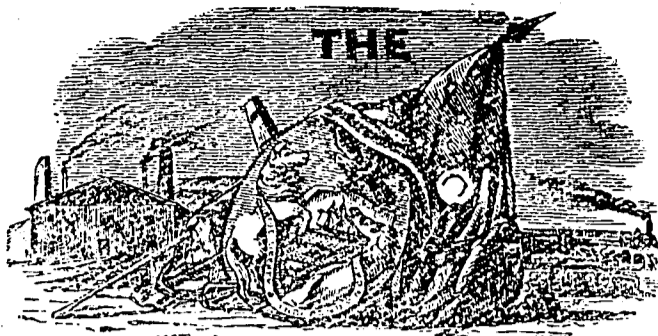


Lehigh



Register.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

FOR FARMER AND MECHANIC.

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

VOLUME VIII.

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NUMBER 4.

THE LEHIGH REGISTER

Is published in the Borough of Allentown, Lehigh County, Pa., every Wednesday, by

A. E. RUHEE,

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 arrearages are paid except at the option of the proprietor.
Office in Hamilton Street, one door East of the German Reformed Church, nearly opposite the "Friedensbote" Office.

Allentown Academy.

The Trustees of this Institution, respectfully announce that the Fall Term will commence on Thursday 1st of September.

Under the supervision of the present Principal, Mr. J. N. Gregory, the school has received a liberal patronage, and has attained a position of the highest rank.

During the vacation, very great additions and improvements have been made to the Academy buildings and furniture, and pupils will now enjoy all the advantages of a thorough course of instruction, earnest and efficient teachers, and spacious and convenient school rooms.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES.
GIDEON INACH,
THOMAS WEAVER,
HERMAN RIPP,
THOMAS B. WILSON,
WILLIAM R. CRAIG,
NATHAN METZGER,
ROBERT E. WRIGHT.

Allentown August 24.

REMOVAL!

The undersigned hereby notify their friends and the public in general that they have removed their

Exchange Office

from the front room in the Odd Fellows' Hall, to the new three story building on the north east corner of market square, where they are prepared to transact

Bank and Exchange

business upon the most reasonable terms.
WM. H. BLUMER & CO.
Allentown, Sept. 14.

R. E. Wright,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW
Office No. 52, East Hamilton Street, in the Borough of Allentown.

Mr. Wright speaks the German language, consequently can be consulted in that language.
Allentown, Oct. 5.

WANTED.

Timothy Hay, Wheat, Rye, Corn and Oats, for which the highest market price will be paid by

PRETZ, GUTH & CO.

May 4, 1853.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In the Orphans Court of Lehigh County.

In the matter of the Account of Charles Saeger, Executor, &c., of the last will and testament of Daniel Newhard, dec'd.

And now, September 1, 1853, on motion of Mr. Runk, the Court appoint John F. Ruhe, Esq., an Auditor to audit and settle the said account and make distribution according to law and report to the next stated orphans Court including all the evidence which may be submitted before him.

From the Records.

TESTE.—N. METZGER, Clerk.

The undersigned auditor, above named for the purpose of his appointment, on Thursday the 3rd day of November, at 10 o'clock A. M., at his office in Hamilton Street, Allentown, those that may be interested can attend if they think proper.

October 19.

J. F. RUHE, Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In the Orphans Court of Lehigh County.

In the matter of the Account of the estate of Catharine Farber, dec'd.

And now August 30th, 1853, the Court appoint Boas Hausman, an Auditor to audit and settle the said account and make distribution according to law and report to the next stated Orphans Court including all the evidence which may be submitted before him.

From the Records.

TESTE.—N. METZGER, Clerk.

The undersigned auditor, above named will attend to the duties of his appointment, on Saturday the 12th day of November, next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at the House of D. and C. Peter, in Washington township, when and where all persons interested may attend if they think proper.

Boas HAUSMAN, Auditor.

October 19.

Neatly executed at the "Register Office."

Poetical Department.

October.

Oh, beautiful October!
Thou art with us once again;
With the flush upon thy forehead,
And thy finger's purple stain;
With thy amber-grilled vesture,
And thy ruby-dotted train.

Round the edges of the woodland,
Where the outer boughs are red,
Forth by threes, the glossy chestnuts
Creep from many a downy bed;
And the carved and silvery walnut
Lights the stubble 'neath thy tread.

Though the serene and scented orchard,
Where thy lingering feet have passed,
Mellow heaps are bathed in blushes
By thy scarlet mantle cast;
But the rich and ripened russet
Wears thy soberest hue, and fast.

Broad, through many a cottage-encent,
Streams the uncheerful light to-day;
Long the veiling vines grew gorgeous
With the hectic of decay.
Till the Autumn wind, last midnight,
Swept them moaningly away.

Pods are bursting in the garden,
Till the shivered seeds are seen
Grapes are black upon the trellis,
Quinces hanging golden-green—
From her apron dropping fruitage,
Come the bounteous Autumn queen.

Yet, oh, beautiful October!
To the land-sick one at sea,
To the desert wand'ring, pining
For a far off whisp'ring tree,
Dost thou bring the weary yearning
That thou bringest unto me.

All the long and lightsome Summer,
I have chased a fairy dream
I have waked to see the flitting
Of its light wings' parting glimmer
Like the faint, delusive glimmer
Of a star upon a stream.

In thy lights, the vision faded;
When thy earliest falling leaf,
From the rainbow-glancing pinions
Dropped the hues that were so brief;
And I cannot love thee, Autumn,
That thou bringest me this grief.

Yet my spirit is unbroken,
Thou so long it wore the chain;
Time shall yield the dew of healing
Ere another summer reign;
Then, oh! beautiful October,
Thou wilt bring me joy again.

Miscellaneous Selections.

Grape Culture at the West.

The grape growers of the Ohio Valley are now in the midst of their harvest, and the vintage will be the most productive ever had. The grapes are remarkably well ripened, full of juice and saccharine matter. Not more than one-third of the crop has yet been gathered.

The Ohio river is termed the "Rhine of America," and has gained this appellation through the instrumental of Mr. Nicholas Longworth, the pioneer in this branch of horticulture in the United States. He has now 150 acres of vineyard under cultivation, and owns three wine cellars, where wines are stored for fermentation and prepared for market, one of which contains 140,000 bottles. Mr. L. is seventy years of age, but is as vigorous, and performs as much labor, as many in the prime of manhood. He has accumulated an immense property, his taxes the last year having amounted to \$17,000, and which are said to be larger than are assessed upon any other man in the country, William B. Astor, and perhaps one or two others, excepted. He has long been a patron of the fine arts, and the parlors of his residence are enriched with rare collections, both from nature and art. Included in the latter, is an exquisite bust, in marble, the first of Powers' productions.—Mr. L. early discovered the genius of Powers, and lent his aid in its development.—Of late years, his attention has been chiefly absorbed by the grape culture. For thirty years he experimented with foreign grapes, with a view to their acclimation in the United States. Six thousand vines of the best Maderia wine grapes, and seven thousand from the mountains of Jura, in France, besides others from the vicinity of Paris and Bordeaux were procured, but which were all thrown away, after a protracted trial, being found inferior to the Catawba, a native of North Carolina. Near 200 varieties of grape have been tested, but the two best are found to be the Catawba and Herbermond, which makes a wine similar to the Spanish, Manzanilla, and which is to be more extensively cultivated than heretofore.

The vineyards are generally located on the slopes of the Ohio river; and nine-tenths of them are tilled by German vine-dressers, who have devoted their lives to the business. It has been customary to give a piece of land, of say fifteen to twenty acres, with

a house on it, to these Germans, on the condition that the tenant shall plant a certain quantity of grapes each year, in a proper manner, and pay the proprietor one-half the proceeds of the vineyard.

In Ohio, there are about 1500 acres of land exclusively devoted to grape growing, between 300 and 400 of which are near Cincinnati. Within twenty miles of this city, including a part of Kentucky, on the opposite side of the river, there are 1300 acres, and double the quantity of vines.—More have been planted this year than there were last. In Missouri, near Hermann, there are 500 acres; in Indiana 200 or 300; in Illinois about 100, and in Kentucky the same,—making about 2500 acres in all.—It is estimated that Indiana, Ohio and Kentucky, will this year produce at least half a million gallons of wine. The yield on some of the vineyards will be equal to 700 or 800 gallons,—allowing 2400 vines to the acre, planted about three feet apart, in rows separated by a distance of three feet. Mr. Robert Buchanan, who is among the most successful cultivators of the vine, this year obtains about 800 gallons of wine from each acre of his vineyard, which will net him about \$700 per acre. Some other vineyards will do equally well. Persons, however, are not advised to embark in grape growing, with the expectation of profit, if it shall be necessary to hire labor. The German vine-dressers muster all capable members of their families into the service—the wife often being the most efficient. In this manner, they realize an adequate income. The fruit is purchased from the vineyard men for from \$5 to \$8 per 100 pounds, (or two bushels)—a bushel yielding from 3 1/2 to 4 gallons of wine. It is then mashed by the manufacturers in the city, and pressed.—The juice is then fermented in the cellars, and the sparkling Catawba is in prime order for market at the end of fifteen or twenty months. Mr. Longworth has three huge subterranean vaults, one of which will turn out 50,000 bottles every year, and another 100,000 bottles. A third cellar is capable of turning out 100,000 bottles yearly, of dry wine. Some portion of the cellars is occupied by immense butts, or cylindrical tanks, one of which holds 5,000 gallons, or 55,000 worth of wine, if bottled. The staves are about three inches in thickness, and the heads curve inward, so as to introduce the arch, to resist the internal pressure.

Other objects, quite as noticeable, are the long rows of black bottles placed in a horizontal position, and stacked up like cord-wood in solid piles, as high as one's neck. In the cellars of the extensive native wine establishment of Longworth & Zimmerman, are twenty-four casks holding about 2,500 gallons each, or 60,000 gallons together. The vintage of 1850, '51, '52; and it is expected to store 25,000 gallons of this year's wine.

The American wines are of two general varieties, the "still" and the "sparkling." The first is wine that undergoes vinous fermentation, or the process which transforms the sugar of the grape into alcohol. To produce a sparkling wine a second fermentation is excited, by adding a little "rock" candy, and the alcohol is transformed into carbonic acid gas. Thus, Western wine, aside from being an article of domestic production, and entitled to public favor on that account, can be relied on as the pure and unadulterated juice of the grape; and the substitution of it for the drugged liquors of foreign importation is a most important and desirable object to be gained. Even where the manufacture of pure wines is attempted in the hot countries of Europe, it is necessary to mix brandies with them to make them keep, which is not done here, on account of our vines possessing more body and saccharine matter. Americans are not yet prepared to properly appreciate the value of pure wines, because they so rarely find their way across the Atlantic. In the wine districts of Europe brutal intoxication is comparatively unknown, or any of the effects resulting from intemperate drinking. Mr. Longworth remarks to us that a drunken vine-dresser is never seen. The demand for American wine has, of late years, greatly increased, and now exceeds the means of supply. There is at present a market for wines of this description to the value of \$1,000,000 annually.

The manner of cultivating the vine in the valley of the Ohio, is a matter in which many will feel an interest, in all parts of the country. A hill with a southern exposure and a dry calcareous soil, with a porous subsoil, is preferred. Wet or spongy lands are avoided. The cuttings should contain at least four joints, and be taken from a wood well ripened; should be set out in a slanting position, with the top eye even with the surface of the ground, though covered with half an inch of light mould, if the weather is dry. Pruning is done from November to March, and cuttings are preserved in cool cellars until the ground is warm and dry, or mellow. The first season's superfluous shoots are pulled off, leaving but one or two to grow, and but one eventually. In the spring the vine is cut down to a single eye, and one stalk or cane allowed to grow, tied to a stake,—no suckers being allowed to grow. The second spring after planting, cut down to two or three eyes, or joints, and

the third year to four or five, pinching off laterals and tying up. This year, two stalks are trained to the stake, and some grapes will be produced. The vine is now established. The fourth year, pruning requires good judgment. The best shoot of the former year is cut down to six or eight joints, and fastened to the adjoining stake in a horizontal position, or bent over in the form of a bow, and tied to its own stake. The other stalk is cut down to two or three eyes, to make bearing wood for the next season.—Mr. Buchanan favors the bow system. The time recommended for drying the vines, is when the buds begin to swell and look white.

The cultivation of the grape has been carried to a high degree of perfection in the Ohio valley.

The Surrender of Burgoyne.

We recently had the pleasure of perusing a letter written by the venerable Samuel Colby, of Vermont Centre, in Oneida County, now in his sixty-third year, in which he describes many of the incidents connected with the surrender of Burgoyne, on the 17th of October, 1777, of which he was an eyewitness. The writing is even and regular—"plain as print"—and the lines so compact that sixty-two are written upon a page of common letter paper. The Congress had ordered the deficiencies in the Continental regulations, to be made up by drafts, "but," says the venerable patriot:

"My father said he would take the place of one and I should take that of another. This was in the spring of 1777 and our term of service was to expire the 10th of January, 1778. We were placed in Captain Kee's Company, Col. Shepley's Regiment and Gen. Glover's Brigade. We marched to Claverack, on the Hudson, where we endured the greatest sufferings from disease, want of provisions, clothing, &c. We soon learned that Gen. Schuyler was retreating before the British. We were ordered northward and joined Gen. Schuyler near Saratoga. The Indians picked off our sentries at night, and great dissatisfaction existed until General Lee, took command, when new spirits were instilled into our soldiers, our rations became ample and good, with a gill of New-England rum each man per day. Gen. Gates said:—'My boys, we will now go back and meet them—no more retreating.'—'Amen,' said every heart. We recrossed the spruce (stream) and met the British near Stillwater—sold them by our fortification they could come no further. Here they were strongly fortified, but must have known they were in a bad situation. I suppose they thought of Bennington, and that the Green Mountain boys would be at their backs.—'Soon they chose to risk a battle, and attacked the right wing of our army. This was a bloody half day until dark at night, and our forces lay on the ground ready for the event of the morning. The British returned to their quarters, rested awhile, and then attacked us again on the same ground. Here, as in the former engagement, Arnold had command of the fighting forces. He did not lack skill or courage in this battle, and I would 'give the d—l his due.' The enemy fell back, and we took some prisoners and several pieces of artillery. We lay upon our arms that night, and were so near the British that we could hear the Hessians relieve their guards. A great noise was kept up in their camp all night. At daylight we marched for their camp, but when we got where they were, they were not there, except wounded, sick and doctored to a great extent. We pursued the main body, blessing dead horses, the wracks of wagons and other things burned on their retreat, and came up with them at Saratoga, upon a high hill north of Saratoga Creek, where they had planted their artillery. They complimented us with balls and shells for perhaps two hours, without benefit to themselves or detriment to us, except to one poor fellow, who was killed. We were under a steep hill, and I saw the balls and shells pass over us, but we lay as easy and quiet as chickens under a hen's wings. We fortified a hill on the opposite side of the creek, nearly as high as that occupied by the British, and frequently went to drive parties from the creek, where they came for water, as it was scarce in that camp. As we were about to open our fire, a flag of truce arrived, attended by six very tall, richly dressed men, with very tall caps, the tops of which were, I judged, seven feet high. An armistice of three days with a view to a surrender, was asked.—Six of the tallest men in our army, with the best cloths we could procure, and with caps so high we had to look twice to see their tops, were selected to meet the flag. Terms of surrender were finally concluded. Our brigade was ordered to march down the hill and parade on the road leading South, with all the music of the brigade in the center, playing 'Yankee Doodle.' We were but just paraded when the British General, officers and staff, met close by where I stood in the ranks, and so near that I could hear all that was said. An American officer said: 'Gen. Burgoyne—Gen. Gates.' 'Your servant, sir.'—'Your servant, sir,'—passed around. Gen. Burgoyne said, 'Through the misfortune of war, Gen. Gates, I am your

prisoner.' 'It is not though any misconduct of yours, Gen. Burgoyne,' replied Gates.—'Then came the British troops in columns, as richly dressed, clean and sizable men as ever I saw. I saw not a smile on the face of Americans or British. Next came the Hessians—and how shall I describe the most miserable, filthy, ill-looking beings I ever saw in human form? But the flag—and was the women, I suppose. Many of them led horses, upon the back of which were thrown large oblong bags sewed up at the ends.—These bags contained provisions, blankets, clothing, muskets, &c., and in many cases were the heads of children sticking up above the horses' backs, through holes in the bags. Sometimes there were two smaller children on the other side to balance. Our orders were to maintain a respectable silence, but this last was too much! One ventured a suppressed laugh—his neighbor took the discipline in a more violent form, until a few moments the whole American line were convulsed with the most uproarious laughter, and all at the expense of the poor Hessians, their women, children and equipage.

"As soon as they had all passed, we marched south a few miles and halted for the night, but by sunrise the next morning we were on our way to Albany, and marching all day and night, the next morning found us upon the east of the river opposite Albany, where the bare ground was an easy bed for a short time. The reason of this forced march was that the enemy were ascending the river to join Burgoyne, but hearing of his defeat, they returned to New-York. In a few days, we went down the river several miles in sloops—landed on the west side—crossed the Jersey—joined Washington in Pennsylvania, (the British being in possession of Philadelphia,) and arrived at Valley Forge in the latter part of December, 1777. Sometime previously we had lost our tents, cooking utensils, &c., and as we did not dare cook bread, we kneaded our flour in a kneapack, kept clean for the purpose, and baked it by the fire or in hot embers, if we had any. One of my mess had a small copper tea kettle, which I suppose he stole.

"We made bush beds, and afterward those of logs. After sleeping during the night on the ground, I have awaked in the morning and found myself covered with snow, but I did not suffer much from cold.

"My term of enlistment soon expired, and I was discharged 300 miles from home, without money, as Government had none to pay us. Washington sent an officer to draw rations from the country stores on the route. After a narrow escape from drowning in crossing the North River, in twelve days we arrived at our homes in Connecticut."

Story of a New York Rag Picker.

The rag-pickers of New York are a queer set of beings. We have gone among them, seen their manner of life, and have heard their stories from their own lips. We shall here give one of these narratives told us by an old man whom we met in the course of our investigations. His story was not of the most cheering character; still he appeared to be contented with his lot, and never railed at that fortune which had placed him at the very lowest point in the social scale. We give his account of himself as he related it to us, in reply to our inquiries. In answer to our question as to when he commenced picking up rags in the streets, he said:—

"I am not exactly certain, but, as near as I can remember, it is about a year and a half. Before that I used to pick up wood at fires, and at buildings when they would be taking them down. This wood I sold by the basket, but I wasn't able to make more than sixpence or eightpence a day at the most, while there were many days I couldn't earn anything at all at it."

"I suppose you found rag-picking more profitable than that?"

"Oh, a great deal, for the sticks were not always to be had. Besides, there were a great many others engaged at it who were more active and stronger than myself, and I had very little chance among them. I found it very hard to support myself, and then I had a very sore foot which I have never been able to get cured, for I have to walk on it all the time. No, indeed, I am unable to travel like others, God help me; but, if I was smarter on my feet I might make more, but then you see I am an old and feeble man, and every day I find harder to get along."

"When I was picking sticks," he said, "after a brief pause. 'I was not strong enough to carry away the big timber, and had to be content with the chips and smaller pieces that would be left by others. Then, you know, a great deal of the wood I gathered I used to bring home with me for firing.'"

"What was the largest amount you could make at this kind of work?" we inquired.

"Well, that depended upon the weather and other things; but anyhow, the most I could make was half a dollar a week, and it was, very seldom I got that. Still that helped the family along, and it was better than nothing."

"How many persons are there in your family?"

"Well let me see," said the old man, counting "There is myself and wife, that's

two; and there are my three daughters—all grown up women—that makes five, and my two about six years old, so that you see there are seven of us altogether to feed, and God knows that's hard job. Two of my daughters are engaged at some kind of needle work, but it pays very poorly, and the other is employed at home, but she goes out whenever she can get a day's washing to do. My grandchildren are too young to do anything yet."

"Your daughters would not be able to support you out of their own earnings," we suggested.

"No, sir; they are trying to get along as well as they can, and they have to work hard to support themselves and the rest of the family. Anything that I make, though it's ever so little, helps us along."

"What do you pay a month for your rent?"

"I've dollars for two rooms, which we have to pay in advance always, for fear of being turned out, for our landlord is very strict. When there isn't a flush of work for my daughters we find it very hard to raise enough to pay the rent. When we arrived in this country, about three years ago, one of my daughters was engaged as a nurse in a family, and got twelve dollars a month; while the other went out to service, and earned five or six dollars a month. We found it easier to manage then, for things were not so dear, and then there was not so many of us at home to support. Now, they are all at home, and of course there are more mouths to fill."

"What induced you to take to rag picking for a living?"

"I saw some women at it, and I thought that they must be making more than if they were picking up sticks. Besides, I heard that it paid better, from one of the rag pickers, and I concluded it was better to go it. The most of what I pick up is paper, but takes all that I can get, except bones. If I come across old iron, ropes, or anything of that sort, I always put it in my bag."

"What time in the morning do you begin your work?"

"I generally am awake about three or four o'clock, but as that is too early to go to work at, I lie awake in bed till five or six, when daylight begins to break, and then I start. If I did not lie awake till that time, but fell asleep, I would be afraid, you see, of sleeping too late, and losing the whole morning."

"Besides the rags and papers that I pick up in the streets," he continued, "I get a good deal of paper from among the sweepings of stores, which are generally kept for me by the persons who sweep out, and who know me. Sometimes when I happen to be too late, I don't get the paper, because they can't keep them for me till I come around again, though some of them do.—And then you see if I was late, I would lose my chance at the pickings in the streets besides, for they are taken up at once by other ragpickers. The only streets I travel through is the Bowry and Chatham, from Hester down to the Park, where my journey ends."

"About what time do you get through your morning's work?"

"Nine or ten o'clock, when I sell all the papers I have gathered, and get some breakfast, which is generally a piece of bread and some milk. When I have done that, I go down to the docks about Washington Market, where I pick up rags and paper and anything else I may find lying about the streets."

"Do you ever happen to find any money when you are engaged at this work?"

"Sometimes, but it is very seldom. Now, yesterday I found a three cent piece, and one day I was lucky enough to find two sixpences. But it is not often that happens. Another day I found a lot of knives, wrapped up in a paper parcel, which I picked among the sweepings of a store. I knew from the weight that it could not be paper only, and I was right, for when I opened it I found a lot of knives. I then took them into the store and gave them to the boy himself, and not the owner, because I knew if I gave them to him that the boy would be blamed for his carelessness, and I should not like that, as he was always very good to me, and kept the paper for me when I couldn't get around, and indeed the owner of the store was very good to me himself, and often gave me something to help me along."

"What time do you go home in the evening?"

"I stop picking up about four or five o'clock in the afternoon, and when I have sold all that's in my bag I go home. Between what I pick up in the morning and in the afternoon I sometimes make three or four shillings a day; but there are some days, you see, when I can't make more than half of that."

"Indeed, very poorly; for you see I am so old, and I can't stand the cold weather so well as other rag pickers, and then it is so dark early in the morning that I can't see so well; besides, if I fell upon the ice I might break some of my limbs."

"Besides what you pick up in the streets, don't you get something else to assist you,