

# Lehigh



# Register.

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.

VOLUME VII.

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### THE LEHIGH REGISTER,

Published in the Borough of Allentown, Lehigh County, Pa., every Thursday.

BY AUGUSTUS L. RUHE,

A \$1.50 per annum, payable in advance, and \$2.00 if not paid until the end of the year. No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid except at the option of the proprietor.

Advertisements, making not more than one square, will be inserted three times for one dollar and for every subsequent insertion twenty-five cents. Larger advertisements, charged in the same proportion. Those not exceeding ten lines will be charged seventy-five cents, and those making six lines or less, three insertions for 50 cents.

A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

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

### NEW GOODS!

### Grand Exhibition

New Fashionable Spring and Summer Goods!

AT THE

New Cheap Store

OF

Getz & Gilbert,

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 Spring and Summer Goods, which they are now ready to dispose of to their customers at the lowest prices.

Their Spring and Summer stock has been selected with the utmost care and consists of

**Clothes, Cassimers, Satinets,** Flannels, Gloves and Hosiery, besides Delaines, Alpaccas, Lusters, Ginghams, Plain and Figured Poplins, Muslins and Prints, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Queensware, Hardware, Looking Glasses, Stationary, Books, &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.

April 20, 1853.

### 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 Catawaguan, Lehigh county. GETZ & GILBERT.

April 20, 1853.

### COAL! COAL!

The undersigned have opened a Coal Yard in Catawaguan, and will constantly keep on hand all kinds of Coal which they will sell at greatly reduced prices. GETZ & GILBERT.

April 20, 1853.

### Great Hat, Cap and Fur Store

IN ALLENTOWN.

Wm. Keck,

Truly thankful for the liberal patronage heretofore extended to him by his friends, and a generous public, requests a continuance of that patronage from them and that they should now call, and examine the most extensive stock of

**HATS, CAPS AND FURS,** that has ever been brought to the public, at his established and lately refitted Hat and Cap Emporium, No. 21, West Hamilton street, one door West of Schuurman's store.

He has just returned from the City of Philadelphia with the new summer style of Hats and Caps of all kinds and varieties.

The people of this neighborhood, have found it expensive to go to the great neighboring cities. Hereafter, to think themselves in either of them, will be very cheap. They will merely have to call into the above mentioned Hat store, observe the late improvements, and hear of the uncommonly low price, when at once, their imagination will impress them with the belief that they stand in one of the best and cheapest Hat stores of New York or Philadelphia.

Call, see, examine, judge, inspect, choose, price, and buy for yourselves.

TO HUNTERS.—Highest cash prices paid for all kinds of furs. April 20, 1853.

### JOB PRINTING.

neatly executed at the "Register Office."

### Poetical Department.

#### My Old Companions.

My heart has yearned, like other hearts,  
With all the fervor Youth imparts;  
And all the warmth that Feeling lends  
Has freely cherished "troops of friends."  
A change has passed over them and me,  
We are not as we used to be;  
My heart, like many another heart,  
Sees old companions all depart.

I mark the names of more than one,  
But read them on the cold white stone;  
And steps that followed where mine led,  
Now on the far-off desert tread;  
The world has warped some souls away,  
That once were honest as the day;  
Some dead—some wandering—some untrue—  
Oh! old companions are but few.

But there are green trees on the hill,  
And blue flags sweeping o'er the rill,  
And there are daisies peeping out,  
And dog-rose blossoms round about.  
Ye were my friends "long, long ago,"  
The first bright friends I sought to know;  
And yet ye come—rove where I will,  
My old companions, faithful still.

And there are sunbeams, rich and fair,  
As cheering as they ever were;  
And there are fresh winds playing nigh,  
As freely as in time gone by;  
The birds come singing as of yore,  
How'er I feel, where'er I rove,  
These old companions never change.

I'm glad I learnt to love the things  
That Fortune neither takes nor brings;  
I'm glad my spirit learnt to prize  
The smiling face of sunny skies;  
I was well elaps'd with doting hand  
The balmily wild flowers of the land;  
For still ye live in friendship sure,  
My old companions, bright and pure.

Though strong may be the ties we make,  
The strongest mortal tie may break;  
Though warm the tips that love us now,  
They may purchase forswear the vow;  
We see pale Death and envious Hate,  
Fling shadows on Life's diat' plate;  
Noting the hours when dark sands glide,  
And old companions leave our side.

But be we sad, or be we gay,  
With thick curls bright, or thin locks gray  
We never find the spring bloom meet  
Our presence with a smile less sweet.  
Oh! I am glad I learnt to love  
The tangled wood and cooling dove;  
For these will be, in good or ill,  
My old companions, changeless still.

#### Spring-time is Coming.

SPRING-TIME is coming, I hear its low humming,  
Oh! where the blue waters sweep;  
Sandal'd with gold, it breaks the brown mold,  
Waking the blossoms asleep.

Down in the bed, where the little bud's head,  
Sunk when its mission was done,  
A tiny green sprout, peeping shy out,  
Open its heart to the sun.

Low in the vale, where the winter's loud wail  
Frighted the summer's soft breeze,  
Maiden Spring weaves, of miniature leaves,  
Robes for the bare old trees.

'Neath the white snows, the sorrowing rose,  
Through the chill moments bath in;  
Soon its bright face, from out its green case,  
Will be uplifted again.

Thus in dark hours, the heart's buds and flowers  
Faded in the winter of sorrow;  
Let us not sigh, the little shut eye  
Will drink the warm sunshine to-morrow!

So shall it be when the spirit is free  
From its close prison of clay;  
Life's withered bud must hide in the sod,  
But oh! there is Spring-time away!

### Miscellaneous Selections.

#### A Race for Life.

Forty years ago, my father's family settled in one of the counties of central New York. All was a wilderness, wild and beautiful. We located fifteen miles from the farthest pioneer. The woods were around us, the tall trees and the picturesque mountains.

We have opened a space in the forest, and a cabin of the good old time afforded us shelter. It looked new and comfortable, and its chimney smoke curled gracefully up and vanished with the shadows of the forest. The blackened beams smoked and crackled, and deep in the wildwood solitude the wilderness blossomed in the presence of yellow harvest. A happy home was there. The birds sang at earliest morn, and the deep river near the door murmured sweetly at nightfall. There were gentle whisperings in the old trees. As they bowed their heads in the winds, a holy anthem floated up from the vast temples where nature breathes fresh

and pure from the hands of God. The wild flowers bloomed even by the very door sill, and the deer stopped in the forest to gaze upon the smoke of the chimney top. 'Twas a beautiful home in the old wilderness.

The spring brought us neighbors. 'Twas a great day when a settler came in and purchased land across the river. He received a warm welcome from pioneer hands—a comfortable log cabin peeped out from the dense woodland of the opposite bank. I watched the smoke from the open roof as the sun went down, and eagerly looked for the next morning. But it was not the smoke that I cared so much about. I only knew that it curled upwards from the fire-side where dwelt as beautiful a creature as ever bloomed away from the busy world. And so I watched the smoke, and dreamed as I watched by the river, until the moon threw down its beautiful pathway of shining silver, and listened to the sound of familiar footsteps.

Across the river was the home of Carry Mason. Before the mellow haze of autumn had dropped its dreary hue on leaf and stream, I had learned to love her, and to tell her so in the still moonlight of that hidden home.

The leaves faded and the winter winds swept through the forest. But we cared little for that. The snow fell thick and fast, but our hearts were alive with happiness and hope. When the spring opened the birds returned, we were to be married.

A winter evening party in a new country. Did you ever attend one, reader?—There are large hearths and open hearts to be found.

Carry and I were invited to attend the party; a rude "jumper" had been built and in this we started. Ten miles were soon passed, and we found ourselves in a merry and happy throng as ever gathered on a frontier. The huge fire crackled on the wide hearth, and the old fashion lute and frolic rang out until a late hour.

The moon had gone down when we started for home, and the snow began to fall; but we heeded it not, for we talked fast as the stout horse speed on the forest path.

Carry grasped my arm and whispered, "hiss!" The wind shrieked over the top of the dark pines, and I laughed at her fears. But she nestled closer to my side and talked with less glee. In spirit of all my efforts, a shadow would creep over my own spirit.

The road wound among a dense growth of pines which shot upwards, and veiled even the sky from our path. The Old pines swayed and moaned in the increasing storm, and the snow fell fast and thick. I touched the horse with the whip and he moved briskly through the woods. Again Carry grasped my arm. I heard nothing save the storm, and yet I was startled as the horse gave a quick snort and struck into a gallop. With a heart full of happiness, I had not yet dreamed of any danger.

Again the horse snorted in alarm. There was a sound above the storm. I felt my cheeks grow white and cold, and the blood rushed quickly back to my heart.

Clear, wild, terrible, it burst out in an unearthly howl like a wail from the world of fiends. I heard it its dismal, heartchilling echoes had not died away on the storm, when it was answered from a scorn of throats.

Merciful God! a pack of wolves were around us. In those dark woods at night and the storm howling overhead, a scorn of hungry throats were yelling at each other on the feast.

For a moment my senses reeled. But I felt Carry leaning heavily on my shoulder, and I aroused.

But what hope was there! I had no weapon, and the maddened devils were in the path before and behind us. There was but one chance, and that was to rush ahead.

As the road struck the river bank, it turned shortly almost on the brink of a fearful precipice. Here was a difficult place, and there was not only danger of upsetting, but of being hurled into the river.

There was a path across this angle of land where logs had been drawn out. It was a mile nearer this way to a clearing than by the river. But I durst not attempt it with a sleigh.

On we sped. That infernal pack neck and neck with us, and every now and then their jaws shutting like steel-traps close to our persons. Once around that angle, I should hope.

Heaven! the infernal devils had crossed ahead and hung in dark masses. A demon instinct seemed to possess them.—A few rods more! The wolves seemed to feel that we had a chance, for they howled more devilish than ever.

With a sweep, the horse turned in spite of me! The left runner struck high on the roots of a pine, and the sleigh swung over like a flash, burying us in deep snow.—Away sped the horse, and my heart sank as I heard his quick footsteps dying out towards home.

The maddened pack had followed the horse, and shot by us as we were thrown out upon the bank, for a number of rods.—A shriek from Carry arrested them in their career: in an instant they were upon us.

I gave one long desperate shout, in the hope of arousing the folks in the cabins. I had no time to shout again. Their breath burst upon me, and their dark masses gathered around like the shadows of doom.

With a broken limb I wildly kept them at bay for a moment, but fiercer and closer surged the gnashing teeth. Carry lay insensible on the ground before me. There was one more effort. A stunted pine grew upon the overhanging edge of the bank, and I shot out nearly horizontally over the river below, full a hundred feet from the surface.

Dashing madly in their teeth my cudgel, I yelled with the waning energy of despair, grasped Carry with one arm, and dashed recklessly out upon the pine. I thought not of danger; I cared not. I braved one danger to escape a greater. I reached the branches. I breathed more free as I heard the fierce howl of the baffled pack.

I turned my head, and, God of mercy! a long shadow was gliding along on the trunk of our last refuge. Carry was helpless and it required all the strength of despair to hold her and remain upon the slippery trunk. I turned to face the wolf—he was in reach of my arm. I struck with my fist, and again those fearful jaws shut with a snap, as my hand brushed his head. With a demoniac growl he fastened upon the shoulder of Carry. O! for help—for a weapon—foothold on earth, where I could have grappled with the monster.

I heard the long fangs cranch into the flesh, and the smothered breathing as the wolf continued to make sure his hold!—O! it was horrible! I beat him over the head, but he only designed a munching growl. I yelled, wept, cursed, prayed, but the hungry devil cared not for curses or prayers. His companions were still howling and whining, and venturing out upon the pine. I almost wished the tree would give way.

The wolf still kept his hold upon Carry. Nono can dream how the blood hissed and swept through my knotted veins. At last the brute, hungry for his prey, gave a rrench and nearly threw me from the pine. Carry was helpless and insensible. Even the cranching teeth of the monster did not awaken her from the deadly swoon into which she had fallen.

Another wrench was made by the wolf and Carry's waist slipping from my aching grasp, leaving me but the hold upon the skirt of her dress. The incarnate devil had released his hold, but as if aware of the danger beneath, retained his grip on the shoulder of Carry.

The end had come! My brain reeled! The long body of the wolf hung downward like a darn shadow into the abyss, fast wearing out my remaining strength. The blood gushed warmly from my nostrils and a light danced and flashed across my eyeballs.—The overtasked muscles of the hand would relax and as instantly close convulsively upon the eluding skirt. I heard a tearing as if of stitches. The black mass wreathed and wrenched as if to deepen the hold. A sharp cracking mingled with the noise in my head, and the dress parted at the waist. I shrieked as I heard the swooping fall of the black devil and his victim, as they shot down, down into the darkness. I heard something like the bay of the old house-dog and the firing of guns—and heard no more.

Weeks and months passed away before the fearful delirium of that night left me. I returned to consciousness in my father's cabin, an emaciated creature, as helpless as a child. My youth had passed away, and I was prematurely old. The raven locks of twenty years had changed to the silver ones of eighty years of age. Look at this arm that clung to Carry! It is withered. I have never raised it since that night. In my dreams I feel again that fearful night, and awake covered with the cold clammy sweat that gathered upon me while on that pine.

The neighing of the horse as he dashed into the clearing, had aroused the people at home. The empty and broken sleigh told a brief story. The howling of the wolves arose on the blast, and with guns and the old house dog, they rushed towards the sad scene.

They found me senseless upon the trunk, covered with blood, and a wolf feeling his way towards me. In turning at the sound of their approach, he slipped and went down upon the ice. I thank God for that.

Our people looked long for Carry Mason but did not find her till next morning.—'Then they went down on the ice and found her corpse. The wolves had not picked her crushed bones.

The fall partially broke the ice, and the oozing water had frozen and fastened her long black hair as it had floated out. The wolf had not released his deathgrasp, and his teeth were buried in her pure white shoulder.

The spring sunshine and birds and green leaves had come again as I tottered out.—My sister led me to a grave on the river's bank, the grave of all my youthful hopes, and all that I loved. The wild flowers were already starting on the sacred mound.—I wept over them and blessed them, for they were blooming over the grave of Carry.

#### Another Yankee Trick.

"The critter loves me! I know she loves me!" said Jonathan Doubikins, as he sat upon the corn-field fence, meditating on the course of his true love, that was running just as Shakespear said it did—rather roughly.

"If Suke Peabody has taken a shine to that gawky long-snaked stamerin shy critter Gusset, jest 'cause he's a city feller, she ain't the gall I took her for—that's sartin.—No! it's the old folks—dorn their ugly pious Old Mrs. Peabody was allers a dreadful high-falutin' critter, full of big notions, and the old man's regular soft head, driven about by his wife just as our old one-eyed rooster is drove about by our catankerous five toed Dolk'n' hen. But if I don't spile his fun, my name ain't Jonathan. I'm goin' down to the city by the railroad next week—and when I come back, walke snakes that's all!"

The above soliloquy may serve to give the reader some slight idea of the laud, in the pleasant rustic village where the speaker resided.

Mr Jonathan Doubikins was a young farmer well to do in the world, and looking out for a wife, and had been paying his addresses to Miss Susan Peabody, the only child of Deacon Elderberry Peabody, of that ilk, with a fair prospect of success, when a city acquaintance of the Peabody's one Mr. Cornelius Gusset, who kept a retail dry goods shop in Hanover Street, Boston, had suddenly made his appearance in the field, and had commenced the cutting out game.

Dazzled with the prospect of becoming a gentleman's wife, and pestered by the importunities of her aspiring mamma, the village beauty had begun to waver, when her old lover determined on a last and bold stroke to foil his rival. He went to the city and returned; of his business there he said nothing—not even to his pumping maiden aunt who kept house for him. He went not near the Peabody's but labored in his cornfield patiently awaiting the result of his machinations.

The next day, Mr. Gusset was seated with the old folks and their darter in the best room of the Peabody mansion, chatting as pleasantly as may be, when the door opened, and in rushed a very dirty and furious Irish woman.

"Is it there ye are, Mr. Cornelius Gusset! Come out of that—before I fetch ye, ye spalpeen! Is that what ye promised me afore the praste, ye hathen nagar. Running, away from me and the children—forsakin' yer larful wedded wife, and running' after the yankee gals—ye infidential."

"Woman there must be some mistake here," stammered Gusset, taken all a back by this charge.

"Devil of bit of a mistake, ye sarprint, O, wirra! wirra! was it for the likes of ye I sacked little Dinnes McCarthy—who loved the ground I trod on, and all becase ye promised to make a lady of me—ye dirty thief of the wurru! Will ye come along to the railroad station—where I left little Patrick—because he was to sick with the small pox to come any furdher—or will ye wait till I drag ye."

"Go—go—along, gasped Gusset; go and I'll follow you."

He thought it best to temporize.—"I give you tin minutes, said the virago, if ye ain't there—it's me cousin, Mr. Thabby Mulgrodery, will be after ye, ye thief.—And away went this unbidden guest.

Mr. Gusset was yet engaged in stammering out a denial of all knowledge of the village, when the parlor door again opened, a little black-eyed, hatchet-faced woman, in a flashy silk gown and a cap with many ribbons, perched on the top of her head, invaded the sanctity of the parlor.

"Is he here?" she cried, in a decided French accent. Then she added, with a scream, "Ah mon Dieu! is that? Zero he is.—Traitor! monster! Vat for ye run away from me! Is he two three years I novir yet entirely?"

"Who are you?" cried Gusset, his eyes starting out of his head and shivering from head to foot.

"He asks me who I am. O, you var respectable old gentilehmen! hear vat he ask! Who I am, perfide! ah!—I am your wife!" "I never see you 'fore—so help me Bob," cried Gusset, energetically.

"Don't you swear! I said old Deacon Peabody of you do I'll kex, you into fits, I want have no profane or vulgar language in my house."

"O, bless you! bless you! respectable old man. Tell him he must come viz me.—Tell him I have spake to ze constable.—Tell him!—sobs interrupted her utterance.

"It's posky bad business!" said the deacon chafing with unwanted ire.—"Gusset, you're a rascal!"

"Take care, Deacon Peabody; take care! said the unfortunate shopkeeper.

"I remarked you was a rascal, Gusset. You've gone and married two wives, and that 'ere's flat bugally; of I know anything 'bout the Revised Statoots."

"Two wives!" shrieked the Frenchman. "Half a dozen, for aught I know to the contrary!" said the deacon. "Now you clear out of my house—go way to the Station and clear out into Boston.—I want have nothing more to do with you."

"But deacon! hear me." "I don't want to hear ye—ye sarprint!" cried the deacon, stopping his ears with his hands; "Marryin' two wives and cumming' courtin' a third. Go long! Clear out!"

Even Mrs. Peabody, who was inclined to put in a word for the culprit was silenced.—Susan turned from him in horror; and in despair he fled to the railway station, hotly pursued by the clamorous and indignant French woman.

That afternoon, as Miss Susan Peabody was walking towards the village, she was overtaken by Mr. Jonathan Doubikins, dressed in his best, and driving his fast-going horse before his Sunday go-to-meeting carriage. He reined up, and accosted her.

"Hallo, Suke! I Get in and take a ride!" "Don't keer if I do, Jonathan," replied the young lady, accepting the proffered seat.

"I say—you," said Jonathan grinning, that ere city feller's turned out a 'poorty pup, ain't he?" "It's dreadful, if it's true," replied the young lady.

"You had a narresescape, didn't ye?" pursued the old lover. "But he warn't never, of no account, any how. What do the folks think about it?" "They haint said a word since he cleared out."

"Forgot that night I rode you home from singing-school?" asked Jonathan, suddenly, branching off.

"No, I haint," replied the young lady, blushing and smiling at the same time.

"Remember them apples I gin you?" "O, Yes."

"Well, they was good; wasn't they?" "First rate Jonathan."

"Got a hull orchard full of them kind er fruit, Suke," said Jonathan, suggestively.

Susan was silent.

"Golang!" exclaimed Jonathan, putting the braid on the black horse. "Have you any idea where we're going Suke?"

"I'm going to the village."

"No you haint—you'er going long with me."

"Where to?"

"Providence. And you don't come back till you're Mrs. Doubikins—no how you can fix it!"

"How you talk Jonathan!"

"Darn the old folks!" said Jonathan, putting on the string again. "Ef I was to leave you with them much longer, they'd be taden you-off on to some city feller with half a dozen wives already."

The next day, as Mr. and Mrs. Doubikins were returning home in their chaise Jonathan said, confidentially

"May as well tell you now Suke for I haint any secrets from you—that Gusset never see them woman afore they came stoppin' into your house and blowed him up. I had thought. Cost me ten dollars, thunder! I taught 'em what to say, and I expect they done it well!" Old Gusset may be a shopkeeper, but if he expects to go ahead of Jonathan Doubikins, he must get up a plaguier sight arlor a mornings!

"Come, sonny, get up," said an indulgent father to a hopeful son the other morning; "remember that the early bird catches the first worm!" "What do I care for the worms?" replied the young hopeful; "mother won't let me go a fishing."

"Jamie," says one honest Irishman to another the first time he saw a locomotive.—"What is that snoring baste?" "Sure," replied Jamie, "I don't know at all unless it is a steamboat aplurging along to get to water."

"Do you like novels?" asked Miss Fitzgerald of her country lover. "I can't say," he replied, "I never read; but I tell you, I'm scarce on passion."