

The Lehigh Register.

Is published in the Borough of Allentown, Lehigh County, Pa., every Wednesday, by HAINES & DIEFENDERFER.

At \$1 50 per annum, payable in advance, and \$2 00 if not paid until the end of the year.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

Office in Hamilton street, two doors west of the German Reformed Church, directly opposite Moser's Drug Store.

Letters on business must be POST PAID, otherwise they will not be attended to.

JOB PRINTING.

Having recently added a large assortment of fashionable and most modern styles of type, we are prepared to execute, at short notice, all kinds of Book, Job, and Fancy Printing.

Poetical.

Winter to the Poor.

Stormy Winter comes again, Bringing snow, and hail, and rain, Beating 'gainst the window-pane— Rudely knocking at the door.

On the poor, half clad in shreds, Through whose low and leaky sheds Snow beats down on aching heads, Pillowed on the naked floor.

Iron-hearted winter comes: Knocks in vain at costly domes, But he searches through the hives Scattered on the frozen moor.

See the famished infant press'd To the fond but empty breast, While the mother bends distressed, Drooping tears upon the floor;

God have mercy on the poor! On the poor, half clad in shreds, Through whose low and leaky sheds Snow beats down on aching heads, Pillowed on the naked floor.

LEHIGH REGISTER.

A FAMILY JOURNAL—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

Devoted to Local and General News, Agriculture, Education, Morality, Amusement, Markets, &c., &c.

VOLUME IX. ALLENTOWN, PA., DECEMBER 13, 1854. NUMBER 11.

Sketch of Early Western Life.

THE BOY HEROES.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

When Kentucky was an infant State, and before the foot of civilization had trodden down her giant forests, there lived upon a branch of Green River, in the western part of that State, an old hunter, by the name of John Slater.

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.

One evening, just as the family were sitting down to their frugal supper, they were attracted by a sudden howling of the dogs, and as Slater went to the door to see what was the matter, he saw three men approaching his hut.

The new-comers were far from being agreeable or prepossessing in their looks, but Slater took no notice of the circumstance, for it was not his nature to doubt any man.

After the supper was finished the two boys quickly cleared off the table, and then they went out of doors. It had become dark and 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?"

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.

Spare bedding was spread upon the floor of the kitchen for the three travellers, 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.

At first the boy thought this might be thrown to the dogs only to attract their attention, but when the man laid down, the idea of poison flashed through Philip's mind.

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 strangers had not been aroused, and with a beating heart the boy thanked God. He had performed an act, simple as it might appear, at which many stout hearts would have quailed.

"But we can watch 'em," returned the other; "and we will watch 'em; but don't let them know it."

"Down the ladder—outside! quick!" he whispered to his brother. "Down, and start up 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!"

One of the men had laid his hand upon the wooden hatch. The boy hero uttered a single word of heart-sent prayer, and then he pulled the trigger. The villain whose hand was upon the door uttered one sharp, quick cry, and then fell upon the floor.

For 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.

After they had been looked to, the old man cast his eyes about the room. They rested a moment upon the body of him who had been shot, and then they turned upon the two boys.

Philip opened the window without moving from his bed, and it swung upon its leathern hinges without noise. Then he drew off the sheet and tied one corner of it to the staple by which the window was hooked.

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 Owensboro.

Among the crew of the Ponto, on her present voyage, was a young man named Caleb Baker. He had shipped only three days before the ship sailed.

"One day, shortly after the ship had left port, Baker was busy about some matters of his own in one of the gangways, one of the men, a rough, uncouth fellow, by the name of Dunkton, came along and gave the clothes bag of Baker a kick out of the way, thereby scattering a number of things about the deck.

"And I say they were. Now don't you dispute me again." "Very well,—have it your own way," calmly returned Baker, as he drew his bag closer in towards the bulwarks.

"Just come forward,—come forward, and I'll show ye my business," cried Dunkton, bristling about with his fists doubled up.

"What's all this?" asked Captain Jacobs, who was attracted to the spot. The matter was explained to him.

"I will defend myself in case of danger, but I will not so abuse myself as to engage in a brutal fight when it can be possibly avoided. I have as yet done wrong to no man; but were I to fight one of my shipmates, I should wrong him and myself both."

"I mean, sir," he returned, "to give no one occasion to strike me; yet Dunkton struck me, but you can see that he already suffers more than I do."

"Not much, I think," returned the captain, as he took a survey of the horizon. "This spitting will soon die away, and I think the wind will then come out from the west side."

"I wish you'd be careful," said Baker, as he moved to gather up his things. "Then keep your things out o' my way," gruffly returned Dunkton.

over the ship like a black pall, and the men began to be frightened. The captain was called, but before he came on deck there came a crash as though the very heavens had been rent in sunder.

"The foremost is struck," shouted one of the men. "See where its head is shivered!" All eyes were turned to the spot, and by the next wild flash the men could see that a dangerous havoc had been made with the mainmast.

But while all heads were gazing at this, another danger arose. The low, rumbling sound that had been growing in the southward had escaped the notice of the crew, ere they knew it, the rushing, howling wind was upon them.

"O, God!" ejaculated Captain Jacobs, "if the trestletrees give way we are lost. Hark! hear them labor!"

"If we could bring the ship broadside to," said the mate, "the weather rigging might be cut, and the mast would go overboard."

"Caleb took the axe from the mizzenmast, and soon his form was lost in the darkness, as he moved toward the starboard rigging. The helm was put a-port, and the ship gradually gave her starboard side to the gale.

"Then you will have yourself looked upon as one who will be struck with impunity." A quick flush passed over the young man's face as the captain thus spoke, but he was soon calm.

"Bless you, Dunkton, and friends we will be," returned Caleb. "Yes," said Dunkton, "an' if you wont fight for yourself, I'll fight for you, if you ever stand in need of it."

"I tell you, my men," said the captain, "there's certainly two kinds of courage; and, after all, I don't know but that Caleb Baker's kind is the best. It takes a stronger and bigger heart to hold it, at all events."

"I have seen the most talented young men turn tilters, tobacco chowers, die drunkards. I have seen men who boasted much of their wealth, who were not able to pay their tailor. I have seen a lovely young girl marry a rich old bachelor for his wealth; and— I have seen the same girl die broken hearted within a year.