



THE LEHIGH REGISTER,

Is published in the Borough of Allentown, Lehigh County Pa., every Wednesday

BY A. L. RUME,

At \$1 50 per annum, payable in advance, and \$2 00 if not paid until the end of the year. No paper discontinued, until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the proprietor.

ADVERTISEMENTS, making not more than one square, will be inserted three times for one dollar, and for every subsequent insertion twenty-five cents. Larger advertisements, charged in the same proportion. Those not exceeding ten lines will be charged seventy-five cents, and those making six lines or less, three insertions for 50 cents.

A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

Office in Hamilton St., one door East of the German Reformed Church, nearly opposite the "Friedensbote" Office.

Millers' Boot and Shoe Store In Allentown.

The subscriber takes this method to inform his friends, and the public in general, that he has lately established a new

BOOT & SHOE Store,

in the fourth frame shop, east of the Allentown Hotel, on the North side of Hamilton street, No. 9.

Where he has fitted up a splendid Store Room, and will be prepared with a large assortment of finished work to accommodate his customers in every branch of his business. The following are named among some of his prices:

Pine Calf Skin Boots, from \$3 50 to \$5 25
 Coarse stout do 2 50 to 3 50
 Boys' do do 1 00 to 2 25
 Ladies' Morocco Slippers, 70 to 1 25
 Misses, and Childrens according to quality, and sizes.

He will sell at Philadelphia prices. Wholesale and Retail, and to Country Merchants will make a very liberal deduction.

As he always employs the best of workmen, and works up the best materials in the market, he is enabled to stand good for any work turned out by him, and feels confident that the same will prove satisfactory to his customers.

Persons therefore will see to their advantage, and call on him before purchasing elsewhere.

He returns his sincere thanks for the many favors he has received from a kind public, and by moderate prices, good work, and due attention to business, hopes to merit a continuance of the same.

DANIEL MILLER. P-3m

Coachmaking Establishment In Allentown.

ROBERT KRAMER,

Respectfully announces to his friends and the public in general, that he continues on an extensive scale, the

Coachmaking Business,

in all its various branches, at the old stand in West Hamilton Street, No. 52, directly opposite Hagenbuch's Hotel, where he is always prepared to manufacture to order at the shortest notice, and also keep on hand,

Fashionable Vehicles,

such as *Barouches, Rockaways, Carryalls, York Wagons, Sulkeys, &c. &c.* which, for beauty and durability cannot be surpassed by any Coachmaker in the State or elsewhere, while his terms are as reasonable as those of any other establishment.— He uses none but the best materials, and employs none but the best of workmen—consequently, he intends that the vehicles manufactured at his establishment "shall take the shine" of all others manufactured in this part of the country. He professes to understand his business by experience, and therefore assures the public that he is enabled to render satisfaction to his customers. Call and judge for yourselves.

Woodsen or iron axletrees made to order: and Repairing of all kinds done at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms.

Old vehicles taken in exchange for new ones at a good bargain.

ROBERT KRAMER. P-3m

Odd Fellows' Regalias KECK and LEH,

Have just received a splendid lot of Camp and other Regalias, richly made up with gold and silver spangles, all of which they will sell at a very small advance.

Such who anticipate attending the Odd Fellows' celebration, in May next, will do well to prepare themselves with Regalias.

Remember the place No. 31, East Hamilton street, directly opposite the "Register Printing Office."

Allentown, April 27. P-4w

Poetical Department.

Youth and Age.

I often think each tottering form
 That limps along in life's decline,
 Once bore a heart as young, as warm,
 As full of idle thoughts as mine!

And each has had his dreams of joy,
 His own unequalled, pure romance;
 Coinciding when the blushing boy
 First thrills at lovely woman's glance.

And each could tell his tale of youth;
 Would think its scenes of love evince
 More passion, more unearthly truth
 Than any tale before or since.

Yes! they could tell of tender lays
 At midnight penned in classic shades,
 Of days more brisk than modern days—
 And maids more fair than modern maids.

Of whispers in a willing ear;
 Of kisses on a blushing cheek;
 Each kiss, each whisper far too dear
 Our modern lips to give or speak.

Of passions too untimely crossed;
 Of passions slighted or betrayed—
 Of kindred spirits early lost,
 And buds that blossom but to fade;

Of beaming eye and tresses gay,
 Elastic form and noble brow,
 And forms that have all passed away,
 And left them what we see them now.

And is it thus—is human love
 So very light and frail a thing?
 And must youth's brightest visions move
 Forever on time's restless wing!

Most all the eyes that still are bright,
 And the lips that talk of bliss;
 And all the forms so fair to sight,
 Hereafter only come to this?

Then what are earth's best vision's worth,
 If we at length must lose them thus—
 If all we value most on earth
 Ere long must fade away from us!

It is not always May.

The sun is bright—the air is clear,
 The daring swallows soar and sing,
 And from the stately elms I hear
 The blue-bird prophesy Spring.

So blue yon winding river flows,
 It seemed an outline from the sky,
 Where waiting till the west wind blows,
 The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new; the buds, the leaves,
 That gild the elm tree's nodding crest,
 And even the nest beneath the eaves;
 There are no birds in last year's nest!

All things rejoice in youth and love,
 The fulness of their first delight!
 And learn from the soft heavens above
 The melting tenderness of night.

Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,
 Enjoy thy youth—it will not stay;
 Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
 For O, it is not always May.

Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth,
 To some good angel leave the rest;
 For time will sear thee soon the truth,
 There are no birds in last year's nest.

Miscellaneous Selections.

Border Scenes on the Susquehanna.

My readers have doubtless noticed in the Register, some years since, a narrative of the remarkable escape of John Harris from being burnt alive by the Indians, on the spot where Harrisburg, the seat of government of the State of Pennsylvania, has been since built. That publication has been the means of bringing to light several interesting incidents connected with Harris and his wife, one of those pioneer mothers in whom the dangers and exigencies of frontier life, developed the highest degree of daring, compatible with the exercise of that sound judgment which is of yet greater importance in that sphere of existence.

Harris, as has been stated in the narrative referred to, was a trader among two or three savage tribes, whose head-quarters seem to have extended along the west branch of the Susquehanna, even in this day of improvement embracing some of the wildest mountain and river scenery in the United States. The wolf and the fox still dispute possession of extensive tracts in this region with the settler, and even the panther and the bear are occasionally tracked to and shot in their retreats by the hardy mountaineers, who vary the toils of husbandry with relaxations—as they deem it—of the chase, rendered here, by the character of the country, the most arduous species of it in the world. One of these tribes, believed to be the Muncies, an offshoot of the Delawares, had built their wigwams and settled their families, at the junction of the west and north branches of the Susquehanna, on the side of the present

village of Northumberland. The towns of the others receded farther into the wilds along the west branch.

It will be recollected that a chain of posts was established during the provincial government of Pennsylvania, probably in 1756 by Gov. Forbes, extending from Philadelphia to Fort Pitt, now Pittsburg. One of these was where Harris resided, who occupied a trading house, and had rendered himself, in those early days, acceptable to the Indians, who found it a great convenience to trade their peltries for powder, lead, and such other things as they needed, in their own neighborhood. Here he had brought a plow, the first ever seen on the banks of the Susquehanna, with other implements of husbandry, and made a little clearing sufficient for a kitchen garden, and here was born John Harris, the founder of Harrisburg, believed to be the only individual ever existing that laid out a town at his birth place, and who, as the first child of white parents, received from that circumstance, a grant of four hundred acres of land, offered as a premium by the proprietors, for the settlement west of the then frontier parts of Eastern Pennsylvania—Berks and Lancaster counties.

After Braddock's defeat, one of the British officers, on his way to Philadelphia, called at Harris, station, for the purpose of staying all night. Through the neglect of the person whose duty it was to attend to closing the port-holes at sundown, they had been on that day left open. The officer was engaged in conversation with Mrs. Harris, with his back to the port-holes, and she facing them. In this position, and looking over his shoulder, she heard the click and saw the flash of a rifle. Without any exclamation of surprise, or saying anything to interrupt his discourse, she leaned to one side where the candle stood, and blew it out.— The next day the officer fell in with an old Indian chief and his attendant, who acknowledged to him that he had aimed at his life, but the weather being drizzling his powder had got wet and the piece hung fire; and he was unwilling to repeat his fire after the candle was extinguished, for fear of injuring Mrs. Harris.

At a somewhat later date, when Pennsylvanians had extended themselves west of the Donegal settlement, in Lancaster county, and had formed a settlement on Paxton creek, the Indians began to entertain great apprehensions of being finally expelled from the country, and concerted measures, with their usual secrecy, for the extermination of the whites. Having ascertained that they collected once a week for religious worship, they made their arrangement to attack Paxton meeting-house, and cut off all the inhabitants at a single blow. They rendezvoused in considerable number at a spot west of the Blue Mountains, and poured in on the settlement through *Monada Gap*, about fourteen miles from the Susquehanna, with such celerity and secrecy as to station themselves in the ticket around the meeting-house, without the least suspicion having been formed by the settlers of any sinister designs. They had, however, missed one day in their reckoning, and taken Saturday in place of the Sabbath, for their ambushade. As the usual hour passed without any of the whites making their appearance, the Indians began to suspect that they had in some way or other been put on their guard, and, fearing injury to themselves, they broke up and made their way home without loss of time and as quickly and secretly as they had found their way into the settlement. The next day the number and character of the tracks around, revealed to the settlers the threatened danger, as well as the hostile intentions, generally, of their savage neighbors. A council was held on the spot, and it was determined to dispatch Harris, with some forty others, well armed, to visit the Indian villages, and ascertain, if possible, their purposes.

The company set out next day, and on reaching the town on the opposite bank of the Susquehanna, found a war party assembled in council, painted and arrayed with war clubs. This of course, left no doubt of their hostile designs, but in the face of these signals, the Indians disclaimed any unfriendly feelings towards their white neighbors, and asserted their pacific intentions, the design being, if possible, to put them off their guard. The party of the whites reposed no confidence in these protestations, but prepared for their return, their route being well-known to the Indians. They had to cross the river some distance below, at the mouth of a little creek, where Selin's Grove is now built. Harris had withdrawn for a short distance from the camp, and was returning to it; when he met an old Indian whom he recognized as an individual that had once been indebted to him for his life. The savage, without halting, or turning his head, or even glancing at Harris, for he was aware, on account of his friendly feeling to that individual, that he was narrowly watched, passed him, and in a hurried manner, said, "John Harris, don't you cross the river!"

After starting for home, Harris mentioned to his company this warning, as he understood it to be, of a meditated ambushade on the other side, and suggested the pre-

priety of going down on the west side of the Susquehanna. The party generally judged it rather a decoy to induce them to rush into the danger, which they supposed was actually on that side. Harris then explained to his friends the relation in which he stood to the Indian, avowing his conviction that he was sincere, and appealing to the party whether they were not convinced that they owed it their thorough preparation for battle, that they had been permitted to leave the Indian camp, instead of following the friendly advice. The party, however, were obstinate, and rather than separate from them, Harris, against his better judgement, accompanied them on their route.

Scarcely had the first boat in which they crossed touched the opposite shore, when a destructive fire opened on them from the bushes which lined the bank. Harris was the only one of the party that escaped to tell the tale, the residue being either shot down in the boats or overtaken at a disadvantage. He swam the river across three times to baffle the pursuit made in his case.

Harris generally rode a horse which was well known to the Indians. On another occasion, while the whites and Indians were on unfriendly terms, he had been with a party of the settlers hunting on the west side of the river, who had imprudently, by some circumstance, become separated from their rifles. The Indians attacked the party, after detaching a few warriors to intercept their retreat by a narrow defile. The bank of the Susquehanna is very precipitous in that region, and this afforded the only opening to the ford opposite the settlement. Harris was as usual mounted, and making his way down to the pass, when he found himself confronted by an old chief, well known to him as *Indian John*, who stood in the pathway with his rifle raised to shoot. He was compelled to risk the shot. Leaping instantly to the ground, he ungrithed the saddle, held it by the girths twisted over his arm, and vaulting on his horse's back, stooped forward, raised the saddle, and holding it in front, so as to form a shield, he rushed at his enemy at the top of his speed. The Indian sprang to one side, disconcerted by the sudden movement, and, fearful of missing, reserved his fire. As soon as Harris passed the foe, he swung the saddle over his head, so as to form a protection for his rear, and pursued his way to the river. The Indian fired, his ball taking effect on the saddle, the rider and horse escaping unharmed.

One of the party, whose horse had been shot down (a little Dutch doctor), had reached the edge of the river, and when Harris overtook him there, begged with such earnestness, that he would take him on behind him, that Harris could not resist his entreaties, although fearful of encumbering his progress through the water with the added weight. He was accordingly taken on behind, but they had hardly got fifty yards into the stream, when a ball struck the doctor, killing him instantly. The Indians were at the horse's heels, and the humanity of Harris, in place of endangering his escape, had proved the means of saving his life.

A short time before the massacre at Paoli, Harris's house had been made a depository of powder, to protect it, from falling into the enemy's hands in case they should penetrate into the Lancaster settlements. It was stored in the garret of the building, one barrel having been unheeded and left open for retail purposes. His negro, *Hercules*, already alluded to, had been sent up to get some grain from the loft, and, having occasion to set the candle down, stuck it into the open powder, which he took to be flax-seed. Fearing an accident, Mrs. Harris followed, and comprehended the danger at a glance. Reproving him simply for staying so long, she took the candle between her open fingers, and slowly withdrawing it, pointed out to him the danger he had escaped. Such was his alarm at the suggestion, that he ran to the stairs, and in his agitation, made but one step to their foot.

During the dark hours of the revolutionary struggle, when public credit was at the lowest ebb, and Congress had appealed to the public spirit of the American people for aid in contributions of money, provisions and clothing, Mrs. Harris left Harrisburg at daylight, with one hundred guineas, all the money her husband had on hand at the time, and changing horses at Lancaster, thirty-five miles on the route; rode in that evening to Philadelphia, being one hundred miles in one day, and paid the money with her own hands over to the committee appointed by Congress to receive it. Such was the patriotism of that period.

Singular and Painful Case.—Near Millerstown, on the 13th inst., Dr. S. E. Hall extracted from the right ear of Joseph Gelsbach, two hundred live maggots. It seems that a fly or bug entered the drum of his ear; when he immediately started to the physician; but before he reached him the insect had left its tenement. This occurred two days previous to the extraction, in which time the patient suffered intense pain. It is supposed by the physician that the insect had deposited its eggs during the short time it was in the ear. —Gettysburg (Pa.) Sent.

The True Wife—A Sketch from Life.

When Frederick Daman married Lucy Lillyan, he was 'twell to live in the world'— That is, he had a good business, money in bank, and an excellent character. And Lucy was the flower of the village. Her personal graces were surpassed by the superior mind, which looked forth in all her actions.

She loved Frederick with enthusiasm.— Indeed she was enthusiastic in all her actions, and never undertook anything without giving her whole soul to the object.

For some years their happiness was as complete as is permitted to mankind while sojourners upon earth. They were admired and beloved by multitudes of friends, and their home was ever open for the reception of delighted visitors. They were everywhere pointed out as the 'happy couple,' and the designation was true.

But it is not the lot of humanity to live here in bliss. Heaven will always teach us, in some way, that this is not our home; nor is our happiness to be looked for in this world. The eagle goes down into the plains for food, but his resting place is among the clouds, on the highest pinnacle of some mountain.

In only two years after Frederick and Lucy were united, for life, the scene was changed. An unforeseen change in the policy of the government of the country reduced Frederick to poverty. After selling off his effects, he could only save a small cottage, and few hundred dollars a year, from the wreck of his great possessions.

Frederick was driven almost to despair.— The blow seemed to stupify his senses. He lost his hilarity, his confidence in himself, his peace of mind.

Lucy felt the change, not as affecting herself and her enjoyments, but as she observed its influence on her husband's temper. He smiled, as he was wont to do in his palmiest days, but seldom. His brilliant conversation was succeeded by melancholy repining. He was becoming an 'altered man.'

Now an ordinary woman, in such a case, would have given up all hope, and become morose and complaining. But Lucy rose under the pressure of misfortune. She resolved to preserve her good humor in spite of the loss of property. She received her husband with smiles; she showed more fondness than ever before. She made his evenings agreeable, by reading to him the writings of genius and truth. She sang her old songs, once so much admired, with more effort to please than ever. She became his constant companion, soothing his irritated feelings, and gradually pointing out hope's rainbow for the future.

Now no man of any soul or sense can withstand such sweet and winning appeals to all of manliness in his soul. His love for her became elevated and purified, so as to approach adoration. He admired her as a lovely woman—he listened to her as a wise counsellor.

In a few months his spirits, his energy, his confidence in himself were restored.— He went forth with alacrity in the pursuit of new business.

His applications were not successful, for many looked upon him as an unfortunate man, and many were glad to see him humiliated, and would not rise a finger for his relief. There was occasion enough to despair, and he would have despaired; but when he returned home in the evening, the cheerful smile of his wife as she opened the door to receive him, her affectionate kisses, and tender reception warmed his heart again and breathed into him fresh ardor and courage.

How could he cease to hope when heaven showed its regard for him by preserving so estimable a friend!

Some months passed away, and there was no change in their circumstances for the better. But Frederick still hoped on. One evening returning home after an unsuccessful day, he stopped outside the door, dreading to go in, and show his wife his disappointed countenance.

It was summer; and to his surprise he heard, through the open windows, her sweet voice, singing one of his favorite songs.— That voice was more lively and brilliant than usual since their misfortunes.

"Ah! thought he, 'the dear soul is resolved to make me happy, in spite of the frowns of fate for time!'"

He entered the door with a smile and an extended hand. There was a strange gentleman sitting near Lucy, and listening to her song. He hesitated; but the gentleman rose, and approached him, saying— "This is your husband, I suppose? Sir, I have come to offer you a joint interest in the house of which I am the principal. I am rich, and will ensure you \$2000 a year, to be increased, as our business prospers.— I heard of your misfortunes, and wishing another partner, I watched their effect on your mind and on your wife. I am satisfied. You are the very man I want and have been seeking; and this is the woman who sets at naught all fear of consequences and is the harbinger of a successful co-partnership. You cannot be remiss in your duty, nor fall under any temptation, nor fail in any honorable engagements, while you have that face to look upon, and that noble mind to counsel!"

The new engagement was eminently prosperous. Business flowed in upon the house. Wealth spread its charms around the dwelling of Lucy. Her acquaintance was eagerly sought; and wherever she appeared, a suppressed hum of admiration followed her.

Frederick steadily advanced in fortune and in honor. The people selected him as their representative, and he did them honor for their choice.

It was again the 'happy family.' And we suppose our readers will admit that Lucy was 'A TRUE WIFE.'

A Thrilling Scene.

The following narrative—a true one—describes a scene that actually took place not many years since, in a country town in the State of Maine.

One evening in the month of December, 1834, a number of townsmen had assembled in the store of a Mr. Thomas Putnam, to talk over "matters and things"—smoke—drink—and in short to do anything to kill time.

Three hours had thus passed away. They had laughed, and talked, and drank, and chatted, and had a good time, generally, so that about the usual hour of shutting up shop each of the party felt particularly first rate.

"Come," said Charles Hatch—one of the company—"let's all liquor, and then have a game of high, low, Jack!"

"So I say," exclaimed another, "who's got the cards?"

"Fetch off your keards," drawled out a third, his eyes half closed through the effects of the liquor he had drunk.

After drinking all around, an old pine table was drawn up before the fire-place, where burned brightly a large fire of hemlock logs, which would snap and crackle—throwing large live coals out upon the hearth. All drew up round the table, seating themselves on whatever came handiest. Four of them had rolled up to the table some kegs, which from their weight were supposed to contain balls.

"Now," said Hatch, "how shall we play—every one for himself?"

"No—have partners," growled one man.

"I say, every one for himself," exclaimed another.

"No, hang'd if I'll play so," shouted the former, bringing his fist down upon the table knocking one candle out of the stick, and another upon the floor.

"Come, come," said Hatch, "no quarreling—all who say for having partners, stand up. Three arse."

"Now, all who say each' one for himself, stand up."

The remaining four immediately got up. "You see, Barclay," said Hatch, "the majority are against you. Come, will you play?"

"Well, as I don't want to be on the opposite side, I'll play," answered Barclay somewhat cooled down.

Mr. Putnam was not in the store that evening, and the clerk, who was busy behind the counter, had taken very little notice of the proceedings. About half-past ten, Mr. Putnam thought he would step over to his store and see that everything was safe. As he went in he walked up towards the fire.

When within a few steps of where the men were sitting, he started back in horror. Before him sat seven men, half crazy with drink and the excitement of playing cards. There they were, within a few feet of the fire just described—and four of them seated on the kegs of powder!

Barclay—who was a very heavy man—had pressed in the head of the keg on which he sat, bursting the top hoop; and pressing the powder out through the chinks. By the continued motion of their feet the powder had become spread about the floor, and now covered a space of two feet all around them.

Mr. Putnam's first movement was towards the door; but recovering himself, he walked up towards the fire. Should either of them attempt to rise—he thought—and scatter a few grains a little further into the fire place where lay a quantity of live coals!

At this moment Hatch looked up, and seeing Mr. Putnam with his face deadly pale, gazing into the fire, exclaimed— "Why, Putnam, what ails you, and at the same time made a motion to rise."

"For Heaven's sake," gentlemen, do not rise, said Mr. Putnam. "Four of you sit on kegs of powder—it is scattered all around you—one movement, might send you all to eternity. There are two buckets of water behind the bar. But keep your seats for one minute, and you are saved—more, and you are dead men!"

In an instant every man was perfectly sobered—not a limb moved—each seemed paralyzed.

In less time than we have taken to describe this thrilling scene, Mr. Putnam had poured the water, and completely saturated the powder on the floor, and extinguished the fire, so that an explosion was impossible. Then, and not till then, was there a word spoken!

It is a less crime to know a man's fingers with the teeth, than to mangle his reputation with your tongue.