



**THE LEHIGH REGISTER,**  
published in the Borough of Allentown, Lehigh County, Pa. every Thursday.  
**BY AUGUSTUS L. RUHE,**  
At \$1.50 per annum, payable in advance, and \$2.00 if not paid until the end of the year. No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid except at the option of the proprietor.  
Advertisements, making no more than one square, will be inserted three times for one dollar and for every subsequent insertion twenty-five cents. Larger advertisements, charged in the same proportion. Those not exceeding ten lines will be charged seventy-five cents, and those making six lines or less, three insertions for 50 cents.  
A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.  
Office in Hamilton St., one door East of the German Reformed Church, nearly opposite the "Friedensbote" Office.

**Poetical Department.**  
(From Little's Living Age.)  
**Early Love.**  
They met—and none were nigh but deemed  
They met as friends, endeared of yore;  
So calm each careless aspect seemed  
With mutual greeting gladness o'er.  
Their hands were joined, as but to hold,  
In welcome grasp, each other near;  
And severing, left no blush that told  
Of more than friendly pressure there.  
They smiled— you would have thought the smile  
But some kind impulse from the heart;  
Springing, spontaneous, thence, the while  
Its passing pleasure to impart.  
They spoke—there was no faltering word  
That wavered from its proper tone;  
No accent where a note was heard  
That common parlance might not own.  
They walked the garden, fresh with flowers;  
They gathered roses from their stem,  
They talked of birds, and shrubs, and bowers,  
And only seemed to talk of them.  
And yet, time was when either's looks,  
Of words, or smiles, or hands embraced;  
Or flowers exchanged, were sibyl books,  
Where both their fondest wishes traced.  
But thus it is that envious age  
Denies to love all outward sign;  
Blotting, as 'twere, the glowing page  
Where once he shone in every line.  
I love still there— a hidden guest,  
A captive in some secret cell;  
A man, trembling in the breast,  
That dared not of existence tell!  
Was love still there? Oh, had he left  
The lips, the eyes, the cheek, the brow,  
Of all his tell-tale traits bereft—  
"The heart his only refuge now!"  
Say was he there? Had years of pain,  
Of sorrow, joy, ambition, pride,  
Scriptures of all this fair domain,  
In hope's exile there to hide!  
Or, is he like that mystic fount  
That hid its current deep in earth,  
But shone, whene'er it dared to mount,  
As bright as pure as at its birth!

**New Millinery Goods**  
Mrs. A. S. Kaufman.  
Respectfully invites the attention of the Ladies of Allentown and its vicinity that she has taken the east corner of Wilson's Row, No. 20, East Hamilton Street, Allentown near the German Reformed Church, directly opposite J. B. Moser's Apothecary store, where she has received a large assortment of new and  
**Fashionable Millinery Goods.**  
Her variety consists in part of French Lace Blonde, Blonde Lace, Fluted Lace, Embroidered Hair Tripoli, colored embroidered Belgrades, English Dunstables. All kinds of Casin Bonnets, Mourning bonnets, French, and all kinds of Arrivals, Caps, Facecaps, and all kinds of Ribbons, &c. &c.  
Repairing, shaping, whitening and pressing after the latest fashion, and equal to any city establishment, is always done at the shortest possible notice.  
Mrs. Kaufman, makes it evident that her stock of Bonnets, is of the most fashionable selection, and prices correspondingly reasonable. She trusts that a generous public will extend to her a liberal patronage, for which she will always feel grateful.  
Country Milliners will find it to their advantage by giving her a call, as she will sell to them at a very low advance.  
April 13.

**Wholesale Variety Store.**  
Wm. S. Weil,  
No. 39, West Hamilton Street,  
ALLENTOWN,  
Informs his friends and the public in general that he has lately removed his establishment to the three story building, on the North side of West Hamilton Street, No. 39, a few doors East of Hagenbach's Hotel, where he is at present opening, and will always keep on hand a large and beautiful assortment of new and  
**Fashionable Jewelry,**  
Violas, Violin Strings Buttons of all descriptions, French and Domestic Suspensories, Watchcase, Combs of all kinds, plain and ribbed Peruvian Caps, Linen and Cotton Trapes, Hooks and Eyes, Stay Bindings, Laces, Edging, Bobinet, Col-lars of all descriptions, Ladies Dress Trimmings, Knitting Pins, German Pins, Patent Thread, Needles, Spool Cotton of different make, all kinds of Fancy Soaps, and Perfumery, Razors and Razor Straps, Pocket Knives, Scissors, Lead Pencils, Slate Pencils, Britannia & best Silver Plated Spoons, and Sewing Silks.  
He also just received 100 cases of his superior friction Matches, which are so extensively known throughout this county and which he will sell as cheap if not cheaper than they can be bought elsewhere.  
The friends of Music will take notice that he sells Musical instruments either by the dozen or by the piece.  
Country Merchants will bear in mind that he will always keep on hand a large assortment of the above mentioned articles and many more which are too tedious to mention in this catalogue.  
WILLIAM S. WEIL.  
April 20, 1853.

**A Psalm of Life.**  
Tell me not in idle time,  
That marriage is an empty dream!  
For the girl is dead that's single,  
And girls are not what they seem.  
Life is real! Life is earnest!  
Single-blessedness a fib!  
"Man thou art, to man returnest,"  
Has been spoken of the rib.  
Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Finds us nearer marriage day.  
Life is long, and youth is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though light and gay,  
Sulk like pleasant drums, are beating  
Wedding marches all the way.  
In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!  
Be a heroine—a wife!  
Trust no future, how'er pleasant,  
Let the dead Past bury its dead!  
Act—get in the living Present!  
Heart within and hope ahead!  
Lives of married folks remind us  
We can live our lives as well,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Such examples as shall "weil."  
Such example, that another  
Wasting time in idle sport,  
A forlorn, unmarried brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart and court.  
Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart on triumph set;  
Still conquering, still pursuing,  
And each one a husband get!

**WANTED.**  
Timothy Hay, Wheat, Rye, Corn and Oats, for which the highest market price will be paid by  
PRETZ, GUTH & CO.  
May 4, 1853.

**Miscellaneous Selections.**  
**Tiger Hunting in India.**  
We extract from an English book the following account of the mode of killing tigers practiced in various parts of India:  
A curious mode of killing tigers, practiced by the natives of the Wynad district, deserves notice. When one of these animals is discovered, the covert in which he lies is inclosed by a strong net, supported by bamboos, of a sufficient height to prevent his leaping over it. All being prepared, the villages, headed by their priests, surround the outside of the net, armed with long spears; and provoking the tiger to attack them, they meet him as he charges, and pierce him through the apparently feeble but impassable barrier, till he falls.  
A gentleman who was present at one of these scenes describes it as most interesting,

and in the highest degree exciting; for there existed the appearance of imminent danger, although in reality it was almost impossible for the tiger to reach his assailants. The net, loosely suspended, yielded to the bounds of the enraged animal without breaking, and he retired, bleeding and discouraged, from each attack.  
Tigers have been speared, however, without such defence as that just described. On different occasions they have been turned out on race-courses, particularly at Bangalore, and speared by officers and gentlemen from horseback. There was an extremely brave English officer in India, who used, single-handed and armed only with a spear, to kill tigers in the field, off a little Arab horse. The method pursued by this daring horseman, was to gallop round the tiger in a circle, gradually diminishing the distance till he found himself within reach, when he threw his spear with unerring aim, and instantly wheeled off to avoid the charge of the animal, in the event of its being only wounded.  
Five brothers, all fine, resolute young fellows, who lived at Shikarpoor, in the Mysore country, were in the habit of attacking tigers when asleep and gorged with food, and destroying them by a determined charge. They advanced in a body, each armed with a long stout spear, and, at a pre-concerted signal, plunged their weapons at the same moment into the sleeping brute. It could be attempted successfully only when the animal was lying gorged with food, in some open place, free from thick jungle and easy of access, when all the men could get round him unperceived; for if he discovered his assailants before the blow was struck, fifty instead of five, would have but little chance against him.  
The natives in the wilder districts make use of various devices for killing tigers, such as poison, pitfalls, and traps of various kinds; but these hardly came under the denomination of hunting, and have been to often described to require any particular notice here.  
The method of destroying tigers said to be common in Persia and towards the north of Hindostan, appears reasonable and concordant with the genius of the people. This device consists of a large semi-spherical cage made of strong bamboos or other efficient materials, woven together but leaving intervals throughout of about three or four inches broad. Under this cover, which is fastened to the ground by means of pickets, in some places where tigers abound, a man provided with two or three short strong spears, takes post at night. Being accompanied by a dog which gives the alarm, or by a goat, which by its agitation answers the same purpose, the adventurer wraps himself up in his quilt and very composedly goes to sleep in full confidence of his safety. When a tiger comes, and perhaps after smelling all round, he enters the cage, and the man stabs him with one of the spears through the interstices of the wicker-work, and rarely fails of destroying the tiger, which is ordinarily found dead at no great distance on the following morning.  
The most curious, and indeed the safest method (except the poisoned arrow) is in use in some parts of the Nabob Vizier of Oude's dominions. Though it is probable that many a smile will be excited by the recital, yet as we have confidence in the fact and do not perceive anything improbable in the matter, we hesitate not to present it to our readers: The track of a tiger being ascertained, which, though not invariably the case, may yet be known sufficiently for the purpose, the peasants collect a quantity of the leaves of the pruss, which are common in most underwoods, as they form the larger portion of most jungles in the north of India. The leaves are smeared with a species of birdlime, made by bruising the berries of an indigenous tree by no means scarce, but of which we cannot at present call to mind the name; they are then strewn with the glutin uppermost near to that opaque spot to which it is understood the tiger usually resorts during the noontide heats. If by chance the animal should tread on one of the smeared leaves, his fate may be considered as decided. He commences by shaking his paw with the view to remove the adhesive incumbrance; but finding no relief from that expedient, he rubs the nuisance against his face with the same intention, by which means his eyes, ears, &c., become agglutinated, and occasion such uneasiness as to cause him to roll, perhaps among many more compared to a man who has been tarred and feathered. The anxiety produced by this strange and novel predicament soon discovers itself in dreadful howlings, which serve to call the watchful peasants, who in this state find no difficulty in shooting the mottled object of detestation.  
The instinctive dread of man which is implanted in the nature of every animal, prevents even the blood-thirsty tiger from making him his prey, until accident has once shown the brute how inferior in bodily strength is man to the animals on which he usually feeds. This discovery once made, and human flesh once tasted, the nature of the tiger appears to be changed. From the

day on which he first overcomes the lord of the creation, he feels that his former dread of man was groundless. It is easier far to grind the bones of our feeble frame than to dislocate the spine of an ox; and the tiger finding this becomes a *man-eater*. He now deserts the forests and takes up his quarters in the neighborhood of some village: cattle pass by unheeded, but their owners perish, and the tiger is then the most fearful of all animals.  
A *man-eater* generally becomes remarkably cunning, as will be seen by the following anecdote: Some years ago a tigress in Kandish was the terror of the country, which she haunted like a destroying fiend. She preyed entirely upon man, shifting her quarters from village to village so rapidly as to render it exceedingly difficult to mark her down. To-day a man was carried off; every corner in the neighborhood was tried in vain—the enemy had decamped; and next morning another victim had disappeared from a village many miles distant. Rewards were offered by Government for her destruction; they were doubled; but such was the dread inspired by this tigress, whose cunning was equalled only by her ferocity, that no one would venture to attack her. Matters became worse; whole villages were deserted; people hardly dared to leave their houses; and day after day some family was left in mourning. Of course the Kandish sportsmen proceeded to beat up her quarters, as soon as information reached them. A chosen band of Bheels were put upon her trial, and for four days followed it incessantly over burning sands before they could surround her—so watchful had she become in guarding against surprise—but what will not Bheels accomplish! On the fourth day the welcome intelligence reached head-quarters that this famous tigress was at last benighted into a small thicket. Several sportsmen, accompanied by some good elephants, were soon at the ground. Many arrived on horseback, and one of them, in crossing a small ravine leading into the cover, was charged by the tigress and escaped only by his horse's speed. She was already on the alert, and no time was to be lost. An elephant was mounted, and with a Bheel walking by his side to track, proceeded into the cover. The trial was very distinct, and after leading them in a circuitous direction round the jungle, returned to the very spot where they had first taken it up. Here all further trace was lost, and even the Bheel was at fault. A cast was made without success, and on trying back they were astonished by discovering the first track of a tiger over that of the elephant. This was quite unaccountable. Again they made a circuit of this jungle, and again the mysterious footprint followed, but still no tiger appeared. They halted, uncertain how to proceed. The Bheel had just left the elephant's side, and the gentleman who was in the howdah had turned to look behind him, when, to his utter amazement, he encountered the gaze of the crafty old devil of a tigress, crouching close under the elephant's crupper, and intently eyeing the Bheel, as if watching her opportunity to spring upon him the moment he exposed himself by leaving the cover of the howdah. She had all along been following in the footsteps of the elephant, which accounted for the mysterious double-trail, and appeared bent upon carrying off the Bheel, as if aware that without the aid of his sagacity the weapons of the sportsmen would be of little avail. The hour was come at last. The gentleman in the howdah seized the favorable moment, and a ball directly in the belly laid her mortally wounded upon the spot. The rest of the party closing in upon the wounded brute, dispatched her with their guns in a very short time.  
A ludicrous anecdote is told by an old Kandish sportsman. We will relate it in his own words:  
"We were closing in upon a wounded tiger, whose hind leg was broken. Some Bheels who ran up the trail to a patch of high grass, were drawing back now that their game was found, when the brute started up behind the elephant and charged the nearest man—a little hairy, bandy-legged, square built oddity, more like a satyr than a human being. Away sprang the Bheel for the nearest tree, with the wounded tiger roaring at his haunches. By the Prophet, sir, it would have done your heart good to see the springs the active little sinner made. Just in time he reached the tree, and scrambled into a branch hardly out of reach. There he sat, crouched up into the smallest possible compass, expecting every moment to be among the Houris. The tiger made several desperate efforts to reach him, but the broken hind leg falling, he dropped back exhausted. It was now the Bheel's turn. He saw that he was safe, and accordingly commenced a philippic against the father and mother, sisters, aunts, nieces and children of his helpless enemy, who sat with glaring eyeballs fixed on his contemptible little reviler, and roaring as if his heart would brake with rage. As the excited orang, warmed by his own eloquence, he began skipping from branch to branch, grinning and chattering with the emphasis of an enraged baboon, pouring out a torrent of the most foul abuse, and attributing to the tiger's family in general, and his female relatives in particular, every crime

and atrocity that ever was or ever will be committed. Occasionally he varied his insults by roaring in imitation of the tiger, and at last, when fairly exhausted, he leaped forward till he appeared within grasp of the enraged animal, and ended this mimic scene by spitting in his face. So very absurd was the whole farce, that we who were at first shoving up the elephant, in alarm for the safety of our little hairy friend ended by laughing till our sides ached; and it was not without reluctance that we put an end to the scene by firing a death volley."  
The habit of shooting tigers on foot is attended with so much danger that few experienced sportsmen will ever indulge in it; those who do so are pretty sure, sooner or later, to come to an untimely end. The tenacity of life so remarkable in tigers, in common with all animals of the cat kind, is sufficient to render tiger shooting on foot a most hazardous attempt. For, ever allowing that a man has sufficient confidence in his own nerve to permit a tiger to approach quite close, in the certainty of hitting him between the eyes—yet he is still far from safe. Any old sportsman can assure him that a ball through the head is not certain to stop a tiger. It will sometimes run a considerable distance, and even charge the elephant, after receiving a ball in the forehead.  
Fatal accidents often occur from men carelessly approaching a fallen tiger. Some years ago a Madras sepoy was killed while measuring a tiger which had fallen and was apparently dead: the expiring brute struck at him and fractured his skull by one blow of his tremendous paw. An officer in the Madras army was also struck dead by a dying tiger under precisely similar circumstances. There was an instance of a poor fellow rendered a cripple for life in the same way.  
He, with his father—an old shikaree—fired from a tree at a tiger, which to all appearance fell dead. The young man, contrary to his father's earnest entreaties, leaped down and applied his match to the tiger's whiskers for the purpose of singeing them off. The tiger turned upon him, and seizing him by the thigh, held him fast till forced by death to relax the gripe. Some months after the accident occurred, the lad was walking with a crutch; the limb was contracted and wasted to the bone, without any prospect of its ever improving.  
In proof of the extraordinary muscular power which a tiger can exert, two remarkable instances may be quoted:  
"A bullock was killed by a tiger near an encampment, on the banks of the Jumoodra, in a field surrounded by a hedge of prickly pear, about six feet in height. The carcass of the bull, still warm, was observed by one of the *peons* was carried intelligence to the tents. Within two hours the officers were on the spot, and to their astonishment found the carcass of the bull, partly devoured, on the outside of the fence. Not a twig in the hedge was broken, and the only clue to account for this apparent mystery, was the deeply impressed footprints of a large tiger on either side of the hedge, from which it appeared that he must have sprung over the barrier with the prey in his jaws. The confirmation afforded by palpable traces to the *peon's* assertion that the bullock was killed within the enclosure, and the impossibility in any other way, alone convinced the officers of the fact; otherwise they could not have believed that an animal weighing under 600 lbs. could have exerted such prodigious strength. Any one, however, who has examined the anatomical structure of the tiger will readily believe the extraordinary power he is capable of exerting. His fore-leg is the most perfect and beautiful piece of mechanism that can be conceived, supported by a bone as hard and compact as ivory, and displaying a mass of sinew and muscle to be found only in this most formidable weapon of the most agile and destructive of all animals. His jaws, neck and shoulders evince a corresponding degree of strength."  
The other instance to which we have alluded was as follows.  
Four fine oxen, harnessed in the same team, were destroyed by a tiger while their owner was driving them before the plough. He described their death as having been the work of a few seconds. When he was in the act of turning his cattle at the end of a furrow, a tiger sprang from some neighboring brushwood, on the leading bullock, broke his neck by a single wrench, and before the other terrified animals could disengage themselves, all were destroyed in the same manner. The man fled to a neighboring tree, from whence he saw the monster finish his work of death, and then trot back into the jungle without touching the carcasses, as if he had done it from mere love of slaughter, and not to satisfy the cravings of hunger.—One of the bullocks had been thrown back with such violence that his horns were driven into the ground a considerable depth.—The carcass exhibited no marks of violence except the punctures of five claws on each side of the head, and blood flowing from the nostrils; but the skull was so completely smashed that the head yielded to the pressure of the hand; like

**Curious History of a Tame Eagle.**  
On the 9th of April 1848, the inhabitants of Westminster (a parish in London) beheld with varied feelings an omen which they interpreted each according to his own views. A magnificent eagle suddenly appeared sailing over the towers of Westminster Abbey; and after performing numerous gyrations was seen to perch upon one of the pinnacles of the abbey. He formed a most striking object, and a crowd speedily collected to behold this unusual spectacle. After gazing about him for a time, he rose and began ascending by successive circles to an immense height, and then floated off to the north of London, occasionally giving a gentle flap with his wings, but otherwise appearing to sail away to the clouds, among which he was ultimately lost. Whence came this royal bird, and whether did he "wend his way"? His history was as follows: Early in 1848 a white-tailed sea-eagle was brought to London in a Scotch steamer, cooped up in a crib used for wine bottles, and presenting a most melancholy and forlorn appearance. A kind-hearted gentleman seeing him in this woful plight, took pity on him, purchased him, and took him to Oxford, he being duly labeled at the Great Western Station, "Passenger's Luggage." By the care of his new master, Mr. Francis Buckland, the bird soon regained his natural noble aspect, delighting especially to dip and wash in a pan of water, then sitting on his perch with his magnificent wings extended to their full extent, basking in the sun, his head always turned towards that luminary, whose glare he did not mind. A few nights after his arrival at his new abode, the whole house was aroused by cries as of a child in mortal agony. The night was intensely dark, but at length the boldest of the family ventured out to see what was the matter.— In the middle of the grass plot was the eagle, who had evidently a victim over which he was covering with outspread wings, croaking a hoarse defiance to the intruder upon his nocturnal banquet. On lights being brought, he hopped off with his prey in one claw to a dark corner, where he was left to enjoy it in peace, as it was evidently not an infant rustic from the neighboring village, as at first feared. The mystery was not, however, cleared up for three days, when a large lump of hedgehog's bristles and bones, rejected by the bird, at once explained the nature of his meal. He had doubtless caught the unlucky hedge-pig (as it is called in Oxfordshire) when on his rounds in search of food, and in spite of his formidable armor of bristles, had managed to uncoil him with his sharp bill and to devour him. How the prickles found their way down his throat, is best known to himself; but we should think it must have been rather a stimulating feast.  
This eagle was with good reason the terror of all the other pets of the house: On one occasion he pursued a little black and tan terrier, hopping with fearful jumps, assisted by his wings, which, happily for the frightened dog, had been recently clipped. To this the little favorite owed his life, as he crept through a hedge which his assailant could not fly over; but it was a very near thing; and if the dog's tail had not been between his legs, it would certainly have been seized by the claw which was thrust after him just as he bolted through the bristles. Less fortunate was a beautiful little kitten, the pet of the nursery—a few tufts of fur alone marking the depository of her remains. Several guinea pigs and sundry cats too paid the debt of nature through his means; but a sad loss was that of a jackdaw of remarkable colloquial powers and unbounded assurance, who rashly paying a visit of a friendly nature to the eagle, was instantly devoured. Master Jacko, the monkey, on one occasion only saved his dear life by swiftness of foot, getting on the branch of a tree just as the eagle came rushing to its foot with outspread wings and open beak. The legend is, that Jacko became, rather suddenly gray, after this adventure; but perhaps the matter is open to doubt.  
One fine summer morning the window of the breakfast room was thrown open previous to the appearance of the family.— On the table was placed a ham of remarkable flavor and general popularity, fully meriting the high encomiums which had been passed upon it the previous day. The rustling of female garments was heard—the breakfast room door opened, and—oh, gracious! what sight! The eagle, perched upon the ham, was tearing away at it with unbounded appetite, his talons firmly fixed in the rich deep fat. Finding himself disturbed he endeavored to fly off with the prize, and made a sad clatter with it among the cups and saucers; finding, however, that it was too heavy for him, he suddenly dropped it on the rich carpet, snatched up a cold partridge and made a hasty exit through the window, well satisfied with his foraging expedition. The ham, however, was left in too deplorable a state to bear description.— The eagle was afterwards taken to London and placed in a court-yard near Westminster Abbey, where he remained until recently.