

Interesting Sketch.

EARLY BORDER SCENES.

Our readers have doubtless noticed some years since a narrative of the remarkable escape of John Harris from being burnt alive by the Indians, on the spot where Harrisburg has since been built. That publication was the means of bringing to light several interesting incidents connected with Harris and his wife, one of those pioneer mothers in whom the danger and exigencies of the frontier life develop the greatest degree of daring compatible with the exercise of that sound judgement which is of yet greater importance in the sphere of existence. Harris, as has been stated in the narrative referred to, was a trader among two or three savage tribes, whose headquarters seem to have extended along the West branch of the Susquehanna, even in this day of improvement embracing some of the wildest mountain river scenery in the United States. The wolf and fox still dispute possession of extensive tracts in this region with the settler, and even the panther and the bear are occasionally tracked to and shot in their retreats by the hardy mountaineers, who vary the toils of husbandry with relaxations, as they deem it, of the chase, rendered here by the character of the country, the most arduous species of it in the world. One of these tribes, believed to be the Mungies, an offshoot of the Delawares, had built their wigwams and settled their families at the junction of the North and West branches of the Susquehanna, on the site of the present village of Northumberland. The towns of the others receded further into wilds along the West branch.

It will be recollected that a chain of posts was established during the provincial government of Pennsylvania, probably in 1756, by Governor Forbes, extending from Philadelphia to Fort Pitt, near Pittsburg. One of these was where Harris resided, who occupied a trading house, and had rendered himself in those early days, acceptable to the Indians, who found it a great convenience to trade their peltries for powder, lead, and such other things as they needed in their own neighborhood. Here he had brought a plow, the first ever seen on the banks of the Susquehanna, with other implements of husbandry, and made a little clearing sufficient for a kitchen-garden, and here was born John Harris, the founder of Harrisburg, believed to be the only individual ever existing that laid out a town at his birth-place, and who, as the first child of white parents, received from that circumstance a grant of 400 acres of land, offered as a premium by the proprietors, for the settlement west of the then frontier part of Eastern Pennsylvania—Berks and Lancaster counties.

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

At a somewhat later date, when Pennsylvanians had extended themselves West of the Donegal settlement, in Lancaster county, and had formed a settlement on Paxton creek, the Indians began to entertain great fear of being finally expelled the country, and concerted measures with their usual secrecy, for extirpation of the whites. Having ascertained that they collected once a week for religious worship, they made their arrangements to attack Paxton meeting house, and cut off all the inhabitants at a single blow. They rendezvoused in considerable numbers at a spot West of the Blue Mountains, and poured in on the settlement through Manada Gap, about fifteen miles from the Susquehanna, with such celerity and secrecy as to station themselves in the thicket around the meeting house, without any suspicion having been formed by the settlers of any sinister designs. They had, however, missed one day in their reckoning, and taken Saturday in place of the Sabbath, for their ambuscade. As the usual hour passed without any of the whites making their appearance, the Indians began to suspect that they had in some way or other been put on their guard, and fearing injury to themselves, they broke up and made their way home without loss of time, and as quickly and as secretly as they found their way into the settlement. The next day the

ber and character of the tracks around revealed to the settlers the threatened danger, as well as the hostile intentions, generally, of their savage neighbors. A council was held on the spot, and it was determined to despatch Harris, with some forty others, well-armed to visit the Indian villages, and ascertain if possible their purposes.

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

After starting for home, Harris mentioned to his company this warning, as he understood it to be of a meditated ambuscade on the other side, and suggested the propriety of going down on the West side of the Susquehanna. The party generally judged it rather a decoy to induce them to rush into danger, which they supposed was actually on that side. Harris then explained to his friends the relation in which he stood to the Indian, avowing his conviction that he was sincere, and appealing to the party whether they were not convinced that they owed it to their thorough preparation for battle that they had been permitted to leave the Indian camp. Instead of following the friendly advice, the party, however, were obstinate, and rather than separate from them, Harris against his better judgment, accompanied them on their route.

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

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

One of the party whose horse had been shot down (a little Dutch doctor,) had reached the edge of the river, and when Harris overtook him there, begged with such earnestness that he would take him on behind him, that Harris could not resist his entreaties, although fearful of encumbering his progress through the water with the added weight. He was no longer taken on behind, but they had hardly got fifteen yards into the stream when a ball struck the doctor killing him instantly. The Indians were at the horse's heels, and the humanity of Harris, in place of endangering his escape, had proved the means of saving his life.

A short time before the massacre at Paoli, Harris's house had been made a depository of powder, to protect it from falling into the enemy's hands in case they should penetrate into the Lancaster settlements. It was stored in the garret of the building, one barrel having been unheeded and left open for retail purposes. His negro, Hercules, already men-

tioned, had been sent up to get some grain from the loft, and having occasion to set the candle down, stuck it into the open powder which he took to be flaxseed. Fearing an accident, Mrs. Harris followed, and comprehended the danger at a glance. Reproving him simply for staying so long, she took the candle between her open fingers, and slowly withdrawing it, pointed out to him the danger he had escaped. Such was his alarm at the suggestion, that he ran to the stairs, and in his agitation, made but one step to their foot.

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

Miscellaneous.

PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

In the life of John Flavel, a renowned dissenting preacher of England, it is said one of those omens, which are supposed to announce future eminence, accompanied his birth. A pair of nightingales made their nest close to the window of the chamber of his mother, and with their delicious notes sang the birth of him, whose tongue sweetly proclaimed the glad tidings which gave songs in the night. I cannot assert that the oratorical distinction of John C. Burris was preceded by any such incident, but it has seldom been my fortune to hear a more mellifluous and seductive speaker. In very early life, a student in Washington City, I heard the famous Sumnerfield, a young Methodist itinerant. His face and form were of womanly, almost of angelic beauty. A divine lustre beamed from his eyes. His clear, full, sonorous voice, fell like the tones of a mountain bell on me, and anon, came crashing, thundering down, with terrible effect on the startled masses, forcing them to cry aloud and crowd together, with uplifted arms as though from shelter from an impending avalanche. His eloquence shook sin from its citadels and dragged vice and fashion from their 'pride of place.' The sensation he produced was tremendous. Multitudes followed his footsteps. As a field preacher he towered alongside of Whitefield; but he soon went down to the grave, consumed by his own fire, and called to a higher sphere for some inscrutable purpose.

It is related of Bossuet that, when he pronounced the funeral sermon of the Princess Henrietta and described her dying agonies, the whole audience arose from their seats, with terror in every countenance.

When Massillon ascended the pulpit, on the death of Louis XIV., he contemplated for a moment the impressive spectacle, the chapel draped in black—the magnificent mausoleum raised over the bier—the dim but vast apartment filled with the trophies of the glory of the monarch, and with the most illustrious persons in the kingdom. He looked down on the gorgeous scene beneath, then raised his arms to heaven and said, in a solemn, subdued tone, 'Mes freres Dieu seul est grand!' 'God only is great.' With one impulse, all the audience arose, turned to the altar, and reverently bowed.

When Dr. Hussey preached at Waterford, on the small number of the elect, he asked whether, if the arch of Heaven were to open, and the Son of Man should appear to judge his hearers, it were quite certain that three—that two—nay, trembling for myself as well as for you, is it certain that one of us, he exclaimed in a voice of thunder, 'would be saved?' During the whole of this apostrophe, the audience was agonized. At the ultimate interrogation, there was a general shriek, and some fell to the ground.

M. Bridaine, a French missionary, and the peer of the most renowned orators of that eloquent nation, preached a sermon at Baginole. At the end of it he lifted up his arms and thrice cried in a loud voice, 'O Eternity!' At the third repetition of this awful cry, the whole party fell on their knees. During three day consternation pervaded the town. In the public places, young and old were heard crying aloud, 'Mercy! O Lord, Mercy!'

THE ESCAPED 'NUN.'—We learn from the Christian Union that Miss Catharine Bunkley who escaped from the sisterhood at Emmitsburg, Md., last fall, and a narrative of whose history, &c., was prepared some time since, and at her request was injoined just as it was ready to be issued from the press, because she said she had not been permitted to see either the manuscript or the proofs, and suspected the publication was designed to injure her, is soon to come before the public with a new narrative prepared by a person well qualified for the undertaking, under her own revision.

A DIALOGUE.

DELECTABLE AND DEMONSTRATIVE.

'Isaac, have you paid the printer?' inquired an old lady of her husband who was delighting the family circle by reading a fine looking newspaper—(excuse our blushes, for we editors are as modest as maidens.)

'No, Rebecca, I have not,' answered the old gentleman, adjusting his spectacles—but you know it is only a trifle. The printer, I see gives a polite dun, but they cannot mean me as I am one of their friends, and at all events my dollar would be a trifling moiety to them.'

'Well, Isaac, if all their subscribers were to say the same thing, the poor fellows would starve, unless they could conjure their types into corn, and their press into a flour mill.—And surely, you as their friend, should be more punctual in paying them, besides it would show your attachment to them and the good cause they advocate.'

'I thought of settling my subscription when I was in town last,' said Isaac wincing from the rub, 'but the money which I received for my produce was better than usual, and I dislike to part with it.'

'Certainly you would not pay them in bad money.'

'No, my dear, but sometime I am obliged to take uncurrent paper, and I prefer paying my debts with that when I can't get it off.—O, these banks, these banks! Any way, that sort would suit the printer just as well as they don't keep it long. My neighbor Jenkins said he passed off some on them that no body else would take and they did not refuse it.'

'Shame on you, Isaac,' exclaimed the good old lady—you would not, I hope, imitate the example of that miserable fellow, Jenkins, why he would jew the person out of half his stipend and pay the balance in trade.'

'Yet he paid the printer, granpa,' interrupted a little flaxen miss, who stood beside her grandfather's knees.

'Well, I'll call and pay them,' said the old gentleman, nettled—for an article I read in their paper the other day, was worth twice the amount of the subscription.'

'And you know, granma, you said that the piece about counterfeiters saved you twelve dollars which you would have taken from the Yankee pedlar,' again interrupted the little girl.

'Yes, it did so, Mary, and for that when I go to town, I'll pay off my old score, and the next year in advance in the bargain.'

Mr. Isaac—kept his word like an honest man. And whether because his conscience smote him about the uncurrent money, or because he was convinced of the excellence of the arguments of his amiable spouse and rosy cheeked grand-child, we cannot say; be that as it may, we assure our readers that our pocket rang with that tangible proof of friend Isaac's probity and patronage, until we paid our debts. Now we feel if the good ladies in the town and country, and throughout all creation, as that most veritable non-descript, Major Jack Downing, would say, only knew how the heart and hand of the poor printer gladdened and warmed by the well earned salutation of such a man as Isaac, they would read this paragraph to their husbands, and say in the language of the good old book 'Go and do likewise.'

A VERMONT JUDGE.—In Vermont they elect ornamental judges, who are used as a sort of ballast for the bench. An old fellow, a few years ago, was elected side-judge in one of the county courts of that State, and as he was not well versed in legal lore, he called on a friend of his, who had served in that capacity for a number of years, to make some inquiries concerning the duties of the office. To his interrogatories the reply was: 'Sir, I have filled this important and honorable office several years, but have never been consulted with regard to but one question. On the last day of the spring term, 184-, the judge, after listening to three or four windy pleas of an hour's length each, turned to me, and whispered—'C. isn't this bench made of hard wood?' and I told him I rather thought it was.'

GREAT FIELDS OF WHEAT.—The celebrated traveller and agricultural writer, Solon Robinson, a few years ago, pronounced the farms of Messrs. Henry K. and Thomas Burgwin, on the Roanoke, in New Hampton county, N. C., the best between Canada and Louisiana. We learn that the former has a field of 900 acres of wheat, which good judges estimate will yield 20 bushels to the acre, or 18,000 bushels in all, worth at present prices about \$50,000. It is said to be a most beautiful sight. Mr. Thomas Burgwin has a field of 900 acres in wheat, almost as good. Those gentlemen make, besides, large quantities of corn, oats, &c.—Fayetteville.

A "Down East" exchange says "Stomach pumps are in use at all railroad depots to clear the passengers of any alcohol they have in them; this is to save the roads from liability, under the liquor law, for transporting the prohibited article."

THE REV. SIDNEY SMITH.—A Decided Sell.—Lady Culebs had a great passion for garden and hot house, and when she got hold of a celebrity like the Rev. Mr. Sydney, was sure to dilate upon her favorite subject. Hergeraniums, auriculas, her dahlias, her carnations, her anacis, her lilia regia, her ranunculus, her Marrygolds, her peonies, her rhododendron procumbens, mossy pompone and rose pubescens, were discussed with all the flow of hot-house rhetoric.

'My lady,' asked the Reverend wit, 'did you ever have a Psoriasis Septennis?' (This is the medical name for the seven years itch.)

'Oh, yes! a most beautiful one; I gave it to the Archbishop of Canterbury! Dear man! and it came out so nice in the spring!'

A story is told by the California Pioneer, of a faithful old member of a church in Massachusetts who was fond of exhorting. He always commenced by saying that he was quite unwell, and did not feel at all like speaking in meeting, but would say a word, and then give way to his brother D.; and then he would go on roaring loudly and swinging his arms, for at least an hour. At the conclusion of one of these harangues, "Brother D" slowly arose, and in a most solemn voice said—"I should be amazingly interested to hear our friend once when he was in full health." This finished the meeting.

A MOST MELANCHOLY CATASTROPHE.—Yesterday morning, about four o'clock, P. M., a small man named Jones, or Brown, or Smith, with a heel in the hole of his trousers, committed arsenic by swallowing a dose of suicide. The verdict of the inquest returned a jury that the deceased came to his fate in accordance to his death. He leaves a child and six small wives to lament the loss of his untimely end. In death we are in the midst of life.

A boy seven years of age fell into the Connecticut river, at Haydensville, a day or two since, and was rescued by the Rev. Mr. Cook. On his way home, a person remarked to him, "You got pretty wet, didn't you?" "Yes," said the little one, "but the man that came in after me got as bad a ducking as I did!"

The following is alarming evidence of the progress of the photographic art: "A lady last week had her likeness taken by a photographer, and he executed it so well that her husband prefers it to the original."

Medicines.

JAMES MCCLINTOCK, M. D.—Late Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in the Philadelphia College of Medicine, and Acting Professor of Midwifery; one of the Consulting Physicians of the Philadelphia Hospital, Blockley; late member of the National Medical Association; member of the Philadelphia Medical Society; member of the Medical Surgical College of Philadelphia; formerly President and Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in Castleton Medical College, Vermont; and also Lecturer of Anatomy and Physiology in Berkshire Medical Institution, Pittsfield, Mass., &c., &c.

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