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### Poetical Department.

#### Hours of Sadness.

There's a cool, quiet spot in the valley,  
Down under the old willow tree,  
And you know, in the by-gone, sweet Allie,  
"I was always the dearest to me;  
Oh! you know not how oft since we parted,  
I've turned from the gladsome and free,  
And longed, ah! so desolate-hearted,  
To sleep 'neath the old willow tree!

For oh! there's no sighing or yearning  
Beneath the green carpeting there,  
And here we are evermore learning,  
That life is o'erburthened with care!  
Oh! soft in the shade of the willow,  
When breezes go whispering by,  
With the cool, quiet earth for a pillow,  
Away from life's changes I'd lie!

There are moments of sadness so dreary,  
Emotions we cannot control,  
Wild feelings so restless and weary,  
That darken the innermost soul,  
And sometimes I long to be lying  
Asleep 'neath the old willow-tree,  
With its drooping fringe mournfully sighing  
Day-long a low anthem for me!

There are moments of wo that betide us,  
When we live through the anguish of years  
Rayless hours wherein is denied us  
The luxury even of tears!  
Oh! Father, forgive the wild sighing,  
I fly for a refuge to Thee!  
And wait, at thy will to be lying  
Asleep 'neath the old willow tree!

#### Joy and Sorrow.

If there were nought but sunny days,  
How dull would sunshine soon appear!  
Do not Sol's gladdest, softest rays  
Beam forth while clouds the heavens mar;  
And stormy skies, though dark the while,  
But lend enchantment to his smile!

Life cannot be a lasting fête,  
To joy, and flowers, and pleasure given;  
O, no! the throbbing soul, replete,  
Soon wears of its narrow heaven;  
Midst changing scenes will seek relief,  
And oft find luxury in grief.

Ye, who o'er passing troubles grieve,  
Or wrestling, strive with phantom ills;  
Condemn not fate—rather believe  
That every ick breath that chills  
The germs of hope and kindly love,  
Will inmates of your bosom prove.

But life hath sterner, deeper woes,  
Sorrow which none may thrust aside;  
For these a balm in Gilead grows,  
And resignation rolls its tide;  
And though despair the present shrouds,  
Hopes shines behind its darkest clouds.

### Miscellaneous Selections.

#### Taking Care of Number One.

"Every one for himself." This was one of Lawrence Tilghman's favorite modes of expression. And it will do him no injustice to say, that he usually acted up to the sentiment in his business transactions and social intercourse; though guardedly, whenever a too manifest exhibition of selfishness was likely to reflect him in the estimation of certain parties with whom he wished to stand particularly fair. In all his dealings, this maxim was alone regarded; and he was never satisfied unless, in bargaining, he secured the greater advantage, a thing that pretty generally occurred.

There resided in the same town with Tilghman—a western town—a certain young lady, whose father owned a large amount of property. She was his only child, and would fall heir, at his death, to all his wealth. Of course, this young lady had attractions, that were felt to be of a most weighty character by certain young men in the town, who made themselves as agreeable to her as possible. Among these was Lawrence Tilghman.

"Larry," said a friend to him one day—they had been talking about the young lady—"it's no use for you to play the agreeable to Helen Walcott."

"And why not, pray?" returned Tilghman.

"They say she's engaged."

"To whom?"

"To a young man in Columbus."

"Who says so?"

"I can't mention my authority; but it's good."

"Engaged, ha! Well, I'll break that engagement, if there's any virtue in trying."

"You will?"

"Certainly. Helen will be worth a plume when the old man, her father, dies; and I've made up my mind to handle some of his thousands."

"But certainly, Larry, you would not attempt to interfere with a marriage contract?"

"I don't believe any contract exists," replied the young man. "Anyhow, while a lady is single I regard her as in the market, and to be won by the boldest."

"Still, we should have some respect for the rights of others."

"Every one for himself in this world," replied Tilghman. "That is my motto. If you don't take care of yourself, you'll be shoved to the wall in double quick time."

"Long ago, I resolved to put some forty or fifty thousand dollars between myself and the world by marriage, and you may be sure that I will not let this opportunity slip for any consideration. Helen must be mine."

Additional evidence of the fact that the young lady was under engagement of marriage soon came to the ears of Tilghman.

"The fact was to produce a clear attention on his part to Helen, who, greatly to his uneasiness, did not seem to give him much encouragement, although she always treated him with politeness and attention whenever he called to see her. But it was not true, as Tilghman had heard, that Helen was engaged to a young man in Columbus; though it was true that she was in correspondence with a gentleman there named Walker, and that their acquaintance was intimate, and fast approaching a lover-like character."

Still she was not indifferent to the former, and, as he showed so strong a preference for her, began, gradually, to feel an awakening interest. Tilghman was quick to perceive this, and it greatly elated him. In the exultation of his feelings, he said to himself—

"I'll show this Columbus man that I'm worth a dozen of him. The boldest wins the fair. I wouldn't give much for his engagement."

Tilghman was a merchant, and visited the east twice every year for the purpose of buying goods. In August, he crossed the mountains as usual. Some men, when they leave home and go among strangers, leave all the little good breeding they may happen to have had behind them. Such a man was Tilghman. The moment he stepped into a steambot, stage, or railroad car, the every-one-for-himself principle by which he was governed, manifested itself in all its naked deformity, and it was at once concluded, that let him be who he would, he was no gentleman.

On going up the river, on the occasion referred to, our gentleman went on the free and-easy principle, as was usual with him when in public conveyances; consulting his own inclinations and tastes alone, and running his elbows into any and everybody's ribs that happened to come in his way.

He was generally first at the table when the bell rang; and, as he had a good appetite, managed, while there, to secure a full share of the delicacies provided for the company.

"Every one for himself," was the thought in his mind on these occasions; and his actions fully agreed with his thoughts.

On crossing the mountains in stages (this was before the railroad from Baltimore to Wheeling was completed) as far as Cumberland, his greedy selfish, and sometimes downright boorish propensities annoyed his fellow-passengers, and particularly a young man of quiet, refined, and gentlemanly deportment, who could not, at times, help showing the disgust he felt. Because he paid his half dollar for meals at the taverns on the way, Tilghman seemed to feel himself licensed to gormandize at a beastly rate. The moment he sat down to the table, he would seize eagerly upon the most desirable dish near him, and appropriate at least a half, if not two thirds, of what it contained, regardless utterly of his fellow-passengers. Then he would call for the next most desirable dish, if he could not reach it, and help himself after a like liberal fashion. In eating, he seemed more like a hungry dog, in his eagerness, than a man possessing a grain of decency. When the time came to part company with him, his fellow-travellers rejoiced at being rid of one whose utter selfishness filled them with disgust.

In Philadelphia and New York, where Tilghman felt that he was altogether unknown, he indulged his uncivilized propensities to their full extent. At one of the hotels, just before leaving New York to return to Baltimore, and there take the cars for the West again, he met the young man referred to as a traveling companion, and remarked the fact that he recognized and frequently observed him. Under this observation, as it seemed to have something sinister in it, Tilghman felt, at times, a little uneasy, and at the hotel table, rather curbed his greediness when this individual was present.

Finally, he left New York in the twelve o'clock boat, intending to pass on to Baltimore in the night train from Philadelphia, and experienced a sense of relief in getting rid of the presence of one who appeared to

know him and to have taken a prejudice against him. As the boat swept down the bay, Tilghman amused himself first with a cigar on the forward deck, and then with a promenade on the upper deck. He had already secured his dinner ticket. When the lumes of roast turkey came to his eyes, he felt 'sharpset' enough to have devoured a whole goblet! This indication of the approaching meal caused him to dive down below, where the servants were busy in preparing the table. Here he walked backwards and forwards for about half an hour in company with a dozen others, who, like himself, meant to take care of number one. Then, as the dishes of meat began to come in, he thought it time to secure a good place. So, after taking careful observation, he assumed a position, with folded arms opposite a desirable dish, and awaited the completion of arrangements. At length a waiter, and a waiter struck the bell.—Instantly, Tilghman drew forth a chair, and had the glory of being first at the table.—He had lifted his plate and just cried, as he turned partly around—"Here, waiter! Bring me some of that roast turkey." A side boy and a piece of the breast—when a hand was laid on his shoulder, and the clerk of the boat said, in a voice of authority—

"Further down sir. Further down! We wait these seats for ladies."

Tilghman hesitated.

"Quick! quick!" urged the clerk.

There was a rustling behind him of ladies' dresses, and our gentleman felt that he must move. In his eagerness to secure another place, he stumbled over a chair and came near falling prostrate. At length he bent up at the lower end of the table.—

"Waiter!" he cried, as soon as he found a free position—"waiter, I want some of that roast turkey!"

"The waiter did not hear, or was too busy with some one else to obey."

"Waiter, I say! Here! This way!"

There is no telling what fancies roamed through the curled and perfumed locks of Sam Sophomore, as he sat wedged in between the arm of the plush-covered seat and the arm and wadded dress of his Milesian companion du voyage, as we say in French. But a change of cars took place in the course of an hour more, and Sam, thinking 'in for a penny, in for a pound' he again got off into the land of Nod, and finally, after a deal of offence to the young squirt's dignity, he heroically goes to sleep. Sleep! eye, snores, and but for the conductor's rushing in for tickets, gentlemen? Sam would have kept on snoring and snoring, and forgotten his troubles and imaginary ship-fevers, small-pox and Irish companion.

"Change cars here!" cried the conductor; "passengers for Amherst, &c., &c., will take the other branch cars!"

"Glad to be a fix before," says Sam, "never had such a fix before, and never will again; or I'm a Dutchman!" and Sam moved his boots for the other cars.

Finding the train was not off for some minutes, Sam runs 'over the way,' to get something stimulating of his traveling difficulties, and in doing so he meets a friend; they smile, and Sam spreads upon his morning's travel.

"Never was so 'look down' in my life!" says he.

"Why, what about?" quoth the chum.

"Well, I'll tell you. You see I got in the cars at Boston, found all the seats full but one; on that an Irishwoman was squatted—I don't like the Irish, and—"

"I say, Mister!" says a long, lean, lank, wooden-nutmeg looking customer, interrupting the student's narrative, "I say, why on air don't you look after your mother, out there? She's lost her bundle, and—"

"My mother, sir?" interrupted Sam, in amazement.

"Why, yes; the old critter is looking for you—she's riled all up, streaked as get out, about some of her fixins left in them other kears."

"Who told you I had a mother?"

"All creation, only hear that! Well, yeou do beat natur, that's a fact; Mister; but by golly, if yeou're above looking arter yeour old mother, I'll be darned if I ain't the chap that will!"

"Go to the d—!" roars Sam, as the bell rings; he bids good-bye to his friend, and jumps in. What was Sam's horror, when he got in, to find the seats all full, except an end seat immediately opposite his same Milesian female friend.

"By Sodam and Gommorrah!" cries the victim, "if this don't beat speckled-backed Shanghaes, I'm continentally danged!" Well, old lady, says Sam, feeling spunky after his smile at the junction, here we are again, eh?"

The woman, still veiled, nodded a sort of assent.

"Check by jowl, eh?" continues Sam.

Sam thought he perceived she smiled a sort of bread grin, at the tender allusion he made to the vernacular of her mother tongue.

"The devilish cold in these cars, don't you think so, eh?" says the mock heroic buck, in an endeavor to have a social chat, just for the fun of the thing, with the Irishwoman.

### The Student's Ride to Amherst.

At Amherst, N. H., there is a college—perhaps you know there is; young men go to such places to learn something, which they, however, so rarely succeed in doing, as they do in doing their daddies' out of the hard-earned thrift, perhaps. Of these academical youths, a great many yarns of fun and folly have been told, and remain to be told. We have seldom heard of a 'better thing' than that related of a young gentleman who, in search of information, not long since, found his way to Amherst; he intended to find his way to Amherst College, but a little circumstance occurred which knocked his project on the head.

Sam Sophomore, having got his traps ready, jumps into the cars to hunt up Amherst College. After meandering through three long cars, he found every seat full, except one. He viewed that; it was about half full of a dowdy, Irish-looking woman 'dressed up' to the nines; but Sam, having a decidedly sheepish regard for female strangers, and still a stronger reluctance to sit cheek by jowl with a Milesian cook, washerwoman, or what not, hesitates. However, the cars are off; Sam has a decided objection to standing, or walking about upon his pins; so, making a virtue of necessity, Sam dumps himself down along side of the veiled Irishwoman, and hopes she is not found far, and he would sweat it out.

"The first station is reached, and nobody gets out, but several get in; the next station, a few get out, and in a jiffy their seats are taken; so Sam begins to resign himself to his fate, and averts his head over the side of the seat and tries the solace of a doze. Sam had a hard dozy dream, in which his traveling female companion assumed various uncouth features and forms, from a pot-walloping, moon-faced kitchen ranger to a she-grizzly. Sam wakes up, rubs his eyes, and believes the Irishwoman smells of onions and whiskey, and thinks, possibly, she may be 'just over,' and have ship-fever or small-pox in her clothes.

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But to this common-place observation the Irishwoman did not respond, but averted her head and looked out at the side-window.

The candidate for Amherst honors, finding his efforts to be agreeable, did not take, tried to snooze; up comes his long-legged, friend, giving Sam a familiar pop on the shoulder. Long-sides exclaims:

"Hello, the old lady finally found yeou eh?"

"What do you mean sir," says Sam.

"What do I mean? why, I say yeou're along side of yeour mammy again. Faound yeour stuff, man, did yeou?" he adds, looking at the Irishwoman.

"My baggage, sir, was all taken care of," the woman responded.

"Wal," says Long-sides, "glad of it; yeou seemed in a dreadful pucker about it, and I up and told this feller—son of yeourn, I reckon—"

"Oh, no!" the woman responded.

"No, you are a fool!" exclaims the outraged squirt.

"Fool? look a-her, darn yeour picture!" says Long-sides, 'ef 'twasent in the kears, I'd give yeou about the goll darndest call-palloon yeou ever had since yeou put trousers on, darn yeou."

Sam wilted straight down into his calkskins, for Long-sides looked savage as a meat-axe, and wiry as a cork-screw, and but for the interposition of the gentlemanly conductor, perhaps Sam would have got his hat caved in, anyhow.

But at last the cars were to be left, and the stage finished the journey to Amherst. It was near dark, and the humbugged or self-bored student was almost ready to cry Eureka! at the prospect of losing the presence of the poor, inoffensive Irishwoman.—He had hardly seated himself in the stage, when in bundles the same old woman.

"Good Lord!" cries he, "what I going to follow me over all creation? I'm a boned turkey, a goner, murder!" groans Sam to himself; then putting out his head, says he—"Driver! look here—can't I ride on the seat with you?"

"May if you like, but it's going to rain—cold as blazes out here," says coachee.

"Well, never mind, I'll sweat it out; soon be in Amherst, won't you?" Sam remarks.

"Pooty soen, I guess," was the response.

Sam dozes until the coach reaches Amherst, and drives up alongside of the hotel. Sam ups and jumps out; the first man he meets upon the piazza is his Professor, Stowe.

"Ah, Mr. Sophomore," cries the Professor grasping the student's hand, "glad to see you sir."

"How do you, sir?" says Sam; "I am deuced glad, sir, to see you. Had a very disagreeable ride up here."

"Had you, indeed? Any passengers in the coach from the railroad, Mr. Sophomore? I expected my wife up to-night."

"Did you, sir? Well, nobody came in the coach but myself and an old Irishwoman—she's haunted me ever since I set out."

"Indeed! Ha, ha!" says the Professor, advancing towards the side of the coach—one glance, and he rushes forward, and cries:

"My dear, you have arrived!"

"Do—do—do you know that—that woman!" grasps Sam.

"My wife, sir. Mrs. Stowe, Mr. Sophomore," says the Professor.

Sam gave one look, as the world-renowned authoress raised her veil; that was enough; he buttoned his coat, laid legs to ground, and yelled as he vanished.—

"Put me into your next edition of Uncle Tom's Cabin, madam! My name's Higgins!"

### Higgins, the Ranger.

Tom Higgins, as he is usually called, is a native of Kentucky, and is one of the best examples extant of the genuine backwoodsman. During the last war, at the age of nineteen, he enlisted in the Rangers, a corps of mounted men, raised expressly for the protection of the western frontiers. On the 13th of August, 1814, he was one of a party of twelve men, under the command of Lieutenant Journey, who were posted at Hill's station, a small stockade, about eight miles south of the present village of Greenville, and something more than twenty miles from Vandalia. These towns were not then in existence, and the surrounding country was one vast wilderness. During the day last mentioned, Indian signs were seen about half a mile from the station, and at night the savages were discovered prowling near the fort, but no alarm was given. On the following morning early, Mr. Journey moved out with his party in pursuit of the Indians. Passing round the fence of a corn-field, adjoining the fort, they struck across the prairie, and had not proceeded more than a quarter of a mile when, in crossing a small ridge which was covered with a hazle thicket, and in full view of the station, they fell into an ambuscade of the Indians, who rose suddenly round them, to the number of seventy or eighty, and fired. Four of the party were killed, among whom was Lieutenant Journey; one other fell, badly wounded, and the rest fled, except Higgins. It was an uncommonly sultry morning; the day was just dawning; a heavy dew had fallen the preceding night; the air was

still and humid, and the smoke from the guns hung in a heavy cloud over the spot.

Under the cover of this cloud, Higgins's surviving companions had escaped, supposing that all that were left were dead, or that at all events it would be rashness to attempt to rescue them from so overwhelming a force. Higgins's horse had been shot through the neck, and fell to his knees and rose again several times. Believing the animal to be mortally wounded he dismounted, but finding that the wound had not greatly disabled him, he continued to hold the bridle; for, as he now felt confident of being able to make good his retreat, he determined to fire off his gun before he retired. He looked round for a tree. There was but one, a small one, and he made for this, intending to shoot from behind it; but at this moment the cloud of smoke rose partially from before him, disclosing to his view a number of Indians, none of whom discovered him. One of them stood within a few paces, loading his gun, and at him Higgins took a deliberate aim and fired, and the Indian fell. Mr. Higgins, still concealed by the smoke, reloaded his gun, mounted and turned to fly, when a low voice near him hailed him with,

"Tom, you want leave me?"

On looking round, he discovered the speaker to be one of his companions, named Burgess, who was lying wounded on the ground, and he replied instantly.

"No, I'll not leave you, come along, and I'll take care of you."

"I can't come," replied Burgess, "my leg is smashed all to pieces."

Higgins sprang from his saddle, and picking up his comrade, whose ankle bone was broken, in his arms, he proceeded to lift him on his horse, telling him to fly, and that he would make his own way on foot, but the horse taking fright at this instant, darted off, leaving Higgins, with his wounded friend, on foot. Still the cool bravery of the former was sufficient for every emergency, and setting Burgess down gently, he told him, "Now my good fellow, you must hop off on your three legs, while I stay between you and the Indians, and keep them off," instructing him, at the same time, to get into the highest grass, and crawl as close to the ground as possible. Burgess followed his advice, and escaped unnoticed. History does not relate a more disinterested act of heroism than this of Higgins, who, having in his hands the certain means of escape from such imminent peril, voluntarily gave them up, by offering his horse to a wounded comrade; and who, when that generous intention was defeated, and his own retreat was still practicable, remained, at the hazard of his life, to protect his crippled friend.

The cloud of smoke, which had partially opened before him, as he faced the enemy, still lay thick behind him, and as he plunged through this, he left it, together with the ridge and the hazle thicket, between him and the main body of the Indians, and was retiring unobserved by them. Under these circumstances, it is probable, that if he had retreated in a direct line toward the station, he might easily have effected his escape; but Burgess was slowly crawling away in that direction, and the gallant Higgins, who coolly surveyed the whole ground, foresaw that if he pursued the same track, and should be discovered, his friend would be endangered. He therefore took the heroic resolution of diverging from the true course so far, as that any of the enemy who should follow him, would not fall in with Burgess. With this intention, he moved stealthily along through the smoke and bushes, intending when he emerged, to retreat at full speed. But as he left the thicket he beheld a large Indian near him, and two others on the other side, in the direction of the fort. Tom coolly surveyed his foes, and began to chalk out his track; for, although in the confidence of his own activity and courage, he felt undismayed at such odds, yet he found it necessary to act the general. Having an enemy on each flank, he determined to separate them, and fight them singly. Making for a ravine, which was not far off, he bounded away; but soon found that one of his limbs failed him, having received a ball in the first fire which, till now, he had scarcely noticed. The largest Indian was following him closely.—Higgins several times turned round to fire, but the Indian would halt, and dance about to prevent him from taking aim; and Tom knew that he could not afford to fire at random. The other two were now closing on him, and he found that unless he could dispose of the first one, he must be overpowered. He therefore halted, resolved to receive a fire; and the Indian at a few paces distant, raised his rifle. Higgins watched his adversary's eye, and just as he thought his finger pressed the trigger, suddenly threw his side to him. It is probable that this motion saved his life, for the ball entered his thigh which would have pierced his body. Tom fell, but rose again and ran, and the largest Indian, certain of his prey, loaded again, and then with the two others pursued. They soon came near. Higgins had again fallen, and as he rose, they all three fired, and he received all their balls. He now fell and rose several times, and the Indians throwing