweep the prairie as of old
Our father swept the sea,
And make the West as they the East,
The homestead of the free!

Miscellaneous Selections.

A Night With the Guerillas.

During the winter of 1851, myself and a friend were being guided through the dense masses of a cactus wood, among the mountain-passes to which Alvarez has recently attracted so much attention, and which surrounded the city of Acapulco, on the Pacific coast of Mexico. We were well mounted and equipped, but were compelled to proceed slowly on our route, for the reason that our native guide was on foot, so that by the time night had enshrouded us in the deep gloom so peculiar to a tropic forest we were anxiously on the look-out for a ranch-light, or listening for the barking of the dozen curs which invariably surround a Mexican hut. We had proceeded perhaps a mile in the deepest darkness, when, to our surprise we came to a large corral, and immediately after to the rancho to which it was attached.

We had no time to reconnoitre; for we were immediately surrounded by a score of the most stalwart, ferocious-looking men, it had yet been our fortune, or ill fortune, to meet in that country. Their attentions were far more eager than delicate, for we were half urged, half pulled from our hor-

ses, our valises, pistols and bowies taken from us, and ourselves pushed along into the hut, in less time, than it would have taken a Yankee landlord to have passed the compliments of the season. The glance I caught as I entered the hut, at about twenty horses in the corral saddled and bridled with a sort of cavalry look, and evidently at home after a long day's ride, in no way served to decrease the apprehensions; but my fears were put upon a sure basis, when, after entering the hut, I passed close to a lurcher, who looked significantly at me and whispered the one word dreaded of all royal Mexicans:—"Guerillas!"

As soon as we were seated in a corner of the large room, I ventured to inquire of my friends, in a whisper, what he thought of our situation; to which he answered, with his accustomed clearness, and as I thought, with a considerable show of probability, that we were "in a d— of a scrape!" We however concluded to "trust to luck," and to acquiesce for the time in anything that might be done; a sage conclusion for two Yankees amid twenty or more athletic robbers.

The Guerilla party evidently had a long ride, and I judged had met with success, as they were good-natured and laughed and talked with each other incessantly, while the "provisioner" was preparing supper.

I don't boast a great deal of coolness in the hour of danger; but I must confess that the broiled chickens and fried eggs made such a sweet scent in my nostrils, that the peculiarity of our position was temporarily forgotten by me, which my friend Charley was absolutely grinning and rubbing his hands like a glutton. The impression produced on us by a smell of the eatables, was evidently amusing to our hosts, or captors. I may call them the apparent leader of whom addressed us, as the viands were being placed upon the table:

"Senors must be hungry after their ride; will they eat with us?"

The manner of the man must have conveyed to Charley what he was about to say, before he actually uttered the words, for he was at the table, and had an egg on his plate, before the conclusion of the sentence. As for me, I was more dignified; and as I seated myself leisurely at the table, I began thanking him in bad Spanish, while Charley was eating in good Yankee style.

"We ask no thanks, Senor," said the chief; "you are our prisoners; we want your money and want your horses at daylight you may go free with what we leave you."

And strange as it may seem, his deliberate manner of telling us that we were to be skinned and turned loose in a strange forest seemed to please Charley tremendously; for he burst into a loud guffaw, and laid back in his chair with a mouth full enough of chicken to choke a horse; but at a severe look from me, he straightened up, the large white grinders closed heavily on the dainty food, and for at least a minute he looked melancholy.

After supper we were stripped of our best clothes, and received in exchange all the old garments we could desire. Our money was taken from us, (at least three hundred dollars,) and we were then allowed to resume our places in the corner. Charley quietly stretched soon as soundly asleep as if he were the sole proprietor of a "marble hall," or at least dwelt therein. Not even the sweet strains of a guitar, played by a little girl with uncommon beauty, whom the chief called "Uleta," could rouse him, although he had seen her, I believe absolutely, he could have joined the troupe, married into the family, and eventually have generated a race of jolly thieves.

The Guerillas seemed to care no more for us, after they had pilfered all our valuables, than if we had been so many curs.—We were apparently welcome to go when and where we pleased; and after the guitar ceased, they gradually dropped down around the fire, and soon fell asleep.

Feeling no particular desire to have much more to do with the fellows, it occurred to me that we might as well depart noiselessly as to run the risk of some change of programme in the morning; so shaking Charley, who was on his feet in an instant, I suggested the plan of escape, to which he readily acceded. Hastily stepping over two or three sleepers, I came to the rough table, on which the chief had unwarily left our pile of money. How quickly, yet noiselessly, it was transferred to my pouch, is a matter left to the reader's imagination.—On issuing from the hut, I found Charley preparing the horses, and we were soon in readiness for immediate departure.

"I've devilish good mind to go back and steal some of my own clothes," said Charley. "that was an overcoat of F—'s best make."

I protested, however, and he, good easy soul! submitted.

We struck off boldly enough but soon lost our way; not for want of a path, but on account of the abundance of paths. Our guide we had left behind, feeling rather doubtful of his honesty, and rather inclining to think that he had purposely escorted us into the guerilla camp. We consequently roamed about, crossing and recrossing, de-

termining and re-determining, until, like eminent politicians, we "knew no north, no east, no west." About day-light we came to an opening that resembled one we had passed over just before reaching the robbers retreat the night before; and here for the first time, I discovered that Charley had another and decidedly better horse than the one he bestrode previous to our capture.—He remarked, in explanation, that having had his choice in the corral, he supposed "turn about was fair play," and accordingly took the best one he could find; and the creature actually spurred his animal up, pranced him, and inquired of me, in the innocent manner imaginable what I thought of his acquisition? I have called him horse thief ever since.

While resting from our labors in the aforesaid opening, I heard a sort of distressed groaning; and guiding my horse to the spot, who should I find but the little guitar girl of the preceding night, lying in a thicket, her face swollen with insect-bites, and crying, and her leg broken below the knee joint. It appeared, on investigation that she had started from the hut just before day light upon some errand; that her horse became unmanageable, had thrown her, and broken her leg. She had crawled to the thicket to avoid the coming sun, and from her account had probably fainted away.

We were not a moment in deciding what to do, (an American seldom is, when Mercy calls on him,) but taking little Uleta in my arms, while Charley followed with the horses, we soon made our way, by the girls guidance to the robbers ranch.

Here we found all in confusion; the horse had returned without its rider, and the thief whose daughter Uleta was, seemed almost frantic. The joy of the whole party to see us may be imagined. After caring for the little patient and giving such directions as he thought advisable, the chief turned, to us, and said:

"You Americans are a remarkable race. You were too wise to resist us—cunning enough to out-wit-us—and brave enough to return to us on an errand of mercy. When you go home, I would have you remember that a guerilla, although an out-law, and made a robber by oppression, is nevertheless possessed of gratitude. Your clothes and equipments shall be restored; your horses replaced by my best ones, (here Charley seemed particularly interested,) and your route to Acapulco pointed out to you by one of my best men. I trust, Senors, in your honor, and feel assured that no troops will be sent after us—that the secret of our habitation will not be revealed. Adios!"

We were placed in full possession of our own again and by the aid of our fresh horses and new guide, soon came in sight of the city. Here the man left us, and after riding into town, and leaving the horses at a place previously designated by the out-law, we set down to more chickens and eggs in the French restaurant of Frank Williams, and made up our minds that we had emphatically "had an adventure."

We soon after sailed for Mazatlan; but Charley became so disgusted with the pigmy appearance of the Mexicans after having seen the guerillas, that he declared he must either leave the country or go back to the robbers. With due regard for his moral culture, I therefore consented to come home, where we arrived safely, after having experienced what Charley called "boisterous weather."

Kate Yale's Marriage.

"If I ever marry," Kate Yale used to say half in jest, half in earnest, "the happy man or the unhappy one, if you please, ha, ha! shall be a person possessed of these three qualifications:
"First, a good fortune.
"Second, good looks.
"Third, common sense."

I mention the fortune first, because I still think to talk sense for the one, and shine for the other with plenty of money, would be preferable to living obscure with a handsome, intellectual man—to whom economy might be necessary.

And the time arrived when Kate was to take that all-important step of which she had often spoken so lightly—when she was to demonstrate to her friends how much of her heart was in the words we have just quoted.

At the enchanting age of sweet eighteen she had many suitors; but as she never said a serious word to more than two, we will follow her example, and discarding all others except those favored ones, consider the relative claims.

If this were any other than a true story, I should certainly use an artist's privilege, and aim to produce an effect by making a strong contrast between the two favored individuals. If I could have my own way, one should be a poor genius, and something of a hero; the other a wealthy fool, and something of a knave.

But truth is—
Our poor genius was much of a genius—not very poor, either. He was by pro-

session a teacher of music, and could live very comfortably by the exercise thereof—without the most distant hope, however, of ever attaining to wealth. Moreover, Francis Minot possessed excellent qualities, which entitled him to be called by elderly people a "fine character," by his companions a "noble, good fellow," and by the ladies generally, a "darling."

Kate could not help loving Mr. Frank, and he knew it. He was certain she preferred his society even to that of Mr. Wellington, whom he alone saw fit to honor with the application of rival.

This Mr. Wellington (his companions called him "Duke") was no idiot or hump-back, as I could have wished him to be, in order to make a good story. On the contrary, he was a man of sense, good looks, and fine manners, and there was nothing of the knave about him, as I could ever ascertain.

Besides this, his income was sufficient to enable him to live supurbly. Also, he was considered two or three degrees handsomer than Mr. F. Minot.

Therefore, the only thing which Frank had to defend was the power he possessed over Kate's sympathies and affections.—The "Duke" although just the man for her in every sense, being blessed with fortune, good looks and common sense—had never been able to draw them out, and the amiable conceited Mr. Frank was not willing to believe that she would suffer worldly considerations to control the as pirations of her heart.

However, one day he pressed her to decide his fate, she said to him, with a sigh: "Oh, Frank! I am sorry we ever met!"

"Sorry?"

"Yes, for we must part now."

"Part!" repeated Frank, turning pale.—

It was evident that he had not expected this.

"Yes—yes," said Kate, casting down her head with another piteous sigh.

Frank sat by her side; he placed his arm around her waist, without heeding her feeble resistance; he lowered his voice and talked to her until she—proud Kate—wept bitterly.

"Kate," said he then with a burst of passion, "I know you love me! but you are proud, ambitious, selfish! Now, if you would have me leave you, say the word, and I will go!"

"Go!" murmured Kate, feebly—"go!"

"Have you decided?" whispered Frank.

"I have."

"Then, love, farewell!"

He took her hand, gazed a moment tenderly and sorrowfully into her beautiful, tearful face, and then clasped her to his bosom.

She permitted the embrace. She even gave way to the impulse, and twined her arms around his neck; but in a moment, her resolution came to her aid, and she pushed him from her with a sigh.

"Shall I go?" he asked.

A feeble "yes" came from her lips; and an instant later she was lying on the sofa, sobbing and weeping alone.

To tear the tenacious root of love out of her heart had cost her more than she could have anticipated; and the certainty of a golden life of luxury proved but a poor consolation, it seemed, for the sacrifice she had made.

She lay long upon the sofa, I say, sobbing and weeping passionately. Gradually her grief appeared to exhaust itself. Her tears ceased to flow, and at length her eyes and cheeks were dry. Her head was pillowed on her arm, and her face was half hidden in a flood of beautiful curls.

The struggle was over. The agony was past. She saw Mr. Wellington enter, and rose cheerfully to meet him. His manners pleased her; his station and fortune fascinated her more. He offered her his heart; she accepted it. A kiss sealed the engagement; but it was not such a kiss as Frank had given her, and she could scarcely repress a sigh.

There was a magnificent wedding.—Splendidly attired, dazzling the eye with her beauty thus adorned, with everything around swimming in the charmed atmosphere of fairy land, Kate gave her hand to the man of her ambition—not her love—had chosen.

But certainly ambition could not have made a better choice. Already she saw herself surrounded by a magnificent court, of which she was the acknowledged and admitted queen. The favors of fortune were showered upon her; she floated luxuriously upon the smooth and glassy wave of a charmed life.

Nothing was wanting in the whole circle of her existence to adorn it and make it bright with happiness. But she was not long in discovering that there was something wanting within her breast.

Her friends were numerous, and her husband tender, kind and loving; but all the attentions and affections could not fill her heart. She had once felt its chords and sympathy moved by a skillful touch; she had known the heavenly charm of the delicious harmony, and now they were silent—motionless—muffled, to speak in silks and satins.