

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 following touching lines were written and set to music by James G. Clark, Tenor of Ossian's Bands:

THE OLD MOUNTAIN TREE.

Oh, the home we loved by the bounding deep, Where the hills in glory stood; And the moss-grown graves where our father's Neath the boughs of the waving wood; We remember you, with fond regret For the rock and the flowery lea, Where we once used to play thro' the long, long In the shade of the old mountain tree.

A Capital Story.

ADOPTED DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER I.

THE SECRET.

PERMIT us, dear reader, to usher you into an elegantly furnished chamber in one of the handsomest houses in the city of C—. Before the mirror sits a lovely young lady, and her mother, who has assumed the place of waiting-maid for the time being, stands over her, tastefully arranging some ornaments in her hair.

"You need not be very particular, mother," said the former, "for Charles is not to accompany me this evening, and you know I do not care much for dress myself."

"I hope the absence of Charles will not prevent you from enjoying the company, daughter."

"O, no. Not in the least. I am always happy with you and father, but when I speak of dressing differently when Charles is to be present, it is merely to gratify his peculiar taste. I am sorry he cannot be with us this evening; but I presume there is a good reason for his detention, and I shall not let it mar my pleasures in the least."

Mrs. Lane answered her daughter's pleasant remarks merely with a sigh, for her cheerfulness on the occasion only added another pang to her already overburdened heart. She knew the cause of Charles' absence (the affianced lover of Minnie), but her daughter did not.

LEHIGH REGISTER.

A FAMILY JOURNAL—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

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

VOLUME IX.

ALLENTOWN, PA., FEBRUARY 14, 1855.

NUMBER 19.

if it was. But the secret had by some means escaped, and had been seized upon by some of that class of busy-bodies whose scrupulous conscientiousness compels them to give an impetus to the circulation of all reports that may be interesting to the general news-seekers.

The facts in the case were these. Mr. and Mrs. Lane had the misfortune to lose their only child when at the age of six months. They had occasion to visit a sick friend who resided in a distant port, to which they were obliged to take passage by water. On their return homeward the barque was wrecked, and they escaped barely with their own lives. The babe shared the fate of most of the other passengers who found a grave in the mighty deep.

It was a terrible stroke to the parents, and the loss of the child proved so great a trial to Mrs. Lane that her health was evidently suffering from innocent grief. It was then recommended by her physician that she should adopt a child; as that would have the effect to divert her mind from her troubles, and supply at the same time what her nature demanded,—an object to share her afflictions, and occupy her leisure in the absence of her husband.

The little girl whom we have introduced as the young lady—Minnie—was some two or three years of age when she was taken into the family, and she soon forgot her former associations, and was pleased to own her kind benefactors as father and mother. She was taken from a very poor family, who, in their indigent circumstances, acknowledged it a relief to be rid of the child, and sympathized for the unfortunate little stranger strengthened their attachments to her, which increased daily from the hour that she was received to her new home.

Little Minnie—for so she was called, in honor of the dear lost one who bore that name—was a very pretty child, and quite interesting for one born in obscurity, and having lived as it were unloved; and her gentle and quiet disposition accorded well with the pleasing appearance of her person. It required no urging to love such a little picture of innocence, and the doting fondness with which Mr. and Mrs. Lane regarded their little charge induced them to give her their own name, and conceal from the world the fact of her adoption.

This they felt they had a perfect right to do, as it was a matter which concerned none but themselves; and for the purpose of making sure of their safety in the secrecy of the business, they removed from their former place of residence to the city of C—. As Minnie grew in years she also improved in intellect, and her lovely disposition, united to a person of brilliant and increasing charms, made her the idol of the household; and never for a moment had the fond parents cause for other than feelings of the purest joy, that their early hopes which were so soon blasted, had been in such a manner partially restored.

CHAPTER II.

THE LOVER.

Mr. Lane, after accompanying his wife and daughter to the house of their friend, left, as we have before stated, to fulfill a previous engagement.

He returned home, and seated himself alone in his library. Presently the door bell rung, and Charles Ellyton was shown in. Mr. Lane invited him coolly to a seat, knowing his business, and not exactly relishing his present predicament.

"Well, Mr. Ellyton," said he, "what is your particular business this evening? We must be brief: You are aware that I act in your place as gallant this evening, and my absence from the party will be noticed. This is rather an unamiable way of doing business, in my opinion."

"You are right, sir. I have not come here to find fault with any one. I am well aware of my position, and I assure you, sir, that it is in no way a comfortable one."

"It appears to me that the choice of happiness, or the reverse, lies with yourself alone; but let us proceed to business. You have had the audacity to tell me that I have deceived you, and the object of your present visit is, I presume, to seek redress. I can tell you in advance what my reply will be. I have deceived you in nothing that would ever have in any wise affected your interests, or happiness; and as I have had no intent to wrong you, and have not wronged you, I have no restitution to make."

flesh and blood? Have I not brought her up, and educated her for a lady? In what is she deficient?"

"Nothing. Nothing, sir. She is a lady in every sense of the term. The only objection which any one could raise, is that she is not your legal heir."

"Ah! Then it is my fortune that you would wed. Rest assured, Mr. Ellyton, you will not be forced into a union that is not in accordance with your own wishes. My daughter is not a beggar, that she should of necessity accept the offer of a vagabond—"

"Stop, stop, sir!" interrupted Charles, warmly. "I deserve no such name. It is not your wealth that I covet. If Minnie were a beggar, I should be proud to own her as a wife. You know something of my father. His views on some subjects are peculiar. I censure him for nothing but his over-indulgence, in allowing me to grow up to manhood without obtaining any knowledge of business. He is amply able and willing to support me for life, but the stipulation places me entirely under his control, and my unavoidable helplessness compels me to submit. He objects to my union with your daughter, on the ground that deception has been practised, for the purpose of making a brilliant match for her; and he declares that he will not submit to be made the dupe of such a scheme. I have no such feeling, I assure you; but he says he will disown me if I marry contrary to his wishes,—and as much as I love Minnie, I will not be the means of depriving her of the luxuries and comforts of life to which she has been accustomed."

"Very well; then the matter settles itself.—I can do nothing, surely."

"Indeed, you can, sir, do a great deal."

"What more, pray? You asked for permission to pay your addresses to my daughter.—You got it. Now you ask leave to withdraw your suit. You have that. What more can you ask?"

"This only. If you will settle a portion of your property upon Minnie; that will satisfy my father, and I may still enjoy his favor, which is my only hope of support."

"Never! never, sir, will I barter the hand of my daughter away thus. She shall be my heir if I choose to make her so; but she is not to be sold! Let this end our interview."

"Do not be hasty, Mr. Lane. Remember the happiness of your daughter, as well as my own, is at stake."

"My daughter, sir, has a father who is able, in purse and person, to protect her from the world. I forbid you from this hour to enter my house, or to continue any intercourse with her whatever."

"But you do not seem to understand—"

"I understand all I wish to," interrupted Mr. Lane, as he arose and seized his hat, and left the house—adding, as he hastily departed, "and I have no more time to devote to you this evening."

Charles quickly retired, feeling much grieved at the result of his interview; for he had hoped to interest Mr. Lane, in his behalf. With a heavy heart he returned home, and sought with as little success the sympathy of his heart-hearted parent. It seemed cruel that he must thus suffer for the sins of his ancestors, for such was really the case, and his faulty education was the means of placing him in a dependent position, and subjecting him to all the caprices of a misguided parent. But for the deprivation of all those privileges which he should and might have enjoyed—his father, being a merchant of extensive trade—he might have been master of his own fortune, and ranked with characters of the highest standing; for he was truly a generous-hearted fellow, and his natural intellect was of no inferior cast. It was not on account of Minnie's prospective fortune that he won her affections. He loved her; and he enjoyed the proud satisfaction of knowing that his affection was returned.

It was a heart-rending thought that he must abandon his fair scheme, and witness the wreck of all his bright prospects; but the risk of subjecting her to the disgrace which the world attaches to poverty, seemed to him an act of unpardonable presumption. Sooner than become the perpetrator of such a crime, he would choose to sacrifice his only earthly hope, and submit to the fate that overruled his unhappy destiny.

CHAPTER III.

THE CONFESSION.

Mrs. Lane's worst fears were realized when she learned from her husband that the engagement of marriage between their daughter and Charles Ellyton was severed. This new trial to her, after so many years of undisturbed enjoyment, was even harder to bear than the sad misfortune which was the means of placing the dearly-loved child under her protection.

who loved his daughter quite as fondly, and would quite as readily have declined the business had there been any alternative.

The following evening was appointed for the dreaded disclosure. Minnie was summoned to her father's private sitting-room on business of importance. She wondered much what it could be, and without hesitation quickly made her appearance.

"Well, father," said she, gaily, "what have you to say to me? Here I am."

Mr. Lane could not raise his eyes from the table, where he pretended to be looking over some papers. Minnie noticed that his countenance became pale, and her smiling face soon assumed an expression of anxiety at his silence.

"Speak quickly, dear father," said she, "what has happened to you?"

"Sit down, my daughter," he began, affecting a calmness which was evidently, with difficulty, forced. "I have a secret to reveal to you, and I may as well say it at once. But let me tell you in advance that you have no cause for regret on account of it, for no harm shall come to you while I live, and you shall be the mistress of all my property when I die."

"Do not speak of property, father; let me know the secret," urged Minnie, with much anxiety.

"You have been brought up with the idea (and we have wished you might retain it to your grave), that you were our own child; and his voice faltered to a whisper at the close of the sentence.

"Your own child! and am I not?" exclaimed Minnie springing to her feet.

"Do not get excited, my dear; be calm. It is my painful duty to inform you that you are our adopted daughter, but—"

"And you not my father? And my dear mother not mother? I never, never will believe it! Where is she? Let me go to her!" and she would have rushed from the room had not Mr. Lane detained her by force.

"Be calm, I entreat you, my dear," continued he, "for your mother is suffering all she can bear on your account already."

"But, why have I not known this before?"

"Because we loved you like our own, and meant you should never know us in any other relation. But the tongue of scandal has cruelly invaded our fortress, and we are compelled to defend ourselves in the premises. The mere fact of your being an adopted child will not affect your position in the least. You are just as much our own child, to all intents and purposes, as if you were born of our own flesh and blood, and all the powers of earth can never rob you of your rights, which I shall guarantee to you. But there is one point in which it may affect you, still I hope your good sense of honor will never allow you to act differently than if you were our own child."

"I have received a hint that Mr. Ellyton, senior, objects to the union between his son and yourself, on account of the recent disclosure respecting your parentage; and if Charles is so weak minded—which I fear he will be—as to be controlled by his proud and selfish parent, I wish you to act with perfect independence, and let them understand that you are not to be the dupe of any such base motives. I tell you that you are to inherit all my property, but this fact must not be named to any one out of the family. If he marries you, it shall be for yourself alone."

Minnie had sat in a musing attitude during her father's remarks, and had become quite calm.

"Ah! I see it all now," said she, with a sigh. "That accounts for Charles' absenting himself so entirely from me of late. It is all over with him, I fear. I know his father. He is proud, and very sensitive where honor is concerned."

"But what is Charles? A boy, that he should play a childish trick?"

"Do not censure Charles without cause, dear father. I think I know him. I do not know the precise position in which he is placed with his father, but I will never believe that he is false without convincing proof."

est from her mind. She had read of false friends, she had heard of the deceitful world, but until now all such things seemed to be of foreign existence. Her innocent heart had conceived of no such intruders within her own bower of peace. Visions of terror arose before her eyes, and chased away the soothing powers of sleep and ere the day dawned her imagination was wrought up to a perfect fever of excitement, which so greatly reduced her strength that it was many days before she was again able to leave her room.

This was Minnie's first trial, and it took deep hold upon her feelings. Every hope and encouragement were held out by her parents, but to no avail. It seemed to her that her fortune had changed, and everything conspired to sink her the deeper in the pool of adversity. Three days after the disclosure of the secret, she received a letter from Charles, relinquishing all claim to her hand, and stating that he was soon to embark for a foreign land. He also expressed, in the warmest terms, his unchanging love, and referred her to her father for further explanation; adding in conclusion, that he hoped at some future day to make himself worthy of her favor.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DISCLOSURE.

A single week had passed since Minnie Lane encountered the first storm in her "voyage of life," and she was scarce the image of her former self. A livid paleness overspread her features, and a dull melancholy hung on every fibre of her frame.

Mr. Lane slowly paced his room, deliberating upon the probable result of the fierce conflict between pride and conscience, which greatly disturbed his peace. He was some time in deciding which should have the preference; but at length his noble heart gained the ascendancy over his carnal nature, and he had about made up his mind to sit down and write to Charles, and propose a compromise in regard to his union with Minnie which would be satisfactory to all concerned.

At first the thought of such a thing seemed altogether too humiliating for one in his high position, but Minnie was his idol, and he felt that on her happiness alone depended his own enjoyment of life.

Mrs. Lane sat alone in her own chamber quite as deeply absorbed in the same subject, when a servant entered the room, and announced that a stranger at the door requested her attendance on a poor woman who was very sick.

"Tell him I cannot go," she replied. "I am not well enough to go out this evening, but I will try to call on her to-morrow."

The messenger departed, and in a few moments returned again, saying that the woman could not live till morning, and she was very anxious to see her.

From the urgency of the request, Mrs. Lane was inclined to believe that her assistance was really needed, and she was not the person who ever turned a deaf ear to the call of charity.—It was then quite dark, and following her guide through several dark and filthy streets, she at last found herself—after ascending a rickety staircase—in the back chamber of a dilapidated old building, where, without farther ceremony, she left her.

CASTING a glance around the room, which bore the appearance of the most abject poverty, she discovered its only occupant on a low bed in the farther corner, apparently asleep. The sound of footsteps, however, aroused her, and she faintly asked, "who's here?"

"It is Mrs. Lane," answered the visitor.—"You sent for me, did you not?"

"O, yes, my good lady. I am dying, and I cannot go in peace until I confess my sins. Do you know me, ma'am?"

"I do not; but think I may have seen you before."

"You have, ma'am. I never have lost sight of you. I have followed you wherever you went, and always meant to tell you the secret before I died."

"What secret have you to disclose? Pray tell it at once, while you have strength."

such things before, and I knew they were worth a great deal. I offered them for sale, and they threatened me with imprisonment. I never dared to offer them afterward. I can say no more." Here the poor woman's voice failed, and she gasped for breath.

Mrs. Lane had listened to the story with breathless anxiety, and at the mention of the ornaments she was so much overcome that she scarcely had power to speak. The thought, too, that the woman was dying, and leaving her in such distressing doubt, rendered her almost frantic! The most important part of the story remained untold. Seizing a cup of water that stood beside her bed, she applied it to her lips, and begged her to try to speak once more; but the error was not granted her. She seemed, however, to communicate something, and slowly raising her hand she pointed—

her daughter in her arms, and exclaimed—

"My Minnie! My own Minnie! Why did I never see it before? You have every feature of my precious babe!"

It was all Greek to Minnie, though. She understood not a word, but stood in utter amazement.

"What is the matter, dear mother?" said she. "You are over-excited. Pray compose yourself, and tell us what has happened."

"But what is this?" interrupted Mr. Lane, who had just discovered the necklace lying on the floor. "Speak quickly!" said he, growing excited as the truth flashed upon his mind.—"That was my baby's necklace! I bought it and had it marked myself! Where did it come from?"

The pen of an angel could scarcely describe the feelings of that trio when the plain and simple tale was told as Mrs. Lane had received it from the dying woman. The evidence was conclusive and satisfactory. They had adopted their own child! and it may be safe to conclude that the care and affection which they had bestowed upon her, was to them a cause of no regret!

It is needless to add that Charles's journey was postponed to an indefinite period; and without any compromise, or sacrifice of dignity on the part of Mr. Lane, was most happy to renew his claim to the hand of his daughter.

The bloom soon returned to Minnie's cheek, and joy beamed from every countenance, as Charles Ellyton led to Hymen's altar the lost and restored, the adopted and real daughter of the wealthy Mr. Lane.

CLASS IN GEOGRAPHY STAND UP.—"James, what is Geography?"

"Geography is a description of the earth."

"Good, where is the State of Massachusetts?"

"All right, two to one on the Know-Nothing—daddy jined 'em last week."

"Silence—next—Robert, how is the State of Mass. bounded?"

"Bounded by the Maine Liquor Law and Atlantic Ocean on the east and north, on the south and west by wooden nutmegs, abolitionists, railroads, Nebraska meetings and so forth."

"What are its productions?"

"Snow-storms, hard-up authors, fish oil, clambakes, Know-Nothings, yaller dogs, newspapers, and Bunker Hill monument."

"What are its animal productions?"

"Mince pies, sassafras, doughnuts, dandies and swaller-tailed coats."

"Sit down—Class in Geography take recess. Robert you go home and tell your father I'll take some animal productions for dinner."

"Yes sir—We've got some bunkum sassafras—our brindle terrier died last week."

NOT SO VERY GREEN.—A young and apparently verdant ship, who gave his halting place as "old Vermont," found himself surrounded, upon a certain occasion, by a crowd of quizzing upstarts, who seemed bent upon displaying their own smartness, at the expense of the Yankee.

"Hello, Jonathan!" says one, "where are you bound?"

"Bound to Boston, on a little tramp," was the reply.

"What's your business in Boston?" continued the inquisitive gentleman.

"Oh, I'm down arter my pension money," responded greeny.

"Pension money!" ejaculated whiskerees—"how much do you get, and what are you drawing pension money for?"

"Oh!" answered the countryman, "I get four cents every year—two to mind my own business, and two to let other folks' business alone."

The crowd had no more remarks to offer.—The answer was entirely satisfactory.

The waters of the Upper Sacramento, California, are teeming with the finest salmon, which are caught and carried to San Francisco, where they are sold at three cents per pound. So plenty are they that many spoil and are thrown away before being sold.

Mr. George W. Curtis, in a lecture at New York, spoke of those pious people who clasp their hands so tight in prayer that they could not open them when the contribution box came round.

A tree weighing 700 pounds will absorb 15 pounds of water in six hours.