



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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PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, the Hon. Washington McCarty, President of the several Courts of common pleas of the Third Judicial District, composed of the counties of Northampton and Lehigh, State of Pennsylvania, and Justice, of the several Courts of Oyer and Terminer and general Jail delivery, and Peter Haas, and Jacob Dillinger, Esqrs., Judges of the Courts of Oyer and Terminer and generally Jail delivery, for the trial of all capital offenders in the said county of Lehigh. By their precepts to me directed have ordered the court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, to be holden at Allentown-county of Lehigh, on the

First Monday in May, 1851,

which is the 1st day of said month, and will continue one week. Notice is therefore hereby given to the Justices of the Peace and Constables of the county of Lehigh, that they are by the said precepts commanded to be there at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, of said day, with their rolls, records, inquisitions, examinations, and all other remembrances, to do these things which to their offices appertain to be done, and all those who are bound by recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or then shall be in the jail of said county of Lehigh, are to be then and there, to prosecute them as shall be just. Given under my hand in Allentown, the 12th day of April, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and fifty four.

God save the Commonwealth.

NATHAN WELLS, Sheriff. Sheriff's Office Allentown, } April 12, 1851.

NOTICE.

In pursuance of the several acts of Assembly of the Commonwealth relating to County rates and levies, we, the undersigned, Commissioners of Lehigh county, hereby give notice to the taxable inhabitants, the owners and agents of real estate and personal property, taxable for State and county purposes, that an appeal will be held in the Commissioners' office at Allentown, for the benefit of all persons interested, for the several wards and townships of the county, as follows, to wit:

For the townships of Upper Saucon, Lower Milford, Upper Milford, Upper Macungie, Lower Macungie, Lehigh, and South Whitehall, on Wednesday, the 3d of May next. For the townships of Salisbury, Lower Macungie, Weisenburg, Heidelberg, Hanover and Catasauqua borough, on Thursday the 4th day of May next. For the townships of North Whitehall, Lynn, Washington, and North, South and Lehigh Wards, on Friday the 5th day of May next.

On the same days and place the Commissioners will receive sealed written proposals for the collection of State and county taxes for the present year. The sureties must be named in the proposal. The Commissioners, however, will not invariably confine themselves to the lowest bidder, but to the one whom they will believe will best promote the interests of the county and the district for which he collects.

DANIEL HAUSMAN, } Comm's. JOSEPH MILLER, } JOHN WEBER, } Commis. Office, Allentown, April 12, 1851.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned have taken out letters of Administrators, in the Estate of the late Stephen Balliet, Esq., dec'd. Therefore all those who are indebted to said estate, or in Notes, Bonds, Book Debts, or otherwise in Lehigh county, shall make payment to Aaron Balliet, at the "Lehigh Furnace," in Washington township, and those who are indebted to said estate in Carbon county, to John Balliet, at East Penn. Such, also who have any legal claims against said estate shall present them well authenticated to said Administrators within six weeks from the date hereof.

AARON BALLIET, } Admin's. JOHN BALLIET, } of Lehigh County. } of Carbon County. } March 20.

Grain Wanted.

50,000 Bushels of Wheat, Rye, Corn and Oats wanted, for which the highest market prices will be paid by the subscribers, at their store on the South-west corner of Market Square and Hamilton street, in Allentown. EDLEMAN, HANSE & Co. Allentown, April 20.

Poetical Department.

The Bursting of the Bud.

Spring is coming—Spring is coming! With her sunshine and her shower; Heaven is ringing with the singing Of the birds in brake and bower; Buds are filling, leaves are smelling; Flowers on field and bloom on tree; O'er the earth, and air, and ocean, Nature holds her jubilee. Soft then stealing comes a feeling O'er my bosom tenderly; Sweet I ponder as I wander, For my musings are of thee.

Spring is coming—Spring is coming! With her morning's fresh and light; With her noon of chequered glory. Sky of blue and clouds of white. Calm and grey night falls when the light falls, From the star bespangled sky, While the splendor, pale and tender, Of the young moon, gleams on high. Still at noon, at noon, at even, Spring is full of joy for me, For I ponder as I wander, And my musings are of thee.

Still on thee my thoughts are dwelling, Whatso'er thy name may be; Beautiful beyond words telling, Is thy presence unto me. Morning's breaking, finds thee waking, Wandering in the breeze's light; Noon's glory mantles o'er thee, In the shower of sunny light; Daylight dyes, leaves thee lying In the silvery twilight ray; Stars look brightly, on thee nightly, Till the coming of the day.

Everywhere and every minute Feel I near thee, lovely one; In the lark and in the linnet I can hear thy joyous tone, And thy presence mark the coming Of thy feet o'er vale and hill; And thy presence, with life's essence, Makes the forest's heart to fill. Low before thee, I adore thee, Love erantle, thee I sing, For I meet thee and I greet thee By the holy name of Spring.

Miscellaneous Selections.

The Prairie Fight.

It was that most delicious season of the year, the Indian Summer, when seated by some travelling companions on the deck of the steamer Otto, bound for Upper Mississippi, we perceived three Indians in earnest parley with the captain of the boat. They were fine specimens of exact symmetry. Their keen dark eyes glittered with excitement, and with their rifles in their hands, and each one foot advanced, they appeared as if preparing to spring overhead into the turbid waters of the river.

With furious gestures they point to the prairie, that lay stretched out before the view until it seemed to meet the glowing sky. Covered with rich grass and wild flowers—lonely and wild—it looked like a vast extent of silence and solitude. But as we gazed through the shimmering mist that, like a transparent veil over the face of beauty, enveloped its green luxuriance we observed four Indians walking in single file at a rapid rate.

They were Sioux, whose tribe at that time were in deadly feud with the Chippeways. The Indians on board the Otto were chiefs of that nation returning to their homes. As soon as the Chippeways saw the Sioux, they knew from their mode of travelling that they had been on a war expedition to some of their villages; hence their impassioned gestures and pleadings to the captain to get on shore. They said they would take their scalps from their foes, and rejoin the boat some distance ahead.

After urging their request for sometime, the captain of the Otto complied with it, and they were landed, and soon in quick pursuit of their enemies. At the solicitation of many of the passengers, backed by the potent influence of sundry odd dollars, which found their way into the rough hands of the captain, he consented to the boat's slackening her speed, that we might view the result.

The Chippeways crept stealthily but swiftly along the shore, concealing themselves in the brushwood that lined the banks of the river, until they came near enough to the Sioux, and then, with a spring like a panther's, and a whoop that filled the air with its murderous echo, in an instant each rifle brought down a foe. Three of the Sioux fell dead upon the prairie. In return, the Sioux, though taken by surprise and thrown off their guard, turned in pursuit of the Chippeways, who fled for their lives determined to avenge the death of their fallen companions.

The intense excitement on board of the steamer was beyond description. Ladies were borne half fainting with terror to the cabin; mothers were screaming for their children; children crying and nurses scolding—all dreading instant massacre from their near

proximity to the Indians. Men gathered in groups on the deck; some betting high on the result of the fight; some blaming the captain for permitting murder; others watching with breathless eagerness the flying foe, expressing earnest desire for their victory or defeat. It was a perfect Babel of languages; the steering passengers crowded the lower deck, men, women, and children, all talking at once in their different dialects, all intent upon seeing the novel fight.

The three Chippeways ran swiftly; their feet scarce seemed to touch the sward, so rapid was their motion. But see! One stops—something impedes his steps: 'tis for a second's space—he throws away his moccasins, and as he does so, casts a quick glance behind him, in the act of levelling his rifle—a flash and a report. The excited spectators on board the Otto give a simultaneous shriek, and the words "He is shot he is shot!" are heard on every side. But no, he bounds forward with increased velocity. A moment more, and he staggers, reels, and falls prostrate, shot through the heart.

Then commenced a scene in Indian warfare so fiendish and blood-thirsty that my pen can scarcely record it. While the body was still heaving with the last struggle of life, with a scream wild and unearthly, the Sioux bent over it with his glittering knife. I involuntarily closed my eyes, and when I looked again, I saw the grey scalp of the Chippeway dripping with the still warm blood, fastened to the girdle of the Sioux. Raising the war whoop, that echoed from shore to shore, like the yell of some demon, he hurried on after the others.

The two remaining Chippeways were fast distancing their pursuers; and we could see them for miles along the prairie, running in a line from the shore, the Sioux still in hot pursuit, like wolves after their prey. The captain commanded that added steam should be put to the boat, there was a bluff where the river made a bend, a short distance ahead; and he thought he might yet save the fugitives by getting on board the Otto.

And steam was put on. The raging and crackling of the fire, as it roared amidst its frail barriers, the surging and mad speed of the boat as she churned the waters into foam the groans and dissonant noises of the vast machinery, sounded like the cries of a soul in agony—all were unheard or forgotten in our breathless intensity of vision. The chase was for human life—for human life that a few moments before had lived and breathed amongst us.

In a short space we came to the bend of the river; here the shore was thickly covered with scrub pine and wild creepers, and our view intercepted. As we rounded the point, however, we could see far across the prairie; and in the distance could trace one Chippeway, like a deer flying from the huntsman, still pursued by the maddened Sioux. A crash was heard among the branches, and his companion came leaping from the high bluff that overhung the river. The poor fellow had outrun his implacable foe, and reaching the boat, had made an attempt to scotch it as his only chance of life. But instead of falling into the water, he came heavily upon the ground and broke his leg. Before his enemies found his trail he was safely landed on board the steamer. A physician being on board, his limb was set, and he finally reached his village.

It was afterwards discovered that, according to the assertion made by the Chippeways, their village had been attacked by the Sioux party. The boy, stationed upon the bluff that surrounded their dwellings, seeing their approach, had given instant alarm, so that by the time the Sioux had reached the village, it was deserted and bare. They set fire to it, and were returning when seen by the three Indians on board the steamer.

The Chippeway that fled across the prairie was sorely beset by his enemies; for days and nights he had neither rest nor sleep. Once only he stopped to breathe amongst bushes; but they had traced his course, and he found himself surrounded by a burning circle of fire. But his courage and perseverance did not forsake him even amidst such deadly peril. With a bond he cleared the flaming brushwood, and though thrice wounded by chance shots, he had eluded their direful vengeance, and while his body was weakened and emaciated by very severe hardships and fatigue, his resolute spirit sustained his exertions until retreat was practicable, and he also returned to his people in safety.

This sketch is no vision of fancy; there are persons still living who witnessed 'The Prairie Fight.'

Old Time Country Life.

The following graphic picture of farm life in the good old days that have gone forever, is from the Albany State Register. It will be read with pleasure by many a New Englander in far off lands, and he will go to bed and dream of the pewter mug filled with cider, and the doughnuts, and the pippin apples, and the great old fire place—we have quittings and—ah, memory will go back. But read:

There are memories that come clustering

about these "boys" these "pippins" and the orchard." Do you remember the old cider mill, friend Margins, and the old horse as he traveled round and round, moving with a slow and dignified tread, "hitched" to the long lever that turned the wooden mill, that crushed the apples into pumice? Do you remember the great cheese in its bandage of straw beneath the press, and how, when the great screws were turned in the massive gallow shaded frame, the rich juice of the apples came gushing out and running into the great tub placed to receive it? Do you remember how with a straw, the urchins as they came along on their way home from school, filled themselves with sweet cider from the bung of the barrel? Do you remember how in the long winter nights you sat around the fire place wherein logs were blazing, and how the pitcher of cider, and the platter of doughnuts were placed upon the old cherry table that sat out in the middle of the kitchen, and how you helped yourself to the cider and the doughnuts, and how each one was as he sat with his pewter mug of cider in one hand and a doughnut in the other before that old fashioned kitchen fire place? Those were pleasant times, but they are memories now. And were then called, when the young men and maidens came together to pare apples, and talk and laugh and play old fashioned plays and say soft things to one another and eat pumpkin pies, and be happy after the fashion of the country people when you and I were young. Primitive times those were, friend Margins, and our proud daughter and city dames would turn up their noses hugely were they to be present at old fashioned apple pie, such as they used to have out in old Steuben when the country was new, and the fashions were primitive.

We remember when we were young there was a favorite tree in our father's orchard which bore choice winter apples. It was called the big tree, because it was the largest in the orchard. The fruit of this tree was always left until last and was gathered with great care. There was a wonderful fellow living in the neighborhood who was coveted a portion of the fruit on the "big tree," and was not deterred from its acquisition by steal. A quantity of the apples disappeared one night, and the tracks of whoever stole them had a strange resemblance to those made by the hellish boots of the dishonest neighbor. There were two inseparable friends on the old homestead in those early days; the one a "colored gentleman" by the name of Shadrach, who came to our father's possession in payment for a debt, and who ran away regularly two or three times a year, and then as regularly run back again, just as his master began to indulge the hope that he had got rid of him for good. The other was a great dog, half mastiff and half bull, of a noble presence and a fearless courage. Drive and Shadrach were inseparable. They worked and played together, slept together in the same loft, and Shadrach never ate a meal while the dog lived, at least at home, without sharing it with his canine friend. They were talk with Drive far hours, when they were alone, although the dog did not say much himself, yet Shadrach said a good many things and laid down and argued many queer propositions, against which Drive uttered not a word of dissent.

One chilly night in October Shadrach and Drive had been out on the corn fields on an unsuccessful coon hunt. On their return the dog dashed off through the orchard, and in a minute or two commenced barking, and Shadrach of course supposed he had treed a coon on one of the fruit trees. Now Shadrach had an abiding faith in spiritual manifestations, and stood in mortal fear of the "gentleman in black," and all manner of spooks in general. Upon arriving at the "big tree," by the foot of which Drive sat, and looking up among the branches, he saw there in the darkness a great black object, with something that seemed like a winding sheet in his hand. Shadrach's hair began to curl as he looked, and hallowing "seek him!" to drive, broke like a quarter mug for the house. He broke breathlessly into the kitchen exclaiming—"Massa, massa: Drive got de debil in de big apple tree." "What is that you woolly pated rinosceros?" replied his master. "Drive got de debil treed in de big apple tree," repeated the negro. A torch was lighted and upon going into the orchard, there sat our thieving neighbor among the branches, with a bag filled with the coveted fruit. Our father said not a word to him, but after giving Shadrach certain directions, returned quietly to the house. Old Shadrach laid his jacket down by the foot of the tree, and ordering Drive to watch it, said to the occupant of the tree, "Look hea, you brack tief you come down and Drive eat your head off sartain. Ugly dog dat. Eat a white tief up like a coon sure. Roost up dare like a turkey, yah! yah!" Shadrach went to his loft, and laid himself quietly away. When the day broke, there was the thief in the tree, and there was Drive watching him. When the sun rose they were there. The negro gave Drive his breakfast, and left him his jacket and the man in the tree to watch. Our father and the "boys," of whom we were one, went to

husking corn in the orchard. Ten o'clock came, and there was the dog at the roots, the big apple tree. The horn sounded, and when we returned the two were there still. The thief called beseeching to our father to let him come down. "Well," was the reply, "why don't you come down?" This infernal dog will, "eat me up if I do," said the thief. "Very likely," was the calm rejoinder, and we went on husking the corn. Once or twice the occupant of the apple tree, after coaxing and flattering the dog attempted to descend, but Drive's ivory warned him of his peril, and he went back to his perch. There never was another human being in such ecstasies all the day as that negro, Yah yah! he would break out in an uncontrollable chafination, and then roll and stalk until you could hear him a mile. The sun went down behind the hills and there still were the thief and the dog. We all went to supper, and in the twilight of evening, in pity to the famished and frightened culprit, the dog was withdrawn and he was permitted to slink away home. He never stole apples again, or anything else from our father while Drive and old Shadrach remained on the farm.

IS SHE HAPPY.

"What is fame to a heart yearning for affection, and finding it not? It is like a victor's wreath to him who is parched with fever, and longing for the one cooling draught—the cup of cold water." This was the language of one who had been crowned with the laurel wreath of fame, and on whom was lavished all the world has to bestow of honor, and yet her heart hungered!

Is she happy? is a question I have often asked, concerning one who is walking in the same path, and breathing the same atmosphere of praise and adulation. I sometimes ask her if it is enough? if this is sufficient for her woman's heart; and she answers "yes." But I never yet believed her! Why those tears, when there is no visible cause? Why does she start, as if guilty, when suddenly roused from a reverie? Why does she instantly assume that gay careless air, lest we should know that she is ever sad?

I have seen her when she thought no eye was near, and no listening ear was by, with her face buried in her hands, and the hot tears falling thick and fast, while sobs seemed rending her bosom. If I should ask her then the cause of her weeping she would answer, "nothing," for woman must not speak the truth concerning her heart's yearnings.

And there are those who envy her—who think she glorious in the world's homage, and loves its hollow praise. Oh, what an answer, "nothing," for woman must not speak the truth concerning her heart's yearnings.

The unthinking world calls her cold heartless—they contemptuously speak of her as one who prefers flattery to love—to whom the breath of fame is sweeter than the gushings of affection. She smiles, a gay, glad smile when they tell her of the crown which she is to deck her brow, and they think she will wear it proudly. They know not how her heart tramples it in the dust.

"Why does she not renounce that which give her no pleasure. A literary man, in his advice to another, concerning the care of his health, says—"However happy he may be in the domestic circle, he must have something else to feed his temper and his ambition." "And is this also true of woman?" "No," I fearlessly answer, though there will be a multitude to contradict me. Woman needs nothing for her temper or her ambition, if there is enough for her heart. God did not make man and woman equal and alike in all things—what a stupid world it would have been, if he had! "There are diversities of gifts." What is lacking in one, is made up in another.

But it is true that woman must have something to feed both her temper and ambition unless her heart is full! The excitement of a literary life, or any other which affords constant occupation, is not sufficient for the happiness of which she is capable—for which "her soul hungers," but it preserves her elasticity and her usefulness; aye, and sometimes saves her from idiocy or from madness!

"Why has she never married? This is woman's sphere, and the duties of the household are woman's duties," is the stereotyped answer to all this. Yes, but they are duties which cannot be performed with any degree of acceptance when the heart is not engaged. Into other channels the heart must be forced, but into this never, the thousand wretched homes into which woman has come with only her head and her hands abundantly prove.

"Is she happy?" No, not in the sense in which you put the question but she is too true a woman to consent to make others miserable, by taking upon her vows which she can never fulfil—by consenting to preside over a home, while her heart is still wandering—by attempting to diffuse light and life

into the fireside circle, when her own bosom is without the love, the warmth-giving element, which alone can link in harmony the family bonds. Oh, how happy she would be, and how happy she could make others, surrounded by those in whom her affections delighted. How congenial to her would be those quiet duties and gentle offices which bless a home; "but there is a God in heaven who says thou mayest like to do this, but thou must do that."

When woman reigns in any other empire than home, it is from a stern necessity, which converts her into a martyr. But it is to the restless, weary ones on earth, that we for the mighty deeds which shake the world and reform society. One who has spent his life in wandering says, "nothing is ever accomplished in the world by the happy;" yet there are some whose high sense of duty bids them relinquish the happiness they might enjoy, in order better to promote the good of others; yet there are many who are driven forth, else they would never go.

Few, very few, woman launch voluntarily on the sea where pleasure or safety depends on the breath of popular favor. It is with hope of finding anchorage for the tempest-tossed bark—some rock which will give temporary repose—but it is far from being the beloved port. And let those who are in the midst of green fields and flowery vales envy them not their perilous resting-place.

The Sabbath, commonly called Sunday, is a day for rest, meditation, and holy devotion. The date of its origin must be traced back to the time when God had finished the heavens and the earth, and when he rested from his labors on the seventh day and blessed and sanctified the same. Since then it has been held sacred by man, in accordance with his Maker's will.

When we come to contemplate how universally beneficial this holy day of rest is, we cannot but see, how infinitely wise and good, He was and continues to be, towards making the human race content and happy. The Sabbath appears in the midst of millions of swift-flying days, as the oasis in the sandy desert, where the pilgrim can refresh himself and rest his weary limbs on his journey. And man's life is but a journey, requiring many such refreshing spots to cheer him on in his way to his final resting place—the grave. What would this world be without a Sabbath? Suppose the mind of man where ever to be on the rack, the fingers forever moving, the hands forever toiling, the body forever in motion, the foot forever treading, and in fact everything going on in one monotonous way, without rest until the dust there to rest forever from his labors. Would not then life be bitter? But it is otherwise.

We find pretty generally throughout the whole civilized world, the day kept holy and man at rest from his labors. We may see millions of human beings attending places of worship, listening to eloquent appeals from the servants of God, and many attentive hearers;—many clad in silk attire and jewels, and others in the humblest raiment,—all for the same purpose as far as the human eye can discern—the making of their peace with their Maker and seeking the salvation of their immortal souls.

On the other hand, we may also see many spend their Sabbaths in attending bull-fights, theatres and places of amusement, and others rejoicing themselves in the pleasures of the intoxicating bowl and in praising Bacchus, instead of the Author of their being and the furnisher of their wants.

These digressions from the path of divine goodness, as we may call them, are seriously to be regretted by all true-hearted Christians. But we must be content, since every people and every nation have their own ideas and manners of worshiping the Father of their Being. Good examples, in the faith of Christianity, are the best means of bringing back those who are continually indulging in the evil designs of their hearts and in irreverence of that which should be most sacred and observed by us all—the Will of God.

MARRY.—Jeremy Taylor says: if you are for pleasure, marry; if you prize r. y health marry. A good wife is Heaven's best gift to man—his angel and minister of grace—innumerable—his gem of many virtues—his casket of jewels—her voice is sweet music—her smiles, his brightest day—her kiss, the guardian of his innocence—her arms, the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life—her industry his surest wealth—her economy, his safest steward—her lips his faithful counsellors—her bosom, the softest pillow of his cares—and her prayers the ablest advocates of Heaven's blessings on his head.

A traveller asked Bob Tipple, if he had ever been round the Horn. "No, sir," replied the innocent Bob, "I never goes round the horn; I nint ashamed to take it, no matter who's by."

Diogenes has well said, that the only way to preserve his liberty was being ready to die without pain.