

The Lehigh Register

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California Story.

The Miner's Revenge.

BY DEUNDEMBUSS.

The sketch which I intend to give you now, dear reader, is a true one—the main features of which will be recognized as more than a "mere coinage of the brain," by thousands of persons now residing within a day's journey of the spot upon which I am sitting. Of the death of Frederick Roe at the hands of the populace of Sacramento in the spring of 1851—the reasons of it, and of the circumstances attending it—the reader is still reminded, for it was one of the most determined outbreaks of popular indignation and vengeance which any single individual had, by his crimes, brought down upon himself, since California had become an American possession; nor has it scarcely been equalled since.

The first time I ever saw Roe was in the fall of 1850. I was travelling through Bidwell's Bar, a village of considerable note, on Feather river, when I noticed a large crowd of persons collected at the upper end of the town, assembled for the purpose of administering fifty lashes to an individual in whose possession had been found a couple of gold coins, which had been identified as belonging to another person. In addition to that punishment, the popular verdict was that his head should be shaved and two hours given him to take his final leave of that section of the country. The man was a perfect stranger to the village, having taken up his residence at that place but two days previous; and from the fact that his accuser was a gambler, and that it was at the instigation of that peculiar class that he was being punished, aroused a suspicion in my mind of the justice of his sentence, which was much strengthened by the honest and open bearing of the man, and the earnest candor with which he avowed his innocence. His name was Walsworth, and, from the different statements, I soon became convinced that the matter stood thus: That morning Walsworth was standing in a gambling-house watching a game of monte, when Roe, who was engaged in betting against it with no success, managed to take from the table, while in the act of "cutting" the cards, two Bolivian ounce pieces, upon which had been scratched, for some reason, a peculiar mark. These he handed to Walsworth, telling him, merely to change his luck. Knowing but little about the game, he at first refused, but, upon being pressed, took the coins and threw one of them upon the table. The piece was recognized by the dealer, who inquired of Walsworth how he came by it. The victim informed him that it had been given him to try his luck with, and pointed to Roe, who was standing at the other side of the room, as the man from whom he had obtained them. Roe was called for, but, seeing how matters were, denied that he had given it to the man, or that he had ever seen him before. Walsworth was instantly searched, and the other piece was found in his pocket, which he, of course, accounted for in the same manner as the first, but which Roe again denied. Circumstances were against Walsworth, for it was certainly considered a singular transaction for a man to trust his money in the hands of a stranger; and as Roe was well known and the other was not, the word of the former was taken in preference, and the latter, after a hasty trial, was sentenced to the punishment which he was receiving on my arrival. Owing to the number of persons surrounding him, I was not enabled to get a sight of him, until he had received his sentence in full, and was on his way down the river, after making an unsuccessful search through the town for Roe. He left an open note for him, however, which was read by myself and several others previous to its reaching its destination, which read as near as I can recollect, thus:

"Mr. Roe—Sir: Through your villainy I suffered a humiliating disgrace—a dishonor which will render my life one of misery to its latest hour. I am innocent, as you well know, and had not my time been limited to two short hours, your dying breath should have acknowledged it ere another day. I shall now live for but one thing—revenge. Go where you may, my eye shall be upon you, and so sure as there is a God above, my satisfaction shall in less than one year be complete and dreadful."

"JACOB WALSWORTH."

The next time I saw Roe was upon the occasion and at the time mentioned in the beginning of this little sketch. He was then a French monte dealer, and carried on his operations as such in a disreputable den on the corner of Front and J streets, in Sacramento city. On the morning of the day of his death, he had drunk pretty freely, and being very irritable under the influence of liquor, he ordered from his table a miner, who had made remarks to a bystander in relation to the honesty of the game. The miner refused, and a rough-and-tumble street fight in front of the house was the consequence. A teamster attempted to sepa-

rate them, when Roe pulled a revolver from his belt and shot him, causing a wound which proved fatal two days after. Roe was arrested and lodged in the station house, then located in the basement of a brick building on the corner of Second and J street. Thimble-riggers and French monte sharps were then getting into bad odor, and as soon as the circumstances of the murderous attempt became known—or rather, as soon as it was noised about the streets that such a deed had been perpetrated by a gambler upon an "honest, hard-working man," a crowd commenced gathering in front of the station house, which, in half an hour, swelled to the number of some two hundred persons. Up to this time but little excitement had been manifested by the assemblage, and I have no reason to believe that the thought of lynching him had been entertained or even suggested by a single individual present; they had collected from motives of curiosity—a desire "to learn the particulars," and nothing more. At this moment the startling cry of "Hang him! hang the murderer!" burst from a single throat in the crowd, but the tone in which it was uttered was so loud, firm and decisive, that all eyes were instantly turned upon the speaker, who was a man of perhaps forty years of age, with a stout, well-formed person, and a long, heavy beard, which covered his face to his very eyes. He was a stranger to those present, but his intelligent-looking face and the garb of a miner, in which he was clothed, entitled him to some respect, and he slowly mounted an empty merchandise box, not a word escaped from the crowd. He removed his hat, and turning, pointed to the prison and addressing the gathering:

"In that prison," he said, "is a murderer, a thief and a gambler. He has rendered a peaceable citizen before your eyes, and is now waiting for his money to buy his release, and to stalk forth again in your midst with the blood of his victim upon his hands! There is no such thing as law in California for the punishment of such villains, except it be administered directly by the people. I say, bring him out and hang him as high as Haman. Who says 'Yes to it?'"

The miner descended from his rostrum, but not until he had fired the train. His words had the desired effect, and a hundred voices took up the savage shout, and "Hang him! hang him!" resounded through the assemblage, which was rapidly increasing in numbers as well as violence, until the street adjoining the prison became densely crowded. Shouts of vengeance and defiance of law now went up from every quarter, striking terror to the heart of the ironed culprit as he heard his sentence pronounced by the excited mob without. The whole police force of the city was stationed around the door of the prison, and the Mayor vainly resorted to alternate threats and promises to disperse the crowd. The only answers were groans and hisses, mingled with cries of "Break the door down!" "Bring a rope!" "Hang the murderer!"

The miner who had ignited the flame, satisfied with his work, now withdrew from the crowd, with his arms folded, silently awaited the result.

The streets near the prison now became a solid mass of human beings; saloons, hotels and restaurants were deserted, and clerks, waiters and proprietors, joined the excited mob and lent their voices to the general cry. At length, a demonstration was made towards the prison door. Upon a balcony overlooking it now appeared the Mayor of the city, who arrested the movement by again asking to be heard. He appealed to them as good citizens to disperse—pledged himself that the murderer should not escape, but be tried, and if found guilty, hung. Citizens did the same, but nothing could shake the determination of their auditors; the cry of "Down with him," and groans, hisses and insults, now greeted all who spoke in favor of the prisoner.

Five o'clock came; the crowd was still congregated in threatening numbers around the prison; hour after hour had been consumed in listening to speeches and suggestions, which had been received by groans, or shouts of approval, according to their character. The mob was growing impatient, and in a few minutes more would have forced the door of the prison, when a proposal was made which received the almost unanimous approval of the assemblage.

It was, that a jury of twelve men be selected, that witnesses should be examined, and that the prisoner should be tried and a verdict pronounced within two hours. The jury was selected, who repaired to the Orleans Hotel, and the trial was commenced. The evidence was conclusive of the prisoner—there could be but one opinion. Yet, for hour after hour the announcement of the verdict was withheld by the jury, in the hope of the dispersion of the crowd as the evening advanced. Eleven o'clock drew near, and still no diminution of the number could be observed. A great portion of them were collected around the Orleans, and the cry of "Verdict! Verdict! Give us the verdict!" now greeted the ears of the jurors, who,

seeing the uselessness of longer deferring the announcement of their decision, came forward, and from the balcony of that hotel pronounced the verdict of "Guilty," upon the prisoner, which was received with a shout of triumph by the crowd.

A rush for the prison was made; long lines of armed police were stationed on each side of the door as well as inside the prison, who had orders to shoot down the first man who attempted to force an entrance. This, for a moment, seemed to check the infuriated mob as they gathered round the door, apparently waiting for some one to take the lead. But it was only for a moment that they quailed before the determined front of the police; for the next, the bearded miner, who had first applied the match to the train whose flames were now about to devour the prisoner, stepped boldly to the door, and was followed by a score of strong arms bearing a huge beam to be used as a battering-ram in breaking through the wall which divided them from their victim. The hands of the officers were upon their weapons, but the miner stood unflinching in their midst, and calmly informed them that to draw one drop of blood at that moment would be but to bring upon themselves a punishment as dire as that which no earthly power could now prevent the prisoner from receiving. The crowd uttered the words of the speaker with a most terrific yell—the ponderous beam was brought against the door with a crash that shook the building to its very centre—the police gave way—and the phrenzied mob stood in the presence of their victim, who, paralyzed with fear, lay prostrate in his chains. The irons were filed and broken from his limbs, and an escort, followed by the whole of the immense assemblage, bore him in triumph to a large oak near the corner of N and Seventh sts., beneath a sturdy branch of which he was placed while the preparations for his execution were progressing.

The night was intensely dark, not a solitary star looking down upon the prisoner to cheer him with a smile for the future, and the frown of Haman who has said, "Vengeance is mine, and I will leave it," seemed to hang in the back and lowering clouds which hovered over the solemn scene. Torches were lighted, which cast their dim glare into the pale features of the prisoner, disclosing to him the determined faces of the executioners, and the vast concourse of spectators which surrounded him on every side. A rope was at length procured, the knot adjusted over the neck of the culprit, the rope passed round the limb above, when he was asked if he had any requests to make or anything to say. He replied in the negative, and, when questioned concerning his nativity and relatives, he had strength only to answer that he was a native of England, where his mother was then residing.

The word was given to man the rope, and the first to step forward was the miner. He passed within three feet of the prisoner, and, when opposite him, turned and gave him one look. A mutual recognition passed, and, with a groan, the murderer sank upon his knees, and the other grasped the rope as he hissed, almost in the very ear of the prisoner:

"Now comes my turn!"

The order to "haul away" was given; a dozen men gave a pull on the rope, and the corpse of Frederick Roe hung dangling between the heavens and the earth.

I will not describe that scene, although it was the most solemn and impressive I have ever beheld; my intention is to show whether Jacob Walsworth fulfilled his oath, which I think he did to the very letter, for the miner and Jacob Walsworth were one.

Miscellaneous.

HOME MADE MEN.

Mr. Edward Bates, one of the most eminent lawyers and wisest statesmen of the West, thus wrote a few days since to a committee of the Missouri Legislature who invited him to become a candidate for the United States Senate:

"My habits are retired and domestic, and all my sources of happiness are at home."

Well indeed was it for him that it was so, and well indeed for others! Mark the difference between the influence of the home made character and that which is made out of doors! History with its coarse pen drolls, it is true, almost exclusively on the latter class, but in that great book in which the incidents of all real life are written, how predominant will be the former! The example of gentle tenderness at the fire-side,—of manly and yet delicate adherence to truth,—of severe honesty in private business,—when coupled with such eminent success as that of Mr. Bates, tells on the community far more effectually than the dashing exploits of the General or the brilliant oratory of the Senator. Viewed in personal or a public light, the history of the home made man stands in strong relief. "I have watched two races of politicians to the grave," said a late eminent judge, "and I have seen nothing but vanity and wretchedness." It is the fashion, it is true, to

sneer at the "slow" dulness of merely home life. But it is by the fire-side that practical genius,—that genius which helps itself while helping others,—takes its origin. Watt was watching the pot boiling in the chimney when the action of the steam on the lid brought gradually home to him the great discovery which immortalized his name. And this, indeed, may be taken as an apt illustration of that wonderful influence which radiates from the centre-table where the children are gathered together under the light of the astral lamp, and which leads to these signal discoveries by the young philosopher,—how self conquest is the greatest of all conquests,—how loving others is the best way of loving self,—and how the HOME MADE heart is the only heart which, by being independent of the world makes the world both its servant and its beneficiary. And then while home becomes thus the best representation of heaven on earth, it becomes the best preparation on earth for heaven. The worldly man has no points,—we speak with reverence,—at which divine grace can reach him. Take away the object of his ambition, and he is sauced: add to it and he becomes intoxicated. Send him sickness, and he early wishes like the wounded snake. But the unsparing of the home-heart by cutting off its earthly objects of love, turns the fountain of that love direct to heaven. The bereaved soul looks its Heavenly parent in the face all the more clearly because of his chastisement. Sacred indeed then is that hearth-fire whose presence gives happiness on earth, and even whose extinguishment serves to open the vision to the eternal glory of heaven!—*Episcopal Recorder.*

Hydrophobia.

Some seeds have been received at the Patent Office from New Orleans, for distribution, which are used in St. Bernard's Parish, Louisiana, for the cure of hydrophobia. The plant originally came from Mexico, and the seeds alone are employed for effecting a cure of this peculiar disease. The way to use it is, to steep the seeds in wine for about twenty-four hours—three seeds is a full dose—and three doses are given to a patient every day, for nine days.

The discovery of a perfect antidote for hydrophobia would really be one of the most important ever made in medicine, for although many substances have from time to time been brought forward as curatives, still no one was really proved so. The case of a patient who died in the New York hospital on the 15th of last month, proves that this disease is not altogether well named. The physician found, that the most distressing part of the malady is the difficulty and pain in swallowing, arising from sharp spasmodic action of the muscles concerned in this function, extending sometimes even to those of the neck and chest, and producing a feeling of alarming constriction of the organs of respiration, causing almost complete, though temporary suffocation, and thus aggravating it not actually exciting the convulsions, with the more or less violent contortions and discoloration of the countenance, protrusion of the eyeballs, and other active and painful symptoms. But he experienced no dread of the sound of water, and even took some in his mouth, but found great pain in an endeavor to swallow it.—He was carefully treated, with cool cloths applied to his head, mustard poultices to his feet, and the administration of anodyne and nourishing enemata, but he died in twenty hours after he was admitted.

The peculiarity of the hydrophobia poison is, that it may slumber in the system for some time, and then begin to exert its terrible power in some unexpected moment. This patient was bitten five weeks before he was taken to the hospital, and the wound was perfectly healed, but, although the poison slumbered so long in his system, it at last did its fearful work.—*Scientific American.*

City of the Dead.

Greenwood Cemetery, New York, may be called such. The register at her gates, which may enter for lodgment, but none return, numbers hard upon 20,000—a dumb population, cold and silent as the marble over their heads, on which vanity and ambition have written words, hoping thereby to secure away oblivion. City of the Dead, populous with forms—rich, poor, young, old, brave, beautiful, and gay—once animate as our own, but now crumbled or crumbling in the embrace of decay. What hopes, what aspirations, what secrets are buried there—and many a grief, too, for which life had no assuager. And what pomp crowns the great turf there—urn, obelisk, and temple-tomb, as if these could survive when the pyramids are passing away. Grim Death, thou alone hast the grand that dispels mortal illusions, measuring the true stature of the beggar and the king, and writing on the brow of pride and presumption, "how little is man." Where the winds sigh or rage out there in the beautiful City of the Dead, and the murmurous voice of the sea forever beats nature's anthem, man may learn how well he would be if the lives of the living were tempered by the lessons of Death.—*N. Y. Mir.*

HOME AND WOMAN.

Our homes—what are their corner stones but the virtue of a woman, and on what does social well-being rest, but on our homes? Must we not trace all other blessings of civilized life to the doors of our private dwellings? Are not our hearts, stones guarded by holy forms, cold, jagged, flint, and parental love, the corner stone of Church and State, more sacred than either, more necessary than both? Let our temples crumble, let our public edifices, our halls of justice crumble, and capitalists of state be levelled with the dust; but spare our homes! Let no socialist invade them with his wild plans of community. Man did not invent and he cannot improve or abrogate them. A private shelter to cover in two hearts dearer to each other than all in the world; high walls to exclude the profane eyes of every human being, seclusion enough for children to feel that mother is a holy and peculiar name—this is home; and here is the birth-place of every secret thought. Here the Church and State must come for their origin and support. Oh! spare our homes! The love we experience there gives us our faith in an infinite goodness; the purity and disinterestedness of home is our foretaste and our earnest of a better world. In relations there established and fostered, do we find through life the chief solace and joy of existence. What friends deserve the name compared with those whom a birth-right gives us? One mother is worth a thousand friends; one sister truer than twenty intimate companions. We who have played on the same hearth, under the light of the same smile, who date back to the same scene and season of innocence and hope, in whose veins runs the same blood, do we not find that years only make more sacred and more important the tie that binds? Coldness may spring up; distance may separate; different spheres may divide, but those who can love anything, who continue to love at all, must find that the friends whom God himself gave, are wholly unlike any we can choose for ourselves, and that the yearning for these is the strong spark in our expiring affection.—*Et.*

He's Nothing but a Mechanic.

"He's a poor boy and a mechanic!" contemptuously sneered a village belle as her companions rallied her upon the attention of a young blacksmith. And so American aristocracy sneers at the hardy sons of toil. This belle's father had risen from hostler to shoemaker, and from shoemaker to pork speculator. A fortunate land purchase carried him clean into the "upper circles," and his family put on airs about as natural and becoming as the colors of the homely-footed peacock.

The blacksmith asked the hand of pork speculator's daughter and was refused. She looked higher. She scorned a mechanic! She belonged to an aristocratic family!

The said belle soared high and, lit low—she married a stranger who proved to be a penniless loafer—a penniless loafer—a journeyman tinker.

The blacksmith has been in the American Congress, and enjoys an enviable name as a statesman of talent, integrity and rare moral worth.

Yet he is nothing but a mechanic!

Strawberry Cakes.

Sift a small quart of flour into a pan, and cut up among it a half pound of best fresh butter; or mix in a pint of butter if it is soft enough to measure in that manner. Rub with your hands the butter into the flour, till the whole is crumbled fine. Beat three eggs very light; and then mix them with three table-spoonfuls of powdered loaf sugar. Wet the flour and butter with the beaten egg and sugar, so as to form a dough. If you find it too stiff, add a little cold water. Knead the dough till it quits your hands, and leaves them clean. Spread some flour on your paste board, and roll out the dough into a rather thick sheet. Cut it into round cakes with the edge of a tumbler or something similar; dipping the cutter frequently into flour to prevent its sticking. Butter some large square iron pans or baking sheets. Lay the cakes in, not too close to each other. Set them in a brisk oven and bake them light brown. Have ready a sufficient quantity of ripe strawberries, washed and made very sweet with white sugar. Reserve some of your finest strawberries whole. When the cakes are cool split them, place them on flat dishes, and cover the bottom piece of each with mashed strawberry, put on thickly. Then lay on the top pieces, pressing them down. Have ready some icing, and spread it thickly over the top and down the sides of each cake, so as to enclose both the upper and lower pieces. Before the icing has quite dried, ornament the top of every cake with the whole strawberries, a large one in the centre, and the smaller ones placed round in a close circle.

These are delicious and beautiful cakes if properly made. The strawberries, not being cooked, will retain all their natural flavour.—Instead of strawberries you may use raspberries. The large white or buff-colored raspberries is the finest, if to be eaten uncooked.

Does the Moon affect Vegetation.

Very many practical farmers will be prompt to answer this query in the affirmative. Pliny says that if we would collect grain for the purpose of immediate sale, we should do so at the full of the moon; because, during the moon's increase, the grain augments remarkably in magnitude; but if we would collect the grain to preserve it, we should choose the new moon, or the decline of it. This maxim may find some feeble support in the fact, that, as a general thing, more rain falls during the increase of the moon than during its decrease; which may account for the augmentation of the grain in bulk, or size of the kernel; but it assuredly requires a robust faith to suppose that the moon at the distance of 240,000 miles from the earth's surface, can have any appreciable effect upon the grain, either in increasing or diminishing its bulk. The same author also prescribes the period of the full moon for sowing beans, and that of the new moon for sowing lentils.

There is also an approximation to something like an established principle observable, in the practice of the Agronomes of South America in their treatment of the two classes of plants distinguished by the production of fruit on these roots, or on their branches, but we are unable to indicate anything of the kind in the Euro-

pean countries, as though they were susceptible of the clearest and most positive proof. There is scarcely a single detail embraced in the wide routine of agricultural enterprise and effort, into which this superstitious presumption of lunar power does not more or less extensively intertwine itself. In some respects, it is perfectly harmless; in others, its effects are more momentous, and positively detrimental to the pecuniary interests and well-being of those by whom it is indulged.—*Germania Telegraph.*

Rich Men in New York.

Here are a million of people nearly, most of whom are trying, or at least strongly desiring to be rich, and the number who have succeeded in that object is but ten hundred and sixty! Of these, three hundred and fourteen are put down at one hundred thousand. Two hundred and five have attained the rank of nine hundred and fifty thousand. One hundred and fifty-nine enjoy the distinction of two hundred thousand. Seventy-nine have risen to the height of a quarter of a million. Seventy-five have reached the grade of three hundred thousand. Eighteen have the rare facility of three hundred and fifty thousand. Thirty-seven have won the commoner glories of four hundred thousand. Three individuals only have paused at four hundred and fifty thousand; while seventy-three have pressed forward to the grandeur of a half million. Twenty-four have proceeded to six hundred thousand; twenty-five to eight hundred thousand; and sixteen have attained the giddy height of one million. Five have gone on to a million and a half, six, to two millions; one, to three millions; two, to four millions; one, to five millions; and one stands, solitary and alone, on the pinnacle of six millions.

FIDELITY.

Never forsake a friend. When enemies gather thick and fast around him—when sickness falls heavy on his heart—when the world is dark and cheerless, this is the time to try true friendship. They who turn from the scene of distress or other reasons why they should be excused from extending their sympathy and aid, betray their hypocrisy, and prove that selfish motives only prompt and move them. If you have a friend who loves you—who has studied your interest and happiness—defended you when persecuted and troubled, be sure to sustain him in his adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his friendship was not lavished on you for naught. Real fidelity may be rare; but it exists—in the heart. Who has not seen and felt its power? They only deny its worth and power who have never loved a friend, or labored to make a friend happy. The good and the kind, the affectionate and the virtuous, see and feel this heavenly principle, for heavenly it is; it is a fruit gathered from a sacred germ implanted by heaven in man's bosom. And true fidelity has its reward. In may be besighted by some, overlooked by others; but pure minded men cultivate and cherish fond and undying love for it. As the diamond is found in the darkness of the mine, as the lightning shoots with most vivid flashes from the gloomiest cloud, so does fidelity proceed from a heart susceptible to the calls of deepest melancholy, and shows itself brighter and stronger in the adversity of a friend.—*Mirror of the Times.*

Don't do It.

Never make use of an honest woman's name in an improper time, or in a mixed company. Never make assertions about her that you think are untrue, allusions that you feel she herself would blush to hear. When you meet with men who do not scruple to make use of a woman's name in a most reckless manner, shun them, for they are the very worst members of the community—men lost to every sense of honor, every feeling of humanity.