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## 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. Boreas holds to-night a rout, See the shutters holted stout. Fasten all the doors about, Stormy winter is without-God have mercy on the poor.

On the poor, half clad in shreds, Through whose low and leaky sheds beats down on aching heads, Pillowed on the naked floor. He that looks may there behold Side by side the young and old. Shrivelled arms the babe enfold, Oh, how dreadful is the cold, God have mercy on the poor.

Iron-hearted winter comes : Knocks in vain at costly domes, But he searches through the homes Scattered on the fozen moor. There no shutters bolted tight, Fasten out the stormy night, There no hearth is blazing bright, Oh, how desolate the sight-God have mercy on the poor.

See the famished infant press'd To the fond but empty breast, While the mother bends distressed, Dropping tears upon the floor THOU who hear'st the raven's cry, Here look down with pitying eye-Send them manna from the sky, Or, let birds their bread supply— God have merey on the poor !

Hearts, that all encased in gold ; Self-enriching, have grown old, Who have never felt the cold, Once unbar your bosom's door, Let compassion now go forth, Learn, what ye to learn were loth, That no luxi ry of carth, Half true bounty's joy is worth— Oh, have merey on the poor !

Shivering on the frozen moor ? Ye, who downy pillows press Ye, whose limbs soft robes caress, / Pity and relieve distress !--

Oh, the storm is pitiless— God have mercy on the poor !

Odds and Ends: Soveneign Cure. - The following ' cure for the gout' is taken from an old book :-Firs



# A PAULLY JODENAL --- HEUTEAL IN POLITIES.

Devoted' to Local and General News, Agriculture, Education, Morality, Amusement, Markets, &c., &c. ALLENTOWN, PA., DECEMBER 13, 1854. VOLUME IX.

## 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 downher 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 .--stream, and, save a small patch of some dozen acres that had been cleared by his axe, he was shut in by 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 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 he 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 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. He quickly quieted the dogs, and the strangers approached the door. They asked for something to cat, 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 unslung their packs, and room was made for them at the table. They represented them-serves as travellers 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 circumstance, for it was not his nature to doubt any man. The boys however, did not like their appearance at all and the quick glances which they gave each other told of their faclings. The hunter's wife was not at the table, but she sat in her great easy chair by the fire.

'The hunter's cabin was divided into two were just approaching the door of his father's apartments on the ground floor, one of them, in room. They had set the candle down on the the end of the building, being the old man's floor so that its light would fall into the bedsleeping room, while the other was the large room as soon as the door was opened. Philip

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 little sleeping apartmant of the hunter. A rough ladder lcd up to the scaffold, and on it, close up to the gable end, was the boys' bed. There was no partition at the edge of this scaf-His hut was upon the southern bank of the folding, but it was all open to the room below. 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. 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 down through a crack, and he saw one of the men opening his pack, from which he took several large pieces of raw meat. The man examined the meat by the rays of the moon, and moving towards the end window he shoved the sash back and threw the pieces of flesh cut 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 only 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 first impulse of little Daniel, as he heard that his poor dogs were to be poisoned, was to cry out, but a sudlen pressure from the hand of his brother kept him silent.

At the head of the boys' bed there was a lark window-a small square door-and it-was directly over the dog-house. Philip resolved to go down and save the dogs. The undertak: ing was a dangeraus one, for the least noise they were villains—and then the consequences might be fatal. But Philip,Slater found himself strong in heart, and he determined upon the trial. His father flife might be in his hands! This thought was a tower of strength

a itself. Philip opened the window without moving

rom his bol, and it swung upon its leathern anges without noise. Then he drew off the sheet and tied one corner of it to the staple by which the window was booked. The sheet was hen lowered upon the outside and carefully

pute me again." drew the hammer of his rifle back and rested the muzzle upon the edge of the boards.

One of the men had laid his hand upon the wooden latch. 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. The bullet had passed

through his brain. For an instant the two remaining villains vere 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,

wild yell, the animals leaped upon the villains, and they had drawn them to the floor just as the ceived the blow, and there was a quick quiverold 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 ! hold !!" 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 quick work in disabling them.

After they had been looked to, the old man moment upon the body of him who had been shot, and then they turned upon the two boys. Philip told him all that had happened. It scenaed some time before the old hunter could crowd whole teening truth through his mind ; but ashe gradually comprehended it all, 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 that old man gazed upon poys in silence. Tears of love and gratitude rolled down his cheeks, and his whole face was lighted up with most joyous, hely pride. Long before daylight Philip mounter

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

NUMBER 11

"And don't you be impudent, neither," provokingly added Bunkton. " Look ye, Bunkton, if you've any business of your own, you'd better mind it."

"Eh, lubber ? I'll show ye my business .-Take that !"

As Bunkton spoke, he struck the young man ipon the face. The crew had most of them gathered about the place, and arrangements were quickly made for a fight.

" Just come coward .- come forward, and I'll show ye my business," cried Bunkton, bristling about with his fists doubled up. "A fight ! a fight," cried half a dozen of the

men. Don't stand that, Baker." The young man's eyes had flashed as he re-

ing of the muscles in his hands but he made no motion to strike.

"Ain't you goin' to take it up ?" asked Bunkton. " No. I want nothing to do with you," re-

turned Caleb.

" Then you are a coward !" uttered Bunkt. h with a contemptuous tone and look. Young Baker calmly replied to the t and Bunkton became still more savage. Those who know anything about occan life, will understand the sentiments of the rough crew upon such matters as the present. They could comprehend but one kind of courage, and the moment that Baker refused to fight they set him down as an arrant coward. At first they had been prepossessed in his favor, for Bunkton was a quarrelsome fellow, and they hoped Caeast his eyes about the room. They rested a leb would flog him ; but when they saw him quietly turn away and resume his work, they began to taunt him, too.

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

"Did'nt resent it ?" uttered the captain, looking with mingled surprise and contempt upon Caleb. "Why didn't you knock him down, Baker ?" "Because I don't want to fight with any man.

sir."

"And will you allow yourself to be struck and not resent it ?"

" I will defend myself in case of danger, but The heavy topmast had gone clear over the I will not so abase myself as to engage in a bru- side ! Fragments of the trestle and crosstrees tal fight when it can be possibly avoided. I came rattling upon the deck, but all eyes were ave as yet done wrong to no man ; but were strained painfully towards the mast head. --L to fight one of my shipmates, I should wrong horse and started off for the nearest settlemen The dim outlines of the heroic man could be and early in the forenoon the officers of justice seen safely hanging by the mizzen topmast him and myself both." had the two wounded villains in charge, while " Then you will have yourself looked upon stav. the body of the third was also removed. They as one who may be struck with impunity." The ship was once more got before the wind were recognized by the officers as criminals of A quick flush passed passed over the young and ere long Baker came safely to the deck .-old notoriety, but this was their last adventure. man's face as the captain thus spoke, but he He staggered aft to the bianacle, and there he for the justice they had so long outraged fell sank, fainting and bruised, upon the deck : but was scon calm. upon them and stopped them in their carcer. " I mean, sir," he returned, " to give no one he was quickly conveyed to the cabin, and his. Should any of my readers chance to pass ecasion to strike me : yet Bunkton struck me, wants were all met. down the Ohio River I beg they will take notice but you can see that he already suffers more Caleb's bruises were none of them bad, and of a large white mansion that stands upon the than I do." in a few days he was again at his duty. The outhern bank, with a wide forest park in front Bunkton gave Calch the lie, and again tried men eyed him anxious, and they seemed uneasy of it, and situated some eight miles west of Owto urge him into a fight, but the captain inter- as they met his smiles. The captain, too ensboro." Asl: your steamboat captain who fered, and quiet was restored. changed color when he met the kind, noble look lives there wand he will tell you "PHILIP SLA-From that time Caleb Baker was looked upon of the young man, but he soon overcame the by the crew as a coward. At first they taunt- false pride that actuated him; and stepping to TER and BRÖTHER, retired flour merchants,"d him, but his uniform kindness soon put a They were the Boy HEROES of whom I have the noble fellow's side, he took him by the stop to these outward)manifestations, and the hand.

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 old ship trembled in every joint, and a huge ball of fire rolled down the mainmast. Another, and another crashing of the lightning came, and at length the electric light began to play about the ship in wild, fantastic streams.

"The foremost is struck," should 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 dangercus havoe had been made with the mainmast. The cap was shivered, the starboard check was nearly stripped off, and the trestletrees were quivering. Of course the heavy topmast was only held in its place by the dubicus trestletrees, and main-top threatened very instant to come thundering upon the . with the long topmast and topgallantmast n its company. Such a catastrophe would surely prove fatal to the ship, and all knew

But while all hands 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. The ship leaped like a frightened stag before the gale. The mate cut the maintopsail sheets, and the sail was snapped into ribbons. The foretopsail was clewed up, and the ship was got before the wind.

The lightning cloud was swept away, and it was dark as Erebus. The wind howled fearfuily, but there was one sound more fearful than that. It was the creaking of the shattered trestletrees, as the fid of the topmast bore down. upon them.

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

Away up aloft, in the impenetrable darkness, stood the giant topmast, and all felt it could not stand there long. The men crowded aft, and with painfully beating hearts they heard the mast labor.

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

"True-true," returned the captain, " but who shall go aloft and do the job? There would be no foothold in the top, for that will go with a crash. The trestletrees are already shattered."

"If you will port the helm, I will make the trial," cried a clear, strong voice, which was at, once recognized as Caleb Baker's.

"It will be sure death," said Jacobs.

"Then let it be so," returned Caleb. "If I succeed, the rest of you may be saved ; but now we are all in danger. Port the helm, and I will go."

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. Soon the blow of an axe was heard-then another-and another. The ship heaved heavily over-then another blow was heard. There was a fearful straining and cracking-and then came the crash.-

-The person must pick a handkerchief from the pocket of a maid of fifty years, who has neve. had a wish to change her condition. Second-He must wash it in an honest miller's pond Third-He must dry it on a parsons' hedge who was never covetous. Fourth-He must send it to a doctor's shop that never killed a patient. Fifth-He must mark it with a lawyer's ink who never cheated a client. Sixth-Apply it to the part effected, and a cure will speedily follow.

ICTHE COBBLER'S " LAST " WORDS. - I feel that I ' wax' weaker each succeeding day, and that I am fast approaching my 'end,' a few more 'stitches ' and ' awl ' will soon be over, in Heaven there is rest for my weary ' sole,' earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot 'heel.' Having said 'awl' he wished, he calmly breath ed his 'last.'

De" Dick, I say why don't you turn the buffalo robe t'other side out'-hair is the warm. est." "Bah Sam, you get out. Do you sup. pose the animal himself didn't know how to wear his hide? I follow his style."

The question has been asked, why it is considered impolite for gentleman to go into the presence of ladies in their shirt sleeves whilst at the same time it is considered correct for ladies themselves to appear before gentlemen without any sleeves at all.

The Ohio editors talking of the next grand baby convention say, there is great complaint among the young married people about want of notice, therefore the time has been extended. They also say babytarians need have no fears that the drouth will effect the exhibition.

IFIt is not a little singular that the letters that spell debt are the initials of the sentence Dun Every Body Twice ; and the letters which spell credit are the initails of the sentence, Call Regular Every Day-I'll Trust.

Bo sure, says the Dayton Gazette, to marry a woman that will help you, instead of being a burden. In mercantile phrase, get a piece of calico that ' will wash.'

- ITA man in Albany, while in a fit of night mare, dreamed that he was a horse and that his wife was a hostler going to rub him down. At this point in his dream he kicked his spouse out of bed.

OMrs. Swisshelm says that women have great and grievous wrongs. Among the number, is the neglect which allows them to live and die old maids. . Long boots are among the latest New

York fashions for ladies. They are said to strangers returned they had, resumed their come up-ever so high, -

Slater entered into a conversation with his mests, but they were not very free, and after a while the talk dwindled away to mere occasion al questions. Philip, the elder of the boys noticed that the men cast uneasy glances about he room, and he watched them narrowly. His ears had become excited, and he could not rest. He knew that his father had a large sum of noncy 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 they 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 vounger boy.

"So do 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 only laugh at us, and tell us we were scare-crows."

" But we can watch 'em."

"Yes," returned the other ; "and we wil watch 'em ; but don't let them know it." The boys held some further consultation, and hen 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 reentered the house. If they had desired to speak with their father about their suspicions, they had no chance, for the strangers sat close 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 to 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 our 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 beck ets behind the great stove chimney, and carried them up to their sleeping place, and then they hastened back and emptied the priming from the strangers' rifles, and when their father and the

scats.

he brave boy let himself out upon it. He en joined his brother not to move, and then he slid opiselessly down. The hounds had just found he meat, but they drew back-at their young master's beck, and Philip gathered the flesh all up. He easily quieted the faithful brutes, and hen he quickly tied the meat up in the sheet. There was a light ladder standing near the doghouse, and setting this up against the building Philip made his way back to his little lofg, 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, and if the strangers heard them they been writing. 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 crack 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 tually existed. to the ground floor, and then Philip crept to his crack. He saw the men taking knives from their packs, and he heard them whispering. "We'll kill the old man and woman first," said one of them, "and then we'll hunt up the money. If those little brats up there (he pointed to the scaffolding), wake up, we can

casily take care of them." "But we must kill 'cm all'," said another of the villains.

"Yes," returned the first speaker, " but the old one first. If we touch the young ones first they may make a noise and start the old man

Philip's heart beat with horror.

"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 !"

Daniel quickly crawled out through the little window, and Philip seized a rifle and crept to the edge of the scaffold. Two of the villians

feelings of the crew were expressed by their

looks. Duthion took every occasion he could TWO KENDS OF COURAGE. find to annoy the young man, for he had taken

his cath that he would "have a fight out of he coward yet." The rest of the crew might have let the matter pass, had not Bunkton's continued behaviour kept alive the idea of Baker's cowardice.

None save himself knew the great struggles that went on in the young man's bosom ; but look upon the sailor's life as one which neces- he had resolved that he would not fight, except fist, "you must forgive me for what's passed. in actual and necessary self defence, and he | We'll be friends after this." adhered to his principle. He performed his duties faithfully, and Caj ta'n Jacobs was forced be," returned Caleb. to admit that, though Baker was a coward, he

vas yet a good sailor.

Thus matters passed on until the ship had doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and entered the Indian Occan. It was towards the close of a day that had been sultry and oppressive, that a fitful breeze sprang up from the southward. It came in quick, cool gusts, and the broad canvass only flapped before it.

"We arcelikely to have a blow soon," ro marked the mate.

"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'ed. -However, it way be well enough to shorten sail. You may take in t'galiants'ls and close recf the tons'ls.'

This order was quickly obeyed, and, as the captain had predicted, the spitting gusts died away, but there was no wind came out from the westward. It grew dark, but no wind had come. About ten o'clock those who were on deck were startled by a sudden darkening of was rich ; and : the stars, and they saw a great black cloud rolling up from the southward. It soon hung able, wretched existence.

"Calcb," said he, " if I have done wrong, I freely ask you to forgive me. I have called you a coward, but I did not know you."

" Think no more of it," said Caleb, with a beaming eye. " I once promised to one whom I loved better than life-my mother-that I would never do a deed of which I might aftervards be ashamed."

Bunkton pressed forward. " Caleb," he said. seizing the hand of the young man in his hard

" Bless you, Bunkton, and friends we will

"Yes," said Bunkton, "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."

most worthless and lazy fellows dress the most fishionably.

I have seen the most talented young men turn tiplers, tobacco chewers, 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.

I have seen the beautiful, and the talented. marry a dashing, brainless fop, because he too

I have seen them over after drag out a misser

the ship sailed. He was a slender framed man. with a fair, prepossessing countenance, light blue eyes, and light brown hair. Though light in his build, he was y. t well stocked with muscle, and his motions were quick and energetic.

His appearance was calculated to predispose beholders in his favor. One day, shortly after the ship had left port,

as Baker was busy about some matters of his or in one of the gangways, one of the men, a rough, uncouth fellow, by the name of Bunkton came along and gave the clothes bag of Baker a kick out of the way, thereby scattering

number of things about the deck. "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 Bunkton. "They were not in your way."

"Do you mean to tell me I lie ?" "I said my things were not in your way."

Not many years since the good old ship Ponto sailed from Boston, bound to Sumatra. She was commanded by Capt. Isaac Jacobs, a good scaman, and a naturally good hearted mail but in his long career beneath the trident of Neptune he had imbibed many of those false ideas

prevalent among scamen, and he had come to sarily did away with those finer and warmer traits of character that mark the humane and generous landsman. In this wise Isaac Jacobs sometimes lost sight of true merit where it ac-

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