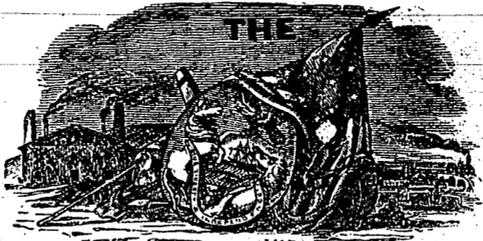


Lehigh



Register.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

FOR FARMER AND MECHANIC.

Devoted to Politics, News, Literature, Poetry, Mechanics, Agriculture, the Diffusion of Useful Information, General Intelligence, Amusement, Markets, &c.

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except at the option of the proprietor.

Advertisements, making not more than one
square, will be inserted three times for one dol-
lar and for every subsequent insertion twenty
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.

Poetical Department.

The Heathen Child's Appeal.

We gaze upon the beautiful earth,
With its trees and flowers fair;
We hear the gushing of its streams,
And we breathe its balmy air.

We gaze upon the wondrous sky,
With its many stars and bright;
We see the glorious sun by day,
And the silvery moon by night.

But ever our lives are mournful,
And ever we fear to die;
For wicked are we and guilty,
And our souls in darkness lie.

We sigh for light, and peace, and hope,
But ever we sigh in vain—
Our gods of wood and stone are made,
And they never heed our pain.

We have heard of a land afar,
Beyond the billowy seas,
Where one, true, living God is known,
From whose presence darkness flees.

We have heard of a precious Word,
He has given to children there,
Richer by far than ruby bright,
Or jewels that princes wear.

We have heard that it speaks of a Friend,
Almighty to save from woe;
And a home of bliss beyond the grave,
Where all that love him shall go.

Would we were there, in that blessed land!
If so that Friend we might find—
Or would he were here, with pity deep,
And a heart so vast and kind!

O, will not the happy children there
The leaves for our healing send,
That we their holy God may know,
And their Saviour make our friend?

Before we come to our dying day,
Will truth on our spirits shine;
Or will they let us in ruin sink,
With no news of life divine?

The Step-Daughter.
We have rarely read anything more touch-
ingly beautiful than the following lines.

She is not mine, and to my heart
Perhaps she is less dear
Than those who of my life are part—
This is the sin I fear:
And ever in the dread to err,
By loving those the best,
More gentle have I been to her,
Perhaps than all the rest.

Has any little fault occurred,
That may rebuke demand
Ere I can speak a hasty word,
Or lift a chiding hand,
An angel's form comes flitting by,
With looks so sad and mild—
A voice floats softly from the sky,
"Wouldst harm my orphan child?"
No—witness thou and all above,
I'll cherish her as mine,
Or may I lose her father's love,
A love that once was thine!

Miscellaneous Selections.

(From Gleason's Pictorial)

The Faithful Clerk.

You cannot stop the course of Cupid's ar-
rows; they will hit where you least expect-
ed, and leave a mark that no patent medi-
cine can cure. Mr. Boswell went to the
great city, full forty years ago, as a poor
boy; but he had worked his way up by
"clerking it," until he went into business
for himself. He then hired poor young
men, like his former self, and among the
rest took Sam Offing as a boy to do mes-
sages and run errands. In particular, Sam
was always despatched with small notes to
his master's house, and while he was sit-
ting in the entry waiting for "ma'am" to
return in an answer—for she was a terrible
slow-woman—little Nancy, the rich man's
daughter, made his acquaintance. Sam
was a bright boy, rather precocious, had

an entertaining way to amuse the little girl,
so that by-and-by she used to enquire of
her mother "if he were not coming of some
errand again soon?" And there never was
any long suspension in his calls, for it either
rained and his master wanted an umbrella,
or a friend was invited to dinner, or he
had something of importance to communicate
so Sam was despatched with the message.
And then he was a great favorite with the
old lady—for he was very exact and truth-
ful—two excellent traits in any messenger.

For years this sort of transmitted intelli-
gence was conveyed by Sam. He was no
longer the little boy, but a tall, graceful
youth, and little Nancy was some way in
her teens. Now, he used to be invited by the
daughter into the sitting room; he was no
longer called "Sam," but Samuel. Miss
Nancy and he discoursed of concerts and
theatrical exhibitions, and once in a while
Samuel attended the same church, and used
to peep over to his master's pew and catch
a glimpse of Nancy's black, lustrous eyes.—
But what if she did return the glance.—
Thought he, "I am the son of a poor widow
and only a clerk; it is all nonsense to think
of being a favorite, only as I am faithful in
the old man's service." But somehow Nancy
did show winning ways.—She half in-
vited him to come and take a seat in the pew
—or rather, she said, "we have always room
enough,"—and when she gave her birth-
day party she insisted upon Samuel's being
invited. The old lady thought at first it
would never do, but Nancy pleaded so hard
at last she told her father in consideration
of his faithfulness he ought to be invited,
and none of the company would recognize
him, yet she would delight to introduce him
as Mr. Offing!

She did so, and many inquiries were made
by sundry young belles to know "who was
that handsome young man?" All this flattered
Nancy's vanity, and increased her af-
fection. She now had low conversation
when he came of errands, and once her mother
detected her in writing a note to him. She
reproved her for her temerity, which seemed
not a bit to abate her attachment. Finally
her mother thought of sending her from
home to abate the silly girl's love, and being
obliged to tell the secret to the father, he pro-
tested she should be sent to a convent rather
than disgrace herself in this way.

But Samuel was so well versed in his
mercantile affairs; he knew so much better
than himself the character of his customers,
and had such a ready tact at detecting any
evasive artifice, that he saved him thousands
annually; and this fact was not to be over-
looked by dismissing him from service.—
But the affair with Miss Nancy was not to
be passed over without a reproof. Roswell
had always been on the most intimate terms
with his clerk, and how he could so reprimand
him as to accomplish his purpose and
destroy his attachment for his daughter, was
to him a puzzling enigma. He was mis-
taken, however, in one of his conclusions,
which was; that no father ever had so diffi-
cult a matter to adjust before. After a sleep-
less night, Mr. Boswell called his clerk into
his presence. At that very moment he was
reading a note which ran on this wise:

"My parents may banish me to some for-
eign shore, or they may immerse me within
the walls of a convent; yet I will surmount
all barriers and eventually be yours. They
may cramp my movements, but they shall
never destroy the affection nor the love in
my heart towards the 'despised clerk,' N."

"Offing," said Mr. Boswell, "is there any
business on hand requiring your immediate
attention?"

"None, sir," replied the young man, "save
a few unanswered letters to some cotton deal-
ers;" and he twirled the loving note in his
hand as if one of them.

"Samuel," said Mr. B., with a loud hem;
"Sam, I here there is an attraction between
you and my daughter. Report yourself like
a man—is it so?"

"It is, sir," replied Samuel, manfully; al-
low me to say, sir, I will never marry her
without your consent."

"Keep her affections and not marry,—hey
boy,—do I understand you?"

"The affections are her own, sir. I will
use no improper means to retain them, Mr.
Boswell—but perhaps you are too late in
pushing these inquiries."

"Offing?—you scapegrace!" replied Bos-
well half indignant, and half playful, "you
always will have the last word."

He then changed his tone, and inquired
about the liabilities of Petingill & Co.

Mr. Boswell, evidently was a relieved
man. He had done his duty in reprimand-
ing the young man, and he could inform his
wife of it, and let her proceed as she thought
proper.

Nancy, in the meantime, showed no re-
luctance to be driven whithersoever they
might send her, and the convent in a South-
ern State was selected. Her outfit was now
rapidly purchased and made ready, and the
day arrived for her departure. Samuel man-
ifested no outward signs of regret, and that
great object seemed to unobtrusive eyes to
be accomplished.

Nancy, upon her arrival, wrote back con-
cerning the delightful home she had entered.
She seemed docile and obedient,—loved her
parents more than ever, and begged to as-

sure them that they need have no anxiety on
her behalf. She stayed a year with the
Lady Superior, really improving in all her
graces and charms of feminine loveliness,
when her father was suddenly taken ill, and
she was summoned at his bedside.

The interview was a long and private one
—but Mr. Offing, the clerk, was likewise
found by his bedside the same afternoon.—
"Samuel," said Mr. Boswell, "I am about
to leave the world. At such a time every-
thing but one's character seems of little
worth. You have been all in all to me in
my business transactions. Do you love my
daughter still?" said he, pressing his hand.

"Our affections are unchanged?" re-
marked Samuel.

"Then," said Mr. Boswell, "she is yours.
Call her."

"Nancy, you have my dying approbation
to marry this young man, and remember it
is in consequence of the discreet and implicit
obedience you have both rendered us when
we were opposed and indignant at the
thought of your marriage. Here is my will
call your mother. Samuel read it, and see
if it is satisfactory." He did so, and they
were all moved to tears.

Samuel was appointed his executor—he
was likewise his successor in business, with
a cash capital of fifty thousand dollars, de-
posited in his own name for his benefit, be-
sides some ample provision for his wife and
daughter. "And in consideration of the
stern integrity and a manifest desire to
please," was inserted before the devise of
Samuel Offing.

The clerk now succeeded his master; the
marriage soon followed, and the happy
couple are still respected, affluent and be-
loved—an example to all aspiring young
men, early restricted to poverty, to be faith-
ful and devoted to their employers, being
assured that this is not a solitary instance
where a promotion ensues as the reward of
undeviating rectitude.

(From the Boston Olive Branch.)

Mother's Influence.

"And so you sail to-morrow, Will? I
shall miss you."

"Yes, I'm bound to see the world, I've
been beating my wings in desperation
against the wires of my cage these three
years. I know every stick, and stone, and
stump in this odious village by heart, as
well as I do those stereotyped sermons of
Parson Grey's. He calls me a scape-
grace"—pity I should have the name with-
out the game, said he bitterly. "I haven't
room here to run the length of my chain—
I'll show him what I can do in a wider field
of action."

"But how did you bring your father over
?"

"Oh, he's very glad to be rid of me; quite
disgusted because I've no fancy for
seeing corn and oats grow. The truth is,
every father knows at once too much and
too little about his own son; the old gen-
tleman never understood me; he soured
my temper, which was originally none of
the best, roused all the worst feelings of my
nature, and is constantly driving me from,
instead of to, the point he would have me
reach."

"And your mother?"

"Well, there you have me; that's the
only humanized portion of my heart—the
only soft spot in it. She came to my bed-
side last night, after she thought I was
asleep, gently kissed my forehead, and then
knelt by my bed-side. I've been wander-
ing round the fields all the morning, to try
to get rid of that prayer. Old Parson Grey
might preach at me till the millennium and
it wouldn't move me any more than a
stone. It makes all the difference in the
world when you know a person feels what
he is praying about. I'm wild and reck-
less, and wicked, I suppose; but I shall
never be an infidel while I can remember
my mother. You should see the way she
bears my father's impetuous temper; that's
grace not nature, Harry; but don't let us
talk about it—only wish my parting with
her was well over. Good bye; God bless
you, Harry; you'll hear from me if the
fishes don't make a supper of me; and
Will left his friend and entered the cottage.

His mother was moving nervously and
restlessly about tying up all sorts of mys-
terious little parcels that only mothers think
of, "in case he should be sick," or in case
he should be this, that or the other, inter-
rupted occasionally by exclamations like
this from the old farmer: "Fudge—stuff—
great over-grown baby—making a fool of
him—never be out of leading strings?" then
turning short about and facing Will as he
entered, he said—

"Well, sir, look in your sea-chest, and
you'll find gingerbread and physic, darning
needles and tracts, 'biters' and Bibles, pep-
permint and old linen rags, and opedoidoc.
Pshaw I was more of a man than you are
when I was nine years old. Your mother
always made a fool of you, and that was
entirely unnecessary, too, for you were always
short of what is called common sense. You
needn't tell the captain you went to sea be-
cause you didn't know enough to be a lands-
man; or that you never did anything, right
in your life, except by accident. You are

as like that ne'er do well, Jack Halphine,
as two pence. If there is anything in you,
I hope that salt water will fetch it out.—
Come, your mother has your supper ready,
I see."

Mrs. Low's hand trembled as she passed
her boy's cup. It was his last meal under
that roof for many a long day. She did not
trust herself to speak—her heart was too
full. She had heard all his father so inju-
diciously said to him, and she knew too
well from former experience the effect it
would have upon his impetuous, fiery spir-
it. She had only to oppose to it a moth-
er's prayers, and tears, and all enduring
love. She never condemned, in Will's
hearing, any of his father's philippic, al-
ways excusing him with the general remark
that he didn't understand him. Alone, she
mourned over it, and when with her hus-
band, tried to place matters on a better foot-
ing for both parties.

Will noticed his mother's swollen eye-
lids; he saw his favorite little tea cakes
that she had busied herself in preparing for
him, and he ate and drank what she gave
him, without tasting a morsel he swallow-
ed, listening for the hundredth time to his
father's account of what he did when a
young man.

"Just half an hour, Will," said his father,
"before you start, run up and see if you
have forgotten any of your duds."

It was the little room he had always called
his own. How many nights he had lain
there listening to the rain pattering on the
low roof, how many mornings awakened
by the chirp of the robin in the apple
tree under the window. There was the
little bed with its snowy covering, and the
thousand and one little comforts prepared
by his mother's hand. He turned his
head—she was at his side, and her arms
about his neck. "God keep my boy!" was
all she could utter. He knelt at her feet
in the days of childhood, and from those
wardly laid came this fearful prayer.—
"Oh God, spare my mother, that I may look
upon her face again in this world."

"Oh, in a few days, when that voice had
died out from under the parental roof, how
sacred was that spot to her who gave him
birth! There was hope for the Boy? he had
recognized his Mother's God. By that in-
visible silken cord she still held the wander-
er, though broad seas rolled between them.

Letters came to Moss Glen—at stated in-
tervals, then more irregularly, picturing
only the bright spot in the sailor life, (for Will
was proud, and they were to be scanned by
his father's eye.) The usual temptations
of a sailor's life, when in port were not un-
known to him—of every cup the siren
pleasure held to his lips, he drank to the
dregs; but there were moments in his mad-
dest revels, when that angel whisper, "God
keep my boy," palsied his daring hand, and
arrested that half uttered oath. Disgusted
with himself, he would turn aside for an in-
stant, but only to drown again more reck-
lessly that still small torturing voice.

Can't you Buy for Less.

The following good joke is told of Charley
C., a notorious wit, and a clerk in an exten-
sive hardware house in B—

One day, C. was standing in his store,
which is a double one, having a door cut in
the wall between the two houses, when he
was accosted by a very grave personage,
wearing a long drab coat, and whom he
knew to be a deacon, with the query—
"What's the price of nails?"

"Six cents," replied C.

"Too high," said the deacon. "Can buy
them for five and a half."

"Can't you buy them for less?" asked C.

"No, replied the deacon; "but can get all
I want for that."

Turning on his heel, the deacon went out
and entered the door of the next house,
while C. slipped through the middle door,
and, having pulled off his coat, and picked
up a hammer, met the deacon, who, not re-
cognizing him, inquired the price of nails.

"Five and a half cents," responded C.

"Whew!" whistled the deacon. "Too
high—can buy the best at five and a quar-
ter."

"Can't you buy for less?" asked C.

"No," said our friend, "but can buy at
that."

Away he went again, and walked up
stairs, through another door—the up-stairs
being occupied by another firm; and C.,
sliding into the lower house again, and go-
ing up-stairs, again met the deacon, who for
the third time, inquired the price of nails.—
"Five and a quarter cents!" replied C.

"Five and a quarter!" ejaculated the
deacon. "Can buy the best at five cents."

"No less!" asked C.

"No," said the deacon, as he was about to
leave, when C. took hold of him and said—
"Friend, I've quoted nails to you at six,
at five and a half, and five and a quarter
cents; each time you said you could buy
them for less. Now, when you preach
again, just let me know, and I will corrob-
orate your statements."

It is needless to say the enterprising de-
acon made his exit in double quick time, with-
out having the grace to reply to the accom-
modating clerk.

Mothers, and Fortune Hunters.

The article in the last *Blackwood*, en-
titled "Minor Morals," contains a passage
which, we imagine, to be of particular in-
terest to some ladies. Here it is: "There
is one large department of our subject,
which we must treat very briefly. We al-
lude to those frightful hypocrisies which
are so commonly practised in private life,
and which society does not censure. Some
of them may indeed be described as of a
blameless character. Although you are
morally convinced that Crossleigh and his
wife are the most unhappy couple in exist-
ence; and that, when alone together, they
fight with the ferocity of tiger-cats; it is,
we own, rather agreeable than otherwise to
find them referring to each other, before
company, in very complaisant terms, and
habitually employing the sugared epithets
of the honey-moon. There may be, in all
that, a deal of false pretence, but no one
suffers by it. Very different, however, is
the deception which Mrs. Crossleigh prac-
tises on account of her daughters. The
young lady, Octavia, is the incarnation of a
vixen; and in her hereditary bad temper
of both her parents is so concentrated, that
she has the entire mastery over them.—
Some glimmerings of common sense have
made this amiable virgin aware that an ex-
hibition of these qualities is not likely to
win the admiration of mankind—for the
taste of Petruchio was decidedly peculiar;
and it required considerable self-confidence
to undertake the taming of a shrew—and
she usually appears abroad in the guise of
a meek Griseldis. Nor is she unbacked
by her mother, who, in order to get rid of
her, has heaped a whole Himalayah of false-
hoods upon her soul. Her object is to get
Octavia suitably married, and for that pur-
pose she spreads her snares for weak-min-
ded young men only. One milk-and-water
curate with a pulpy countenance, and an in-
tense veneration for the excellencies of the
Cyprianic age, was very nearly made a vic-
tim, and had just made up his mind to pop
the question, when the sound of an ill-ad-
vised skirmish up stairs, and an assault upon
a terrified housemaid, made him take to his
heels as though he had seen the shadow of
Apollyon. Most beautiful! it is to have a
mother piously returning thanks for the
comfort she has received from her children,
and indicating rather than expatiating upon
the extent of their manifold virtues. But
mothers are apt to be partial judges, and it
is always safe to those meditating matri-
mony to have recourse to some less interest-
ing testimony. Indeed, parents are never
to be relied on. Sometimes they are mis-
led, at others they are wilfully misleading;
and in either case, perhaps, there is an ex-
cess. One kind of hypocrisy, however, we
denounce as loathsome. It is that of the
cold, determined fortune-hunter, who,
having no wealth of his own, or having
squandered it, aspires to make his fortune
by a matrimonial alliance. Fools very often
entertain this idea, and in them it is less
discreditable; for, not being gifted with any
strong perceptions, they merely follow an
idolent impulse, assume no false features
beyond the appearance of a stupid admira-
tion, and, in nine cases out of ten, would be
tolerably kind to their wives. Many a fool,
by no means, a bad-hearted fellow; be-
sides, as he cannot, by any possibility, dis-
guise his folly, the lady has herself to blame.
But the case of the clever fortune-hunter is
different. He has not one atom of feeling
in his whole composition. He cares nothing
for the woman he is pursuing for the sake
of her money—he merely regards her as
a necessary, and not unfrequently a dis-
agreeable, condition. No art that he will
not practise—no disguise that he will not
assume, to gain his purpose. Come she of
a strictly pious family? He forthwith ap-
proaches her in a methodical garb, attends
prayer-meetings, takes an interest in tract-
societies, and is eager for the conversion of
the Jews. Is she sentimental? The miscre-
ant, though he never previously read a line
of poetry in his life, crams himself with
Moore and Byron, and expatiates upon the
passion of the bulb for the rose. What-
ever be her inclinations, or his tendencies,
he tries to adapt himself to these; and not
unfrequently succeeds, for he is a clever
scoundrel, and gifted with histrionic power.
Many of the deepest tragedies of domestic
life—many a sad story of a broken heart,
more mournful and melancholy than mere
imagination could devise, have arisen from
the successful machinations of such cold-
blooded villains, and yet society does not
visit these offences with any marked reprob-
ation. Hypocrisy, deception, false pre-
tences—all are tolerated within a certain
range, or passed over without reprobation,
however notoriously they may be exhibited.

A sprig of the law, expecting soon the
appointment of Judge, was questioned as to
his qualifications, and the penalty he should
attach to the crime of arson, replied, with
profound gravity:

"Arson, arson! I would make the fellow
pay a hundred dollars and marry the girl."

"You're a stranger in these parts," said a
rough farmer to a sun burnt traveler. "Look
as though you had been in foreign parts."

"I am a poor stranger; for three days I
have been unable to move from this spot to
seek for food. I am dying, help me, and
heaven will reward you."

"The Bedouin kindly offered to take him
up on his horse and carry him home."

But the rogue replied, "I cannot rise; I
have no strength left."

Naber touched with pity, dismounted, led
his horse to the spot, and, with great diffi-
culty, set the seeming beggar on his back.
But no sooner did Daher feel himself in the
saddle, than he set spurs to the horse, and
galloped off, calling out as he did so—

"It is I, Daher. I have got the horse, and
am off with it."

Naber called after him to stop and listen.
Certain of not being pursued, he turned, and
halted at a short distance from Naber, who
was armed with a spear.

"You have taken my horse," said the lat-
ter. "Since heaven has willed it, I wish
you joy of it; but I do conjure you never to
tell any one how you obtained it."

"And why not?" said Daher.

"Because," said the noble Arab, "another
man might be really ill, and men would fear
to help him." "You would be the cause of
many refusing to perform an act of charity,
for fear of being dipped as I have been."

Struck with shame at these words, Daher
was silent for a moment, then springing from
the horse, returned it to its owner, embrac-
ing him. Naber made him accompany
him to his tent, where they spent a few
days together, and became fast friends for
life.

An Exquisite Story by Lamartine.

In the tribe of Neggdah, there was a
horse, whose fame was spread far and near,
and a Bedouin of another tribe, by name
Daher, desired extremely to possess it.—
Having offered in vain for it his camels and
his whole wealth, he hit at length upon the
following device, by which he hoped to gain
the object of his desire:—

He resolved to stain his face with the
juice of an herb, to clothe himself in rags,
to tie his legs and neck together, so as to
appear like a lame beggar. Thus equipped,
he went to wait for Naber, the owner
of the horse, who he knew was to pass that
way. When he saw Naber approaching
on his beautiful steed, he cried out in a weak
voice—

"I am a poor stranger; for three days I
have been unable to move from this spot to
seek for food. I am dying, help me, and
heaven will reward you."

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days together, and became fast friends for
life.

Indian Outrages.

THE CREEKS.—The Cherokee Advocate
informs us that a short time since a deputy
marshal of the Northern Districts of the
State of Arkansas went into the Creek Na-
tion and arrested a Creek, charged with sell-
ing whiskey to the Indians. The chief of
the district, thinking it an insult to his mu-
nicipal authority and a violation of the rights
of the Creek Nation, interfered and set the
Indian at liberty. The Advocate expres-
ses his regret at the occurrence, and thinks
it will put the territorial rights of the Creeks
in danger: not because the chief is not right,
but that it will bring on a conflict with the
United States, who are strong, and the Indi-
ans who are too weak to defend themselves
against injustice.

THE WINNEBAGOES.—The Winnebagoes
are committing alarming outrages in this
vicinity. It is well known that a large num-
ber of them have left their homes on the
Upper Mississippi, and been prowling
around Elk river and the country inter-
vening between that stream and this village.—
On the 14th inst., one of them, while under
the influence of liquor, attacked Mr. Berry
with an axe, inflicting severe and dangerous
wounds on his arm and head. A few days
since one of the band, while drunk, dis-
charged his gun twice at or in the direction
of Mrs. Leonard, wife of C. E. Leonard,
Esq., of Cold Spring. They also shot a
cow belonging to Mr. Leonard. Several
other similar outrages committed by this
tribe have come to our knowledge. A heavy
responsibility rests somewhere, in allow-
ing the commission of these crimes week af-
ter week, but we forbear comment, until we
are in possession of certain facts which will
set this matter right before the public.—
Falls St. Anthony Express, June 17th.

A SITUATION.—Two young officers were
travelling in the Far West, then they stop-
ped to take supper at a small, road-side tav-
ern, kept by a very rough Yankee woman.
The landlady, in a calico sun-bonnet and
bare feet, stood at the head of the table to
pour out. She inquired of her guests if