

The Lehigh Register

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Poetical.

THE SLEEPING CHILD.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

A brook went dancing on its way,
From bank to valley leaping,
And by its sunny margin lay
A lovely infant sleeping.
The murmur of the purling stream
Broke not the spell which bound him,
Like music breathing in his dream,
And lullaby around him.

It is a lovely spot to view,
Within this world of sorrow,
One spot which still retains the hue
That earth from heaven may borrow:
And such was this—a scene so fair
Arrayed in summer brightness,
And one pure being resting there
One soul of radiant whiteness!

What happy dreams, fair child are given,
To cast their sunshine o'er thee?
What cord unites thy soul to heaven,
Where visions glide before thee?
For wandering smiles of cloudless mirth
O'er thy features beaming,
Say, not a thought—a form of earth
Alloys thine hour of dreaming!

Sleep, lovely babe!—for time's cold touch
Shall make these visions wither;
Youth and dreams which charm so much
Shall fade and fly together.
Then sleep! while sleep is pure and mild,
Ere earthly ties grow stronger,
When thou shalt be no more a child,
And dream of heaven no longer.

Miscellaneous.

'The Dacotah's Captive.'

A TALE OF THE LEAD MINES OF IOWA.

While the Spanish colonists ravaged the southern portion of North America in quest of gold, and the English planted the germs of self-governance on the eastern coast, the French were but the agents of home merchants, who enjoyed a monopoly of the various traffics, and were sustained in the enjoyment of it by the strong arm of military power. To the trading association in particular, we owe the discovery of the Mississippi to—by the son of one of the members—the intrepid La Salle. In his day lead was discovered within the present limits of the State of Iowa, but the noted Julien Du Buque was the first who taught the Indians to collect the ore, and make an article of trade of it. He was not only a brave, but crafty man, and after his death, the savages, in compliance with his dying wish, deposited his remains upon the summit of a high cliff overlooking the "Father of Waters," securing the mouth of the mausoleum with a massive leaden door of a ton weight. They then burned his dwellings and erased every trace of civilized life around his settlements, except the orchards planted by his own hands. Vandal whites afterwards cut up the door to sell, but the name of Du Buque will ever be remembered in Iowa.

Years passed away. The white flag of France no longer waved over the Mississippi valley, and the bold frontiersman, advancing on the foremost wave of civilization, crossed the river in quest of lead ore, game or fertile soil. One of the first settlements thus established, was formed by a party from Kentucky, led by the grandsire of the younger generation—old Joe Bates, a noble specimen of a frontiersman. Seventy years had whitened his long locks, but he was still hale and hearty, able to wield an axe with any of his sons, or to draw a bead on a rifle with that accuracy of aim which had enabled him to render good service at the battle of New Orleans. Selecting a good locality on the very shore of the Mississippi, old Joe and his sons built a log cabin, surrounded by a stockade to keep off the Dacotahs. They then surrounded a "clearing" with a warm fence, deadened the standing trees by the fatal axe circle, and planted corn. When their corn was well above ground and freed from the weeds, they began to "prospect" for lead ore.

Thus far they had seen no Indians, and began to flatter themselves that the "redskins" had left the country to their peaceful possession, but the wily savages had kept a constant watch over their movements. Perhaps, had they confined themselves to agricultural labors, the intruders might have gone unmolested, especially as the Dacotahs wished to conciliate the United States government into a profitable treaty, but when pickaxes were wielded in search of lead ore, the destruction of the palisades was resolved upon in council.

The first object of savage vengeance was the oldest son, Frank Bates, who had built himself a cabin about five hundred yards from "head quarters," despite the warnings of old Joe. Frank, however, had no fear for Indians, and lived with his wife and their babe in great happiness, until one summer's night, when he was awakened by the loud barking of his dogs—Springing from his bed, he looked through the

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opening in the logs, and saw to his horror, at least fifty Dacotahs, in full war costume, evidently seeking the easiest way to force an entrance into the cabin. Arousing his wife, he raised a cellar trap door, and was about to send her down, when the child she had left in the bed began to cry.

"I cannot leave my babe," said she.
"Nay," he exclaimed, "I will take care of the boy," and almost forcing her down into the small cellar, he closed the unlighted door, over which he drew a large chest. Then, seizing his rifle and hatchet, he took the infant and ascended to the loft of the cabin pulling up the ladder after him. A moment more, the door was forced from its hinges and the Dacotahs entered, eager for their prey. But Bates did not remain to watch their movements, for lashing his boy to his shoulders, he cautiously opened a shutter in the gable of the loft, and seeing that no Indians were beneath, jumped to the ground, rifle in hand.

Ere he had traversed his little garden, the air resounded with the blood chilling tones of the warwhoop, and a volley of arrows rained around the fugitive. Happily only one struck him, and that in the fleshy part of the arm, so that he kept on, straining every nerve to reach the stockade around his father's cabin. But ere he had gone many paces a gigantic Indian overtook him. Turning, like a stag at bay, he faced his antagonist, knocked him down with the butt of his rifle and then sped on his way. But now, to his horror, he saw a large body of the Dacotahs around his father's dwelling as he approached, firing over on to the roofs of the cabins with arrows to which burning tow was attached.

He passed—but the cries of his boy aroused him to a sense of his own danger and his wife's perilous situation. Directing his steps towards the river, where he found his "dugout," safely moored, he soon was paddling across the river to a settlement where there was a large number of whites.

Day had scarcely dawned on the succeeding morning, before twenty miners, good men and true, were ready to accompany him across the river. They cared no more for Dacotahs than for prairie dogs, and acted upon the spur of the moment, regardless of consequences.—Crossing above his residence young Bates led them towards his clearing, but on arriving there, nothing remained of his house but a mouldering pile of ashes. His beloved wife had evidently perished in the flames, for among the ashes and charred beams in the cellar they found some blackened bones. Just then they were joined by old Joe Bates and two of his younger sons armed to the teeth. They were delighted to see Frank alive, for they feared the column of smoke that had risen from his cabin was his monument, but now they did their best to console with him in their rough way. He said but little, secretly vowed to avenge his wife's death, and well did he keep his word.—To have seen him, no one would have supposed that the mild looking, slender built Frank Bates was an incarnate demon in the fight with the Dacotahs, yet within a year after his cabin was burnt, he had twenty scalps hanging at his girdle. "Vengeance" seemed his only thought—his life's desire.

For some time after this outrage, the Dacotahs kept away from the miners, but at last a party of them came prowling about, and the miners determined to have a brush with them—who was as competent to head the party as the sworn enemy of the "redskins," Frank Bates? The party engaged two Winnebagoes as guides, and then struck into the forest, following a recent trail. The third night of their journey, the weary leader insisted on being sentry, and about midnight the clear crack of his rifle awakened every sleeper. In an instant, every man was on his feet, rifle in hand, ready to repel any lurking foe, but a low whistle from Frank announced there was no danger. Morning came, and as the party crowded around the sentinel to learn the cause of the alarm, he merely pointed to what appeared to be a huge bear; a nearer approach to the object discovered to their astonishment the grim visage of a dead Dacotah, enveloped in the skin of a gigantic brain, who, thus disguised, had attempted to reconnoitre the position of the frontiersmen.

Frank now felt assured they were near their enemy, and followed the trail in silence. On reaching the summit of a knoll, they saw the village before them—a collection of high, conical tents made of dressed buffalo skins sewed together, and ornamented with rude representations of the battle and the chase.

On the outskirts were the squaws, engaged in the laborious occupations which fall to their lot. Their infants, tightly bound to straight strips of bark, were tied to small bent over birches, which gently danced them to sleep, and the boys of the village, with bow and arrow, were firing at the representation of a Kansas hunter. In the centre of the village, before the towering tent of the chief, sat the braves, smoking their tomahawk pipes with social gravity.

The white men looked at the priming of their rifles, put their sharp hunting knives between their teeth, and with a deafening yell rushed down through the frightened squaws, ere the Dacotahs could comprehend what caused the alarm. Dashing into the startling group of warriors with fierce warwhoops, they dealt destruction around them. The chief was the first slain, bravely defending himself and encouraging his warriors, who nobly struggled to avenge his death, but all in vain.

Frank Bates fought like a demon, but at one time was nearly a victim to a stalwart warrior. But on glancing at his opponent, Frank recognized in a gay red handkerchief around his head, his marriage gift to his lost wife. This added renewed strength to his body and increased activity to his fury, as he seized his assailant with his left arm, lifted him from the ground, and at the same time with nervous force thrust his knife into his heart. This decided the battle, for the surviving Dacotahs, panic struck at the sudden attack, rushed to the spot where their horses were gathered and escaped into the forest. Upwards of fifty dead warriors remained on the bloody field and others grievously wounded, but not a single white man was seriously injured.

The women and children fled to the woods, and the whites found an abundance of plunder, comprising blankets, rich furs, horses, dried meat and tents. But Frank Bates felt sad at heart, for the sight of this memento of his wife made him fear she had been tortured before perishing in the flames.

Night came on, and feeling positive he could not sleep he volunteered to keep watch. It was a bright moonlight night, and as he was pacing his solitary round, plotting new schemes of vengeance, he heard a light step approach from the thicket. Frank at first raised his rifle to shoot the intruder down, but a secret influence held him to call out,

"Who goes there?"
"Are you a white man?" was the reply in tones that produced an indescribable effect upon the stout pioneer.

"Yes, and you?"
"I am Frank Bates' wife, who was taken prisoner on the Mississippi," and as she spoke she advanced.

The rifle fell to the ground, and Frank stood as if under the influence of a magic spell. His hands were convulsively clenched; his hair stood erect on his head, a shiver ran through his frame, and he tottered back several steps. But not so the female, who had recognized her husband as she drew near, and now exclaimed as she threw herself into his arms,
"Frank! my own Frank! Do you not know your wife?"

Yes, it was his long mourned bride, her features stamped with sorrow, but still retaining her early beauty. Mutual explanations followed, and when the delighted wife learned the safety of her boy, all her hardships vanished. It now appeared that when the Indians had entered Bates' house, they found a keg of whiskey, which they drank freely, and then plundered everything, removing the chest in their recesses. Soon two of them quarrelled for the handkerchief Bates had seen the day previous, and drawing their scalping knives, one of them speedily received a mortal stab, and fell directly on the trap door, through which the blood ran upon the hidden wife. She, believing that it came from the veins of her husband, shrieked aloud, thus betraying her place of concealment. Dragging her forth, her captors bound her, then rifling the cabin, applied the torch. The body of the slain Dacotah was consumed, and over his bones Bates had mourned as for those of his wife.

That day they packed the plunder upon what horses the Dacotahs had left, and started for their homes, which they regained in safety.—The proceeds of Frank Bates' share of the spoils enabled him to rebuild his house, but this time close to that of his father, and enclosed with a high stockade. The Dacotahs however never returned, and in course of time were driven to the Far West. Frank Bates is now one of the wealthiest landholders in Iowa. Time has dealt leniently with him and his wife, but neither forgets her captivity. Their son never passes the scene of his father's flight on that memorable night, without feeling a renewed sense of his filial obligations, and a deeper love for his boyhood's home.

Parental Constitution.

It is a very prevalent opinion among the unprofessional that those persons who are most fresh and rotund in appearance, possess the best constitution. As these appearances very frequently depend upon plethora, we have the reason why so large a proportion of fine healthy-looking persons die during the prevalence of severe epidemics. Women with such constitutions, though well and healthy looking, have usually but few children, and they are of an inferior quality.

On the other hand very many feeble and in firm women have many fresh and rosy-looking children, but their appearance is deceptive—their condition is one of obesity—a constitu-

tional weakness of the vital forces which has been entailed upon them.

The rich or those who live high, are too plethoric to be fruitful, and hence such people have usually few children. The poorer classes, or those who have enough, such as it is, consisting mostly of vegetables, are much more prolific, and the children have the best promise of health and longevity. But the most prolific women, for the time being, are those who are laboring under some slow, chronic, but certainly fatal disease, as consumption. This appears to be a law of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, that in proportion to the danger of the species becoming extinct, so far as the individuals are concerned, is the increase of fecundity. Fruit trees, so battered and bruised that they must die in a year or two, are certain to have a full crop of fruit the year before they die.

Women thus circumstanced should not marry; and if after marriage they should become so, they should cease to become mothers.

The amount of disease and premature death that is entailed upon society by marriage of unhealthy persons, is such as to demand, on the part of society, the enactment of some protective ordinance. If the consequences were confined to the parties themselves, or even to their children, the evil would be comparatively small; but the multiplication of it is so rapid, that in a few generations, a very large extent of country becomes similarly afflicted. Because a man or woman has acquired a predisposition to consumption or some other form of disease, it does not follow that the privilege should exist to entail it on others.

There is scarcely an individual in society who has not witnessed the deplorable consequences of the marriage of those who have had entailed upon them a predisposition to consumption, to insanity, to apoplexy, &c.: then what should we think of those who, knowing themselves, by what they know of their ancestors, to exist with such predispositions, place themselves in such a situation as to visit the mischief upon unborn hundreds, perhaps thousands? We must conclude that they have never seriously thought upon the subject, or else, that they are superlatively selfish or inexcusably dishonest.

There has become broadcast in our country, a predisposition more mischievous than consumption, insanity, or any form of disease that now occurs to us, though not so suddenly and speedily fatal—it is intemperance in the use of ardent spirits. A drunkard is almost sure to be the grandfather of drunkards, through the female part of his children, and it is probable that he may also be the father of them.

A practical phrenologist rarely fails to detect this predisposition. Indeed, it may be truly said, that all predispositions to disease, as well as to crime or moral depravity, are advertised upon the outside of the head.

All predispositions may be removed by appropriate physical and mental education, and by judicious marriage alliances; but who is to direct these? All that we can do is to announce their existence, and to admonish all young people against forming an alliance with them.

There is yet another predisposition, which has hitherto, so far as we know, entirely escaped the notice of physiologists, and yet it is one which every person should avoid, in a marriage alliance, and every one would avoid it who entertains ambitious hopes of his children, if he knew it. We allude to those women who very closely resemble their mothers, and in consequence of this entail upon them, they will entail their own likeness and constitution upon their daughters, and those of their husbands upon their sons. Such children never equal their parents respectively—the fact indicates that the work of degeneracy is in progress, and if continued will result in physical infirmity and mental imbecility. To this law there is possibly an exception in the sanguine temperament.

The Arabians seem to have understood this long since—they maintain that the blood in any species of animals is transmitted through the female; hence they will cheerfully sell their stallions to foreigners, but not their mares.

As a very general law with all classes and species of animals, man included, males inherit through the mother, and females through the father. Daughters, though inheriting the mental peculiarities of a father may never manifest them, because of their more restrained position in society, but her sons will. The character of the sons may be inferred from that of the maternal grandfather.

These rules are always applicable, except when the elements of both parents are blended in the children, which is frequently the case.—W. BYRD POWELL.

Visit to a Slave Auction.

The Utica Herald, under the head of Editorial Correspondence, publishes an account of a visit to a slave auction at New Orleans.—The sale took place in the Rotunda of the St. Louis Hotel, which the writer describes as "an elegant and most fashionable affair—throughed with speculators, buyers, dealers, and look-

ers on. Some were smoking their Havanas—some were taking their toddies—some were reading their morning papers—some were chattering on politics, the money market, and the weather. The auctioneers were slowly walking to and fro under their elevated rostrums, like men who appreciate their importance, and occasionally stooping to answer an inquiry from a customer.

After stating that no less than a hundred and fifty "chattles" were here offered for competition, and describing one sale the writer proceeds:

The three other gentlemen auctioneers were driving on an equally flourishing, though not quite so rapid a trade. One of them, a very handsome, youngish looking man, was devoting himself exclusively to the sale of young mulatto women. On the block, at the time I approached his stand, was one of the most beautiful young woman I ever saw. She was aged about 16 years, was dressed in a cheap striped woolen gown, and bare headed. I could not discover a single trace of the African about her features. She was much whiter than the average of Northern white women, and she carried in her head a pair of eyes that pierced one through. Unlike many of her fellow captives, she seemed fully sensible of her degraded position, and shrank with true maiden timidity from the impudent stare of the hard-featured thug about her. Sensitive reader! what do you think became of that beautiful girl? She was struck off for \$1,250 to one of the most lecherous looking old brutes I ever set eyes on. God shield the helpless victim of that bad man's power—it may be, ere now, that bad man's—lust!

But I was destined a moment afterwards to witness a far sadder and more heart rending scene. A noble looking mulatto woman was sitting on a bench holding in her arms two little children, one an infant and the other a beautiful bright eyed little boy of some seven or eight years. Her face showed a troubled and frightened look, as if she was conscious some great evil was about to befall her. When her turn to be sold came, she ascended the platform, the babe in her arms and the little boy clinging to her skirts. The auctioneers offered to sell the "lot" together, but no responsible bids having been made, the mother and little boy were put up separately and sold to separate parties—the one going to Texas and the other to Mississippi. The final separation of the mother and child took place a few moments afterwards. I shall never forget the horror and the agony of that parting. The poor frantic mother begged and implored of "masser" to "buy little Jemmie too," (and I will do him justice to say that he was much moved by her appeals,) and when she found that her pleadings were in vain, she burst forth in the most frantic wails that ever despair gave utterance to. At last mother and child were forcibly separated and hurried off to see each other no more on earth. My heart is not adamant, and I exhaled with more than former ardor a system that could even permit such fiendish atrocities.

Thus I saw with my own eyes—thus I had thrust upon me almost—two of the most detestable and horrible features in the slave system—the sale of beautiful young women to lustful male owners, and the forcible separation of parents from their offspring. These things have been grossly denied by Northern prints and by Northern clergymen. That they are exceptional I believe to be true; but that they are tolerated in any civilized or Christian community, is a sad commentary upon the humanity of the age.

A ROMAN FUNERAL.

I have seen nothing in Europe which has impressed me more than a Roman funeral. They always take place at night, and are conducted in a most remarkable manner. When I had been in Rome but a few days, I heard one evening in the street a prolonged wailing sound, unlike anything to which my ear had ever before been accustomed. On flinging open the window, I discovered that it came from a procession of priests and monks, bearing a body to burial. There must have been several hundred, for the train extended nearly the length of the street. The priests led the way with uncovered heads, and wearing their long black gowns, over which at the shoulders, was thrown a sort of jacket of lace. A long line of monks of different orders followed, with the strange looking habiliments of coarse brown cloth, cowled heads and sandaled feet. Every tenth man carrying a great candle of wax, the light of which falling upon the dark vestments of the priests, and casting shifting shadows before and behind, like another procession of spirits, gave to the whole an aspect of inexplicable mystery and gloom. Add to this the voices of the monks, chanting in deep, solemn tones, the funeral dirge, and it is not easy to imagine anything more mournful or impressive. The body was carried at the end of the procession upon a bier, covered with a superb pall of cloth of gold. This was followed by two men bearing upon their shoulders what looked like long wooden boxes, upon which the bier was to

rest. Each priest who carried a torch was attended by a man holding a small paper screen attached to the end of a stick, which served to keep the wind from the flame. Other men and boys ran along at the sides with shovels of tin, to collect from the pavement the drops of melted wax continually falling. Evidently the deceased was a person of consideration, for the routine of priestly attendants was large, even for Rome, where it is easy at the shortest notice to get together hundreds of ecclesiastics of religious brothers of one or another order. As soon as I saw this novel spectacle, I obeyed my first impulse, and ran out and followed, to see what the end might be. There was in the sounds of the dirge a strange charm, and in the whole dark pageant a fascination quite unearthly. A certain sort of romance inspired long ago, by I know not what wild and poetical and prose recitals, was roused again. Slowly the mournful cortege wound through several narrow, dark streets, until it reached a heavy looking church near the Fountain of Trevi. I contrived, with several others not of the procession, to steal in, expecting to witness in the funeral ceremonies something surpassing in dreadful gloom what I had already beheld. But that was the end for the time, of the matter; for the bier was deposited in the centre of the church, the chant ceased, the torches, which were the only lights in the building, were extinguished, one by one, and the crowd of monks and priests hurrying out, the doors were closed.—*Cor. Providence Journal.*

Young Man You're Wanted.

A woman wants you. Don't forget her.—No matter if you are poor. Don't wait to be rich; if you do, ten to one if you are fit to be married at all, to any body that is fit to be married. Marry while you are young, and struggle up together.—*Er.*

But mark, young man, the woman don't want you, if she is to divide your affections with a cigar, spittoon, or a whiskey-jug.—Neither does she want you, if you can't take care of her, and any little after-thoughts, which are pretty certain to follow. Neither does she want you simply because you are a man, the definition of which too apt to be,—an animal that wears bifurcated garments on his lower limbs, a quarter-section of stove-pipe on his head, swears like a pirate and is given to filthy practices generally. She wants you for a companion, a helpmate—she wants you, if you have a noble spirit—she wants you if you have learned to regulate your passions and appetites;—in short she wants you, if you are made in the image of God, not in the likeness of a beast. If you are strong in good purpose, firm in resistance to evil, pure in thought and action as you require her to be and without which inward and outward purity, neither of you are fitted for husband or wife—if you love virtue and abhor vice; if you are gentlemanly, forbearing and kind, and not loud-talking, exacting and brutal, then young man, that woman wants you—that fair, modest cheerful bright-looking, frank-spoken woman, we mean, who fills your ideal of maiden and wife—it is she, wants you; marry her when you like, whether you are rich or poor; we'll trust you both on the conditions named without further security.—*Hudson Gazette.*

The Ungrateful Son.

The following incident was related last year by Rev. R. Weiser.

"The eye that mocketh at his father, the ravens of the valley shall pluck it out." *Prov.* xxv. 17. This is a terrible denunciation against ingratitude to parents, and even in the present day is sometimes virtually fulfilled.

Some years ago, an Irish gentleman who was an extensive contractor on our public works, was reduced to poverty by the profligacy and dishonesty of an ungrateful son. The old man lost his wife, and to add to his calamity, his health failed, and to fill his cup of sorrow, he lost his sight. Thus poor, friendless, blind and forsaken, he found an asylum in the Franklin county almshouse, Pennsylvania.

While an inmate of this refuge for the afflicted, his wicked and ungrateful son traveled that way; he was informed of his father's situation, and that his parent wished to see him; and although he passed within two hundred yards of the almshouse, he refused to stop and see the kind father he had ruined. Now, mark the result!

The very day he passed the almshouse on his way to Gettysburg, in an open carriage, he was overtaken by a storm, and took a severe cold, that resulted in the destruction of his eyes. He lay at Gettysburg in a critical situation until his funds were exhausted, and those who had him in charge took him to the Franklin county almshouse.

The very day he was brought in, his father, having died the day before, was carried out.—He was put in the same room, occupied the same bed, and in a short time followed his neglected and broken-hearted father to the judgment seat of Christ. It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of an angry God.

BLIND PEOPLE.

Stanley the organist and many blind musicians have been the best musicians of their time; and a schoolmistress in England could discover that two boys were playing in a distant corner of the room instead of studying, although a person using his eyes could not detect the slightest sound. Professor Sanderson, who was blind, could, in a few moments, tell how many persons were in a mixed company, and of each sex. A blind French lady could dance in figure dances, sew, and thread her own needle. A blind man in Derbyshire, England, has actually been surveyor and planner of roads, his ear guiding him to the distance as accurately as the eyes of others; and the late Justice Fielding, who was blind, on walking into a room for the first time, after speaking a few words, said, "This room is about twenty-one feet long, eighteen wide, and twelve feet high," all of which was revealed to him with accuracy through the medium of his ear.