



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.

ALLENTOWN, LEHIGH COUNTY, PA., JUNE 8, 1853.

NUMBER 36.

THE LEHIGH REGISTER,

Is published in the Borough of Allentown, Lehigh County Pa., every Wednesday

BY A. L. RUME,

At \$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.

Millers' Boot and Shoe Store

In Allentown.

The subscriber takes this method to inform his friends, and the public in general, that he has lately established a new

BOOT & SHOE

Store,

in the fourth frame shop, east of the Allentown Hotel, on the North side of Hamilton street, No. 9. Where he has fitted up a splendid Store Room, and will be prepared with a large assortment of finished work to accommodate his customers in every branch of his business. The following are named among some of his prices:

Fine Calf Skin Boots, from \$3 50 to \$5 25
Coarse stout do. 2 50 to 3 50
Boys' do. 1 00 to 2 25
Ladies' Morocco Slippers, 70 to 1 25
Misses, and Childrens according to quality, and sizes.

He will sell at Philadelphia prices. Wholesale and Retail, and to Country Merchants, will make a very liberal deduction.

As he always employs the best of workmen, and works up the best materials in the market, he is enabled to stand good for any work turned out by him, and feels confident that the same will prove satisfactory to his customers.

Persons therefore will see to their advantage, and call on him before purchasing elsewhere.

He returns his sincere thanks for the many favors he has received from a kind public, and by moderate prices, good work, and due attention to business, hopes to merit a continuance of the same.

DANIEL MILLER.

March 23, 1853. P-3m

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Lehigh County,

In the matter of the Account of David M. Kistler and Elias Mantz, Assignees of Jacob Mantz and Wife, under a voluntary assignment.

And now, May 3, 1853, the court appointed Samuel J. Kistler, to audit, settle the account and make distribution according to law.

From the Records.

Teste—F. E. SAMUELS, Proth.

The Auditor appointed in the above order, will meet for the purpose of his appointment on Saturday the 25th day of June next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon at the house of Peter Miller, in Heidelberg township, where all those interested can attend if they see proper.

June 1, 1853. P-3w

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In the Orphans Court of Lehigh County.

In the matter of the Account of David Smith and Samuel J. Kistler, Administrators of John Smith dec'd.

And now May 3, 1853, the court appointed John Saeger, Jacob German and Samuel Camp, auditors to audit and settle the account and make distribution according to law, and make report thereof to the next stated Orphans Court including all the evidence, which may be submitted before them.

From the Records.

Teste—N. METZGER, Clerk.

The Auditors appointed in the above order, will meet for the purpose of their appointment on Saturday the 18th day of June next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon at the house of Peter Miller, in Heidelberg township, where all those interested can attend if they see proper.

June 1, 1853. P-3w

300 Dozen Corn Brooms.

The undersigned have just received Three Hundred Dozen Corn Brooms, bound with Tin and Wire, which they will sell Wholesale and Retail, at very low prices.

PRETZ, GUTH & Co.

Allentown, February 23, 1853.

Poetical Department.

The Life Gauge.

They err who measure life by years,
With false or thoughtless tongue;
Some hearts grow old before their time;
Others are always young!

'Tis not the number of my lines
On Life's fast filling page;
'Tis not the pulse's added throbs
Which constitutes their age.

Some souls are serfs among the free,
While others nobly thrive;
They stand just where their fathers stood,
Dead, even while they live!

Others, all spirit, heart and sense—
Their's the mysterious power
To live, in thrills of joy or we,
A twelve month in an hour!

Seize, then, the minutes as they pass—
The wool of life is Tantalus!
Warm up the colors—let them glow,
By fire or fancy fraught.

Live to some purpose—make thy life
A gift of use to thee!
A Joy, a good, a golden hope,
A heavenly argosy!

The Graves of a Household.

They grew in beauty side by side,
They filled one house with glee;
Their graves are severed far and wide,
O'er stream, and mound, and sea.

The same found mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow,
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now!

The sea, the lone blue sea hath one;
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his lone grave may weep.

One fell where Spanish vines are dressed,
Above the noble slain;
He rapped his colors round his breast,
In a blood-red field of Spain.

One 'midst the forest of the west,
By a dark stream is laid;
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the forest shade.

And one o'er her the myrtle beds
Is leaves by soft winds fanned;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers,
The last of that fair band!

The Dying Atheist.

I have looked my last on the glorious earth,
And the golden light of day;
For the sun that rises to-morrow morn
Will shine on my lifeless clay:

The beings above me still will act
The drama of life and death,
While I shall be sleeping a dreamless sleep
In the damp, cold ground beneath.

I have trod the earth but two-score years,
Yet I find it a weary path:
I have borne with the scorn and hate of fools,
And the bigot's fiery wrath,

Because I would not be their slave,
And could not stoop to bow
As a meek and humble suppliant
To a God I do not know.

But that is past; it matters not;
I care not now for that;
I've paid them back with scorn for scorn,
And ten-fold hate for hate;

I envy not their coward fear
Of their tyrant-God's decree;
And the Heaven they would revel in
Would be a Hell for me.

But oh! that the friends, that loved me once,
And shrank from my side in fear,
When wakened thought first urged me on
To my dark and lone career—

That only one were here, to soothe
My fearful anguish now;
That the gentle hand of love might wipe
The death-damp from my brow!

But it may not be: I have lived alone,
And alone I fain would die:
I would have no bigot here to mark
My dying agony;

To wait with curious zeal, to catch
My last wild, faltering breath,
And read, in the prang of the parting soul,
A craven fear of Death.

Afraid of Death!—I shall joy to see
His ghastly form by my side;
And I long to clasp his skeleton-hand
As a lover clasps his bride:

For his coming will end the weariness
Of a sorrow-burdened breast,
And lead me away from a joyless life
To a long and dreamless rest.

On the streets of Lancaster one day,
Dean Swift was accosted by a drunken weaver,
Who staggering against his reverence
Said—
'I have been spinning it out!'
'Yes, I see you have,' said Dean, 'and
now you are reeling it home.'

Miscellaneous Selections.

Affecting, but True Story of N. York.

It was past midnight on a wet, chilly night in November last, when a good natured son of Erin rings at the door of a handsome three story house in Ninth street. The occupant of the dwelling, a jaded, worn-out doctor, is just in his first nap. He has had a hard day's work of it, and only an hour ago returned, after bidding a final farewell to the last patient on his list. But he hears the tinkling of his door-bell by intuition, and rises mechanically to its summons. A head, comfortably capped for the night, looks down from the second-story window upon the perspiring messenger below.

"Who's there?"
"Ah, doctor, are ye there? Sure you're wanted."

"Who wants me?"
"The woman, sir."
"What woman my friend?"
"Sure doctor, it's the widdy—the poor widdy that lives forenent our house, up the alley in Aist Broadway."

"Is it Mrs. Turnley you mean?"
"Yis; sure ye might know that with half the palaver."

"Ah, poor soul! Very well, my friend, I will go to her directly."

The good man has no hope of a fee in this case. It is a call upon his humanity, and his humanity responds to it religiously. There are many such in the ranks of our medical men, and many an act of Samaritan charity is performed like this, in the still hour of midnight, without the aid even of a street-lamp to glorify it in the eyes of the world.

While the doctor is throwing on his clothes, lighting his lantern, and performing his journey of charity, let us look into the house of the poor widow. It is a small room, in a rear building occupied by several poor families; but this room is the home of Mrs. Turnley and her little daughter—a child three years old. They have lived here together for a year past, ever since the husband and father died. Being alone, they were too poor then to live in better apartments; but in this place the mother had supported herself and child by sewing, until her health gave way, and then they still lived together on public and private charity.

She had known Dr. Galen when her husband lived; and once or twice since, when severely ill, she had made bold to trespass on his friendship by calling in his professional skill—nor had she ever called in vain. In this little room we see by the gleam of a feeble lamp the wasted form of its principal tenant lying upon a miserable bed. The fire that had been built in a small stove has died out, and there is no more coal to renew it. The room does not contain a chair, but, seated upon an inverted box near the bed, is a woman who has come from an adjoining tenement, and on her lap sleeps the child, unconscious alike of its loneliness and its poverty. On a small shelf over the fire-place stand two or three glass vials that have been used for medicines, and by them lies a sealed packet directed to Dr. Galen. Beyond this, the room is bare.

The physician arrives, and as he enters the room, the kind woman who has kept watch by the bed rises silently and moves aside. He takes the seat that she has just left, and tenderly places his finger upon the wrist of the patient. He can scarce discover a motion of the pulse. He examines her features. They are calm and placid as sleeping infancy, but sharp and ghastly. Death has set its seal there, and her lingering breath is so faint that it is hardly to be perceived. He administers a stimulant, and she revives a little. He calls her by name, and he feels the responsive pressure of her hand. She is sensible. She knows his voice, but she cannot speak; yet her faint, fluttering heart seems full with emotion. She tries to utter a word—she struggles—but the effort has ended with a piteous groan—and with that groan her breath has ceased. The poor widow is no more!

"Broken-hearted!" murmured the sympathetic doctor, as a tear rolled from his eye. "That woman died broken-hearted."
"Here's a letter she bade me give you," said the woman, reaching towards him the packet that had lain on the shelf. "I was to give it you after she died."

Surprised, the doctor took the paper from her hand, and adjusting his spectacles, examined the superscription by the light of the lamp. It was directed to a beautiful hand: "To my friend, Doctor Galen."
Assured that it was in truth intended for him, the good man broke the seal. He read but a few words; when, with a look of astonishment, and almost of horror, he turned again towards the lifeless form by his side. Eagerly he sought for one remaining spark of vitality. He pressed the cold wrist—placed his ear close to her heart, and listened—but in vain: all was still, silent, and death-like.

"My good woman," said the doctor, placing the unperused letter in his pocket, "get assistance, and prepare the body of this poor lady for the coffin. You shall be paid for your trouble. Let no one remove the body; I will see to her funeral. Good night."

"But the child," said the woman, arresting his attention as he was leaving the room—"what's to be done with the child?"
"True, I had forgotten: I will take care of that, too," said the doctor, lifting it from a bundle of rags where the woman had placed it. The child thus disturbed, and half dreaming, murmuringly pronounced the word "Mamma." "Poor thing!" said the doctor, "you shall see your mamma once more, in the morning." Then wrapping it carefully in his cloak, he set forth homeward. It was no small task that the worthy physician undertook to perform—to carry a child three years old, a lantern, and a stout walking-stick, a whole mile through the muddy streets on a night of Egyptian darkness. But he accomplished it, and having seen his little charge safely deposited in a warm and comfortable bed, he retired to his library, and lighting the gas, sat down to peruse at leisure the story of the poor widow. It began thus:

"My kind and true friend: Pride alone has hitherto sealed my lips against your imperative request to know something of my history; but now that I know that the hand of death is near, and that very soon I must pass beyond the influence of all human passions, I look with trembling to the future of one that I must leave behind—my precious child—my adored innocent, an orphan, friendless and unprotected—to the cold vicissitudes of an unfeeling world. Take her, my dear friend, and entreat for her, in the name of a neglected and heart-broken mother, the care and protection of her haughty kindred. You will do this—I know you will, when you have learned by brief and sad story.

"I am the daughter of (here appeared the name of a wealthy and well known citizen of New York, who is now living), and under his princely and aristocratic roof I was reared and educated a child of luxury. This is enough to tell you who I was; how I became what I am you shall know." About five years ago (I was then sixteen years of age), while on a short sojourn with my parents in Rockland county, by an imprudent act of my own, my life was placed in instant jeopardy, from which, at the risk of his own, I was relieved by the strong and willing hand of one who till then had been to me a perfect stranger. I knew not his station or connections, having never seen him before; but at that moment, in the fullness of my heart's gratitude, he seemed a creature of superior mould, in contrast with the trembling, pallid flatterers who looked on, yet aided not his efforts. Well formed, well attired, and just in the spring-time of manhood, he appeared to my agitated mind an embodiment of true nobility. And so he was. My soul overflowed with thankfulness, yet I could not thank him. I could but lean on him, and weep, and listen to his voice, as with words of gentleness and sympathy, he assured me again and again, of safety and protection. The danger past, there were hands willing and officious, ready to escort me, and the noble stranger respectfully essayed to leave me in their care. But to my mind it seemed that to dismiss him thus abruptly would be but a poor return for so great a service, and I still clung to the arm of my preserver, resolved that he, and he only, should deliver me into the hands of my grateful parents. This was soon done, for the news of my disaster and rescue had reached them before we arrived at the house, which was near, and they both met us on the road. They were grateful, and my heart bounded with gladness as they poured out the measure of their thanks upon the youthful and diffident stranger. I was their only daughter, and, as they said, the pride of their house. Alas! * * * * *

Well, the brave youth responded to my father in words as noble as the deed he had just performed. He said—"We should all be thankful, and for his part, he did thank Heaven that it had made him the instrument of my preservation." Enough of this, my good friend. It is sufficient for me to add, on that day the germ of a true affection was planted in our joint hearts. As he took my hand tenderly and respectfully at parting, it trembled with a sensation till then to me unknown.

"The short period of our stay soon drew to a close, but during that time our new acquaintance, George Turnley, was often at our temporary residence. Indeed, he became almost the sole companion of my walks, much as it seemed, to the chagrin of those who approached but to flatter and disgust me. To be brief, dear doctor, finding their arts insufficient to win my preference to themselves, the minds of my parents were poisoned against my peace. Young as I was, and deeply as I felt that my affections had been given, as it were by instinct, to the preserver of my life, I maintained prudence enough to assure myself that the object of my thoughts was the thing in principle and character that he seemed to be in action. This was easily known. The circumstances which threw us together, naturally created the inquiries tending to that result. We found him to be a young man of highly respectable, though not fashionable family, residing in the city, a mechanic of talent and promise, of unimpeachable character, and possessing a sound practical education.

That he was, kind, noble, and generous, I well knew, and with these qualities I hesitated not in my decision. I encouraged his acquaintance. I loved him with an earnest love, and he gave me in exchange the mood of a true and earnest affection. There was but one objection that could be urged against him—he was a mechanic!

"My parents, I blush to say it, listened to their awful, wicked detractions, and forbade his visits to our house. He—the preserver of my life, the object of my earthly adoration, was thrust scornfully from the door of my dwelling. Oh, how my poor heart swelled within me then! I dare not dwell on the contending passions that possessed my soul. It seemed to me that my parents had become my tyrants, and that the milk of human kindness—nay, even the tenderest sympathies of parental love—had been frozen up in the cold coffers of their hoarded gold? Their very presence became repulsive, loathsome to me. I could not bear to look, even on those who gave me existence, for they had become the destroyers of my young hopes—they had blasted all the anticipations of my ardent soul! I left them—I fled from the mercenary roof and became his bride, sweetening with his dear love the bitterness which parental austerities had poured into the cup of my existence.

"I did hope—as alas! it was but transient—I did hope that the stern pride which drove me from my dear parental love—for they are yet dear in my memory—would relax in its severity, and claim me once again. This was the boon I prayed for daily, hourly—'This was all my eager heart thirsted for to make full my cup of earthly joy. Their smiles alone were lost to me, their blessed forgiveness was all I sighed for. But all was in vain!

"You know the rest, my friend. Prosperous in his honorable vocation, my dear, dear husband labored on, each year but dearer new triumphs and increasing hope, till sickness came, and—death!"
It was four o'clock in the morning when the worthy doctor again laid his head upon the pillow, where, notwithstanding the excitement his sympathies had undergone, he dreamed quietly till startled with a summons to breakfast. Two days after, a sumptuous funeral cortege moved from the residence of—, in Fifth avenue, and the remains of Alice Turnley were deposited in the beautiful seclusion of Greenwood. A marble monument, elegant and costly, now marks the spot, testifying the affectionate remembrance of a bereaved father Little Alice, now seven years old, has taken the place of her mother, not only in the mansion, but in the hearts of her self-condemned grandparents.

Indian Desperation.
The following narrative is communicated to the Southwestern American, in a letter dated April 7th, 1853, from a gentleman connected with the government service at Fort Crogran, on the Texas frontier. It presents a vivid picture of that desperate spirit which induces the Indian to prefer self-immolation rather than fall into the hands of his enemies. The narrator had nine of his finest horses stolen, and as soon as he discovered the loss, started, with seventeen men, in pursuit of the thieves. Arriving at an Indian agency, they came to the conclusion, upon consultation with the agent, that the robbery had been committed by the Wichitas. While here, a party of that tribe, with their chief, came in, on the pretence of restoring some horses which had been stolen some time previously. It was evident they were acting in bad faith, and it was accordingly agreed to detain the chief and the principal portion of his party—consisting of nine warriors and several women, as hostages, until the whole of the property recently stolen should be brought in. The writer says—
"Mr. Stern, the agent, then announced to them our determination, and I told them in pretty plain terms that I meant to carry them into Belknap, and hold them as prisoners, permitting two of their number to return to their tribe and convey the 'talk' we had given them. Though I fully expected a 'break' on the announcement, which would result in the death of Mr. Stern or myself, or both—indeed, I would not have insured either of our lives at 100 per cent.—we were compelled to face the danger with apparent indifference." Any manifestation of fear or suspicion would have increased the chances of their restoring to the desperate alternative of a rush for liberty, plunging their knives into whomsoever interrupted their passage. The sequel proves the desperation with which they would have acted. As soon as I had told them they were prisoners, I rose from the bear skin upon which I had been sitting facing them, and mounted my horse at the same time drawing my pistol, and motioning them to go to their camp. The chief requested that I should dismount, that he wished to speak. I did so, and took a seat on a stool near by. He intimated to me in my former position on the ground, I did so; at the same time drawing my knife under pretence of cutting tobacco to smoke. He rose, and addressed a few remarks to me about the difficulty of restraining his young men from stealing, &c., and suggested that it would be better that he should return to

his tribe. This I refused. He then seemingly yielded to his fate, approaching me and seizing my hand, lifted me from the ground, and embracing me, first pointing to Heaven and to ourselves, to indicate that the Great Spirit witnessed the proceeding. I told them that I would not hold them as close prisoners, but merely guard against their escape, by placing sentinels around their camp. Meantime I encamped my command near theirs, and took from them all the arms I could find. They retired quietly to tents at dark, manifesting not the slightest intention of an attempt to escape.

"The moon shone as bright as day. I had posted two distinct guards over them of six men each, with their sentinels. I had been up and moving about camp until about twenty minutes before twelve. At twelve the sentinels were relieved. The sentinel posted more immediately over their camp, had gone near one of the tents. Suddenly one of the Indians rushed forth from his tent towards the sentinels, and presenting a pistol, fired, shooting him through the heart. This seemed to be the signal for a general 'break.' As the sentinel turned to retreat up the slope towards his companions, the chief, Ko-we-ska, rushed from the tent like a demon, threw himself upon the back of a retreating sentinel, and with his reeking knife inflicted several wounds before he was shot down by the old sentinel. The rest succeeded in effecting their escape, running in different directions, answering the shots fired at them with yells of defiance.

"The chief, as was discovered on searching, had purposely sacrificed himself, his wife, and boy, seven years old, to secure the escape of his companions. The wife and child whom he had requested on the evening before to talk to, and gave them assurances of their safety, were found lying in their tent side by side, as if in deep sleep, but stapped to the heart. The wife, at least, had consented to her fate, as we were informed by two old women who had not attempted to escape.

"She seemed to have received the fatal blow without a struggle—both were carefully covered up to the breast, the child lying upon its mother's arm. The chief's moccasins were found near the heads, a sign, the Indian told us, that they did not mean to leave the spot alive. Nothing in romance or history that I have ever read approximates to this act of devotion and self-sacrifice. Cooper never could have ventured to paint such a scene. The bright moon lighting up the beautiful countenance of the mother—for she was beautiful and young—with her innocent boy by her side, and the blood still oozing from their ghastly wounds—the husband, father and warrior still stretched upon the sod; the bloody knife still grasped in his hand, looking terrible even in death; the sentinel not five feet from him, his cold blue eye looking to heaven, while the figure of the soldiers hurrying hither and thither, in search of their prey, knew now what, with occasional but mistaken cries, indicating some discovery. The whole seemed more like a dream than sad reality, and made an enduring impression on my mind. I had witnessed every description of death and suffering on the battle field, but no combination like this, of pride, courage, self-devotion, self-sacrifice and revenge.

"What a striking illustration of the principle imbibed by these tribes from their mother's milk, never to yield themselves a prisoner. The brave chief would go to the spirit land of his father's, the still unsubdued warrior; and his wife and child freely accompanied him to his last hunting ground. I have his shield in my possession. It is quite a curious and ornament, bedecked with feathers and wampum. This, with the bow and quiver of the little boy, I shall preserve sacredly, as mementoes of one of the most interesting scenes in history has recorded."

News from Santa Fe.—By an arrival at Independence, Mo., we have advices from Santa Fe, New Mexico, to the 1st of May. The most gratifying feature of this intelligence is the announcement that the Mexican boundary excitement had greatly subsided, owing probably to the fact that the warlike correspondence between Gov. Lane and Gov. Trias, of Chihuahua, had been withheld from the people. Gov. Lane is now spoken of as a candidate for Congress. The Indians were quiet, and the general aspect of affairs was peaceable. Much anxiety prevailed with regard to the selection of the route for the Pacific Railroad, and a company had been formed for the purpose of investing one million dollars in the stock, should the road be run through the territory. The New Mexicans are said to prefer the route through Walker's pass.

"It is in disputes as in armies; where the weaker side sets up false lights, and make a great noise, to make the enemy believe them more numerous and strong than they really are.

"A smile is like the birthing of the sun from behind a cloud, to him who thinks he has no friends in the wide world.

"A forward and talkative young man is not likely ever to become a great man.