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BY AUGUSTUS L. RUHE,

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Poetical Department.

(From the New York Tribune.)

Song of the Mariner's Needle.

Ho! burnish well, ye cunning hands!
A palace home for me.

For I would ride in regal state
Across the briny sea.

Bring ivory from the Indian main
To pave my mystic floor,

And make my dome of crystal sheen,
My walls of shining ore.

Now mount the wave, ye fearful ones!
Though raging storms assail

My sparry lance o'ercometh all—
My strength will never fail.

The storm fiend wraps his murky clouds
Around your trembling sight,

But I can pierce that gloomy veil
And soar beyond the night.

The lone Enchantress of the Deep,
I rule its boisterous realm;

Watch ye my little and quivering wand
To guide your straining helm.

Ay, bend your anxious gaze on me
The polar star is dim,

And driven darkness is awake
With Ocean's awful hymn!

For I commune with spirit forms
Within my wizard cell,

And mantling midnight melts before
The magic of my spell.

By many long, enduring links
I clasp the Northern Star,—

And on that wily, shadowed chain
I visit her afar.

And sapient eyes have watched me long,
And Science has grown gray,

And still ye dream not how nor why
I keep my wondrous way.

Ye know me as ye know the storm
That heaps your heaving path,

Ye love me though, since mine is not
The mystery of wrath!

(From Sartain's Union Magazine.)

The Return.

The gale of dawn was breathing
Across the forest scene,

The snowy mist was wreathing
Amid the valleys green.

Upon a tower ascending
A gentle maiden stood,

Her eyes of beauty bending
Far over vale and wood.

In glades where sunbeams gliding,
Shed gleams of sparkling day,

She sees her lover riding
Before the hunter gay.

'Tis noon, and silence hovers
Beneath the glowing sky,

Hark! hark! from leafy covers
She hears his beguiling cry.

The evening shades are streaming
Afar o'er lake and plain,

Her dark blue eyes are beaming,
He comes, he comes again.

She hears the bugle sounding,
The clanging drawbridge falls,

Her heart with joy is bounding
Amid her father's halls.

Noblemen.

The noblest men I know on Earth
Are men whose hands are brown with toil;

Who, backed by no ancestral graves,
Hew down the woods, and till the soil,

And win thereby a prouder fame,
Than follows king or warrior's name.

The working men! what'er their task,
To carve the stone, or bear the load—

They wear upon their honest brows
The royal stamp and seal of God;

And brighter are their drops of sweat
Than diamonds in a coronet!

God bless the noble working men;
Who rear the cities of the plain;

Who dig the mines, and build the ships;
And drive the Commerce of the main;

God bless them! for their swarthy hands
Have wrought the glory of all lands.

(From Holden's Dollar Magazine.)

To C—, with a Rosary.

I send thee love a sacred gift,
Oft numbering o'er and o'er,

These beads, I've linked with thy dear name
Fond prayers that heaven-ward soar.

For thoughts of thee unseal my heart,
Its secret founts unlock,

And for Hope's bright flood leaps, as erst,
The stream from Herod's rock!

I've pray'd o'er them long life to thee!
Long life my bright eyed one—

Ay, though dark clouds may ofttimes dirt
Between thee and the sun.

And still I did not crave for thee,
Freedom from gift and care,

Though sorrows must perfect thy faith,
And faith forbids despair.

I have not asked thy sunlit dreams
May all prove brightly true,

I have not prayed, my love, that wealth
And pride, may circle you!

Nor that the glorious promise given
Of beauty, true may be.

Such common gifts are all too poor,
Too poor my love for thee!

I know there's danger to the heart
Bound to the flashing eye,

I know that wealth brings in her hand
Dread woes that pass not by;

So when I thought upon thy youth,
Thy truth and purity,

I cried, great God preserve her thus!
Through time, for Heaven, for thee!

I ask not for the leaves of Fame,
To twine them in thy hair,

They could not make thy life more calm,
Thy brow more free from care.

Forgive! I prayed man ne'er might bend
In mad idolatry,

To kindle earth's fierce fires between
Heaven's holier light, and thee!

O'er every bead my heart besought—
"Give her, oh gracious Lord,

With not one tuneless chord,
God! let thy perfect love be hers,

When from youth's dream she wakes,
Be Thou her guide through time's dark hours,
'Till the glad morning breaks!"

Dear friend no superstition prompts
These prayers, this gift to thee;

To God alone I've raised my voice,
To Him bent down my knee!

Oft let thy gentle eyes glance o'er
These beads, thy laden cross,

Remember love, they picture that
Without which, life were loss!

Song of the American Editor.

I'm of the Press! I'm of the Press!
My throne, a simple chair:

I ask no other majesty
Than strikes the gazer there.

The horse of fire obeys my rod,
My couriers take the sea;

The lightning leaves the charm'd cloud
At Art's command for me.

I'm of the Press! I'm of the Press!
Let Monarchs wear a crown;

I wave my pen across the page
And crowns have tumbled down.

The world rolls on, the millions stride
Without, the tempest rolls;

Within, I brood a quiet thought
That changes all the souls.

I'm of the Press! I'm of the Press!
My host embattled types?

With them I quell the tyrant's horde
And rear the stars and stripes.

I give my hand to all the race,
My altar Freedom's sod;

I say my say, and bend my knee
Alone, alone to God.

The Family Circle.

(From Holden's Dollar Magazine.)

The Wild Horse and the Indian Chief.

It was in the spring of 1837. In front of Fort Gibson, a military post, situated on the borders of the Indian territory, a number of officers there in garrison, were amusing themselves with games, races, foot-ball, shooting and boxing, and they seemed heartily to enjoy the bright sunny day, which after long storms called the flowers upon the prairie again, and decorated the fruit trees, with their first blossoms.

Suddenly an Indian, mounted upon a splendid snow-white stallion, was seen galloping towards them, along the banks of the Arkansas, close to the edge of the stream; he checked the foaming, smoking animal near the group, which soon gathered around him, admiring both horse and horseman. He had caught the beast only two days before upon the prairie, where it was roaming in native wildness, and he was riding, as he said, to the settlements, in order to barter it for the commodities with which the poor savage had once been unacquainted, but

which now, alas, are indispensable to him.

"What! to the settlements?" cried a Captain in dragons, named Brown, as soon as he heard of the red man's purpose. "You are going to the settlements, Kolibri? The d—! what would the people there do with such a noble animal? Come here, Indian, I will buy him of you, but—you must first shoot me a buffalo, from his back, without losing your seat. If you can do that, I will give you the half of what you ask, and my double-barrelled gun into the bargain. What say you?"

A smile of mockery played over the Indian's lips as he listened to these conditions. "Lose his seat! The thought was an insult, and his vanity was doubly irritated at hearing a white man cast a doubt upon his horse-manship."

"Let the long-knife," he replied, gloomily, "ride this mstant only a single time, before that buffalo skin, that is spread out yonder, and if he does not then kiss his mother, I will try what I can do upon that skin that covers the live buffalo."

"Good! excellent!" cried the bystanders; and Captain Brown, with a laugh, accepted the Indian's challenge.

"Good, Kolibri!" he said, while his servant brought a saddle and bridle. "I will do what I can: but as you know how to manage horses better than any white man that I ever saw, I should like to have you put this gear upon the restive creature."

The Indian smiled grimly at the flattery, beckoned to one of the soldiers to step forward, and directed him to hold the horse's head, while, in spite of his kicking and plunging, he put saddle and bridle upon the rearing, stamping animal.—He then took the horse by the bridle, but murmured with a scornful glance at the saddle.—"Bad thing to spare horse—bad thing to spare rider—white man's invention plagues man and beast!"

In the mean while Brown, who was an excellent horseman, having, with an experienced glance, satisfied himself that every thing was in order, grasped the bridle, and leaped lightly into the saddle.

The Indian, at once, set the snorting animal at liberty, and it bounded away like the wind, leaping and plunging, as if resolved to unsettle its rider. But the bridle was in the hands of a master; it was, in truth, a charming spectacle to see the prudence, firmness, and dexterity with which the captain initiated the noble, but restive animal into the mysteries of the snaffle. After its headlong fire had somewhat abated, and before he touched it with the spur, he rode it slowly and quietly back and forth upon the prairie, and Kolibri watched, with admiring satisfaction, the skill and gentleness with which the captain managed the untamed beast.

After having ridden the horse around in a wide circle, Captain Brown galloped back towards the spectators, and then turned the animal's head, suddenly and sharply, towards the frame, upon which hung a fresh and still bleeding buffalo skin, spread out dry.

It is true, a slight elevation of the soil, as yet, prevented the horse from seeing it, but he, doubtless, scented it; for he stamped short, snorting and stamping, and drew in his finely arched neck.—But a practised and skilful horseman like Captain Brown cared but little for the fear or anger of the foaming stallion; a slight touch of the spur sent him leaping furiously forward, and, at the third bound, he found himself close and directly before the object of his aversion and terror.

For a moment a cloud of dust hid man and horse; when it disappeared, Captain Brown was seen as firmly seated in the saddle as ever.

Laughing, he now galloped back the flying steed to his comrades, and gave the bridle into the hands of the Indian, who stooped fully, to and fro, upon the plain.

"The savage has acquired a good idea of your horsemanship, captain!" said one of the officers, "he was astonished and delighted to see you manage the beast with such ease."

"Yes it is singular," replied Brown, "that so shrewd an Indian does not seem to understand how to anticipate the movements of his horse, as well as a white man, who is a practised rider.—All he thinks of is, to guide and restrain his horse, to keep his seat, and to shoot game &c., even from the back of the animal, when at full speed—while, perhaps, at the very moment, that he leans to one side for this purpose, the horse starts toward the other, and then he is almost sure to be thrown."

"I do not quite comprehend you," said the officer, who had been educated at the military school at West Point, and who had but lately been transferred to these distant Western regions.

"Well, listen then!" said Brown; "when for example, you bend sideways from the saddle, to take aim at any object, while riding at full speed, and the horse 'shies' towards the other side, or leaps backward, it is pretty plain that the horse and man must part."

"But how do you explain that? I do not understand."

"Explain to me first," said Brown, "how it is that you can place a glass, filled with

water, in a bucket, and swing it round your head, without spilling a drop?"

"Why, the water keeps its place by the pressure of the atmosphere, and the centrifugal force."

"And the rider loses his place exactly by the same law," replied Brown, dryly.

"You will find it hard to prove that," replied the young officer, warmly. "The glass is an inanimate body; a man, on the contrary, is a living being, endowed with motion; he can change his position, and accommodate his movements to those of the horse. If your remark is more than a mere supposition, we should certainly find it confirmed in the works of the old masters, and still, I have never heard of this rule, neither have I seen it represented in any paintings in the chief cities of Europe."

"I have never crossed the Atlantic," replied Brown, modestly, "and the battle of New Orleans, which hang in my quarters, I have never seen many pictures or works, as you call them. The New York Spirit of the Times sends us, now and then, pictures of horses, down here in these regions. But stay! now that you talk of old paintings, I remember one that I saw once; it was on one of those floating museums; as they call them, on the Mississippi. But if you believe all you see on those things, you would believe that the moon was a cheese. There were Indians with woolly heads like niggers, and bears with long tails; now people that paint men and bears in that way, can't know much about horses."

"An old painting, in a floating Museum, on the Mississippi?" cried the young lieutenant from West Point, shocked at the ignorance of his superior officer.

"To be sure, and a very old one too," rejoined the captain. "The gilt frame around it was as black as my hat, and the picture just looked as if it had lain time out of mind in tobacco juice."

"A painting of one of the old masters?" cried the young man, unable to recover from his astonishment.

"Why, to own the truth," replied Brown, "I did not take much trouble to find out who had painted it, but it was old enough, and belonged to an old fellow; so far as I know, care, it may have been painted by one of his great-grandfather's niggers—it's like enough."

A sudden exclamation from Kolibri interrupted this grave dissertation upon arts and artists; he was pointing towards the horizon. The officers had scarcely looked in that direction toward which his arm was extended, when the joyous cry—"Buffaloes! by all that lives! a herd of buffaloes!" echoed from mouth to mouth.

"It is impossible," cried Captain Brown,—"By heaven, it can't be! Thunder and Lightning! so near, at this season. My horse here, my lad! Quick fellow! buffaloes so near the fort at this time of the year. Glorious! and, in fact, the cloud of dust yonder is almost too thick for a band of traders. What say you to it, Kolibri, what say you, Indian?"

The young warrior had, in the meanwhile, removed the saddle and bridle from the fruitless animal, and before replying he leaped upon its back, and gazed attentively across the prairie.

"Speak, Indian! speak!" exclaimed the captain, with increasing impatience, "what sees Kolibri?"

"He sees Captain Brown's doled barrelled gun in his wigwag, and much buffalo meat for the soldiers before sundown."

"Away then!" exclaimed Brown, springing quickly into the saddle. "If that's the case, I must keep as close as possible to this white mustang to see how he stands the trial."

The Indian slackened the bridle to his wild horse, and Captain Brown, who was admirably mounted, spurred closely upon the traces of the chief.

Followed by the remaining officers, they soon reached the herd, which, on perceiving their assailants, at once took to flight. The horses gained upon them, however. Kolibri seemed, at first, to have selected a fat young cow for his victim, but, from a feeling of pride, he scorned the easy prey, and spurred furiously after the leader of the buffaloes, an enormous bull. By thus aiming at the head of the herd, he caused the beasts to disperse, in wild confusion, over the plain, and the chase became scattered. But, in the midst of this disorder, Kolibri still pursued the victim that he had selected. He spurred his steed along its flanks, waiting for a favorable opportunity to shoot.—As often, he had raised his bow, but—as often, husbanding his arrows in true Indian wise, he had refrained, seeking a sure and deadly aim.

The herd now plunged across a marshy spot of ground and the Indian's horse, although not wearied, had lost somewhat of its wild impetuosity, and obeyed more willingly the sure hand of its rider. Dashing through the breaking reeds, at the side of the enormous animal, the noble beast found and firm soil beneath his feet, almost the same moment that the buffalo extricated himself from the marsh, but, on reaching solid ground, the latter seemed to have gained new courage; it wheeled suddenly, and lowering its shaggy head towards his pursuer, it, in its turn, became the assailant.

This movement determined the chief to shoot. Never had an Indian taken surer aim, never had a bow-string been drawn with a firmer hand, never did more agile limbs press the flanks of a noble, wildly rushing steed—when, on the right hand, a second buffalo, which the officers were hunting before them, dashed onward close behind him; but the Indian had an eye for his victim alone.—Raising his bow, he drew the string to his shoulder and the deadly arrow pierced the heart of the wild animal, the shaft burying itself in the flesh to its feather-head. At the very moment that the bold soul of the prairie took a mortal aim at his enemy, and bending sideways to the right, dispatched his fatal weapon, his steed, already affrighted at the tumult around him, scented the buffalo that was thundering onward in his rear.—With a sudden, troubling start he leaped aside to the left, and the chief, forgetting his seat at the moment, or, perhaps, unable to preserve it, was hurled from the saddle, upon the horns of the furious animal, which was now in the act of passing him.

The next moment Captain Brown reached him, but all was over. Near the dead buffalo lay the pride of his nation, the young and dauntless chieftain of the Cumanches. His blood was mingled with that of his victim.

The Outcast.

A few days ago as I was taking my accustomed morning's walk, in a mild October morning, in the suburbs where I am a denizen, I found myself, on a sudden, in the open country. The melancholy landscape of Autumn stretched around; and the bright hues which had characterized the season were beginning to disappear. Nothing disturbed my meditations, except the passage of some early market man or woman, heaving with their little world of cares and hens to the mart of the town. I wandered unconsciously onward, until I discovered that I was, as it were in the midst of a crowd, fronting a low, time-worn tenement. A few vehicles were drawn up around it, and seeing a medical friend whom I knew, I inquired the cause of the assembly. He informed me that a young girl had committed suicide, and was then lying dead in an upper apartment. Moved with sorrowful curiosity, I complied with his request to enter. In one apartment were several females in tears and distress, in another, the witnesses and members of the coroner's jury. Ascending the staircase, I found myself in the presence of the Dead! of one, who, before the day of nothingness had swept the lines of beauty from her features, was lying on a pallet of straw, pale in dissolution. The sight was mournful and solemn. Her face had lingered about it all the features of beauty; its enigma was still floating above the voiceless lip, and the deep sealed eye. Heavy masses of rich auburn hair lay on each of her snowy temples, a faint hue lingered about her cheeks; but the foamy and purple lips indicated how violent a death she had died. By the bedside lay a half eaten apple, and a large rhomboid of corrosive sublimate. Particles of this deadly poison were still on the fruit.

"Thus the life-weary taker had ended her days. I looked out upon the gloomy waste of country over which she had gazed her last, at twilight, the evening before, and tried to realize what must have been the depth of agony which possessed her spirit then. How must her bruised heart have throbbled with misery!—how dark must have been her soul!—like that of the Medea of Euripides, when she prepared the deadly garments for her rival, and dedicated to death the children of her womb. Thought of the cause now agitated my mind. She had confided, and been betrayed. Cruelty and abuse had been her lot; but amidst all she had been constant and devoted. Her hands were clasped as if in prayer, and the potent poison had overcome her system ere she could disunite them.

"There are moments when the mysteries of eternity throng so rapidly upon our imagination that we live years of contemplation in their little round. This was the case with me. There lay the prostrate form of one whose only crime had been, that she had loved, not wisely, but too well; one who stung to the heart by the destroyer of her peace, and now determined to lay down her arching head and sorrowful bosom in the rest of the grave.

As I stood gazing at the lifeless object before me—interrupted only by the plying ejaculations of the few that were present, or the sobs of those who were below—I was requested by the surgeon in attendance, as a personal favor to go in his private carriage to the residence of the father of the deceased, and apprise him of the fatal occurrence, of which he was still ignorant. Receiving my directions, I went. I drove up to a handsome dwelling in a distant street, and was ushered by a servant into a beautiful drawing room, where a glowing fire was burning in the grate. Everything around betokened ease and plenty if not elegance. The folding doors of the parlor soon opened, and the warm air from an adjoining elegant apartment came in from another fire.

The father stood before me. He was a respectable looking person, but wore about

him the marks of violent passions, and an indomitable will.

It was by slow and painful degrees that I commenced to him the horrid death of his child. When he had unburthened my mind and heart, he seemed like a statue of marble for a moment; and then sinking upon an ottoman, he gave way to the agony of his soul, his chest heaved with his deep-drawn sighs, his lips faltered, and tears, stern tears, "like the first drops of a thunder shower," came to his eye.

I saw him stand a few minutes after, by the corpse of his daughter. Words cannot describe the scene.

"The history of her sorrows and fate may be briefly told. She was their first born; was beloved—idolized. When brothers and sisters were growing up and around her, she was favored of all.

At last her mother died. She was just budding into womanhood, when this event took place. After the funeral rites, she found that she was destined to fill her mother's place, so far as the guardianship and care of her young brothers and sisters were concerned. She knew the stern disposition and headstrong passions of her parent, and she strove to the utmost to meet his wishes and oblige his will. Soon, however, his demagogue began to change. He insisted that she was unable to perform the duties required, and a house-keeper was procured—one, it seems, not dissimilar to the celebrated Original mentioned by Byron. She was overbearing and vulgar. By degrees, the daughter perceived too surely that her mother's place was filled to the utmost, in all its relations, by a dishonest and unholly woman. She suffered in silence; she blushed at her own degradation, through the recklessness of her parent, but she breathed not a word. At last her silence was imputed to insubordinate anger; she was pronounced incorrigible, and driven from her father's house—an outcast!

Hitherto she had been worthy and innocent. But evil examples and a just filial anger, fired her soul. She sought the house of a friend, a close intimate of her mother's, where she lived as an assistant in the lighter and more elegant duties of a household. By degrees, her beauty attracted the attention of a youth, a student of the law. She loved; she was best with solemn vows, and an unbroken train of temptations; until, finally she was betrayed; and unable to battle against her own remorse, and the thousand shames that rained on her defenceless head, she sought the drug and the grave!

Now, that for which I do somewhat abate my admiration, is this. The youth, who I condemn all deductions from duty, without discrimination. In a case like the present, they make no distinction; they see the bruised heart sink into the dust with scarcely an expression of regret, and hear the report that a sister spirit has rushed, unannounced and unannounced into the presence of his God, without one throb of pity. Why this inexorable judgment? Why this absence of extenuating reasons? Why is it, with them, that

"Every one a tear can claim,
Except an erring sister's shame."

I pretend not to tell; but if their opinions are severe, what shall be said of those fiends in human form, who poison the fountains of virtue in the innocent bosom; whose lips breathe the black lie, and the broken vow? Is there a punishment too great to be inflicted upon the villain who approaches the fair, fabric of virtue only to leave it in ruin and desolation? Is hell too much? No! To repay the love which one has himself awakened, with disgrace and scorn; to drive the spirit one has polluted into the presence of that Creator from whom it came bright and unsullied; what guilt can be greater in all the annals of crime?

My heart burns with indignation as I dwell on the theme. How many a wreath among the youth of our cities, is dashing in the beau monde, whose true place is the penitentiary; whose only relief from its walls, is the prodigal love of some violated virgin who has suffered long and is kind! These are solemn but almost interdicted truths; there are some whom I know of this detestable class; men who will bow and sentimentalize, and flourish at cotées and assemblies, at operas and theatres, who have valiantly spent years of their worthless and spendthrift lives in daily and nightly endeavors to compass the honor of some lowly and lovely one, whom "nature made weak, trusting her defence to man's generosity;" whose happiness was the end and aim of loving parents, and whose brow her dishonor has laid in the tomb!

Let me not be understood as the apologist of guilt. I reverence the sweetness and majesty of virtue, but I love the sway of justice. I would warn the tender sex against the easy prejudice which leads them to visit the sins of the voluptuous offender of the moral law upon the victim, whom only years of systematic villany could bring within his folds; who makes the holiest passion subservient to the establishment of the unholy; until at the last, honor, conscience, hope, all that is worth possessing is banished from that breast which is found so pure, and left corrupted and in shame.