

**The Lehigh Register**  
Is published in the Borough of Allentown,  
Lehigh County, Pa., every Wednesday, by  
**Haines & Diefenderfer,**  
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.

Offices in Hamilton street, two doors west  
of the German Reformed Church, directly oppo-  
site Moser's Drug Store.  
Letters on business must be POST PAID,  
otherwise they will not be attended to.

**JOB PRINTING.**  
Having recently added a large assortment of  
fashionable and most modern styles of type, we  
are prepared to execute, at short notice, all  
kinds of Book, Job and Fancy Printing.

**Singer's Sewing Machine.**



DURING the last four years these machines  
have been fully tested in all kinds of ma-  
terials that can be sewed, and have rendered  
general satisfaction. Truly thousands of worth-  
less Sewing Machines have been brought before  
the public, yet Singer's alone has merited and  
obtained a good reputation for its perfection  
and real worth. To a tailor or seamstress  
one of these Machines will bring a yearly in-  
come of \$750.

The undersigned having purchased of I. M.  
Singer & Co. the sole and exclusive right to use  
and vend to others to be used, the above named  
Machines, in the following localities: The State  
of Wisconsin, the northern part of Indi-  
ana, and Pennsylvania (with the exception of  
the counties of Erie, Allegheny, Philadelphia,  
and Northampton) and is now prepared to sell  
Machines as above mentioned.

All orders for the Machines will be punctual-  
ly attended to. In all cases where a Machine is  
ordered, a good practical tailor and operator  
will accompany the same, to instruct the pur-  
chaser how to use it. A bill of sale will be for-  
warded with each Machine. The price of the  
Machine, with printed or personal instructions  
is \$125. For further information address  
B. RANDALL,  
Norristown Pa.  
August 1. —1—6m

**Glorious News!**  
FOR all those ladies and gentlemen that had  
to work hard for their dollars and cents  
through hay-making and harvest, Joseph  
Stopp has just returned from New York and  
Philadelphia, and he is now going to sell off his  
entire stock of Summer goods at near half-price,  
so as to enable him to make room for a new  
winter stock. Stopp is determined to sell  
Parasols at half price; Lawns worth 25 cents  
he sells at 12 1/2; some worth 12 1/2 he sells at 6 1/2  
cents per yard; fine needle worked handker-  
chiefs at 6 1/2; collars 4 cents; calicoes worth  
12 1/2 he sells at 6 1/2; black mitts and a fine lot of  
funs going off almost for nothing. Mantillas at  
almost half price, also a fine lot of silks and  
berges, a little too nice and cheap for cash.—  
Glorious news, good times for the people, if  
they call at Joseph Stopp's Cheap Cash Store,  
No. 41, at the corner of Hamilton and Eighth  
streets, near Hagenbuch's Hotel, in Allentown.  
If you want Ready-made Clothing or the stuff  
to make them, Stopp sells almost for half price.  
Well I do declare, for it goes just as contrary  
as Dick's hat band, for it goes just as high now and  
Stopp sells every thing very low, or cheaper  
than ever for cash. Look out, gentlemen, if he  
ever fails, just say, I knew that for he sold too  
cheap; then you hit the nail right on the head.  
JOSEPH STOPP.  
July 18. —1—

**TRUSSES, TRUSSES, TRUSSES!**  
**C. H. Needles,**  
Truss and Brace Establishment,  
South West Cor. of Twelfth and Race Sts.,  
PHILADELPHIA.

IMPORTER of fine French Trusses, combin-  
ing extreme lightness, ease and durability  
with correct construction.  
Hemial or ruptured patients can be suited by  
remitting amounts, as below.—Sounding num-  
ber of inches round the hips, and stating side  
affected.

Cost of Single Truss, \$2, \$3, \$4, \$5. Double  
—\$5, \$6, \$8 and \$10.  
Instructions as to wear, and how to effect a  
cure, when possible, sent with the Truss.  
Also for sale, in great variety,  
**Dr. Bunnings' Improved Patent Body Bracer,**  
For the cure of Prolapsus Uteri; Spinal Preps  
and Supports, Patent Shoulder Braces, Chest  
Expanders and Erector Braces, adapted to all  
with Stoop Shoulders and Weak Lungs; Eng-  
lish Elastic Abdominal Belts, Suspensories,  
Syringes—male and female.  
Ladies' Rooms, with Lady attendants.  
August 1. —1—ly

**Allentown Academy.**  
THE Fall Term will begin on Monday, third  
of September.  
I. N. Gregory, A. M., Principal.  
Mr. E. B. Hartshorn, Assistant.  
Miss Alice Moore, Preceptress.  
Miss Lucy Moore, Assistant.  
Miss Gibson, Teacher of the Primary Depart-  
ments.  
Mrs. Gregory Teacher of Music.  
The teachers are able, faithful and persever-  
ing, and will earnestly exert themselves to se-  
cure the improvement of their pupils.

**RATES OF TUITION PER TERM OF  
ELEVEN WEEKS.**

Common English Studies,	\$4 00	and \$4 50
Higher " " "	5 00	" 5 50
" with Classical,		6 00
" and French,		7 50
Music,		8 00
Use of Piano for practice,		2 00
Fuel for Winter,		50

August 15. —1—lf

# LEHIGH REGISTER

A FAMILY JOURNAL—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS

Dedicated to Local and General News, Agriculture, Education, Morality, Amu

VOLUME IX. ALLENTOWN, PA., SEPTEMBER 12, 1855.

## Poetical.

"Dost Thou ever Think of Me?"

Yes, friend, I often think of thee,  
Though months have glided by,  
Since I have heard thy merry tone,  
Or seen thy laughing eye.

Yet Memory speaks of happy hours  
Spent in the days of yore,  
When earth seemed one bright scene of bliss  
And life a passing hour.

And I will ever think of thee  
Till Death claims thee his bride,  
And ask that bright winged angels may  
Thy footsteps ever guide.

And when thy spirit safely lands  
On Canaan's peaceful shore,  
And with the ransomed of the Lord  
Sings all its troubles o'er,—

When clothed in white with harp of gold,  
Before the throne I see  
Thy happy spirit joyous stand,  
Then, then I'll think of thee.

## Miscellaneous.

### CAPTAIN BRADY And Cornplanter.

Many of the wild legends of border strife  
and Indian barbarity that have been enacted along  
the shores of the Allegheny and Ohio have never  
been rescued from the dim and fading remem-  
brances of a past age. But occasionally a story  
of thrilling interest is snatched from the linger-  
ing records of the red man.

The story I am about to relate I received from  
an old Indian pilot of the Allegheny. It was  
many years ago, when the stern old Chief, Corn-  
planter, (whose remains now repose in silence  
and loneliness on the banks of that beautiful  
river he loved so well.) was in his glory. His  
tribe roamed over the dense and unbroken forest  
along its banks, fearless, unmolested and free.

His people were hostile to the whites, and  
never lost an opportunity to lie in ambush and  
seize the lonely voyager as he descended the  
river, and consign him to the stake and torture.  
But the watchful, shrewd and deadly foe of  
Cornplanter and the whole "tawny race" was  
the indomitable and fearless Captain Samuel  
Brady. This veteran pioneer and Indian hunter  
was one of those noble specimens of the  
hardy foresters who plunged fearlessly into the  
interminable forests that then overspread so  
large a portion of the Western States.

Like Daniel Boone, Lewis Wetzel, Simon  
Kenton, and others, the deadly hate of the In-  
dian, and his burning passion for hunting them  
down, amounted to a monomania. This hatred  
was in consequence of the wrongs they had in-  
flicted upon his family—his father, Capt. John  
Brady, and his brother having fallen victims to  
the tomahawk and scalping knife.

The scene of the present story is at a place  
known to boatmen and raftsmen as "Brady's  
Bend," and where now the noise and bustle of a  
new manufacturing town called the "Great  
Western" resounds along the shores that then  
echoed only to the whoop of the savage or the  
panther's scream.

It is a bend in the river of nine miles in  
length, and is sometimes called the "Nine-mile  
Bend," and is scarcely half a mile across the  
neck. Here, in this bend, Cornplanter, return-  
ed from some unsuccessful inroads upon the  
whites, had secured several prisoners, by ty-  
ing them to as many trees, while his swarthy  
and hideously painted followers were busy in  
making preparations for the faggot and the tor-  
ture.

The stake was erected and the faggots pre-  
pared with all the coolness and refinement of  
Indian barbarity. It was a beautiful evening;  
the sun was just sinking behind the lofty hill  
upon the opposite shore. Calmness had thrown  
its oily wand upon the Allegheny's crystal tide,  
and it slept. The full, round moon just burst-  
ing thro' the tree tops behind them, sailed  
calmly through the distant blue, and cast its  
mellow beams upon the sleeping river, and  
danced upon its placid bosom.

The melancholy note of the whip-poor-will  
from the adjoining thicket fell sweetly upon the  
ear. The victims were unbound and led forth  
to the place of torture. At this moment, a  
voice, high up among the frowning rocks that  
loomed out from the thick hemlocks that crown-  
ed the hill opposite, hailed Cornplanter in the  
Indian tongue, informed him that he was an In-  
dian warrior, just returned from the war path  
with a goodly number of prisoners.

He desired that the ceremonies of the torture  
might be suspended until he could ford the river  
and join them, when they could celebrate the oc-  
casion with unusual demonstrations of savage  
rejoicings. To this Cornplanter consented.—  
The flames that had been kindled were extin-  
guished, and the prisoners again bound to the  
trees.

In the meantime, Brady, for it was he who

had deceived the wild Indian, with a body of  
men moved silently up the river to a place  
known as "Truby's Ripple," and there fording  
the river, drew his men up across the neck of  
the bend, and moved noiselessly upon the sav-  
ages. So cautious was his approach that the In-  
dians were completely cut off from retreat be-  
fore they became alarmed.

Brady's men hemmed them in from behind,  
while the Allegheny rolled in front. The inti-  
mation to the savage of his approach was com-  
municated from a deadly discharge from his un-  
erring rifle. The Indians fought with desper-  
ation, but were overpowered: all were killed or  
taken prisoners, save the Chief, Cornplanter,  
who finding himself alone, plunged into the  
river and swam for the other shore.

Being a good swimmer, he remained several  
minutes under water, but as he rose for breath  
he was greeted with a shower of bullets. In  
this way, alternately swimming under water as  
long as he could hold his breath, and then ris-  
ing to the surface, he escaped unhurt, and  
reaching the other side in safety, secreted him-  
self behind a large standing rock.

The prisoners were of course unbound, and  
all joined in the jollifications and joy at their  
timely and unlooked for release. The rock  
that shielded Cornplanter from Brady's bullets  
was pointed out to me by the old Indian, in a  
recent trip down the river. It is known as  
"Cornplanter's Rock." The old Indian gave  
me the story with a dejected countenance, in  
broken English.

"Alas! what a change! When then the  
sheeny tide of the beauteous Allegheny parted  
only to the swift skimming birchen canoe and  
echoed to the wild voices that came out of the  
dense, dark forest, now is heard the shrill  
whistle of the steam pipe and the rushing of  
the mighty steamer. Where the tawny savage  
then reclined upon the banks from the pursuit  
of the deer, the panther and the bear, or rested  
from the war path, is now the scene of life and  
activity.

The tall old forest has receded from the ad-  
vance of civilization, and given place to farms,  
beautiful villas, and bustling towns. The In-  
dian, too, has passed away; but a few, and  
they but miserable decaying relics of what  
they once were, are now occasionally seen, the  
descendants of the proud race that once could  
call these hills, and groves, and rivers all their  
own. Alas! in the language of the poet:

"Chieftains and their tribes have perished,  
Like the thickets where they grew."

### How they Bury the Poor in New York.

The spot appropriated by the City of New  
York for entombing the poor and friendless  
is situated upon Ward's Island, adjoining the  
roaring rapids in the East River known as Hell Gate,  
and nearly opposite One Hundred and Sixth  
street. A large wagon daily conveys the dead  
that are to be buried at the City's expense to  
the river-side near Bellevue Hospital. Its con-  
tents, in plain substantial coffins, are trans-  
ferred to a row-boat and so borne to the land-  
ing house, which stands by the head of a small  
wharf on the southern end of Ward's Island,  
thence by an easy sweep the roads leading to  
a large receiving vault at the western hill end  
of the cemetery. This vault is an admirably  
constructed tomb which has not yet been put  
to use, being scarcely now completed. In it  
are air-tight separate chambers, where the  
bodies of those that have died suddenly are re-  
tained a few days after death, to facilitate  
recognition by friends. A forcing pump con-  
necting with a well at some distance, and with  
drains and sewers, enables all necessary clean-  
liness to be enforced. With a supply of ice  
there is no difficulty in preserving unmarred  
the features of the unrecognized dead for just  
so long a time as may be deemed desirable.—  
But those who have died unwept for by any  
but strangers, or by those whom the City's  
blessed charity has made friends, are not  
stopped here. They are carried directly into  
the cemetery. And what fashion of place is  
Potter's Field? Some two acres are enclosed  
within a tight board fence. One corner of the  
enclosure will notice is graded some four  
feet higher than the rest. Under this are  
three trenches filled, and in them there lie the  
remains of sixteen thousand people, all depos-  
ited within a few months. The fourth trench  
has been open only a few weeks. Already it  
has over 500 buried in it. This trench is dug  
15 feet deep, 300 feet long and 18 feet wide.—  
They begin to bury at one end of it. The  
trench is wide enough to admit three coffins  
lying end to end, and they are piled till the  
uppermost is within two feet of the surface.—  
The average of daily burials here at present is  
eighteen, or one hundred and twenty-five a  
week. During hot weather the corpses arrive  
in the early morning and after nightfall. When  
the new arrivals are announced at the trench  
the diggers throw aside the little dirt that  
covers the last lot, deposit the new ones and  
cover them. When the whole trench is filled,  
the earth of a new trench is thrown upon the  
late one, and it is graded off like the mound  
before spoken of, some four feet above the  
former surface. This is done, because when

the coffins decay the earth sinks. The mound  
is to be turl'd so soon as it has settled, and  
cedars, willows, and other appropriate trees  
planted. An offensive odor meets the visitor  
far away from the spot, but standing by the  
open trench it is intolerable. With the wind  
west, we are told that it was wafted—a horrible  
stench—to the sick in the hospitals on the  
other end of the Island; and, if we were told  
that it sometimes is borne across the East  
River to the delightful residences of the gran-  
dees on that shore, we should think it no mar-  
vel. Of those buried here the Commissioners  
of Emigration generally send up one third,  
though at seasons the emigrant proportion is  
larger. If any poor unfortunate has a friend  
who will request it, his body is given a separate  
grave. If one at the Almshouse dies, his old  
mate's wish is heeded to place him in another  
part of the yard, and a head-stone, if any care  
to erect it, or a board with the name and age  
pointed on it, if that alone can be afforded will  
mark the spot. Many such single graves there  
are already. Ah! reader, it is good that it is  
only in imagination you are visiting Potter's  
Field. We will not dwell upon the reasons  
however. It is no wonder that the sailors  
look up with a shudder at the spot when they  
pass through Hell Gate at Midnight. If the  
spirits of the dead hover over their mortal  
resting place, where the moon looks down upon  
them, what a congregation must crown that  
hill. Sixteen thousand ghosts of newly buried  
men, women, and children, gibbering in the  
night wind, or mutely gliding and noiselessly  
jostling each other—too thick to sit and weep  
over their unnumbered sepulchres! Cold chills  
creep through the mariner's veins at the  
thought, and the hair of his flesh rises up.—  
Let us drop the subject.

### The City of Moscow.

There is one gate to the Kremlin, called the  
Spass Vorota. On going through this gate, if  
the thermometer were 30 deg. below zero, the  
Emperor would be compelled to take off his hat  
and keep it off all the way. No one is allowed  
to go through covered, and dogs are not allow-  
ed to pass through at all. It is sacred on ac-  
count of a picture of the Saviour which hangs  
above it, and which is said to have worked  
miracles to save the gate. Many times when  
the Tartars attacked the city, miraculous  
clouds obscured the entrance from the view of  
the believers were safe within. In 1812, the  
French tried to mount up to the picture to ob-  
tain the gold from it, but the ladder broke in  
the middle. Enraged at the failure, they at-  
tempted to batter it down with a cannon, but  
the cannon would not go off; so they built a  
fire over the vent, but the cannon burst  
into 10,000 pieces, and the French were killed  
right and left. (You may rely upon the truth  
of this, because the doorkeeper told me so.) If  
one attempts to pass this gate covered, he hears  
the sentry cry, "The hat! the hat, father!"  
and should he persist, the interior of a Russian  
guard house would be the first interior his eyes  
would rest upon. But we always conform to  
the custom of whatever country we are in.

I must give you an account of our visit to a  
Tartar mosque. When we first went in, about  
a hundred Tartars were squatting upon the  
floor, every now and then diving down to touch  
their foreheads to the earth and pray. Finally  
one arose and began to howl. The howl called  
forth a priest, who went into a little pulpit, and  
catching a cane, which the first performer gave  
him, commenced yelling, to which the first was  
only a whisper. Pausing only to take breath  
from time to time, he sang what sounded like  
"Highland Laddie," only as — would say,  
"more so." He continued this for half an hour,  
when all the believers arose and formed four lines  
across the church, like cotillions at Washing-  
ton, (only a great deal less stupid,) and such a  
howling and tumbling ensued, that my risible  
faculties were highly excited. The finale con-  
sisted in making the significant sign of "I  
don't care," at each ear, and turning to the East,  
and the whole ceremony was over, except that  
the pious few contrived to tumble till dark.

We have just returned from the governor  
General's reception, and the grand Te Deum in  
honor of the Emperor. We were accompanied  
by Prince Oubenskor, one of the Sovereign's  
aids. He received us with marked kindness  
and attention, and invited us to visit him at  
his family. He was detained at the bedside of his  
dying father, and consequently was obliged to  
break his engagement with us and to transfer  
us to the care of another aid-de-camp of the  
Governor General. Here we found the great  
dignitaries of Moscow assembled, and at the  
presentation we had the first audience. As  
we were marched up through the most brilliant  
assembly I ever saw, our citizens' plain black  
dress presented a striking contrast to the  
starred and decorated uniforms surrounding  
us. Everybody in Russia wears uniforms; the  
noble, the police, retired officers, and court ser-  
vants, have one. A Chamberlain is a moun-  
tain of gold, and I would not have been  
coat for considerable money. He has a  
two-buttons key, the

have a great advantage over all others?—for  
this simple reason, that if true, they will have  
their reward hereafter; and if there be no here-  
after, they can be but with the infidel in his  
eternal sleep, having had the assistance of an  
exalted hope through life.

Among the great multitude of the wise and  
good who have recorded their testimony in be-  
half of Christianity, the American citizen may  
proudly dwell on the memory of WASHING-  
TON. A model of true greatness; through his  
whole life he exhibited an example, in all the  
relations of life, political and social, public and  
private, which challenges the admiration of the  
world. In his FAREWELL ADDRESS he says—  
"Of all the dispositions and habits which  
lead to political prosperity, religion and mor-  
ality are indispensable supports. In vain  
would that man claim the tribute of patriotism,  
who should labour to subvert these great pil-  
lars of human happiness, these firmest props of  
the duties of men and citizens. The mere polit-  
ician, equally with the pious man, ought to  
respect and to cherish them; a volume could not  
trace all their connexions with private and pub-  
lic felicity.

"Tis substantially true, that virtue or mor-  
tality is a necessary spring of popular govern-  
ment. The rule indeed extends with more for-  
ce to every species of free government.  
So that is a sincere friend to it can look with  
pleasure upon attempts to shake the founda-  
tion of the fabric?"—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

### A PURITAN SUNDAY.

As every matter connected with the social  
life and customs of the first settlers of New  
England is of such interest to their descendants,  
we propose in a few short articles, to give as  
correct a description of "Sunday in New Eng-  
land" two hundred years ago, as we can col-  
lect from our local annals. The Puritan Sab-  
bath commenced on Saturday afternoon. No  
labor was performed on the evening which pre-  
ceded the Lord's Day. Early on Sunday morn-  
ing, the blowing of a horn in some villages an-  
nounced that the hour of worship was at hand.  
In other places a flag was hung out of the rude  
building occupied by the church. In Cam-  
bridge a drum was beat in military style. In  
Salem a bell indicated the opening of the set-  
tlement. The religious ceremonies usually  
commenced at nine o'clock in the morning, and  
occupied from six to eight hours, divided by an  
intermission of one hour for dinner. The peo-  
ple collected quite punctually, as the law com-  
pelled their attendance, and there was a heavy  
fine for any one that rode too fast to meeting.—  
The sexton called upon the minister and es-  
corted him to the church in the same fashion  
that the sheriff now conducts the judge into our  
State courts. The minister was clothed with  
mysterious awe and great sanctity by the peo-  
ple, and so intense was this sentiment that even  
the minister's family were regarded as demi-  
gods. The Puritan Meeting House was an old  
structure. The first ones erected by the Colo-  
nists were built of logs, and had a cannon on  
the top. Those standing two centuries ago  
were built of brick, with clay plastered over  
the courses, and covered with clay-boards, now  
called clap boards. The roof was thatched as  
buildings are now seen in Canada East. Near  
the church edifice stood those ancient institu-  
tions,—the stocks—the whipping post—and a  
large wooden cage to confine offenders against  
the laws. Upon the outside of the church and  
fastened to the walls, were the heads of all the  
wolves killed during the season. In front of  
the church in many towns, an armed sentry  
stood, dressed in the habiliments of war.—  
There were no pews in the church. The con-  
gregation had places assigned them upon the  
rude benches, at annual town meeting, accord-  
ing to their age and social position. "Seating  
the meeting house," as it was called, was a  
delicate and difficult business, as pride, envy  
and jealousy were active passions in those days.  
A person was fined, if he occupied a seat as-  
signed to another. The elders occupied seats  
beneath the pulpit. The boys were ordered to  
sit upon the gallery stairs, and as "boys  
always will be boys," there constables were em-  
ployed to keep them in order. Prominent be-  
fore the assembly some wretched male or female  
offender sat with a scarlet letter "A" or "D"  
on the breast to denote a crime against the  
stern code. We make a few extracts from the  
laws of the New England Colonies respecting  
the Sabbath:—  
"The Sabbath day shall begin at sunset on  
Saturday."

**The Boston Baby Show.**  
T. Barnum and C. Wood will open a  
Show in Boston on Tuesday, Sept. 11,  
continuing five days. Premiums  
amounting to \$2,400 will be awarded to the  
best babies presented for exhibition.—  
The baby at New York will be present,  
forty others have already been entered.—  
Twins, triplets, and one quatern will be on ex-  
hibition. The Boston Times gives the follow-  
ing programme of the show:—  
1st—Entrance of the Nonothing band.  
2d—Air—High diddle diddle!  
3d—Ladies with babies, two abreast.  
4th—Magnificent car, drawn by fifty kittens,  
with nurse bottles, baby jumpers, wagons, crad-  
les, and must not mention em's.  
5th—Fathers of the off springs above men-  
tioned.  
6th—Floral car, drawn by Charity pullers  
with a massive sugar tent, weighing three tons.  
7th—Colored ladies with their baby suckers.  
8th—Colored gentlemen will bring up the rear.  
10th—Promenade by the company.  
11th—General rattle by the nurses attending.  
12th—Introduction by the company.  
13th—Intermission ten minutes for sucking.  
14th—Air by the Band—By low baby bunt-  
ing.  
15th—Babies sleeping one hour.

young men; however, they adopted  
the following expedient to enjoy the company of  
their lovers. After the old man had retired to  
rest, the girls would hang a sheet out of the  
window, and the beau would seize hold of the  
sheet and with the assistance of his lady love,  
who tugged lustily above would thus gain an  
entrance; but it so happened that one evening  
the girls hung out the sheet too early, for the  
old man, by some ill-wind, was accidentally  
around the corner, and spying the sheet, could  
not conjecture the meaning of its being there; so  
he caught hold and endeavored to pull it  
down; the above girls supposing it to be one of  
their beaux, began to hoist, and did not dis-  
cover their mistake until the old man's head  
was level with the window sill, when one of  
them exclaimed, "Oh Lord! 'tis dad!" and  
letting go the sheet soon came down the old  
man to the hard ground, dislocating one shoulder  
which convinced him that to make "old  
maids" out of his daughters was a matter not  
so easily accomplished, and withdrawing all  
further opposition to their keeping company, he  
was soon a father-in-law.

**TOMATOES.**—This delicious and valuable ve-  
getable is very rapidly maturing in our gardens.  
The following recipe for the preparation of  
tomato sauce, will not be unseasonable or out  
of place just now: Gather your tomatoes when  
fully ripe, and after washing them in some  
suitable vessel. Then place them in a  
kettle, over a moderate fire, and when just  
warmed through press a cullender down upon  
them; then dip from the cullender, all the  
watery juice possible. After boiling a short  
time, strain the mass through a wire sieve just  
fine enough to retain the rinds of the fruit; then  
return it to the kettle and boil it down to the  
required consistency, (some prefer it thin, as it  
retains more of the flavor,) taking all care that  
it does not become scorched in the process.—  
Rent the bottles you intend to use, in a steam-  
boiling heat, and fill them immediately  
with sauce, in a boiling state. Then cork  
them with good corks, and place  
them in a cool place, to cool slowly. Use care