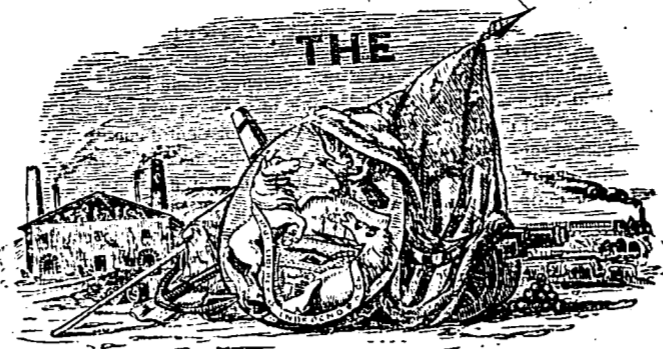


Lehigh



Register.

FOR FARMER AND MECHANIC.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Devoted to Politics, News, Literature, Poetry, Mechanics, Agriculture, the Diffusion of Useful Information, General Intelligence, Amusement, Markets, &c.

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Poetical Department.

(From the Louisville Journal.)

The Spring of Life is Past.

The spring of life is past,
With its budding hopes and fears,
And the autumn time is coming
With its weight of weary years—
Our joyousness is fading,
Our hearts are dimmed with care,
And youth's fresh dreams of gladness,
All perish darkly there.

While bliss was blooming near us,
In the heart's first burst of spring,
While many hopes could cheer us,
Life seemed a glorious thing!
Like the foam upon the river,
When the breeze goes rippling o'er,
Those hopes have fled forever,
To come to us no more.

'Tis sad—yet sweet—to listen
To the soft wind's gentle swell,
And think we hear the music
Our childhood knew so well;
To gaze out on the even,
And the boundless fields of air,
And we feel again our boyhood's wish,
To roam, like angels, there.

There are many dreams of gladness
That cling around the past—
And from that tomb of feeling,
O'er thoughts come thronging fast;
The forms we loved so dearly,
In the happy days now gone,
The beautiful and the lovely,
So fair to look upon.

Those bright and gentle maidens
Who seemed so firm and bliss,
Too glorious and too heavenly
For such a world as this;
Whose soft dark eyes seemed swimming
In a sea of liquid light,
And whose locks of gold were streaming
O'er brows so sunny bright.

Whose smiles were like the sunshine
In the spring time of the year—
Like the changeful gleams of April,
They followed every tear;
They have passed—like hope—away—
All their loveliness has fled—
Oh! many a heart is mourning,
That they are with the dead.

Like the brightest buds of summer
They have fallen from the stem—
Yet, oh! it is a lovely death,
To fade from earth like them!
And yet the thought of sadness,
To muse on such as they,
And feel that all the beautiful
Are passing fast away;

That the fair ones whom we love,
Like the tendrils of a vine,
Grow closely to each loving heart,
Then perish on their shrine!
And we can not but think of these
In the soft and gentle spring,
When the trees are waving o'er us,
And flowers are blossoming;

For we know the winter's coming,
With his cold and stormy sky—
And the glorious beauty round us,
Is budding but to die!

(From the Baltimore Patriot.)

To My Sister.

I weep for thee—though mortal eye
No bursting tear-drop now survey,
But deem the fount of anguish dry,
And hope the pang hath passed away
One lowly, lonely spot appears,
That darkens every joy to me;
From all the charms from all that cheers
Sister, I turn to weep for thee.

Unmarked may seasons roll away,
The sun hath annual circuits sped
And may a moon with waning ray,
Hath lit the dew-drop o'er thy head,
And art thou prisoned deep in earth!
My soul still questions—can it be?
That goal of health—that smile of mirth—
O, can I cease to weep for thee?

The heart its secret anguish knows,
Nor strangers of its joys partake,
The tear of wounded nature flows,
But hopes reviving unbeans break,
And soft the rainbow tints unite,
And point that far off land to me,
Where soon shall faith be cast in sight
And, sister, I'll rejoice with thee.

Miscellaneous Selections.

The Intrepid Mother.

The diligence from Paris to Charlons stopped one evening, just after dark, some miles beyond the little town of Rouvray, to set an English lady and her child—a lonely roadside Auberge. Mrs. Martin expected to find a carriage ready to take her to Chateau de Senast, a distance of some leagues; whether she was repairing on a visit; but was told it had not arrived. The landlady, a tall, coarse looking woman, who showed her into the vast hall that served at once as a sitting-room and kitchen, observed that the roads were so muddy and difficult at night, there was little chance of her friend arriving before morning. You had better, therefore, said she, make up your mind to sleep here. We have a good room to offer you and you will be much more comfortable between a pair of clean warm sheets, than knocking about in our rough country, especially as your dear child seems sickly.

Mrs. Martin, though much fatigued by her journey, hesitated. A good night's rest was certainly a tempting prospect, but she felt so confident that her friends would neglect her, that after a moment she replied: "Thank you, madame, I will sit up for an hour or so, it is not late, and the carriage may come, after all. Should it not, I shall be glad of your room, which you may prepare for me at any rate."

The hostess, who seemed anxious her guest should not remain in the great room; suggested that a fire might be made above; but Mrs. M. found herself so comfortable where she was—a pile of faggots was blazing on the hearth—that she declined at first to move. Her daughter, about five years of age, soon went to sleep in her lap; and she herself found that while her ears were anxiously listening for the roll of carriage wheels, her eyes occasionally closed and slumber began to make its insidious approaches.

In order to prevent herself from giving way, she endeavored to direct her attention to the objects around her. The apartment was vast, and lighted more by the glare of the fire than by the dirty candle stuck into a filthy tin candlestick, that stood on one of the long tables. Two or three huge beams stretched across halfway up the walls, leaving a space filled with flitting shadows above. From these depended a rusty gun or two, a sword, several bags, banks of onions, cooking utensils, &c. There were very few signs that the house was much visited, though a pile of old wine-bottles lay in one corner. The landlady sat at some distance in the fireplace with her two sons, who laid their heads together, and talked in whispers.

Mrs. Martin began to feel uneasy. The idea entered her mind that she had fallen into a resort of robbers; and the words, "C'est elle" (it is she), which was all that she heard of the whispered conversation, contributed to her alarm. The door leading into the room was left ajar; and for a moment she felt an inclination to start up and escape on foot. But she was far from any other habitation, and if the people of the house entertained any evil designs, her attempt would only precipitate the catastrophe. So she resolved on patience, but listened attentively for the approach of her friends. All she heard was the whistling of the wind, and the dashing of the rain, which had begun to fall just after her arrival.

About two hours passed in this uncomfortable way. At length the door was thrown open, and a man dripping wet came in. She breathed more freely; for this new comer might frustrate the evil designs of her hostess, if she entertained any. He was a red-haired, jovial-looking man, and inspired her with confidence by the frankness and ease of his manners.

"A fine night for walking!" cried he, shaking himself like a dog who has scrambled out of a pond. "What have you to give me? Salute Monsieur et Mesdames. I am wet to the skin. Hope I disturb nobody. Give me a bottle of wine."

The hostess, in a surly, sleepy tone, told her eldest son to serve the gentleman; and then addressing Mrs. Martin, said: "You see your friends will not come, and you are keeping us up to no purpose. You had better go to bed."

"I will wait a little longer," was the reply; which elicited a kind of a shrug of contempt. The red-haired man finished his bottle of wine, and then said: "Show me a room, good woman—I shall sleep here to-night."

Mrs. Martin thought as he pronounced these words, he cast a protecting glance towards her, and she felt less repugnance at the idea of passing the night in that house. When, therefore, the red-haired man, after a polite bow, went up stairs, she said, that as her friend had not arrived, they might as well show her to her bed room.

"I thought it would come to that at last," said the landlady—"Pierre, take the lady's trunk up stairs."

In a few minutes, Mrs. Martin found herself alone in a spacious room, with a large fire burning on the hearth. Her first care, after putting the child to bed, was to examine the door. It closed only by a latch.

There was no bolt inside. She looked around for something to barricade it with, and perceived a heavy chest of drawers. Fear gave strength. She half lifted, half pushed it against the door. Not content with this, she seized a table to increase the strength of her defence. The leg was broken, and when she touched it, it fell with a crash to the floor. A long echo went sounding through the house, and she felt her heart sink within her. But the echo died away and no one came; so she piled the fragments of the table upon the chest of drawers. Tolerably satisfied in this direction, she proceeded to examine the walls. They were all papered, and after examination, seemed to contain no secret door.

Mrs. Martin now sank down into a chair to think on her position. As was natural after having all these precautions, the idea suggested itself that it might be superfluous, and she smiled at the thought of what her friends would say when she related to them the terrors of the night. Her child was sleeping tranquilly, its rosy cheeks half buried in the pillow. The fire had blazed up into a bright flame while the unsmouldered candle burned dimly. The room was full of pale, trembling shadows, but she had no superstitious fears. Something positive could not raise alarm. She listened attentively, but could hear nothing but the howling of the wind over the roof, and the pattering of the rain against the window panes. As her excitement diminished, the fatigue, which had been forgotten, began again to make itself felt, and she resolved to undress and go to bed.

Her heart leaped into her throat. For a moment she seemed perfectly paralyzed.—She had undressed and put out the candle, when she accidentally dropped her watch.—Stooping to pick it up, her eyes voluntarily glanced towards the bed. A great mass of hair, a hand and a gleaming knife were revealed by the light of the fire.—After the first moment of terrible alarm, her presence of mind returned. She felt that she had heard of cut off all means of escape by the door, and was entirely left to her own resources. Without uttering a cry, but trembling in every limb, the poor woman got into the bed by the side of her child. An idea—a plan had suggested itself. It had flashed through her brain like lightning. It was the only chance left.

The bed was so disposed that the robber could get from beneath it by a narrow aperture at the head without making a noise; and it was probable that he would choose, from prudence, this means of exit. There was no curtain in the way, so Mrs. Martin, with terrible decision and noiseless energy, made a running noise with her silk scarf, and held it poised over the aperture by which her enemy was to make his appearance. She had resolved to strangle him in defence of her own life and that of her child.

The position was an awful one; and probably had she been able to direct her attention to the surrounding circumstances, she might have given way to her fears, and attempted to raise the house by her screams.

The fire on the hearth, unattended to, had fallen around, and now gave only a dull, sullen light, with an occasional bright gleam. Every object in the vast apartment glowed with a restless motion. Now and then a mouse advanced stealthily along the floor, but, startled by some noise under the bed, went scurrying back in terror to its hole.—The child breathed steadily in its unconscious repose; the mother endeavored also to initiate slumber; but the man under the bed, uneasy in his position, could not help occasionally making a slight noise.

Mrs. Martin was occupied with only two ideas. First she reflected on the extraordinary delusion by which she had been led to see enemies in the people of the house and a friend in the red-haired man; and secondly, it struck her that as he would fear to rely, it struck her that she might push away assistance from a woman he might push away the chairs that were in his way, regardless of the noise, and thus avoid the snare that was laid for him. Once she thought that, whilst her attention was strongly directed to one spot, he had made his exit, and was leaning over her; but she was deceived by a flickering shadow on the opposite wall.—In reality there was no danger that he would compromise the success of his sanguinary enterprise; the shrieks of a victim put on its guard might alarm the house.

Have you ever stood, hour after hour with your fishing rod in hand, waiting with the ferocious patience of an angler, for a nibble? If you have, you have some faint idea of the state of mind in which Mrs. Martin—with far other interests at stake—passed the time, until an old clock on the chimney-piece told one after midnight. Another source of anxiety now presented itself—the fire had nearly burned out. Her dizzy eyes could scarcely see the floor, as she bent with fearful attention over the head of the bed—the terrible noise hanging like the sword of Damocles, above the gloomy aperture. "What! thought she, if he delay his appearance until the light has completely died away? Will it not then be impossible for me to adjust the scarf—to do the deed—to kill this assassin—to save myself and my child? O, God! deliver him into my hands!"

A cautious movement below—the dragging

of hands and knees along the floor—a heavy suppressed breathing—announced that the supreme moment was near at hand. Her white arms were lured to the shoulder; her hair fell wildly around her face, like the mane of a horse about to leap upon its prey; the distended orbits of her eyes glared down upon the spot where the question of life and death was soon to be decided.

Time seemed immeasurably lengthened out, every second assumed the proportions of an hour. But at last, just as all lines and forms began to float before her sight through an indistinct medium of blending light and darkness, a black mass interposed between her eyes and the floor. Suspense being over, the time of action having arrived, every thing seemed to pass with magical rapidity. The robber thrust his head carefully forward, Mrs. Martin bent down. There was a half-choked cry—the sound of a knife falling to the floor—a convulsive struggle—"Pull! pull!! pull!!! Mrs. Martin heard nothing—saw nothing, but the scarf passed between her two naked feet. She had half thrown herself back, and holding her scarf with both hands, pulled with a desperate energy for her life. The conflict had begun; and one or the other must perish.—The robber was a powerful man, and made furious efforts to get loose; not a sound escaped his lips—not a sound from hers. The dreadful tragedy was enacted in silence.

"Well, mother Guerard," cried a young man, leaping out of a carriage that stopped before the door of the Auberge next morning, "what news have you got for me? Has my mother arrived?"

"Is it your mother?" asked the landlady, who seemed quite good humored after her night's rest. "There's a lady up stairs waiting for some friends, but she does not speak French easily and seemed unwilling to talk. We could scarcely persuade her to go to bed."

"Show me the room!" cried Arthur, running into the house.

"They soon arrived before the door."

"Mother! mother!" cried he, but he received no answer.

"The door is only latched, for we have no robbers in this part of the country," said the landlady.

But a formidable obstacle opposed their entrance. They became alarmed, especially when they heard the shrieks of the little girl, and burst open the door.

The first object that presented itself was the face of the robber, violently upturned from beneath the bed, and with protruding tongue and eyeballs; the next was the form of Mrs. Martin, in the position in which she left her. She was still pulling with both hands at the scarf, and glaring wildly towards the head of the bed. The child had thrown its arms around her neck, and was crying, but she paid no attention. The terror of that dreadful night had driven her mad.

New Year's Day.

"A happy New Year to you," had been repeated over and over again. The costly presents, always exchanged upon such occasions, had been duly admired and the family of Mr. F. sat at table in the elegant breakfast parlor, the very picture of home enjoyment. Everything within the mansion bespoke immense wealth; while one could not fail to perceive that each purchase, and every arrangement had been directed by what is still more desirable, but alas! more rarely found than wealth—a pure artistic taste.

The table service though far less showy than that used by many of their neighbors, was to the glance of the connoisseur worth five times the amount which others imagined their table so resplendent. The furniture, though past the prime of life, had a heart-warm smile, and a beaming eye which never could grow old; while the mother (he affirmed) grown more beautiful during each succeeding year of their married life.

Two daughters and two sons graced the sides of the table, such "olive plants" as any one might feel pride in seeing shoot up beside him. In the intervals of eating, the elegant amusements, which were among the New Year's gifts, were examined by some of the party, while the others discussed the arrangements for the day, and commented upon the expected callers.

Sister, I know one gentleman who is coming here to-day said George.

"Do you! who is it?" inquired Blanche, in spite of herself the color deepened on her cheeks.

"Mr. Chamberlain."

"How! was he involuntary exclamation, of course he will be here, he always does come when we keep open house."

"A loud ring at the door startled them.—"Can it be time for calls? and how we look!" exclaimed the two girls in the same breath.

"Don't run; it is only the carrier with the New Year's Addresses," said George, peeping through the window.

"Fudge, he need not come here; we don't want any of his trash."

"Oh, yes, let us see what he has," said the father, "and at all events encourage the boy by buying some of his addresses, tell him to bring them in here, George."

The young ladies tossed their pretty heads when the Printer's boy came in, and his course dress and awkward manners contrasted strangely with the elegance around him; but his frank open countenance greatly pleased his host, who brought a copy of his little tale for each member of his family, saying as he passed them around: "Another New Year's present for you. The piece of gold which he passed into the boy's hand caused a thrill of pleasure not to be mistaken.

"You must be glad my lad," he said, "take a seat here by the fire, and taste some of Mrs. S's cakes and coffee. A happy New Year's to you. Be always industrious, honest in word and act, and you may become a distinguished man, and are sure of being a happy one," was Mr. F.'s parting advice to the little carrier.

"I guess he never saw such a room as this before," said Ellen.

"Yet you may live to see him the owner of a finer establishment than ours; as strange things than that have come to pass," said the father.

"Father why is it you seem to take a deeper interest in New Year's carriers than in any other class of the community?"

"I not only seem to, but I really do feel a warm interest in them. I suppose because I happen to know a story about one which is rather romantic."

"A romantic story of a carrier, what was it, father?"

"I'll tell it to you all, this evening after the bustle of receiving visits is over; your sisters are anxious to get to their toilets now and 'tis time, too, for I see a knot of spouses and young gentlemen coming this way. Who ever gets here, first in the morning is the most ardent admirer, isn't he?" But the girls were not there to answer his rallery, having fled at the first announcement that company was in sight; for, shocking to tell what truth compels me to admit, their beautiful hair was still in curl of papers.

It was scarcely arranged in graceful ringlets before the door bell was heard again, and from that time till night there was no cessation of its sounds, any more than there was rest for the servants who repaired the attacks made up on the refreshment table, and served up steaming oysters, and fragrant coffee; or for the young ladies who must have something new; and brilliant to say each successive round of callers, and must look pretty and smile sweetly all the time without letting any one dream how tired they were.

"We are free at last," said Blanche throwing herself into an easy chair.

"I began to think the visits were never to end," said Ellen.

"What lovely cape jessamines, where did you get them, Nell?"

But Ellen bent over the list of calls, and pretended to be too busy counting to have heard the question.

"What an uncommon amount of heat this coal throws out!" remarked George, thischievously, "just look at Ellen's face, it must be nearly blistered from the color of it!"

"Father, didn't you promise us a story to-night?" she asked abruptly.

"Hadden't you better take a seat nearer to papa, before he begins?" inquired her brother.

"Why?" she asked quite innocently.

"Only because your hearing is rather bad to-night, you may lose some of the story."

"We shall lose it all if you don't keep quiet there! please begin now, father."

"One New Year's morning, more than forty years ago, a little boy like—let me think where is such a boy? well, he had blue eyes like our Willie's, and brown curls; but they were not soft, and glossy like his, for they never had been brushed 'round the snowy fingers of a fond sister; and his mother was too feeble a consumptive to attend them.—Well, this little boy got up, when the first streaks of dawn were visible through the chinks of his garret, and putting on his ragged clothes, which had either been made for a smaller boy than he, or for him a long time ago, took a package in his arms, and saying 'never fear, mother I'll bring home something worth while to-night,' started out to sell his New Year's Addresses. For months he had looked forward to this day, hoping then to gain what he could never spare from his scanty earnings, enough to get him some decent clothes. Hope was in his heart, and that made his step light, but the further he went the heavier grew both heart and step; for his little papers, which he had prepared so carefully, were laughed at, and pronounced not worth a penny. Now, and then he sold one, but oh, how different were the stray dimes, which thus found their way to his pocket, from the silver day dreams which had cheered him onward in his hours of toil, cold and weary he at last stopped at a large house which had the name of Howard on the door. I don't think he will ever forget that name Mr. T. said, with a twinkle in his eye. He was shown into a handsome parlor, where sat the master of the mansion in a large crimson arm chair, with

books and periodicals scattered about him; while a young girl, who was more like the boy's dreams of the Angels in that Heaven of which his mother talked to him than any earthly being he had ever seen was sitting on a low stool beside her father singing a new year's chant. The girl opened her large brown eyes in wonder on their little ragged visitor—now that I think of it; they must have been something like your eyes, Blanche—but the gentleman received him very kindly, and, having talked with him some time, glanced over his address and asked who wrote it.

"Oh!" was the reply, "but my mother helped me to compile it."

And to his further inquiries the artless story of his father's death, hastened by intemperance, and his mother's ill health, was almost unconsciously revealed; it was so long since the boy had been spoken to in tones of kindness by any one save his mother, that he could not help opening his heart.

"You have some talent, my boy," said the gentleman in conclusion, "continue to be industrious, be always strictly honest in speech and action, and I hope to see you a great man yet."

He put a piece of money into his hand which in the dim light, the boy supposed was half a dollar, and thanking the gentleman in words for the money, and in his heart for the kind encouragement he had given him, was about to leave the house, when the brown-eyed little girl, who had slipped out of the room a while before, called him back, and forced upon him a basket containing cold turkey, cakes, and some nice jelly for his sick mother. The tears stood in his eyes when she gave them to him, so the boy was not ashamed of those which sprang to his mother's aid.

That last call was worth more to him than all the rest, so in telling his mother of his adventures, he touched but lightly on his disappointment, and gave quite an animated account of the kind gentleman and his pretty daughter.

When he took to his money to count it, he found that the piece given him last was gold, and not silver as he supposed.

"How liberal he was!" said his mother, "but then I expect he is so rich that it is nothing to him."

"No mother I don't believe he meant to give me gold, he has made a mistake, and I must carry it back to him."

"Perhaps he meant to give it to you, and what a nice suit it would get you."

"I should not dare to keep it without being sure he meant it for me," and away he ran.

"I think you made a mistake sir," he said, rushing breathless into the old gentleman's presence, "did you mean to give me gold?"

"Gold! I gave you no gold?"

"I did not know it until I got home, sir, and then I found it was gold instead of silver."

"The money I gave you, I took out of my dressing gown pocket, and I did not know I had anything but silver in it—you must have got it from some one else."

"No, sir, I knew it came from you, because you gave me the largest piece of money I received to-day."

"Well, you have not much worldly wisdom, for you might have kept it, and I never should have known my mistake; but I believe you will sleep the sounder for having rested it; why did you come back this cold evening, though, why not wait till morning?"

"Because I was afraid if I kept it over night I should be tempted to keep it longer," was his ingenuous reply.

"That was right, to put the temptation out of your reach. Here is the half dollar I had intended to give you; preserve your integrity, and how ever poor you may be, you will be happier than many who are rolling in wealth. I know some persons who have gold enough to buy all they want, except a clear conscience, who would willingly become beggars, if they could thus gain your innocence."

"But, father, did he really let the poor boy go away without the gold piece, when he had been so honest as to bring it back?"

"He did."

"I think it would be as little as he could do, to have given him that!"

"He was not content with doing as little as he could; next day he went to the office where the little carrier was at work, and having received a good character of him, took him into his own employment, with the offer of such wages that the boy could scarcely believe his ears, for he was connected with a large publishing house. Before he introduced him to his office, he took him to a tailor's, and made him a present of an entire suit of clothes, costing at least four times the amount of the gold piece. Nor did he ever lose sight of the boy who was thus strangely intruded upon his notice, and through his kindness; he was enabled to rise from type-setter to editor, and finally to become one of the publishing firm, from which he has realized a handsome fortune."

"And what became of the pretty little girl did he ever see her again?"

"There she is," he replied pointing to their mother.