

# Lehigh



# Register.

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

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## Poetical Department.

### My Old Dear Home.

Between broad fields of wheat and corn,  
Is the lovely home where I was born;  
The peach tree leans against the wall,  
And the woodbine wanders over all;  
There is the shaded dooryard still,  
But a stranger's foot has crossed the sill.  
There is the barn—and as of yore,  
I can smell the hay from the open door,  
And see the busy swallows throng,  
And hear the peewee's mournful song;  
But the stranger comes—oh! painful proof—  
His sheaves are piled to the heated roof.  
There is the orchard the very trees,  
Where my childhood knew long hours of ease,  
And watch the shadowy moments run,  
Till my life imbibed more shade than sun;  
The swing from the bough still sweeps the air,  
But the stranger's children are swinging there.  
There bubbles the shady spring below,  
With its bullrush brook where the hazel grew;  
'Twas there I found the calamus root,  
And watched the minnows poised and shoot;  
And heard the robin leave his wing,  
But the stranger's bucket is at the spring.  
Oh! ye that daily cross the mill,  
Step lightly, for I love it still,  
And when you crowd the old barn eaves,  
Then think what countless harvest sheaves  
Have passed within that scented door,  
To gladden the eyes that are no more.  
Deal kindly with those orchard trees,  
And when your children crowd your knees,  
Their sweetest fruit they shall impart  
As if old memories stirred the heart—  
To youthful sport still leave the swing,  
And in sweet retirement hold the spring.  
The barn, the trees, the brook, the birds,  
The meadows with their loving herds,  
The woodbine on the cottage wall,  
My heart still lingers with them all—  
Ye strangers on my native soil,  
Step lightly, for I love it still.

## Miscellaneous Selections.

### Gamblers and Gambling.

BY HENRY W. BELCHER.

To every young man who indulges in the least form of gambling, I raise a warning voice! Under the specious name of amusement, you are laying the foundation of gambling. Playing is the seed which comes up to the storm. It is the light wing which brings up the storm. It is the white frost which preludes the winter. You are mistaken however, in supposing that it is harmless in its earliest beginnings. Its terrible blight belongs, doubtless, to a later state, but its consumption of time, its destruction of industry, its distaste for the calmer pleasures of life, belongs to the very beginning. You will begin to play with every generous feeling. Amusement will be the plea. At the beginning the game will excite enthusiasm, pride of skill, the love of mastery and the love of money. The love of money, at first imperceptible, at last will rule out all the rest—like Aaron's rod—a serpent, swallowing up every other serpent. Generosity, enthusiasm, pride and skill, love of mastery, will be absorbed in one mighty feeling—the savage lust of lucre.  
There is a downward climax in this. The opening and ending are fatally connected and drawn towards each other with almost irresistible attraction.—If gambling is a vortex, playing is the outer ring of the Maelstrom. The thousand pound stake the whole estate put up on a game—what are these but the instruments of kindling that tremendous excitement which a disengaged heart craves!—What is the amusement for which you play but the excitement of the game? And for what but this does the jaded gambler play?—You differ from him only in the degree of the same feeling. Do not solace yourself that you shall escape because others have; for they stopped, and you go on. Are you as safe as they, when you are in the gulf-stream of

perdition, and they on the shore? But have you ever asked how many have escaped.—Not one in a thousand is left unblighted!—You have nine hundred and ninety-nine chances against you, and one for you; and will you go on? If a disease should stalk through the town, devouring whole families, and sparing not one in five hundred, would you lie down under it quietly because you had one chance in five hundred? Had a scorpion stung you, would it alleviate your pangs to reflect that you had only one chance in one hundred? Had you swallowed corrosive poison, would it ease you convulsion to think there was only one chance in fifty for you? I do not call every man who plays, a gambler, but a gambler in embryo. Let me trace your course from the amusement of innocent playing to its almost inevitable end.

**SCENE FIRST.**—A genteel coffee house—whose humane screen conceals a line of grenadier bottles and hides respectable blushes from impertinent eyes. There is a quiet little room opening out of the bar, and here sit four jovial youths. The cards are out the wines are in. The fourth is a reluctant hand; he does not love the drink, nor approve the game.—He anticipates and fears the result of both.—Why is he here?—He is a whole souled fellow, and is afraid to seem ashamed of any fashionable game.—He will sip his wine upon the impertinence of a friend newly come to town, and is too polite to spoil that friend's pleasure by refusing a part in the game. They sit, shuffle, deal; the night wears on, the clock telling no tale of passing hours—the prudent liquor-field has made it safely dumb! The night is getting old; its dark air grows fresher, the host is grey; the gaming and drinking and hilarious laughter are over, and the youths wending homeward. What says conscience? No matter what it says they did not hear, and we will not. Whatever was said, it was very shortly answered thus: 'This has not been gambling; all were gentlemen; there was no cheating; simply a convivial evening; no stakes except the bills incident to the entertainment. If any body blames a young man for a little innocent exhilaration on a special occasion, he is a superstitious bigot; let him croak!'—Such a garnished game is made the text to justify the whole round of gambling.

**SCENE THE SECOND.**—In a room so silent that there is no sound except the shrill cock crowing the morning, where the forgotten candles burn dimly over the long and lengthened wick, sit four men. Carved marble could not be more motionless, save their hands. Pale, watchful, though weary their eyes pierce the cards, or turvively read each other's faces. Hours have passed over them thus.—At length they rise without words; some, with a satisfaction which only makes their faces brightly hazy, scrape off the piles of money; others, dark, sullen, silent, fierce, move away from their lost money. The darkest and fiercest of the four is that young friend who first sat down to make out a game! He will never sit so innocently again. What says he to his conscience now? I have a right to gamble I have a right to be damned too, if I choose whose business is it?

**SCENE THE THIRD.**—Years have passed on. He has seen youth ruined, at first with expostulation, then with only silent regret and finally he has himself decoyed, duped, and stripped them without mercy. Go with me into that dilapidated house, not far from the landing, at New Orleans!—Look into that dirty room. Around a broken table, sitting upon boxes, kegs, or rickety chairs, see a filthy crew dealing cards smothered with tobacco, grease and liquor. One has a pirate-face, burnished and burnt with brandy, a shock of grizzly, matted hair, half covering his villain eyes which glare out like a wild beast's from a thicket. Close by him wheezes a white-faced, drooping wretch vermin covered, and stenchful. A scoundrel-Spaniard, and a burly negro, (the jolliest of the four) complete the group. They have spectators—drunken sailors, and ogling, thieving, drinking women, who should have died long ago, when all that was wondrously died! Here hours draw on with threat, and oath, and sometimes last few stolen dollars lost, and temper. The each charges each with cheating, and high words ensue, and blows; and the whole gang burst out the door beating, biting, scratching, and rolling over and over in the dust and dirt.—The worst, the fiercest, the drunkest of the four, is our friend who began by making up the game.

**SCENE THE FOURTH.**—Upon this bright day, stand with me, if you would be sick of humanity, and look over that multitude of hung kindly gathered to see a murderer on a thrice-guarded wretch. At the guillotine's ladder his courage fails. His coward supported by bustling officials; his brain reeling, his eye swims, while the meek minister utters a final prayer by his leaden ear. The prayer is said, the noose is fixed, the signal is given; a shudder runs through the crowd as he swings free. After a moment, his convulsed limbs stretch down, and hang heavily and still; and he who

began to gamble to make up a game, and ended with stabbing an enraged victim whom he had fleeced, has here played his last game—himself the stake!

I feel impelled, in closing, to call the attention of all sober citizens to some potent influences which are exerted in favor of gambling. In our civil economy we have Legislators to devise and enact wholesome laws; lawyers to counsel and aid those who need the laws' relief and Judges to determine and administer the laws. If Legislators, Lawyers and Judges are gamblers with what hope do we warn off the young from this deadly fascination, against such authoritative examples of high public functionaries? With what eminent fitness does that Judge press that bench, who in private commits the vices which officially he is set to condemn? With what singular terrors does he frown on a convicted gambler with whom he played last night, and will play again to-night! How wisely should the fine be light which the sprightly criminal will win and pay out of the Judges, own pocket!

With the name of Jupiter, is associated ideas of immaculate purity, sober piety and fearless, lawless justice. Let it then be counted a dark crime for a recreant official so far to forget his reverent place, and noble office as to run the gauntlet of filthy vices, against the word Jupiter, who smites with his mouth, and smirks with his eye; who holds the rod to strike the criminal, and smites only the law to make a gap for criminals to pass through! If God loves this land, may he save it from dueling, drinking, swearing, gambling, vicious Judges. [The general eminent integrity of the Bench is unquestionable—and no remarks in the text are to be construed as an oblique aspersion of the profession. But the purer our Judges generally, the more shameless is it that some will not abandon either their vices or their office.]

With such Judges I must associate corrupt Legislators, whose lawless patriotism leaks out in all the sinks of infamy at the Capital. These living examples of vice pass still-born laws against vice. Are such men sent to the Capital only to practice debauchery? Laborious seedsmen—they gather every germ of evil; and laborious sowers—at home they strew them far and wide! It is a burning shame a high outrage, that public men, by corrupting the young with the example of manifold vices should pay back their constituents for their honors!

Our land has little to fear from abroad, and much from within. We can bear foreign aggression, scarcity, the revolutions of commerce, plagues, and pestilences; but we cannot bear vicious Judges, corrupt Courts, gambling Legislators, and a vicious, corrupt and gambling constituency. Let us not be deceived! The decay of civil institutions begins at the core. The outside wears all the lovely hues of ripeness, when the inside is rotting. Decline does not begin in bold and startling acts; but as in autumnal leaves, in rich and glowing colors.—Over deceased vials, consumptive laws, wear the hectic blush, a brilliant eye, and transparent skin. Could the public sentiment declare that personal morality is the first element of patriotism; that corrupt Legislators are the most pernicious of criminals; that the Judge who lets the villain off is the villain's patron; that intolerance of crime is intolerance of virtue,—our nation might defy all enemies and live forever!

And now young friends, I beseech you to let alone this evil before it be meddled with. You are safe from vice when you avoid even its appearance; and only then. The first steps of wickedness are imperceptible. We do not wonder at the inexperience of Adam; but it is wonderful that six thousand years' repetition of the same arts, and the same uniform disaster should have taught men nothing; that generation after generation should perish, and the wreck be no warning!

The mariner searches his chart for hidden rocks, stands off from perilous shoals, and steers wide of reefs on which hang shattered morsels of wrecked ships, and runs upon dangerous shores with the ship manned, the wheel in hand, and the lead constantly sounding. But the mariner upon life's sea; carries no chart of other men's voyages, drives before every wind that will speed him, draws upon horrid shores with slumbering crew, or heads in upon roaring reefs as though he would not perish where thousands have perished before him.

Hell is populated with the victims of "harmless amusements." Will man never learn that the way to hell is through the valley of deceit? The power of Satan to hold his victim is nothing to that mastery of art by which he first gains them. When he approaches to charm us, it is not as a grim fiend,—gleaming from a lurid cloud, but as an angel of light radiant with innocence.—His words fall like dew upon the dower; as musical as a crystal-drop warbling from a fountain. Beguiled by his art, he leads you to the enchanted ground. Oh! how it glows with every refulgent hue of heaven! A far off he marks the dismal gulf of vice and crime; its smoke of torment slowly rising, and rising forever! and he himself cunningly warns you of its dread disaster, for

the very purpose of blinding and drawing you thither. He leads you to captivity through all the bowers of lulling magic.—He plants your foot on odorous flowers; he overhangs your head with rosy clouds; he fills your ear with distant, drowsy music charming every sense to rest. Oh ye! who have thought the way to hell was, bleak and frozen as Norway, parched and barren as Sahara, strewn like Golgotha with bones and skulls, reeking with stench like the vale of Gehenna,—witness your mistake! The way to hell is gorgeous!—It is a highway cast up; no lion is there, no ominous bird to hoot a warning, no echoes of the wailing-pit, no lurid gleams of distant fires, or moaning sounds of hidden woe.—Paradise is initiated to build you a way to death: the flowers of heaven are stolen and poisoned; the sweet plant of knowledge is here; the pure white flower of religion; seeming virtue and the charming tints of innocence are scattered all along like native herbage. The enchanted plain travels on. Standing afar behind, and from a silver-trumpet, a heavenly messenger sends down the which solemn warning:—*There is a way thereof is death.* And again, with louder blast. The wise man foreseeth the evil; fools pass on and are punished.

Startled for a moment, the victim pauses, gazes around upon the flowery scene, and exclaims: "Is it not harmless?" "Harmless!" responds a serpent from the grass.—"Harmless," echo the sighing winds.—"Harmless," re-echo a hundred airy tongues. If now a gale from heaven might only sweep the clouds away through which the victim gazes; Oh! if God would break that potent power which chains the bias of hell, and let the sulphur strength roll up the vale, how would the vision change!—the road become a track of dead men's bones!—the heavens a lowering storm!—the balmy breezes distant wailings!—and all those balsam-shrubs that hid to his senses, sweat drops of blood upon their poison boughs.

### A Bear Hunt in the White Mountains.

It was on a clear frosty morning in the winter of 1850-1, that a band of stalwart hunters left the comfortable fireside of the Mount Crawford House for the purpose of participating in the more exciting pleasures of a bear hunt. They were armed—at least a portion of them—with rifles, and as they ascended the steep sides of Mount Crawford, upheld by their broad snow shoes, and accompanied by their trusty dogs, they presented a front sufficiently formidable, as they thought, to appal at a glance the stoutest bear that ever wraged his tail among the mountains. Mr. H. was the leader of the party—a man thoroughly versed in the arts and wiles of snaring sables and hunting woodchucks, and abundantly capable, as he himself thought, of successfully conducting an expedition against the larger inhabitants of the forest. He had heard on the preceding day that a bear had been traced to his den on the northern declivity of Mount Crawford, and having speedily raised a party of kindred spirits, lost no time in preparing for the spot.

In due time the eventful spot was reached. It was a deep cave, formed by a number of rocks piled up against the base of a precipitous ledge, the whole being covered with snow, excepting the hole which was served as an entrance. The men were soon disposed in order about the spot, two of them standing at a little distance with their rifles ready cocked, fully prepared to slay poor Bruin if by any strange fatality he should escape the bullets of youth H. to whom it had been allotted the honorable task of standing by the mouth of the cave, to shoot him through the head on the instant that extremity should emerge from the hole. After some unavailing attempts to rouse him from his lair, their Captain suggested the idea that he might possibly be induced to make a sally by firing a gun into the aperture; a gun was accordingly discharged into the hole, and then for a single moment, perfect silence reigned throughout the group, and H. was beginning to fear that his specific had failed, when suddenly the shaggy head of Bruin made its appearance at the door of his castle.

It was a monstrous head, and well overgrown with shaggy black hair, which, contrasted with two rows of formidable looking ivory, and added to the doubtful twinkle of his deep lustrous eyes, gave rather a ferocious expression to his physiognomy. As he stood upon the threshold of his hitherto happy home, which he was now about to leave, probable forever—the scene perhaps of his cubhood's days, and possibly connected with tender reminiscences of some fair beauty and a horde of little bears, a shade of melancholy passed over his interesting features, and he gave vent to his feelings in a piteous wail.

The hunters could not shoot; whether their hearts were softened by the sight of so much sorrow, or turned pale at their proximity to a creature of such unexampled size and appearance, does not appear, and, indeed, the bear did not stop to inquire; for after smelling a moment at the sturdy form of one of the party, who had been looking into the cave and was now lying with his

face down directly in the path and wondering why in the deuce young H. did not fire, he passed over him, and made a rush through the surrounding group, who were too much astounded to attempt any molestation. Away he went pell mell, helter, ed at, and ere his assailants recovered from surprise had thrown them, he was at least a hundred rods off, scouring over the rocks and wallowing splash dash through the snow drifts at the rate of about ten knots, and occasionally diversifying his performances by a few somersets over the more precipitous parts of the descent, which a point of light and grace would have done credit to a French dancing master, or a Hindoo juggler. Occasionally he would disappear in some huge drift, and then again he would struggle forth; and pursue his onward course with unabated vigor, not even stopping to shake himself, while the disappointed hunters watched him from their elevation with maledictions "not loud, but deep." This silence was at last broken by the rough voice of their revered leader, almost bursting with rage as he cheered on the degs.

"At him Sounder! At him Sounder! Catch him, you villain, or I'll break your neck!" then turning to the nearest of his companions, all of whom were convulsed with laughter, and shaking a brawny fist in his face, "tell me a bar can't run! just look a thar!"

But, alas! all was in vain, and the last that was ever seen of "that bar" he was footing it right victoriously around one of the spurs of Bear Mountain, all "solitary and alone"—for the dogs had given up the chase—and as he disappeared from view, the company with the exception of old H., who looked blue enough, gave a hearty haw! haw! and went home to their supper. H. has never entirely recovered from the effects of that disappointment, but exists solely in the sanguinary hope of washing out his disgrace by the blood of the next unfortunate animal of the species that may cross his path. But the snows of many a winter shall melt away from the venerable summit of Mount Crawford, and other generations (of bears) will have risen into being and have passed again from earth, ere the story of the "Bartlett bear hunters" is forgotten.—*Boston Journal.*

### Electioneering.

The question has been raised in some quarters whether candidates for office should vote for themselves or not. Under the new Constitution the number of candidates is such that the aggregate of the voting population—would be sensibly affected if they should hold back from the polls.

We have no hesitation at all in expressing the opinion that every candidate is in duty bound to vote for himself. If he does not consider himself worth voting for, who is likely so to consider him? Besides, he ought to have respect for his party friends who have put him in nomination, and should take it for granted that they would not nominate an unworthy person. He may vote for himself on their responsibility, if he distrusts his own merit.

When it is considered that a candidate will put himself to a great deal of trouble to be elected, it must be regarded, we think, as a piece of affection, very absurd upon the whole, for him to be squeamish, or pretend to be, on the score of voting for himself.—Put in your ballot, my friend—even if it has your name upon it; you will need all the votes you can get; and if you do thus aid in sending an incompetent person to occupy an official position you may reconcile the reflection to yourself by remembering that the people are the same thing every year, somewhere or other. The country will not be ruined, rely upon it. It can stand the infliction of scores of such as you, even at your lowest appreciation of yourself.

Moreover, the right of suffrage—that right invaluable to freemen and formidable to tyrants only—is nothing unless exercised, and we do not know how one can show his estimate of its excellence better than by voting for himself. It is a privilege which is often abused, but when a man votes for himself he may have the satisfaction of believing that the right of a free man has been worthily exercised. There have been estimates made of the value of the right of suffrage and independent voters have been known to dispose of it for sundry dollars and a pair of boots; but the man who votes for himself is in a position to scorn such a base betrayal of a citizen's birth right.

It is to be remembered, too, that example is better than precept. If you wish your fellow citizens to vote for you, set them the example by voting for yourself. Finally, to conclude on this subject, we append for the benefit of all candidates the following specimen of a speech made by a candidate.

### AN ELECTIONEERING GEM.

One of the greatest electioneers of the age is Mr. Daniel R. Russell, a candidate for auditor in Mississippi. His mode of electioneering is to deal with the "sovereigns" with the most blunt frankness, disregarding every particle of "blameing hum-

bug. The following sketch of a late speech delivered by him must have puzzled his opponent to reply to:

*Ladies and Gentlemen:* I rise—but there's no use of telling you that; you know I am up as well as I do. I am a modest man—very—but I have never lost a pecuniary bit in my life. Being a scarce commodity among candidates, I thought I would mention it, for fear if I didn't you would never hear it.

Candidates are generally considered as nuisances, but they are not; they are the politest men in the world, shake you by the hand, ask you how's your family, what's the prospect of your crops, &c., and I am the politest man there is in the State. Davy Crockett says the politest man he ever saw when he asked a man to drink turned his back so that he might drink as much as he pleased. I beat that all hollow; I give a man a chance to drink twice if he wishes for I not only turn around but shut my eyes, I am not only the politest man, but the best electioneerer. You ought to see me shaking with the vibrations—the pumphandling and peddling, the cross-cut and the wiggle-waggle. I understand the science perfectly, and if any of the county candidates wish instructions they must call on me.

Fellow citizens, I was bound—if I hadn't been I wouldn't have been a candidate; but I am going to tell you where I was not in Mississippi, but 'twas on the right side of the negro line; yet that's no compliment, as the negroes are mostly born on the same side. I started in the world as poor as a church mouse, yet I came honestly by my poverty, for I inherited it; and if I did start poor, no man can say but that I have held my own remarkably well.

Candidates generally tell you, if you think they are qualified, &c. Now I don't ask your thoughts; I ask votes. Why, there's nothing to think of, except to watch and see that Swan's name is not on your ticket. If so think to scratch it off and put mine on. I am certain that I am competent, for who ought to know better than I do? Nobody. I will allow that Swan is the best Auditor in the State—that is, till I am elected, then perhaps it's not proper for me to say anything more. Yet, as an honest man, I am bound to say that I believe it's a grievous sin to hide any thing from my fellow citizens; therefore, I say that it's my private opinion, publicly expressed, that I'll make the best Auditor ever in the United States.

'Tis not for honor I wish to be Auditor, for in my own county I wish to be an office that was all honor.—Coroner—which I respectfully declined. The Auditor's office is worth some \$5,000 a year, and I am in for it like a thousand of brick. To show my goodness of heart, I'll make this offer to my competitor. I am sure of being elected, and he will lose something by the canvass; therefore I am willing to divide equally with him, and make these two offers: I'll take the salary, and he may have the honor; or he may have the honor, and I'll take the salary.

In the way of honors I have received enough to satisfy me for life. I went out to Mexico, eat pork and beans, slept in the rain and mud, and swallowed every thing except live Mexicans. If ordered to "go," I went; "chargo," I charged; break for the chapparal," you had better believe I beat a quarter nag in doing my duty.

My competitor, Swan, is a bird of golden plumage, who has been swimming for the last four years in the Auditor's pond, at \$5,000 a year. I am for rotation. I want to rotate him out, and to rotate myself in.—There's plenty of room for him to swim outside of that pond; therefore pop in your votes for me; I'll pop him out, and pop myself in.

I am for a division of labor. Swan says he has to work all the time, with his nose down to the public grindstone. Four years must have ground it to a point. Poor fellow, the public ought not to insist on having the handle of his mug ground clean off. I have a large full grown, and well blown nose, red as a beet, and tough as sole leather. I rush to the post of duty. I offer it up as a sacrifice. I clap it on the grindstone. Fellow citizens, grind away—grind till I holler enough, and that will be some time first, for I'd hang like grim death to a dead African.

Time's most out. Well, I like to forgo to tell you my name. It's Daniel—for short Dan. Not a handsome name, for my parents were poor people who lived where the quality appropriated all the nice names; therefore they had to take what was left and divide around among us; but it's as handsome as I am.—R. Russell. Remember every one of you, that it's not Swan.

I am sure to be elected, so one and all, great and small, short and tall, when you come down to Jackson; after the election, stop at the Auditor's office; the latch string always hangs out; enter without knocking; take off your things and make yourself at home.

[Dan crawfished out of the stand botching his head like a tip-up, amid the cheer for "Dan." "A D-m Russell," and Young "Davy Crockett."]