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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.

Voetical.

Written for the Lehigh Register. AN ACROSTIC.

It adies would you have a Journal to read, E ver from all immoralities freed, H aving in it all the news of the day, I neluding many a tale or ditty or lay, Gathered with care from East and from West aving news that all can read with a zest.

R emember the "Register," we make it our aim E ver by variety to acquire a good name, I n ours you will always find news for you all omething for old and young, grave and gay, To help wile life's weary hours away, E ver all the variety here you will find R equired by the most fastidious mind.

THE EDITOR'S ADVISERS.

Says one, your subjects are too grave, Too much morality you have— Too much about religion; Give me some witch or wizard tales, With slipshod ghosts, with fins and scales, Or feathers like a pigeon.

Another cries, I want more fun. A witty anecdote or pun, A rebus or a riddle: Some long for missionary news. And some, of worldly carnal views, Would like to hear a fiddle.

Another cries, I want to see . A jumbled up variety---Variety in all things : A miscellaneous hodge-podge print Composed—I only give that hint— Of multifarious small things.

I want some marriage news, says miss, It constitutes my highest bliss To hear of weddings plenty: For in a time of general rain, None suffers from a drought, 'tis plain-At least not one in twenty.

I want to hear of deaths, says one, Of people totally undone Another answers, tuff as wise, I'd rather have the fall and rise Of raccoon skins or beaver.

Some signify a secret wish For now and then a savory dish Of politics to suit them : But here we rest at perfect case, For should they swear the moon was cheese We never would dispute them.

Or grave or humorous, wild or tame, Or grave or humorous, wild or tame
Lofty or low, 'tis all the same,
Too haughty or too humble;
And every editorial wight
Has nought to do but what is right,
And let the grumblers grumble!

Odds and Ends.

SOMETHING FOR DAIRYMEN.-If twentyseven inches of snow give three inches of water, how much milk will a cow give when fed on and in other housekeeping accomplishments: ruta-baga turnips? Multiply the flakes of while Charlotte had a vague idea that all those snow by the hairs on the cow's tail; then divide the product by a turnip; add a pound of chalk, and the sum will be the answer.

No woman ought to be permitted upon the duties of counubiality without being able to make a shirt, mend a coat, seat a pair of unwhisperables, bake a loaf of bread, roast a sirloin, broil a steak, make a pudding, and manufacture frocks for little responsibilities.

A weak minded lady says if anything will make a woman swear, it is striking her foot against the rocker of a rocking chair, while hunting her night cap after the candle has been

Aquestion for the Spike Society, " would the devil beat his wife, if he had one?" Guess, not-for the women generally beat the devil. WHEN children are little they make their

parents' head ache-when grown up they make their hearts ache. If one-half the girls knew what the others

said about them, friendship would be entirely unknown among them. A young man who has recently taken a

wife, says he did not find it half so hard to get married as to get the furniture. The man who never says nothing to no

body, was married last week to the lady who never speaks ill of no one. The road ambition travels is narrow for

friendship, too crooked for love, too ragged for honesty, too dark for silence. A man has been arrested in New York

for stealing a newspaper. He was locked up for trial. Let all newspaper thieves beware. Govern your thoughts when alone, and your tongue when in company.

Slanders are like flies, they leap over all a man's good parts, to light upon his sores. He that is without any character, is not

a man, he is a thing.

A sour-minded bachelor is like the small pox-will pick holes in the prettiest face. In a woman, an ounce of heart is worth a pound of brains.

The fellow who scraped an acquaintance got kicked for it in return.

THE DESTRICTION

A PANILY JOURNAL --- NEUTRAL IN POLITIES.

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

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A Capital Story. DARLING LOTTY,

The Perils of Mousekeeping

Miss Charlotte Jones was the daughter of a worthy and enterprising carpenter, who, setting in a thriving village, became, in due time a builder, a contractor, and a fore-handed man. His wife was as industrious as himself, and more ambitious: and among other blessings, they had one fair daughter, Miss Charlotte, who was as pretty, as charming, indeed, as was necessary to make the smartest young man in the place fall in love with her-which he

Certainly he did. He was a medical student. in the doctor's office right opposite. As he sat there studying anatomy or making pills, he could see Charlotte in the parlor or the garden. He could hear her play on the piano forte, and sing: he could see her doing all sorts of wonderful worsted and crotchet work : and he came to think that parlor one of the most delightful places in the world.

Well-it was a love affair, all mutual and pleasant: calls and moonshine, music, billets, blushes, boquets, long Sunday evenings, and finally "Ask Pa!"-and then a wedding-but of course a diploma came first, and the petted child of the successful carpenter, became Mrs. Dr. Simmons.

And Dr. Simmons, who had received the honors of a medical college rather young, and who thought it needful to raise all the whiskers he could by industrious shaving, and a course of Macassar, and to mount a pair of spectacles beside, to make him look old enough, had decided to commence business in a small but growing village in a neighboring county, where as it happened, Mr. Jones owned a neat cottage, of which, with its acre garden lot, he made his daughter a marriage present; and there, on the termination of the wedding tour, they took up their residence. The good Mrs. Jones had put everything "to rights." It was in the most exquisite "apple pie order;" and no young couple just beginning housekeeping, was ever any better fixed.

Mrs. Jones, good soul, hal always done her own work. Help was a dreadful bother .-Charlotte had been carefully educated. She could do everything: that is, everything that is ever taught to young ladies. She knew all sciences and nearly all languages: that is, a little. She could do all kinds of fancy work .--Her worsted cats and wax flowers were wonderful: so were her water color drawings, and her monochromatic sketches were "high art." Everybody said so.

But, somehow, Mrs. Jones from a habit of doing everything herself, had not given Miss Charlotte a fair chance in kitchen and laundry common things were perfectly easy, and as they were not taught at school, she concluded that they came by nature. So she commenced her housekeeping in a dream of blissfull anticipa-

They took possession of their fine little house one fine summer's evening. Mrs. Jones saw them all properly fixed, and had gone home.

They wakened with the early birds. Dr. Simmons dreamed that somebody was thunder. ing on the door, to call him up to see a patient. It was his horse pawing to be fed.

"Well, Lotty dear," said the grave doctor, who was in the twenty-third year, to his wife of seventeen, "shall we make a beginning now, rise early, and attend to business?"

"Oh, by all means. I'll jump up and get reakfast."

"And I'll feed Pomp, and weed the garden." So the Doctor watered and fed his horse, and hoed his potatoes a little, and then took a peep nto the neat little kitchen to see how the " Darling Lotty" was getting on with breakfast .--Her face was very red, and her hands very black, her hair was powdered with ashes. It was plain that she had trouble; but she spoke

pleasantly for all that, when she said-"Do go away, Charles, that's a dear, till you hear the bell ring. Breakfast will soon be

Well, he waited. He read, then he whistled, then he fidgeted, then he wound up the clock, then he looked at his new case of instruments, and wondered how soon he should cut off his first leg; then he got very hungry, and at last the bell did ring, and he went to breakfast.

The Darling Lotty was looking a little better, but still rather anxious. "Have you had a hard time, darling?" in-

quired the Doctor, cautiously. "Oh, not very. The fire did not kindle very well at first, and the stove smoked."

"Did you open the damper ?" "Damper! why no. Has it got a damper? Well, I'll remember next time. Now have

some coffee," The Doctor took his cup, stirred it about,

"Well, what is it! I'm sure I don't know what makes it full of those specks, I boiled and

"Yet it don't seem to be settled. Did you put in any fish skin ?" "No I forgot."

"No matter. It will do very well. Now darling Lotty. I'll take an egg. Why! It's The coffee was clear-greatest comfort of all. hard as a brickbat!" "Hard! Now how can they be hard, when

the coffee and the toast !" "Ah toast; let us try that? A little burnt, but very good; there, don't cry, darling; it'll

be all right next time."

After showers came sunshine, and this one cleared off. The Doctor laid aside his dignity and helped wash the dishes; and then put his horse in his sulkey, took the new saddle bags, and drove off furiously, to see some imaginary patients, till dinner time, while darling Lotty blocked out a worsted parroquet, that bid fair to be the wonder of her next winter's parties. But this, like all pleasures, came to an end, for there was dinner to get, and that dinner was to make up for breakfast. The Doctor liked a nice dish of boiled victuals-so she made a fire. and neeled the notatoes, beets, carrots, turnips, parsnips, and put them, with a nice sparerib of fresh pork into the kettle, and set them to boilng. There was a rousing fire; the water boiled furiously and she went up stairs to put a few stitches into the parroquet. Pretty soon she became conscious of an unpleasant odor; she snuffed and wondered, and then put in the

eye of the parroquet. But the unpleasant odor became stronger, and at last she thought proper to go in the direction it seemed to come from ; and that happened to be the kitchen. The stove was red hot; so was the kettle of boiled victuals; and a nice smother was rising from it. The Darling Lotty dashed a dipper of water into the kettle-bang!-and such a cloud of atomat The Meth was cracked, but the Doctor had just come home hungry, the table was set and the dinner was soon dished.

The Darling Lotty took her place at the head of the table. She was flushed and nervous, and ready for a fit of hysteries; but the Doctor was so cheerful and tender, that she began to feel quite happy. But the poor dinner. It did not smell exactly right; it seemed to have caught on the bottom of the kettle, the Doctor said; then the potatoes were boiled into a pulp, while the beets and turnips were quite hard. The fresh pork rather wanted salting.

"Charles, dear!" said Lotty very sadly.

"Well, Lotty, darling, what is it?" "I'm afraid the dinner is not very nice."

"Well, it is a little scorched, and not exactly managed all regular and all that sort of thing, you know; but what signifies? We'll try the desert."

"Well, darling, what's the trouble ?" Lotty ran into the kitchen, and there was ner poor, forgotten plumb-pudding in the stove oven just burnt to a cinder. It was black as a coal—a fine carbonaceous specimen, as the Doctor learnedly remarked, as he finished, or rather made his dinner, on some bread and

butter. The darling Lotty mourned over her disasters, but took comfort in the brilliant plumage of her parroquet, which Dr. Simmons could not sufficiently admire. She was also comforted with the thought that the next meal was tea, which she felt sure that she could accomplish. And when the hour drew nigh she made up a fire, and by this time she had learned how to manage that then she took some flour and milk and butter, with plenty of saleratus to make them light, and mixed up some nice biscuits, and put them in the oven, and then she made tea; and when all was ready she rang the bell with great emphasis. And, truth to say the table was very richly arranged, and the tea

service of gold and china was beautiful. Dr. Simmons smacked his lips with great gusto; he took a cake and tried to break it but it did not seem to break readily; then he took his knife-it cut like cheese; also, it was very yellow, and smelt and tasted rather strongly the Doctor said, of free alkali. So it did, in fact, for there had been no acid to neutralize the saleratus and set free its carbonic acid, and of course nothing to make the cake rise. The Doctor explained it all very learnedly, and then, as he felt thirsty, he took a sip of his tea of which he was very fond. But he made a wry face. &

Lotty was in consternation. "Is not the tea right? It must be! I put in a great deal and boiled it ever so long. I'm sure it hasn't got the strength it soon will have." "My darling Lotty, tea is a delicate and

odoriferous plant, and should be prepared as an infusion, and not as a decoction. Bring me a little tea, darling, and some hot water, and I will soon make a good cup of tea," and he did. The poor darling Lotty. It took all the endearments of a tender husband in the honeydetermined to have such a nice breakfast as should make up for all.

Morning came, and our young doctor gallantly offered to assist in getting the morning repast; but no, Lotty was determined to her own work. She mixed her cakes according to the learned suggestions of the evening previous. She boiled the eggs three minutes by the clock

The Doctor broke a biscuit, it was capital.— The egg was just right. Then he tasted the they were boiling all the time I was making coffee, and it came out of his mouth as soon as it was in; and such a face! Doctors are not squeamish, young Doctors particularly. They know what bad tastes and bad smells are; but

> "Why Charley!" cried the darling Lotty what is the matter with the coffee?"

"That is what I would like to know, Lotty darling, I know you do your best, and the biscuits and eggs are beautiful; but what did you put in the coffee ?

"Why, Charley, you said it must have som fish skin to settle it, and the only fish in the house is some herrings, so I skinned two of them and put the skin in the coffee!" and poor Lotty burst into a paroxysm of tears.

But there came sunshine soon, that made i all pleasant weather. Lotty had invited an old school friend to visit her. She came scon after breakfast, and, it happened, her housekeeping education had not been neglected. She absolutely knew every thing; Mrs. Hale, Miss Leslie, even Mrs. Glass or Mrs. Rundell could not excel her. She was a walking cook book, and a lively little treatise on domestic economy.

Never was a visitor more welcome, and now the darling Lotty learned every possible thing to wash, and mend, and bake, and cook everything, and became the nicest little housekeeper extant, while the Doctor, by the aid of his venerable appearance and rapid driving in the sulky, rode into an extensive practice; and was never tired of boasting of the excellent cooking of his derling Lotty.

BILL HARRIS. Or, the Pioneer's Revenge.

Within four miles of the head of Lake George lies a fertile valley denominated "Harris Hollow." Here at the close of the eventful struggle for independence, resided the hardy backwoodsman, from whom this delightful seclusion took its name. He had been a severe sufferer by the war, both in person and prosperity, and had brought out of it a settled hatred for the authors of his calamities. Though he had signalized himself for daring in every part o the protracted contest, and had shed much blood, his revenge was not yet complete, he had vowed eternal hate towards his foes, and nothing but their utter extermination could ab olve him from the oath. The circ which laid the foundation for this permaner bitterness had occurred in the early part of the strife, and are briefly these:

A scouting party, of which Harris was one was surprised in the night by a party of Tories and Indians, and cut to a man. Struck to the ground in the fray, Harris rose upon his bases on discovering a tory neighbor among the as sailants, and implored him by their forme friendship to spare his life. Cursing him for a ncorrigible rebel, the other raised his rifle Harris had scarcely time to ejaculate, "Fo God's sake, Parks, don't kill me;" the stock of the weapon descended on his head with stun ning violence; the Indians tore the scalp from his fractured skull, and he was left for dea among his companions. Mangled as he was ic revived soon after the departure of the end my, and having crawled as far as he was able racteristic apathy to the fortunes of the day, from the scene of the conflict, he concealed when the sharp crack of a rifle and the heavy himself in the thick top of a fallen evergreen.-At day break the party returned to the spot to secure the remaining booty, and to despatch survivors. Harris was missed from among the slain, and was so fortunate as to escape the diligent but hasty search made for him by the murderous Parks, who more than once reconoitred the very place of his concealment. For the four days following, the wounded man crept upon his hands and knees before he reached a settlement. It was not weather, and his wounds were in a horrible state, but by speedy dressing and constant attention his life was preserved, and he slowly recovered, to become a dreaded scourge to the wily foes that infested the frontiers, and those more bitter internal enemies of the state, the Torics of the Revolution.

The declaration of peace brought but partial cessation of frontier hostilities, and many a dark deed was 'perpetrated even after the contending nation had ceased to shed each other's blood. Harris held it as lawful to shoot an Indian or tory as to kill a wild cat, and there were not wanting opportunities to put his theory in practice. The first of these was as follows: An Indian doctor, in his periodical peregrinations, was passing Harris' House, on his route to a neighboring swamp to gather herbs ment. Both triggers were pulled, and the St. moon, too keep her from downright despair and roots for his simple materia medica. Har Regis whizzed over the head of the old pioneer remembrance that their father was a monater.

looked rather hard at it; and then at darling But the day's lesson had not been lost, and she ris' children, who inherited all their sire's antipathy for the aborigines, insulted the medicine-man with blackguard and missives, until he lost all patience and threatened to tomahawk them. This menace, though intended only to frighten the troublesome urchins, was sufficient for Harris; seizing his rifle he followed the unsuspecting and unoffending disciple of Æsculapius to the woods, and, if tradition may be credited, shot him through the head and sunk the body in the deep sluggish brook which found its way through the middle of the morass. Although no one at that time knew certainly what had become of the Indian doctor, the report darkly hinted that "Harris had done his business for him," amply confirmed by his well known antipathy to the race, reached the tribe, and according to their invariable custom, a powerful warrior was deputed to retaliate the injury by the death of the murderer. Ero this avenger of blood arrived, Harris had sacrificed another victim to his unquenched thirst for revenge. This was no other than the savage Parks himself. He had returned from Canada, the refuge of the tories at the close of the war, on a visit to his brother still residing in that immediate neighborhood .-Knowing the vengeful spirit of Harris, Parks despatched a pacific message desiring him to consent to a settlement of their personal and political differences. "Old Brayton shall settle with him," muttered Harris, casting a flerce glance at his long rifle suspended to the naked walls of his rude cabin by a courle deer's horns. The ominous reply was reported to Parks, and he fled from the vindictiveness of his ancient foe. The vigilance of the other was more than a match for Parks' speed, and before he reached the line he paid the price of his former fiendish conduct-a victim to the unerring aim of "Old Brayton."

The brave sent to avenge the death of the nedicine man lurked about the precincts of Harris Hollow for some days without discovering himself, lest he should excite suspicion. At early to teach him three things, obedience, dililength observing a single man in a field adja- gence and truth. No better advice can be cent to his retreat, he made up to him and cive given by a parent. illy requested to be directed to Harris' Cabin .-The savage had never seen the foe of his race. and knew not that he was addressing redoubt- the most successful parents that I have known, able Leatherstocking himself, or his mission says that this point was usually settled bemight have found a speedy termination in the death of one or the other of the implacable foes. Harris at once penetrated his design, compre- care to keep up the habit of obedience, and esconding at a glance the extent of his own dan-

propped their anchors, thrown their line

verboard, and resigned themselves with cha

lunge of one of their number into the Lake.

brought the remaining five instantly to their

feet, and elicited the guttural ejaculation

"'tis he!" No enemy was visible, but

the smoke curled sluggishly upward from

behind a huge rock near the place of their

embarkation. The anchors were raised al-

most instantly, but ere this could be effected, one

canoe was unmanned and calmly drifting towads

the shore. The remaining warriors pulled with

dispatch in the direction of the reports. Vigo-

rously as the paddles were plied, a second bark

was soon floating without occupants. Nothing

daunted by the fate of their companions, and

bent upon avenging their death and vindicating

the honor of their tribe, the surviving braves

shot their shallop forward with the speed of

lightning-it touched the shore-they dropped

their paddles, and seized their weapons, and

strand. One of them, fell across the cance,

literally riddled with a shower of slugs and

buckshot from an old "queen's arm," which

the wily hunter had been careful to provide in

case of need, and at the same instant the re-

maining savage stood confronted face to face

with Bill Harris, who coolly emerged from his

ambush to give his foe fair play. Each deliber-

ately loaded his piece. It was a critical mo-

at the same instant that his own pierced the heart of his foe, who fell backward into the George, dying its clear waters with the last blood spilt in the eventful war of the Revolution. Harris confined his focs in their own barks, sunk them deep in the Lake, and preserved his moody taciturnity. The Indians gained the superstition that Bill Harris had a charmed life, and resolved to expose no more

of this warning number to certain destruction. Harris Hollow was thenceforth unmolested. and its original proprietor lived to rehearse, in garrulous old age, to its prosperous and rapidly increasing population, the oft repeated tale of THE PIONEER'S REVENCE.

Solemu Warnings as to Women.

I have told thee, my son, and I bid thee never to forget it-many men have perished turough the beauty of a woman. Through Eve, the first man; through Delilah, the strongest man; thro' the wife of Uriah, the most religious man-by reason of many strangs woman, the wisest men-all miserably fell. Who art thou, then, that thou darest to behave thyself toward them without prudent caution? O my son, O my disciple! Art thou above thy master?-And if I, that am unchangeable holiness, was always most cautious as regards women, can it be right for thee a reed shaken with the wind, to be incautious? To me indeed, there could be no danger in their conversation: but I wish to give thee an example, that thou shouldst do likewise. Learn therefore, from me, to have but seldom a short conversation with them .-Learn not to address foolish woman of Samaria, except for their conversion, and to suggest repentance. Learn not to have words with sinful women, thát are ashamed and humbled, except to give them peace, and teach them a new way. Learn not to talk with pious Cannanitish women, except it be with a grave and austere goodness. Learn to repel even with authority, hem that come unto thee by reason of the odor of thy sanctity, if they show a merely human affection. Learn not to visit the holy woman -the Marys and the Marthas-except for the sake of thy friend Lazarus, their brother, or for the sake of religion, or of charity. I carn not to talk unto them of worldly trifles, but of the one thing needful, and of better part of those things which are above. Learn not to visit women that are proud, or idle, or busybodies, or given to dress, or to the vanities of the world; but to go to and comfort them that are sad at the death of Lazarus, or that are weeping at the death of an only son. Learn to avoid all suspicions; and whatever may be invented with any appearance of probability, have a care to avoid its being invented.

A Short Sermon for Parants.

It is said that when the mother of Washingon was asked how she formed the character of her son, she replied that she had endeavored

Teach your child to obey. It is the first lesson. You can hardly begin too soon. One of tween him and his children before they were three months old. But it requires constant pecially to do it in such a way as not to break occeded down the strength of a child's character.

Teach your child to be diligent. This habit of being always employed is a safeguard through life, as well as essential to the culture of almost every virtue. Nothing can be more foolish than the idea which some parents have, that it is not respectable to set their children to work. Play is a good thing. Innocent recreation is an employment, and a child may learn to be diligent in that as well as in other things. But let him early learn to be useful.

As to truth, it is one essential thing. Let everything else be sacrificed rather than that. Without it, what dependence can you place on your child? And be sure you do nothing yourself which may countenance any species of prevarication and falsehood. Yet how many parents do teach their children the first lessons of

Advice for Young Men.

It is impossible for us to say what eccupation would be most lucrative to a young man, particularly as we know nothing of his talents or acquirements. We would, however, say, as a general rule to all, "do not make haste to be rich." Adopt some safe. and regular business, in which you may reance a comfortable living, and be content.-If a person is prudent and economical there is generally no danger but he will succeed .-The idea of "getting rich" is a vain and foolish one, and men generally spend half their lives in finding out that to accomplish this object it is a useless undertaking. There are thousands of persons at the present time , suffering from the pangs of poverty, who if they had been content with a sufficiency, would now have been comfortable, and happy. The ducation that we get in the world is more dearly bought than our youthful instruction, and it would be well if young men would more gencrally profit by the example which every day ife affords them.

The Drunkard's Will.

I leave to society a ruined character, a wretched example, and a memory that will soon rot. I leave to my parents, during the rest of their lives, as much sorrow as humanity in a decrepid and feeble state, can sustain.

I leave to my brothers and sisters as much nortification and injury as I could conveniently ring upon them:

I leave to my wife a broken heart, a life of vretchedness and shame, to weep over me and my premature death.

I give and bequeath to each of my children poverty, ignorance, a low character, and the