

LEHIGH REGISTER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY HAINES & DIEFENDERFER AT ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS PER ANNUM.

VOLUME XI.

Allentown, Pa., November 5, 1856.

NUMBER 5.

Ready Made Clothing!

ANOTHER ARRIVAL OF
NEW GOODS!

BREINIG, NELIGH & BREINIG,

No. 2 East Hamilton street, have just returned from the cities with an another large and choice stock of

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,

of the most fashionable styles, from all of which they will make to order, and also keep on hand a large supply of

READY MADE CLOTHING,

at such astonishing low prices, that cannot be equaled by any establishment in this or any other town in Eastern Pennsylvania. Our Stock is twice as large, and we sell double the amount of the two best establishments in town, consequently enabling us to sell at a very small profit. We have on hand every style of garments adapted to the season, to which the attention of the public is invited for a careful examination of quality, workmanship, style of trimmings and cut, which the proprietors will guarantee to be superior to any house in the trade. We constantly keep on hand a well selected stock of Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, consisting of Shirts, Collars, Stockings, Cravats, Handkerchiefs, Hose, Suspenders, &c., besides many articles coming in our line of business, all of which are sold at the lowest prices.

CUSTOMER WORK.

Orders for Customer Work will always be received with pleasure, and attended to with punctuality, and as two of the firm are practical tailors, none but the best workmanship will be suffered to pass our hands.

BREINIG, NELIGH & BREINIG,

May 21.

Lehigh County CABINET WAREHOUSE.



No. 50 West Hamilton street, opposite the "Lehigh

S. H. PRICE would respectfully announce to the citizens of Allentown, and throughout generally, that he always has on hand a first-rate assortment of

CABINET WARE,

of all descriptions, consisting of Dinning, Side-board, Pier, Centre, Card, Dining and Breakfast Tables, also Wash-Not and Sofa Tables, Parlor Chairs, Spring-seat Looking Chairs, Sofas, Piano-stools, Bedsteads of every description, together with a general assortment of **KITCHEN FURNITURE**, all of which he will sell at prices which defy competition in either town or country. He also manufactures to order every description of Furniture, and every article sold by him is warranted to give entire satisfaction, or no sale. So please give him a call and see for yourselves, at No. 50 West Hamilton street, or at the sign of the "Lehigh Register".

X. B.—A complete assortment of Looking Glasses, always on hand, and for sale cheap.

Allentown, July 2, 1856. S. H. PRICE.

LOOK HERE! STOVE! STOVES! STOVES!



OWEN R. HOFFMAN, No. 13 West Hamilton street, opposite the Odd Fellows' Hall, calls the attention of the citizens of Allentown and vicinity, to the fact that never in the history of the town was there an establishment that kept on hand a larger and more complete assortment of all kinds and varieties of

STOVES, TIN AND HOLLOW WARE,

and which were offered at such exceedingly low prices. His stock of stoves comprises every known variety of Cooking, Parlor, Bar-room and Office Stoves, and of Tin and Hollow Ware he takes pains in keeping on hand everything that can possibly be wanted in his line, which is all made by good practical workmen and the very best of materials. Particular attention is paid to Sporting and Roofing, which is always done in an unsurpassed style and workmanlike manner. Persons wishing to purchase articles in his line of business are respectfully invited to call at his store and convince themselves of the splendid stock and low prices. All kinds of jobbing done at short notice and low rates.

Old Stoves, Iron, Copper, Brass, Lead and Pewter will be taken in exchange for new Ware.

Sept. 17.

FOR SALE

10 HOUSES and Lots, of every description, and a number of vacant ground lots, in all parts of the Borough of Allentown, are for sale. For further information inquire at the office of

J. A. WALL & STAHLER,

Real Estate Agents,
No. 59 East Hamilton Street

September 10.

Havana Segar Store.

H. D. BOAS, Manufacturer, and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Tobacco, Snuff and Segars, No. 9 North Seventh street, Allentown, Pa. He flatters himself to say that he has at all times the best and cheapest stock of

TOBACCO AND SEGARS

ever brought to this place. Dealers in the above articles will find it to their advantage to give me a call, as I sell at the lowest Philadelphia and New York prices. A general assortment of American and Foreign Leaf Tobacco always on hand.

H. D. BOAS,
May 9, 1855.

GREAT RAIL ROAD ACCIDENT!

\$50,000 LOST AT EASTON.—Great Fall

of the Railroad Bridge—two locomotives precipitated into the Canal—One man killed and several wounded. Accompanying this terrible disaster there still was a strike of luck to the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company for its occurring at the time it did—on Tuesday afternoon, because on the following morning some 30 or 40 cars were about being loaded by merchants in New York and Philadelphia with new style Fall and Winter Goods, all of which were to pass over the Bridge the same afternoon, directly to Allentown, and there to be unloaded at Joseph Stopp's Cheap Cash Store, No. 25 West Hamilton street. It is evident that if these cars, with their heavy freight, had been shipped in time to get on the Bridge, that their immense weight would have broken down the entire structure, and precipitated their contents into the Delaware, and thus would have incurred a loss to the Company of between \$300,000 and \$400,000; and not this alone, but the citizens of Allentown and vicinity would also have felt the loss, because if this immense quantity of cheap goods would have been lost, it would certainly have caused a scarcity, and a rise of 20 per cent. But by the aid of luck and the telegraph the intelligence of the accident was communicated to Philadelphia, and Stopp consequently had his goods loaded during the three successive days, on steamboats, canal boats, wagons, cars, wheelbarrows, backs of niggers, &c., and now they have commenced to land at his new Store here. His clerks are now engaged both day and night in unpacking and getting out goods. As I passed by there last night between 11 and 12 o'clock, I stepped in, and to my astonishment found perfect mountains of goods piled from floor to ceiling. I passed back through the Store and saw a pile of about 500 Shawls, of all colors and prices—from \$25 down to 37 1/2 cts. a piece. On the other side I saw about 4000 yards fine De Laines; and a little further along about 6000 yds. of twisted Persian Cloth; on the other side I hit my elbow against 14 or 15 cart loads of Galice, and a little further along there was a pile of 8 or 10,000 yds. shirting and sheeting from 1/2 to 2 1/2 yds. wide. I then looked for men and boys' wear, and on one side of the store saw many thousand yards of cloths, cassimeres, sattinets, Kentucky jeans, tweeds, &c., of all colors and prices. I then began to get towards the rear end of the store, and my eyes fell on carpets, oil cloths, looking glasses, window shades, glass and silverware. By this time I began to get pretty tired and sleepy, and as I turned around at the end of the store I made a mis-step and down I went, head over heels, into the cellar. When I opened my eyes and my senses were restored, I found a stack of salt in one corner from floor to ceiling; on the other side there was the nicest sugar, coffee, molasses, cheese, and mackerel. I was disgusted on reflecting that I had so long been a fool by paying double prices for my goods elsewhere. It was almost daytime now, and I determined after breakfast to send you these facts for publication in the Register. In conclusion I may say, both one all, great and small, go to Stopp's Cheap Cash Store, No. 25 West Hamilton street.

SAM.

BONNETS, BONNETS, BONNETS.

WE take pleasure in informing our friends and the public in general, that we have just received a large and elegant assortment of **FALL AND WINTER BONNETS**, Ribbons, French and Domestic Flowers, &c., from the most fashionable openings in New York and Philadelphia. We are satisfied that our goods cannot be equalled by any other establishment in town for beauty and style, and we have them made after the most approved French patterns, and are acknowledged superior to any in the country. We return our sincere thanks for past favors and hope for a continued share of patronage, as we flatter ourselves that we can give satisfaction both as to price and style, to all who may favor us with a call. Country Milliners supplied at City prices.

MRS. STOPP & CO.

N. B.—A good experienced hand can get employment by calling on the undersigned. A good girl, to do housework, is also wanted.

Sept. 3.

ROSE'S PATENT WINDOW BLINDS.

THE subscribers invite the attention of the public to their new and improved **VENETIAN WINDOW BLINDS**, which they are now manufacturing, and selling wholesale and retail, at their Factory, No. 125 West Hamilton St., Allentown, Penn. These Blinds are far superior to any other ever manufactured, and are secured by Letters Patent, known as "Rose's Patent." They are greatly superior to all others in the fact that they are constructed with upper and lower heads, in such a manner that when the upper head is fastened to the window-frame, the lower part may be separated or connected with ease. A little child can take the Blind down, clean and replace it. This is a great advantage when it is remembered that with the old style of Blinds, a mechanic was always necessary to take them down or put them up. In other particulars, too, they exceed for beauty and convenience all others. This improvement will be attached to the old-fashioned Blinds on reasonable terms. Orders are respectfully solicited. Persons wishing to secure Patent Rights of the above in any part of the Union, can do so by addressing the undersigned at Allentown, Lehigh Co., Pa.

ROSE & HUMBERT,
Allentown, Sept. 3.

S. SWETZERS' Piano Forte Manufactory,

ALLENTOWN, PA., WARE ROOM, No. 22 West Hamilton street. Constantly on hand a superior assortment of **ROSEWOOD PIANO FORTES**, of the latest and most approved styles, including such as have four round corners, with hoods finished and polished in agreement with the front, scroll feet, &c., warranted to be of the best materials and workmanship. Second-hand Pianos taken in part payment for new ones.

Aug. 20—5m

DOMESTIC LIFE, OR, WHO'S TO BLAME?

One evening the fastidious Harry Wentworth,

on coming home tired and depressed, found his wife in the parlor, dressed in a soiled morning gown, and wearing a pair of slippers down at the heel. To increase his vexation, she was sitting in an easy chair, with one leg crossed over the other, reading a trashy novel.

"Why, Fanny!" he exclaimed in amazement, for they had been married only a few months, and hitherto he had thought her the pink of neatness.

"Well, what is it?" she asked, looking up. Then noticing the direction of his eyes, she assumed a becoming position. "You don't like my dress, perhaps," she continued; "but really I was too tired to change it."

"What have you been doing all day?" said Harry.

"Oh, reading this," she replied; she colored as she held up the book, and added, "and then it has been so warm!"

Now her husband had been hard at work all through the sultry summer day, and had as usual with him when busy, dined at his office. Yet his attire was neat, and even his hair newly brushed; for he had gone to his chamber to do this before coming into the parlor. It may be supposed, therefore, that he was annoyed at the slovenliness of his wife; the more so as, on looking at the novel, he found it quite a worthless affair. He said nothing, however, except "at least to change your slippers, my dear. You don't know how much I dislike to see a lady slipshod."

"Do you! How odd!" said his wife with a silly laugh, stooping down to pull up the heels of her shoes. "There, that will do, I think. I really can't walk as far as the chamber this warm evening. I wish you would ring for tea, the bell is by you, as I want to finish this chapter."

Her husband sighed, but did as he was bid. The tea came up, and he took his seat, but the chapter was not concluded, and so he was compelled to wait. When at last Mrs. Wentworth came to the table the tea was cold. The meal, under these circumstances, was a dull one, and the husband, after it was over, finding his wife absorbed in her book, lay down on the sofa and finally went to sleep.

Mrs. Wentworth had been the belle of the town before her marriage. Her sprightliness and beauty had been the theme of constant admirations. But these qualities would have failed to have won Harry Wentworth's heart, if they had not been sustained by a most exquisite dress. See Fanny when you would, she was always carefully attired; and as Harry Wentworth was particularly fastidious on this point, he thought himself the happiest of men, when Fanny, one bright summer evening, promised to be his.

But unfortunately, the bride had no real habits of neatness, but only of admiration. It was vanity that induced her, while single, to be careful of her dress; but now, that she was married, she gradually gave way to her natural indolence. The first occasion on which she did this to any glaring extent, was the evening on which our story opens; but it was soon followed up by other exhibitions of slovenliness.

"I do wish, Fanny, that you would dress more neatly," said Mr. Wentworth, in a vexed voice, some months later still. "Night after night I come home and find you in that atrocious wrapper."

"You used to think me pretty enough in any dress," said Mrs. Wentworth testily.

"But I never saw you in one like that before we were married," replied her husband.

"To be sure not," replied Mrs. Wentworth, and she laughed ironically. "I always dressed for company, then, and I do so now."

What could Mr. Wentworth say? If his wife did not think it necessary to keep herself neat in his presence—did not consider him as worthy of pleasing as the comparative strangers whom she called company—it was useless to argue with her; so after tea, the slipshod heels still annoying, with a perceptible hole in the stocking to increase that annoyance, he moodily took his hat and left the house.

At first Mr. Wentworth walked up and down the street, but at last fatigued with this, he stepped into a debating room attached to a tavern. Here he met several acquaintances, and gradually falling into conversation, the evening passed rapidly away.

When he went home, Mrs. Wentworth, looking very sleepy, and a little out of humor, accosted him with, "Where in the world have you been? I have finished my novel an hour ago, and have had nobody to talk to ever since. I am moped to death. There was a time," she added, poutingly, "when nothing in the world could have induced you to spend an evening away from me."

Her husband was on the point of replying in a similar upbraiding style, but he recollected that he had expostulated too often and too vainly, and so he said nothing.

It was another week before Mr. Wentworth spent another evening out. He tried sincerely to stay at home, but his annoyance at his wife's slovenliness was too great, and at last he left her again to her novel and her slipshod heels.

Mr. Wentworth has now become a constant visitor to the debating room, the members of which are chiefly married men, and, if the full truth was known, it would appear, we believe, that most of them, if not all, had wives resembling Mrs. Wentworth. Sometimes there is an undue quantity of brandy and water at these meetings, so that some members, Mr. Wentworth among them, have been understood to go home inebriated. It was on one of these occasions that an intimate friend ventured to expostulate with Mr. Wentworth on his habits.

"It is easy for you to talk," was the bitter reply, "about the felicity of a man's fireside. Your home, I have no question, is a refuge for you when you seek it, tired and dispirited at night; for you have a wife neatly dressed to receive you, a cleanly apartment to sit in, and cheerful conversation. But when I go home, it is to find my wife slipshod, untidy, the room unswep, and the children dirty. Were I to stay at home, what comfort could I find? No, the debating room is far pleasanter to me, and there I will go. If Mrs. Wentworth don't like it, she has no one to blame but herself."

Mrs. Wentworth does not like it, but complains loudly at what she calls her husband's cruel neglect.

We shall leave it to the reader, who has heard both sides of the question, to pronounce who's to blame.

I Think of Thee.

I think of thee when morning comes,
When night has passed away,
And slowly in the east is seen
The monarch of the day.

I think of thee when evening comes,
And sadness steals o'er me,
When nature, gladly seeks repose,
Oh, then I think of thee.

I think of thee oft in the night,
When there is heard no sound,
And nature's hushed in calm repose,
And silence reigns around.

I think of thee in solitude,
To calm this heart of mine,
The very zephyrs seem to breathe,
That you loved name of thine.

I think of thee when far away,
And I long to be a stranger see,
I always have a thought for you,
Oh, have you one for me?

HARLTON'S FIRST WIFE.

BY LINNA LINWOOD.

"I don't think Harlton and Alice Lee ever marry," said my friend to me the other day. "Harlton so well educated, so refined in his manners, so noble and generous, and so handsome! Can you believe he would think of wedding a poor forlorn girl—a sewing girl in his father's family? I tell you 'tis all moonshine; when Harlton marries, it will be all with beauty and wealth, his equal," and Kate's dark eyes flashed, and her cheek flushed as she spoke.

"A queerly beauty; a Cleopatra beauty—you mean that dark flashing beauty, which carries a heart by storm. Oh, Kate! because Alice is not so sparklingly beautiful as your own proud self, don't call her plain. Did you ever see softer, brighter golden hair waving over a fairer, purer brow? Did you ever see eyes so clear, so laughing, so loving in their gaze; on a rounder cheek; or a prettier rosy mouth, or a more graceful form? Did you ever hear a laugh that was merrier, or a step lighter than Alice Lee's?"

"Now," I continued, mischievously, "do you suppose Harry Harlton would rather win this little sunbeam, or the flash of lightning? You say it is moonshine, but I think it will be sunshine, if ever Harry and Alice wed."

"Well perhaps so," said Kate with a sigh, taking up her embroidery. "I suppose she will do to make his clothes, and do his work; for my part I wouldn't exchange places with her."

"Do you know the reason, Kate?"

"There, don't trouble me; you are such a quiz!" and Kate arose and took a seat at the opposite side of the room, and we changed the subject.

I think I never witnessed a more joyous bridal than that of Harry Harlton and Alice Lee. Harry, with his dark sparkling eyes and noble brow, seemed the personification of true manliness, while Alice, in her white bridal dress, with her brow wreathed with pale orange flowers, shrouded in her snowy veil, seemed the loving, trusting creature that she was. Sweet Alice! how happy she was, with her noble souled, high-minded husband, who she loved—yes almost worshipped him. It was wrong, perhaps, yet that joyousness subsided to a calm and quiet peacefulness—a strong, firm and unshaken love and confidence in the one of her choice.

It was a pretty little cottage, with vines climbing over the lattice and over the windows.—That was Alice's home after her marriage. Alice, as was before noticed, was penniless, and her husband was not very wealthy; so with one servant to aid them in their garden, Alice attended to the household duties, while Harlton was away at his office; and when night came, there was always a bright happy face to greet him, and charming loving words to welcome him. O! those days! they passed away. They parted as the waves glide on; they died

as stars go down." There is a little grove with a pretty white fence around it—a plain, white marble slab, with simply "Alice Harlton, aged nineteen," engraved thereon. She died young; it is such the good father calls home, ever surrounded by love and tenderness—perhaps to show us how vain it is to place our affections here.

Poor Harlton! he wandered a broken spirited man. There stood the little cottage. Another summer had come on. The vines clambered again over the window where Alice a year before would wait his return. How lonely, how desolate. There was no joyous face to smile a welcome; there was no soft melodious voice to beguile the evening hours away. For a while he gave up to solitude and sorrow; then came forth into the world's gayeties, as if to drown in mirth the deep heart sorrows.

It was a beautiful evening. I sat alone in my room, and I confess my thoughts were sad; thoughts of the loved and lost come to mind, and the pure sweet image of Alice was among them. The door was suddenly thrown open, and the sparkling, beautiful Kate entered. She smiled gaily, yet came I thought more gently than usual and seated herself by my side.

"You will be surprised, Mary dear," she said "when I tell you my errand. I wish you to be my bridesmaid."

"You then are going to be married," I exclaimed, looking at her dark eyes. She only answered by a laugh, then replied soberly, "I am going to wed the only man I ever loved—Harry Harlton."

I was struck dumb with astonishment, I had no answer to give. At last I said:

"And when?"

"In two weeks. You must be sure and not disappoint me. Let me see; this is Thursday. Come, put on your bonnet, and go with me shopping. We will select our dresses and take them to the mantua-maker, that they may be done in time."

They were married, the stricken man and the beautiful Kate, whose father being wealthy gave them a handsome residence, and the cottage passed into other hands. The furniture of the cottage was sold, and only a few articles remained that spoke of Alice.—These the jealous hearted Kate put out of sight with great care, and the loving smiling face of Alice's picture was turned next the wall in an unoccupied room, and the little gifts she had made for Harry with her own hands were locked up tightly out of sight, as she said to take good care of them.

Poor Harlton! he could not speak the name of Alice, but the bitter, scornful voice of Kate would reproach him and taunt him for his words; he could not wander up stairs and look at the little hidden picture for the eagle eye of Kate followed him. He could whisper of her in his dreams and smile as her image came across his imagination, yet a week of scornful displeasure from his wife was the penalty.

At this state of sadness and misery he sought in the wine cup that forgetfulness he could not obtain elsewhere, yet his memory returned, and again and again he sought its sparkling brim to drown his recollection.

And poverty came, slowly creeping on. The splendid mansion was sold, drinking and gambling did it; and only until wretchedness and bodily misery aroused him, did he awake to his degraded situation. Kate had refused to aid him, but urged his daughter to leave her husband, and again return to her childhood's home; yet the proud woman who had been the means of all this misery, scorned to love her husband in the hours of his adversity. Watching over him tenderly by night, working for his support by day, long weeks and months passed on. Oh, Kate! what had jealousy to the loved and lost done for thee.

"What a pity! what a shame! That was the husband of sweet Alice Lee!"

The remark reached her ear; it stung him to the heart. He was on the way to one of his drunken revels, yet he paused and looked with wonder and astonishment around him. And that name! with it came the little, and the smiling face, the grave in the church-yard, and his overwhelming grief. Oh then, how he cursed the spirit of intemperance, and in his heart, by the name of that sainted wife, he resolved to begin anew, and again be a man.

There is a little cottage where the vines clambered, and the birds sang many years ago. There is an old gentleman and lady, they are called grand-pa and grand-ma by many of the little sons of the village. The old man with his thin white locks, still bears traces of manly strength, and lustrous, yet softened by the trials of years, and with a world of love and tenderness mirrored forth in her even now beautiful face. It is Mr. and Mrs. Harlton, strutting their way with deeds of love and kindness.

There are two pictures hanging, side by side, over the mantle-piece of the old fashioned parlor; beneath them is a gilded scroll, with the inscription fancifully penned in Kate's own hand—the two brides. One with the soft loving blue eyes and sweet smiles, will be recognized as Alice and the other, with its dark, quietly beauty, is Kate.

"I have told the tale as it was told to me," she said, "but there is a moral; if so, the object of the writer is gained."

The Process of Oyster Dredging.

A very large proportion of people who eat oysters have at best but an indefinite idea of the way in which these interesting bivalves are

fished out of the deep, to supply their plates and satisfy their appetites. Some may imagine that they are picked off the rocks, like the Irishman's gold dollars from the streets; others, that they are the mysterious product of the restaurants, obtained by merely knocking apart their shells; while many have some indefinite notion of a process of planting oysters in the mud, in shallow water, to be procured, when wanted, by dexterous manipulations of rakes or tongs, like potatoes from a hill. This latter mode of catching oysters is one most common in Northern water—the oysters having first been brought from the South, and "bedded" here; as it is thought that, by this transplantation, they are much improved in flavor. There are, however, some varieties of the native oyster that are held in the highest esteem by epicures—being of extraordinary size and superior flavor, and as these are to be found only in deep water, rendering the process of catching them quite laborious, their market value is much enhanced. Of New York, native oysters, the "East Rivers" are most in favor,—the market prices for which range from \$1.50 to \$5 per hundred. These are caught by "dredging." During the autumn months, the attention of travellers on Long Island Sound is invariably attracted by the large fleets of sailing craft that never fail to meet the eye, when the wind is fair, tacking hither and thither, and stretching away on either side, as far as the limits of vision extend. Frequently, upwards of one hundred may be counted at once, all under canvas, and presenting a beautiful appearance. Of these, many are coasting vessels—which may always be seen dotting the blue waters of Long Island Sound,—but the greater number are fishing smacks, dredging for oysters. Such fleets are encountered at intervals, all the way from Throg's Neck to Whitestone and Norwalk, Connecticut—which points embrace the fishing-ground for "East Rivers." The "dredge" is a sort of drag net, made of the strongest materials, and holding about two bushels. This is lowered to the bottom, and towed after the vessels by a stout rope, varying from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet in length, according to the depth of the water. Frequently, as many as half a dozen dredges at once—each one being hauled in every ten minutes, and emptied of its contents of oysters, mud and stones, which it may have scooped up, while dragging on the bottom. The process is slow and laborious—as hauling in so great a weight, with the vessel sailing under a three or six knot breeze, is no slight task—and not less than four or five days' constant labor are required to complete a full load. It is customary for the smacks to start out on Monday and deliver their cargoes at market on Friday or Saturday; though shorter trips are sometimes made. On the best grounds, one hundred bushels per day are taken; but the average yielding is far less. This mode of catching oysters is also practised in the waters of Chesapeake Bay, whence are taken the greater part of the oysters brought to the North to be planted—thousands of cargoes of which are shipped hither every year.

Delinquents.

Fine Fellows—The man who never refuses to lend you money, and the fellow who is courting your sister.

Genial People—The young lady who lets her mother do the ironing, for fear of spreading her hands. The miss who wears thin shoes on a rainy day, and the young gentleman who is ashamed to be seen walking with his father.

Industrious People—The young lady who reads romances in bed; the friend who is always engaged when you call, and the correspondent who cannot find time to answer your letters.

Timid People—A lover about to pop the question; a man who does not like to be shot at, and a steamboat company with a cholera case on board.

Dreadful Men—A cit in a country town; a midshipman on the quarter deck, and a school committee on examination day.

Persecuted People—Woman, by that tyrant, man; boys by their parents and teachers, and all poor people by society at large.

Mean People—The man who kicks people when they are down, and the subscriber who refuses to pay for his paper.

Mr. Showman, what Animal is that! "That, my dear, is the rhinoceros. He is cousin German or Dutch relative to the unicorn. He was born in the desert of Sary Ann, and fed on bamboo and missionaries. He is very courageous and never leaves home unless he moves, in which case he goes somewhere else unless overtaken by the dark. He was brought to this country much against his own will, which accounts for his low spirit, when he's melancholy or dejected. He is now somewhat aged, although he has seen the day when he was the youngest specimen of animated nature in the world. Pass on, my little dear, and allow the ladies to surway the wisdom of Providence as displayed in the ring tailed monkey, a animal that can stand hanging like a faller critter, only it's reversed."