



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.

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THE LEHIGH REGISTER

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

Charles S. Massey, WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER AND JEWELER,

No. 23 East Hamilton st., opposite the German Reformed Church, IN ALLENTOWN, PENN.

Hereby informs the public that he has, a few days since returned from New York with a large variety of goods in his line of business, which he will sell, wholesale and retail, as low as they can be purchased in any of the cities. His stock consists in part of

Clocks, Timepieces, Gold, Silver and Common Watches, of every size, pattern, quality and price; Accordeons, Musical Boxes, Flutes and Pipes, of various qualities; Spy-glasses, Pocket Compasses, and gold, silver, steel and brass Spectacles, in every variety; Silver Table and Tea Spoons; gold, silver and common Pencils; Pens, Breast-pins, Ear-rings and Finger-rings, in great variety; gold and common Medallions; gold, silver, steel and brass Watch Chains. Seals and Keys, of all styles—and all other articles that belong to the Jewelry business.

Call and judge for yourselves. He can assure the public that his stock contains a larger and more valuable variety of goods than all the Jewelry establishments in Lehigh county.

Repairing done as usual—and he warrants his work one year. He is thankful for past favors, and hopes for a continuance. Allentown, October 19. —Gm

The Allentown Seminary.

Rev. C. R. Kessler, A. M. Principal.—C. B. Wolf, A. B. Principal Assistant.—C. T. Herrmann, Assistant and Teacher of Music.—T. J. Gross, Teacher of the Primary Department.—Miss M. Stanton, Teacher of the Female Department and of French and Drawing.

The winter sessions will begin on the 1st of November next. Such as wish to send their sons or daughters to this School will please apply soon. Boys from abroad can board with the Principal, young Ladies can find good board and lodging in private families in town.

C. R. KESSLER, Principal. Allentown, Oct. 12. —Gm

REMOVAL!

The undersigned hereby notify their friends and the public in general that they have removed their

Exchange Office

from the front room in the Old Fellows' Hall, to the new three story building on the north east corner of market square, where they are prepared to transact

Bank and Exchange

business upon the most reasonable terms. WM. H. BLUMER & Co. Allentown, Sept. 14. —Gm

R. E. Wright,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW Office No. 52, East Hamilton Street, in the Borough of Allentown.

Mr. Wright speaks the German language, consequently can be consulted in that language. Allentown, Oct. 5. —Gm

Great Reduction in Prices!!

SELLING OFF TO MOVE.

MORRIS L. HALLOWELL & Co.

IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF

Silks and Fancy Goods.

143 MARKET ST., PHILADA.

Wishing to close out their present Stock of goods before moving into their new store, ask the attention of buyers to their large and splendid assortment of DRESS, FANCY GOODS, RIBBONS, &c., &c., &c.

To be closed out at very Reduced Prices!

Orders will receive strict attention, and shall have the benefit of the reduced prices.

September 14. —Gm

Pamphlet Laws.

SUBSCRIBERS to the Pamphlet Laws of 1852, are informed that their copies are received and ready for delivery, at the Proprietor's Office of Lehigh County.

F. E. SAMUELS, Prothonotary. Allentown, Sept. 28. —Gm

Poetical Department.

One Year Ago.

One year ago, when first we met,
'Twas with the stranger's thoughtless glance;
And yet I never would forget
That moment's brief but precious chance.

Our hearts, unloving, slumbered then,
Nor left the quickened pulse of joy
Which those who fondly meet again
Know when the greeting hour is nigh.

Gay, trifling things we lightly spoke,
That when untreasured from the ear;
No tender thought or hope they woke
Of love unchanging and forever.

Thy hand was not e'en placed in mine—
Thy hand so small, so soft and white!
And not a joy did we resign,
When bidding then our first "Good-night!"

But now, my heart knows dearer throbs
When thou art smiling at my side;
And cruel absence sweet bliss robs,
While slowly rolls Time's listless tide.

Fond words and true we both have said—
Dear, holy vows we both have sworn;
And looks love eloquent have sped,
Within our bosoms deeply borne.

Thy trusting hand hath rested long—
Most willing rested in my own;
And 'neath its touch, in thrilling throng,
Emotions to my breast have flown.

Oh! love we not each other well,
With passion's ever-living glow;
And must not e'er in memory dwell
How first we met, one year ago!

Miscellaneous Selections.

Boy Heroes.—Early Western Life.

When Kentucky was an infant State, and before the foot of civilization had trodden down her forests, there lived upon a branch of the Green River, in the Western part of the State, an old hunter by the name of John Slater. His hut was upon the South bank of the stream, and, save a small patch of some dozen acres that had been cleared by his axe, he was shut in the dense forest. Slater had but two children at home with him—two sons, Philip and Daniel, the former fourteen, and the latter twelve years of age. His older children had gone South. His wife was with him, but she had been for several years an almost helpless cripple, from the effects of a severe rheumatism.

It was early in the spring, and the old hunter had just returned from Columbia, where he had been to carry the product of his winter's labor, which consisted mostly of furs. He had received quite a sum of money, and had brought it home with him. The old man had for several years been accumulating money, for civilization was gradually approaching him, and he meant that his children should start on fair terms with the world.

One evening just as the family were sitting down to their frugal supper, they were attracted by the sudden howling of the dogs, and as Slater went to the door to see what was the matter, he saw three men approach his hut. He quickly quieted the dogs, and the strangers approached the door. They asked for something to eat, and also for lodgings for the night. John Slater was not the man to refuse a request of that kind, and he kindly asked the strangers in. They set their rifles behind the door, and unsling their packs, and room was made for them at the table. They represented themselves as travelers bound further west, intending to cross the Mississippi in search of a settlement.

The new comers were far from being agreeable or prepossessing in their looks. But Slater took no notice of the circumstances, for it was not his nature to doubt any man. The boys, however, did not like their appearance at all, and the quick glances they gave each other told of their feelings. The hunter's wife was not at the table, but she sat by the fire.

Slater entered into conversation with his guests, but they were not very free, and after a while the talk dwindled away to mere occasional questions. Philip, the elder of the two boys, noticed that the men cast uneasy glances about the room, and he watched them narrowly. His fear had become excited, and he could not rest. He knew that his father had a large sum of money in the house, and his first thought was, that these men were there for the purpose of robbery.

After the supper was finished, the two boys quickly cleared off the table, and then went out of doors. It had become dark—or rather, night had fairly set in, for there was a bright moon, "two thirds full," shining down upon the forest.

"Daniel," said Philip, in a low whisper, at the same time casting a look back over his shoulder, "what do you think of those three men?"

"I'm afraid they're bad ones," returned the younger boy.

"So am I. I believe they mean to steal

father's money. Didn't you notice how they looked around?"

"Yes."
'So did I. If we should tell father what we think he would laugh at us, and tell us we were scare crows.'

'But we can watch 'em.'

'Yes,' returned the other; 'and we will watch 'em; but don't let them know it.' The boys held some further consultation, and then going to the dog-house, they set the small door back, so that the hounds might spring forth if they were wanted. Soon afterwards they re-entered the house. If they had desired to speak with their father about their suspicions, they had no chance, for the strangers sat by him all the evening.

At length, however, the old man signified his intention of retiring, and he arose to go out of doors to see the state of affairs without. The three men followed him, but they did not take their weapons. The old lady was asleep in her chair.

'Now,' whispered Philip, 'let's take two of father's rifles up to bed. We may want 'em. We are as good as men with the rifle.'

Daniel sprang to obey, and quickly as possible the boys slipped two rifles from their beds, behind the great stove chimney, and carried them up to their sleeping place, and then they hastened back and emptied the priming from the stranger's rifles, and when their father and the strangers had returned they had resumed their seats.

The hunter's cabin was divided into two apartments on the ground floor, one of them in the end of the building being the old man's sleeping room, while the other was the large living-room in which the company at present sat. Overhead there was a sort of scaffolding reaching only half way over the large room below it, and in the opposite end of the building from the sleeping apartment of the hunter, a rough ladder led up to the scaffold, and on it, close up to the gable-end, was the boy's bed. There was no partition at the edge of this scaffolding, but was all open to the room below.

Spare bedding was spread upon the floor of the kitchen for the three travelers, and after everything had been arranged for their comfort, the boys went up to their bed, and the old man retired to his little room.

The two boys thought not of sleep, or if they did, it was only to avoid it. Half an hour passed away, and they could hear their father snore. Then they heard a movement from those below. Philip crawled silently to where he could peep through the crack, and he saw one of the men open his pack, from which he took several pieces of raw meat. The man examined the meat by the rays of the moon, and moving towards the window, he shoved the sash back and threw the pieces out to the dogs. Then he went back to his bed and laid down.

At first the boy thought this might be thrown to the dogs to attract their attention, but when the man laid down, the idea of poison flashed through Philip's mind. He whispered his thoughts to his brother. The impulse of little Daniel, as he heard that his poor dogs were to be poisoned, was going to cry out, but a sudden pressure from the hand of his brother kept him silent.

At the head of the boys' bed there was a dark window—a small square door—and it was directly over the dog-house. Philip resolved to go down and save the dogs. The undertaking was a dangerous one, for the least noise would arouse the villains—the boy felt assured they were villains—and then the consequences might be fatal. But Philip Slater found himself strong in heart, and he determined upon a trial. His father's life might be in his hands! This thought was a tower of strength in itself. Philip opened the window without moving from his bed, and it swung upon its leather hinges without noise. Then he drew off the sheet and tied one corner of it to the staple by which the window was hooked. The sheet was then lowered on the outside, and carefully the brave boy let himself out upon it. He enjoined his brother not to move, and then he slid noiselessly down. The hounds had just found the meat, but they drew back at the young master's beck, and Philip gathered the flesh all up. He easily quieted the faithful brutes, and then he quickly tied the meat up in the sheet.

There was a light ladder standing near the dog-house, and setting this up against the building, Philip made his way back to his loft, and when once safely there he pulled the sheet in after him.

The strangers had not been aroused, and, with beating heart, the boy thanked God. He had performed an act, simple as it might appear, at which many stout hearts would have quailed. The dogs growled as they went back to their kennel; if the strangers heard them, they thought the poor animals were growling over the repast they had found.

At length the hounds ceased their noise and all was quiet. An hour passed away and so did another. It must have been nearly midnight when the men below moved again, and then Philip saw the rays of a candle flash up through the cracks of the floor on which stood his bed. He would have moved to the crack where he could

peep down, but at that moment he heard a man upon the ladder. He uttered a quick whisper to his brother, and then lay perfectly still. The man came to the top of the ladder and held his light up so he could look upon the boys. The fellow seemed to be satisfied that they were asleep for he soon returned to the ground floor, and then Philip crept to his crack. He saw the men taking knives from their packs, and he heard their whispering.

'We'll kill the old man and woman first,' said one of them. 'If these little brats (he pointing to the scaffolding) wake up; we can easily take care of them.'

'But we must kill 'em all' said another of the villains.

'Yes,' returned the first speaker, 'but the old ones first. If we touch the young ones first they will make a noise and start the old man up.'

Philip's heart beat with horror. 'Down the ladder—outside! quick!' he whispered to his brother. Down and start out the dogs! Run for the front door and throw it open—it isn't fastened! O, do let the dogs into the house as quick as you can. I'll look out for father while you go.

Daniel quickly crawled out through the little window, and Philip seized a rifle and crept to the edge of the scaffold. Two of the villains were just approaching the door of his father's room. They had set the candle down on the floor, so that its light would fall into the bedroom as soon as the door was opened. Philip drew the hammer of his rifle back and rested the muzzle on the edge of the board.

One of the men had laid down his hand upon the wooden latch. The boy hero uttered a single word of heart prayer, and then he pulled the trigger. The villain uttered one sharp, quick cry, and then fell upon the floor. The bullet had passed through his brain.

Through an instant, the two remaining villains were confounded, but they quickly comprehended the nature and position of their enemy and they sprang for the ladder. They did not reach it, however, for at that moment the outer door was flung open, and the hounds—four of them—sprang into the house. With a deep yell, the animals leaped upon the villains, and they had drawn them to the floor just as the old hunter came from his room.

'Help us! help us, father?' cried Philip, as he hurried down the ladder. 'I've shot one of them! They are murderous robbers! Hold 'em!' the boy continued, clapping his hands to the dogs.

Old Slater comprehended the nature of the scene in a moment, and he sprang towards the spot where the hounds had the two men upon the floor. The villains had both lost their knives, and the dogs had so maimed them that they were incapable of further resistance. With much difficulty the animals were called off, and then the two men were lifted to a seat. There was no need of binding them, for they needed more some restorative agent, as the dogs had made very quick work in disabling them.

After they had been looked to, the old man cast his eyes about the room. They rested a moment on the body of him who had been shot, they then turned upon the two boys. Philip told all that had happened. It seemed some time before the old hunter could crowd the whole seeming dream through his mind; but he gradually comprehended. A soft, grateful, proud light broke over his features and he held his arms out to his sons.

'Noble, noble boys!' he uttered, as he clasped them both to his bosom. 'God bless thee for this. O, I dreamed not that you had such hearts. Bless thee! bless thee!'

For a long time the old man gazed upon his boys in silence. Tears of love and gratitude rolled down his cheeks, and his whole face was lighted up with most joyous holy pride.

Long before daylight, Philip, mounted the horse and started off for the nearest settlement, and early in the forenoon the officers of justice had the two wounded villains in charge, while the body of the third was removed. They were recognized by the officers as criminals of old notoriety; but this was their last adventure, for the justice they had so long outraged fell upon them and stopped them in their career.

Should any of my readers chance to pass down the Ohio River, I beg they will take notice of a large white mansion that stands upon the southern bank, with a wide forest park in front of it, and situated some eight miles west of Owensborough. Ask your steambot captain who lives there, and he will tell you—PHILIP SLATER, and BROTHUR, retired flour merchants.' They were the Boy Heroes of whom I have been writing.

A country editor informs his readers that there are a number of boarding houses in New York in which there is not a single bed-bug. They are all married, and have got large families.

The vulgar mind fancies that judgement is implied chiefly in the capacity to censure; and yet there is no judgement so exquisite as that which knows properly how to approve.

The Lottery for Life.

How were we to proceed to this drawing by lot? By means of the wet finger, like infants, or by head and tail, like the school boys? Both ways were impracticable. Our hands imprudently stretched out over the heads of our frightened horses, might cause them to give a fatal start. Should we toss up a piece of coin, the night was too dark for us to distinguish which side fell upwards. The Colonel bethought himself an expedient of which I never should have dreamed. 'Listen to me, Captain,' said the Colonel to whom I have communicated my perplexities; 'I have another way. The terror which our horses feel, makes them draw every moment a burning breath. The first of us two whose horse shall neigh—

'Wins!' I hastily exclaimed.

'Not so—shall be the loser. I know you are a countryman, and as such you can do whatever you please with your horse. As to myself, who but last year wore a gown of a theological student, I fear your equestrian prowess. You may be able to make your horse neigh—to hinder him from doing so is a very different matter.'

We waited in deep and anxious silence until the voice of one of our horses should break forth. The silence lasted for a minute—for an age. It was my horse who neighed first. The Colonel gave no external manifestations of his joy but no doubt he thanked God to the very bottom of his soul. 'You will allow me a minute to make my peace with heaven?' I said to the Col., with a faltering voice.

'Will five minutes be sufficient?'

'It will,' I replied. The Colonel pulled out his watch. I addressed towards the heavens, brilliant with stars, which I thought I was looking up to for the last time, an intense and a burning prayer.

'It is time,' said the Colonel. I answered nothing, and with a firm hand gathered up the bridle of my horse, and drew it within my fingers, which were agitated by a nervous tremor.

'Yet one moment more,' said I to the Colonel, 'for I have need of all my coldness to carry into execution the fearful manoeuvre which I am about to commence.'

'Granted,' replied Gardino.

My education, as I have told you, had been in the country. My childhood, and part of my earliest youth had almost been passed on horse-back. I may say, without flattering myself, that if there was any one in the world capable of executing this equestrian feat, it was myself—I rallied myself with an almost superhuman effort, and succeeded in recovering my entire self-possession in the very face of death. Take it at the worst, I had already braved it too often to be any longer alarmed at it. From that instant I dared to hope afresh.

As soon as my horse felt, for the first time since my encounter with the Colonel, the bit compressing his mouth, I perceived that he trembled beneath me. I strengthened myself firmly on my stirrups, to make the terrified animal understand that his master no longer trembled. I held him up with the bridle on the hams, as every good horseman does in a dangerous passage, and with the bridle, on the body, and the spur together, succeeded in backing him a few paces.—His head was already a greater distance from that of the horse of the Colonel, who encouraged me all he could with his voice. 'This done, I let the poor trembling brute, who obeyed me in spite of his terror repose for a few moments, and then recommenced the same manoeuvre. All of a sudden, I felt his hind legs give way under me. A horrible shudder ran through my whole frame. I closed my eyes as if about to roll to the bottom of the abyss, and I gave to my body a violent impulse on the side next the hacienda, the surface of which offered not a single projection not a single tuft of weeds to check my descent. This sudden movement, was the salvation of my life. He had sprang up again on his legs, which seemed ready to fall from under him so desperately did I feel them tremble.

I had succeeded in reaching between the brink of the precipice and the wall of the building, a spot some inches broad. A few more would have enabled me to turn him round, but to attempt it here would have been fatal, and I dared not venture. I sought to resume my backward progress, step by step. Twice the horse threw himself on his hind legs and fell down upon the same spot. It was in vain to urge him anew either with voice, bridle or spur; the animal obstinately refused to take a single step in the rear. Nevertheless I did not feel my courage yet exhausted, for I had no desire to die. One last solitary chance of safety suddenly appeared to me like a flash of light and I resolved to employ it. Through the fastening of my boot, and in reach of my hand, was placed a sharp and keen knife, which I drew forth from its sheath. With my left hand I began caressing the mane of my horse, all the while toting him hear my voice. The poor animal replied to my caresses by a plaintive neighing; then, not to alarm him abruptly, my hand followed by little and little the curve of his nervous neck, and finally rested upon the spot where the last of the vertebrae unites itself with the cranium. The horse trembled, but I calm-

ed him with my voice. When I felt his very life, so to speak, palpitate in his brain beneath my fingers, I leaned over towards the wall, my feet gently slide from the stirrups, and with one pointed blow, I buried the pointed blade of my knife in the seat of the vital principle. The animal fell as if thunderstruck, without a single motion; and for myself, with my knees almost as high as my chin, I found myself on horseback across a corpse! I was saved! I uttered a triumphant cry, which was responded to by the Colonel, and which the abyss re-echoed with a hollow sound, as if it felt that its prey had escaped from it.

I quitted the saddle, sat myself down between the wall and the body of my horse; and vigorously pushed with my feet against the carcass of the wretched animal, which rolled down into the abyss. I then rose, and cleared at a few bounds the distance which separated the place where I was from the plain; and under the irresistible reaction of terror which I had so long repressed, I sank into a swoon upon the ground. When I re-opened my eyes, the Colonel was by my side.

The Wife's Nightcap.

Mr. —, who doesn't live more than a mile from the post office in this city, met some "northern men with southern principles," the other evening, and in extending to them the hospitalities of the Crescent City, visited so many of our principal saloons and "marble halls," imbibing spiritual consolation as they journeyed, that when he left them at their hotel at the midnight hour, he felt, decidedly felt, that he had "a brick in his hat."

Now, he has a wife, an amiable, accomplished, and beautiful lady, who loves him devotedly, but she finds one fault with him, and that is, his too frequent visits to the places where these "bricks" are obtained.

After leaving his friends, Mr. — paused a moment, took his bearings, and having strapped a course on the principle that continual angles meet, made sail for home. In due course of time he arrived there, and was not very much astonished, but rather frightened, to find his worthy lady sitting up for him. She always does. She smiled when he came in. That also she always does. "How are you, dear E?" she said. "You stayed out so late that I feared you had been taken sick!"

"I'm—ain't sick, wife; b—but don't you think I'm a little tight."

"A very little, perhaps, my dear, but that is nothing—you have so many friends, as you say, you must join them in a glass once in a while."

"Wife, you're too good—the truth is, I am d—drunk."

"O, no, indeed, my dear—I'm sure that even another glass wouldn't hurt you. Now, suppose you take a glass of Scotch ale with me, just as a nightcap, my dear?"

"You are too kind, my dear, by half; I know I'm d—drunk."

"O no, only a julep too much, love, that's all!"

"Yes, ju-juleps! McMaisters makes such stiff 'uns!"

"Well, take a glass of ale at any rate; it cannot hurt you, dear; I want one myself, before I retire."

The lady hastened to open a bottle, and as she placed two tumblers before her on the side-board, she put in one a very powerful emetic. Filling the glass with the foaming ale, and handed that one with a bewitching smile to her husband.

Suspicion came cloudily upon his mind. She had never before been so kind when he was drunk. He looked at the glass, raised it to his lips—then hesitated.

"Dear, won't you just taste mine, to make it sweeter?" said he.

"Certainly, love," replied the lady, taking a mouthful, which she was very careful not to swallow.

Suspicion vanished, and so did the ale, emetic and all, down the throat of the satisfied husband. After spitting out the taste, the lady finished her glass, but seemed in no hurry to retire. She fixed a foot-tub of water before an easy-chair, as if she intended to bathe her beautiful little feet. But small as were those feet, there was not water enough in the tub to cover them. The husband began to feel, and he wanted to retire.

"Wait a few moments, dear," said his loving spouse, "I want to read the news in this afternoon's Delta. I found it in my pocket. A few minutes more elapsed, and then, and then—O, yu gods and Dan o' the Lake—what a time!—The husband was placed in the easy-chair. He began to understand why the tub was there; he soon learned what ailed him. Suffice it to say, that when he arose from that chair, the brick had left his hat. It hasn't been there since. He says he'll never drink another julep; he can't bear Scotch ale, but is "death on lemonade." He loves his wife better than ever. New Orleans Delta.

"Shall I help you to some catsup?" asked a gentleman of Aunt Priscilla, at a dinner table. "Dear me, no!" she replied with a shudder. "I'm fond of cats in their place; but I should as soon think of eating dog soup!"