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Poetical.

OLD DOG TRAY.

A POPULAR SONG.

The morn of life is past, And evening comes at last— It brings me a dream of a once happy day, Of merry forms I've seen Upon the village green, Sporting with my old Dog Tray.

Chorus—Old Dog Tray's ever faithful, Grief cannot drive him away, [find His gentle, he's kind; I'll never, never A better friend than Old Dog Tray.]

The forms I called my own, Have vanished one by one— [away: The loved ones, the dear ones, have all pass'd Their happy smiles have flown, Their gentle voices gone, I've nothing left but Old Dog Tray.]

When thoughts recall the past, His eyes are on me cast; [I would say, I know that he feels what my breaking heart I'll vainly, vainly seek, A better friend than Old Dog Tray.]

Miscellaneous.

Captain Gregg's Adventures.

A WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

On the banks of the beautiful Mohawk, where the town of Rome now stands—stood, during the Revolution, a strong fortification, erected, in connection with others, in 1758, to keep open the communication between the Mohawk Valley and Lake Ontario and to protect the Indian trade. At the opening of the contest between the colonies and the mother country, Fort Stanwix was almost in ruins. Situated as it was at that time, on the extreme outskirts of the white settlement, it was an important post, yet it was not until the spring of 1777 that it was repaired by General Schuyler.

Early in the spring of the year, Thavendanege, or Brandt, the chief of the Sachem of the Six Nations, made his appearance in the valley of the Mohawk, with a large body of warriors, and from his own confession, it became evident that the Indians had been induced by the British, to take up the hatchet in their contest, and that the settlements in that beautiful region of country would be the object of assault. Congress saw the necessity of protecting the northern and western frontiers, and General Schuyler was directed to repair Fort Stanwix, and erect others, should he deem it necessary. Colonel Dayton was detailed by Schuyler to Fort Stanwix. It was while he was engaged in the Tyrone county militia, in its repairs, that the incident I am about to relate occurred.

The commandant of one of the companies of militia, was Captain Gregg, a young man of noble appearance and possessed of an iron constitution, which in connection with his temperance habits and happy disposition, enabled him to pass through, with life, an ordeal such as man never before passed through.

Notwithstanding the immediate vicinity of the troops, the Indians in small parties were constantly watching for opportunities to cut off stragglers from the garrison, and even children were not exempt from death by the tomahawk and scalping knife.

Regardless of the danger, and despising the foe whom he hated with the ardent hatred of a frontiersman, Gregg started from the fort one morning in company with three comrades, for the purpose of shooting game. One of his companions was a boy about thirteen, by the name of Wilson, who, from fear that they might meet with Indians, was sent back to the fort. He lived to become an ensign in the American army, and at the surrender of Cornwallis, was appointed to receive the colors of the various British regiments.

Gregg and the two soldiers, relieved of the care of the boy, proceeded to the neighboring woods, where they entered with zest upon the pursuit of game. They had been thus engaged but a short time, when, simultaneously, the crack of three rifles sounding almost one, brought them all down. The two soldiers were killed outright, and Gregg received a ball which passed through his left arm into his body, and he fell to the ground, seriously and dangerously wounded. Raising himself on his arm, he looked round for his comrades, and saw an Indian in the act of scalping one of them, another bearing off in triumph the reeking trophy from a second, while at the same moment that he made this discovery, the leaves parted, and a third red skin warrior, with his face smeared with war paint, his head decked with feathers, and his tomahawk raised, rushed upon him.—He succeeded in dodging the first blow aimed at his head, which took effect in his back, inflicting a deep wound. The second and third were more sure, and fell with crushing force upon the fore part of his head, and he sank into

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insensibility. How long he remained in that condition he was unable to tell, but when he awoke to consciousness he was suffering intensely acute pains in his head and found that his dog—a small Scotch terrier that had accompanied him—was licking his wounds. He drove him off, and for the sake of easing his smarting wounds, he after incredible exertion, and fainting twice on the way, managed to crawl to the body of one of his companions, upon which he laid his head and here he expected to die. His faithful dog, meantime expressed a sympathy almost human, and by whining, barking and licking his wounds, endeavored in his way, to show his desire to relieve his master's sufferings. Instead of this, however, he only added intensity to his pains, by irritating and inflaming, instead of soothing his bleeding head.—Hoping to rid himself of the animal and die in peace, he said to him: "If you think so much of me, why don't you go for help?"

As if endowed with reason for the occasion, the dog seemed to understand him, and started off towards the fort. At the distance of a mile in that direction, he came upon two men who were fishing. Running up to them he caught them by their clothes with his teeth, pulling and tugging at their garments, and then running in the direction of the woods, looking back to see if they followed him. Their first feeling was one of fear, thinking, perhaps, that the animal was mad, and it was some little time after they seemed to understand the dog that they should follow him. They did so at last, and now the faithful brute fairly danced and capered with joy. Running before, he led them directly toward the woods, now and then looking back to see if they were coming. After getting some little distance into the deep shade of the forest, they became fearful of the Indians, and taking council of their fears were about to turn back. The excitement of the dog was now extreme. He danced about them in a perfect fever of anxiety; pulled at their clothes; ran before; barked, and sitting down on his haunches, gave utterance to one of those long, wailing cries which no one can describe; and finally, finding they were about to return, he actually jumped upon them in the direction he desired they should go. No one could behold his actions—which lacked only language to express the intensity of his desires—without feeling that something urgent demanded their presence in the deep recesses of the woods, and they finally concluded to follow him and see the end of it.—He ran around them, danced, and capered, and licked their hands, looking up into their faces with such a look of gratitude, as amply repaid them for the apparent risk they ran.

In this way he led them where lay his now insensible master, and the corpses of his two comrades. They immediately recognized them, and perceiving signs of life in the Captain, they proceeded to form a litter to convey him to the fort. This they did by cutting two long poles, and laying boughs upon them, upon which they carefully laid his insensate form, and after hiding the bodies of the others by the side of a decayed trunk until they could return for them, they started for the fort. Dr. Thatcher, in his journal says:—"He was a most frightful spectacle. The whole of his scalp was removed; in two places on the fore part of his head, the tomahawk had penetrated his skull; there was a wound on his back with the same instrument, besides a wound in his side, and another in his arm with a musket ball."

Of course, no hopes whatever were entertained of his recovery, but contrary to all human expectation, he rallied, and although during the period of many months, while he was stretched upon an invalid's couch, he suffered a hundred deaths, yet he did finally recover, and lived a convincing witness of the barbarity of the savage red man. His dog, by whose means his life had been preserved, was ever after his dearest and most cherished friend.

lest the reader should have any doubts of the authenticity of this incident, or think it highly colored, we would refer him to "Campbell's History of Tyrone County," "Thatcher's Military Journal," "Lossin's Field Book," and other authorities, which will confirm all I have described.

EARLY MARRIAGES.

The following remarks by Dr. C. M. Fitch, delivered at a recent lecture, are too good to be lost. Speaking of the hereditary causes of consumption, the Doctor remarked:—"I believe it to be utterly impossible to find a perfectly healthy child born of delicate, sickly parents. The unsound constitution of the parent is usually transmitted with increased intensity to the offspring, and no character of morbid predisposition, is more surely and more unobscurely transmitted than a predisposition, to pulmonary consumption. When we consider the influence that the mother's health must exert on the health of her children, it is strange that so little attention should be paid to the physical education of girls. Why from the

hour of her birth, is a female child to be subjected to one eternal imprisonment? Why is she to be cooped up within doors, confined to patch work and nursing her doll, and taught to consider it quite unlady-like, to move faster than the dignified gate of some superannuated dowager? Turn your girls out of doors, let them play at ball and trundle the hoop, and laugh and shout as much as they please; they will be finer ladies for it at thirty, even if not quite so graceful at fifteen. By the laws of Lycurgus the wise and immortal law giver of the Spartan Republic, the most especial attention was paid to the physical education of women, and no delicate sickly woman was allowed to marry. Supposing a provision like this would be carried into effect here! What an army of unmarried ladies we should very soon see!"

If a young man wants to choose a wife, let him invite the lady he has in view, to take a walk, a long one, and when he comes back, if he finds his companion obliged to go to bed with a headache, let him look somewhere else for a wife, unless he is fond of paying Doctor's bills.

Speaking of early marriages, the Doctor remarked, "In this country very few ladies are fit either physically or mentally to become mothers before they reach the age of twenty-one, or twenty-three; but so precocious are our young ladies, that if they happen to pass twenty without having made definite arrangements, they begin to consider themselves old maids, and before a school-girl is fairly out of short dresses and pantalettes, she is looking up a bean."

Among the Ancient Germans, than whom a finer race of men, physically, perhaps never existed, it was death for any woman to marry before she was twenty, and were this law to be enacted and rigorously enforced among us, the amount of suffering, the actual amount of human life that would be saved thereby, is past all computation.

Tastes Differ.

The following extract, which we make from Young Men's Institute in this city, shows the widely different ways persons will take to do the same thing:

In Italy you will see a man breaking up his land with two cows, and the root of the tree for a plough, while he is dressed in skins with the hair on. In Rome, Vienna, and Dresden, if you hire a man to saw wood, he does not bring his horse along. He never had one, or his father before him. He puts one end of the saw on the ground, and the other on his breast, and taking the wood in his hand, rubs it against the saw. It is a solemn fact, that in Florence, a city filled with the triumph of art, there is not a single auger, and if a carpenter would bore a hole he does it with a red hot poker. This results not from the want of industry but of sagacity of thought. The people are by no means idle. They toil early and late, men, women, and children, with an industry that shames labor-saving Yankees. Thus he makes labor, and the poor must live.

In Rome charcoal is principally used for fuel, and you will see a string of twenty mules, bringing little sacks of it upon their backs; when one mule could draw all of it in a cart.—But the charcoal vender never had a cart, and so he keeps his mules and feeds them. This is from no want of industry, but there is no competition.

A Yankee always looks haggard and nervous as if he were chasing a dollar. With us money is everything; and when we go abroad we are surprised to find that the dollar has ceased to be almighty. If a Yankee refuse to do a job for fifty cents, he will probably do it for a dollar, and will certainly do it for five. But one of the lazzaroni of Naples, when he has earned two cents and eaten them, will work no more that day if you offer him ever so large a sum.—He has earned enough for the day and wants no more. So there is no eagerness for making money, no motive for it, and every body moves slowly.—Ex.

Kisses.

Kisses are an acknowledged institution. It is as natural for folks to like them, as it is for water to run down hill, except when it is so cold that it freezes and can't run at all.—Kisses, like faces of philosophers, vary. Some are hot as a coal of fire, some sweet as honey, some mild as milk, some tasteless as long-drawn soda. Stolen kisses are said to have more nutmeg and cream than any other sorts. As to proposed kisses, they are not liked at all. We have made it our business to inquire among our friends, and they agree with us, that a stolen kiss is the most agreeable—that is, if the theft is made by the right person.—Talk of shyness and struggling—no wonder, when some bipeds approach! It is miraculous that ladies do not go into convulsions. We do not speak altogether from experience, but from what we have heard others say. We have been kissed a few times, and as we are not very old, we hope to receive many more."

Chained to a Ball.

I was once passing the barrack yard, in the city of Quebec, and heard the sound as of soldiers marching. I climbed up the wall, and peeped over. There was a company of soldiers, and, a short distance in advance, of them, a single private, with a cannon ball chained to his foot.

He had been guilty of some misdemeanor, and was condemned to the task of parading a certain number of hours each day, with this irksome companion.

When I see a young man, just on the threshold of life, loitering away his time in unprofitable amusements and unworthy associations, which consume his precious seed-time, and burden him with evil influences which will probably go with him, and form a thorny pillow when he lies in the silent grave, I think that he is chaining himself to a ball. When a young man cuts off the restraint of early impressions, and enters the bar-room, there to spend his evenings, and perhaps his nights, in dissipation and companionship with sinners, whose god is Bacchus, and whose oblations are profane jests and godless sneers and licentious songs, I turn aside and weep, that he will madly forge and weld the links with which he is chaining himself to a ball.

When I see a young man elastic with hope, whose path points to certain success, or to undying fame, seeking relaxation from the fatigues of business or the application of a student's life, at the gaming table, or the theatre, or on the bosom of unhalloved delights I do verily feel assured that man is chaining himself to a ball which will roll with its victim into a premature grave.

When I see a man suffering important engagements to slip by without fulfillment, from a habit of carelessness or want of energy, I feel assured that ere long experience will prove to him he has been chaining himself to a ball.

When a young man runs into debt, and is negligent of paying his obligations when due, or lets his business take care of itself while he is attending to some trifling employment, will find to his sorrow, that he has been chaining himself to a ball.

When a young man forms a habit of extravagance and of living beyond his means, and thus squanders the bounties put into his hands for a virtuous and faithful stewardship, he will find that he is wasting the uncreated capital of a future which is not his, and is, moreover, chaining himself to a ball which will grow more rusty and burdensome every day.

When I see a young woman, bright in all the loveliness of virgin prime, spending her time and consuming her intellect, in chasing the fictions of the novel, or the follies of the romance, oh, how gladly would I break the chain which binds her to such a ball!

When I see a young woman neglecting the duties of a fireside, which should be a little paradise of bliss, and threading the mazy walks through the highway, "that she may be seen of men," I say to myself, "she is chaining herself to a ball!"

When that fair maiden looks into a mirror and admires the beauty pictured there, and sets her heart on its outward adornment, I think she, too, is chaining herself to a ball.

When, in short, I see a young woman spending her time in that which profiteth not, under teachings and allurements of vanity or fashion, I cannot avoid saying to myself, "she is chaining herself to a ball!"

Reader! old or young, man or woman, take those chains off your limbs and be free!

How much Tobacco is Used.

The present annual production of tobacco is estimated to be 4,000,000,000 pounds! This is all smoked, chewed, or snuffed. Suppose it all made into cigars, one hundred to the pound, it would produce 40,000,000,000. Four hundred billions of cigars!

Allowing this tobacco, unmanufactured, to cost on the average ten cents a pound, and we have \$400,000,000 expended every year in producing a noxious, deleterious weed. At least one and a half times as much more is required to manufacture it into marketable form, and dispose of it to the consumer. At the very lowest estimate, then, the human family expend, every year, one thousand millions of dollars in the gratification of an acquired habit, or one dollar for every man, woman, and child, upon the earth!

This sum would build two railroads around the earth, at a cost of twenty thousand dollars per mile, or sixteen railroads from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It would build one hundred thousand churches, costing \$10,000 each; or half a million school-houses, costing \$2,000 each; or one million of dwellings, costing \$1,000 each. It would employ one million of preachers, and one million of teachers, giving each a salary of \$500. It would support three and one-third millions of young men at college, giving each \$300 per annum for expenses. We leave others to fill out the picture. Is this annual outlay to increase or decrease in future? Reader, how much do you contribute to this fund?

Sunday Schools.

No institution contributes more to the peace, prosperity, morals and respectability of a community than its Sunday Schools. The law can only punish, while Sunday Schools prevent Crime. Colleges and Seminaries and Public Schools, it is true, enlighten the mind and develop mental genius, but the especial objects of the Sabbath Schools instruction are the heart, the life, the destiny, the soul. The natural demand of soul for a religion of some sort—for a Divinity to do homage to, is far greater than the aspirations after fame or wealth. A kind heart is to be more desired than a wise head, where the two qualities cannot be combined.—The conquests of genius are the flashing of livid lightning that cracks the gloomy thunder cloud and leaves the world to wonder at his power. But the heart that feels the thrill of kindness, that is good, and true and pure, beams like the unobstructed rays of mellow moonlight upon the world, imparting pleasure, elevating the desires, subduing the passions, and leading men to imitate its virtues. Not even the family circle is so well calculated to improve the heart of a child as the instruction of the Sabbath School, for here greater truths than ever parent uttered are taught, and the child learns, what many men never learned, "who is my neighbor?" To a faithful teacher there is no more delightful employment than to teach children—susceptible as they always are—the simple truths of the Bible, and when we contemplate the silent influence which these Sabbath School instructions have in forming the future character of the man or woman, the position becomes one of the greatest importance and responsibility.

Jesuitism and Great Intellect.

The Jesuits have been in existence three hundred years; they have had their pick of the choicest intellect of all Europe—they never take a common man when they know it; they subject every pupil to a severe ordeal, to ascertain whether he has the required stuff in him to make a strong Jesuit out of it. They have a scheme of education masterly in its way. But there has not been a great original man produced in the company of Jesuits from 1554 to 1855.—They absorb talent enough, but they strangle it. Clipped oaks never grow large. Prune the roots of a tree with a saw, prune the branches close to the bole, what becomes of the tree? The bole itself remains thin, and scant, and slender. Can a man be a conventional dwarf and a natural giant at the same time? Case your little boy's limbs in metal, would they grow? Plant a chestnut in a teacup, do you get a tree? Not a shrub even. Put a priest or a priest's creed, as the only soil for a man to grow in; he grows not. The great God provided the natural mode of operation—do you suppose He will turn aside and mend or mar this universe at your or my request? I think God will do no such a thing.—Theodore Parker.

The Jewish Sabbath.

It is unlawful to ride on horseback or in a carriage—to walk more than a mile from their dwellings—to transact business of any kind—to meddle with any tool—to write—to play upon any musical instrument—to bathe—comb the hair—and even to carry a pin in their clothes which is unnecessary. These, and a great many others, are complied with by the most rigid. There is one command in the law of Moses to which all Jews must scrupulously adhere: "Ye shall kindle no fire throughout your habitations upon the Sabbath day." (Exodus xxxv. 3.) Consequently they neither light a fire, or a lamp, or a candle on the Sabbath day, nor eat food prepared on that day—all must be done on Friday. As it is impossible to spend the Sabbath in cold climates without fire or light, the Jewish families who keep servants make it a point to have a Gentile in their service to do these things; and among the humbler classes a number of families generally unite in securing the service of a Gentile neighbor for the day. Nothing could wound the conscience of a Jew more than to be under the necessity of putting fuel on the fire, or snuffing his candles, on the Sabbath.—The British Jews.

THE SPIDER'S LOVE FOR HER PROGENY.—All her limbs, one by one, may be torn from her body [without forcing her to abandon her hold of the cocoon in which she has wrapped her eggs; and if, without mangleing the mother, it be skillfully removed from her, and suddenly thrown out of sight, she instantaneously loses all her activity, seems paralyzed, and coils her tremulous limbs as if mortally wounded. If the bag be returned, her ferocity and strength are restored the moment she has perception of its presence, and she rushes to her treasure to defend it to the last.—Professor Hens.

A most interesting sight to see, is that of a young lady with "lips like rubies," and with "teeth of pearly whiteness," and with checks that have stolen the "deep carnation of the deathless rose," with her mouth full of gingerbread!

The Crimea.

The Crimea is a peninsula of 8000 square miles, possessing a greater variety of natural resources than perhaps any territory of equal extent in Europe. Three sides of it are washed by the Black Sea, and the northeast side by the Sea of Azof. It forms part of the Russian government of Taurida; and its present condition, as a country neglected, depressed, and debased, is a standing testimony to the evil influence of Russian rule. So far from keeping pace with the progress of the age, the Crimea has sadly retrograded. Her products are shipped off in considerable quantities to Russia, much of them extorted from her in return for the Czar's protection. The fertility of some parts of the Crimea is so great, that several of the most valuable fruits of the earth can be cultivated, with but slight labor, in the greatest perfection, and to an astonishing extent of increase. This was known to the ancient Greeks, and was taken advantage of by Greece under her system of colonization. Six centuries before the Christian era, they had begun to form colonies on the northern shores Asia Minor; and we learn from Strabo, and other writers of antiquity, that they preferred this peninsula, from its containing so many inducements to industrial enterprise, particularly in the soil, which, it is affirmed, was found to yield a return of fifty times the seed. At one time, indeed, it was considered the granary of Greece, especially of Athens, whose territory, being of small extent, and indifferent fertility, was unable to maintain its large population by its own produce. There is a deep classical interest in this subject. Demosthenes has, more than once, had his eloquence excited by it. Besides breadstuffs, it still exports hides, morocco, and other fine leathers, silks, stuffs of eastern fabric and pattern, camel's hair, wool skins, dried fruit, wines, and an endless variety of other products, for which the Crimea with its appearances, has comparatively inexhaustible resources. The population has become a very mixed one, and on this account is only the more likely to sustain an advanced civilization and industrial progress. The largest population no doubt, consists of Moguls and Turks, united under the common designation of Tartary; but there are Greeks and Russians, and even Germans, in considerable numbers among them, and these latter have for some time past, it is said, been rapidly increasing.

Long Sermons.

These after all, remarks the Winsted Herald, are the great mistake of clergymen—the crying sin of the pulpit. People will not read long, dry disquisitions upon secular subjects, and religious subjects are listened to with pretty much the same sort of uneasy ears. The truth is, half an hour of good, hearty laboring is about as much as ordinarily sensitive sinners can stand at one sitting, and when sermons are habitually protracted beyond that length, those to whom they are perhaps the most important will habitually keep away. The value and efficacy of sermons consist in what is remembered, not in that which is forgotten; and a half dozen cut, epigrammatic sentences, with a small relish of eloquence and rhetoric, is worth more upon a promiscuous congregation than a whole day's work of preaching under the ten hour system. Deacons and classleaders may be suited with ten hour system sermons, but sinners won't be—and there's the difference. Long sermons and thin congregations are inseparable.

Courting in a Right Style.

"Git out you nasty puppy—let me alone, or I'll tell ma!" cried out Sally, to her lover Jake, who sat about ten feet from her pulling dirt from the chimney jam. "I ain't techin on you, Sal," responded Jake. "Well, perhaps you don't mean to nutter—do yer?" "No, I don't." "Cause you are too farnel scary, you long-legged, lantern-jawed, slab-sided, pigeon-toed, gangle-kneed owl, you—haint got a tarnel bit of sense, get along home with you."

"Now, Sal I love you, and you can't help it, and if you don't let me stay and court you, my daddy will sue your'n for that cow he sold him 't'other day. By jingo, he said he'd do it sal!"

"Well look here, Jake—if you want to court me, you'd better do it as a white man does that thing; not setting off there as if you thought I had pizen."

"How on airth is that sal?" "Why side right up here, and hug and kiss me, as if you really had some of the bone and sinner of a man about you. Do you 'spose a woman's only made to look at, you stupid fool you? No they're made for 'practical results,' as Kossuth says—to hug and kiss, and sich like."

"Well," said Jake drawing a long breath, "if I must I must, for I do love you, Sal," and so Jake commenced sidin up to her, like a magpie poker going to battle. Laying his arm gently on Sal's shoulder, we thought we heard Sal say:

"That's the way to do it, old hoss; that is acting like a white man."

"Oh, Jerusalem a-n-d pancakes!" exclaimed Jake, "if this ain't better than any appeasener ever marm made, a darn sight! Crack-ee! buck-wheat cakes, slap-jacks, and lasses ain't no whar' long side of you, Sal. Oh, how I love you!" Here their lips came together, and the report that followed was like pulling a horse's hoofs out of the mire.

A Yankee editor out west says: The march of civilization is onward—onward like the slow but intrepid steps of a jackass to a peck of oats.

A new style of bonnet is to be produced among the "spring fashions." It consists of a cabbage leaf trimmed with radishes.

A genius in New Bedford is fitting up a steamer for the purpose of towing icebergs to India, where they sell for six cents a pound.