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VOLUME IX.

you ?"

cantly upon them, at the same time murmur-

ing sadly to himself, he was startled by a

and saw three stout men standing over him.

heavy tread of feet behind him. He looked up

"Corney Drake !" said one of them in tones

of rank astonishment. "Good God, is this

"Yes it is me," returned the young man,

He stopped and turned pale with fear. The

idea came thundering upon him that he might

be thought the murderer. He read the convic-

tion in the faces of the men who had found him

"Ah, Corney, no wonder you hesitate.

"Believed what?" wildly exclaimed

"Look at this," slowly returned the other.

did not murder him. I call on God to witness

" Don't call on God with a lie in your mouth

"I found it in the bog. I was coming home

and I brought it up here. No hand of mine

"But the pack, Corney,-what were you do

"It was here-just where I laid down the

"And the things? You were making

mighty free with 'em when we came up,

"Well, it was natural curiosity that made

me look at them. You would have done it

"Perhaps I might; but I couldn't hay

" Q, Gad. I did not du it ! You know

could not have done it. I found him murdered

ound it in my heart to have done that !"

"I only was looking to see what-"

never could have believed this of you."

ointing to the body of the pedler.

rising to his feet, " and this-"

n his present situation.

that I had no hand in it."

he corpse, too,-it's warm."

young man.

harmed him."

ing with that ?"

" Don't hesitate."

Phil Kanaugh.

body."

Corney."

are prepared to execute, at short notice, all kinds of Book, Job, and Fancy Printing. Poetical.

MAY. " BY C. JILLSON.

Soft winds creep idly through the vale, Where winter lately ruled supreme; And wake the flowers to life and light, Beneath the sun's congenial beam. The birds have wandered back again, To claim their wonted bowers of ease : Their music swells on everygale,

And echoes from the waving trees. The tales of youth have all been told Beside the old familiar hearth ; Where friends upon a winter's eve

Make glad their pilgrimage on earth. The song of glee, the merry dance, The beaming face lit up with joy, Have made a thousand hearts more glad-Their impress time will not destroy.

The farmer, at the close of day. Fatigued by toil and worn with care, Feels happy in his humble cot, When all his household gods are there. The winds may war and wail without, The skies look dark and storms begin; Yet peace and plenty bless his lot, And friends, true-hearted, smile within.

O, winter is a joyous time,

For those who love the sweets of life; And mingle with their friends at home, While others chase the phantom-strife. To those who love a social hour, When evening pales the western sky, The sweetest that the year affords, Is when the cold winds hoarsely sigh.

The season of the year is past,

And gentle May has come again With all her roses full in bloom, And all the sylphs of Flora's train. All Nature seems in happy mood, The earth is decked in pride's array; The stars above us glow with light, Such light as only shines in May.

MARY CARROL. TAL LOST CLASP-LTIFL.

OHAPTER I.

in the bog, and I brought him up here; and The sheriff may have tried to quell the noise, and yet all knew that no one could have killed THE MURDER. AN ARREST. here I found his pack torn open, and the things but he certainly failed, for the enthusiasm of an It seemed as though at that moment all, she knew that half the people in the village Irish crowd is not to be hushed. Ir was a wild, rugged scene, near the westall scattered about. 'Tis true, what I tell you the pedler except in cool blood, for old Magmighty power descended upon Mary Carrol, for could swear to its identity, for there was none ern shore of Lough Neagh, in the county of duhl could have had no enemies. -as true as holy writ." she grew suddenly calm, and with a steady gaze The new trial went summarily on. The other like it, Caspar having made the handle Mary Carrol entered the cell. She stood an "I hope it is, Corney, but the deed looks Tyrone, and in the northern part of Ireland.identity of the knife was proved at starting .-she looked upon the man before her. instant upon the threshold, then sprang forward himself from curiously carved bog-oak. To the left, stretching away from the banks of dark against you. You'll go to the village "It is blood," she slowly, firmly uttered. Phil Kanaugh swore that he met Bagroon com-For full five minutes Mary stood and gazed ing from the bog a short time before he came and threw her arms about the young prisoner's the lake, was a dark bog, over which, in closewith us." ' and you know it. There's blood upon your upon that knife. The blade was open, and she tangled masses, grew the rank morass wild-"Yes. That's where I intended to go." across Corney, but he thought nothing of it at hand, too. thoughtfully ran her thumb along its edge. "Mary, Mary," he cried, "the holy saints wood. It was just at nightfall that a way-"Phil Kanaugh," said one of the others "Where ?" gasped Bagroon, gazing quickly the time, nor had it occurred to him since. In Then she closed it, and placing it carefully in less than half an hour the word "guilty" bless you for this. I can't embrace you, darlworn pedler entered upon the dubious footwhat shall we do with the body ?" t both his hands. "There is no blood there. her bosom, she sought her chamber. She laid sounded upon the cars of the villain. ing, for see, my hands are chained." track that let through the bog, and from the "Let it be here, and one of you must stay Out upon your trickery. My hands are clean. "Hush, Corney dear. I can embrace you confidence with which he trusted to his knowland watch it. The coroner must see it her down upon her bed, but it was not to sleep, for "It's a lie ! a lie ! Curse ye all !" he yell-"They are not clean," said Mary, sustained and for even that we may be thankful. They her mind was too busy, too active, too much just as we found it. Come, Corney." edge of the way one might have supposed that ed, and in a moment when he caught the chance, by a strange power, " nor can all the waters in excited, for that. It could not be lulled into he sprang towards Mary. told me you ware to be hung, but I swore that he had often travelled it. His way was tow-Corney Drake turned one more look upon the ough Neagh make them so." ards Londonderry, and as he found himself murdered pedler, then he gazed upon his bloodyou shouldn't." orgetfulness, nor yet into dreams. It dwelt in He did not reach her, however, for Phil Caspar Bagroon foamed at the mouth, and ir " Ah, Mary my fate is scaled, and no carthly in the midst of the gloomy wildwood he began stained hands, and with a heavy heart he folthe land of facts and cool calculations. Kanaugh pushed forward his foot and tripped frenzy of mad wrath he sprang forward and The next morning Mary was up before the him up. Bagroon was at full speed, and to whistle a low tune by way of enlivening the power can help me now." lowed his companions. He saw the full force grasped the girl once more by the arm. sun, and throwing on her bonnet and shawl, when he was thus thrown from his feet he fell " But you did not do that wicked murder scene. At some spots, where the flanking of lithe shrubbery was quite sparse, the ground found and he knew how summary was the "Now hold that tongue of thine," he yelled. she hastened off to the house of the sheriff. forward with a fearful impetus, and his neck Corney." 'I want no more of it. You are mine, Mary this sheriff acted both in the capacity of an struck the sharp edge of an oaken bench. An ' You know mbled and shook beneath the pedler's tread, ethod in which suc Carrol. Mine-mino! I have loved you as I executive and a coroner.) She had to wait instant be remained with his head lopping ovor "Indeed I know it." but he felt sure, or knew, that he was in the the courts. never loved a human being before, but by the ometime for him to make his appearance, but upon the scat, and then his body rolled over " Then there's some satisfaction in that." right track, and he kept steadily on. holy saints, you can turn that love to madness. CHAPTER II. "But there'd be more satisfaction in finding Not long after he had disappeared from sight he came at length. upon the floor. There were two or three long You may__, out who did do it," said Mary. MARY CARROL AND HER VISITOR. in the intricate windings of the path, any on " You here again ?" he uttered, with a sleepy At this moment Mary broke from his grasp struggles-a crimson stream started forth from Mary Carrol was an orphan, just lifting her " That's past hope," returned Corney. standing upon the edge of the bog might have and leaped towards the door. She sprang into awn. his mouth-and he was no more ! The fall had head into beautiful womanhood. It was at the " But don't you suspect any one ? Haven't heard a sudden rustling of the distant wild-"Yes, sir,-and I have important business, the garden, and was just opening the gate when broken his neck ! Ilis fair victim had escool of evening that she sat upon the door-stone you the least idea of who did it ?" she eagerly wood, as though some one had rushed hastily too. Were you not the coroner who examin-Bagroon caught her by the shoulder and of her neat cottage, and over her fair features caped him ! asked. through it. Then came a short scuffle, a sharp ed the body of old Magduhl ?" dragged her back into the cottage. "God did that !" said Mary. was spread a cloud of despondent agony. She "Not in the least. But why do you ask ?" "Yes." The sheriff opened his eyes, and cry of pain, a few deep groans, and then for a "Don't you scream," he hissed, " for if you "God did it !" cried they all. heard footsteps approaching her cot, and lifting "First tell me all the circumstances attendmoments all was still. In five minutes egan to wake up. her eyes she saw the dark form of Caspar Bag lo you'll never---" * * * * * more there was another rustling in the bushes ing your finding of the body." "Was the body opened ?" The remainder of his sentence was spoken in Mary Carrol held the order for Corney roon. With a shudder she hurried into the Corney went on and told the circumstances " No,-of course not. The pedler was dead a heavy fall, and ere long afterwards a man silent language by the drawing of a large Druke's release in her hand. She rushed wildhouse, but Caspar followed her. He was r just as they had transpired. How that he was emerged from the bog path and stood a few -stabbed twice or three times-and we knew knife. At another time Mary might have been stout young fellow, but he looked ugly and rely to the jail, and an hundred young men and returning from the Londonderry side of the great seconds upon the hard ground. He was not who did it." hightened into implicit obedience, but now her pulsive. There was in every lineament of his bog just at nightfall, and when he had nearly ld followed her. "You did not know who did it, Mr. Sheriff; the pedler, and yet he bore in his hand the features a dark scowl, and his face bore nu soul was fired, her every nerve and muscle was "Free! free!" she cried, as she fell upon reached the Tyrone side he saw a dark object you did not know, I say, or you never would pedler's pack. He gazed cautiously about trung to its utmost, and the heart of the dauntmerous scars that had been left by the wounds against the bushes near the solid path. He her lover's bosom. "Corney, dear Corney. him, and being satisfied that all was safe he have put an innocent man in jail and had him ess heroine struggled in her bosom ; yet for an he had received in any brawls and drunken went up to it and found that it was the pedler. stepped a little out of the way, scated himself convicted of the murder. Is the body buried ?" you are free !" istant was she cool. Life was extinct, but the body was warm, and The jailor came and knocked off the shackles upon the grass, opened the pack, and began to rows. "Yes,-over a week ago," returned the offi-" O, spare me !" she cried, and she sank upon from the young man's feet and hands, but bethe blood was still flowing. Under these ciroverhaul its contents. "A good evening to ye; Miss Mary," said cer, looking upon the girl in a state of utter asher knees. fore he could gain sense enough to speak his umstances he took the body up and carried it Caspar, as he unceremoniously entered. "Curse his empty pack !" muttered the mar onishment The villain let go his hold upon her shoulder cell was filled with men. They caught him in "Your presence makes it a bad one," reto the upland, where, as the reader already as he seemed to have examined all its contents. "Then it must be dug up. Dig, it up, sir, and looked down upon her inter mocking triumph. Quick as thought the dauntless maitheir arms and bore him to the street, where urned the fair girl, in a firm tone. "Go your nows, he came across the pack. The rest he "I've done that job for nothing. I've sold my and I'll prove to you that Corney Drake did told in a few words. Everything was against not do the bloody deed ! Will you do it, sir ? from the sheriff's stable, and seating the heroio way Caspar Bagroon." soul for a miserable podge of old women's den leaned forward and wound her arms about him-the evidence, though circumstantial, was " This is my way, darling, and here I choose trumpery." his ankles, and with a sudden jerk she brought yet almost positive, and it had taken but a few Mary by his side, they proceeded to the fair The speaker started nervously up, for h to stay for the present." The sheriff began to be deeply interested his legs from under him. He fell upon the floor heard a noise in the bog, and with a hasty step girl's cottage. Shouts of joy rent the air, and "If you stay here, then I shall go. I've told minutes for the jury to bring in their verdict. the matter, for there was something more in the like a leaden weight, his knife flew from his "Tell me," said Mary, as Corney closed his hundred lips blessed the saved and the you time and again, Caspar, that I would have he hurried off towards a small village that lay manner of the girl than idle raving. grasp, and on the instant Mary once, more upon the borders of the lake to the southward. othing to do with ye. Now leave me in peace. story, "is there no one whom you think might saviour. "Most assuredly," he replied, " if you can sprang through the doorway. She did not stop have done this thing? Do you know of any Ere many weeks had passed away those peo-Not long after the man had left the emptied or I am miserable.' give me a good reason. Whom do you susthis time to open the gate, but with a single ple were shouting and singing again. This "No, Mary, I shan't leave you, for I love one's having been in that vicinity on that pack there came up from the bog path another nect ?" bound she leaped over the low paling and time there was a wedding, and Corney and you, and you know it, and you shall be mine.evening ?? "If I tell you he may escape." man; and he bore a heavy body in his arms .-"No,-only the three men who found me." Young Corney Drake wont be my rival any gained the street. Mary were the happy couple. When he reached a suitable resting place he " No,- he shall be arrested." more. I might have had your pretty hand long "Was not Caspar Bagroon there ?" laid his burden down upon the grass. It was " Then 'twas Caspar Bagroon." READ THIS, GIRLS .- Suppose a young man of "Caspar Bag... But tell me, Mary-what do you mean ? My God ! I believe Caspar ago if it hadn't have been for his winning ways CHAPTER III. The sheriff 's cycs snapped. the bloody corpse of the pedler. good sense, and of course good prospects, to and smooth tongue ; but he's done for, now. " Poor Magduhl !" murmured the your THE PRISON INTERVIEW. " Can you prove it ?" be looking for a wife-what chance have you " Caspar Bagroon, you never could have had man-for young he was, " who could have had dogged me there! He has sworn to kill me. Mary Carrol gained the garden-gate of "Dig up the body and sce. God will no to be chosen ? You may decoy him or trap He may have laid in wait for me, and the apny hand. I hate you, and I always did.the heart to take your life ? There could have suffer the guilty to escape. Dig up the body neighbor's house, and then she turned and lookhim, or catch him; but how much better to Corney Drake isn't guilty of that murder, and ed towards her own cot. She saw Caspar Banearance of the pedler, the apparently well filled and let the doctor examine it." been but a few more years for you on earth make it an object for him to catch you. Renpack, and the loneliness of the hour and the they can't convict him. Go your way, and and surely they might have left you those.-"Caspar Bagroon is a dangerous fellow, groon just stepping into the street, and she der yourself worthy of catching, and you will place, may have excited his cupidity. He had uttered the officer, " and I think him just the need no shrewd mother or managing brothers leave me in peace." Ah, what's this? Thy pack, as I live. Holy could see through the dim twilight that his " Ha, ha, ha, Mary Carrol, you don't know the heart capable of it-I know he did. But saints, they've taken your last breath for th man to have done such a deed. If I had reasons hands were clenched together, and she thought to help you to find a market. what you're saying. Corney Drake is guilty of she heard bitter curses fall from his lips. He we can't prove anything." I'd arrest him this very morning." paltry store you carried; and it can't have Mary sat down upon the edge of the low cot the murder, and he's been proved so." been long, either, for your blood is warm from "You have reasons. I believe he did the came not after her, however, but walked moodily "Jim, does your mother whip you ?"and for some timeshe remained in silent thought the heart !" " It's a lie !" nurder. I accuse him of it ! Is not that off in the opposite direction, and was soon lost 'No-o-o-but she does a precious sight Her foot played nervously upon the tiled floor, " Hold your tongue, Mary. It's no lie. He The young man knelt down and pulled apart to sight in the gathering gloom. enough ?" worse, though." "What is, that ?" "Why, her little fingers passed to and fro around each has been convicted and he is going to be hung !" the bits of lace and ribbon, the pin-papers and The resolute girl stepped again into the street, other, and when she at length raised her head "I'll arrest him, by the saints, I will. she washes me every morning." the little cushions, and while he yet gazed va- and looked wildly into his face. Mary Carrol grasped Bagroon by the arm, and hastily wended her way towards the jail.- all-traces of tears were gone, and her whole needed it long ago." 107" Mother," said an inquisitive urchin, a She asked to see Corney Drake, but the jailor I of a resolute woman's unyielding will. "And you'll have the body dug up, too." few days since, "would you have been any re-"Yes.' lation to me, if father hadn't married you ?"

BRURGE REGERER

be hung."

start.

A PAULLY JOURNAL ---- NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

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

ALLENTOWN, PA., MAY 16, 1855.

"Don't you lie to me, Caspar Bagroon !" " It isn't a lie. Corney Drake has been sentenced this very afternoon, and next week ho'll " No, no ! they shan't hang him !" cried the

sited girl with a rough grip. "Now listen to

mine you shall be in spite of all the powers of heaven and earth. I've set my very soul on possessing you, and I don't care if I lose that

soul in the getting of you !" Bagroon looked pale and haggard-his black eyes shot forth streams of fire—his teeth were "I see it. It is poor old Magduhl; but I grating together, and his breath came hot and live yet. Do, do. O, do; sir." quick. Poor Mary was frightened. She was a

knew that Caspar Bagroon was a fearful man Corney Drake. Look at your hands. Look at and she knew that he would do anything to gain your clothes. They're all bloody. And feel of his ends. "Let go of me !" she shricked. "Let go of rom the other side, and I stumbled against it, swear-"

" Hush, Mary Carrol," interrupted Bagroon in a hoarse whisper. "I am not a man to be thwarted. I could tell you some things that would open your eyes to your own fate." " Ay, you could tell of dark deeds enough, I

the thing had turned her brain. He knew not " There !" said Mary, laying her finger upon that that brain was ten times more strong than ever before.

" It's blood, Caspar Bagroon. It's blood !" found no difficulty in gaining admittance. "You lie! It isn't blood !"

and his face turned to a livid hue. He trem-It isn't blood ! You lie, Mary Carrol ; there

CHAPTER V. THE NEW TRIAL.

People were surprised when Caspar Bagroon was arrested for the murder of the pedler, but o one was sorry. Public opinion turned like weather cock ere yet the evidence had been roduced.

The body of the pedler was brought into the court, and the doctor was there to examine the wounds. Caspar Bagroon was there, and though his bosom heaved, and his features were contorted, by the fiercest passion, yet he spoke not a word. He turned his flashing eyes upon Mary Carrol, and he grated his teeth together like the stones of a mill. He seemed to forget that this was working against him.

The doctor began to probe the wounds. The first went to the heart, but there he found noth-NUMBER 32. ing. The second was further towards the centre of the breast, and seemed to have been a very slight one. The skin was cut away, and in a few moments more the operator uttered a slight exclamation.

"What is it ? What is it ?" quickly asked Mary, springing forward. "Wait a moment," returned the doctor ; and

as he spoke he produced a pair of forceps. He applied them to the incision he had made,

and after two unsuccessful efforts he drew forth a piece of metal which had been driven through the tough cartilage between the left ribs and the sternum, and which, upon examination, proved to be the point of a knife !

The thought came upon me like a shaft of light-"Here! here!" cried Mary, at the same aing that Bagroon had murdered the pedler. time drawing a clasp-knife from her bosom. God must have given me the thought, for it "You all of you know to whom this belongs.

man came to my house, and he insulted me .--

convicted of murder. I tried to flee from him,

but he caught me and drew that knife, and

swore he'd kill me if I screamed. I sank upon

my knees, and grasping him by the ankles, I

tripped him up and then fled. He dropped his

knife and forgot to pick it up, and when I re-

He taunted me because Corney Drake had been

came like a perfect conviction. I got away from Try it, try it." him again and fled, and then I came here." The people_crowded eagerly forward. The Mary Carrol arose from her seat and clasped sheriff took the knife and opened it. The point her hands firmly together.

of the blade was broken off. He took the piece "Corney," she continued, "if there's proof from the hands of the doctor and applied it to of the real murderer on the face of the earth the broken blade. It fitted-it was the missing I'll find it out. I will, or I'll die with you." "Ha, ha, ha !" half wildly, half hysterically

Corney Drake longed to clasp the fair girl to his swelling bosom, but he remembered his laughed Mary Carrol. " That is Caspar Babonds, and he could only thank her in words. groon's knife !" "You lie you she-devil !" roared the villain.

CHAPTER IV.

"No, she don't, Caspar," said Phil Kanaugh. THE KNIFE, AND A NEW ACCUSAL. We all know that knife." When Mary entered her cottage it was quite "Ay," cried Mary, " and he drew it upon me, too. Listen, hearts of Tyrone. That bad

ate. She feared not the return of Casper Bagroon, for her heart had been made strong by the strange conviction that some superhuman

power was aiding her, and she even felt happy n the assurance that she should succeed in her efforts. She opened her tinder-box, and having lighted a candle she bolted her door and windows, and was turning towards her bed-room when her eye caught an object that lay upon Mary sought the jail once more, and she the floor at the further extremity of the apartment. She went to it and picked it up. It

Cornelius Drake sat in his cell. He was not more than one-and-twenty-a noble looking was Bagroon's clasp knife ! youth, with auburn hair and large blue eyes, In all probability the villain's fall had so thumped his head that he entirely forgot the and a countenance full of goodness and truth. His very appearance gave the lie direct to the

saw it when he pulled it out that same evening, idea that he could commit a deliberate murder, and she had often seen it before, and, more than

turned I found it. I knew that he had done the murder, for I saw blood upon his shirtsleeve; but when I saw that broken blade I believed that God had provided a way for me to prove it. I have proved it. You all see it. Bagroon is the real murderer, and Corney is knife he had dropped. Mary knew it, for she free !"

however, that she might apply to the sheriff, half-frantic girl. " Corney never did that murand that a pass from him would admit her. der. It wasn't in his heart." With the fleetness of wind Mary darted off "Peace, Mary. Young Drake can be nothfor the house of the sheriff whom she had the ng to you now." good fortune to find at home. She made known "Yes, he can. He can be everything." her request, and he at first refused. " But he shan't, though," uttered the dark " O, I must see him," she cried. "He was man, at the same time grasping hold of the ex-

see him." ne, Mary Carrol. You've got to be mine, and "Not to-night," said the sheriff, but it was

To-morrow may be too late. Corney never

stout-hearted and true-hearted girl, but she

me, Caspar Bagroon. I can never be yours I to her said :

ween. Ha, what's that ?" did it-he never did it !" "Where ?" uttered Bagroon, with a quick The sheriff pitied the poor girl, for the thought

a dark spot on his shirt-sleeve. " It's nothing."

The villain hurled Mary from him as he spoke,

bled at every joint, and his eyes glared wildly upon the dark stain.

s no blood on me !"

refused her. He said the young man was con-" Corney," she said, "I believe God some demned to die, and none but the priest could be times puts the truth into the heads of us poor admitted to his cell. She begged and prayed, mortals when no earthly understanding could

but the jailor was inexorable. He told her, beautiful countenance had settled into the mould have caught it. To-night Caspar Bagroon was in may cottage, and he basely-" " Ha ! Did he dare-" " Hush, Corney, he did not harm me. I sav blood upon his shirt-sleeve, and when I showed

it to him he trembled and stammered and broke from me. Then he seized me, but I all the world to me. If he must die, O, let me leaped away, and he followed me. He caught me and dragged me back, and he drew his knife.

spoken in a wavering tone. "Yes, yes,-for the love of God, sir, do !-

committed that murder ; I know he did not. I was his-his-I should have been his wife, sir, had he lived ; and O, who knows but he may

Mary Carrol sank upon her knees and clasped her hands. Big tears rolled down her cheeks. and as the stern officer gazed upon her thus he could not find it in his heart to refuse her further. He wrote an order for her immediate admittance to the jail, and when he handed i

" There, go and see him ; but you must make up your mind that this will be your last visit.

shall feel miscrable when I hang the poor youth, for I have always thought him a noble-" "So he is. So he is. You shall not hang him,-by heavens, you shall not! He never