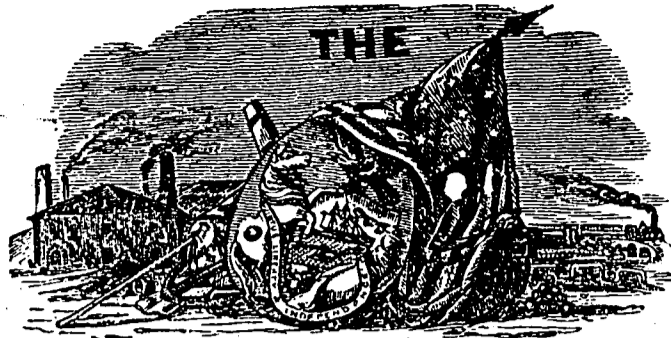


Lehigh



Register.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

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

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

Poetical Department.

Too Young to Love.

They say you are too young to love—
Too young to be unled;
In scorn they bid us both renounce
The vows that we have plighted,
They send thee forth to see the world,
Thy love by absence trying;
Then go; for I can smile farewell—
Upon thy truth relying.
I know that pleasure's hand will throw
Her silken nets about thee;
I know how lonesome I shall find
The long, long days without thee;
But in thy letters there'll be joy
The reading—the replaying;
I'll kiss each word that's traced by thee—
Upon thy truth relying.
When friends applaud thee, I'll sit by,
In silent rapture gazing;
And, ho! how proud of being loved
By her they have been praising!
But should detection breathe thy name,
The world's reproof defying,
I'd love thee—laud thee—trust the still—
Upon thy truth relying.
E'en those who smile to see us part,
Shall see us meet with wonder;
Such trials only make the heart
That truly loves grow fonder.
Our sorrows past shall be our pride,
When with each other vying;
Thou wilt confide in him, who lives
Upon thy truth relying.

Miscellaneous Selections.

Discovery of Antiquities in Greece.

The Athenæum of the 12th of April [No. 1221] announced, that the "Risorgimento of Turin reports the discovery of ancient Greek manuscripts under circumstances and in terms which demand that we should hear something more about it before we yield our faith to the entire record." The following circumstances connected with these asserted discoveries justify the critical scepticism of the Athenæum.

M. Simonides, the alleged discoverer, visited Athens in the year 1848, and became the object of much attention.

M. Khangabe, Professor of Archaeology at the University of Athens, has published a critical examination of these pretended discoveries in a literary journal published at Athens—*Pandora*, No. 23, February, 1851. The learned Professor proves very satisfactorily, that every manuscript of an ancient work which M. Simonides has allowed others to examine, and every work which he has published, has turned out to be a modern fabrication. Still, it is not improbable that M. Simonides may possess old manuscripts of considerable value; but as he seems incapable of appreciating their real importance, he is perhaps converting curious documents relating to mediæval history into palimpsest copies of Leipzig classics.

An interesting discovery, of a more authentic nature than the adventures of M. Simonides in the caves of Mount Athos, has lately been made at Athens. Unfortunately, the Minister of Public Instruction has given an air of mystery to the result of the discovery by exerting his official influence for the purpose of concealing the exact truth from the learned world in Europe.

An Athenian lady, named Madame Pomas in building a house in one of the streets leading up the northern slope between the Acropolis and the Areopagus, discovered about forty fragments of inscriptions amidst the building materials which were dug up in the court of her house. M. Pittakis, the conservator of this discovery carried on an excavation, under the auspices of the Archaeological Society, to the depth of about 2 feet. About thirty or forty additional fragments of inscriptions, and several relics of sculpture and architecture of considerable merit, but much injured, were found. The excavation was stopped by Madame Pomas, at only a narrow path was left to her dwelling, purchase her property. The mysterious course

pursued by the Minister of Public Instruction with regard to the claims of science holds out little hope that the Government will act honestly with regard to the rights of property.

The fragments brought to light are, pieces of inscription, heads of busts, cornices, columns, and large blocks of stone belonging to the foundation of an ancient building. But the whole was a mere mass of rubbish, and consist of fragments or blocks not in their original position. Mention is, however, made in several of the fragments of the Senate-house;—and this is considered as affording proof that the Senate-house, the Metroon, and the other buildings in which the Athenian archives were preserved, stood in this vicinity. But with regard to this point a difference of opinion may arise,—and it was the duty of the Minister of Public Instruction to act as the guardian of truth.—In the interest of the learned throughout all Europe he is called on to verify the facts.

Col. Leakes in 'The Topography of Athens,' and Prof. P. W. Forchhammer in his 'Topographie von Athen,' place the Senate-house and the Metroon on the southern slope between the Acropolis and the Areopagus. Prof. Rose in the map of Athens in his essay against the temple of Theseus, and Mr. Pittakis, in his 'Ancienne Athenes,' on the other hand, indicate the site of these buildings near the present discoveries. The fact of ancient foundations having been found in their original position and many inscriptions with the word *Bouleuterion*, would probably be considered decisive in favor of the site of the excavation;—but some blocks not in their original place and fragments of inscriptions that may have been transported from one ruin to another repair, can prove nothing.

The question, therefore, arises,—How many inscriptions relating to the Senate-house have now been discovered?—and this question is involved in mystery. There is no doubt that many fragments with the word *Bouleuterion* already exist in the Government collection of inscriptions. Now the fragments recently discovered have been carried to this Museum before any of the scholars at Athens have been allowed to verify their identity,—though M. Rangabe and M. Pappadopoulos would have afforded the learned world the necessary guarantees of learning and character. By mixing twenty fragments with ten found in the recent excavation, and producing thirty with word *Bouleuterion* as if these had been newly discovered, evidence in favor of the site may be fabricated. Prof. Boeckh, in his great work, 'Corpus Inscriptionum Græcarum,' complains of a fraud somewhat similar having already been attempted at Athens. M. Rangabe, however, was not allowed to inspect and copy the inscriptions at the time when they were found,—and he has been refused admittance into the National Museum in which they are preserved by the Minister of Public Instruction.

The pretext for this refusal is, that being a member of the National Institute of France of the Royal Society of Literature in London and of several learned Academies in Germany he might send copies of these inscriptions to M. Raoul-Rochette, Col. Leake, or the editors of the 'Corpus Inscriptionum Græcarum,' who could make good use of them,—and Greece might thus be deprived of the honor of being the first to publish her discoveries. The Minister of Public Instruction on these ground refuses the Professor of Archaeology in the University of Athens permission to inspect marbles deposited in the building containing the casts of the Elgin marbles. This goes far to justify Lord Elgin.

Several of the inscriptions recently discovered belong to the classic period,—and two fragments of a decree have been found in which the word *Bouleuterion* occurs. It is engraved *stochedon* but much defaced. Mr. Pittakis says, however, that he has been able to copy the whole.

A Noble Prussian Girl.

During the seven years' war, the exertion of the Prussians in that critical moment to support the fallen fortunes of their indefatigable monarch, were truly worthy of a luminous character in the records of history;—but they were far outdone by the public sacrifices which were voluntarily made by individuals to repel the encroachments of the armies of France in the year 1806. Each family contributed in different ways to the expenses of war—even the poorest hordes gave in their mite for the general good, though it deprived their families of many a little luxury which they had before been used to. In one of the romantic valleys of Silesia, lived a young girl of surpassing beauty—the pride and delight of her parent—whose only occupation was to attend to flocks and bear the scant produce of their little farm to a neighboring town. Ella, like the wild flowers, had grown and bloomed in obscurity, adorned and beautified by the unerring hand of nature. She had seen but little of the world, until the trump of war sounded over the country, and echoed discordantly amidst the recesses of her solitude,—and when in consequence of her injuries, her father was obliged to tell her of the distracted state of her native land, the indig-

nant blush and high heaving of her bosom, proclaimed how much she felt for her enterprising sovereign and the brave people who were arrayed to defend his dominions. 'Heaven grant us the victory,' exclaimed she in the patriotic enthusiasm of her soul. 'I would, father, that nature had made me strong enough to fight.'

The old man only smiled a reply, and kissing her rosy cheek, bade her keep out of the way of the soldiers.

The caution was scarcely needed. Ella knew where to find one whom she might gaze upon for hours—and who though not dressed out in the trappings of the military, was more to her than all the world besides. She was soon at the mountain's slope watching her herd, and listening to the mellow notes as they flowed from the pipe of Adolphe—a fine featured young man who sat at her feet, gazing tenderly upon her smiling face.

'That hair of yours, Ella,' said he, laying down the instrument, 'I would give the world for one little lock, and he ran his fingers through the glossy tresses, as they hung luxuriously around her finely moulded shoulders.

'The world is not yours to give, Adolphe,' said she archly, 'but do you only love me for my curls, which you are always praising?'

'I love you for yourself, dear Ella,' but these rich ringlets which might grace a queen I almost idolize them, and you refuse to bestow upon me one little tress.'

'Have I not reason? Were I to give you a lock I might never see you again, for then you would have your idol by you, and I should be forgotten. No, Adolphe, first prove yourself worthy of the gift, and then you shall have not only a tress, but my hand too, if you desire it.'

'Tell me how to become worthy of so estimable a gift,' exclaimed the enraptured youth, 'and I will follow the path you point out.'

'There it is,' answered the maiden, pointing towards Breslau, and looking her lover fixedly in the face.

'And what am I to do in Breslau?'

'Join the brave men who are struggling for our liberties, and ten-fold shall be the love of Ella.'

A slight blush overspread the face of Adolphe, he bade her farewell, and was soon lost in the recess of the valley.

There was more courtliness in the speech of Adolphe than generally falls to the lot of the unfortunate mountaineers of Silesia; and Ella thought, as he wended his way down the narrow defile, that there was more dignity in his mien than she had ever before observed, she scarcely dare ask herself who he was; for he had been but a short time among the shepherds, and no one knew aught of his birth or profession; but every one loved him for his generosity and nobleness of spirit.

'My hair,' said Ella, as the youth vanished from her sight, 'I will dress it for his sake. They say it is rich and beautiful.—Ah! how freely would I destroy each ample tress, and scatter it upon the winds, did he not love to smooth it with his fingers.'

Months rolled away, and Ella watched her herds in sadness, for nothing was heard of her Adolphe, and the demon of war continued to spread his desolation over the land.

It was proposed to raise a sum by contribution among the inhabitants of the mountain, which should be placed in the general fund and appropriated to the use of the defenders of the King. When the father of Ella was called upon for his proportion he had nothing to give, and the noble hearted girl then, for the first time, felt the want of wealth.

'Father, let us sell our flocks,' said she, 'we will be amply repaid in the freedom we shall enjoy; and when peace comes again, I'm sure I can get work for you.'

'No, my daughter,' answered the old man, 'our country requires no sacrifice, we must not deprive ourselves of the means of a livelihood.'

Ella reflected for a long while and formed a thousand plans for raising a sum of money that was worthy of being given in aid of the patriotic cause; but all her schemes were impracticable, had she even went in solitude for her inability to serve her country.

'Would that these locks were wires of gold,' exclaimed she, running her fingers through the clustering tresses as they dangled in the wind,—what I might give them for the general good. Can they not be sold? I will go to Breslau and offer them; they may bring but a trifle, yet they are all I have to bestow. But Adolphe—when he returns and beholds me deprived of my greatest beauty—what will he say? Alas! he will turn from me—he will love me no more. Well, be it so, I will sacrifice even his love to the cause of Liberty.'

She accordingly proceeded to Breslau, and offered her hair to the first friseur in the city. The loveliness of the young girl, and the novelty of her offer, caused the person to enquire why she robbed herself of such beautiful tresses. On receiving her answer he was astonished at the extraordinary disinterested patriotism displayed by one so young and interesting.

'I will take the locks my pretty girl,' said he admiring the softness of their texture, and turn them into bracelets. Every body will buy them when they know whose hair they are made of.'

The delighted girl received the proffered sum and flew to add it to the general fund. The friseur had predicted right; the story got wind, and ladies and gentlemen of the city flocked to the store to purchase the bracelets marked Ella. Among others a young man of high rank, hearing the story, endeavored to obtain one of the articles.—The vendor had but one left, and as he had already realized a considerable sum from their sale, he intended to keep that for himself. The officer examined the color and texture of the hair, when his eyes fell upon the name of Ella, a smile of pride and gratitude curled his lip, and he uttered, 'It must be she!' He emptied his purse upon the counter, and told the man to take it all for the bracelet, and dazzled by the sight of so much gold, he readily consented. The officer left the shop with the treasure pressed to his lips.

'Ella,' said Adolphe, as he sat by the side of the mountain maid, 'where are those luxuriant locks that formerly hung around your neck? I went and bought at your bidding, and now I come to claim my reward.'

'Adolphe,' answered she, 'I became jealous of my hair; your heart became entangled among its curls; the more I combed them, the more they wept around your heart, and so I cut them off. Do you love me without my locks, Adolphe?'

'Love you, Ella? Could I do less than worship you, since you have so nobly married your beauty for the benefit of your country? Look at this bracelet—the hair is yours—the name is yours!'

'Thus caught, the generous girl thought it useless to deny the facts here recorded. She confessed all, and shortly after became the wife of the stranger, Adolphe, Count of Ruthland.'

An old Soldier's Story.

A few days since I stopped at the public house in Colorado, and while my horse was feeding, I sat down in the bar-room, and heard a sensible old man relate the substance of the enclosed account.

During the revolutionary war there was a point of land on the Jersey side of the Hudson, and not far distant from New York, which was the scene of a bloody conflict.—There were about three hundred acres next to the river from which the wood and timber has been cleared off, and at the back of this was a forest. On the cleared point a large number of fat cattle, destined to supply the American army, were placed. Four or five miles distant, in New Jersey, there were three thousand light infantry under command of Lafayette. I was one of that detachment. Our business was to see that the cattle were not taken out by the enemy. One morning intelligence was brought into the camp, that several vessels approached and that a large body of British soldiers were landing. My regiment was immediately ordered to the point.—Rufus Putnam, a nephew of the old General, was Colonel, and he was well stocked with the Putnam mettle. He was a brave officer indeed.—I could never discern that he was not just as cool and self-possessed when going into battle, as when sitting in his tent. We made a hurried march, and upon approaching the edge of the woods, the Colonel ordered the adjutant to go forward and see where the troops were and what was their number. The adjutant soon returned, and reported they were forming on the shore in three columns, containing about one thousand each. "Then," said the Colonel, "tell Lafayette to come on." When the adjutant had gone, Col. Putnam rode up to my captain, who was of insurrection memory, and said, "Well, Captain Shay, shall we be playing with them until the General comes?"

"Yes replied Capt. Shay."

Orders were soon given to advance to the open land upon the point. We now stood face to face with our foes. Firing very soon commenced. The cannon from the shipping in the river poured forth their volleys, and the small arms did fatal execution. Col. Putnam rode back and forth in front of the regiments calm as a man at home, though the balls were whistling around him in every direction. We worked very fast, and for one regiment made a good deal of noise. The corporal at my right hand received two balls through his body, and fell dying. I was young, and a dying fern at my feet, bleeding and grasping, might perhaps cause my color to fade a little. Capt. Shay stepped forward: "George," said he, "never mind it, I will take his place," and he was as good as his word; he took the corporal's gun and used it. He was bold and kind; I will give him his due; though he has been unworthy since; for we stood shoulder to shoulder that day of peril. I was loading my gun the twenty-second time, when General Lafayette with the main body of the light infantry issued from the wood. Never shall I forget the feeling of that moment. Wellington was hardly more pleased

to see Blucher in the battle of Waterloo, than we to see our brother in arms.—The main body formed at once upon our left.—Lafayette rode forward. He was an elegant officer—and never did he fill my eye so entirely as at that moment: though a stripling in appearance, in action he was a man, and had Cornwallis seen him as we then saw him, he would not have called him "the boy," said he, "how dared you to fire before I arrived?"

"Oh," said the Colonel, "I thought I would be playing with them a little."
Lafayette at that moment seemed full of fire and energy—turning towards the line, and with a loud and distinct voice, marked by his French accents—he said—"One fire! the whole charge bayonets, rush on and drive them where the devil drove the hog!"

The effects of his words and his presence was astonishing. Every heart beat quick and full. We did rush on, and such a scene of carnage my eyes never saw. At first the British force charged to us, but they could not stand against us, and fled from the shore; we followed and drove them into the water; of three thousand, about fifteen hundred got aboard of the vessel—the rest were slain, and most of them at the point of the bayonet.

I have described to you the most painfully interesting and horrid scene I have ever witnessed. I never enjoyed killing men. I fought because I thought it my duty.

The Church and the Tavern.

In the year 1798, when Louis the Sixteenth was beheaded and the French revolution was in full blast I was a thorough going radical. With seventeen more of our club, I was marched, under a guard of the king's officers, and lodged in Edinburgh jail. After a summary hearing, I got liberty to banish myself, and accordingly I took passage in the good ship Providence, and landed at New York in June, 1791. I was then in my twenty-second year. When the ship cast off from the wharf, in Scotland, and swung around with the breeze, my father stood upon the shore. He waved a last adieu, and exclaimed, "Remember the Sabbath day, and the next day being the Sabbath, at nine o'clock, A. M. three young men of our company called at my lodgings.

"Where are you going to day?" they inquired. "To the church," I replied.

"We have been ten weeks at sea; our health requires exercise. Let us walk out to day and go to church next Sabbath," they replied.

"Said I, "you can go where you please, but I'll go to church: the last words I heard from my father were, "Remember the Sabbath day;" and, had I no respect for the Fourth Commandment, I have not yet forgotten his last advice."

"They went to the fields: I went to the church; they spent forty or fifty cents in the tavern: I put a one penny bill in the plate, in the morning, afternoon and night service: total three pence. They continued going into the country, and in process of time the landlady's daughter, and the landlady's niece would join their company.—Then each couple hired a gig, at two dollars a day; wine, cake and ice cream on the road fifty cents each time; dine at Jamaica one dollar each. They got home at eight o'clock, P. M., half drunk, and, having been caught in a thunder shower their coats, hats and mantles, were damaged fifty per cent.—They arose the next morning at nine o'clock, A. M., with sore heads, sore hearts, muddy boots, and angry consciences, besides twelve dollars lighter than when they started. I went to church, rose at five o'clock, A. M.; head sound, heart light, bones refreshed, conscience quiet and commences the labors of the week in peace and plenty. They were all mechanics; some of them could earn twelve dollars a week. My business that of a wrought nail maker, was poor; the cut nail machines had just got into operation which cut down my wages to a shaving.—With close application, I could only earn five dollars and fifty cents per week. Never mind at the end of the year, my Sabbath-riding-ship-mates, had fine coats, fine hats powdered heads, and ruffled shirts; but I had one hundred hard dollars piled in the corner of my chest. Having lived fast, they died early. Nearly forty winters are past and forty summers ended, since the last was laid in the Putters, or some other field:—while I, having received from my Maker a good constitution, (and common sense to take care of it), I am as sound in mind, body and spirit, as I was on this day fifty-six years ago, when first I set my foot on shore at Governor's wharf, New York." Besides, it is a fact (for which my family can vouch) I have been only one day confined to the house by sickness, during all that period.

Now, Mr. Printer, I dare say you think, with me, that the church on the Sabbath is better than the tavern and fields for the laboring man.

The editor of the Iowa Statesman says in a late paper:
No such editorial this week—can't help it—another bouncing big boy in his chanty, only happens once a year.

The Deaf Wives.

The incident we are about to relate occurred some years since, in the Granite State, and as we abide beyond striking distance of the parties and their immediate friends, we shall be a little more free in our description of circumstances than we otherwise should be.

Nathaniel Ela, or "Uncle Nat," as he was generally called, was the corpulent rubicund and jolly old landlord of the best hotel in the flourishing village of Dover, in the Piscataqua, and was excessively fond of a bit of fun withal. He was also the owner of a large farm in New Durham, about twenty miles distant, the overseer of which was one Caleb Ricker, or "Boss Kale," as termed by the numerous hands under his control, and sufficiently waggish for all practical purposes of fun and frolic. Caleb like a wise and prudent man, had a wife; and so had "Uncle Nat," who was accustomed to visit his farm every month or two to see how matters went on. On the occasion of one of these visits, the following dialogue occurred between Uncle Nat and Mistress Ricker.

"Why to tell you the truth, Mrs. Ricker," said Uncle Nat, "I have been thinking about it, for some time but then she is so very deaf as to render conversation with her extremely difficult—in fact it requires the greatest effort to make her hear any thing that is said to her; and she is consequently very reluctant to mingle in the society of strangers."

"If you think so, and will risk it," said Uncle Nat, "she shall accompany me on my next visit to the farm; and this having been agreed on, Uncle Nat left for the field, to acquaint Boss Kale with what had passed, and with the plan of future operations, touching the promised visit of his wife.

It was finally settled between the *wicked ways* that the fact that their wives could both hear as well as any body, should be kept a profound secret, until disclosed by a personal interview of the ladies themselves.

The next time Uncle Nat was about to "visit the farm," he suggested to his wife that a ride into the country would be of service to her; that Mrs. Ricker, who had never seen her, was very anxious to receive a visit from her, and proposed that she should accompany him on that occasion.—She readily consented, and they were soon on their journey. They had not, however, proceeded far, when Uncle Nat observed to her that he was sorry to inform her that Mrs. Ricker was extremely deaf, and she would be under the necessity of elevating her voice to the highest pitch, in order to converse with her. Mrs. Ela regretted the misfortune but thought as she had a pretty strong voice, she would be able to make her friend hear her. In a few hours after, Uncle Nat and his lady drove up to the door of his country mansion, and Boss Ricker, who had been previously informed of the time of Uncle Nat's intended arrival, was already in waiting to help enjoy the fun that was to come of a meeting of the Deaf Wives! Mrs. Ricker, not expecting them at the time, happened to be engaged with her domestic duties in the kitchen; but observing her visitors through the window, she flew to the glass to adjust her cap and put herself in the best trim to receive them, that the moment would allow. In the meantime, Boss Kale had ushered Uncle Nat and his lady in the parlor, by way of the front door, soon after which, Mrs. Ricker appeared in the presence of her guests.

"Mrs. Ricker, I will take you acquainted with Mrs. Ela," roared Uncle Nat, in a voice of thunder.

"How do you do, madam," screamed Mrs. Ricker to Mrs. Ela, with her mouth close to the ear of the latter.

"Very well, I thank you," replied Mrs. E., in a tone of corresponding elevation.

"How did you leave your family?" continued Mrs. R., in a voice quite up to the pitch of her first effort.

"All very well, I thank you—how's your family?" returned Mrs. E., in a key which called into requisition all the power of her lungs.

In the meantime, Uncle Nat and Boss Kale, who were convulsed beyond the power of endurance, had quietly stolen out of the door, and remained under the window, listening to the boisterous conversation of their deaf wives, which was continued on the same elevated letter of the staff for some time. Mrs. R., in the same ledger-line key she had served from the first, thus addressed the lady guest:

"What on earth are you hallooing at my for—I a't deaf?"

"A't you, indeed?" said Mrs. E., "but pray what are you hallooing to me for—I'm sure I'm not deaf!"

Each, then, came gradually down to her ordinary key, when a burst of laughter from Uncle Nat and Boss Kale, at the widow, revealed the whole trick, and even the ladies themselves were compelled to join in the merriment they had afforded the outsiders by the ludicrous character of their interview.

They have a pumpkin in Mobile, which was raised in that vicinity, weighing 116 pounds.