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### 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 every vale,  
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 pilgrimages on earth.  
The song of glad, 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,  
The sweetest that the year affords,  
Is when the cold winds hoarsely sigh,  
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 symbols of Flora's train.  
All Nature seems in happy mood,  
The earth is decked in purple array;  
The stars above us glow with light,  
Such light as only shines in May.

## MARY CARROL, THE MOST GLASS-WITTE.

### CHAPTER I.

THE MURDER. AN ARREST.

It was a wild, rugged scene, near the western shore of Lough Neagh, in the county of Tyrone, and in the northern part of Ireland.— To the left, stretching away from the banks of the lake, was a dark bog, over which, in close-tangled masses, grew the rank norass wild-wood. It was just at nightfall that a way-worn pedler entered upon the dubious foot-track that led through the bog, and from the confidence with which he trusted to his knowledge of the way one might have supposed that he had often travelled it. His way was towards Londonderry, and as he found himself in the midst of the gloomy wild-wood he began to whistle a low tune by way of enlivening the scene. At some spots, where the flanking of lichen shrubbery was quite sparse, the ground trembled and shook beneath the pedler's tread, but he felt sure, or knew, that he was in the right track, and he kept steadily on.

Not long after he had disappeared from sight in the intricate windings of the path, any one standing upon the edge of the bog might have heard a sudden rustling of the distant wild-wood, as though some one had rushed hastily through it. Then came a short scuffle, a sharp cry of pain, a few deep groans, and then for a few moments all was still. In five minutes there was another rustling in the bushes, a heavy fall, and ere long afterwards a man emerged from the bog path and stood a few seconds upon the hard ground. He was not the pedler, and yet he bore in his hand the pedler's pack. He gazed cautiously about him, and being satisfied that all was safe he stepped a little out of the way, seated himself upon the grass, opened the pack, and began to overhaul its contents.

"Curse his empty pack!" muttered the man as he seemed to have examined all its contents. "I've done that job for nothing. I've sold my soul for a miserable podge of old women's trumpery."

The speaker started nervously up, for he heard a noise in the bog, and with a hasty step he hurried off towards a small village that lay upon the borders of the lake to the southward.

Not long after the man had left the emptied pack there came up from the bog path another man; and he bore a heavy body in his arms.— When he reached a suitable resting place he laid his burden down upon the grass. It was the bloody corpse of the pedler.

"Poor Magdahl!" murmured the young man—for young he was, "who could have had the heart to take your life? There could have been but a few more years for you on earth, and surely they might have left you those.— Ah, what's this? Thy pack, as I live. Holy saints, they've taken your last breath for the salty store you carried; and it can't have been long, either, for your blood is warm from the heart!"

The young man knelt down and pulled apart the bits of lace and ribbon, the pin-papers and the little cushions, and while he yet gazed va-

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cantly upon them, at the same time murmuring sadly to himself, he was startled by a heavy tread of feet behind him. He looked up and saw three stout men standing over him.

"No, no! they shan't hang him!" cried the half-frantic girl. "Corney never did that murder. It wasn't in his heart."  
"Peace, Mary. Young Drake can be nothing to you now."  
"Yes, he can. He can be everything."  
"But he shan't, though," uttered the dark man, at the same time grasping hold of the excited girl with a rough grip. "Now listen to me, Mary Carrol. You're got to be mine, and 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!"

Corney Drake looked pale and haggard—his black eyes shot forth streams of fire—his teeth were grating together, and his breath came hot and quick. Poor Mary was frightened. She was a stout-hearted and true-hearted girl, but she knew that Caspar Bagroon was a fearful man, and she knew that he would do anything to gain his ends.

### CHAPTER II.

MARY CARROL AND HER VISITOR.

Mary Carrol was an orphan, just lifting her head into beautiful womanhood. It was at the cool of evening that she sat upon the door-stone of her neat cottage, and over her fair features was spread a cloud of despondent agony. She heard footsteps approaching her cot, and lifting her eyes she saw the dark form of Caspar Bagroon. With a shudder she hurried into the house, but Caspar followed her. He was a stout young fellow, but he looked ugly and repulsive. There was in every lineament of his features a dark sowl, and his face bore numerous scars that had been left by the wounds he had received in any brawls and drunken rows.

"Don't you lie to me, Caspar Bagroon!"  
"It isn't a lie. Corney Drake has been sentenced this very afternoon, and next week he'll be hung."  
"No, no! they shan't hang him!" cried the half-frantic girl. "Corney never did that murder. It wasn't in his heart."  
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"Let go of me!" she shrieked. "Let go of me, Caspar Bagroon. I can never be yours I 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 ween. Ha, what's that?"  
"Where?" uttered Bagroon, with a quick start.  
"There!" said Mary, laying her finger upon a dark spot on his shirt-sleeve.  
"It's nothing."  
"It's blood, Caspar Bagroon. It's blood!"  
"You lie! It isn't blood!"

The villain hurled Mary from him as he spoke, and his face turned to a livid hue. He trembled at every joint, and his eyes glared wildly upon the dark stain.

### CHAPTER III.

THE PRISON INTERVIEW.

Mary Carrol gained the garden-gate of a neighbor's house, and then she turned and looked towards her own cot. She saw Caspar Bagroon just stepping into the street, and she could see through the dim twilight that his hands were clenched together, and she thought she heard bitter curses fall from his lips. He came not after her, however, but walked moodily off in the opposite direction, and was soon lost to sight in the gathering gloom.

refused her. He said the young man was condemned to die, and none but the priest could be admitted to his cell. She begged and prayed, but the jailer was inexorable. He told her, however, that she might apply to the sheriff, and that a pass from him would admit her.

With the firmness of wind Mary darted off for the house of the sheriff whom she had the good fortune to find at home. She made known her request, and he at first refused.

"O, I must see him," she cried. "He was all the world to me. If he must die, O, let me see him."  
"Not to-night," said the sheriff, but it was spoken in a wavering tone.  
"Yes, yes,—for the love of God, sir, do!—To-morrow may be too late. Corney never committed that murder: I know he did not. I was his life; and I should have been his wife, sir, had he lived; and O, who knows but he may live yet. Do, do, O, do, sir!"

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 it to her said:

"There, go and see him; but you must make up your mind that this will be your last visit. I shall feel miserable 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 did it—never did it!"

"Corney," she said, "I believe God sometimes puts the truth into the heads of us poor mortals when no earthly understanding could have caught it. To-night Caspar Bagroon was in my cottage, and he basely—"  
"Ha! Did he dare—"  
"Hush, Corney, he did not harm me. I saw 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 leaped away, and he followed me. He caught me and dragged me back, and he drew his knife. The thought came upon me like a shaft of lightning. God must have given me the thought, for it came like a perfect conviction. I got away from him again and fled, and then I came here."

Mary Carrol arose from her seat and clasped her hands firmly together.

"I'll find it out. I will, or I'll die with you." Corney Drake longed to clasp the fair girl to his swelling bosom, but he remembered his bonds, and he could only thank her in words.

"The next morning Mary was up before the sun, and throwing on her bonnet and shawl, she hastened off to the house of the sheriff. (This sheriff acted both in the capacity of an executive and a coroner.) She had to wait some time for him to make his appearance, but he came at length.

"You here again?" he uttered, with a sleepy yawn.  
"Yes, sir,—and I have important business, too. Were you not the coroner who examined the body of old Magdahl?"  
"Yes. The sheriff opened his eyes, and began to wake up."  
"Was the body opened?"  
"No,—of course not. The pedler was dead—stabbed twice or three times—and we knew who did it."

### CHAPTER V. THE NEW TRIAL.

People were surprised when Caspar Bagroon was arrested for the murder of the pedler, but no one was sorry. Public opinion turned like a weather cock ere yet the evidence had been produced.

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 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 nothing. 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.  
"Sit 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 proved to be the point of a knife!

"Here! here!" cried Mary, at the same time drawing a clasp-knife from her bosom. "You all of you know to whom this belongs. Try it, try it!"

The people crowded eagerly forward. The sheriff took the knife and opened it. The point of the blade was broken off. He took the piece from the hands of the doctor and applied it to the broken blade. It fitted—it was the missing piece!

"Ha, ha, ha!" half wildly, half hysterically laughed Mary Carrol. "That is Caspar Bagroon's knife!"

"You lie you she-devil!" roared the villain.  
"No, she don't, Caspar," said Phil Kanaugh. "We all know that knife."  
"Ay," cried Mary, "and he drew it upon me, too. Listen, hearts of Tyrone. That bad man came to my house, and he insulted me.— He taunted me because Corney Drake had been 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 he fell. He dropped his knife and forgot to pick it up, and when I returned I found it. I knew that he had done the murder, for I saw blood upon his shirt-sleeve; 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 innocent!"

The sheriff may have tried to quell the noise, but he certainly failed, for the enthusiasm of an Irish crowd is not to be lushed.

The new trial went summarily on. The identity of the knife was proved at starting.— Phil Kanaugh swore that he met Bagroon coming from the log a short time before he came across Corney, but he thought nothing of it at the time, nor had it occurred to him since. In less than half an hour the word "guilty" sounded upon the ears of the villain.

"It's a lie! a lie! Curse you all!" he yelled, and in a moment when he caught the chance, he sprang towards Mary.

He did not reach her, however, for Phil Kanaugh pushed forward his foot and tripped him up. Bagroon was at full speed, and when he was thus thrown from his feet he fell forward with a fearful impetus, and his neck struck the sharp edge of an orkben bench. An instant he remained with his head lopping over upon the seat, and then his body rolled over upon the floor. There were two or three long struggles—a crimson stream started forth from his mouth—and he was no more! The fall had broken his neck! His fair victim had escaped him!

"God did that!" said Mary.  
"God did it!" cried they all.

Mary Carrol held the order for Corney Drake's release in her hand. She rushed wildly to the jail, and an hundred young men and old followed her.

"Free! free!" she cried, as she fell upon her lover's bosom. "Corney, dear Corney, you are free!"

The jailer came and knocked off the shackles from the young man's feet and hands, but before he could gain sense enough to speak his cell was filled with men. They caught him in their arms and bore him to the street, where they placed him in a carriage they had dragged from the sheriff's stable, and seating the heroic Mary by his side, they proceeded to the fair girl's cottage. Shouts of joy rent the air, and a hundred lips blessed the saved and the saviour.

Every week had passed away those people were shouting and singing again. This time there was a wedding, and Corney and Mary were the happy couple.

READ THIS, GIRLS.—Suppose a young man of good sense, and of course good prospects, to be looking for a wife—what chance have you to be chosen? You may decoy him or trap him, or catch him; but how much better to make it an object for him to catch you. Render yourself worthy of catching, and you will need no shrewd mother or managing brothers to help you to find a market.

"Jim, does your mother wish you?"  
"No-o-o—she does a precious sight worse, though."  
"What is that?"  
"Why, she washes me every morning."  
"Mother," said an inquisitive archer, a few days since, "would you have been any relation to me, if father hadn't married you?"