



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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Office in Hamilton Street, one door East of the German Reformed Church, nearly opposite the "Friedensbote" Office.

New Supply of Coal!

Farmers & Limeburners' LOOK HERE.

The undersigned have just received, and constantly keep on hand, a large supply of all kinds of Coal, suitable for Farmers and Limeburners, and the coal consuming public in general, which they will dispose of at the following reduced prices:

Chestnut Coal	at	\$2 25
Extra Nut Coal,		\$2 37
Egg, Stove and Lump at		\$3 37

EDLMEN, HANSE & Co.,
April 20, 1853. T-6m

TRIAL LIST,

For December Term, 1853.

- William Fry vs Solomon Gungwer.
- H. & D. Peter vs John Treichler.
- Jesse Weaver vs William Kuntzman.
- Charles Looser vs William Frantz.
- D. & C. Peter vs Daniel Boyer.
- J. J. Turner vs Charles Looser.
- William J. Kaul vs Solomon Fogel.
- Waterman & Young vs Solomon Fogel.
- Waterman & Young vs Jacob Erdmann.
- Henry Habrackner vs Nathan Whately.
- William Mink vs Reuben Mink.
- Reuben Mink vs Nicholas & W. Mink.
- Henry Raup vs Jonathan Dewald.
- The Administrators of Durs Rudy, dec'd, vs Jonas Peter.
- Samuel Steel vs School Directors of Hanover.
- John Backensto vs Benjamin Fogel.
- Christian Pretz and others vs William Fry.
- Carolina Deibert vs Jesse Hallman.
- Daniel J. Smith vs Ephraim Bigony.
- Peter Stauffer vs John Kern.
- Daniel Kohler vs Michael Kelchner.
- Solomon Apple vs Nathan Lerch.
- David Heimback vs David Heil.
- David Heil vs David Heimback.
- John H. Rice vs Luckenbach and Jacoby.
- Henry Dillinger vs Kemmer & Garis.
- Executors of Peter Cooper deceased vs Israel Rudy.
- Jonas Heil vs Henry Schmidt.
- Reuben Luckenbach vs Geo. Wenner.
- Jonathan Wenner vs George Wenner.
- William Wenner vs George Wenner.
- Abraham Rohn vs David A. Tomblor.
- Yohe & Schwartz vs John Wagner.
- David Erney vs William Kramer.

FRAN. E. SAMUELS, Proth.
Allentown, Nov. 9. T-1c

PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, the Hon. Washington McCarty, President of the several Courts of common pleas of the Third Judicial District, composed of the counties of Northampton and Lehigh, State of Pennsylvania, and Justice of the several Courts of Oyer and Terminer and general Jail delivery, and Peter Haas, and Jacob Dillinger, Esqrs., Judges of the Courts of Oyer and Terminer and generally Jail delivery, for the trial of all capital offenders in the said county of Lehigh. By their precepts to me directed have ordered the Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, to be holden at Allentown, county of Lehigh, on the

First Monday in December, 1853, which is the 5th day of said month, and will continue two weeks.

Notice is therefore hereby given to the Justices of the Peace and Constables of the county of Lehigh, that they are by the said precepts commanded to be there at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, of said day, with their rolls, records, inquisitions, examinations, and all other remembrances, to do these things which to their offices appertain to be done, and all those who are bound by recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or then shall be in the jail of said county of Lehigh, are to be then and there, to prosecute them as shall be just.

Given under my hand in Allentown, the 9th day of November in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and fifty three.
God save the Commonwealth.

NATHAN WEILER, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office Allentown,
Nov. 12, 1853. T-1c

A chance to go into Business.

The subscriber would respectfully inform the public, that he intends to relinquish business in Allentown, and therefore offers his entire stock of Store Goods on the most reasonable Terms to any person or persons wishing to go into a good and safe business.
J. W. GRUBB.
September 28. T-9w

Poetical Department.

Agricultural Song.

Plow deep to find the gold, my friend,
Plow deep to find the gold!
Your farms have treasures rich and sure,
Unmeasured and untold.

Clothe with the vine our Northern hills,
Our broad fields sow with grain,
Not search the Sacramento's rills,
For California gains.

Our land o'flows with corn and bread,
With treasures all untold,
Would we but give the plowshare speed,
And learn to find the gold.

Earth is grateful to her sons

For all their care and toil;

Nothing yields such sure returns

As drained and deepened soil.

Science, lend thy kindly aid,

Her riches to unfold!

Moved by plow, or moved by spade,

Stir deep to find the gold!

Dig deep to find the gold, my friends,

Dig deep to find the gold!

Your farms have treasures rich and sure,

Unmeasured and untold.

Miscellaneous Selections.

Treating a Case Actively.

I was sent for in great haste to attend a gentleman of respectability, who had been discovered in his room lying senseless on the floor. On arriving at the house I found Mrs. H. in great distress of mind.

"What is the matter with Mr. H.?" I asked, on meeting his lady, who was in tears and looking the picture of distress. "I'm afraid it is apoplexy," she replied; "I found him lying upon the floor, where he had, to all appearances, fallen suddenly from his chair. His face is purple, and though he breathes, it is with great difficulty."

I went up to see my patient. He had been lifted from the floor, and was now lying upon the bed. Sure enough his face was purple and breathing labored; but somehow the symptoms did not indicate apoplexy. Every vein in his head and face was urged, and he lay perfectly stupid; but still I saw no clear indications of any actual or approaching congestion of the brain.

"Hudn't he better be bled, doctor?" asked the anxious wife. "I don't know that it's necessary," I replied. "I think if we let him alone it will pass off in the course of a few hours." "A few hours! He may die in half an hour." "I don't think the case is so dangerous, madam." "Apoplexy not dangerous!" "I hardly think it is apoplexy." "Pray what do you think it is, doctor?"

Mrs. H. locked anxiously into my face. I delicately hinted that he might possibly have been drinking too much brandy; but to this she indignantly objected. "No, doctor, I ought to know about that," she said. "Depend upon it the disease is more deeply seated. I am sure he had better be bled."

"Won't you bleed him, doctor? A few ounces of blood taken from his arm may give life to the now stagnant circulation of the blood."

"Thus urged, I, after some reflection, ordered a bow and a bandage, and opening a vein relieved him of about eight ounces of blood. But he lay as insensible as before, much to the distress of his poor wife. 'Something else must be done, doctor,' she urged, seeing that bleeding had accomplished nothing. 'If my husband is not relieved quick he must die.'

By this time several relatives and friends who had been sent for arrived, and urged upon me the adoption of some active means of restoring the sick man to consciousness. One proposed mustard plasters all over his body; another a blister on the head, and a third his immersion in hot water. I suggested that it might be well to use a stomach pump. "Why, doctor?" asked one of his friends. "Perhaps he has taken some drug," I replied. "Impossible, 'doctor," said the wife; "he has not been from home to-day, and there is no drug in the house." "No brandy?" I ventured this suggestion again. "No, doctor, no spirits of any kind, nor even wine in the house," returned Mrs. H., in an offended tone.

I was not the regular family physician, and had been called in to meet the alarming emergency because my office happened to be nearest to the dwelling of Mr. H. Feeling my position to be a difficult one, I suggested that the family physician had better be called. "But the delay, doctor," urged the friends. "No harm will result from it, be assured," I replied. But my words did not assure them. However, as I was firm in my resolution not to do any thing more for the patient until Dr. S. came, they had to submit.

I wished to make a call of importance in the neighborhood, and proposed going, to be back by the time Dr. S. arrived; but the friends of the sick man would not suffer me to leave the room.

When Dr. S. came we conversed aside for a few minutes, and I gave him my views of the case, and stated what I had done and why I had done it. We then proceeded to

the bedside of our patient; there were still no signs of approaching consciousness. "Don't you think his head must be shaved and blistered?" asked the wife anxiously. "Dr. S., thought a moment, and then said, 'Yes, by all means; send for a barber, and also for a fresh fly blister, four inches by nine.'"

I looked into the face of Dr. S., with surprise; it was perfectly grave and earnest. I hinted to him my doubt of the good that mode of treatment would do; but he spoke confidently of the result, and said that it would not only cure the disease, but he believed take away the pre-disposition thereto, with which Mr. H. was affected to a high degree.

The barber came. The head of Mr. H. was shaved, and Dr. S. applied the blister with his own hands, which completely covered the scalp from forehead to occiput. "Let it remain on for two hours, and then make use of the ordinary dressing," said Dr. S. "If he should not recover during the action of the blister don't feel uneasy; sensibility will be restored soon after."

I did not call again, but I heard from Dr. S. the result. After we left the friends stood anxiously around the bed upon which the sick man lay; but though the blister began to draw, no signs of returning consciousness showed themselves, further than an occasional low moan or an uneasy tossing of the arms. For full two hours the burning plaster parched the tender skin of Mr. H.'s shorn head, and was then removed; it had done good service. Dressings were applied, repeated and repeated again, but still the sick man lay in a stupor. "It has done no good; hadn't we better send for the doctor?" suggested the wife.

Just then the eyes of Mr. H. opened, and he looked with half stupid surprise from face to face of the anxious group that surrounded the bed. "What in the mischief is the matter?" he at length said. At the same time, feeling a strange sensation about his head, he placed his hand rather heavily thereon. "Heavens and earth! (he was now fully in his senses.) 'Heavens and earth, what ails my head?' 'For mercy's sake keep quiet,' said the wife, the glad tears gushing over her face. 'You have been very ill; there, there now!' and she spoke soothingly, 'don't say a word, but lie very still.' 'But my head! What's the matter with my head?' It feels as if scalded. Where's my hair? Heavens and earth! Sarah, I don't understand this. And my arm, what's my arm tied up in this way for?' 'Be quiet, my dear husband, and I'll explain it all. Oh, be very quiet; your life depends upon it.'

Mr. H. sank back upon the pillow from which he had risen, and closed his eyes to think. He put his hand to his head and felt it tenderly all over, from temple to temple, and from nape to forehead. "Is it a blister?" he at length asked. "Yes, dear, you have been very ill; we feared for your life," said Mrs. H., affectionately; "there have been two physicians in attendance."

He closed his eyes again; his lips moved. Those nearest were not much edified by the whispered words that issued therefrom. They would have sounded very strangely in a church or to ears polite and refined. After this he lay for some time quiet. "Threatened with apoplexy, I suppose!" he said interrogatively. "Yes, dear," replied his wife. "I found you lying insensible upon the floor, on happening to come into your room. It was most providential that I discovered you when I did, or you would certainly have died."

"H—shut his eyes and muttered something with an air of impatience; but its meaning was not understood. Finding him out of danger, friends and relatives retired, and the sick man was left alone with his family.

"Sarah," he said, "why in the name of goodness did you permit the doctors to butcher me up in this way? I'm laid up for a week or two, and all for nothing."

"It was to save your life, dear."

"Save the devil!"

"H—sh! there, do for mercy's sake be quiet; everything depends upon it."

With a gesture of impatience H.—shut his eyes, teeth and hands, and lay perfectly still for some minutes. Then he turned his face to the wall, muttering in a low, petulant voice, "too bad!"

I had not erred in my first and last impression of Mr. H.'s disease; neither had Dr. S., although he used a very extraordinary mode of treatment.

The facts of the case were these: H. had a weakness; he could not taste wine nor strong drink without being tempted into excess. Both myself and friends were grieved and mortified at this; and they, by admonition, and he, by good resolution, tried to bring about a reform; but to see was to taste, and to taste was to fall. At last his friends urged him to shut himself up at home for a certain time, and see if total abstinence would not give him strength. He got on pretty well for a few days, particularly so, as his coachman kept a well-filled bottle for him in the carriage house, to which he not infrequently resorted; but an ardent devotion to this bottle brought on the supposed apoplexy. Dr. S. was right in his mode of treating the disease after all, and did not err

in supposing that it would reach the pre-disposition. The cure was effectual.

H. kept quiet on the subject, and bore his shaved head on his shoulders with as much philosophy as he could muster. A wig, after the sores made by the blister had disappeared, concealed the barber's work until his own hair grew again. He never ventured upon wine or brandy again, for fear of apoplexy. When the truth leaked out, as leak out such things always will, the friends of H. had many a hearty laugh; but they wisely concealed from the object of their merriment the fact that they knew anything more than appeared of the cause of his supposed illness.

A Texas Ranger's Best Shot.

Wilson and Cameron stood apart from their companions. With folded arms and thoughtful faces, they watched the shadows of night stealing over lake and chapparal.

"An hour like this casts a spell upon my spirit," said Cameron. "I love to see the glare of the day fade and give place to the dim, placid twilight."

"I have similar feelings," replied Wilson; "but I like night best when more advanced towards the slow hours, and the moon and stars are brightly beaming."

Cameron made no reply, and the parties remained silent. Wilson was the first to speak.

"That's a heavy rifle of yours," he said, glancing at the weapon upon which Cameron was leaning. "I dare say it has been of service to you in its time!"

"No money could induce me to part with it, because I have proved its metal on many occasions. Did I ever tell you of an adventure that I once had near the Red River?"

"You never did; I should like to hear it," said Wilson.

"Several years ago," resumed Cameron, "I was hunting near Cross Timbers, not far from Red River. The Indians were then troublesome, and frequently committed their depredations on the frontier settlement; but I was fond of hunting, and cared little for their willing to trust to my own courage and ingenuity in any emergency that might occur. I carried the same rifle, and was called one of the best shots in the country."

Many people said the piece was too heavy for common use; but I was accustomed to it, and it didn't feel burthenome to me—and when I lifted, it was sure to do the right thing, for what animal could carry off an ounce and a half of lead, skillfully spread on its errand?

Having discovered Indian signs one day, I thought it best to change my hunting ground, and so put a considerable distance between me and the spot, and encamped on the wide prairie, bounded on the east by the Cross Timbers. Not long after this event I was sitting on the bank of a small stream, resting my weary limbs after a long and fatiguing hunt, when I was fired upon and slightly wounded.

I was fortunate enough to discover the marksman, who proved to be an Indian, of what tribe I do not remember. I instantly shot him dead, and then perceived that he was not alone, for one of his brethren was with him, who made good his escape. Time passed on, and I was undisturbed in my amusements for a long time.

One day, not feeling very well, I returned to my camp sooner than usual. I had laid down to sleep, but could not. I felt uneasy and nervous, and so arose and went on the prairie. The grass was not very tall, and the hot suns of the season had dried it until it was crisp, and rattled as I walked through it. I ascended a gentle swell and looked around me. The scene was a grand one. On one hand were the Cross Timbers densely seen in the distance, resembling a dense wall of wood built with human hands, while in every direction the prairie stretched away until lost in the distance. The sun was setting low, and looked like a sunset on the sea. As my eyes wandered from point to point, they were suddenly fixed upon a solitary figure several hundred yards distant, at the foot of the long swell or roll upon which I was standing.

He stood in open space, and I at first wondered how that could be, as the grass was so high in every other place; but the affair soon explained itself. More careful examination showed me that the solitary object was an Indian, and his object in packing up the dry grass was evident; he was going to fire the prairie! It was doubtless the same fellow that had escaped at the time I had fired upon. He had discovered my retreat and was about to revenge himself in a singular manner.

The wind was blowing fresh towards me, and if the grass had been set on fire, no power on earth could have saved me, for the fleetest horse could not run fast enough to escape its devouring flames. A terrible dread of that kind of death came over me. I stood like one fascinated, and gazed at the preparation of the savage. He stood in the middle of the open space he had made, with a blazing torch in his hand. Innumerable thoughts rushed through my mind in an instant of time. I was never so completely paralyzed and stupified before in my life. The power of thought seemed to be the only power left me, and that was stimulated to an

unnatural degree. The past, present and future were reviewed and speculated upon in that brief and broken fragment of time in which the savage stood waiting for the brand to burn more brightly before he thrust it into the grass.

Yes, my destiny was to be burned! Some hunter or traveller would find my body charred or blackened; and others, after a time would pass my bones bleaching in the sun.

I shuddered, my eyes felt hot, my throat dry, and I imagined that I felt the flames creeping over me. If it had been a danger that I could have battled with, or if I could have seen any chance of escape depending upon my own exertions it would have been different; but now all I could do was to stand and stare the most dreadful of all deaths in the face.

You must remember all these ideas and reflections run through my mind in the shortest appreciable space of time; for you must know that the sudden prospect of great danger, from which there is no apparent mode of escape, in part to the brain a horrible faculty of thought of which the mind at ease can form no possible conception.

I closed my eyes in prayer, and commended my soul to God; but it was impossible for me to close my eyes against the one great and absorbing idea in my mind—that of being burnt up like a vile reptile that crawls in the weeds.

My lids unclosed and as they did so, my eyes rested upon my trusty rifle; it was the first time I had thought of it, for the distance was great between me and the enemy; but now it looked like an old friend, the only one that had the power to save me.

I embraced the thought that the sight of my rifle called up—a species of joy which is rarely overpowered by an agonizing feeling.

One chance still remained; a small chance it is true; but still a chance; and despair cannot paralyze and subdue the heart, while one faint hope remains. I lifted the instrument upon which hung my destiny. As my glance ran over the intervening distance, I felt how desperate indeed was my prospect of life, for an hundred good marksmen might try their skill in vain in aiming at an object so far off. Then I remembered that my weapon was of uncommon calibre and weight, and would throw a ball farther than any I had ever seen. I recollected also that I had loaded it that very day with uncommon care, and for a long shot.

The Indian moved the torch, and was about to apply it to the combustible material; there was no time to lose. The rifle came to my shoulder quick and firm, and I braced up my nerves for a steady aim with a strong effort of the will. I looked through the double sights and the muzzle covered the Indian's head. My heart seemed to stop beating, held in the grasp of that terrible suspense. It was but an instant—then the rifle sent an ounce and a half of lead on its mission, with a crack that was unusually loud and sharp, and a recoil which threw me back a few paces.

The smoke curled away, but I dared not look. I passed my hand slowly across my forehead, for my brain was throbbing painfully. Every moment I expected to be greeted by a dense smoke from the burning prairie, and to hear the hissing of the burning flame; but nothing of the kind occurred, and I ventured to look towards the spot where the savage had stood with his torch; I took courage; reloaded my rifle, and hastily walked towards the place.

I reached it—the Indian lay upon his back, the brand, half extinguished, beside him; an ounce and a half of lead had passed through his head. I sank down overpowered with gratitude, and the various emotions which such an incident was calculated to inspire.

"This was the greatest shot I ever made, and probably shall never equal it again. Can you wonder that I am attached to my rifle?" "Not at all!" said the Captain earnestly—"I should never part with it if it was mine!"

A Thrilling Incident.

The first settlers in Maine found besides its red-faced owners, other and abundant sources of annoyance and danger. The majestic forests which then waved, where now is heard the hum of business, and where a thousand villages stand, were the homes of innumerable wild and savage animals.

Often at night, was the farmer's family aroused from sleep by the noise without, which told that bruin was storming the sheep-pen or the pig-sty, or was laying violent paws upon some unlucky calf—and often on a cold, winter evening, did they roll a larger log against the door, and with beating hearts draw closer around the fire as the dismal howl of the wolf echoed through the woods.

The wolf was the most ferocious, blood-thirsty, but cowardly of all, rarely attacking man, unless driven by severe hunger, and seeking his victim with the utmost pertinacity. The incident which I am about to relate occurred in the early history of Biddeford.

A man who then lived on the farm now occupied by Mr. H.—was one autumn engaged in felling trees at some distance from his house. His little son eight years old, was in the habit, while his mother was busy with household cares, of running out into the field and woods around the house and often going where the father was at work. One day, after the frost had robbed the trees of their foliage, the father left his work sooner than usual, and started for home. Just by the edge of the forest he saw a curious pile of leaves—without stopping to think what had made it, he cautiously removed the leaves, when what was his astonishment to find his own darling boy lying there sound asleep! 'Twas but the work of a moment, to take up the little sleeper, put in his place a small log, carefully replaced the leaves, and conceal himself among the nearest bushes, there to watch the result.

After waiting a short time he heard a wolf's distant howl, quickly followed by another and another, till the whole woods seemed alive with the fearful sounds.

The howls came nearer, and in a few minutes a large gaunt, savage-looking wolf leaped into the opening, closely followed by the whole pack. The leader sprang directly upon the pile of leaves, and in an instant scattered them in every direction. As soon as he saw the deception, his look of fierceness and confidence changed to that of the most adject fear. He shrank back, cowered to the ground, and passively awaited his fate; for the rest enraged by the supposed cheat fell upon him, tore him in pieces and devoured him on the spot.

When they had finished their comrade, they wheeled around, plunged into the forest and disappeared; within five minutes from their first appearance not a wolf was in sight. The excited father pressed his child to his bosom, and thanked the kind Providence which led him there to save his dear boy.

The boy, after playing till he was weary had lain down and fallen asleep, and in that situation the wolf had found him, and covered him with leaves, until he could bring his comrades to the feast; but himself furnished the repast.

The Steerage Passage to America. The refined and intelligent people who pass from city to city in floating palaces know nothing at all of the beauties of navigation as experienced by the people in the steerage of packet ships. The steerage, second cabin, hold or whatever else you may call it, is not Turkey carpeted, veneered with rosewood, nor perfumed with rose-water. It is a marine cellar, into which you descend by a trap-door and ladder—eight with half a dozen dim stars in the shape of half a dozen dead-lights in the low heaven of the deck. Around the sides are little pig-sty looking berths, made of rough boards, rudely nailed up. The mattresses are laid upon them, one above another, as thick as they can be stowed, and admit sleepers on each. It is incredible how many people may be thus stowed away around the ribbed sides of a thousand ton ship. Suppose you embark at Liverpool. It rains. A number of emigrant agents send down the luggage—all manner of chests, boxes, kettles, and trumpery, with the provisions of the people they have agreed to transport at so much a head. All are turned in together into a place which bears not the slightest resemblance to the nice, airy, commodious cabin which the printed bills and spoken lies of the said agents had led the people to expect. Such a chaos no world was ever made of.

Here are Scotch, Irish, English, Germans, Welsh, and a stray Yankee or two, and it's really wonderful how soon they harmonize. The goods and chattels are overhauled and accommodately piled and lashed by the stanchions amidships. The mate and a couple of hands have themselves lashed a big bin, holding about ten tons of potatoes, and we are getting to sea. Hungry people must eat, and round a smoky fire on deck each family party appears with saucepan, pot or skillet, and boils, fries or bakes, ad libitum, and according to opportunity. Burnt or raw, it goes down with a good relish, for Neptune has not yet asserted his rights. After supper and various devotional exercises, according to the various faiths, as the motion becomes somewhat alarming to weak stomachs, there is a general turning into bed of women and of children, effected by means of dim candles which hardly illumine far enough to make stag-robin doors or curtains of any consequence. There are all sorts of talk. Some are 'silly' and some are sad. But those who have 'never been at sea before, who are the great majority, are quite serious. 'By about midnight there is enough to make them so. The captain, thinking things below may be left too loose for a storm, and feeling one approaching, has sent down the mate and hands to lash all fast. Of all the blasphemy that ever broke loose from Pandemonium, that of the mate caps the climax. He in-a-them-itizes every particular box, pot and kettle, for he has come rather too late, and things get loose faster than he can fasten them. In fact, about this time commences a regular sea-saw—yay go up, we go down. The whole ridge of boxes and chests amidship tumbles in the darkness, and visits first this side, and