

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.

ALLENTOWN, LEHIGH COUNTY, PA., AUGUST 31, 1853.

NUMBER 48.

THE LEHIGH REGISTER,
is published in the Borough of Allentown, Lehigh County, Pa., every Wednesday,
BY A. E. RUBE,
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 arrearages are paid except at the option of the proprietor.
Office in Hamilton Street, one door East of the German Reformed Church, nearly opposite the "Friedensbote" Office.

Poetical Department.

What I Would Like.

To make my happiness,
I'd kind o' like to have a cot
Fixed on some sunny slope—a spot,
Five acres more or less,
With maples, cedars, cherry trees,
And poplars whitening in the breeze.

'Twould suit my taste, you see,
To have the porch with vines o'erhung,
With bells of pendent woodbine swung,
In every bell a bee;
And round my latticed window spread,
A clump of roses, white and red.

To solace my retreat,
I kind o' think I should desire
To hear around the lawn a choir
Of wood-birds singing sweet;
And in a dell I'd have a brook,
Whereby to sit and read my book.

Thus I'd live peacefully,
Far from the city's crowds and noise;
There would I rear the girls and boys,
(I have some two or three),
And if kind heaven should bless my store
With competence for these and more,
How happy I would be!

The Frosted Trees.

What strange enchantment meets my view
So wondrous bright and fair!
Has heaven poured out its silver dew
On the rejoicing air?
Or am I borne to regions new
To see the glories there?

Last eve, when sunset filled the sky
With wreaths of golden light,
The trees sent up their arms on high,
All leafless to the sight,
And sleepy mists came down to lie
On the dark breast of night.

But now the scene is changed, and all
Is fancifully new;
The trees last eve so straight and tall,
Are bending on the view,
And streams of living daylight fall
The silvery arches through.

The boughs are strung with glittering pearls,
As dewdrops bright and bland,
And there they dream in silvery curls,
Like gems of Samarcand,
Seeming in wild fantastic whirls
The work of fairy land.

Each branch stoops meekly with the weight,
And in the light breeze swerves,
As if some viewless angel ate
Upon its graceful curves.
And made the fibres spring elate,
'Thrilling the secret nerves.

Oh! I could dream the robe of heaven,
Pure as the dazzling snow,
Beaming as when to spirits given,
Had come in its stealthy flow,
From the sky at silent even,
For the morning's glorious show.

Miscellaneous Selections.

The Troublesome Neighbor.

Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Adams were near neighbors. If it had been in the city, they might have lived thus for many years without making each other's acquaintance. As, however, the village in which they lived was but a small one, vicinity naturally led to familiar acquaintances, and this to an interchange of neighborly courtesies. It will not do to cultivate exclusiveness in a country village—to keep one's self to one's self, as the saying is. Every one makes it a point, to know all about everybody else, and feels aggrieved if any impediments are thrown in his way. This however, is something of a digression.

We have only further to premise that Mrs. Adams had but lately become a resident of the village, where my story is located, and that her acquaintance with Mrs. Brown was therefore of but recent date.

'Bridget,' said Mrs. Adams to her Irish maid of all-work, entering that lady's precincts one morning, 'how much sugar is there left in the bucket?'

'Shure, ma'am, and there isn't more than enough to last to day.'

'Is it possible,' said Mrs. Adams, in surprise; 'and it was only got last week. What makes it go so fast?'

'I'm thinkin', ma'am it's because Mrs. Brown has set to borrow it three times.'

'And hasn't she thought of returning it?'

'Well, first and last, she's borrowed about

ten pounds, and a few days ago, she sent in two pounds of dry dirty brown sugar, full of sand and sticks, that was'n't fit for any Christian at all to eat.'

'Has she borrowed anything else lately?'

'I should like to know what she has'n't borrowed. Yesterday she borrowed a bar of soap, and a quart of milk, half a dozen pounds of flour, and a pint of molasses.—Every day she sends in her Jane to borrow something or other.'

'And doesn't she return other things better than she has done in the case of the sugar?'

'Faith, ma'am, and its lucky you may think yourself if she returns anything at all. If that is the case, Bridget, matters must be looked into a little. When Jane comes to borrow anything more, just let me know of it before you let it go.'

'I can't understand,' thought Mrs. Adams as she walked away, 'what a woman can be thinking of to depend so constantly upon her neighbors. To my mind, it's just as bad to borrow an article without intending to return it, as to pick a person's pocket.'

Mrs. Adams had hardly seated herself to her work, when Bridget popped her head in the door, and said:

'Please ma'am, Jane is here, and she says Mrs. Brown sends her compliments, and would be much obliged for the loan of a castor.'

'Hasn't she got one of her own?'

'Yes, ma'am, but it has got rusty, and she's going to have some company to dinner.'

'Very well; we can do without ours for one day; but you must tell Jane to return it before the dinner-hour to-morrow.'

'Yes, ma'am.'

Bridget disappeared, but returned in the space of a minute. 'Jane forgot to ask for the loan of a table-cloth, and a dozen knives and forks.'

'What can the woman mean?' said Mrs. Adams in astonishment at this new demand. 'Well, you may give them to her, but tell strictly that they must be returned to-morrow.'

'It seems to me,' she continued, 'when Bridget had left the room, that Mrs. Brown must be strangely destitute of household conveniences, or she would never be obliged to borrow by the wholesale, as she has done lately.'

'Bridget,' said Mrs. Adams, the next evening, 'has Mrs. Brown returned the articles she borrowed yesterday?'

'Faith! not a bit of it! but, hark! there's Jane knocking at the door this very minute, perhaps she's bringing them back.'

Mrs. Brown sends her compliments,' said that young lady in question, on being admitted, 'and would be greatly obliged by the loan of a pair of glass knives. Tommy broke ours to-day, and she hain't got none to burn.'

'Well,' said Mrs. Adams, 'not over willingly, she can have ours for to-night. I suppose, of course she will provide to-morrow. But you haven't brought in the castor and other articles I lent you yesterday.'

'La, no,' said Jane; 'no more I haven't; Mrs. Brown thought as she expected company day after to-morrow, she'd just keep 'em, and that would save the trouble of sending again.'

'Very considerate, upon my word,' tho't Mrs. Adams, though she did not say it.—She couldn't help saying, however, with some slight emphasis:

'Isn't there anything else I could lend Mrs. Brown to-day?'

'There now,' exclaimed Jane, with sudden recollection, 'I came near forgetting one thing, and I should if you hadn't mentioned it. Mrs. Brown would like to borrow your gridiron.'

'Gridiron?' said Mrs. Adams, in astonishment.

'Yes, ma'am; we've mislaid ours, and can't find it, and so, if you haint no objections, we'd like to borrow yours, as we're going to brile some steak to-morrow mornin'.'

'Bridget,' said Mrs. Adams, in a tone of despair, 'get the gridiron for Jane, and if—' she continued, turning to the latter, 'you could return it in the course of a fortnight, I should be glad.'

'Oh, yes,' said Jane, simply, 'not noticing the sarcastic tone in which she spoke, 'I don't think we shall want it above a week.'

'I don't see the castor,' remarked Mrs. Adams to his wife the next day at the dinner table. 'Bridget ought to remember to place it on the table.'

'So she would, but Mrs. Brown, our next neighbor, has borrowed it.'

'Borrowed the castor? Rather a strange request I think. But why didn't Bridget cook the steak I sent home?'

'Because Mrs. Brown has borrowed the gridiron.'

'Sure, ma'am, and Mrs. Brown has got two of 'em. She borrowed them a week ago.'

'And hasn't returned them yet?'

'No ma'am, and I don't believe that's the worst of it.'

Just then the bell rang, and Bridget obeyed the summons.

'Mrs. Brown sends her compliments,' said she reappearing, 'and would like to borrow our largest wash-tub.'

Mr. and Mrs. Adams looked at each other in astonishment.

'Well!' said the former, at length, 'for sublimity audacity the palm must certainly be awarded to Mrs. Brown. It is said that three removals are as bad as a fire, but I should like to know how many removals are as bad as a borrowing neighbor?'

'Am I to tell Jane that sir?' said Bridget a little mischievously.

'No, no,' said Mr. Adams, laughing.—'You may give her the tub, and you needn't say any thing about returning it—it won't do any good.'

'Seriously,' she continued, after Bridget had left the room, 'something must be done, or very soon the house will be empty. You don't know half the extent to which Mrs. Brown carries her borrowing propensity.—Within the last week she has borrowed tea, coffee, milk, sugar, flour, eggs, frying-pans, knives, table-napkins, a castor, gridiron, shovel and tongs, and other articles, too numerous to mention. This is bad enough, but Mrs. Brown in addition to this seems to regard the act of borrowing as investing her with the right of permanent possession.—At least I judge so from the fact that she seldom or never returns the articles borrowed.'

'Is it possible?' said Mr. Adams, in amazement. 'Certainly some end must be put to this wholesale robbery. Suppose you begin to borrow of her! It's a bad rule that won't work both ways, and perhaps if you make her feel a little of the annoyance to which she has subjected you, it may be productive of benefit.'

'A good idea,' said his wife laughing; 'and it is better to try this course than to refuse directly lending any further; that would only produce bad feeling.'

'And yet,' said Mr. Adams, 'we must come to that finally, unless the present course succeeds.'

And next morning Bridget was sent to Mrs. Brown's to borrow a dozen tumblers, a nutmeg-grater and couple of sheets.

Mrs. Brown was surprised. She had never before received such an application from Mrs. Adams, and she could not help wondering, besides, at the miscellaneous nature of the loan requested. Her surprise was increased on the following day when Bridget brought her mistress's compliments, and would like to borrow her clothes-horse.

'Yes, you may take it; but we shall want it early next week. But haven't you brought back the tumblers?'

'No, ma'am,' said Bridget; 'mistress expects considerable company in a day or two, and it will save the trouble of borrowing again if she doesn't return them till afterwards.'

'Well thought Mrs. Brown, quite unconscious of the beam within her own eye, tho' she could readily discover the mote in that of her neighbor, 'I must say that's decidedly cool!'

Every New-England housekeeper knows that Tuesday is ironing day in all well-regulated families.

'I should like to know,' remarked Mrs. Brown on that morning, 'why Mrs. Adams doesn't return my clothes-horse. She must know that it will be in use to-day. Jane, go over and ask for it.'

Jane did her errand.

'Give my compliments to Mrs. Brown,' replied Mrs. Adams, 'and tell her that since she borrowed our clothes-line we have to dry our clothes in the house, and therefore we're obliged to borrow her clothes-horse.—We should have been through using it, but as she has our largest tub, it takes more than one day to get through with the washing.'

This message produced a little sensation in the house over the way. The result was the immediate return of the articles mentioned by Mrs. Adams. Mrs. Brown began to open her eyes to the fact that she too was not altogether guiltless in respect to the faults which she condemned in others.

She was not cured, however. The next day Jane made her appearance, requesting the loan of the gridiron.

'Tell your mistress,' said Mrs. Adams, with suavity, 'that nothing would give me greater pleasure, but it is out of my power, as she borrowed it a month ago, and has not yet returned it.'

Mrs. Brown's eyes were opened still wider.

The next day Mrs. Adams was requested by message to send a list of the articles which had been borrowed by Mrs. Brown, and the latter would return them.

With Bridget's help, Mrs. Adams made out a list of thirty-seven articles, which she sent without comment.

Mrs. Brown was petrified with astonishment. Like all habitual borrowers she had

not been aware of the extent of her own depredations. She was really very sorry for the trouble and inconvenience which she must have occasioned her neighbor.

She sent a message to that effect, when after two days diligent search she contrived to get together all the articles mentioned in Mrs. Adams' list.

She was now thoroughly cured of borrowing; and when this mischievous propensity was once eradicated, she ceased to be a troublesome neighbor.

(Reader have you borrowed the paper from which you read the above, or are you a regular subscriber.)

Qualifications for a Schoolmaster.

A young collegian incrating in the State of Maine, fell in company, and also in love, with a very pretty girl, the daughter of an old corn-digger, whose brains were made of sawdust, hogs lard and molasses, but who on account of the spaciousness of his farm, had been for years at the head of the school committee in the district. The collegian's attachment to Sally (for that was the name of the daughter) was so overpowering that all the logic and philosophy he had learned in the schools was compared to the force of his passion, as chaff in a hurricane. But not having the where-with-all to winter in Maine without a resort to employment, he intimated to Sally that he should like to keep the school in that district, when the kind hearted girl informed him that her father was a committee man, and she also informed him what questions would be put to him, and how he must answer them, if he expected to gain the good graces of her father.—Accordingly on Sunday evening, the young man of classic lore informed the old ignorant, that he should like to take charge of their school for the Winter, and board in his family. Whereupon the old fellow assumed an air of much importance, and looking at the applicant with his usual dignity while examining candidates for keeping school, put the same questions that Sally had informed her paramour would be asked.

'Do you believe in the final salvation of all the world?'

'Most certainly,' answered the young collegian, 'it is the only belief that the scriptures justify.'

'Do you believe that God ever made another man equal to Thomas Jefferson?'

'Certainly not, and I have been of this opinion ever since I read his notes on Virginia.'

'Can you spell Massachusetts?'

'I ought to know how, sir, for it was my native State.'

'Well, spell it.'

The young man spelled the word very distinctly when the father turned to the daughter and said, 'Did he spell it right?'

'Yes, sir,' answered the affectionate girl. When her father turning again to the candidate triumphantly exclaimed, 'You may begin school to-morrow.'

How the young pedagogue and Sally managed affairs through the Winter is another part of the story, which we are at present not prepared to describe.

Joe Smith's Adventure of a Wolf.

While stopping at a village hotel on the Erie Railroad a rainy day, a group of idlers had assembled at the door and front windows of the large parlor. Within were sounds of merriment which seemed to them as novel and curious as the presence of strangers would naturally be in this valley, hitherto so inaccessible. I was standing near the window; and one of the ladies of our party standing near me was laughing at a remark of Joe Willis's while a group of three or four were discussing the preparation of some tableaux and charades. At the moment, some persons called out to me for a story, to kill time, while the charades were in process of preparation, and as I turned to reply to the call, I caught sight of a woodman standing outside the door and looking in on the group with open countenance.—He was a tall, gaunt man, at least six feet two in height, and remarkable slender. He was leaning against the poor-post, and his feet were a yard from it, so that he leaned like a rail in a slanting position, his shoulder against the casing, as if he meant either to hold it up or push it down. His long neck and head were inside the door, and his stare was expressive of vacant wonderment and nothing else. But their life in his blue eye, and the devil lurking there which you noticed the moment you saw him. It had already attracted the attention of Miss —, who sat alone near the window, looking steadily on the strange face that was so earnest in its gaze.

The instant I saw him I sprang forward:—'Why Joe Willis—here is Smith, Smith, my dear fellow, where did you come from? I thought you was under the ground ten years ago.'

'Not so bad as that sir—glad to see you, though. How do you do, sir—glad enough to see you,' 'pon my word, sir. I declare, Mr. W——, if I'd a' known you was up here, I'd a' been up last night. Queer times here now a days. Whose all these folks?'

'Friends of mine, Smith; come in and I'll introduce you.'

'Guess I may as well; queer, too; hain't

spoke to a woman since I was a boy; but here goes. Trot'em out, now.'

And my old friend stalked into the parlor with an unstudied carelessness that would have made his fortune in a city assembly room.

'Ladies of my old friend, Joshua Smith; I beg to present him to your favorable notice. He used to be the best shot on the river, the keenest hunter, the best-souled fellow, and the truest friend. I think I am safe in answering for him now as unchanged.'

'Why, Mr. W——, you are presenting a perfect treasure,' exclaimed Miss —, rushing up and seizing Joshua's hand kindly and cordially. But Joshua shook all over as the really beautiful girl (she will not see this) took his hand, and blushing from his toes to his crown, a regular six foot bush, backed fairly out of the door. But Miss — was not to be beaten in that way, and by dint of bright eyes and winning ways, she coaxed him into a corner, and while the rest relapsed into their former employments, she engaged him in conversation. Ten minutes might have passed when a lull occurred, and Joe Willis took advantage of it to lift his hand and impose silence, while he pointed toward the corner where Joshua sat with his back to us, talking at the black eyes of his captor. So we listened.

'And you see, Miss; I wasn't going to be fooled, no how,' (this was the first sentence we caught), 'and so I crawled along the stream to where you see the tall hemlock that leans over the river. Just there I had seen a motion in the bushes, and I kind o' thought that the painter was in there but I wasn't sure, I sneaked up among the bushes and looked into the cover, but I couldn't see nothing, so I laid down flat, and dragged myself, snake-fashion, into the hollow over the other side there. You can see the maple just above it, out there. Well, I hadn't gone ten yards when I heard a kind of a snarl and a kind of a yowl, and there she was, a grey wolf, one of the regular sort, with a young one along side of her.—Wasn't I skeered? I reckon I was, some. I was sheered all over; but was worse in my legs than anywhere else, for they were caught in a bunch of briars, and I couldn't stir 'em without scratching horrid bad. But it was scratch head or scratch legs then I tell you; and I left my trowser legs in the bushes, when I jumped at her. She was a little do soon for me, though, and I left her teeth going through and through the gristle along an elbow; so, as you may suppose, I had only one arm left for much use, but I was working thundering hard with that.—I'd dropped my rifle at the start, and I had to trust to the knife or nothing. So we went at it. I don't know how I managed the next two minutes. We rolled over and over on the ground, and I never felt the touch of her teeth, though her claws made some rags out of my coat. But I was nigh giving on it up, and as it wasn't no use to cry enough, I was thinking of knocking under and letting her chew me, when Mr. Willis and Mr. W——, came tearing down through the brush, and I felt strong again the minute I seen them. It was a mighty close shot, too, for I felt the wind of the ball. I was lying on this side stretched out kind o'so, (and he illustrated here by a queer twist of his long body,) and had the wolf by the throat with my right hand, and I was trying to get onto him with my body, but he was pulling and hauling like sin, and making the feathers fly out of me at every scratch, when Mr. W——, shot, right over my head. So we seen he wasn't more'n ten yards off, but it was such a rough and tumble fight that he hadn't no business risking such a shot as that. What if he'd hit me then? 'Twould a' blowed my brains out certain.'

But Mr. Smith, if he had not shot the wolf, the wolf would have 'chawed' you.'

'Chawed? That sounds kind o' queer, Don't know as I ever heard a woman say 'chaw' before. No, ma'am; he didn't hit the wolf at all. The bullet went into the ground ten foot off. 'T'want the thing, that shot, no how.'

'Yes, but it was, though, Joshua. For it scared you and the wolf ten feet apart in the next second.'

'Oh, you're a listening, are you? Well listeners don't here no good of themselves. Scare me and the wolf! Didn't scare neither of us. 'T'oo good pluck in us both. We only backed off to take breath and another round.'

'Likely story! Perhaps you recollect your left arm was in a bad fix; and I think the wolf knew it, by the way she licked her lips, and worked at you for about ten seconds; and your knife, old fellow—how happened your knife down in the hollow, more than rods off?'

'I'd throwed the knife away for a fair fight—yes, I had. My blood was up, and I was—'

'Come, come, Joshua, my boy, if the next ball had not bothered the wolf, and Joe Willis's knife and good stout arm taken the fight off your hands, I'd like to know what chance you think there would have been that you would bless your eyes to-day with looking at that face of Miss——, eh, Joshua.'

'Wall,' said, Joshua, stretching his long

legs till his heels, buried in the carpet seemed half way across the room, and looking around at me with a quizzical expression—'Wall—I don't know. Some things are blessings to some folks, that aint blessings to others.'

'Why, Mr. Smith!' exclaimed the lady. 'No offence, ma'am; it does me good to look at you. I haint seen such sence—sence—do you know now?—I had my bringing up down East. I only came out here when I was about two thirds grown. It is pleasant, any how, to see you.'

'But the wolf, Mr. Smith.'

'Ask Mr. W——. He's took the story out of my month.' And Joshua was unapproachable—listening but silent. So I finished his history.

'Willis and myself were just in time.—Smith was fighting well, but the wolf had hurt his arm, and in his eagerness to hold his choking grasp he had forgotten to hold his knife, dropped it, and they had rolled far out of reach of it. I think a half-second would have settled Joshua. So I shot, intending only to frighten the wolf from the deliberate mouthful in Joshua's shoulder which seemed inevitable—and it effected the purpose. They separated for an instant, and I gave her the second ball inside the shoulder, hoping to reach the heart. It was a little out of the way—too close for good aim. But the ball did service and disabled one leg. Then Willis was on her with his knife before she had recovered from the stunning effect of the bullet; and Joe had always a knack of putting a knife in the right place.'

'Joshua didn't use his left arm for a week or two after that. How long was it Joshua?' asked the lady.

'Six months,' grunted Smith.

The extensive group of listeners were scattered at this instant by the dinner bell, and insisting on Joshua's company, we made merry till twilight over the table.—*Cor. Journal of Commerce.*

Amusing Anecdote of Gen. Taylor.

We have heard an amusing story told, in which Old Zack figured when President. He had been but a short time in the White House, when, finding that ladies would call at hours when it was not convenient to see them, he gave orders to the door-keeper to not admit them at certain times. The door-keeper was formerly a soldier, and knew the old hero well; but, nevertheless, he disobeyed orders one day, and permitted three ladies to see the President. After their interview was over, down came the old man in a rage—so much so that a gentleman who was present, and who tells the anecdote, was roughly told, as the General met him at the foot of the steps, to 'go into that room,' waving his hand in military style to the room he meant. General Taylor then approached the trembling janitor, and, fixing his feet in a firm position, exclaimed, 'Why didn't you obey my orders sir? What did you send those women up to me for, sir? I'll court-martial you sir!' and before an answer could be given he raised his right foot and gave the delict door-keeper a kick, which landed him on his back two or three yards off. Old Zack then moved off, calling to the gentleman, 'Come to my room, come to my room!'

By the time the President arrived there, however, he was somewhat cooled down, and taking the visitor's right hand in both of his, said:

'What can I do for you, sir—what can I do for you?'

The interrogated was somewhat of a wag and thinking that Taylor would relish a joke, replied—

'Well, General you can give me one of them interesting things you just now give the door-keeper.'

No sooner said then done—the General up-foot and planted a blow in the wit's posterior, which sent him out into the passage and locking the door, he returned to the business he was at, when interrupted by the ladies.

The kicked visitor, in passing the door-keeper remarked—

'The old man kicks hard—don't he?'

'Oh, sir, he kicks like a jackass. You had better go and tell him so.'

'Not me, by the powers, sir; but I mane in the hardness of the kick, and all I cared about it was the indignity, sir.'

'But that was not half what I cared for,' said the retiring gent to himself, 'for I shall feel so sore for that joke, that I shall take care how to try to be funny with Old Zack again as long as I live.'

An old bachelor being ill, his sister presented him with a cup of medicine.

'What is it?' he asked.

She answered—

'It is elixir asthmatic, it is very aromatic and will make you feel static.'

'Nancy,' he replied, with a smile, 'you are very sister-matic.'

Two men have been arrested in Marshall county, Alabama, having in their possession \$100,000 in counterfeited notes on the Bank of Cape Fear, C. C., besides \$3,000 in good money.