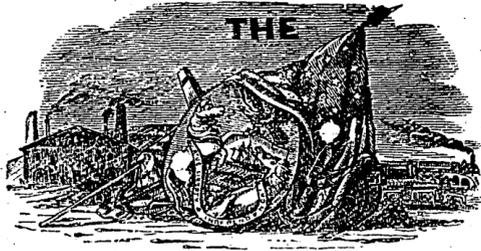


Lehigh



Register.

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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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Poetical Department.

Harvest Hymn.

God of the rolling year! to Thee
Our song shall rise—whose bounty pours
In many a goodly gift, with free
And liberal hand our Autumn stores;
No frostings of our docks we lay,
No soaring clouds of incense rise—
But on thy hallowed shrine we lay,
Our grateful hearts in sacrifice.

Borne on thy breath, the lap of Spring
Was heaped with many a blooming flower;
And smiling Summer joyed to bring
The sunshine and the gentle shower;
And Autumn's rich luxuriance now,
The ripening seed—the bursting shell
The golden sheaf, and laden bough,
The fullness of thy bounty tell.

No meadow throng, in princely dome,
Here wait a titled lord's behest;
But many a fair and peaceful home
Hath won thy peaceful dove a guest;
No groves of palm of fields adorn—
No myrtle shades or orange boughs—
But rustling meads of golden corn,
And fields of waving grain are ours.

Safe is thy care, the landscape o'er
Our flocks and herds securely stray;
No tyrant master claims our store—
No ruthless robber rends away,
No fierce volcano's withering shower—
No fell simoon with poisonous breath—
Nor burning sun, with baleful power,
Awake the fiery plagues of death.

And here shall rise our song to Thee,
When lengthened vales and pastures lie
And streams go singing wild and free,
Beneath a blue and smiling sky,
Where ne'er was reared a mortal throne,
Where crowned oppressors never trod,
Here—at the Throne of Heaven alone,
Shall man in reverence bow to God.

Fadefess is a Loving Heart.

Sunny eyes may lose their brightness;
Nimble feet forget their lightness;
Pearly teeth we know decay;
Raven tresses turn to gray;
Cheeks be pale, and eyes be dim;
Faint the voice, and weak the limb;
But though youth and strength depart,
Fadefess is a loving heart.

Like the little mountain flower,
Peeping forth in wintry hour,
When the summer's breath is fled,
And the gaudier flowers are dead;
So when outward charms are gone,
Brighter still doth blossom on,
Despite Time's destroying dart,
The gentle, kindly loving heart.

Wealth and talents will avail
When on life's rough sea we sail;
Yet the wealth may melt like snow,
And the wit no longer glow;
But more smooth we'll find the sea,
And our course the fairer be,
If our pilot, when we start,
Be a kindly loving heart.

Ye in worldly wisdom old—
Ye who bow the knee to gold,
Doth this earth as lovely seem
As it did in life's young dream,
Ere the world had crusted o'er—
Feelings good and pure before—
Ere ye sold at Mammon's mart
The best yearnings of the heart!

Grant me, Heaven, my earnest prayer—
Whether life of ease or care
Be the one to me assigned,
That each coming year may find
Loving thoughts and gentle words
Twined within my bosom's chords,
And that age may but impart
Riper freshness to my heart!

(From the Boston Post)

Keep to the Right.

Keep to the right as the law directs,
For such is the law of the road,
Keep to the right, whoever expects
Security to carry life's load.
Keep to the right with God and the World,
Nor wander, though folly allure;
Keep to the right, nor never be hurried
From what by the statute is yours.
Keep to the right, within and without—
With stranger, and kindred, and friend;
Keep to the right, nor harbor a doubt
That all will be well in the end.

Keep to the right, whatever you do,
Nor claim but your own on the way;
Keep to the right, stick to the true
From morn till the close of the day.

Miscellaneous Selections.

Two Nights with the Dead.

(From the Papers of the Traveling Dentist.)

Believe me, reader, there is no spot on earth where one's courage is wound up to the same painful pitch of intensity as in a graveyard at midnight, while engaged in the jackal trade of the resurrectionist. The deep silence of the scene; the darkness; the whispered word of consultation; the fear of interruption; the white monuments about you; the open grave at your feet, and the shrouded corpse within it, all combine to send a chill to the stoutest heart. And now, sitting safely in my office, how deep a chill pervades me as I think of the events of that night, and day and night again, which I am about to relate for your benefit.

We were bound to have that subject. As Seth said, it was 'gone up,' and it was ridiculous, nay more, it was ungenerous and mean in the citizens of C—to keep watch and ward over the grave of one whom they knew not, save as a stranger, passing through and dying in their town. So, with an experienced party of four, beside our trusty old driver, (most trusty when most drunk,) we set out at an early hour in the evening, our object being to do our work and get away before the guard reached the spot at about nine o'clock. In this we succeeded. The grave was left as we found it; and so artfully had everything been replaced, that had we left five minutes sooner, no suspicion would ever have been excited. But alas! we had gone but a little distance on our return home, when we heard the tramp of horses in pursuit. Old H—the driver, laid on the whip most vigorously, but to no purpose. With muddy roads, five persons in a wagon, and a 'caput mortuum' to boot, we were no match in speed for our pursuers, all on horseback, and, as we had reason to suspect, all well armed. There was no alternative; we must be overtaken. How to 'save the body' was the question. A quarter of a mile ahead we were to turn a corner in the road. Lying in the corner was a recently cleared field, with many stumps of trees remaining, which offered some chances for concealment.

Accordingly, some of us left the wagon, taking the 'subject' with us, while H—drove more slowly around the corner. Before I knew how it happened, or by what process of discovery we had hit upon so lucky a hiding-place, we had mounted upon a high stump, and with some effort I had succeeded in dropping the 'dead-head' into the cavity of an adjoining stump which had broken off about twelve feet from the ground. But we were late about it. Our pursuers were already in the field. I was perched upon the top of the stub, and so near were they, that to spring to the ground would betray our courage; and most probably lead to my capture. The boys were making for the wagon at a very praiseworthy rate of speed. So I gently lowered myself down into the cavity where we had just buried our dead, hanging on to the top with my hands, to avoid too low a descent. In a moment our followers were about me. They had noticed our pause at this spot, and supposing that we had abandoned the subject, commenced a careful search for it. Of course I maintained a strict reserve as to my whereabouts. An unlucky cough or sneeze would betray me; and in that case I was elected for an imprisonment of not less than two, nor more than five years; all of which I thought of during their tedious stay. At last they left, with an agreement to return in the morning and complete their search.

But my troubles were not over. I had hung so long suspended at arms' length by the hands, that on attempting to swing up again to the top of the stub, I found it was no go; and after several attempts, my cramped hands gave way, and down I went upon the head and shoulders of my departed friend and fellow-prisoner. The position was disagreeable, but I was over a plucky fellow, and felt no wise discouraged until, after resting a while, I tried to clamber up out of my long chimney of a grave, and found the sides so smooth and slippery with damp as to serve an effectual 'no go' upon me. 'Verily,' thought I, 'the way of the transgressor is hard!'

I consoled myself for a while with the hope of a speedy return of my party, but hour after hour passed on, and they did not come. Day broke, and as the sun rose in the heavens, the light crept down into my prison and illuminated the ghastly countenance of my fellow-captive. His eyes were half opened; and, at last, my nerves growing weak from hunger and long confinement in one position, I fancied that I saw upon his upturned face a strange and cunning leer; a triumphant expression, as if he were chuckling over the horrible scrape into which my attempt to disturb his rest had brought me. I shifted my position so that I could only see the back of his head and his bare shoulders, but the rascal had a kind of French shrug in the latter, which still left

the same impression on my excited fancy. It grew cloudy and cold, and sleet and rain began to fall. My enemies of the night before returned, and completed their unsuccessful search. I felt a strange temptation to cry out and reveal my hiding-place; and had they come later in the day, I believe I should have done so. Noon came. Hitherto my position had been one of great discomfort, but not of actual suffering; but as the day wore on, (and oh, how slowly!) I began to feel the effects of fatigue, hunger, wet and cold. I grew terribly nervous; I wept, and prayed, and cursed by turns. My companion, too—how I grew to hate him, and at last to look upon him as a sentient and intelligent demon, who, by some horrible diablerie, had drawn me into a living grave with him—and then I thought of how, when the old tree should have crumbled down with time, two skeletons would be found there, and only one suit of clothes; and how people would wonder; what they would say about me, should the truth become known; and whether they would pity me or not. Perhaps they would burn the field over, and we should both be burned up, 'burned up with fire'; and I repeated it over and over again, 'burned up with fire.'

Then I thought how cold and hungry I was, and what my mother would say, could she know my situation; and I grew childish and wept with the same passionate grief as when a child. Toward the close of the day I had fretted myself into a quarrel with the dead man, and curling down within reach, I struck him with my fist, and stamped upon him.

When night came, I was glad. I was so cold and numb that I felt no longer the gnawings of hunger, and from sheer exhaustion my nerves had grown quiet. For the first time I wished to sleep. I fixed myself as easily as possible, and repeating the old nursery lines,

"Now I lay me down to sleep," I dropped off into a quiet slumber. I had slept some hours when I woke suddenly at the sound of a foot-bell. In a moment the whole truth flashed over me. The boys had returned in search of me, and without waiting to ascertain the facts, I called out, 'Here I am! Here I am! Come and pull me out!' A moment more, and after a word of explanation, a strong arm grasped me, and I was drawn out to the living world again.

Few words were spoken then, but half an hour later, seated once more in the wagon beside old H—, well wrapped up in a buffalo robe, my pleasant companion of that long, weary day beneath our feet, my hunger, satisfied by sundry dough-nuts and cold sausages, and my nerves set right by a pull at the brandy-bottle, so long and uninterrupted that Seth inquired if I had ever been a pearl diver. I listened to their explanations of the impossibility of any earlier relief to me, and of the anxiety they had suffered during the day, lest I had been captured.

I slept soundly that night, but for many nights thereafter, horrid dreams of ghouls and vampires; of going down and down through Simms' Hole with a dead man's arms locked around my neck, haunted my pillow, and destroyed my rest.

Reader, do you wonder that an adventure like this should be graven with a deeper pencil on my memory than any or all of the scenes of battle, tempest, and wreck I have since encountered?

My First Battle.

I joined my regiment on the evening of the 4th day of September. The Colonel was in bivouac. He received me at first rather ungraciously; but when I gave him a letter of introduction from General P—, he charged his demeanor towards me. I was then presented to my captain, who had just returned from a reconnoitering excursion. He was a tall man, with harsh, repulsive features enveloped in coarse black hair. He had arisen from the ranks by his courage and gallantry, and had gained his epaulets and Cross of Honour upon the field of battle. His feeble voice contrasted greatly with his gigantic bulk. This infirmity was caused by a gunshot, which had pierced his breast during the battle of Jena. When he was informed that I came from the military school of Fontainebleau, he made a wry face, and said, 'It was but yesterday that my first lieutenant fell upon the battle field.' I understood his hint, that I was not able to fill the vacancy. I at first intended to return his compliment with a sarcastic answer; but finally concluded to swallow the pill.

The moon arose from its concealment behind the enemy's redoubts of Cheverino, which were almost two cannon shots distant from our camp. The moon was large and red, which is usually the case when it first arises; but my imagination caused me to think it much larger than ever I had seen it before. The dark shadow of the redoubts appeared in the moonlight like the crater of a volcano.

An old soldier near me, pointing towards the moon, said:—
'She is very red to night,—a sign that it will cause much blood to be spilt, before we can take yonder redoubt.'

I have always been slightly tinged with superstition, and this prophecy, especially at the present moment, made a deep impression upon my mind. I stretched myself upon the ground; but it was impossible for me to sleep, and therefore arose again, and gazed at the line of watch-fires of the enemy as they glimmered along the heights of Cheverino. When my hot blood became cool in the night air, I returned to my fire, and wrapping myself in my cloak, closed my eyes, fervently hoping that I might not open them until morning. But sleep would not visit my eye-lids and my thoughts became still more serious and gloomy. I thought that I had not one friend among the hundred thousand who were gathered together upon that field. If I should chance to be wounded, ignorant surgeons would dress my wounds unskillfully. All that I had ever heard concerning such operations, came to my mind. My heart beat heavily. Involuntarily I formed a kind of cuirass of my pocket-book and handkerchief over my breast.

At the dawn of the day we were summoned by the reveille. Afterwards the guns were stacked. Everything betokened that we would have a quiet day. Towards three o'clock our aid-de-camp appeared, bringing an order. We were placed under arms again. Our scouts were dispersed over the field. We followed them, marching slowly. In twenty minutes we discovered the Russian sentinels, who immediately retired behind their redoubts. A pack of our heavy artillery was placed upon our right and on our left, each being quite a distance from us. They commenced a lively fire upon the enemy, who returned it with equal vigour. In a few moments the redoubt was concealed behind dense clouds of smoke.

Our regiment was covered from the fire of the Russians by a slight mound. Their balls seldom reached us, for they singled out our cannoniers. The most of their balls passed over our heads, or else buried themselves in the earth at our feet, covering us with sand and gravel. As soon as the command was given for us to advance, my captain looked at me with an expression which caused me to stroke my youthful moustache and to assume as much of an air of indifference as was possible. My only fear was that he might think me a coward. The balls, which until now had been harmless, increased my composure. My pride told me that the danger was great, for there was no doubt but that I was under the fire of battery. The colonel passed our company, and receiving me, said: 'You will soon see something extraordinary for your commencement.' I feigned a martial smile, and brushed from my coat-sleeve some dust which had been cast upon it from a ball, which had thrown up the earth a few paces in advance of me.

The Russians soon discovered that their cannon shot produced no effect. They substituted bomb-shells, one of which exploded close by my side, killing a soldier and tearing the plume from my casque. 'I gave you my compliments; you are safe for today,' said the captain. I was already familiar with the soldier's superstition, that *non bis in idem* is a good omen on the field of battle as in a court of justice. I replaced my casque upon my head, and replied: 'This forces one to make a salute without ceremony.'

'I congratulate you,' continued the captain. 'You have nothing more to fear this day, and this evening you will be promoted. I feel that something will happen me to-day. Every time I have been wounded, my second officer has made a narrow escape, and,' he continued, half ashamed at his confession, 'the first letter of their names was P.'

The fire of the Russians decreased in a great measure, in about half an hour. We immediately advanced upon the redoubt. Our regiment consisted of three battalions. The second was commanded to go to the rear of the redoubt, and the other two were directed to charge upon it. I was in the third battalion. When we left the trench, which in a great measure protected us from the fire of the enemy, we were saluted by a volley of musketry, which, however, harmed us but little. The whistling of balls surprised me, and I turned my head, causing my comrades, who were familiar with that sort of music, to ridicule me. 'Take it all in all,' said I to myself, 'a battle is not such a horrible affair after all.'

We rapidly charged, the rifle men leading us. Suddenly three cheers were heard coming from the redoubt, after which all was silent. 'I do not like this stillness,' said the captain, 'it forebodes harm.'

The palisades of the redoubts were split by our balls, and the soldiers rushed forward, shouting, 'Vive l'Empereur!'

I gazed about me, and never shall I forget the scene which was opened before me. The huge clouds of smoke had arisen, hanging in the air like a pall over the ruins of the redoubt. Russian grenadiers were to be seen with their glistening bayonets, as they stood, firm as statues behind the palisades.

'Now the ball begins,' exclaimed the captain, 'Good night!' These were his last words. The beating of drums was heard within the redoubt. All bayonets were immediately depressed. I shut my eyes, and heard a great explosion, followed by loud

cries and groans. Opening my eyes, I looked around, astonished that I still lived. Nothing was to be seen but the dead and the dying. The captain was stretched out at my feet a cannon ball had struck his head, I was bespattered with his blood and brains. Of the whole company six only remained. And now everything was quiet. Suddenly the colonel placed his hat upon the point of his sword, and waving it over the head, clambered over the palisades, shouting, 'Vive l'Empereur!' All that were able followed, I have scarcely any remembrance of what followed. We entered the redoubt I know not how. We battled with the enemy breast to breast, enveloped in such thick clouds of smoke, that nothing was discernible. I slashed right and left, and think I either killed or wounded some of the enemy, for my sword was reeking with blood. At length I heard the shouts, 'Victory, victory!' The smoke diminished, I found myself in the midst of blood. About two hundred French soldiers were standing in irregular groups in and about the redoubt. Some were reloading their muskets, and had others wiping their swords. Eleven Russians had been taken prisoners.

The colonel was stretched out upon a broken gun carriage. He was covered with blood, and several soldiers were bathing his temples. I approached him.

'Where is the old captain?' he inquired of the surgeon.

The surgeon shrugged his shoulders in a significant manner.

'His first lieutenant?'

'Here he is, Mr. P—, who arrived yesterday.'

The colonel smiled bitterly. 'Very well,' said he, turning towards me, 'you now have the command. Immediately cause the breach in the redoubt to be fortified with gun carriages. The enemy is very numerous; but a reinforcement is close at hand.'

'But, colonel,' I exclaimed, 'you are seriously wounded.'

'Never mind,' said he, 'we have taken the redoubt!'—Translated from the French for the 'Buffalo Library and Garden.'

(From the Boston Journal)

Charlestown Abduction Affair.

The Rev. T. F. Caldwell, D. D., Pastor of the First Baptist Church, in Charlestown, has prepared for the press an authentic narrative of the events connected with the conversion of Hannah Corcoran, from Romanism her abduction from Charlestown, and the treatment she received during her absence. This narrative has been published in pamphlet form by Gould & Lincoln.

We believe that no authentic account of these events—which created so much excitement in Charlestown—has before been published; and it is fortunate, perhaps, that the publication of this narrative has been delayed. It will be seen by the following extract from the statement of Miss Corcoran, which is sworn to before a justice of the peace, that the reports in circulation at the time are confirmed, and that the girl was most fully dealt with.

Tuesday, Feb. 15. 'In the afternoon my mother came to Mr. Welch's and found me almost sick. Soon after, Mr. Welch brought me some medicine in a tumbler; was two-thirds full. I drank some, and refused to take any more; but mother compelled me to take it, saying that it was molasses and water. I tasted a little acid, and she said it was vinegar. I immediately began to feel strangely, and while they were about me, sprinkling holy water on me, &c., I lost my consciousness, and knew nothing until after dark, when I came to myself in a dark room, which I knew to be the same into which I went when mother took me to Mr. Lyndon's on the Wednesday evening previous.

'My mother was beside me, and I asked her where I was. She said I was safe. I inquired if I was in Mr. Lyndon's house.—She answered 'No.' Soon a person came in dressed in priests' garments, whom I recognized as Mr. Lyndon, by what I could discover in the comparative darkness, and by his voice.

'He took a chair and sat down not far from me. He asked me if I wished to go to confession. I replied that I did not wish to; and he said that I must come to confession, trying to influence me in that way to put myself again under the control of the church.

'I told him he would have to take out my heart, and put a different one in its place, before I could be a Catholic again.

'He then rose and came towards me, took me forcibly by the arm, and compelled me to kneel by his side. I was very much frightened, and almost afraid to speak or move.

'He tried to compel me to repeat after him the form of confession; but I did not utter a word, for I had nothing to confess to him.

'He asked me if I knew where I was? I said, 'In your house.'

'He said, 'No.' Then I said, 'In your church.' He still said 'No,' but told me I was in the vestry-room.

'I was dreadfully frightened, and began to cry aloud. I was still kneeling, and my head was on Mr. Lyndon's lap. He put his

stole over my head, and several times asked me if I felt better. I said 'no,' and cried louder than before.'

On the 10th, Hannah says—'In the evening my mother came and told me that an application had been made to the Mayor of Boston to send out the police in search of me; and she appeared much frightened.—She said she could take me away the next morning, about eight o'clock. She said she had been at Father Lyndon's and he had given her ten dollars. (I saw the bills—two fives.) to pay for my going away; and that she would stay with me that night.'

A Good One.

Speaking of poor-houses reminds us of what happened at a poor-house in Massachusetts, on the occasion of a parochial visit paid by a very worthy minister of our acquaintance. There were several persons in the room when the minister called, one of whom was a very talkative, pious old lady, and another a half-witted young woman. Of course the old woman at once offered into conversation with the minister, the half-witted one sitting by, dishevelled her hair, and now and then venturing a remark. The old woman commenced in the usual way, by stating her exceeding finfulness, and her conscious need at repentance. After lamenting at considerable length the evils that were tempting and the sins that were besetting her, she very suddenly changed the current of her words. 'But then,' said she, 'Mr.—, the Lord is merciful, and knows our weakness; he has begun a good work.' 'Ah,' said the half-witted girl, discontinuing her employment for a moment, 'Ah, He don't know what He's undertook!' Of course the talk was over, and the minister left the premises instant.—Concord Democrat.

Gas from Wood.

A new discovery, that of making gas from wood, is announced, by which the price of gas, it is said will be reduced 30 per cent. To show the great benefit to be obtained from this discovery, it is stated that from a ton of coal, costing about \$6, 10,000 feet of gas can be obtained; while from a cord of wood, worth about the same money, 93,000 cubic feet of gas can be obtained, and of much better quality than the coal gas; and what is more, the charcoal left of the wood, will pay all expense of making the gas. Wilmington, N. C., is now lighted with it. The story, like that of all new inventions, is most extravagant, and will probably be much narrowed down when we become more acquainted with the true merits of the invention.

A Good Story.

John Bunyan, while in Bedford jail, was called upon by a Quaker, desirous of making a convert of him.

'Friend John, I have come to thee with a message from the Lord, and after having searched for you in all the prisons in England, I am glad I have found you at last.'

'If the Lord had sent you,' returned Bunyan, 'you need not have taken so much pains to find me out, for the Lord knows I have been here twelve years.'

'Hollo! mister, have you got any grain to sell?'

'No. Why do you ask?'

'Because I see you have a wry face.'