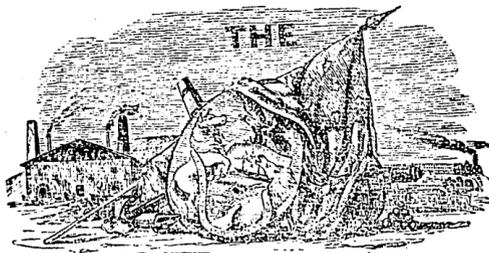


# Lehigh



# 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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**THE LEHIGH REGISTER**  
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 Office in Hamilton Street, one door East of the German Reformed Church, nearly opposite the "Friedensbote" Office.

**Indemnity against by Loss**  
**FREE.**  
**THE FRANKLIN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY of Philadelphia.**  
 OFFICE, No. 163 CHESTNUT STREET, Near Fifth Street.  
 STATEMENT OF ASSETS, \$1,525,949 68, January 1st, 1854.  
 Published agreeably to an Act OF ASSEMBLY, BEING  
 First Mortgages, amply secured, \$1,100,284 48  
 Real Estate (present value \$110,000) cost, 82,139 87  
 Temporary Loans, on ample Collateral Security, 130,774 26  
 Stocks (present value \$76,101) cost, 63,085 50  
 Cash, &c. &c., 50,665 57  
 \$1,525,949 68

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 A. L. RUFFE, Allentown, C. F. PLECH, Bethlehem, Allentown, Oct. 1852. 5-1y

**Charles S. Massey,**  
**WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER AND JEWELER,**  
 No. 23 East Hamilton St., opposite the German Reformed Church, IN ALLENTOWN, PENN.  
 Hereby informs the public that he has, a few days since, returned from New York with a large variety of goods in his line of business, which he will sell, wholesale and retail, as low as they can be purchased in any of the cities. His stock consists in part of  
 Clocks, Timepieces, Gold, Silver and Common Watches, of every size, pattern, quality and price; Jewels, Accordions, Musical Boxes, Plates and Pipes, of various qualities; Spy-glasses, Pocket Compasses, and gold, silver, steel and brass Spectacles, in every variety; Silver Table and Tea Spoons; gold, silver and common Pencils; Pens, Breast-pins, Ear-rings and Finger-rings, in great variety; gold and common Medallions; gold, silver, steel and brass Watch Chains, Seals and Keys, of all styles—and all other articles that belong to the Jewelry business.

Call and judge for yourselves. He can assure the public that his stock contains a larger and more valuable variety of goods than all the Jewelry establishments in Lehigh county.  
 Repairing done as usual—and he warrants his work one year. He is thankful for past favors, and hopes for a continuance.  
 Allentown, October 19. 5-6m

**Straw Goods--Spring 1854.**  
 The Subscribers are now prepared to exhibit at their  
**SPLENDID NEW ESTABLISHMENT,** just completed, on the site of their former stand, No. 41 South Second Street, Philadelphia, an entire new and beautiful Stock of Straw, Fancy and Silk Bonnets and Hats, Flowers, &c.; and Panama, Palm and Summer Hats for Gentlemen, which our old patrons, Merchants and Milliners generally, are invited to examine, confidently promising them in extent, in variety, in novelty, and in styles a stock unequalled.  
 Orders carefully and promptly executed.  
**THOMAS WHITE & Co.**  
 Phila. March 15. 5-3m

## Poetical Department.

**There's Work Enough To Do.**  
 The black bird early leaves its nest  
 To meet the smiling morn,  
 And gather fragments for its nest  
 From upland, wood and lawn.  
 The busy bee that wings its way  
 'Mid sweets of varied hue,  
 At every flower would seem to say—  
 'There's work enough to do.'

The cowslip and the spreading vine,  
 The daisy in the grass,  
 The snowdrop and the eglantine,  
 Preach sermons as we pass.  
 The ant, within its cavern deep,  
 Would bid us labor too,  
 And writes upon its tiny heap—  
 'There's work enough to do.'

The planets, at their Maker's will,  
 Move onward in their cars,  
 For Nature's wheel is never still—  
 Progressive as the stars!  
 The leaves that flutter in the air,  
 And summer's breezes woo,  
 One solemn truth to man declare—  
 'There's work enough to do.'

Who then can sleep when all around  
 Is active, fresh, and free?  
 Shall man—creation's lord—be found  
 Less busy than the bee?  
 Our courts and alleys are the field,  
 If men would search them through,  
 The best, the sweets of labor yield,  
 And 'work enough to do.'

To have a heart for those who weep,  
 The south-drunkard win;  
 To rescue all the children, deep  
 In ignorance and sin,  
 To help the poor, the hungry feed,  
 To give him coat and shoe,  
 To see that all can write and read—  
 Is 'work enough to do.'

The time is short—the world is wide,  
 Will vanish with the sun!  
 This wondrous earth, and all its pride,  
 The moments fly on lightning's wings,  
 And life's uncertain too;  
 We've none to waste on foolish things—  
 'There's work enough to do.'

## Miscellaneous Selections.

### THE TWO SPIES.

As early as the year 1790, the block-house and stockade above the mouth of the Hocking river, was a frontier post for the pioneers of the north-western territory. There Nature was in her undisturbed liveliness of green and thick forests, interspersed with green and flowering prairies. Then the forest had not heard the sound of the woodman's axe, nor the plow of the husbandman opened the bosom of the earth. Then those beautiful prairies waved their golden plume to the God of Nature, and among the most luxuriant of these were those that lie along the Hocking valley, and especially that portion of it on which the town of Lancaster now stands.

Here the tribes of the North and West met to counsel, and from this spot led forth the war path in different directions. Upon one of these occasions when the war spirit moved mightily among the sons of Nature, and the tomahawk leaped in its scabbard, and the spirits of their friends who had died in the field of battle visited the warrior in his night visions and called loudly for revenge, it was ascertained at the garrison above the mouth of the Hocking river, that the Indians were gathering in great numbers for the purpose of striking a blow on some post of the frontiers. To meet this crisis, two of the most skilled and indefatigable spies were despatched to watch their movements and report.

McClelland and White, two spirits that never quailed at danger, and as unconquerable as the Lybian lion, in the month of October, and on one of the balmy days of Indian Summer, took leave of their fellows and moved on through the thick plum and hazel bushes with the noiseless tread of panthers, armed with their unerring and trusty rifles. They continued their march, skirting the prairies, till they reached that most remarkable prominence, now known by the name of Mount Pleasant, the western termination of which is a perpendicular cliff of rocks of some hundreds of feet high, and whose summit, from a western view, towers to the clouds and overlooks the vast plains below. When this point was gained, our two hardy spies had a position from which they could see every movement of the Indians below in the valley.

of Mount Pleasant, were driven back in the various indentations of the surrounding hills, producing reverberations and echoes as if ten thousand fiends were gathered at a universal levee. Such yells would have struck terror to the hearts of those unaccustomed to Indian revelry.

To our spies this was but martial music—strains which waked their watchless and newly strung their veteran courage. From their early youth they had always been on the frontier, and were well practiced in all the subtlety, craft and cunning of Indian warfare, as well as the ferocity and blood-thirsty nature of these savage warriors. They were, therefore, not likely to be ensnared by their cunning, nor, without a desperate conflict, to fall victims to their scalping knives or tomahawks. On several occasions small parties left the prairie and ascended the mountain from the eastern side. On these occasions the spies would hide in the deep fissures of the rocks on the west, and again leaving their hiding place when their uninvited and welcome visitors had disappeared.

For food, they depended on jerked venison and corn bread, with which their knapsacks were well stored. They dare not kindle a fire, and the report of one of their rifles would have brought upon them the entire force of the Indians. For drink, they depended on some rain water which stood in the hollows of some of the rocks; but, in a short time this store was exhausted, and McClelland and White must abandon their enterprise or find a new supply. To accomplish this most hazardous enterprise, McClelland, the oldest, resolved to make the attempt; and, with his trusty rifle in his hand, and their two canteens slung across his shoulders, he descended by a circuitous route, to the prairie, skirting the hill on the north and under cover of the hazel thickets he reached the river, and turning to a bend point of the hill, he found a beautiful spring within a few feet of the river, now known by the name Cold Spring, on the farm of D. Talmadge, Esq. He filled his canteens, and returned in safety to his watchful companion. It was now determined to have a fresh supply of water every day, and this duty was performed alternately.

On one of these occasions, after White had filled his canteens, he sat a few moments watching the lupid element as it came gurgling out of the bosom of the earth, when the light sound of footsteps caught his practised ear, and upon turning around he saw two squaws a few feet from him. Upon turning round the foot of the hill, the eldest squaw gave one of those far-reaching whoops peculiar to Indians. White at once comprehended his perilous situation. If the alarm should reach the camp or town, he and his companion must inevitably perish. Self preservation compelled him to inflict a noiseless death on the squaws, in such a way as, if possible, to leave no trace behind. Ever rapid in action, he sprang upon his victims with the rapidity and power of a lion, and grasping the throat of each, sprang into the river. He thrust the head of the eldest into the water. While making strong efforts to submerge the younger, who, however, powerfully resisted him, and during the short struggle with this young athlete, to his astonishment she addressed him in his own language, though in almost articulate sounds.

Releasing his hold she informed him that she had been a prisoner for ten years, and that the Indians had killed all the family, and that her brother and herself were taken prisoners, but he succeeded on the second night in making his escape. During this narrative, White had drowned the eldest squaw, and let her float off with the current where it would probably not be found out soon. He directed the girl to follow him and with his usual speed and energy pushed for the mouth. They had scarcely gone half way, when they heard the alarm cry some quarter of a mile down the stream. It was supposed some party of Indians, returning from hunting, struck the river just as the body of the squaw floated past. White and the girl succeeded in reaching the mouth, where McClelland had been no indifferent spectator to the sudden commotion among the Indians.

The parties of warriors were seen immediately to strike of in every direction, and White and the girl had scarcely arrived before a party of some twenty warriors had reached the eastern activity of the mountain, and were cautiously and carefully keeping under the cover. Soon the spies saw the swarthy foes as they glided from tree to tree, and from rock to rock, till their position was surrounded, except on the west perpendicular side, and all hope of escape was cut off. In this perilous condition, nothing was left but to sell their lives as dearly as possible, and this they resolved to do, and advised the girl to escape to the Indians, and tell them she had been taken prisoner. She said "no, death, death to me, in the presence of my own people is sweeter than captivity and slavery. Furnish me with a gun, and I am able to show you how I can fight as well as die. This place I have not. Here my bones shall be bleaching with yours, and should either of you escape, you will carry the tidings of my death to my few relations. Remonstrances proved fruitless. The two

spies quickly matured their plan of defence, and vigorously commenced the attack from the very small back-bone of the mount, the savages had to advance in single file, and without any cover. Beyond this neck the warriors availed themselves of rocks and trees in advancing, but in passing from one to the other they must be exposed for a short time, and a moment's exposure of their swarthy forms was enough for the unerring rifles of the spies. The Indians being entirely ignorant of how many were in ambush, were more cautious how they advanced.

After bravely maintaining the fight in front and keeping the enemy in check, they discovered a new danger threatening them. The arch for now made evident preparations to attack them on the flank, which could be more successfully done by reaching an isolated rock lying in one of the ravines on the southern hill side. This point once gained by the Indians, they could bring the spies under point blank shot of the rifle without the possibility of escape. Our brave spies saw the utter hopelessness of their situation which nothing could avert but a brave companion and an unerring shot. These they had not, but the brave never despair. With this impending fate resting upon them, they continued calm and calculating, and as unwarmed as the strongest desire of life and the resistance of a numerous foe could produce.

Soon McClelland saw a tall and swarthy figure preparing to spring from a covert so near to the fatal rock that a bound or two would reach it, and all hope of life then was gone. He felt that all depended on one single advantageous shot; altho' but an inch or two of the warriors body was exposed, and that at a distance of eighty or a hundred yards, he resolved to risk all; he coolly raised his rifle, and shading the light with his hand, drew a bead so sure that he felt conscious that it would do its work. He touched the trigger with his finger, the hammer came down, but the ball striking fire, it broke his flint into many pieces, and altho' he felt that the Indian must reach the rock before he could adjust another flint, he proceeded to the task with the utmost composure.

Casting his eyes towards the fearful point, suddenly he saw the warrior stretching every muscle for the leap; and with the agility of a panther he made the spring, but instead of reaching the rock, he gave a yell, and his dark body fell and rolled down the steep into the valley below. He had evidently received a death wound from some unknown hand. A hundred voices roared from below the terrible shout. It was evident they had lost a favorite warrior, as well as being disappointed for a time of the most important movement. A very few minutes proved that the advantage gained would be of short duration; for already the spies caught a glimpse of a tall swarthy warrior cautiously advancing to the covert so secretly occupied by his fellow companion. Now, too, the attack in front was renewed with increasing fury, so as to require the incessant fire of both spies to prevent the Indians from gaining the eminence, and in a short time McClelland saw a warrior making preparations to leap the fatal rock. The leap was made, and the Indian turning a somersault, his corpse rolled down the hill towards his former companion. Again an unknown agent had interposed in their behalf. The second sacrifice cast dismay into the ranks of their assailants and just as the foe withdrew to a short distance, to devise some new mode of attack. This respite came most seasonably to our spies, who had kept their ground, and bravely maintained the unequal fight from nearly the middle of the day.

Now, for the first time, was the girl missing, and the spies thought that through terror she had escaped to her former captors; or that she had been killed during the fight; but they were not long left to conjecture. The girl was seen emerging from behind a rock and coming to them with a rifle in her hand. During the fight she saw a warrior fall who had advanced some distance before the rest, and while some of them changed position, she resolved at once, live or die, to possess herself of his gun and ammunition, and crouching down beneath the underbrush, she crawled to the place and succeeded in her enterprise, her keen and watchful eye had early notice the fatal rock, and hers was the mysterious hand by which the two warriors fell, the last being the most intrepid and blood thirsty of the Shawnee tribe, and the leader of the company which killed her mother and her sisters, and took her and her brother prisoners.

Now, in the west, arose dark clouds, which soon overspread the whole heavens, and the elements were rent with the peals of thunder. Darkness, deep and gloomy, shrouded the whole heavens; this darkness greatly embarrassed the spies in their contemplated night escape, supposing that they might readily lose their way, and accidentally fall on their enemy; but a short consultation decided the plan; it was agreed that the girl should go foremost from her intimate knowledge of localities, and another might be gained in case they should fall in with any of the parties or companies. From her knowledge of the language she might de-

ceive the sentinels, as the sequel proved, for scarcely had they descended a hundred yards when a low whistle from the girl warned them of their danger.

The spies sunk silently on the ground, where by previous arrangement, they were to remain till the signal was given by the girl to move on. Her absence, for the space of a quarter of an hour, began to excite the most serious apprehensions. Again she appeared, and told them that she had succeeded in removing two sentinels to a short distance, who were directly on their route. The descent was noiselessly resumed, and the spies followed their intrepid leader for half a mile in the most profound silence, when the barking of a dog at a short distance apprised them of a new danger. The almost simultaneous click of the spies' rifles was heard by the girl, who stated that they were now in the midst of the Indian camp, and their lives depended on the most profound silence, and implicitly following her foot steps.

A moment afterwards the girl was accosted by a squaw, from an opening in her wigwag; she replied in the Indian language, and, without stopping, still pressed forward. In a short time she stopped, and assured the spies that the village was cleared, and they had passed the greatest danger. She knew that every leading pass was guarded safely by the Indians, and at once resolved to adopt the bold adventure of passing through the centre of the village, as the least hazardous, and the sequel proved the correctness of her judgment. They now steered a course for the Ohio river, and after three days travel, arrived safe at the block-house. The Indian escape and adventures prevented the Indians from making their contemplated attack, and the respected girl proved to be the sister of the intrepid Colonel Washburn, celebrated in the history of Indian warfare, and as the renowned spy of Capt. Kenton's Bloody Kentuckians.

### Penalties of Widow Hunting.

Mr. Peregrine Pontac had none of that horror of widows which so embittered the existence of the older Mr. Weller. On the contrary, Mr. Pontac was suspected of a strong partiality for widows—not, however, for widows in general—not for widows in the deepest of woods and with the scantiest of purses; widows who gave "mites," and had nothing more to give, would have been pronounced extremely prize-worthy persons by Mr. Pontac; he would have a great respect for their virtues, and so fall a faith in the constancy of their attachment for the departed that he would never have thought, for an instant, of seeking to weaken its force. The widows in whom Mr. Peregrine Pontac felt the deepest interest, whose acquaintance he cultivated most eagerly, whose wishes he endeavored to anticipate most gallantly, were gay, well-dressed, lively, rich widows.

Mr. Pontac was a bold man, as every one who reads this last sentence will admit. He was not in the least degree afraid of the very class among the fair sex to whom cynical philosophers know about women? have attributed the greatest mystery over all the tribes which can lead poor masculine humanity astray. Mr. Pontac felt himself a match for any widow, and he really wished to make a match of the kind. He had attained that respectable period of life which is commonly called middle-aged—a very elastic term, it may be remarked, as it has been known to comprise all the years between thirty and sixty—a that if that period be really middle-age, one's life must be calculated at an average of ninety years. But we will tell Mr. Pontac's age, though he would never forgive us if he knew that we did so—he was forty-six.

Mr. Pontac was a wine-merchant; and Mr. Pontac had an exceedingly good business. His customers were nearly all people of fortune—private families, and not public houses; for he was a man of refined taste, and by no means desirous of a connexion with the gin-palaces and their keepers. He had amassed a comfortable little fortune, but he did not consider it sufficient to marry on without a corresponding fortune on the part of the lady. It was a matter of simple arithmetic to Mr. Pontac. "I have twenty thousand pounds, or thereabouts," he would say to himself. "If I retire from business, as I wish to do, the interest of my money will be seven or eight hundred a year. As a quiet bachelor that would suffice me; but as a married man certainly not. I must then either remain in business, or have a fortune, or continue in business. Now the first is scarcely respectable in a man of my age; the first I am tired of; the other alternative is the one—I'll marry a fortune. A young girl is out of the question—she would drive me crazy in a month. To an old maid I have an antipathy which I cannot get over. A widow is decidedly the person for me."

Having by this simple process of induction arrived at this very obvious conclusion, Mr. Pontac, like a true man of business, set about carrying out his intentions. He was not an unpopular man among his acquaintances; on the contrary, being "well-off," good-humored, and obliging, and having a

habit of making pretty little acceptable presents at favorable moments, he was never omitted from the invitation list of a ball, and seldom forgotten at a dinner—though, of course, as dinner-tables are less elastic than drawing-rooms, bachelors, young and old, or people who don't give dinners, cannot often except to be asked to them, unless they are "lions," who are excepted to astonish the guests, or professed wits, who invariably make themselves excessively disagreeable.

Mr. Pontac, now walked through society with a keen eye for widows. If he were introduced to a "Mrs." anybody, immediately he pricked up his ears, and made the utmost use of his eyes, to discover whether the lady were a widow, whether she were agreeable, whether she looked wealthy.—Diamonds had an immense attraction for him—point lace never escaped his attention—rich brocaded silks rustling, told of gold—while a brougham riveted his attention, and a chariot and pair completely fascinated him.

Alas! how rare were widows with all, or any of these things! The crumpe cap, bombazine dress class predominated fearfully; not that Mr. Pontac (sad fellow!) believed that all these demurely apparelled ladies were in the extremity of dejection; but crumpe caps are less expensive than Brussels lace and french flowers; and bombazine dresses far less extravagant than *noire antiques*, brocades, and poplins. That was the difference, in Mr. Pontac's opinion between the two classes—the bombazines were the widows with "mites," the brocades were the widows with jointures worthy of the name. And again, he observed, how rare the latter class!

Sometimes he fancied he had marked one down—a real rich widow; but just as he was beginning to feel exhilarated with his success, it would turn out that the lady's fortune was only payable so long as she remained a widow. And on this discovery Mr. Pontac would grow irate, and inveigh against the baseness, and selfishness, and want of proper feeling on the part of the deceased husband, in placing this infamous limitation to his legacy. He thought a law ought to be passed making such limitations entirely illegal, and giving every widow full permission to marry again, and enjoy her fortune in spite of all the limitations in the world. None of the widows with "mites," by the way, were thus tied up. They, poor souls, had always full permission to marry again, and continue in possession of their "mites" after doing so. Husbands who had only mites to leave seemed to be ashamed of putting in the forfeit clause; but the one, two, or three thousand a-year man scarcely ever omitted it. Shockingly selfish!

One day Mr. Pontac was paying a visit to some friends and customers of his own. "By-the-by, Pontac," said the host, "my friend of ours wants some Madeira, and I took the liberty of mentioning your name, and giving your address, as likely to serve her well. I dare say she'll write to you."

She! thought Mr. Pontac; a widow, no doubt. Drinks Madeira too—rather an expensive wine; good jointure, no doubt. Wonder whether there's any confounded limitation to it?

But Pontac only thought this; he bowed to his friend and thanked him. "Shall I call on the lady?" he asked. "Will you give me her address?"

"Certainly," replied his friend. "Jane, dear, give Mr. Pontac one of Mrs. Courtney's cards."

Courtesy, thought Pontac; not a bad name. Sounds well, at all events. "Here's the card, Mr. Pontac," said his friend's wife, handing him the slender bit of pasteboard, on which was inscribed—Mrs. Courtney, No.—, Hertford Street, May Fair."

Denied good address, thought Pontac, as he walked away with the card in his pocket determining to call in Hertford Street the next day, and still wondering whether there would turn out to be any "limitation" in this case.

The next day the wine merchant called in Hertford Street, and inquired for Mrs. Courtney. The lady was at home—he sent up his card, and was admitted. "I must apologise, madam, for the liberty I have taken in calling on you," said Pontac, with his best bow—and it was not a bad one for a middle-aged wine merchant—but my friend, Mr. Brown, informed me that you wished for some fine Madeira.—"Pray be seated, Mr. Pontac," said the lady, interrupting him; "it is very kind of you to take the trouble of calling on me about so trifling an order as mine will be."

Pontac took his seat, and the ice being thus broken, he exerted himself to make a favorable impression on the lady. He managed also to take a survey of the room; and saw that it was very elegantly furnished; there was every sign of a complete establishment, and one that could not be maintained without an excellent jointure.