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CARRIERS' ADDRESS

TO THE PATRONS OF

The Lehigh Register,
January 1, 1854.

A greeting-kind Patrons, this bright New Year's morn,

We give to you all, with a heart true and warm; While gladness surrounds you, this blithe festival day,

Deign kindly to list to the Carrier's lay. Eight long years have vanished on silver wings fleet,

Since into existence sprung up our fair sheet;— We've striven with candor and courtesy due, The wrong to expose and the right to pursue; And while our hand guides it, our JOURNAL shall be,

For Right and true Progress, untrammelled and free.

As silent, as still, as steals dew on the flowers, Once more has Time counted the fleet golden hours,

Of the days, of a Year, that has gone to the tomb, With its sombre hues, and its roseate bloom;

Its sun-shine and shadow, its pleasures and tears, Are all swept down the dark gulf of the Years; And memory remains to the heart now alone, Of bright scenes or sad, that forever have flown, With a sigh for the year that has left us once more,

We turn with a smile to greet young Fifty-Four. The New Year! what memories of past joys it sends—

How lofty the rose-tints 'e'en now with it blends! How varied its pleasures—a countless array, The light-hearted find in this festival day; While the good—"Patron Saint"—of the dear children—

In his fairy drawn car, makes his holiday call!— Yet how many are bound by old Poverty's chain,

The day in its fullness smiles for them in vain; While others are languishing lonely and sad, In pain and in sorrow, whom nought can make glad;

How many whose hearts beat responsive and warm, The light of the household on last New Year's morn,

Despoiled of their beauty, their brightness and bloom, Lie silent, and pulseless, and cold in the tomb.

How peaceful and calm doth our country appear, More glorious and prosperous with each dawning Year,

Serene in her greatness, untroubled she stands, While direst convulsions upheave other lands; Two Oceans' wide billows her fertile shores lave;

O'er flag o'er an empire of freemen doth wave, O'er cities whose turrets toward Heaven doth gleam,

O'er woodland and prairie, o'er mountain and stream, Her commerce the world o'er, is wide as the seas,

Where proudly her pennon is borne on the breeze.

Glance here from European climes, In war's confusion hurled, In acts of peace we rival now, The fairest in the world.

The famous palace Neva boasts For Russia's snowy clime, That grand imperial toy of ice, The crystal doth outshine.

Richer than Eastern palace gay, Rear'd by a Genii's aid, Our crystal palace stands to day, The fairest ever made;

And neath its light palatial dome, So lofty in the air, Thousands have gathered from abroad, To view the world's great "fair."

From Europe, from Australia's isle, From northern Africa's shores; From Persia, and from farthest Ind, And from fair Albion's shores,

From every clime where labor thrives,

The useful rich and rare, This Crystal Palace safe within, The nations gathered there.

But richest stuffs from India's looms. Nor silks, nor diamonds bright, Nor malachites from Russian mines.

Nor Paris gew-gaws light; Nor all Victoria's garnered skill Throughout her wide domains, Shall wrest aside the victors palm, Our own Columbia claims.

We turn to soft and balmy skies— The vine-clad hills of Spain, Where Cervantes in fancy's realms, Won an immortal name.

We look in vain for knightly deeds, Those palmy days are o'er, And sloth and vice have quenched the power,

So proudly borne of yore.

And over all Italia's fields, A shadowed picture lies, In vain her soil is unsurpassed, In vain her genial skies;

Despotic power and Jesuit craft, Have forged in chains the soul, The lofty freeborn hopes are crushed— The generous life-blood stole.

And France, whose learning wealth and power Seem gifts almost divine, Her seaboard and her rivers fair, Her soil, her fruits, and clime,

Is swayed still by despotic rule, Nor Press nor people reign; But despotism dark and chill, Is o'er her fair domain.

And Austria—land of "iron rule," And dark perfidious deeds, Her tribute adds of crushing wrong, While prostrate Hungary bleeds.

And o'er Germanic states, the star Of Freedom waxeth pale;— Ere long the smothered fires shall burst, And haughtiest despots quail.

And now upon our honored land, We crave that blessings fall; That Peace unite and Plenty crown, And Freedom come to all.

That peace and balm come to the hearts, Whose esp with war runs o'er; To those who weep this morn in vain, For those who'll come no more!

And to our Patrons, generous, kind, This dawning glad New Year; May Heaven propitious on you smile— Your pathway ever cheer;

And should your hearts be dark with woe, Or bright with bliss and joy, Forget not, on this festive morn, Your faithful CARRIER BOY.

Miscellaneous Selections.

Katie's New Year's Gift.

"Run to the door, Katie, run quick; it's something for me, I know!"

"A bouquet, miss, and oh! so beautiful!" said the girl, tripping back to the parlor.

"How rare! what perfume. Katie don't you wish you could have such things sent to you? There! place it carefully in the vase—to-night I will wear some of them in my hair. That will do; I'll ring for you when I want you."

"Such great loving looking blue eyes, and such a noble forehead; missed little Katie as she flew about the kitchen, intent upon her morning work. "Such soft eyes, and such a serious, handsome face—oh! how very dearly Miss Julia must love him. If only—but what nonsense! and she burst into a light clear laugh. "Little Kates that live in kitchens must n't expect lawyers or rich men for husbands."

Katie stood that evening behind Miss Julia's chair, her little red hands half buried in the rich dark curls that she only had the requisite taste to adjust. The daintiest implements of the toilet lay scattered in profusion upon the marble table, and the mirror, framed exquisitely in bronze and gilt, reflected the beautiful face of the heiress in all its varying moods of expression.

"I declare, Katie," she suddenly exclaimed, "you are almost handsome. I have a mind some time to dress you up and see what kind of a lady you would make. How old are you, Katie?"

"Fifteen," answered the child voice, while a deep blush mantled her round cheeks.

"Fifteen," mused the heiress; "a promise of something more in the face—figure slight and graceful—hands, oh! the hands are decidedly too large and coarse! see! who is that? quick, Katie. He can't have come yet!"

"A note, Miss Julia."

The beauty read it eagerly, then threw it with an angry toss upon the table. "Provoking!" she muttered; "Frank has been taken ill with a violent head-ache. Just now, at all times! My dress hurried for nothing,"

—a satin robe, richly embroidered laid in a recess—and this is the first ball of the season."

"There, Katie, put the ear-drops down and just un-do my hair again; as it not ridiculous, mother? just for a slight headache to disappoint me so," she exclaimed, her cheeks reddening with two intense red spots; "I am downright angry. If he had only proposed, I declare I'd go."

"But if he is sick, daughter."

"Sick! nonsense—he is a schemer, and I do believe he is trying me in some manner. Any other than Frank should rue it; but I have too much respect for his fortune to affront him now. Well, I suppose I must stay at home—but the idea is so very ridiculous! disappointing me either for jealousy or some foolish notion. I'm angry with him."

Katie unbanded and uncurled with trembling fingers. It was a new lesson in life, this arrogant bending to circumstances. It was a new lesson in life, this fashionable "affliction of the heart," this love of the purse, not the person; she could not understand it. For a long, long while she sat musing upon it before the fire, in the pleasant tidy kitchen.

Katie was an orphan. She had wept bitter tears above the dying forms of both father and mother; nay! she had held both dying heads upon her bosom, and closed their eyes with her own hands.

She was a girl of rare natural talents as yet undeveloped. Her brain was that of a woman; her manners partook of the innocent simplicity of childhood. She had been nurtured in poverty, yet by noble parents, who had taught her the meaning of the word, duty. Sweetly unassuming, humble, yet with a natural pride that would submit to nothing dishonorable, Katie was almost a companion while she was a servant. Had her lot fallen where she could have been rightly appreciated, she would have been taken to the heart as a daughter, by the right of nobility of character, and gentleness of nature.

"So she will not come; and he calls for her so often—oh! it is cruel; and the speaker moved hastily through the room, whose splendor was darkened to a twilight sombreness.

"Dear lady, will you let me stay with him?"

"You—child!"

"I know I am young, but I am strong and not afraid; and if he does not see, he may think—"

"It is her; so he may—so he might; he is delicious much of the time; the room is dark, too; but my good child, remember it is a contagious fever, and one in which the physician gives very, very little hope; she cried, clasping her hands with anguish.—"I am myself an invalid; we cannot get a regular nurse for at least a week—and to take you, so young and healthful, to tie you down to a sick room—"

"Oh! say nothing, please madam," exclaimed Katie, "do let me stay. I know I am only a child, but I have seen sorrow and suffering before now—my father—my mother—both died in my arms; she suffered, and overcome by some sudden recollection, sank weeping upon a seat.

The lady arose, and with trembling fingers herself untied the poor, neat bonnet, and smoothing back her fair hair, said, "bless you, my child—you shall stay; and if my love will repay your devotion you are already recompensed."

"Where did you say Katie had gone, mother?" said Julia, languidly lifting her head from the lounge.

"Over to our neighbor's to inquire after Frank."

"Oh! mother, you will not let her come near the house again," exclaimed the beauty, springing with energy from her seat, "that dreadful fever! Papa says there are six lying dead with it down town."

"I told her if she went she must stay; but she seemed possessed of go, and even hinted at taking care of him; you know they cannot get a nurse."

"Can't they? Poor fellow! I pity Frank; he thought so much of me; isn't it well we were not engaged, mama—it would have been so awkward in case of his death! He has sent for me, you say; he certainly, if he loves me, does not wish to expose me so frightfully; perhaps it is only in his delirium he calls for me. I hope he'll get well, poor fellow; I am sure I should miss him if he were to die. But it is so strange about Katie! What in the world did she want to go there for? and sinking back gracefully upon the soft cushions, she placed one delicate hand beneath her temple, and as unconcernedly as though there were no sorrow in the world, continued the thrilling novel upon whose page were marks of tears, shed over imaginary woe.

Far different with Katie. On, how tireless she was—a ministering spirit in that sick room. Her hands decidedly too large and coarse," though Miss Julia had compassionately termed them, moved softly over the fevered forehead of the sick man. Ever at his side was she, with no thought in her loving heart, but how she might ease his

suffering. And when the faint light in the room fell upon his closed eyelids, and over that pale high brow, and wasted form, she would kneel at the bedside and implore heaven that he might be saved.

Hour by hour when the fever was high, she bent above him; delighted as a child, when he would call her Julia. No romantic affection, no jealousy disturbed her gentle heart; she was doing a good deed for the pure love of goodness—nor once did this humble, beautiful girl think of herself as an equal of either Julia, or the lawyer.

Day after day, though her strength grew less, did she continue devotedly by the sick couch, alternating with the feeble mother in discharging her arduous duties. The crisis came—passed.

"He is saved," said the doctor; "but only by the most unremitting care, under God," he continued, casting a glance of admiration at poor Katie, who, overcome both with watching and joy, fell weeping like an infant into the arms of the grateful mother.

"How delicious this tastes," murmured Frank in very feeble tones; "but mother," he continued, pushing slightly away the plate and the orange, "I may surely see Julia now."

"She is not here, my son," said the lady softly.

"But somebody is here, and with a nervous movement he parted the curtains, before Katie could escape.

"Why, Katie, as I live! Come here child—you are looking pale, Katie," he said, tenderly, taking her hand, "you are quite pale, little Katie; your roses are all gone; have you been sick, too? Sit down here and tell me; tell me all about Julia—is she well? How kind she was to nurse me during all my sickness."

Katie's cheeks were as crimson now, as they were white before. Her lip quivered, too, and she cast a timid look towards his mother. In her bright eyes tears were gathering, and they did not escape the young man's observation.

"For heaven's sake, tell me," he exclaimed; "is Julia sick? did she take the fever?"

"Neither sick now, nor has she been," said his mother gravely. "It is best to tell you at once that while you were ill, she sometimes formally inquired for you—attended two balls, and never came near the house."

"Mother! you would not deceive me; surely I saw her; surely she was here by my side—her hand in mine."

"No, Frank, I repeat it; she has not called—scarcely sent here since your first attack. Katie has been your good angel for a long weeks."

Lie glanced once at the sweet girl; his eyes filled with tears, but his lip was grievous. He drew the curtains silently together, and turned his face to the wall.

After that day he said little about Julia. He would lay watching Katie as she sat by his mother, and very, very often when they looked up, the grievous expression was upon his lip.

New Year's morning came, clear, beautiful and cold. But within the chamber of luxury only the bright sunlight streamed, and the frost changed from forests into little brooks, and wandered about the window panes in silver circles.

Frank, pale, and spiritual looking, sat by the window. Now and then touching the white petals of a tea-rose, of glancing over the columns of the morning paper, he seemed rather restless, and his eye wandered frequently towards the door.

Presently, in came Katie; and as she drew near to wish him a Happy New Year, a clear light came to the young man's eyes.

"I thank you, little Katie," he said taking her hand and drawing her to his side; "but my child, have you no New Year's present for me?"

Katie started, and embarrassed, looked down. She, poor girl—why should he expect a New Year's present from her—and she so poor, without parents, without a home.

"Dear sir," she murmured after a pause, "I wish I had; but I—I can only give my best wishes."

"Katie, if I dare ask you—I know you have that which if you would give me, would make me the happiest of men—but—I dare not."

"Oh! I ask it, sir; if I have any poor gift"—suddenly she started—paused. A new revelation flashed upon her soul—his look, his manner! did they mean that?

"Katie," he said again, low and tremulously, drawing her unresisting form yet closer to his side; "is your heart free, my little Katie? Can you give me so priceless a thing for my New Year's present? You have cared for me, Katie, when all but my mother forsook me. In this fevered room, with death threatening, you passed the weary hours, you prayed for me—forsook rest for me—oh! I have heard all—and such devotion unmans me. Not that I think you did it for any selfish purpose, dear child," he continued, dashing away the tears; "I know you would have gone alike to the poor man's hotel; God bless you, noble Katie!"

"My child, my daughter," murmured Mrs. N., straining the weeping girl to her breast, "you have a mother's blessing; dear Frank, she is worthy of you."

"And now, my child, when you have learned all these things," Frank fondly said the same evening, "you shall be my own dear wedded wife; but, Katie, before we say good night, assure me again that the priceless gift is mine. Not many have received so sweet a New Year's present I fancy."

Of all who heard the news, none were so much surprised, so indignant as Julia, the proud and cold-hearted, but ambitious girl, when it was told her that little Katie had given to Frank N., the rich and courted Frank, whose fortune she once loved—a very precious New Year's gift.

Chased by a Catamount.

I was once told a thrilling adventure of the first settler in Paris, Maine, with a catamount. Although I cannot relate it with that lively effect with which it was told me, still I have embodied the facts in this sketch.

I had been on a hunting excursion, and as I was returning, I fell in with that oft described personage, the "oldest inhabitant." He kindly accosted me, and I entered gladly into conversation with him.

"Young man," said he, "when I first visited this town, there were only three families in it. You who live in ease, can never know the hardships, and perilous scenes through which the earlier settlers passed.—Come with me," he continued, "and I will show you the exact spot where the first hut ever erected in this town was located. I followed silently, until the old man reached the bottom of the west side of Paris Hill.

"There," said he, "on this spot was erected the hut. I shall never forget the first time I visited it, and the story I was told."

"What is it?" I asked.

"I will tell you. When the first settler moved here, his nearest neighbor lived twenty miles distant, in the present town of Rumford, and the only road between the two neighbors was a path he had cut himself, so that in case of want or sickness, he might get assistance. One spring, I think it was the third season after he had settled here, he was obliged to go over to Rumford after provisions. He arose early in the morning and started for his nearest neighbor. People of the present day would think it hard to make a journey of twenty miles for a bag of potatoes, and on foot too; but such was the errand of the first settler. He arrived before noon, was successful in getting his potatoes, got some refreshments, and started for home. But it was not very easy to travel with a load of potatoes, and finally, at sundown he threw off his load, and resolved to make a shelter and spend the night. I have been with him to the exact locality of it; it was situated just on the other side of the stream on which are the mills in the village, now known as Pinhook, in Woodstock.

He built a shelter, struck a fire, and took out of his pack a piece of meat to roast. Ah! "young man," continued the narrator, "you little know with what relish a man eats his food in the woods; but as I was saying, he commenced roasting his meat, when he was startled by a cry so shrill that he knew at once that it could come from nothing but a catamount. I will now relate it to you in the language of the old settler himself.

"I listened a moment," said he, "and it was repeated even louder, and it seemed nearer than before. My first thought was for my own safety. But what was I to do? I was at least ten miles from my home, and there was not a single human being nearer than that to me. In a moment I concluded to start for home, for I knew the nature of the catamount too well to think I should stand the least chance of escape if I remained in the camp. I knew, too, that he would ransack the camp, and I hoped that the meat which I left behind might satisfy his appetite, so that he would not follow me after eating it. I had not proceeded more than half a mile before I knew by the shrieks of the animal that he was within sight of the camp. I doubled my speed, content that the animal should have my supper, although I declared I would not have run if I had my trusty rifle with me. But there would be no cowardice in my running from an infuriated catamount, doubly furious, probably, from being hungry, and with nothing that could be called a weapon save a pocket knife.

"I had proceeded probably about two-thirds of the distance home, and hearing nothing more of the fearful enemy, began to slacken my pace, and thought I had nothing to fear. I had left behind about two pounds of raw meat, beef and pork, which I hoped had satisfied the ferocious monster. Just as I had come to the conclusion that I would run no more, and was looking back, astonished, almost, at the distance I had traveled in so short a space of time, I was electrified with horror to hear the animal shriek again!

"I then knew my fears were realized.—The beast had undoubtedly entered the camp and eaten what he could find, and then scented my track and had followed after me. It was about three miles to my log cabin, and it had already become dark. I redoubled my speed but I felt I must die.—And such a death! The recollection of that

feeling comes to my mind as vividly as though I knew the animal was now pursuing me. But I am no coward, though to be torn to pieces, and almost eaten alive by a wild beast was horrible.

"I calmly unbuttoned my frock, with the determination to throw it off before the animal should approach me, hoping thereby to gain advantage of the time he would lose in tearing it to pieces.

"Another shriek, and I tossed the garment behind me in the path. Not more than five minutes elapsed before I heard the shrill cry as he came up to it. How that shriek electrified me! I bounded like a deer. But in a moment the animal made another cry, which told me plainly that the garment had only expiated him to a fiercer chase.

"Oh, God! I said I, and must I die thus? I can't, I must live for my wife and children, and even ran faster than I had done before, and unbuttoning my waistcoat, I dropped it in the path as I proceeded. The thoughts of my wife and children urged me to the most desperate speed, for I thought more of their unprovided state, than the death I was threatened with, for should I die, what would become of them?

"In a moment the whole events of my life crowded to my brain. The hot blood coursed through my veins with a torrent's force. The catamount shrieked louder and louder, and as I was running he was rapidly approaching me. At last I came to the brook which you see yonder, and it was double the size which it is now for it was swollen by recent freshets, and I longed to cool my fevered brain in it; but I knew it would be as certain death to me as to die by the claws of the beast. With three bounds I gained the opposite bank, and then I could clearly see the light in my log cabin which was not more than one hundred rods distant.

I had not proceeded but a short distance, before I heard the plunge of the catamount behind me. I leaped with more than human energy, for it was life or death. In a moment the catamount gave another wild shriek, as though he was afraid he would lose his prey. At the same instant I yelled at the top of my lungs to my wife, and in a moment I saw her approach the door with a light.

With what vividness the moment comes back to my mind! The catamount was not so far from me as I was from the house.—I dropped my hat the only thing I could leave to stay the progress of the beast. The next moment I fell prostrate in my own cabin."

Here the old settler paused, and wiped the drops from his brow ere he continued: "How long I laid when I fell I know not, but when I was roused to consciousness, I was lying on my rude couch and my wife was bathing my head with cold water, and my children were gazing anxiously at me. My wife told me that as soon as I fell she immediately shut the door and barred it, for she knew that I was pursued, but by whom or what she knew not; and that as soon as I had fallen and the door closed, a fearful spring was made upon it; but the door was strong and well barred, and withstood the spring of the beast.

"As soon as I fully recovered, I knelt down and offered the most fervent prayer to the Almighty that ever passed my lips, or ever will again. My family and myself shortly retired, but no sleep visited me that night. In the morning, when my little son, six years old, told me that he saw the eyes of the colt in the window in the night, I knew the catamount had been watching to gain admittance; but our windows, you will perceive, are not large enough to permit a catamount to enter.

"When I looked into the glass the next morning, I was horror struck at my altered appearance. My hair, which was the day before, dark as midnight, was changed to the snowy whiteness you now see; and although I have enjoyed very good health since, I shall never recover from the effect of the fright I experienced on being chased by the catamount."