



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. RUHE,  
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.

Me thinks 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:  
Halted 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 Sheldin'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 unhappi-  
ly settled in his own mind that he was doom-

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 wearied  
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  
were 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, "Fath-  
er, 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 unpromising  
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 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 off duty, and the ubiquitous "gamins"  
of the Faubourg. 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 mere-  
ly 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  
agonies as that poor fellow's imagination shap-  
ed 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.

The knife came with a whizzing sound—  
the head jumped forward—the trunk quiv-  
ered convulsively, but was instantly rolled  
into a basket, and every trace of that unfor-  
tunate man disappeared from sight, save the  
"gout" of blood upon the knife!

I could scarcely believe my own eyes!—  
Was it possible that life had been taken?  
But a moment since, I had seen that man  
step out of the carriage; and now he was  
gone—vanished—dead! It was the quick-  
ness of thought—hardly time for an emo-  
tion. His rapid transit from the carriage  
to his wicker coffin forbade even sympathy.  
He passed away like a shadow—almost too  
quick for the exercise of vision. No evi-  
dence of violence—no struggle—no torture  
—no apparent agony—no lifeless body—no  
distorted features, to brand their hideous  
impression upon the spectator. With the  
exception of a cold shiver as the heavy jar  
of the knife broke the painful silence, there  
was no other feeling produced in me during  
the execution, and that, too, was momentary.  
I had nerved myself for horror, and  
there was not enough to shock the most  
sensitive.

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  
this 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.

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.

### 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 of 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 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 locked 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 tramp-  
et-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.