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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.

# Voetical.

THE PAST.

Where are the men who nobly stood On Bunker's heights in days gone by; When rivulets run red with blood, And War unclosed his sleeping eye? Where are the men who led the van Of Freedom's army boldly on ; And myriads, since the world began,
That fought, and bled, and nobly won?

All to the grave gone down, they live In memories of the storied Past; They gave us all they had to give, Their bright example, and 'tis cast In glorious colors o'er us yet, To gild our country's young renown;
As when the orb of day has set, Fair hues upon the sky are thrown !

The Past! the Past! the storied Past! Bright deeds lie buried in thy grave; But like sweet flower seeds idly cast, By the rude winds when tempests rave, Upon the ground, they spring to life, And bloom in beauty fresh and rarely And praises of their charms are rife, As mountain top is rife with air.

### O SING THAT SONG TO ME AGAIN.

O sing that song to me again, It has a witching power; It lulls to rest each thought of pain, And tree, and shrub, and flower, Look lovelier as its lutelike strains
Are echoing through the air;
O sing that song to me again,
"Twill soften every care.

Come, tune thy harp with thrilling sound, And sing with cadence low;
'Twill cause my heart with joy to bound,
My cheek with life to glow.

It breathes of friendship pure and warm, That feeling born of heaven! It throws around a soothing charm.
E'en though the heart seems riven.

It falls on my enraptured ear, I feel its magic power:
But still it brings no rising tear,
No smile in this calm hour. There is a witchery in that lay, It lulls each thought of pain;
If thou wouldst banish care away,
O sing that song again.

# Odds and Ends.

Things that you never, by any accident get a Lady (be Young or Old) to confess to. - That she laces tight. That her shoes are too small for her. That she is ever tired at a ball. That she paints. That she is as old as she looks .--That she has kept you waiting. That she blushes when a certain person's name is mentioned. That she ever says a thing she doesn't mcan. That she is fond of scandal. That she -she of all persons in the world-is in love.-That she can't keep a secret. The she docsn't want a new bonnet. That she can do with one single thing less when about to travel. That she hasn't the disposition of an angel, or temper of a saint-or else how could she go through one-half of what she does. That she doesn' know better than every one else what is best for her. That she is a flirt, or a coquette.-That she is ever in the wrong .- Punch's Pocket

The following lines are posted up in the church in Worcester, Mass. They would not bo out of place in other latitudes:

Ye chewers of the 'noxious weed Which grows on earth's most cursed sod, Be pleased to clean your filthy mouths Outside the sacred 'House of God,' Throw out your 'plug' and 'Cavendish,'
Your 'tail,' your 'twist,' and 'honey-dew,
And not presume to spit upon

The pulpet, aisle, or in the pew.' The hotels of California are rather primitive. A friend of ours put up at the mines, and that our readers may have some idea of his bedroom furniture, we would state that he washed in a half pumpkin, and dressed his hair with a curry comb.

For sea-sickness, stay at home. For drunkenness, drink cold water. For health, rise early. For accidents, keep out of danger. To keep out of jail, pay your debts. To be happy, be honest. To please all, mind your business. To prosper, advertise and pay the printer.

An Exchange tells an incredible story of a boy who caught a hungry dog and tied him by the tail, and then coaxed him out of his skin with a piece of liver.

An association is about to be started by the up town ladies, to be called "Know Everything."

Why is a muff like a silly gentleman? Because it holds a lady's hand without squeez-

I have not loved lightly," as the man said when he married a widow weighing three hundred pounds.

Why was the first day of Adam's life the longest ever known? Because it had no Eve! The closk of religion, Punch says, this garment "may be known sometimes by the fine nap.it has during sermon time."

. BAHIBY JOURNAL --- HEUTBAL IN POLITIUS.

Amusement, Agriculture, Education, Morality, General Mews. nnù.

ALLENTOWN, PA., DECEMBER 6, 1854.

NUMBER 10

# A Revolutionary Cale .. RALPH LEONARD,

# Marion and his Men.

VOLUME IX

During the dark hour of the American Revolution, few men spread more terror among the ranks of the English soldiery than Gen. Francis Marion. Unlike most of the officers of note belonging to the Continental establishment. who came out, as a British colonel once expressed it, and fought 'like christians and gentlemen in the open field," Marion preferred another course of action. Lying secreted among his men in the swamps and almost impervious forests of the South, he would sally forth by night with his well tried band, scamper across the moonlit plains, and making a sudden and unexpected rush upon the enemy, spread confusion and dismay among his ranks.

At the period at which we are writing there were two parties in the Carolinas, one loyal to King George and opposed to the war, and were known by the title of Tories, the other ready to stake their all upon the great game of independence and known as Whigs.

A feeling of bitter animosity had had become engendered in the hearts of those two parties against each other, and acts of cruelty were as common as the withered leaves upon the forest trees in Autumn.

Ralp Leonard, the hero of our tale, was a fine oung man of about twenty-five, with an easy, dignified carriage, an interesting, intelligent countenance, and a smile as sweet as his frown was terrible when he had occasion for anger.-He belonging to the Whig party, and hated the tories with a bitterness which increased with every act of atrocity on their part, and made him a most formidable enemy to their success. In Marion as a private, but his talents were quickly apprehended by the General, and he was taken as his aid with the nominal rank of

Willet Lounsbury was a man of about for'y, keen eye that gave a bold expression to his return you in safety to my arms?' swarthy features.—He was shunned by a large portion of the inhabitants and he often express- along the highway, bearing the erect and stately ter sneer. Most people had sort of awe of him to her father's home. and seemed rather to wish to cultivate this feelng than to do away with it by any act of courtesy on their part. He was crabbed and surlish to a degree, and to used roam about the fields in a sullen mood, muttering to himselfand growling about something or other continually, as though he was discontented with himself and all the lived on the loneliness of a small farm left him avoided by his neighbors whom he seemed to wish to keep at a distance. In the neighborhood where young Leonard and Lounsbury resided, there dwelt an opulent farmer by the name of Hewitt, who had owned a large numof slaves, and had become noted to all the country around by his hospitality and courteous bearing.

Many were the visitors who frequented the Colonel's mansion, and at times it seemed more like a large hotel than the dwelling of a country gentleman. Whether the smiles of a planter's daughter had anything to do with the drawing thither so many people, I leave it to my readers to determine.

Mary Hewitt-thou wast a sweet girl, Mary, with thy bright black eyes, thy finely rounded form, and dark brown hair, that hung in ringlets round thy oval bronette cheeks. Yes thou was pretty, else why did so many young men call to inquire after the health of the Colonel ? Surely they must have felt an uncommon deep interest in the old gentleman's welfare, did they not? And why before the breaking out of the war, did young Ralph Leonard used to spend so many winter evenings at the mansion?-Ah! Mary I suspect that thou has much to answer for. Those bright black eyes I fear | ded himself to the tory party by several deeds. looked too deeply into the heart of my young hero, or he would not thus be hanging about thy home.

It was the beginning of the year 1776 and the war of the Revolution was drenching the appearance at the out-posts, and had expressed fields of America in blood, and many of her bravest and noblest slept a sleep that knows no | The captain therefore rose and dressed himself waking. "In a little lane leading from the mansion of Col. Hewitt to the highway, two ted. A moment more, and Willet Lounsburry young persons might have been seen walking was ushered into his presence. arm in arm towards a noble steed that stood ready saddled and hitched to a huge poplar, which threw its shadow to the ground. It was about nine o'clock in the evening, and the moon this unseasonable hour?' was shining down brightly through the crisp wintry air, and its rays fell like showers of liquid silver on the frozen waters of many a glittering stream, and lighted up the countonances of the two individuals as they strolled down the if not a little better.'

lane.-There was something almost radient in fell upon her features, while the face of the young man looked rather solemn and care-worn.

'And so Ralph, you have decided to enter the army, and join the valient Marion?' said the lady, whom the reader will have no difficulty in conjecturing, was none other than Mary Hewitt. Well sorry as I am to part with you, I cannot but commend your resolution. The country now requires the service of every arm that can wield a sword, and dearly as I love you, I cannot but let my seifish feelings detain you from the right path and from your duty.'

'Ah, can I forget thee, Mary! But as you say, I must go where my country needs men .-The torics are mustering their forces and committing depredations throughout the State; and last night I heard the villain Lounsbury had gone off and joined the lovalists. If I ever meet with that fellow I will-

'I suppose that you did know that he was a

ival of yours?" 'Not I, indeed, I supposed he was callous to female charms.'

'It seems you were mistaken then. longer than the night before last he did me the honor to come here and make me an offer of his hand. As for his heart I suppose that he has none to give.'

'If he had one it is of steel. But what answer did you make him?'

'Oh, you know well enough Ralph! But in my refusal I was as gentle and courteous as I well could be, I did not wish to wound his feelings too much.'

' And he appreciated your delicacy ?' 'Indeed he did not. He flew into a violent passion, turned almost black in the face with rage, swore he would marry me sometime or another, and left in a towering passion.'

'Mary, that Lounsburry is a dangerous fellow. He meditates mischief, and it would be well for the early part of this war he had joined the flory you to be upon your guard. If he has as reported gone off and joined the lovalists he may have it in his power to do you a lasting

injury. You must be on your guard.'
'I shall be watchful love. But it is getting chilly here, I must go back to the house, for with coal black hair, slightly sprinkled with father will be wondering what has become of grey, an erect and martial figure, and bright me. Good night and may God bless you and

The next moment the steed was galloping ed his contempt for all around him with a bit- rider, while the fair young girl hastened back

No sooner had the spot become silent than the person of a man was seen descending the large poplar tree, under which the lovers had been conversing. It was none other than Willet Lounsberry, and he had been concealed amongst the branches of the tree, and he overheard every word that had been uttered. A rifle was hung world around him. He was unmarried, for his over his shoulder, and in a black leather girdle unsocial habits were not well calculated to win was stuck a brace of heavy horse pistols and as the confidence or affections of any female, and so he came out from the shadow of the tree, and the moonbeams fell upon his face, there was someby his deceased mother, rather shunned and thing diabolical in the working of his features. So, so,' muttered he with an oath. 'I have found out the reason for the aversion of Mary Hewitt to myself, and he calls me a villain does he? He'll find out that if I have the name I'll have the game as well. And as for that little brunctte lynx -- if she does not become Mrs. Lounsbury, it will be because there is no chaplain in the loyalist corpse to make her so?' And with an imprecation he started off over the fields towards the great forest, whose dim outlines could be just distinguished in the silver

moonlight. In the depths of that forest the loyalists or tories, some six or seven hundred in number, had formed an encampment, from which they used to sally forth and commit all sorts of depredations upon the whigs, nor were they always scrupulous either as to whether a nan espoused the British or American cause, if he chanced to have much valuable property in his possession which was easy to be transfered to their camp. The commander of this delectable corps was one Hugh Lindsay, a desperate fellow, who like the wandering Arabs had for years drawn sword against society and all law and order, but being of determined bravery, and Herculean strength, he had commen

and been chosen their leader by acclamation. On the night to which we have alluded. Lindsay had retired to his bed, when it was announced to him that a man had made his a desire to see him without a moment's delay. and ordered that the stranger should be admit-

'Well,' said Lindsay, gruffly, for he did not like being called up, 'what is the important business that has brought you to my camp at

'I am desirous of joining your band.' morrow morning would have done just as well, fire.

But before I consent to join, there are cer- carth, while efforts were being made to stave the beauty of the female as those silvery rays tain agreements to be made with you. My in the door, but still, however it did not give name is Lounsbury.

> you want to be an officer.' · I do not care so much for that. It is reenge that I am after.'

. And how can I assist you? ' You have heard of Col. Hewitt?'

. What that violent Whig who entertains the continental officers, and says, if he had the way he would hang every lovalist he could find upon the soil of Carolina. Well, I do know him, and I'm going to pay the old scoundrel a visit some of these nights, and make a bonfire of his man-

'That's the way to talk. And will you assist me?' ' In what?'

'He has a daughter who has rejected my offer of marriage, I wish to seize her, bring her to this camp, and compel her to wed me in order to save her life. Have you any chaplain attached to your command ?'

O yes, we have a sort of a renegade amongst is who has once been a minister. He is a very accommodating fellow, and will do the busines for you.'

' And will you assist me in carrying out my plan of revenge

Stop a bit. Do you know where the Col. keeps his money and plate! I have heard that he secretes it at night, and it would not do to make the descent in the day time, or we might have Marion and his men down upon us.'

'Yes, I know where he puts it, one of his egro servants informed me the other night.'

Well, you take me to the spot, and point out the place to me, and I will promise to aid you in obtaining the girl.'

'On that condition I will join you.'

'Enough said-good night then; I wish to turn in again.'

Ralph Leonard, on leaving the premises of Col. Hewitt, repaired at once to the head quarters of Marion. He was encamped in the very midst of a dark swamp, upon a little island surrounded by stagnant pools. Our young here could not but admire the spirit of patriot- in these stormy days. ism which prompted men to leave behind them comfortable homes, and take up their abode in such a lonely and pestilental spot, and proceeding to the rude log but of the general, he made known his wishes, and quickly enrolled as one of his band. It was not long ere Ralph had an opportunity of distinguishing himself in an engagement with a party of loyalists, detached from the main body encamped in the forest, to procure forage for their horses, and so impressed was Marion with the prowess of our hero, that he at once made him his aid, with the rank of captain, as before stated.

The general was extremely anxious to make an attack upon the tory camp, commanded by Lindsay, who was a bitter personal enemy of his, and for some days prior to the arrival of Ralph Leonard he had been making arrangements for effecting his object. Our hero, as aid to the general was of course cognizant of all his plans, and it was not long ere a circumstance occurred which induced him to urge his commander to delay his meditated assault upon the tory camp.

It was a dark and rainy night in the latter part of 1776, and the family of Col. Hewitt were sunk in slumbers, notwithstanding the proximity of the loyalist camp, and the dangers to which they were hourly exposed. It was one of those tempests known as an equinoctial storm, and the wind shricked and howled around the mansion, as if warning the inmates that trouble was at hand. As the clock struck the hour of midnight, a loud rapping on the door awakened the colonel, and he put his head out of an upper window, and inquired what was wanted. What was his horror on beholding, by flash of lightning that for a moment illuminated all around, his lane filled with armed

'Open the door you rebel! open the door! shouted the voice of the leader, but it was the ast words he ever uttered. The colonel had aimed his trusty rifle at him-and flash-a sharp report, a loud groan, and Lindsay sank to the earth a corpse.

'Rush on, my men! rush on, and burst open the door !' called out Lounsbury, who the day before had been elected the lieutenant of the band, and who now by the fall of Lindsay had become the chief, 'rush on ! there's plenty of money and plate in the house-plenty of good liquor, rush on, my boys!'

Again the deadly rifle sent its sharp report upon the stormy night, but this time it missed its mark. A huge tory by the side of Lounsbury was struck down pierced through the heart, but the leader escaped !

Crowds were now rushing against the door with all their might, but still it did not give forever. way. The old rifle from the upper window was sending death and destruction among the ranks Surely you need not have disturbed me after of the tories, whose powder had become wet by I had turned in about such a matter. To- the storm so that they could not return the

Ohe after the other they had fallen to the thought I would let it rest."

way. The rifle continued to do its work with Oh, I have heard of you before sir. Of course amost unerring certainty. Every discharge brought down a loyalist, and at length fear spread among them. Lounsbury now bethought him of a plan to open the door, and immediately acted upon it. Taking a heavy rail from the fence he ordered ten men to seize it and used it as a sort of battering ram to burst open the door from its hinges. In this he at last succeeded, and the miscreants came pouring into the house, not sorry to escape the terrible rifle

of the colonel An indiscriminate slaughter now ensued .-On first entoring, Lounsbury had placed a sentinel over the door of Mary's chamber, which was in an upper story, with orders to admit no

And by the light of that burning mansion

did those armed miscreants take their depart-

ure, bearing with them upon a sort of rude litter

the pale form of Mary Hewitt, who was now re-

stored to consciousness, but who prayed that

she might be permitted to share the fate of her

murderer father. But to this Lounsbury

would not consent. He assured her that a

brighter destiny was in store for her, that she

was destined to become the bride of the loyalist

leader, and that she ought to consider herself as

highly honored in being thus selected from all

the world beside. To these remarks the un-

fortunate girl made no reply, as it was not long

ere the tories arrived at their encampment in

Here Mary was confined in a strong log build-

ing, which Lounsbury had constructed for that

purpose, and where he informed her she would

remain until the ensuing Sunday evening, when

she was either to wed him voluntarily, or else

But innocence will usually find a friend even

when in the most helpless state. It chanced

the very negro which Lounsbury appointed to

father. The negro expressed no little sympa-

thy for the misfortunes of his former mistress,

and a desire to serve her. Mary accordingly

wrote a long letter to Ralph Leonard, detailing

the particulars of the outrage, and dispatched

At last the fatal Sabbath eve arrived, on

which Lounsbury declared she was to become

perform her part of the ceremony.

by the hand of Ralph Leonard.

ry, a loud cry was heard at the outposts.

'Marion is upon us!' cried the officer, rush-

ing into the tent. It was indeed Marion's men,

who came hewing down the loyalists as the

western pioneer hews down the trees of the

forest, and taken by surprise as they were, they

made but feeble resistance. Almost all the

force was slain or captured, and Lounsbury fell

But Marion would have his whims gratified;

so gathering his officers together beneath the

tent of the tory chief, he compelled the renegade

clergyman to perform the marriage ceremony

for his young aid and Mary Hewitt, in the pre-

sence of the dying Lounsbury, who was con-

scious of what was going on, and gnashed his

teeth with rage, as his wild spirit departed

one morning at breakfast. "It is very weak.

ma'am," replied Mr. Jones demurely,

the midst of the forest.

be married against her will.

The California Snoke Bird. Alexander S. Saylor, of Monterey, in his Familiar Sketches of the Natural History of California,'' says : -- .

"That in the coast counties of Southern Cal-iformia, there exists a singular species of birds, generally called, on account of his well known mortal aversion to all members of the snake tribe, the "snake bird." It is not a bird of prey, but lives entirely upon grain, like the gal-. linacia. When full grown, it measures two feet from the end of its tail to the tip of its beak .-The tail has four or five feathers tipped with white. Its feet are furnished with four toes, two in front and two behind; and all are guarded with sharp, needle-like claws. The color of the bird is a mottled, yellowish gray, and it rarely attains the weight of a pound. Its beak is two and a halfinches long, and very hard and sharp.

When this bird finds a rattle snake-and rattlesnakes are to be found in great numbers in. Southern California, wherever the ground is covered by the cactus plant-it immediately proceeds, with the greatest caution and despatch, to gather the fallen cactus fruit, and dry lobes, and quietly enclose him in, to the height of a foot or more—the spikes and spines of the. plant, strong and sharp as needles, serving as an insurmountable barrier, to the escape of the snake. This being accomplished, the bird gathers with its claws and feet the young cones of the pine which are as hard and heavy as stones. and hovering over its enemy, lets them fall one by one, from a height of-five or six feet, upon the infuriated viper, who, surrounded by prickles and points wherever he terms, is soon fully aroused to the danger of his position. The bird, ith malicious screams, continues to drop one

ter another, until his foe is exhausted, and hen picks the snake to death with its iron beak. -Scientific American.

## Days without Nights.

Dr. Baird, in a lecture delivered, recently, in Cincinnati, said:

There is nothing, that strikes a stranger more forcibly, if he visits Sweden at the sea-son when the days are the longest, than the absence of the night. He arrived at Stockholm from Gottenburg, 400 miles distant, in the morning, and in the afternoon went to see some friends - had not taken note of time - and returned about midnight; it was as light as it is here half an hour before sundown. You could see distinctly. But all was quiet in the street; it seemed as if the inhabitants had gone away, or were dead. No signs of life-stores closed.

The sun goes down at Stockholm a little before 10 o'clock. There is great illumination all night; as the sun passes round the earth towards the north pole, the refraction of its rays. is such that you see to read at midnight. Dr. Baird read a letter in the forest near Stockholmat midnight, without artificial light. There is a mountain at the Bothnia, where, on the 21st of June, the sun does not go down at all .-Travellers go there to see it. A steamboat goes up from Stockholm for the purpose of carrying those who are curious to see the phenomenon. It occurs only one night. The sungoes down to the horizon, you can see the whole face of it, and in five minutes it begins to rise.

Birds and animals take their accustomed rest at the usual hours. The hens take to the trees. about 7 o'clock P. M., and stay there until the sun is well up in the morning, and the get into the habit of rising late too.

## A Yankee down Below.

Burton tells a capital story of the 'Yankee in Hell.' His description of some of the characters 'down below' is laughable. The introduction of the Yankee to his infernal majesty is neculiar. 'Howd'ye dew, folks, drawing away at a-

long cigar; is the boss devil tu hum?" His. majesty looked sulphur and salpetre at the in-'Reptile! he exclaimed in a voice of thunder.

who are you that dare intrude upon our sacredi privacy, in this insolent manner?

'Whew! beeswax and eggshells! said Jonathan, don't tear your shirt; you'll kink that attend upon Mary, had once belonged to her tail o'yourn. What's the use o'your a goin' off. half cocked in that sort o' way? Don't kick, afore you're spurred! There ain't such an: almighty occasion for you to get yor dander iz, just as if you wanted to burst your biler. Seein' that your climate's rather warm it would! the faithful negro with it to the camp of be no more civil if you'd just sed, 'Master, too. the mark and take your bitters.'

'Worm' hence to your appointed place, in: that yawning gulf and in the hottest flame!"

his wife. A large party was assembled at the tent of the leader, the accommodating chaplain 'Waal, I guese not, old feller, drawled the was in attendance, and Mary was led in as man with imperturable calmness. 'I'got my pale as a ghost, and more dead than alive, to ticket from a regular agent, and I don't reckon-I'll take a berth so near the enjine, old fork; But at the instant when she was about to be helped up to go through with the solemn mocke-

## Eloquent Extract!

From the "Striped Tiger," (exchange) a campaign paper, we extract the following beautiful! burst of rhetorical invective:

'This man comes among us fellow citizens. and expects, with his highfalutin, jink janks to flusterate your understandings, and to koswollop your imaginations. By those means he expects to conflusticate your actions and denudecate your principles. He is a Yankee, fellow citizens ; not a Yankee Doodle-but a Yankee Noodle. Shall we allow such a man to altiderate to the lofticst heights of ambition, and suffer him to revolve on the point of the lightning rod. through the ball on the steeple of fame? No! Not till the Little Antillers roar responsive to. the Rocky Mountains, or the Polar Bear aske the American Eagle for a chaw of tobacco ! No. never!' (Cheers.)

Why do you set your cup of coffee on the chair, Mr. Jones?" said a worthy landlady I A late writer says you can tell when a boarding house changes its servant girl, by just noticing the color of the hair in the tea hiscuit. Make a note, i'se tobers on the pourest our

Sales of the state of the state