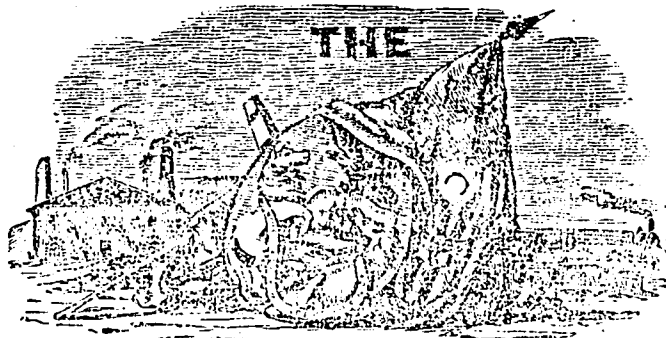


Lehigh



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.

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THE LEHIGH REGISTER

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A. L. REUBEN,
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.

The Allentown Seminary.

Rev. C. R. Kessler, A. M. Principal.—C. B. Wolf, A. B. Principal Assistant.—C. T. Herrmann, Assistant and Teacher of Music.—T. J. Gross, Teacher of the Primary Department.—Miss M. Stanton, Teacher of the Female Department and of French and Drawing.
The winter sessions will begin on the 1st of November next. Such as wish to send their sons or daughters to this School will please apply soon. Boys from abroad can board with the Principal, young Ladies can find good board and lodging in private families in town.
C. P. KESSLER, Principal.
Allentown, Oct. 12. 4-24

REMOVAL!

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

Exchange Office

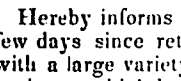
from the front room in the Odd Fellows' Hall, to the new three story building on the north east corner of market square, where they are prepared to transact
Bank and Exchange
business upon the most reasonable terms.
WM. H. BLUMER & Co.
Allentown, Sept. 11. 4-14

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 an be consulted in that language.
Allentown, Oct. 5. 4-11

Charles S. Massey,

WATCH AND CLOCK
MAKER AND
JEWELLER,
No. 23 East Hamilton st.,
opposite the German
Reformed Church,
ALLENTOWN, PENN.,
Hereby informs the public that he has, a few days since returned from New York with a large variety of goods in his line of business, which he will sell, wholesale and retail, as low as they can be purchased in any of the cities. His stock consists in part of
Clocks, Timepieces, Gold,
Silver and Common Watches,
of every size, pattern,
quality and price; Accordions,
Boxes, Flutes and Pipes,
of various qualities; Spy-glasses,
Pocket Compasses, and gold, silver,
steel and brass Spectacles, in every variety;
Silver Table and Tea Spoons; gold, silver
and common Pencils; Pens, Breast-pins,
Ear-rings and Finger-rings, in great variety;
gold and common Medallions; gold, silver,
steel and brass Watch Chains, Seals
and Keys, of all styles—and all other articles
that belong to the Jewelry business.
Call and judge for yourselves. He can
assure the public that his stock contains a
larger and more valuable variety of goods
than all the Jewelry establishments in Lehigh
county.
Repairing done as usual—and he warrants
his work one year. He is thankful
for past favors, and hopes for a continuance.
Allentown, October 19. 4-6m.



A NEW HORSE DEPOT In Allentown.

The undersigned hereby informs his friends and the public in general, that he offers his services as Veterinarian Surgeon, (or Farrier), in all its various branches.
He feels confident that with a practice of many years, and with the assistance of the best medical works, that he is able to give full and entire satisfaction.
His charges will be very moderate, and he further states, that in cases where he cannot give the best satisfaction, he asks no pay.
HENRY HINTER.
Allentown, Oct. 19. 4-3m

WANTED.

A few Journeyman shoemakers are wanted by the undersigned in Allentown, No. 55, East Hamilton street, (near the Court House,) he has always a large assortment of Boots, Shoes and gum Shoes on hand, which he will sell low for Cash.
JONATHAN REICHTER.
Allentown, Oct. 12. 4-3p

Poetical Department.

Carry me Home to Die.
Carry me back to my childhood's home,
Where the ocean surges roar,
And moon for evermore,
Where its billows dash on a rock-bound coast,
And moan for evermore,
I am pining away in a stranger's land,
Beneath a stranger's eye,
O carry me home, O carry me home,
O carry me home to die.

I sigh in vain for my native hills,
Their sweet and balmy air,
Would waft away from my youthful brow
Each trace of gloomy care
I sigh to breathe the air of home,
To gaze on its starry sky,
O, carry me home, O, carry me home,
O, carry me home to die.

I long to see my mother again
And hear her sweetly say,
"Come, weary dove here is thy home,
Then fold thy wings and stay."
'T would ease my pain to hear her voice,
When death had darkened my eye,
O, carry me home, O, carry me home,
O, carry me home to die.

Then let me rest in a peaceful grave,
Beside the loved and dead,
For the quiet earth is the only place
To rest my weary head,
I would sleep sweetly if you buried me there,
Beneath New England's sky,
O, carry me home, O, carry me home,
O, carry me home to die.

The Gambler's Wife.
A lonely watch I'm keeping, Ned,
Besides his cherished breast,
The night wind r-m-m-m sleeping, Ned,
And desolate the earth;
The cat is purring on the floor,
The clock keeps up its "tick."
The shadows deepen on the door,
Long grows the midnight wick.

And I watch the weary hours, Ned,
As silently they roll,
Each added one but lowers Ned,
Still darker on my soul,
I have been thine, beloved, thine,
Five fleeting, changing years,
Thou'rt pledged thee in our wine,
I'm pledged thee in tears.

And I feel that fewer moons, Ned,
Will shine upon me now,
For the heavy seal will soon, Ned,
Be resting on my brow;
Then who will watch and wait for thee,
And trim the midnight wick,
And count the hours on banded knee,
And list the solemn "tick"?

And the shadows from the door, Ned,
Dispel to let thee in,
And, in thy smile, once more, Ned,
Forget thy every sin;
And when there comes no kindly word,
In sad or sunny weather,
Perhaps thou'lt wish we'd oftener heard
The old clock "tick" together!

But I'll love and guard thee still, Ned,
And soothe thy troubled breast,
And fill with holy sadness, Ned,
The visions of thy rest;
When the sin that long has bound thee,
"Our Father" has forgiven,
Then 'd throw my spirit round thee,
And bear thee up to Heaven.

Miscellaneous Selections.

A Turnpike and a Divorce.

A certain Captain A—, hale, good humored man, beloved by all who knew him, and a certain Dr. R—, one of the handsomest men alive, and a gentleman all over, met a few years ago in Trenton.
It was during the session of the Legislature, which, as every body knows, is when it happens, a great feature in Trenton life, and a pregnant item in the history of New Jersey.
Both the Captain and Doctor were bores—lobby members—not for the benefit of their own pockets—but for the public, comprised within the limits of Camden, which, as you know, is a great city, located opposite to the retired hamlet of Philadelphia. The Captain was "boring" for Camden as the seat of government, court house and jail, for the country of Camden. The Doctor was boring for Long-a-Coming, being a large city, composed of a blacksmith shop and two frame houses, and located somewhere between the extreme limits of Camden county and the Atlantic ocean.
In a word, the site of a county Court House was a disputed question—the citizens of Camden wanting it in Camden, the voters of Camden county just to spite the Camden people, wanted it in Long-a-Coming.

Well, the Captain with his hearty honest face, and the Doctor with his honest very handsome face, came to Trenton as lobby members, to press the respective merits of Camden and Long-a-Coming, upon the notice of the Legislature of New Jersey. A week, two weeks, three weeks, a month passed, and yet the Legislature took no action, and Camden county was still without a seat of government, court house or jail.
The Doctor grew quite impatient; meeting the Captain one day, in one of the passages of the singularly peculiar Capitol of New Jersey; he said to his friend:
"You are here for Camden, I for Long-a-Coming, and here we have been for a month. Allow me to ask, in the most delicate manner, why in the devil don't this Legislature take some action in the matter, and let us go home? Your business is suffering and my patients are dying, and yet we are dancing attendance on this cursed Legislature. Why don't they—the assembled wisdom of Jersey,—say Camden or Long-a-Coming, and let us go home?"
The Captain drew his young friend into the recess of a corridor, and looked at him queerly, with one eye half shut, and his mouth fixed on a decided "precker."
"The fact is, R," said he, "you are green. Are you not aware that this is a great country, that New Jersey is a great State a New Jersey Legislature the latest kind out of jail?"
"The Doctor confessed that he was aware of some of these points, but dark as to others—he had some conception of how the 'Lethy-a-urus—a big animal with a hard name, known to geologists, which had the whole world to itself, a few millions of years before Adam,—how the Lethy-a-urus looked when he was about, but the Jersey Legislature was an animal he had looked at on all sides but could not understand."
The Capt. took the Doctor good humoredly by the arm, and held him into a retired place, where a lighted candle shone upon the countenance of a bottle of champagne—made in Newark, but labeled "France."
Over this bottle the Captain proceeded to give the Doctor some idea of Jersey legislation; if you could have seen the fine Roman features of the Doctor, and the good face of the Captain, a little ruddy and topped by the hair which was partly gray, you would have much enjoyed the startling narrative which fell from his lips.
"Albany is a great place," so the Capt. began; "Harrisburg is another great place—legislators can be had there in great quantities at reasonable prices, but Trenton is the place."
"Expound!" said the Doctor. Upon which the Captain illustrated his text by the following narrative:
One winter there came to Trenton two men named Smith and Jones, who had both of them designs upon the Legislature. Jones had a bad wife, and was in love with a pretty woman—he wished to be divorced from the bad wife, so that he might marry the pretty woman, who, by the way, was a widow, with black eyes, and such a bust!—Therefore, Jones came to Trenton for a divorce.
Smith had a good wife, plump as a robin, good as an angel, and the mother of ten children, and Smith did not want to be divorced, but did want to get a charter for a turnpike, or plank road, to extend from Pig's Run to Terrapin Hollow.
Well, they with these different errands came to Trenton, and addressed the assembled wisdom with the usual arguments.
1st. Suppers, mainly composed of oysters, with a rich back ground of steak and venison.
2d. Liquors in great plenty from Jersey lightning,—which is a kind of locomotive at full speed, reduced in liquid shape—to Newark champagne.
To speak in plain prose, Jones, the divorce man gave a champagne supper, and Smith, the turnpike man, followed by a champagne breakfast—under the mollifying influence of which, the assembled wisdom passed both the divorce and the turnpike bills, and Jones and Smith—a copy of each bill on parchment in their pockets—went rejoicing home, over miles of sand, and through the tribulation of many stage coaches. Smith arrived at home in the evening, and as he sat down in the parlor, his pretty wife beside him—how pretty she did look! and five of her children asleep overhead, the other five studying their lessons in a corner of the room, he was induced to expatiate upon the good result of his mission to Trenton.
"A turnpike, my dear. I am one of the directors, and will be president: it will set us up love; we can send the children to boarding school, and live in style out of the toil. Here is the charter, honey."
"Let me see it," said the pretty wife, who was one of the nicest wives, with plumpness and goodness dimpling all over her face, "let me see it," and she leaned over Smith's shoulder, pressing her arm upon his own, as he looked at the parchment. But all at once Smith's visage grew long. Smith's wife's visage grew black. Smith was not profane, but now he tripped out an awful oath:
"D—n a it, wife, these infernal scoundrels at Trenton have divorced us!"
It was too true. The parchment which he held was a bill of divorce, in which the name of Smith and Smith's wife appeared in rightful legible letters.
Mrs. Smith wiped her eye with the corner of her apron.
"Here's a turnpike," she said, "and with

the whole ten of our children staring me in the face, I ain't your wife!"
"D—n the pike and the legislature, and—"
Well, the fact is, that Smith reduced to single blessedness, and "enacted" into a stranger to his own wife, swore terribly. Although the night was dark, and most of the denizens of Smith's village had gone to bed, Smith bid his late wife to put on her bonnet, and arm in arm they proceeded to the house of the clergyman of their church.
"What in conscience is the matter," enquired the clergyman.
"The matter is, I want you to marry us two right off!" replied Smith.
"Marry you?" ejaculated the clergyman, with expanded fingers and awful eyes, "are you drunk or crazy?"
"I ain't crazy, and I wish I was drunk," said Smith desperately; the fact is, brother Goodman, that some scoundrels at Trenton unbeknown to me, and at the dead of night, have gone and divorced me from my own wife; she is the mother of—of—nine children!"
"Ten," said Mrs. Smith, who was crying.
"Here's a turnpike!"
Well, the good minister seeing the state of the case, (the Trenton parchment was duly produced from the pocket of the lugubrious Smith) married them over straight way, and would not take a fee; the fact is, grave as he was, he was dying to be alone so that he could give vent to a suppressed laugh, which was shaking him all over; and Smith and Smith's wife went joyfully home, and kissed every one of their ten children. The little Smith's never knew that their father and mother had been made strangers to each other by legislative enactment.

"Divorce is the world," cried Jones, playfully pinning her double chin. "The fact is, Eliza, I'm rid of that cursed woman, and you and I'll go and get married to-night. I know how to manage those scoundrels at Trenton. A champagne supper or breakfast—did the business for them. Put on your bonnet, and let us go to the preacher's at once, dearest."
The widow (who was among widows as peaches are among apples) put on her bonnet and took his arm.
"Just look how handsome it is put on parchment!" cried Jones, putting the document from his pocket, and with much rustling spreading the document out before her.
"Here is the law which says that Jacob Jones and his wife Anna Carolina Jones are two. Look at it!"
Putting her gloved hand on his shoulder, she did look at it.
"O, dear!" she said, with her rosebud lips and snub back on the sofa.
"Oh that's for and that's!" cried Jones, and she sat beside her, resting the frail parchment in his hand—Helen's bits of happiness and champagne game to him."

It was a hard case. Instead of being divorced and at liberty to marry the widow, Jacob Jones was incorporated into a turnpike company, and what made it worse, authorized with his brother directors, to construct a turnpike from Burlington to Bristol.
When you reflect that Burlington and Bristol are located just a mile apart, on opposite sides of the Delaware river; you will perceive the hopelessness of Jones' case.
"It's all the fault of that d—n turnpike man, who gave me the champagne supper, or was it breakfast?" cried Jones, in agony. "If they'd charter me to be a turnpike from Pig's Run to Terrapin Hollow, I might have been on, but the idea of making a turnpike from Burlington to Bristol is absurd."
"And you ain't divorced!" said Eliza, quite tearfully.
"No!" thundered Jones, crushing his hat between his knees, and what's worse, the legislature's adjourned, and gone home drunk and won't be back to Trenton till next year!"
The mistake had occurred on the last day of the session, when legislators and clerks were laboring under the effect of a champagne supper, followed by a champagne breakfast. Smith's name had been put where Jones' name ought to have been, and wiser werry, as the latin poet has it.
"This is in substance, if not in words, The Captain's story."

"Do you mean to say that that is a fact?" asked the doctor, smoothing his whiskers and gazing round the restaurant "box" in which they were seated, and finally at the three-quarters empty champagne.
"This is a sample of Jersey legislation," replied the Captain.
The doctor sat a long time in a deep thought, absently playing with the cork of the three-fourths exhausted bottle, and at last said in a calm decided way—
"Long-a-Coming and Camden may go to blazes! This very night I will repose in the bosom of my family. The next train starts at 5 o'clock, and I'll take it."
Whether this story is true or not, we cannot say, but both the Captain and the doctor are men of truth, and the latter, one bleak autumn night, when we were belated amid the pines, at the very Jerseyest of Jersey taverns, told the story to me by a bright wood fire, and with a sincere and honest face:

Wild Sports of the West.
ON THE PRAIRIES OF OHIO.
The pen is but a feeble instrument when employed to describe the charms which the wild forests and extended plains of the West possess to the sportsman, or to the simple admirer of the beauties of nature. The former in the exercise of his destructive propensities, may sally out in the morning, gun in hand, and be sure of returning with abundant spoils. The latter will never lack food for contemplation in listening to the wail of the forest, or the wild chorus of her living voices. In either capacity, tired nature speedily finds a "sweet restorer," and the harassed mind and jaded body are invigorated for renewed exertion. But eighteen or twenty hours, and about as many dollars, are required to transfer one from Wall street to this vast solitude; yet all these charities are wasted on the "desert air," except as now and then some adventurer straggles into this ancient home of the red man. There are a few sly old hunters, however, in the back towns, who are well informed as to the locality of these (their favorite) retreats, and allude to them only in winks and low whispers—knowing well the advantage of preserving to themselves what benefits may result from exclusiveness of possession.
A party of these knowing ones has just planned an excursion against the deer, which are now coming down plentifully from the North, as the cold season approaches, and are scouring the prairie which lies about ten miles back of Maumee City, or twenty miles from the lake. The prairie is many miles in extent, and is sprinkled over with clumps of trees and shrubs of various sizes, which are sometimes called "islands." The appropriateness of the term is very apparent, for, surrounded by a sea of waving grass, a scene like that presented by the "Thousand Isles" of the St. Lawrence, is very readily suggested. At all these islands, the deer roam comparatively undisturbed, raring their yawn. The usual mode of capturing them, is to take advantage of their natural keenness of scent,—one person going between them and the wind, driving them out of the thicket, while another holds himself in readiness on the opposite side, to shoot down the animal as soon as he shall emerge. Any knife blade is still rocking with the blood of a noble buck, which Ben and I of the party aforesaid, took in this way. After reaching the edge of the prairie and fastening the horses, we struck from the surrounding timber land, taking a direct course from an old dead tree to the nearest island. A few prairie chickens and woodcock, started up by the dogs, and lodged in the capacious pocket of B's gaiter-coat, were the only results of an hour's plodding through the long grass and spongy ground. Several thickets were bent,—Ben and I keeping close to the outer verge, on either side, while the dogs traversed the intermediate space. As we approached a large clump of trees and brush, where it was likely deer would resort for water, a more vigilant look-out was kept. * * * * * Here there is a crackling of sticks in the under-wood! * * * * * Immediately the report of a gun is heard. "I have him!" says Ben, and a splendid buck was seen to roll in the tall grass. As he leapt from his lair he came out on Ben's side, and at the third bound, received ten buck-shot behind the shoulder. A few splatters of blood on his sleek hide showed where they had entered. The eye was still lustrous as in life, but the shot produced instantaneous death. A knife blade inserted at the throat, finished the murderous deed. He weighed about two hundred pounds. In the course of the day, a doe and buck were driven out from another island, and the former was struck by shot, but not captured. She at once plunged into the thicket, leaving only traces of blood. Her mate was soon after driven out, and succeeded in escaping across the opening, to a piece of timber. He was seen to break out from the brush, but was beyond the range of shot. Laying back his antlers, he struck across with a few graceful bounds, eluding further pursuit. The doe was undoubtedly disabled and had probably struggled off to die. Five other deer were seen in the timber but kept out of harm's way. Louis de C. killed twenty-eight deer last season in this way, six of which were taken in one day. He is just commencing his fall operations, and last week dropped two fine deer in the course of as many minutes, giving each one the contents of a barrel. Some may tell larger stories, but this will do, as a record of actual experience.

"Fire hunting" is a mode of taking deer often adopted. The animals come down to the Maumee river, after dark, in warm weather, and immerse themselves in the water to escape annoyance from musketoes. A boat having a candle placed in the bow, is rowed in the direction the deer are supposed to be, and the latter, dazzled by the light, are easily approached,—the boatmen being concealed from view by a perpendicular piece of board used as a shade. Now is about the time to watch the "runways," which the deer follow from year to year.—By laying concealed, fine shots may be had. The season for wild pigeons is just over,

the recent cold spell having hastened their flight. Thousands, in passing to the South, have been shot. Here, as elsewhere, they fly in immense flocks—having a common rendezvous at night, and distributing themselves by day to feed on acorns and beech nuts. The top of the tree where they are feeding, presents a most singular appearance. Each bird attaches itself to a nut, till by pulling and flapping, she succeeds in getting it off. While thus engaged they may be approached in any direction and deliberately shot.
I have known by night to be killed at a single discharge. So great is the number which eat at the nesting places, that the trees are completely crushed under their united weight. When these places are found, trees are thrashed with four poles, after the manner of gathering apples, and thousands of the birds are often killed—sufficient to had wagons. One of the most celebrated roosting places, for some time past, has been White Pine on Prairie, back of Sandusky. Large numbers are frequently taken by means of traps formed for netting. Grain is sowed on a smooth surface, and the nesting springs by means of a "figure four" trap. The birds migrate between the North and South, keeping along with the early flocks.

Turkey-hunting is one of the most entertaining sports enjoyed hereabout. The hunters are always to be found strolling through the woods with their broad, numbering from eight to eighteen, and generally keep near grain fields. Buckwheat is their favorite food, when it can be obtained. This fall, the turkeys are remarkably large and fat. The males attain to an enormous size, sometimes exceeding twenty or twenty-five pounds. They generally go singly in small flocks, and their occupation is to strut and gobble; having their intent to shift for themselves. The manner of taking them is peculiar, and I will relate one day's experience. Ben and I went out beyond Woolfords—every body knows where that is—and struck into the woods after passing his buckwheat patch. The forest was one of the splendid tracts of timber land, characteristic of Ohio, made up by stately trees, free from underbrush or incumbrance, except a few prostrate and decayed trunks, mostly felled at different times, in corn hunting. Scattered in various directions may still be seen the remains of Indian wigwams, now almost the only relics of the once powerful tribes of that region, excepting a few mound, arrow-heads, articles of pottery, &c. We had proceeded but a few rods, when a large brood of uncommonly fine turkeys, considerably larger than the domesticated variety, was suddenly encountered.

The object now was to scatter them as much as possible. Accordingly, all hands gave chase, and the dogs were sent in pursuit. In five minutes, nothing was to be seen of them, and the dogs were called in. (Did the birds been nearer, a few shots would have aided in their dispersion, and some might have been saved on the spot.) A double-like silence now succeeded to the howl and confusion of the present moment. The hats lost in the chase were recovered, the perspiration wiped away, and a hiding place selected behind some old logs,—keeping only the uncovered head and muzzles of the guns in sight. The turkeys were now wandering solitary and alone, seeking their companions, and uttering a dull-piping noise. The "Turkey call" made with a small hollow bone from a turkey's wing, was next put in requisition, and in about ten minutes there was a distant response.—It approached perceptibly nearer, and shortly was seen the peering head of the fated bird, continually advancing. A whiff of smoke and a flash, and all was over with him. It was the chief attraction at the next day's dinner. In a similar manner, one after another of the scattered brood was taken, till the thirst for slaughter was fully satisfied. One hungry Reynard, on a search for food came near forfeiting his life to his stupidity. The hone deceived him, and instead of getting turkey, he just escaped getting shot.

After a three weeks' frolic, during which quail, pigeon, duck, woodcock, deer, &c., have stalked severely, I must quit the hospitable abodes of my rough handed but warm-hearted western friends, although the season for game has scarcely yet commenced. Deer are to be found here in the forest, and dears in the parlor; and gentlemen having a taste for this description of game, in any of its varieties, will not now be at a loss where to find it.—Journal of Commerce.

"Sir," said a little blustering man to his religious opponent, "to what sect do you think I belong?"
"Well, I don't exactly know," replied the other, "but to judge from your make, size, and appearance, I should say you belonged to a class called the insect."
"Would you be willing to undertake the management of my property for your vicarious and clothes?" said Girard to a gentleman who was congratulating him on his vast possession. "No," was the reply. "Well, that's all I get," said the millionaire.