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SUNBURY AMERICAN.

AND SHAMOKIN JOURNAL.

Absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of Republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism.—JEFFERSON.

By Masser & Eisely.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, Jan. 20, 1844.

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length of time they are to be published, will be
continued until ordered out, and charged accord-
ingly.
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THE PARTING.

O, is it thus we part,
And thus we say farewell,
As if in neither heart
Affection e'er did dwell?
And is it thus we number,
Without one sigh or tear,
As if it were a wonder
We e'er held either dear?

We part upon the spot,
With cold and clouded brow,
Where first it was our lot
To breathe the lover's fondest vow!
The vow both then did tender
Within this hallowed shade—
The vow, we now surrender,
Heart-beatings both are made!

Thy hand is cold as mine,
As hushless thine eye!
Thy bosom gives no sign
That is could ever sigh!
Well! well! adieu's soon spoken,
'Tis but a parting phrase;
Yet said, I fear heart-broken,
We'll live our after days!

Thine eyes no fear will shed,
Mine is as proudly dry;
But many an aching head
Is ours before we die!
From pride we both can borrow,
To part we both may dare,—
But the heart-break of tomorrow,
Nor you nor I can bear!

APPETITION.

Said Ann to her mother, affecting to pout,
"That impudent man I detest!
I can't show my face within doors or without,
But I must the full gaze of that pest!"

"Don't you think my dear ma, that a few hours ago
After passing him, (would you believe it?)
He turned himself round, and stared at me so—
So steadily—none can conceive it!"

"Be cautious, my child—there is company here
And you may be imprudently blamed;
Who told you of his impudence, dear?"

"Why, I saw it, and was so ashamed,"
"Beware of affectation and vanity, too,"
The mother replied, with a smile—
"When you saw him so steadily looking at you,
Pray, where did you look all the while?"

BOASTING.

Albany sustains remarkably well the reputa-
tion she has acquired in house-robbing. The
dwelling of Mr. Archibald McIntyre was enter-
ed on the morning of the 26th by a villain, who,
finding it impossible to make a passage through
the lincement, climbed the lightning-rod to the
third story, to the sleeping apartment of Mr.
and Mrs. McIntyre. In opening the shutters
the curtains rustled, and awakened Mrs. McIn-
tyre. Says the Citizen, "She, however, did
not move or speak, but kept her eyes upon
the fellow until he entered the room, crept across
the room to a light which was burning and ex-
tinguished it. She then cried out several times:
'What do you want?' 'What do you want?'
This awoke Mr. McIntyre, who asked what the
matter was. She replied 'there is a man in the
room.' She repeated the question, but the fel-
low was mum, and Mr. McIntyre remarked
that he did not believe there was any one in
the room. Mrs. McIntyre knew better than
this, and she said, 'Tell us what you want and
you shall have it.' The villain then coolly
and deliberately replied, 'Your purse is really
will be instant death!' Mrs. McIntyre arose
and went to her son's sleeping room and gave
the alarm, but finding it closed, proceeded to
the front windows and called for the Watch.
Mr. McIntyre escaped into another room, and
the thief fearing the approach of the watch de-
scended, taking with him a watch and chrono-
meter. The Watch surrounded the house and
cut off all means of egress and were in a
fair way of catching the robber, who finding
escape cut off, crept through a hole under a stable
fronting on Orange st., and there, almost sub-
merged in horrible fish, lay secreted upwards
of two hours. But just at this moment a man
guarding a neighboring building hearing voices
in the yard below and taking the persons for
robbers, fired away. In the confusion that fol-
lowed, the robber escaped, but was met by a watch-
man, who grappled him but did not succeed in
holding him. The watch was found under the
stable, so that the villain has received small
compensation for his crime.

Four Grandfathers and Six Grandmothers.—A correspondent writes us:—There
lives in the neighborhood of Patrick Court
House, Virginia, a boy by the name of Samuel
Howell, six years old, who, two years ago, had
four grandfathers and six grandmothers, all liv-
ing and in good health; and what is more ex-
traordinary, five of the grandmothers were on
his mother's side.—Inquirer.

The Quaker and the Highwayman.

Toby Simpton, a pattern to Quakers, in-
habited a neat little house in London, beautified
by the presence of his daughter Mary. She,
scarcely seventeen, a beautiful blonde with
blue eyes, and possessing as much wisdom as
beauty, was sought after by all the young men
among her father's acquaintances. Those of
the neighborhood tried in vain to win a smile.
Mary was not a coquette, and so far from turn-
ing to account the effect produced by her
charms, she felt so much annoyed by it, that
she could hardly treat with civility her many
admirers—only one excepted—Edward Weresford,
a young artist, who was intimate with the
family.

A simple occurrence was the cause of this
intimacy. Premature death had taken away
the wife of the Quaker, still in her youth and
beauty, and he, wishing to perpetuate the
memory of one so dear to him, had called a paint-
er to her death bed. It was there that Ed-
ward first met the afflicted daughter—there,
between the tears of one, and the sacred em-
ployment of the other, grew up a serious at-
tachment. The year passed since that event,
had only served to strengthen the bond formed
under such circumstances, and the young man
had already ventured to declare his hopes and
desires.

Toby had no reasons for opposing the inclina-
tions of the young people. Without being
rich, Edward earned by means of his brush and
palette, enough to honorably maintain a family.
His father, Mr. Weresford, an old city merchant
had retired with an immense fortune; a rare
example of repeated successes in speculations,
so rapid even, that a very few persons had been
able to follow their progress.—Mr. Weresford
being of a quick, stern disposition, lived alone
in the West End of London, without troubling
himself about his son, and leaving him to shift
for himself. He was one of those obliging ego-
tists, who trouble no one, in order not to be
themselves troubled—one of the most perfect
complaisant, provided nothing is asked of them.
Edward then had nothing to hinder his court-
ship of the fair Quakeress, knowing well that
her father would not oppose her marriage. The
situation of the lovers was most prosperous, and
honest Toby waited for nothing to fix the wed-
ding day, save the back rents due from his
farm, intending to set apart that income to de-
fray the expenses of the occasion. With this
view, he left for his country seat, a few miles
from London, in order to arrange his affairs.
He was absent from home but a single day,
and, returning at night on horseback, he per-
ceived, a little in advance, a horseman who
blackened upon the road. He stopped for a moment
uncertain whether to proceed or turn back.
While in this predicament the stranger ad-
vanced towards him. It was too late to think
of escaping, and putting the best possible face
upon the affair, he started his horse again. As
he approached the troublesome stranger, he
perceived that he was masked, an unpleasant
sagacity of what was soon confirmed. The un-
known drew a pistol, and pointing it to the
traveller, demanded his purse. The Quaker was
not a coward, but calm in character, unoffensive
in religion, and humble, unarmed, to resist
an armed man; he drew from his pocket, with
the greatest coolness, his purse, containing twelve
guineas. The Highwayman took it, counted
out the money, and let the poor devil pass, who,
believing himself cleared, quickened his pace
to a trot. But the Highwayman seeing how
little resistance had been offered, and hoping
for more booty, soon rejoined honest Toby,
and again blocking up the way and pointing his
pistol, cried out—your watch!

The Quaker, although surprised, did not
show it in the least, and coolly taking out his
watch, and noticing the time, placed the jewel
in the hand of the thief, saying:
Now I pray you to let me go home, for my
daughter will feel uneasy at my absence.
One moment, replied the masked cavalier
growing more hardened by this continued doc-
trine, swear that you have no other coin.
I never swear, replied the Quaker.
Well, affirm then, that you have about you
no more money, and upon the word of a high-
wayman who will not resort to violence towards
a man who yields with so much grace, I will
not further molest you.
Toby reflected a moment, and shook his
head.
Whoever thou art, said he, gravely, you have
noticed that I am a Quaker, who would not
conceal the truth, although at the risk of my
life. In my saddle bag I have the sum of two
hundred pounds sterling.
Two hundred pounds sterling, cried the high-
wayman, whose eyes glistened through his
mask.
If you are good, if you are human, replied
the Quaker, you will not take away this mo-
ney; my daughter is about being married, and
this sum is necessary for the occasion—it
would be long time before I could get together
a similar one. The dear child loves her in-
tended, and it would be exceedingly cruel to

delay their union. You have a heart; perhaps
you have loved; you would not, cannot do so
wicked an action.

What has your daughter, her lover, or their
marriage, to do with me? Fewer words and
more promptness! Give me the money.

Toby, sighing, raised the saddle-bag, took out
a heavy sack and handed it slowly to the mask-
ed man. Then attempting to gallop off—

Hold on, my Quaker friend, said the other,
seizing the bridle. The moment of your ar-
rival you will denounce me to the magistrate;
that is usual, and I have nothing to say, but I
must at least be beyond pursuit to-night. My
mare is feeble enough, and what is more, she
is fatigued; your horse, on the contrary, ap-
pears vigorous, for the weight of the sack did
not encumber him: Dismount, give me your
horse; you may take mine if you wish.

It was too late to think of resisting, although
the increasing demands were of a nature to heat
the bile of the most patient man; good Toby
dismounted, and with resignation accepted the
sore jade that was left in exchange. Had I
known this, he contented himself with thinking
I should have run away when I first met the
rascal, and certainly he would never have over-
taken me with this course.

Meanwhile, the masked man, thanking him
ironically for his complaisance, tarrying his
spurs in his horse's bowels, disappeared.

Before arriving in London, the plundered
traveller had time to reflect upon his situation
and upon the disappointment of the poor young
folks, who loved each other so much, and whose
happiness would be postponed. The sum
taken from him was irretrievably lost, there
was neither means to find or recognize the au-
thorities that; nevertheless, as though struck
by a sudden idea, he stopped short:
Yes! cried he, I may succeed by this means.
If this man resides in London, perhaps I shall
be able to find him. Heaven has, doubtless,
determined that he should be imprudent.

A little consoled by some hope, Toby went
home without appearing in the least troubled,
and without speaking of his adventure; he did
not go to a magistrate, but embraced his daugh-
ter, who, doubting nothing, retired and slept
soundly. Next morning, he bathed himself to
aid Providence to make researches. Bringing
out the mare from the stable where she had
passed the night, he placed the bridle upon her
neck, hoping that the animal, guided by habit
would naturally go to her master's house.
He let the uncheckered beast go free in the
streets of London, and followed her.—But, he
corrected her instinct; for a long time she walk-
ed about making a thousand turns and curves,
without direction; sometimes stopping, then
starting in a contrary direction. Toby despair-
ed; the thief thought he, never resided in Lon-
don; how silly I was, not to notify the magis-
trate before it was too late, instead of depend-
ing on this animal to find the vagabond.

He was interrupted in his reflections by the
cries of children who had been nearly trod
upon by the mare; a moment since so quiet, she
now started to run. Stop her! stop her! cried
every one; let her go! cried the Quaker, in the
name of Heaven do not stop her.
And, following with anxiety the course of the
animal, he saw her rapidly enter a half open
gateway of a splendid residence at the West
End.

'Tis here! thought the Quaker, raising his
eyes to Heaven in thanks to Providence. Then
in passing before the house, he saw a servant
in the yard patting the beast and conducting her
to the stable; he then asked of the first person he
met, the name of the proprietor of the house.
What is your name in this part of the town,
that you do not know the residence of the
rich Merchant Weresford?

The Quaker stood petrified.
Weresford, repeated the man, believing him-
self misunderstood; you know well the man
who has made so great a fortune. Thanks, my
friend; thanks, replied Toby.

He was unable to recover himself.—Weres-
ford, Edward's father—a respected man—he
said to himself:
He believed himself the butt of a dream, and
wished to return home. Nevertheless he called
to mind several instances of respectable
men, who had been connected with bands of
manufacturers: Then, this immense fortune,
the source of which was so uncertain, then this
ware, who seemed to be going to her master.

Toby resolved to solve the mystery.
He went boldly into the yard and demanded
speech with the master: who, although it was
nearly noon, was still in bed—another indica-
tion of a night of fatigue. The Quaker insisted
upon being introduced immediately, and soon
found himself in Weresford's bed chamber. He
had just waked, and rubbing his eyes, asked,
a little out of humor: Who are you, sir, and
what do you want?

The sound of his voice awakened Toby's re-
collection, and completed his conviction. Quietly
taking a chair, he posted himself near the
bed without removing his hat!—You remain
covered! cried out the surprised merchant. I
am a Quaker, replied the other, with much
calmness, and you know that such is our usage.
At the first word of the Quaker, Weresford
sprang up and closely examined his visitor.
Without doubt he recognized him, for he turned
pale. Well, asked he, stammering what is
—if you please—the—subject,
which brings you hither? I ask pardon for hav-
ing shown so much haste, replied Toby; but a-
mong friends it is not usual to stand upon cere-
mony, and I am come, without form, to ask for
my watch which you borrowed yesterday.
The—watch!
I value it much: it was my poor wife's, and
I cannot do without it. My brother-in-law, the
Alderman, never would pardon me for letting a
jewel which recalls to mind his sister, pass
from my hand for a day.

The name of the Alderman seemed to make
some impression upon Weresford.—Without
waiting for a reply, Toby continued:
You will much oblige me by returning these
ten guineas which I lent you at the same time;
nevertheless, if you are in want of them, I con-
sent to lending them to you, on condition you
give me a receipt.

The coolness of the Quaker so much discon-
certed the merchant, that he dared not deny the
possession of the stolen articles, but not wish-
ing to acknowledge it, he hesitated to reply,
and Toby added:
I have told you of the projected marriage of
my daughter Mary. I had reserved a sum of
two hundred pounds sterling from the bride's
portion, but I have met with an accident; last
evening on the London road, I was completely
robbed, so completely, that I am come to pray
you to give your son a marriage portion, which,
had it not been for that, I should never have
asked of you.

My son!
Hoh! yes; don't you know that it is him
that is in love with Mary, and is to marry her?
Edward! cried the merchant, throwing him-
self at the foot of the bed.

Edward Weresford, calmly replied the Quaker,
taking a pinch of snuff. Let us see, do
something for me. I should dislike to have
him know what has passed to-night, and if you
do not furnish the sum I have promised, it will
be necessary I should tell him how I lost it.
Weresford ran to a secretary, took out a box
with a triple lock, opened it, and placed in To-
by's hands, his watch, his purse, and his sack of
money.
Good, said the Quaker in receiving them; I
see that I was right in depending upon you.
Is that all you wish? said the merchant, in a
brisk tone.
No; I require something further of your
friendship.
Speak!
You must disinherit your son.
How!
You must disinherit him; I do not wish it
said that I have speculated upon your fortune.
And finishing these words, the Quaker left
the chamber.

No, murmured he, when alone, children are
not bound by the faults of their parents. Mary
shall marry the son of this man, but touch his
stolen money, never!
When in the yard again; that my friend,
cried he to Weresford, who was looking out of
the window, order my horse to be brought out.
A few moments after, Toby well mounted,
carrying behind his bag of money, and provided
with his watch and purse, at a moderate pace
regained his home.
I have just made my marriage visit to your
father, said he to Edward when he found there.
I believe that we shall be able to agree.
Two hours afterwards, Weresford arrived at
Toby's house, and taking him aside—Honest
Quaker, said he, your proceedings have touch-
ed me to the bottom of the soul; you might
have dishonored me, have dishonored my son,
ruined me in his eyes, and have made him un-
happy in refusing him your daughter; you have
acted like a wise man and a man of heart; I
with no longer to blush in your presence, take
these papers, good bye, you shall never see me
again.
He then left, the Quaker opened the papers.
First there were checks for large amounts on
the first house in London; then came a long
list of names, and by the side of each name was
placed the amount of larger or smaller sums; a
note was joined to it, upon which the Quaker
reads as follows:
'These are the names of those who have been
robbed; the amounts which ought to be return-
ed; draw the money from my bankers as though
for the purpose of foreign exchange, and then
make yourself the restitution secretly. All
which remains will be my legitimate fortune,
and your daughter will be able some day to ac-
cept of my inheritance.'
The next morning Weresford had left Lon-
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don, and all believed that he was gone to live
on his income in France.

On the marriage-day of Edward and Mary,
the Quaker assembled a large company of joy-
ous friends, among whom might be noticed a
number of parents rejoicing themselves with
the proceeds of the London thieves who, by the
interference of Toby, had been induced to re-
turn them their lost property with interest.

The Foundlings of Paris.—Mr. Weed's Letters.

A late number of the Albany Evening Jour-
nal contains another excellent foreign letter
from the pen of the editor, T. Weed, Esq. By
the way, now that Mr. Weed has returned, we
may embrace the occasion to repeat what we
have heretofore said, that his European Letters
have been read with much interest and plea-
sure in this quarter, and have contributed not
a little to enhance the already high reputation
of their author. In the last above referred to,
Mr. Weed gives an account of a visit to the
Hospital for infants abandoned by their parents,
an institution that has existed for 300 years.
"It is not, however, devoted exclusively to the
reception of foundlings. Parents who are un-
able or unwilling to support their offspring, are
allowed to leave them here, accompanied by a
declaration of abandonment made before an offi-
cer. Most of the infants, however, are abandon-
ed clandestinely. There is a Lodge at the
gateway of the Hospital, through the wall of
which a box is exposed to the public street. The
persons depositing infants in this box ring a
bell, when a nurse, who is always waiting in-
side, turns the box on a pivot inwards, receives
the helpless foundling, and the guilty parent
goes away undiscovered.—The number of chil-
dren thus unaccountably abandoned, within the
last ten years, 44,243!—From 1000 to 1500
of these children were yearly sent from other Ho-
spitals, from mothers who were unable to take
care of them. There was, too, a diminished
number in each of the ten succeeding years. In
1830 the number was 5128, and in 1839, it
was 31-2. Of this last number, 831 or nearly
1 in 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ died during the year. The number of
children belonging to the institution, and plac-
ed out at nurse, in 1839 was 15,719. Nurses
come daily from the country after children, for
taking care of whom they receive from 6 to 8
francs a month."

Mr. Weed adds:—
"There is not generally more than one hun-
dred infants in the Hospital. Of this number,
when we visited it, ten had been received with-
in the last twenty-four hours, and six of these
were deposited in the box during the previous
night. We passed through the different wards
of the Hospital with a nurse. More than half
of these helpless innocents were ill; and all
but such as slept, were weeping in voices so
feeble and plaintive that the most rugged na-
ture could not restrain its tribute of tears. I
never before saw, nor can I conceive of a scene
so keenly touching as this. There can be no
stronger appeal to our compassion than the for-
lorn condition of these poor foundlings. They
truly are the "shorn lambs" for whom "God
tempers the winds." Here, too, as in other
Hospitals, we found the Sisters of Charity, true
to their benevolent duties, kindly and patient-
ly, by day and by night, receiving and protect-
ing the most helpless of all the heirs of sin,
distinction and misery."

A HARD CASE.—Yesterday, a labæus corpus
case was heard before Judge Parsons, which ex-
cited a considerable interest among the specta-
tors. The following are the facts: the names
of the parties not being material, are of course
omitted. On last Saturday, a young couple
of possessing appearance entered into the
holy state of matrimony. The bride and bride-
groom lived together until Tuesday, when the
bride left her husband for the purpose of visit-
ing her father. As she did not return, the
husband went after her, but was informed by
her parents that she did not desire to go with
him, and that he could not be permitted to see
her. After several ineffectual attempts to have
an interview with his wife, he at length con-
cluded that she was held in restraint by her
parents, and he accordingly applied for a writ
of habæus corpus, returnable before Judge Parsons
yesterday. The parties appeared according to
the commands of the writ, and the relator stated
his case.

The respondent then produced the lady as a
witness, who testified that she was under no
restraint whatever, that her flight and continued
absence from her husband was entirely volun-
tary. To the question by the Court, whether
she was willing to get back and live with her
husband, she returned a decided negative, but
would not assign a reason for her strange de-
termination, nor for the sudden and unaccount-
able dislike which she had taken to him, whom
she had but a few days before promised before
God and man to love, honor and obey. We
have no right to presume, however, that she
had not sufficient cause for her conduct. The
writ was dismissed, the Court having no auth-
ority in the matter.—Phil. Inquirer.

THE TOWNS OF LYNN.—Professor INGRAHAM.

in his last new work, "The Young Genius,"
thus characterizes this Town as the "vast cord-
wainery of the Union."
"The very pleasant and thriving town of Lynn
is the paradise of shoemakers! Its young
men, early transferred from the cradle to the
last cut teeth and leather in the same time;
and its pretty maidens learn to bind shoes with
the induction of their a, b, abc! Lovers ex-
change hearts over a kid slipper, and swear
eternal fidelity upon a lapstone. If they would
get married, they ask old Dr. Waxend, the
parson, if he will stitch them together, and they
will pay him in hides and shoemaking. Whip-
ping their children they call tanning, and the
rod they use is a cow-hide. The little boys
swear by hides and leather; and play at games
which they call 'high and low quarter,' and
'heel and toe.' A child newly born is a lap-
stone, and the ages of children is known by the
number of shoes they wear. Boys are called
rights, and girls lefts—an old man is an 'odd
slipper,' and a bachelor an 'odd boot.' The
street doors to their dwellings are 'insteps,' and
a man in an overcoat is 'foxed.' The fields a-
bout the town are 'patches,' and a fellow half
seas over is 'half-soled.' They never see an
oak tree but they directly calculate the number
of pegs it will make, and when they behold
bees at work they reflect that the only end of
wax is a waxend. They look on all cattle and
sheep as only leather growing, and believe
hops were only made to produce bristles. Its
lapstones would pave Broadway, and its lasts,
if piled together, would make a monument high-
er than that on Bunker's Hill."

MODE OF CURING CRAVING CHILDREN.—Thos. Cooper, the veteran tragedian, says, or rather Cowell, in his Thirty Years among the Players, says for him, that this was his mode of curing children of crying:—"When my children were young, and began to cry, I always dashed a glass of water in their face, and that so asto- nished them that they would leave off; and if they began again, I'd dash another, and keep on increasing the dose till they were entirely cured."

A SOFT SEAT.—An old tippler, near Boston, the Carrier says, returned home recently, on a washing-day, with a jug of rum, and staggering into his wife's domain mistook a tub of well scalded water for a settee, and suddenly settled himself into it, so that his surging sides leaped merrily about him—he being a fast prisoner. In this predicament he called lustily for Nabby. His "gude wife" seeing his deep interest in her affairs, seized the jug, danced around the philo- sopher, pouring its contents over his head— disregarding his prayerful look, outstretched arms, and beseeching appeal of "Nabby, save it! save it, Nabby!" to which she replied, "Go it Joe—long life to your honor," &c.

CURIOUS JOINER'S BILL.—The following is a copy of a joiner's bill, jobbing in a Roman Catho- lic Church, in Bohemia, literally translated from the German. For solidly repairing St. Joseph, 4d; for cleaning and ornamenting the Holy Ghost, 6d; for repairing the Virgin Mary before and behind, 6s; for turning a nose for the Devil, putting a horn upon his head, and gluing a piece on his tail, 3s. 3d. Total 10s. 6d.

When a certain lady who had been charmed
by his writings, wrote to Mirabeau, saying how
much she longed to see him, and begged that
he would describe himself to her, he complied
with the request of the fair enthusiast, in these
brief terms: Figure to yourself a tiger that
has had the small-pox."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—A chap up in Iowa,
by the name of New, recently got married, and
being somewhat of a facetious turn of mind, nam-
ed his first-born, "Something," which of
course was something New. His second was
christened Nothing, it being Nothing New.

ADAM AND LOW.—At a church where there
was a call for a minister, two candidates appear-
ed, whose names were Adam and Low. The
latter preached an elegant discourse from the
text,—"Adam, where art thou?" In the after-
noon Adam preached from these words—"Lo,
here am I!"

A man's pride, if he had no other motive
ought to keep him from ever getting drunk.
The treatment which he is liable to receive
while in that state ought to deter him from it.
Every blackhead can laugh at him, every cow-
ardly calf can abuse him, and every designing
villain can impose upon and rob him, and total
abstinence is the only security against drunken-
ness.

Why is a very old man like a mill driven
into a white oak post? Because he is infirm.

When is a hen most likely to hatch? When
she is in earnest. (In her nest.)