

LEHIGH REGISTER.

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FARMERS LOOK THIS WAY.

THE opposition say that in a short time the ground will be ready to sow Oats, Barley, &c. How they know this we are not able to say, but this much we will say, that whenever it gets ready, you had better give us a call for one of the best Grain Drills, and warranted at that, (no large talk about refunding money,) but if the article is not as represented, it can be returned, and all matters satisfactorily arranged. Likewise, in due time the grass will be in order for laying making, and then we are prepared to furnish you with Allen's Mower, a splendid machine for cutting grass of any kind. And in addition, when desired, we have also the combined Mower and Reaper of Manny's Patent, which is manufactured upon a different principle from those made heretofore, and warranted to cut grass and grain as fast as one team of horses can draw it. And further, we have the Premium Corn Shelter of Lehigh county, and as there has been sold a very large number in a short time that have rendered universal satisfaction, we are confident in saying, that it is no superior here or elsewhere. We likewise have a mill for chopping feed, which has been tested thoroughly in different sections, and all who have witnessed its operations, testify to the good qualities of the mill, and recommend it to farmers as an article to save time, and likewise grain in the amount which is yearly given to millers in the shape of "toll." In short we have almost any article which farmers require for agricultural purposes, such as Ploughs of almost any pattern, Corn Cultivators, Revolving Hay Rakes, Hay Forks, Corn Ploughs, Corn Planters, Lime Spreaders, Thrashing Machines, and Horse Powers of different kinds, and all warranted to give satisfaction. Repairing done in all the different branches, on reasonable terms and at short notice. Any person residing at a distance, in want of any of the above mentioned articles, may be addressed the subscribers at No. 80 West Hamilton Allentown, Pa.

GRAIN DRILL REFERENCES.
Reuben Hillborn, North Whitehall; Charles Hensinger, do; David Heary, do; David Kubus, Macungy; George Beisel, Allentown.

CORN SHELTER REFERENCES.
David Bortz, Westcoastville; John Bortz, Cedar Creek; Jacob Messer, Lower Macungy; C. & W. Edelman, Allentown; Reuben Gackebach, North Whitehall.

FED MILLS REFERENCES.
Charles Sengreaves, Allentown, April 2.

REMOVAL

OF
BREINING, FELGH & BREINING

they have just taken possession, being the largest, most commodious and best arranged building for the business in Allentown.

The proprietors of this New and Magnificent Clothing Establishment, take pleasure in further announcing that they have also increased their premises.

Winter Stock of Ready-Made CLOTHING.

and are daily adding thereto all kinds of articles pertaining to Men and Boys' wear, which will be sold at extraordinary low rates, as they go upon the principle that a "noble expense is better than a slow killing." They have no trash of years on their shelves, which they try to palm off for new goods, but, on the contrary, are superior in quality, make and style, to any establishment in the city. Give them a trial, and you will find the PALATIAI CLOTHING HOUSE is the place for everybody. Their winter purchases comprise entirely new and desirable styles, such as can not be found at any other Merchant tailoring establishment in Allentown. Their goods were selected with the greatest care, and will be made up in the latest style and fashion, and warranted to prove the same as represented at the time of purchase. Observe, that every article of clothing sold by the proprietors of this establishment is of their own make, and may be relied upon as being good durable work. Among their extensive assortment may be found, fine Black and Blue new style Dress and Frock Coats, made in the latest fashion of French and English Coats, new style Business Coats, of Black, Brown, Blue, Olive and Green Cloths, and plain and figured Casimeres; Over Coats, of all qualities, styles and prices, pantaloons, vests, and in fact everything in the READY MADE CLOTHING LINE, from an over-coat down to an undershirt. The three great features of Breinng, Felgh & Breinng Store are, that they buy for Cash, and consequently can sell cheaper than any of the others; their goods are made up under their own supervision, and best though not least, they sell them for what they really are.

Also, a large stock of Handkerchiefs, Shirts, Collars, Winter Hosiery, Under Shirts and Drawers of all kinds, and everything in fact that is usually kept in stores of the kind. Call and see before you purchase elsewhere, as they willingly show what they have. They are satisfied that all their goods bear a close examination.

December 10.

FURS! FURS! FURS!

Are all the go now-a-days, and we are determined not to be behind the times. We have consequently we have procured a very large assortment, direct from the best manufacturers in New York city—where Furs are got up in the most fashionable style, and at the lowest rates. Our assortment is composed of all the styles now in use—such as

- Sable Victorines, Tippets and Capes,
- Stone Martin, " "
- Fitch, " "
- Imitation do, " "
- Rock Martin, " "
- Siberian Squirrel, " "
- Brown Cone, " "
- Black do, " "
- Blue Lynx, " "

Children's Furs of various styles.
Gout's Fur Collars, Caps and Gloves.

We have enlarged our stock of Boots and Shoes and Hats and Caps, of all kinds, and everything in fact that is usually kept in stores of the kind. Call and see before you purchase elsewhere, as they willingly show what they have. They are satisfied that all their goods bear a close examination.

December 10.

Amos Steckel,
Attorney at Law.
OFFICE WITH JAMES S. REESE,
ALLENTOWN, PA.

THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER, OR, THE REVERSE OF FORTUNE.

CHAPTER I.—THE SUPPLICANT.

It was the evening of the last day of December, and the keen north wind that swept in chilling blasts through the almost deserted streets of New York, sending the fine, icy particles into the faces of the pedestrians, seemed to pierce to the very marrow. It was bitter cold; and the poor, destitute children of misery—homeless outcasts of society—crept moaning and shivering along the walks, seeking of the passers by a pittance to obtain a mouthful of food, or a lodging for the night. The proud man of wealth, wrapped in his thick, warm cloak, would draw it more closely about his form, and walk more hurriedly on, as in anticipation he saw the comfortable and luxurious room, with glowing grate, that would greet his arrival. And as some unfortunate creature, with upturned face and pleading eyes, would stretch forth a thin, attenuated hand, and with feeble voice supplicate for a few pence to keep the flame of life still flickering on, he would notice the appeal by a silent shake of the head, or else pass unheeding by, vexed at the thought of being for a moment delayed.—God help the needy on such a night! Man is not regardless of the sufferings of his fellow beings.

The evening was far advanced when, from one of the narrow streets above the City Hall, there turned into Broadway a young and delicately formed woman, whose appearance despite the habiliments of poverty which covered her, plainly indicated that she had not long been familiar with the scenes which, apparently, she now frequented. Pausing beneath the light of a lamp, she cast her eyes in either direction of the great thoroughfare, seemingly vacillating which way to turn. Drawing her thin shawl more closely over her shoulders, she at length turned her steps up the street, facing the biting night air with many a visible shudder. Reaching Canal street, she paused upon a corner, and with a faltering voice and a natural reluctance of manner solicited alms of the first person who passed her; but the quick, short tone of voice with which a denial was accompanied called to her pallid cheeks a faint tinge of blood, which a moment after gave way to such a deep look of anguish as would make a cold heart melt with pity.

Another form was seen advancing, and as it approached the woman, as if invariably impelled, again stretched forth her delicate hand. "A few pennies, for the love of Heaven!" she uttered; "my husband and child are perishing for food—only a few pennies, and God will reward you for the deed!"

The only response to the appeal was an angry summons for her to step aside; and the poor woman, the large tears almost freezing in their course down her pale face, shrank quickly back, while a sob, which seemed to rend her very heart, burst from her lips.

Bitter reflection! but four short years before the man who had passed her scornfully by had knelt at her feet a suppliant for her love—and now he knew her not.

A moment after the heavy bell of the City Hall boomed forth the hour of ten. To the wretched creature who such for aid it seemed the death-knell of every hope. She had for a moment retired as much as possible from the piercing wind into the protection of a doorway; but as the sound fell upon her startled ear she started forward again, and murmured to herself—

"Ten o'clock, and nothing yet to alleviate the starving ones at home. What shall I do? I cannot return as I came forth. O, God! how have I deserved this bitter fate!"

She clasped her hands in her agony, while the warm tears, forced up from the depths of her soul, rolled down her cheeks and fell upon the frozen ground.

"There is but one recourse left," she continued. "I will go to him—my father—and beg for food to maintain the life he gave. True, he has once refused to hear me; but when he sees me thus—when he knows the extent of my misery, surely he cannot turn me away."

Urged on by the slight hope that inspired her, and impelled by the desire to save those whom she loved more than life, she once more turned her face up the street, and hurried along as fast as her strength would permit. Reaching one of those spacious and handsome streets in the vicinity of Grace Church, she entered it. On either side arose the stately mansions of those on whom fortune had lavished her richest gifts, from the windows of which the brilliant light streamed forth falling gently upon the white and frozen ground, while ever and anon a merry pluck of laughter would fall mockingly upon her ears, making more miserable her own condition by the contrast.

She soon paused before an elegant and costly building, and bent her eyes upon the parlor windows, whose glistening panes reflected the light from within.

"This is the place," she exclaimed aloud; "ah, how well remembered. I might now have been an inmate within its walls, with every luxury at my command. But no—I will not repine, bitter though be my lot. But must hasten," saying which she ascended the marble steps, and with a fluttering heart rang the bell.

An instant after a servant appeared—a tall, stout, liveried servant, who exhibited great surprise at the audacity of such an appearing person as the one before him.

"We have nothing for you," he said, in an angry tone, as he attempted to close the door.

"I do not ask alms of you," she said with an air of haughtiness which she irresistibly assumed, and pushing against the door as she spoke; "I wish to see Mr. Alton."

"What can you want with him?" was the reply of the menial. "He cannot be disturbed by every beggar that applies—especially at so late an hour."

"I come not as a beggar," exclaimed the young woman, a sense of her father's injustice rising within her. "I wish to see Mr. Alton—him only, and she advanced within the entrance.

The servant, plainly against his own inclination, turned and passed toward the door of his master's apartment.

CHAPTER II.—THE WEALTHY FATHER AND THE BEGGAR DAUGHTER.

Before a blazing fire, which diffused a genial heat throughout the apartment, there reclined, in a richly cushioned arm-chair, a man somewhat past the prime of life, who was, apparently, in the enjoyment of every comfort that the heart could crave. This was Mr. Alton. As the servant entered the door he laid aside a daily paper which he had been perusing, and turned his head.

"There is a woman at the door, sir—a beggar," said the man, bowing, "who wishes to see you."

"Tell her to be gone!" was the stern reply; "why do you disturb me for so slight a cause?"

"I told her you could not see her, but she would not go away."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, sir, and she is very urgent to see you."

"Then close the door upon her; I will not be disturbed in this manner."

The man turned to execute the order he had received; but as he was closing the parlor door the woman, who had heard their dialogue, advanced and brushed past him, and entered the richly furnished room. Approaching the fire, the warmth of which was most grateful to her benumbed limbs, she paused opposite her father and looked within his face. The old man, hearing her footsteps, turned his eyes in the direction where she stood, and as he beheld her standing there, her pale face looking down upon him, he started from his seat with a look of wild astonishment.

"Alice!" he uttered.

"Ay, Alice, your daughter," she replied.

"Why are you here?"

"Is it singular that a daughter should stand beneath her father's roof?" she replied, a cold smile resting upon her features.

"But why do you appear before me at this hour, and in such a garb?"

"Father, I am starving; for thirty hours I have not tasted food."

"You have at last come to me for aid?"

"Yes," she replied, her features gradually softening. "I have come to you for aid; I have come once more, and for the last time, to beg of you, for the love you once professed to bear me, to give me bread. I am famishing!"

"I loved you once," said the old man, his features for an instant relaxing in sternness.

"It was a selfish love—not that which a true father bears towards his child, or you would not see me perishing thus."

"Nay, I loved you well, until, disregarding my advice and strict injunctions, you heedlessly rushed upon your own doom."

"I pursued the course that my heart dictated—I could not do less."

"There you are wrong; you should have followed in the path of duty in preference to that which your own heart, or rather passions, pointed out."

His voice assumed a tone of harshness as he spoke, and his words fell heavily upon his daughter's heart.

"You now see," he continued, "to what your villainous husband has brought you."

"Say rather your own course of conduct," she replied, indignantly, at hearing one whom she so ardently loved, despite their poverty, introduced; "for did you not, after turning him from your employ, vilify his character so that he was unable to obtain employment?"

"No more than he deserved," was the vehement reply; "for he who betrays the confidence reposed in him to such an extent as to steal the affections of his employer's daughter is no better than a thief; and as such I branded him."

"In so doing you have brought misery and degradation upon your own flesh and blood."

"That is not my fault."

"And yet you might alleviate my deep distresses."

"And thereby aid the villain whose name you bear!"

"O, you cannot apply that term to him. He has done all that lies in his power, heaven knows, to earn a subsistence; and now he lies sick, even unto death—starving, literally starving—do you hear, father, while you are rolling in wealth. For two hours have I wandered through the streets of this city, begging for bread to sustain life for myself and helpless

ones at home. Have you a heart? If so you cannot see us perish for want of food!"

Her power of self-endurance relaxed with the over exertions she had manifested, and she fell upon her knees and buried her face in her hands, while the hot tears trickled like falling rain through her long and almost fleshless fingers.

For one moment that proud man seemed moved by her eloquent appeal—but, alas! only for a moment. The next, and his features assumed their wonted appearance of hardness, almost indifference.

"A just punishment for one who, regardless alike of her own welfare and her father's wishes, descended from her high station to wed a fortuneless adventurer," he replied, in a voice of the most cruel coldness. "When that act was accomplished I drove you from my presence, and disowned you. From that moment you were no longer a daughter of mine. With your own hands you planted the thorn—what wonder that it now pierces you?"

His daughter uttered a groan of anguish.

"Why reproach me thus?" she cried; "it cannot now be helped. Give me but enough to save us from immediate starvation and I leave you, never to return."

"No, I will not—I will not aid him. Listen! Renounce your husband—leave him to his fate and I will once more take you to my heart and home, and the past shall be forgiven and forgotten."

[To be concluded in our next paper.]

A PRETTY LYRIC.

We'll part no more, Oh, never!
Let gladness deck thy brow,
Our hearts are joined forever
By each religious vow.

Misfortune's clouds have vanished,
That caused our bosoms pain;
And every care is banished,
No more to come again.

Hope's star is brightly burning
Within its brilliant dome,
And tells of joy returning
To cheer our rural home.

It shines through gloom to gladness,
Dispelling grief and care,
For sorrow ne'er can sadden
While it remaineth there.

'Mid flow'ry vales we'll wander,
And by the laughing stream,
Our bosoms growing fonder
'Neath Love's enchanting beam.

In yonder cot reposing,
In plenty, side by side,
Each morn fresh joys disdaining,
Through life we'll gently glide.

Uncle Sam's Farm.

Two centuries ago Uncle Sam was an infant, and his present farm was the red man's wild. The Indian was no farmer. He left the soil unturned, the trees to grow as they choose, the creeks and rivers to flow as they pleased, the useful metals undisturbed in their bed. His house was of poles, covered with the skins of beasts. He made no roads, no vehicles, no boat, but a hollow log. He stole his clothes from the animals, or went unclad. The plumes of birds, beads of beach shells, the schoolboy's paint-stone, were his ornaments. The cane and flint furnished him arrows. His pipe was a stone with a hole in it; his knife a stone sharpened; his grist mill two stones, the rudest thing that can be called a mortar.

Uncle Sam's first crops were enriched with his own and Indian and British blood. Then he began to tear down his old log barns and build better, to open roads, cut canals, improve harbors, rake snags from the rivers and cover the States over with a network of railroads.

Uncle Sam snaps his thumb and finger, and cities spring up like the creations of magic; he blocks out a State, and sees a building more glorious than the full blossoming of an ancient empire. With his two iron rails, his Herculean steam horse, and his great train of wagons, he outstrips the swift winds and makes the oaks prick up their ears or move off with fright. The streams are beset with noisy mill gear; the rivers filled with proud steamers; ships, whose tonnage is greater than that of old John Bull, love to hover with their white wings about the seaports and lay their huge bulks along the wharves of Uncle Sam. There are thick-walled wealth in the cities, happiness in the country, industry and enterprise everywhere.

Whilst more than three thousand church spires speak of Uncle Sam's Sabbath propensities, two hundred and thirty-four colleges, with academies and common schools sown broadcast, tell of his wishes and expectations in respect to the rising generation.

Toss up your head, Uncle Sam, and let us see the moist of your eye, while we tell you that you have the best and largest farm on this earth! There it lies, "on the top of the globe," cradled between two great oceans, with nearly thirty thousand miles of sea coast, beautiful with great harbors and proud headlands. Surely it is an ill trade-wind that can blow you no commercial good. Either shall come the ends of the earth to exchange commodities. Your Fairs shall concentrate more interest than did the games of ancient Greece. The produce of your farm shall add a hundred million to the goes away to the land of gold, and, after many

months of hard toil comes home to commence again at the hill for a more weary and less successful climbing up again.

There is an honest farmer who has toiled a few years, got his farm paid for, but does not grow rich very rapidly, as much for lack of content mingled with industry as anything, though he is not avaro of it—he hears the wonderful stories of California, and how fortunes may be had for the trouble of packing them up; mortgages his farm to raise money, population of the globe. Last year you raised more than two thousand dollars' worth of agricultural products, and yet the farm is not half cleared; besides, you did over fifteen hundred million dollars' worth of other work. Then think of your one hundred and thirty thousand square miles of corn field, your hills and deep-down mountains, full of the useful metals, and your California.

A word, Uncle Sam: Do as you have done, and you shall be the happiest and noblest Uncle that has ever seen this earth!—*St. Louis Democrat.*

Stick to Your Business.

There is nothing which should be more frequently impressed upon the minds of young men than the importance of steadily pursuing one business. The frequent changing from one employment to another is one of the most common errors committed, and to it may be traced more than half the failures of men in business, and much of the discontent and disappointment that render life uncomfortable. It is a very common thing for a man to be dissatisfied with his business, and a desire to change it for some other, and which seems to him will prove a more lucrative employment; but in nine cases out of ten it is a mistake. Look around you, and you will find among your acquaintances abundant verification of the assertion. Here is a young man who commenced life as a mechanic, but from some cause imagined he ought to have been a doctor; and after a hasty and shallow preparation, has taken up the saddle-bags only to find that work is still work, and that his patients are no more profitable than his work-bench, and the occupation not a whit more agreeable.

Here are two young men, clerks; one of them is content, when his first term of service is over, to continue a clerk until he shall have saved enough to commence business on his own account; the other cannot wait, but starts without capital, and with a limited experience, and brings up, after a few short years, in a court of insolvency, while his former comrade, by a patient perseverance, comes out at last with a fortune. The young lawyer who became disheartened because briefs and cases did not crowd him while he was yet redolent of calf-bound volumes, and had small use for red tape, who concluded he had mistaken his calling, and so plunged into politics, finally settled down into the character of a meddling pettifogger, scrambling for daily bread.

Mark men in every community who are notorious for never getting ahead, and will usually find them to be those who never stick to any one business long, but always for-saking their occupation just when it begins to be profitable.

Young man stick to your business. It may be your luck to mistake your calling. If so, find it out as quick as possible and change it; but don't let any uneasy desire to get along fast, or a dislike of your honest calling lead you to abandon it. Have some honest calling, and stick to it; if you are sticking type, stick away at them; if you are selling oysters, keep on selling them; if you are at law, hold fast to that profession; pursue the business you have chosen persistently, industriously and hopefully, and if there is anything of you, it will appear and turn to account in that as well or better than in any other calling; only if you are a loafer, forsake that line of life as quickly as possible, for the longer you stick to it the worse it will "stick" to you.—*Hunt's Merchant's Magazine.*

A Constant Miracle.

The Bible itself is a standing and astonishing miracle. Written, fragment by fragment, throughout the course of fifteen centuries, under different states of society and in different languages, by persons of the most opposite tempers, talents, and conditions, learned and unlearned, prince and princess, bond and free; cast in every form of instructive composition and good writing, history, prophecy, poetry, and allegory, emblematic representation, judicious interpretation, liberal statement, precept, example, proverbs, disquisition, epistle, sermon, prayer, in short, all rational shapes of human discourse, and treating, moreover, on subjects not obvious, but most difficult. Its authors are not found, like other writers; contradicting one another upon the most ordinary matter of fact and opinion, but are in harmony upon the whole of their sublime and momentous scheme.

THOSE LITTLE LABOINERS.—It takes 2,000 silk-worms to produce one pound of silk. In view of the present size of ladies' skirts, we advise the silk-worms to "go in" strong, or the supply will run short before long. We would like to know how long it would take a single worm, at the rate of two thousand nine hundredth of a pound a year, to produce a full-sized, double-breasted silk promenade dress, founcess, high-flyers, and all!

Calculation by Machinery. The attention of the learned world is now engrossed, says the Independence Belge, by a new invention, which promises to be of universal usefulness. Mr. Thomas, of Commar, after thirty years of hard study and assiduous labor, has at last solved the problem of calculation by mechanism. His machine, which he has baptised "Arithmometre," is applicable to the mechanical solution of all arithmetical operations, from the simplest to the most complicated ones. This instrument solves, with infallible correctness, not only the four rules—addition, subtraction, multiplication and division, but also ascertains the powers of quantities, extracts the roots of numbers, resolves triangles, reduces ordinary and decimal fractions, and defines the rules of proportion, etc. Its rapidity of execution is such as to defy the ablest calculators. A multiplication of eight numbers, is executed in eighteen seconds; a division of sixteen cyphers through eight cyphers, in twenty-four seconds. The machinery is so simple, that, after the expiration of five minutes of instruction, the most ignorant head knows enough at calculation to defy with its help all calculators, in rapidity and correctness. The "Arithmometre" is placed in a small, light box, which can be easily carried in a pocket, and is so constructed that its mechanism can scarcely ever be deranged. It is already in operation in several great commercial houses, the house of Rothschild, and in the Mint of France, and it soon will be as common as letter presses.

Big Stories.

A lot of young fellows were trying their skill at telling stories a few days ago. Among the numerous stories told on the occasion were the following hard ones:

Bill said—
I know a tree that seven men chopped at for seven weeks, and then they took a notion to go round and look at the other side. They traveled four days and then came to a party of forty who had been chopping at it for four months and it was not cut half through yet!

Tom said—
I remember that well. It was an oak, and five million hogs were fattened yearly on the acorns that fell from it!

Joe said—
The tree was afterwards cut down and five hundred saw mills have been working on it for two years, and it is not half cut up yet. Two new towns, five bridges, and nearly a thousand barns have been built with the lumber it has produced. The chips made in cutting it down, when closely heaped, measured four million cords and have supplied two furnaces with charcoal for the last two years!

Jack said—
Deacon Brown afterwards dug out the stump and turned the place into a pasture field. He kept so many cows on that he made a million pounds of butter and nearly as much cheese every year!

Now came Stick-in-the-mud's turn. Drawing himself up, he said—
Wa'll, I dunno how many pounds of butter and cheese Deacon Brown makes yearly. But I do know that he runs the five hundred saw mills, Joe mentioned, by battermilk power!

The Hand.

Look at the hand. A little organ, but how curiously wrought! How manifold and necessary are its functions! What an agent has been for the want and designs of man! What would the mind be without it? How it has moulded and made palpable the conceptions of that mind? It wrought the statue of Mammon, and hung the brazen gates of Thebes; it fixed the trembling needle upon its axis; it heaved the bar of the first printing press; it arranged the tubes of Galileo; it reeled the top-sails of Columbus; it held the sword with which freedom fought her battles; poised the axe of the dauntless woodman; opened the path of civilization. It turned the mystic leaves upon which Milton and Shakespeare inscribed their burning thoughts, and it signed the charter of England's liberty. Who would render honor to the hand?

Early Translation of the Bible.

The translation of the Bible was begun very early in this kingdom. Some part of it was done by King Alfred. Adelmus translated the Psalms into Saxon in 909. Other parts were done by Elfrid, or Egbert, 705; the whole by Bede. In 1357 Trevisa published the whole in English. Tindall's translation appeared in 1534, was revised and altered in 1538, published with a preface of Crammer's in 1549, and allowed to be read in churches. In 1551 another translation was published, which being revised by several Bishops, was printed with their alteration in 1560. In 1613 a new translation was published by authority, which is that in present use. There was not any translation of it into the Irish language till 1685. The Pope did not give his permission for the translation of it into any language till 1705.—*Jeneway's Notes.*

"Keep your dog away from me," said a dandy to a butcher's boy. "Damn the dog, he's always after puppies," said the boy.

"There's a Quaker in Ohio so tender-hearted that he always chloroforms his hogs before he kills them."