



A FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

FOR FARMER AND MECHANIC.

Devoted to Politics, News, Literature, Poetry, Mechanics, Agriculture, the Diffusion of Useful Information, General Intelligence, Amusement, Markets, &c.

VOLUME VII.

ALLENTOWN, LEHIGH COUNTY, PA., AUGUST 17, 1853.

NUMBER 46.

THE LEHIGH REGISTER,
Is published in the Borough of Allentown,
Lehigh County, Pa., every Wednesday
BY A. L. RUBE,
At \$1.50 per annum, payable in advance, and
\$2.00 if not paid until the end of the year. No
paper discontinued, until all arrearages are paid
except at the option of the proprietor.
Office in Hamilton Street, one door East of
the German Reformed Church, nearly opposite
the "Friedensbote" Office.

Poetical Department.

The Printer Boy.
I'll sing you a song of a Printer Boy,
Whose bright and honored name
Stands out in glowing capitals,
Upon the scroll of fame—
Who in the days that tried men's souls,
In freedom's darkest night—
Stood manfully with Washington,
And battled for the right.
Ben Franklin was that Printer Boy, one of the
olden time.

And 'twas that boy who flew his kite
To the thunder storms on high—
And brought the forked lightning down
From regions of the sky;
'Twas he who caught this fiery horse,
And trained him for the chase,
Till now he's driven safe by Morse
Right into the Printer's Case.
Ben Franklin was that Printer Boy, one of the
olden time.

Long shall the world extol his name,
The patriot and the sage,
Who full justified by faith,
Was proved by every page;
His form, corrected and revised,
Is now worked off and pressed:
A new edition in the sheets,
A star among the blest.
All honor to the Printer Boy, one of the olden
time.

And now, my brother Typos, take
'This leader for your guide,
Follow corrected copy, and
All errors mark outside—
Be frugal, chaste and temperate,
Stick to the Golden Rule,
And you shall shine among the stars,
In the Printing Office school.
Just imitate the Printer Boy, one of the olden
time.

The Future.
Methinks I see the glorious future,
Phoenix-like, rising into the view,
Distant in a mist of vapor,
That we scarcely can see through.
See the spectre dimly looming,
O'er the distant clouds that play,
When the golden sun is rising;
Rising o'er the hills of day.

Yonder sits the beam of ignorance
Behind the curtain of the past,
And the future one is rising—
Showing characters more brightly cast.
Time is ever rolling onward
Keeping all its axes bright,
Revolving round unnumbered circles—
Never ceasing, in its flight.

Ages dark have gone before us,
Rome has rose, and fell to nought—
Homer, he has sung of glories—
Of battle-fields, where Nestor fought.
Bonaparte has conquered nations—
For he delighted in that game—
And his wild, ambitious spirit—
Brought the downfall of his fame.

Washington, our country's valor—
Bulwark, to our nation's cause:
Rallied round our spangled banner—
Gained the independent laws.
Steam has wrought a revolution—
Weeping o'er our valleys wide,
Rushing onward, under mountains,
Then upon the oceans tide.

Now the busy hum of subtle—
Speak like thunder on our ear
Then the roar of ocean steamers,
At our city's wharves appear.
This is the age of great inventions
Telegraph, and Caloric steam—
Which our fathers never dreamt of—
But their sons now idly dream.

Working hard is now all over—
For women have their cradles rocked
By an ingenious invention.
That works by pulleys, like a clock.
(Let the past bury the past!)
For the great Shakinah's near—
When the world will use the motto:
'Totto dag, excelsior!
Onward, upward, still advancing,
Is the watchword, and the cry
Let progression, be our landmark
To point us to our destiny.

Miscellaneous Selections.

The Mechanic's Wife.

OR, THE RESULT OF PERSEVERENCE.

"Well, Augustus," said Marianna, as she
former entered a little room which, without
carpet, curtain, or ornament of any kind,
served as kitchen, sitting room or nursery
"we are really settled down at house keep-
ing." Don't it seem comfortable, after so
many privations?"
"Yes," answered the young husband, try-
ing to smile, as he glanced first at his hand-
some wife, and then at the little pine supper
table, and then at the cradle, where slept a
charming boy of six months, "but mine is
such a life of toil, that I have no time to en-
joy anything—not even to play with Fred."
"But it seems to me," returned the wife
very thoughtfully, "that it need not be just
so. We are not in debt, we both have health
and I am willing to be very economical, in
order that we may have time for enjoyment
and improvement too. Say shall we try the
experiment?" She handed him a cup of
tea as she spoke, and looking up into his face
with a sweet and hopeful smile; but his face
was deadly pale, and an unbidden tear stood
in his eye, as he answered moodily—
"I don't know how that can be. Every
moment taken from my labor is so much
taken from my scanty income. We cannot
afford to attend places of public amusement;
in our present low style of living, we can-
not mingle in the first society, and I will
never consent to enter any other than good
society, if we live alone; and as for improve-
ment, my education was so neglected in my
childhood, that I have little taste for reading
and besides, we have nothing to read."

"Oh, yes," said the wife, "we have
enough to begin with. Here is our beauti-
ful new gilt Bible, which we must read every
morning and evening; and here is your
newspaper, with good and improving mat-
ter enough to last one or two evenings in a
week and you can easily have a share in the
public library to fill up the rest."

"But we shall find time, my good plan-
ning wife!"
"Thank you Augustus, for the compli-
ment, and now I will plan on. We shall
rise early and work diligently all day—
Then, if you think you need work longer,
you can bring your work into my room, or I
will take Fred into the shop, and one of us
will read and tend the baby while the other
works. Won't that be a good plan?"
"I rather think it will," said the husband
beginning to show a little more interest
"but I'm thinking also that my hesitating &
blundering manner of reading will not be
very edifying to you. I shall make sorry
work of it."

"Well, suppose you do. I have a Web-
ster's Dictionary, and we will have that
open before us, and look out every word of
which we do not understand the meaning.
If our progress is slow at first, we shall have
nobody to laugh at us, and we soon shall find
ourselves improving rapidly."

Augustus smiled incredulously, but seem-
ed to encourage his wife to go on:
"You are indeed a noble planner; but
what shall we do on the Sabbath? I sup-
pose you expect to advance in the 'march
of the mind' when we have a whole day to
ourselves?"
"Yes," said Marianna, "I think we may
through our arrangements must be somewhat
modified. You know we have a seat in
Dr. C's church. You must join the Young
Men's Bible Class, and prepare the lesson
in the morning, while I attend the meeting.
Then I will stay at home in the afternoon,
and let you attend the Bible Class and the
afternoon service. In the evening we will
read."

"I've no objection to that; but as a com-
pensation for my Bible Class, you must join
the Ladies' Sewing Circle, and I will take
care of Fred one afternoon in the week so
you will be able to attend."

"Thank you dear husband, I will gladly
accept your offer, if you will let me stay
alone one evening in the week, while you
attend our excellent Lyceum Lectures—
And let us begin this very evening. I feel
that every moment is lost till we do. We
have much encouragement. Only think of
the many learned men who have educated
themselves, and risen to respectability and
usefulness through their own exertions;
even after they were somewhat advanced in
life. Roger Sherman, for instance, Elihu
Burrit, and a host of others."

The young wife became quite enthusias-
tic as she proceeded, and would have spent
the whole evening in her disquisition upon
self-education, had not Freddy's awakening
from his nap required some maternal atten-
tion.

Augustus took up the Bible, and read a
good chapter in Proverbs, on the practical
duties of life, and declared that he had never
before read such a chapter. The plan was
fairly begun.

Augustus was a pale, spare young man,
of nine and twenty. His education as he
said, had been sadly neglected in his youth.
He had been bound an apprentice to a rough
shoemaker in the country, and had unhap-
pily settled in his own mind that he was doom-

The Guillotine and an Execution.

The following interesting description of
the Guillotine and of an execution by it,
with the attending ceremonies, is from that
sprightly volume just published—"Wild Oats
Sown Abroad."

In visiting the guillotine, some months
since, I had expressed a desire to witness
an execution, should any take place during
my stay in Paris. I had almost forgotten
the circumstance, when last night I received
a very polite invitation from Monsieur
Henri to be present this morning whilst he
performed his duty upon some unfortunate
victim, whose organ of destructiveness had
led him to knock out the brains of one of
his fellow creatures with a hammer.

Executions in Paris, considering the popu-
lation, are quite rare, and always take
place in the morning, without any previous
announcement. The criminal himself is
only informed of the hour the night before.
All this precaution is intended to prevent a
crowd, and also to avoid whetting the ap-
petite of the people with the sight of the Guil-
lotine in play. It is generally erected after
mid-night, so that few, except those in the
immediate neighborhood, can have time to
congregate between daylight and the mo-
ment of the execution.

Eight o'clock was the hour appointed,
and we were advised to be there in season,
as the government is very punctual in its
performances. It was hardly daylight when
we reached the Barrier of the Rue St. Jac-
ques. We found but few persons there—
A small body of mounted municipal guards
formed the inner circle round the spot; im-
mediately behind these were stationed some
grenadiers, three or four paces apart. The
majority of lookers on appeared to be sol-
diers of fortune, and the ubiquitous 'gamins'
of the Fauburg. We, as invited guests of
the executioner, were conducted into the
smaller circle, and placed only a few yards
from the instrument of death. The plat-
form of the guillotine had a railing, and was
rather higher than I had expected, there
being some eight or ten steps to mount, so
that the execution may be seen some dis-
tance off. The guillotine itself is a very
simple contrivance—nothing but two per-
pendicular shafts about eighteen inches
apart, and some 15 or 20 feet high. Be-
tween them, near the top, the axe, or knife,
is held suspended by a spring, which being
touched, it descends rapidly along the
grooves in the sides of the shafts. The axe
is triangularly shaped, and leads at the top,
so as to run swiftly and forcibly. At the
lower part of these shafts is a wooden collar
to fit the neck. The victim stands erect,
a short distance off, on a footboard, which
reaches up to his breast. This board has
straps for binding the party, in case he
should prove unruly, and turns upon a pivot
in the centre, so that the executioner merely
raises up the lower end of the board—it
immediately brings the man into a hori-
zontal position, with his neck in the collar—
the spring is at the same time touched and
the knife falls—a box receives the head,
and a long basket, which runs parallel with
the victim, receives the trunk.

While we were awaiting the arrival of
the principal personage in the drama, we
overheard one of the guards giving an ac-
count of the execution of Piesche, of 'infer-
nal machine' memory. I asked him how
many executions he had witnessed. He
did not recollect; but he said that he had
seen eleven persons executed in fourteen
minutes. At the time I could not credit
this assertion, but I soon had evidence of
the possibility of the fact.—Early as it was,
the crowd began to increase rapidly. They
laughed and joked together, as though it
was a farce instead of a tragedy they were
about to witness. There was quite a ludic-
rious dispute kept up for some time between
the occupants of sundry trees near the scene
of action, and the 'gens d'arms,' who insist-
ed on their vacating this leafy eminence.—
Plenty of witticisms were bandied about as
these ragged climbers scrambled away from
the points of the bayonets. Nothing can
dampen a Frenchman's animal spirits.

The prisoner came in a close carriage
with the executioner. He alighted, and
paused a moment at the foot of the steps to
speak to his confessor. He was a young
man, stout, but small-sized, and dressed in
the blue 'blouse' of a laborer. His face was
pale as death, and his step somewhat un-
steady. He had probably never seen the
guillotine, for his eye ran over the instru-
ment, and at last settled with a stare upon
the glittering knife, which had just caught
the rays of the morning sun. There must
have been one dreadful concentration of
agony as that poor fellow's imagination shaped
the fatal process. The mere silver of the
knife is nothing; but who can paint that
one instant of consciousness as the first
noise of its descent strikes his ear—before
his cold edge passed with the crushing
weight of eternity to its fearful goal. He
had scarcely mounted the scaffold, and
placed himself upon the foot-board, before
the executioner had stripped him to the
waist, and pushed him gently forward. His
feet rose with the motion of the board, and
there he lay, perfectly horizontal, with his
feet downwards and his neck in the collar.

ed to ignorance and a low and degraded em-
ployment for life. He had imagined also
that his relations were willing to lose sight
of him, and his sensitive nature was stung
to the quick.
After a few years of vexation and toil, he
wandered far away from home and friends,
and familiar associations; and a wonder it
was that he was not hurried away by the
awful whirlpool of vice, and dashed upon
the rocks of destruction.
He had, however, been favored with the
instructions of a christian mother, and had
seen examples in his own family of high
purposes and noble efforts.
He had, therefore, preserved an unsullied
reputation, had acquired a little property,
had married an intelligent, cheerful, health-
y girl of twenty summers, and had re-
moved to a "city of shoemakers," where his
aspirations after respectability and indepen-
dence might be realized.
But on the afternoon preceding this con-
versation he had been usually annoyed—
He had suffered some embarrassments in
getting settled in his humble tenement—had
sustained some losses, and heard a bitter sar-
castic remark from an aristocrat of that place
which crimsoned his pale cheek and sent
him home through a cold rain storm wear-
ed in body, depressed, vexed in spirit, and
almost determined to never make another
effort.
He was, and supposed he ever must be a
poor shoemaker of L—.

Twenty years had elapsed, and a family
group were arranged round a marble cen-
table, in the parlor of a magnificent
house in the city of L—. A gentleman
of some fifty years had just divested himself
of his outer garments, and dressed in a rich
velvet gown and embroidered slippers, sat
reading the journals of the day. A lady,
some years younger, sat by his side; her
face beaming with intelligence and gratified
pride, as she gazed at her dignified and hon-
ored husband, and then at the lovely group
of children around the table.
One was a noble youth, just returned to
spend his college vacation at home—another
was a tall graceful girl of sixteen, who
had just finished a long recitation to her
brother and was preparing to cheer the cir-
cle with her ever-welcome music on the
piano. A bright boy of twelve was per-
forming a problem in mathematics, and a
little cherry-checked girl was drawing pic-
tures on her slate, and teasing every body
to teach her.
Presently the door bell announced a visi-
tor. A person entered and presented a sub-
scription for a religious charity. "Put me
down a hundred dollars," said the good man
and the collector departed, blessing the giv-
er. When he was gone, the gentleman
said, "My dear, did you think to send the
coal and flour to the poor woman on the cor-
ner?"—Yes, and Frederick and Mary have
been round to that sickly family, and carried
the clothes and medicines.
"Yes, papa," said little Kate, looking up
from the house she was drawing, "they car-
ried away my new stockings."
"Shall I send and get them back again,"
said the father.
"Oh, no, indeed," said the child, "I sent
them. Poor little Charly's feet were so
cold."

The father now remarked that it was time
for the family to worship. In a moment all
was silent—books, slate, paper and work
were all laid aside. A neat gilt Bible bear-
ing the marks of constant use, was brought.
The son read an interesting portion. The
whole family joined in a family hymn, and
the father led in prayer, and worshipped the
Father of mercies in spirit and truth from
the fullness of a grateful heart.
After an interval of silence, the son look-
ed up as if from a reverie, and said, "Father,
I think I have heard you say that your
youth was neglected—that you were once
poor, illiterate, almost an infidel and entire-
ly discouraged. It would be extremely in-
teresting to us to learn by what means the
Mayor of this good city, the honored
Trustee of our College, the superintendent
of our Sabbath Schools, and the Deacon of
our Church, has arisen from so unpromis-
ing beginnings to his present station."

"The eyes of the good man filled with
tears, his lips quivered, he covered his face
with his handkerchief, and for some time
no whisper was heard from the astonished
audience around him.
He was thinking of the poverty and ig-
norance of his early days—of the religious
errors which had well nigh caused his destruc-
tion—of the way in which a kind, watchful
Providence had led his thoughtful steps
amid all the dangers around him—of the
blessings he had received in his lovely ad-
mirable wife—of the days of toil and nights
of hard study, in which she had shared, and
cheered him on like an angel of light and
love—and lastly of the countless blessings
and honors which now surrounded him. At
length he uncovered his face, and with stif-
led sobs said to his wife, "tell the children,
dear, the conversation we had together, just
twenty years ago to-night, around our little
pine table."

He was the Shoemaker of L—.

"Honesty is the best policy."

The Poor Customer.

"How much butter?"
"Only half a pound if you please."
"And sugar?"
"Half a pound."
"And these oranges?"
"Half a dozen, sir."
"You go by the halves to-day—well, what
else? Be speedy ma'am, you're keeping
better customers waiting."

"Half a peck of Indian meal and one fine
French roll," said the woman, but her lip
quivered and she turned to wipe away at
quivering tear.

I looked at her straw bonnet, all broken,
at her faded shawl, her thin stopping form,
her coarse garments—and I read poverty or
all—extreme poverty. And the pallid,
pinched features—the mournful, once beau-
tiful face, told me that the luxuries were not
for her. Some invalid looked out from his
narrow window, whose pale lips longed for
the cool, fresh orange, for whose comfort the
tea, and the butter and the fine French roll
were bought with much sacrifice. And I
saw him sip the tea, and taste the dainty
bread, and praise the flavor of the sweet but-
ter, and turn with brightening eye to the
golden fruit. And I heard him ask her,
kneeling by the smoky hearth, to taste them
with him. And as she set the broken pan
on edge, to bake her coarse loaf, I heard
her say, "By-and-by, when I'm hungry."

And 'by-and-by,' when the white lids of
the sufferer were closed in sleep, I saw her
bend over him with a blessing in her heart.
And she laid the remnants of the feast care-
fully by, and ate her bread unmoistened.

I started from my reverie—the grocer's
hard eye was upon me.
"You're keeping better customers wait-
ing."

O! I wanted to tell him how poverty and
persecution—contempt and scorn—could
not dim the hearts fine gold, purified by
many a trial; that that woman, with her
little wants and her holy sacrifices, was bet-
ter in the sight of God, than many a trum-
pet-tongued Dives, who gave that he might
be known of men.—*Olive Branch.*

A new temperance drink is describ-
ed by the San Francisco Herald, composed
of three parts of root beer and two of wa-
ter gruel, thickened with a little soft squash
and strained through a cane-bottom chair."

A terrible cloud of locusts is ravaging
Southern Mexico, destroying the indigo and
corn crops for a space of 400 miles.

One Secret of Happy Life.

We were in company the other day, says
the *Youth's Penny Gazette*, with a gentle-
man apparently fifty or sixty years of age,
who used in substance the following lan-
guage:—
Were I to live my life over again, I should
make it a point to do kindness to a fellow
being whenever I had the opportunity. I
regret very much that my habit has been
different, that I have induced feelings very
unlike those which would lead to such a
course of life.

It has been too much my way to let oth-
ers take care of themselves while I took care
of myself. If some little trespass was com-
mitted on my rights, or if I suffered some
slight inconvenience from the thought of
carelessness or selfishness of others, I was
greatly annoyed, and sometimes used rash
and reproachful language towards the offen-
der.

I am now satisfied that my own happiness
was greatly impaired by this course, and
my conduct and example contributed to the

irritation and unhappiness of others.
It was but the other day, continued the
gentleman, that I was passing along the
street, and a coachman was attempting to
draw a carriage into a coach-house. He
tried once or twice without success, and just
as I came up the carriage occupied the
whole sidewalk, and prevented my passing.
The fellow looked as if it ought not to be
exactly so, and there was something like a
faint apology in his smile. It was on my
tongue to say, 'In with your carriage, man!
and not let it stand here blocking up the
passage.' But a better influence prevailed.
I went to the rear of the carriage and said—
'Now try again, my good fellow!' while
with the end of my umbrella I gave a little
push and in went the carriage, and out
came the pleasant 'Thank ye sir—much ob-
liged.' I would not have taken a twenty
dollar bank note for the streak of sunshine
that this one little act of kindness threw
over the rest of my walk, to say nothing of
the lighting up of the coachman's face.

And when I look back on my intercourse
with my fellow man all the way long, I can
confidently say that I never yet did a kind-
ness to a human being without being hap-
pier for it. So that if I was governed by
mere selfish motives, and wanted to live the
happiest life I could, I would just simply
obey the Bible precept to do good unto all
men, as I had opportunity.

All this was said with an air of sincerity
and deep conviction which we cannot give
to our report of it. And does the experience
of the youngest readers confirm or con-
tradict this statement? Is there a girl
among all of them who can say, "I did a
kind act once to my brother or sister or play-
mate, and was afterwards sorry for it, I
should have been happier if it had been an
unkind one." It is very likely that a kind
act has been ill requited or misconstrued;
but if it was performed with proper feelings
it is as certain to produce happiness as sun-
shine is to produce warmth.

We counsel our young friends, then, to
seize every opportunity of contributing to
the good of others. Sometimes a smile will
do it. Oftener, a kind word—a look of sym-
pathy or an acknowledgment of obligation—
Sometimes a little help to a burdened shoul-
der, or a heavy wheel will be in place—
Sometimes a word or two of good counsel,
a seasonable and gentle admonition, and at
others a suggestion of advantage to be gain-
ed, and a little interest to secure it, will
be received with lasting gratitude. And thus
every instance of kindness done, whether
acknowledged or not, opens up a little well
spring of happiness in the doer's own breast,
the flow of which may be made permanent
by habit.

The guillotine—that name of terror,
which has sounded the shame of France in
every quarter of the globe—appeared to me
the most humane of instruments. We all
looked at each other as if there ought to be
more; There was an unsated something,
which almost amounted to a desire for
another victim, as if the appetite increased
by what it fed upon. We could partly ac-
count for the calm indifference with which
man after man was sent to the embrace of
this infernal machine during the period of
the first Revolution. There is a neatness—
a despatch—a cold-blooded apathy about the
whole affair—that deceives a man into the
belief that all is mere machinery. It only
wants the aid of steam to make it perfect—
There is no realizing sense of violence—and
one almost doubts whether the victim be a
man of straw, or of real flesh and blood. It
would have sounded very natural to hear
the crowd cry out—Give us another! and
let it be done slower so that we may see.—
I am by no means bloodthirsty, and yet I
fear I should have joined in it.

The executioner was a very benevolent
looking individual, with a soft, sleepy eye,
and a certain quiet, gentlemanly manner,
that was quite insinuating. He handed the
criminal up the platform with the polished
grace of the ancient regime, and no doubt
begged his pardon as he removed the poor
fellow's cap.

After the execution, water was thrown
upon the instrument. The head was thrown
into the same basket with the trunk, and
both handed over to the dissecting knife.—
I noticed two drummers stationed near the
scaffold—intended, perhaps, to drown the
voice of the party in case he should address
the crowd. It was thus Henriot stopped
Louis XVI. when he attempted to speak.

I afterward went to the Ecole Pratique to
see the remains. The neck had been very
smoothly severed about the third vertebra.
The expression of the face was remarkable;
not the least trace of pain—not the slightest
distortion of feature; but there was a settled
sorrow—an intense sadness—about every
line of that pallid visage. It had more the
appearance of deep sleep than death—the
sleep that follows mental exhaustion. We
were satisfied that no muscular action could
have taken place after the blow—and as to
the blush which is said to have suffused the
face of Charlotte Corday when the execu-
tioner held up the severed head, and slapp-
ed her cheek, it is all absurdity—French
nonsense. Yet, for mere superstition sake,
if a person could feel conscious for a second
or two after decapitation, and be aware of
one's mutilated condition, how excessively
awkward must be the sensation! one must
feel a sort of 'dividend duty'—a two-fold
existence—like a broken series of equations.
Yet it must be a moment of refreshing in-
tellectual energy—cut off from the earthy
part—the vile body—grand subject for
speculation! Why don't somebody give us
'The Reflection of a Decapitated Man?' If
it turned out stupid, he might excuse himself
for want of head.

I am now satisfied that my own happiness
was greatly impaired by this course, and
my conduct and example contributed to the