

The Lehigh Register

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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.

Poetical.

THE PAST.

Where are the men who nobly stood On Bunker's heights in days gone by; When rivulets reddened with blood, And War unclosed his sleeping eye?

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.

The Past! the Past! the storied Past! Bright deeds lie buried in thy grave; By the rude winds when tempests rave, Upon the ground, they spring to life, And bloom in beauty fresh and rare.

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 lute-like strains

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 falls on my enraptured ear, I feel its magic power; But still it brings no rising tear, No smile in this calm hour.

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 as old as she looks.—That she has kept you waiting. That she blushes when a certain person's name is mentioned.

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

Ye chowers 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,'

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 snuff like a silly gentleman?—Because it holds a lady's hand without squeezing it.

Why was the first day of Adam's life the longest ever known?—Because it had no Eve!

The cloak of religion, Punch says, this garment may be known sometimes by the fine nap it has during sermon time.

LEHIGH REGISTER

A FAMILY JOURNAL—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

Dedicated to Local and General News, Agriculture, Education, Morality, Amusement, Markets, &c., &c.

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A Revolutionary Tale.

RALPH LEONARD, OR, MARION AND HIS MEN.

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.

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 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.

Ralph Leonard, the hero of our tale, was a fine young 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.

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.

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 bronnette cheeks.

It was the beginning of the year 1776 and the war of the Revolution was drenching the fields of America in blood, and many of her bravest and noblest slept a sleep that knows no waking.

There was something almost radiant in the beauty of the female as those silvery rays fell upon her features, while the face of the young man looked rather solemn and care-worn.

'Ah, can I forget thee, Mary! But as you say, I must go where my country needs me.—The Tories are mustering their forces and committing depredations throughout the State; and last night I heard the villain Lounsbury had gone off and joined the loyalists.

'Not I, indeed, I supposed he was callous to female charms.' 'It seems you were mistaken then. No longer than the night before last he did me the honor to come here and make me an offer of his hand.

'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.'

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 Lounsbury, and he had been concealed amongst the branches of the tree, and he overheard every word that had been uttered.

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 man espoused the British or American cause, if he chanced to have much valuable property in his possession which was easy to be transferred to their camp.

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 appearance at the out-posts, and had expressed a desire to see him without a moment's delay.

'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 this unseasonable hour?' 'I am desirous of joining your band.'

'But before I consent to join, there are certain agreements to be made with you. My name is Lounsbury.' 'Oh, I have heard of you before sir. Of course you want to be an officer.'

'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?'

Ralph Leonard, on leaving the premises of Col. Hewitt, repaired at once to the headquarters of Marion. He was encamped in the very midst of a dark swamp, upon a little island surrounded by stagnant pools.

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.

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.

'Open the door you rebel! open the door!' shouted the voice of the leader, but it was the last 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.

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.

earth, while efforts were being made to stave in the door, but still, however it did not give way. The rifle continued to do its work with most unerring certainty.

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

And by the light of that burning mansion did those armed miscreants take their departure, bearing with them upon a sort of rude litter the pale form of Mary Hewitt, who was now restored to consciousness, but who prayed that she might be permitted to share the fate of her murderer father.

Here Mary was confined in a strong log building, 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 be married against her will.

But innocence will usually find a friend even when in the most helpless state. It chanced the very negro which Lounsbury appointed to attend upon Mary, had once belonged to her father. The negro expressed no little sympathy for the misfortunes of his former mistress, and a desire to serve her.

At last the fatal Sabbath eve arrived, on which Lounsbury declared she was to become his wife. A large party was assembled at the tent of the leader, the accommodating chaplain was in attendance, and Mary was led in as pale as a ghost, and more dead than alive, to perform her part of the ceremony.

'Why do you set your cup of coffee on the chair, Mr. Jones?' said a worthy landlady one morning at breakfast. 'It is very weak, m'am,' replied Mr. Jones demurely, 'I thought I would let it rest.'

The California Snake Bird.

Alexander S. Saylor, of Monterey, in his Familiar Sketches of the Natural History of California," says:—

'That in the coast counties of Southern California, 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 gallinacea.

When this bird finds a rattlesnake—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.

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 season 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.

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 Stockholm at midnight, without artificial light.

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 peculiar.

'How'd'ye dew, folks, drawing away at a long cigar; is the boss devil 't'um?' His majesty looked sulphur and salpêtre at the intruder.

'Reptile! he exclaimed in a voice of thunder, who are you that dare intrude upon our sacred privacy, in this insolent manner?'

'Whew! beeswax and eggshells!' said Jonathan, don't tear your shirt; you'll kink that tail o'yourn. What's the use o'your a'goin' off half-cooked in that sort o'way? Don't kick, afore you're spurred! There ain't such an almighty occasion for you to get yer dander rized, just as if you wanted to burst your bladder.

'Waal, I guess not, old fellow, drawled the man with imperturbable calmness. 'I got my ticket from a regular agent, and I don't reckon I'll take a berth so near the engine, old fork-tail.'

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-jank to flusterate your understandings, and to howl-tolop your imaginations. By those means he expects to confusticate your actions and demoralize your principles. He is a Yankee, fellow citizens; not a Yankee Doodle—but a Yankee Noodle. Shall we allow such a man to alderate to the loftiest heights of ambition, and suffer him to revolve by 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 asks the American Eagle for a chew of tobacco? No, never!' (Cheers.)

'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-tray. Make a note.'