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### To PELEG.

Come, stand close by my side, Peleg, And place thy hand in mine, Then I will be thy bride, Peleg, I'll be forever thine.

I'll cease my trifling ways, Peleg, Coquetry I will hate, Forget our infant days, Peleg, And trust to luck and fate

My Parents, Friends, I'll leave, Peley, And go with thee to dwell; So do not longer grieve, Peleg, But come and take thy Belle.

I'll love no one but thee, Peleg, I'll never be a scold; I'll ever faithful be, Peleg, Come,-love me as of old.

PHEBE. Homer, Courtland Co., N. Y. June, 1850.

#### From the Home Journal. The Grove of Maples.

BY PREBE CAREY.

Where the waters ripple by me, And the birds about me sing, In the light of early morning, In the freshness of the spring;.
Where the young leaves of the maple On my face their shadows cast, Quiet, thoughtful, but so happy, I am dreaming of the Past;

Calling up the friends that with me Have talked of hopes and fears. In this pleasant vale of beauty.

Since the spring-time of my years, this thick old grove of maple,

To my heart its shades are dear,

For the lost of pleasant faces. For the light of pleasant faces
That have looked upon methere.

When the black woods of the winter Saw my foot-prints in the snow: When the first faint leaves of spring-time Threw their trembling shade below: When the burning heat of sampler Made these heavy shadows sweet, Or the red leaves of the autumn

Talking hopeful of the future; Here what hours have been beguiled, Ever since these woods beheld me, But a little sinless child. Yet I am not sad or lonesome, Though of friends that I have known, Some are changed and parted from me; Some I loved are dead and gone!

Brightly drifted to my feet.

Passed from life's dim shore forever; O, I cannot weep their lot; On the heavenly side of Jordan, Are the groves that wither not And the living, one so charished, Cast no shadow on my heart; Had they loved, they had not left me; Better then to live apart.

## Extract from "Theodora."

A POEM BY EDITH MAY. In her eyes are tranquil shadows
Lofty thoughts alone can make,
Like the darkness thrown by mountains

If you speak, the slow returning Of her spirit from near To their depths, is like the advent Of a star.

No one marvels at her beauty;
Be lended with a perfect whole, Beauty seems the just expression Of her soul.

For her lightest word, or fancy, Unarrayed for human ear, Might be echoed by an an angel Watching near.

Be a theme however homely, It is glorious at her will, Like a common air transfigured

By a Master's skill.

And her words, severely simple, As a drapery Grecian wrought, Show the clear, symmetric outline

Most men who have raised themselves to real sminence in life have been brought up by virtuous and gifted women. Our first education—so im-portant, from the indellible nature of young impressions, and the ductile promptness with which they are received-depends solely on female tuition, to the exclusion of paternal care and school instruction; but, above all, the education of the heart, and the development of the affections, are wholly the work of the softer sex. Happy, thrice happy, the child who has a good mother.

Walking is the most wholesome exercise; water the best drink; and plain food the most nourishing and healthy diet. Even in knowledge, the most useful is the easiest acquired.

A person who was very fond of relating his dreams, observed in the presence of John Randolph, that he dreamed last night of lice! "That was very natural," replied Randolph, "for a person almost invariably dreams by night of what is running through his head all day."

The proper element of a man is constant activ ty. The waters of life are like those of the Beth esds pool—it is only when they are agitated that they are healthful.

"Ma, do you know the reason why horses do no wear bats?" " No. my dear."

"Cause it would give them a houstile appear

The following toast was was given at the late medical supper at Columbus Ohio:
THE LADIES The only successful Home ists. They cure man's greatest malady of heart—by a feetle of the same sort.

From Godey's Lady's Book. SIGNS OF GENTILITY.

#### A Boarding House Sketch.

Dinner was over in the fashionable boardinghouse of Mrs. Pickup. The company lately occu-pied in the discussion of a very small cocoa-nut pudding, sundry blancs-manges and the usual allow-ance of almonds and raisins, folded their respective napins and rose from the table.

"I wish my purchases would come,"-said the pretty bride Mrs. Hopkins, as she leaned over her husband's chair. She had followed the gentlemen husband's chair. She had followed the gentlemen to the back piazza, were they were lolling on canebottomed chairs and puffing at costly Havanas.—Young Mr. Thompson usually kept them in cigars; he had a brother in the West India trade, who supplied him plentifully. "Thompson was such a good fellow!" said his friends. "As 'generous as a prince! They never minded accepting favor from Thompson he always seemed so grateful to you for Thompson; he always seemed so grateful to you for using him." A reputation for amiability cost the ortunate youth several hundred dollars annually

unfortunate youth several hundred dollars annually
—but every one must have some hobby, the keeping of which proves expensive.

"I wish Stewart sent out things garlier," continted Mrs. Hepkins; "I so want to show you some
loves of cambric handkerchiefs I hunchased there

"You extravagent little woman," returned her husband, laughingly; "you'll ruin me yet. What else did you throw away money on this morning?" "Why, nothing but some gloves. White gloves soil so easily, I was reduced to one pair."

Then why did you not bring them home yourself, and be done with it, if you wanted them so

Bring a bundle through Broadway !" and Mrs. Hopkins clasped her delicate white hands, and gave an appealing look, as much as to say—" Can I believe my own senses? Can it be possible the man is in his right mind!"

Mrs. Jones, who also had a husband to look after, beckoned her sister, Miss Smith, to follow them. Thompson was suspected of having a secret attachment to this young lady, and she had been dying to get where he was again: Miss Smith came tripping gracefully forward; and noticing Mr. Hopkins look of consternation, hurriedly asked

what had happened."
I inquired why Matilda did not bring home her purchases from Stewart's this morning—a package almost the size of a small book. She seems to be

surprised at it," replied Mr. Hopkins.

"But who ever heard such a thing!"

"Who, indeed!" echoed Mrs. Jones, who had once been a milliner's girl, and many a time had carried bandboxes through the Bowery. Mr. Jones remembered the time well. He was then head clerk in a large grocery store, and was attracted by her pretty face as she passed daily to her work. He married her, and they had prospered. He was new in an excellent wholesale business on the wharves, and they boarded in \_\_\_\_ Square, the other side of the city from their earlier associations. Mrs. Jones would have fainted at a discovery of what she had been; but, fortunately, the Bowery was too remote from ——— Square for rumer to reach so far; and she took excellent care that "the places which once knew her should be blessed with her presence as seldom as possible.

"The idea," said Miss Smith, "of any LADY

bringing home her shopping!" What else have store boys to do?" responded Mrs. Jones."

"But such a small package!" remonstrated Mr. "Done up in brown paper, I dare say," continned hirs. Jones. "It isn't the size we look at so

"No. certainly not," said ber sister. "Now, Arthur"-(Mrs. Hopkins was very fond of her husband's first name)-"now, Arthur, you wouldn't want your wife to demean herself by car-

rying a bundle through the streets, like any—milliner's gir! ? Mrs. Jones winced. Mrs. Hopkins put her hand on her husband's shoulder and looked appealingly into his face, with her large, brown beautiful eyes. What man with human feelings could resist such a

in I still profest, my dear Matilda, that I do not sete the alightest objection to your doing so," answered her husband, sturdily. "In fact, if I am not very much mistaken, I met you, not later than yesterday, near the Art Union, with a package in

"Oh; that was music. One can bring home muefe, you know."
"Yes," said Miss Smith; "a roll of music looks so perfectly genteel. It announces that you can not only play, but also afford to get all the novel-

ties as they appear."
"Ah!" enculated Mr. Thompson. Miss Smith was the vocalist of No. 20-She had all the new music, it is true; but it was usually paid for by Thompson, or his friend and room-mate, Mr. Gross. So sure as they joined Miss Smith on Broadway, she happened to remember an errand at Firth & Hall's, or Jacques & Brother's music saloon. Of course the gallantry of Messrs. Cross and Thompson would not allow the lady to pay for the trifles, particularly as it was so often discovered that she had forgotten her purse (" how careless of her!") when the selections were rolled up. She thanked them with sweetest smile : she

played every bar of it for them in her peculiar

style. Thompson declared in confidence to Cross. that Saborde and Truffi were nothing to Miss Smith, so far as execution was concerned These gentlemen also felt in duty bound that Miss Smith should visit the opera, as often as she hi longed to hear Benedetti ngain," or Laborde, now that she had returned from Philadelphia. Mrs. Jones must, of course, be asked to chaperon her sister, and was so very good as never to disappoint them by having other engagements; while Mr. Jones, excellent fellow I stayed at home and sol aced himself with a few fine cigars (Thompson's cigars) and a glass of brandy and water. Cross had the best brandy his fellow boarders had ever

tasted. He got it at wholesale prices from his cousin of the firm of Schroder & Co, importers. But to return to the back piazza controversy.-Mrs. Hopkins, upheld by Mrs. Jones and Miss Smith maintained her ground stoutly. "What was to distinguish them from any vulgar people from the Bowery, she was going to say, but she had objections best known to herself to alluding to that part of the city when it could be avoided, so she supplied "Greenwich Street," to be as far from the dangerous secret as possible. No, buildles were not to be carried by those who were not ashamed to give their address to a fashionable shopboy.—
Otherwise, out of two evils, that which might be

considered least was to be chosen.

Just then, Hopkins directed the attention of the group to a plainly-dressed lady on the other side of the way. No. 20 being a corner house, the pi assi blinds commanded a view as — Place also.

"There gots Mrs. Howland," said she. "What a lovely bosnet she has on, though she always dresses so plainly! Still you can see it is of the yery best insternals."

Mrs. Hopkins looked at Mrs Jones as if for explanation of this singular phenomenon. Her husband's air of triumph was most provokingly felt by all of them. No one had ever hesitated to acknowledge the superiority of Mrs. Howland. Mrs. Jones would have given half their income to be invited to one of her parties; and because she could not get, amused herself by sneering at those who did: She had, however, laid assiduous court to Mr. Newbold, the only gentleman in the house who visited Mrs. Howland, and dispensed to her friends innumerable bits of go-sip—which he had accidentally furnished her with—as fresh from her own experience and observation. Miss Smith was most en thusiastic in her admiration of their neighbor's household, from the baby tossed up and down, before the nursery windows, to the servant lad, who did not wear a livery. This last, Miss Smith considered a great want of taste.

Mrs. Hopkins shared in the general "hero-wor ship," and modeled her dress upon the Howland pattern. This accounts, in some measure, for the exceedingly good taste usually visible in her toilet upon it—
though, to do the little lady justice, she was not

"I have not wasted all my time, wanting in this particular. On the contrary, the great lady s dress was the only thing which Mrs. Jones and sister did not approve of. They took care to show this by the deep flounces, fine feathers, and glittening silks in which they were arrayed. And now, Mrs. Howland, whom they all quoted, had actually been seen to enter her elegant man-

sion carrying a bundle!

Mr. Newbold had hither listened to the discussion in silence, partly because it amused him, and partly that he was a reserved gentlemanly man, who did not choose to intrude his opinion; but now he came forward, and declared that it was by no means a solitary instance. Mrs. Howland often walked down town without her carriage, and rewanted town town without her carriage, and returned bringing her own purchases when they were not foo large. "I remember meeting her myself, one mothing, (Mr. Hopkins gave him a grateful look as he proceeded,) near the corner of B'eeker Street, and offering to take a package from her. "No," said she, "I would not trust it even to you. It's a shade for Mr. Howland's study lamp; and, if you were to break it, I have no time drop one the to go back for another." I asked her why she had dyspepsin. not ordered it sent home. "Shopboys might be as careless as some other people," was her answer-"and, besides, they have enough to do running for people who are too grand to wait on themselves.— Due of these persons amused me very much this morning while I was selecting this shade. She purchased a shilling china figure, a very common affair, and small as you may suppose; then, with the most matter of coursish air, asked to have it sent home a mile or so!" It's an actual fact, tho'
you may think it improbable; so you need not
smile, Mrs. Jones."

Alas! the troubled smile expressed anything

rather than a doubt of Airs. Howland's veracity: she was well aware of the truth. She knew that the very chian figure in queston ornamented that legal gentleman professionally. "Is the Squeer play-house of her neice Amanda Jones, and that it was none other than herself who had ministered opened the door at his summons. He was answerted to the door at his summons. He was answer-How could she be expected to know who that wo-man in a drab Highland shawl and plain straw bonnet was, standing with her back to them too! She wondered if Mr. Newbold knew all the while that it was her, and had told the story purposely. But no; one glance at that quiet, serene face put such an idea to rest. For all that, Mrs. Jones grew

decidedly uncomfortable.

"For my part," added Mr. Newbold, "I am decidedly of the opinion that Mr. Hopkins has expressed, and Mrs. Howland carries constantly into practice. No real lady should be above making herself in this world, where there is so much for all to do. Mrs. Howland would not keep half the establish ment she has, but to please her husband, who is somewhat fond of ostentation. I have often heard her say that, if it does no other harm, it is setting a bad example to those whose incomes will not afford it, and who nevertholess rush into the same expenditure. Carrying a bundle may be considered of very little importance in itself; but it is an ex ample of helplessness to which some of our ladies see fit to reduce themselves, for the sake of appearing able to afford anything. When a parcel is not so large as to inconvenience one, I should think it would be preferable to bring it one's self, and thus be secure against mistakes and delays.

Here the convesation was interrupted by the arrival of Mrs. Hopkins's purchase from Stewart's. The little wife blushed as it was handed to her, neatly tied up in fine wrapping paper, and no larger than a small volume. Mr. Newbold smiled good naturedly, begged pardon of the ladies for having given them such a formidable impromptu

lecture, and walked away.
"Bah! what a pity he hadn't been a clergyman said Mr. Thompson, cotemptuously. He could not bear to see Mrs. Smith looking so "cut down" as she did for an instant, and "pshawed" at Nr. Newbold

as the cause of her discomposure.

Mrs. Hopkins and her husband went to their own oom to inspect the handkerchiefs; but when there she did not seem inclined to display them. Sh "fussed" with the string some time as she stood with her back to her hasband at the window. Mr. Hopkins came forward and offered his services. What was his surprise to find tears slowly falling from her beautiful brown eves! No wonder that she could not see to untie the knot.

"Ah, Arthur," said she, "how very foolish you must think me! Indeed, indeed, I never thought about it at all before.

Her husband pressed the sobbing little wife to his heart. "I know it; you are only thoughtless my love. Do rely upon your own good sense for the future, and not be led by these silly women." So the lady was comforted: and ever as she used

those cambric handkerchiefs, the lesson of their purchase was brought to her mind. The very next day, she bought some cravate for her husband brought them home triumphantly, and henime them too. Miss Smith, who had an elegant gold thimble which she never used, thought this very like being "govorned by one's own husband," and resolved more heartily than ever that she would never be guilty of like submission. The Jones faction sent home more minute parcels than ever.

It may not be uninteresting to add that Mrs. Hopkins was ultimately invited to Mrs Howland's parties, and how the acquaintance was brought

The two ladies were making purchase at the same

by what she has on. I declare, Matilda, if she is not carrying a parcel! Look. Yes, a parcel. Mrs. Jones, and not a roll of music, or a paper of pins, either. Much more like yards of table-linen or flannel, from its size and shape."

The female part of the conclave on the piazza of No. 20 were struck dumb. There was no appeal from so visible a fact. Mrs. Howland, the great lady of ——Square, who need not set foot on the payement except to cross it to her carriage; who had servants enough for a small hotel, and was acknowledged to be a leader in "the innermost"—Mrs. Howland was actually walking when she could as well ride, and carrying a brown paper parcel!

Mrs. Hopkins looked at Mrs Jones as if for except to consequences was related to her. She had taken a fancy to Mrs. Hopkins, and this was confirmed by Mr. Newbold's warm encontums. He had liked her better from the very day of Stewart parcel. Not long after, the ladies met at a party. The surprise and delight of Mrs. Hopkins can scarcely be expressed when the great lady of —Square to only asked an introduction, but conversed a long time with her.

conversed a long time with her.

A few days after, Mrs. Howland's card wassent up to Mrs. Arthur Hopkins. She could hardly be-lieve her own eyes; neither could Mrs. Jones, who had stopped the servant upon the stairs to see who

the visitor was

Afterwards, when the story came out—Mrs Hopkins was often at Mrs Howland's now-Mrs. Jones carled her thin lips very contemptuously but, for all that, she would have made any sacrifice to stand in her place. Miss Smith (now Mrs Thompson) was observed for some time to frequently pass Mrs. Howland's house with most astentaous bundles; but as it did no good, (the lady never seeming to be aware of the existence of Mrs. T.,) she gave it up, and joined with her sister in success and invendoes at "toadies" and "humble fol-

We did commence with a moral in view, notwithstanding our devious course; and if you can discover it, dear ladies, through its somewhat fantastic drapery, why, then-particularly if you not

But said a word in season

# Laws of Health.

CHILDREN should be taught to use the left, had s well as the right.

Ohildren should not be allowed to eat sweet meat, and caudy.

Children should sleep in separate beds, and

could not wear night-caps.
Children under seven years of age should not be confined over six or seven hours in the house—and that time should be broken by frequent recesses. Children and young people must be made to hold their heads up and shoulders back while standing, sitting, or walking. 'The best beds for children are

of hair and cotton. From one pound and a half of solid food is sufficient for a person in the ordinary vocation of husiness. Person in sedentary employments, should drop one third of their food, and they will escape Young persons should walk at least two hours a

day in the open air.
Young ladies should be prevented from bandaging the chest. We have known three cases of in sanity terminating in death, which begun in this practice.

Every person, great and small, should wash all over in cold water every morning.

Reading aloud is conducive to health.

The best remedy for eves weakened by night use, is a fine stream of cold water frequently applied to them .- London Lancet.

EXPOUNDING THE LAW. - A Scotchinan called at the house of lawer Fletcher, of Vermont to consult

Disappointment was now added to the trials of Scotia's son, but after a few moments considera-tion a new thought relieved him.

"Mebby yourself can gie me the necessary formation as well as the Squeer-seein' ye're his

"Spose you was an old white mare, and I should borrow ye ta gang to mill with a grist on yer back an we should get no farther than Sair hill, when

all at woonce ye should back up, an rear up, an pitch up, and break ver dearned auld neck, who'd pay for yel not L dearn me if I would? The lady smilingly told him, as he had himsel passed the sentence upon the case, advice would be entirely superfluous.

Making a " V."-A story is told of an auctioneer who was provokingly annoyed, white in the exercise of his protession, by the lidderous hids of a fellow, whose sole object seemed to be to make aport of the buyers, rather than himself to buy. At length enraged beyond endurance, the knight of the ivory headed hammer, looking round the room for a champion to avenge his wrongs, fixed his eyes upon a biped of huge dimensions, a very monarch in

strength and cried out " Marlow, what shall I give you to put that felóir put f" "I take one five dollar bill."

"Done, Done you shall have it." Assuming the ferocious, knitting his brows, spread ing his mostrils like a lion's, and putting on the wolf all over his shoulders, old Marlow strode to the rg-gressor, and seizing the terrified wretch by the colar, said to him in a whisper that was heard all ver the room-

"My good frin, you go out wit me, I gib you half de money?"
"Doile! dene!" said the fellow: "Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted the audience.

suctioneer had the good sense to join in the laugh and coolly forked out the V. As Ordinary License -A neat little girl, ar parently about nineteen says the Frederick Her ald, a few days ago entered the Clerk's office, and

removing her bonnet, enquired if Dr. Bradly Taylor was in. The Doctor, who was present, promptly and politely responded in the affirmative. Are you, says the lady, the gentleman we gro to save for Governor. Why, madame, says the doctor, with modes confusion, there has been some conversation on that

Then you are the very gentleman I want. Have you any License to dispose of.

Yes, madara; will you have a retailers or an or

dinary License? An ordinary will do, Doctor; Tan only going to varry a little Dutchman

A "FASHIONABLE" MOTHER .- "You are not fone of children, ma'am, I believe! remarked our aunt Betstey to a fashionable lady the other day. -not when they are small: the brats are so much trouble; but if I had one from six to eight years old, I think I should like it very well." "Well, that's the way for all the world that my fashionable niece used to talk .- Poor thing! On one occasion yery best insternals. Mrs. Howland the child's nurse went into the country for a week. It is about her, mid Mrs. Howland had completed hers first, and was attracted from the change site was counting, by hearing a very like an angel or real lady I mean—quite as scarce with me." Surprised to hear a refusal to the offer and refusal to the offer the offer.

Truth Stranger than Fiction.

The Paris correspondent, of the St. Louis Repub-A pour man recently made his escape from the gallers at Tohlouse. He was strong and rigorous and soun made his way across the country and escape from the gallers at the country and escape from the gallers at Tohlouse from the country and escape from the gallers at Tohlouse from the gallers and soon infide his way across the country and escaped pursuit. He arrived the next morning before a cottage in an open field, and stopped to beg something to eat and concealment while he reposed a little. But he found the inmates of the cottage in the greatest distress. Four little children sat trembling in a corner, their mother was weeping and tearing her hair and the father walking the floor in agony. The galley slave asked what was the matter, and the father replied that they were that incrining to be turned out of doors because they could not pay their rent. "Non see me driven to despair," and the tamer, "ny wife and children without find or shelter, and I without the means to provide for them." The convict listened to his tale with ten's of sympathy and then said:

I will give you the means. I have but just escaped from the galleys; whoever secures me and takes backan escaped prisoner is entitled to a re-ward of fifty francs. How much does your rent

ward of fifty francs. How much does your rent amount to !"
"Forty francs," answered the father.
"Well" said the other "put a cord around my body, I will follow you to the city, they will recognize me, and you will get fifty francs for bringing me back." No never!" exclaimed the astonished listener, "my children should starve a dozen times before I would do so base a tling."
The generous young man insisted, and declared at last that he would go and give himself up if the at last that he would go and give himself up, if the

figher would not consent to take him. After a long struggliq the latter yielded and taking his preserver by the arm led him to the city and to the Mayor office. Everybody was surprised that a little man like the father, had been able to capture such a strong young fellow, but the proof was before them; the fifty francs were paid and the prisoner sent back to galleys. But after he was gone, the father asked a private interview of the Mayor, to whom he told the whole story. The Mayor was so much affected that he not only added fifty francs more to the father's purse but wrote immediately to the minister of inatice, brigging the noble young prisoner's release. The minister examined into the affair, and finding that it was comparatively a small offence which had condemned the young man to the galleys, and that he had already served! out half his time, he ordered his release. Is not the

#### A Touching Story.

The following beautiful and touching story was related by Dr. Schneebly, of Maryland, at a meeting held in New York to hear the experience of twenty reformed drumkards:
"A drumkard who had run through with his prop-

erty, returned home one night to his unfurhished thouse. He entered his empty hall—anguish was gnawing his heartstrings, and language is made; quate to express his agony as he entered his wife apartment, and there beliefd his lovely wife and darling, whild. Morose and sullen he seated himself without a word; he could not speak he could not look upon them. The mother said to the angel by her side, come, my child, it is time to go to bed, and the little babe, as was her wont, knelt in her mother's lap, and gazing wistfully into the face of her suffering parent like a piece of chisseled statuary, slowly repeating her nightly orison; and when she had fluished, (she was but four years of age.) said to her mother, 'Dear ma, may I not offer up one more prayer?'
Yes, yes, my sweet pet, pray.' And she lifted up up her tiny hand, closed her eyes, and prayed: 'O

God, spare my dear papa!
That payer was wafted up with electric rapidity to the throne of God. It was heard—it was heard. The responsive 'Amen!' burst from the father's lips and his heart of stone became a heart of flesh. Wife and child were both clasped to his bosom, The kind lady readily promised to do so if on and in penitence he said, My child, you have saved learning the nature of his difficulty, she found it in your father from the grave of a drunkard. Ill sign per power, and the other proceeded to state his the pledge."

## First Issue of Newspapers.

When the reign of James the first was drawing to a close; when Ben Jonson was poet laureate, and the personal friends of Shakespeare were in-menting his recent death; when Cromwell was trading as a brewer at Huntingdon; when Miltonwas a youth of sixteen, just trying his penat Latin verse and Hampden a quiet country gentleman in Buck-inglantshire; London was first solicited to patron-ise its first newspaper. There is now no reason to doubt that the puny injectors of the myriads of broad sheets of our time was published in the mo-tropolis of 1622, and that the most, prominent of the ingentious speculators who offered the novelty down the decaptor.

to the world was one Nathaniel Butter. His companions in the work appear to have been Nicholas Bourne, Thomas Archer, Nathaniel Newberry, William Sheffard, Bartholomew Downes, and Edward of crackers, with Allde. All these different names appear in the line.

You'll by a children to the party who have the party to the party Allde. All these different names appear in the in-prints of the early numbers of the preting wapapers —the New News. What appears to be the earliest date the 23d of May, 1622, and has the names of Bourne and Archer on the title, but as we proceed in the examination of the subject we find that date the 23d of May, 1622, and has the names of Bourne and Archer on the title; but as we proceed in the examination of the subject, we find that Butler becomes the most conspicuous of the set. He seems to have been the anthor, and the writer whilst the others were probably the publishers and with varying title, and apparently with indifferent success, his name is found connected with newspapers as late as 1640. The Fourth Essee. Fain Hirs.—Mrs. Frances D. Gage in a letter to

the Ohio State Journal, gives her sex the following fair hits: Two years ago I made a journey to New Enghind, accompanied by my husband and also my fa-ther in law, an old man of four score years. I have often seen that good old man offer his scat to some Hale woman of half or less than half his age, and seen her accept it, as if it were a right, without even a passing notice of his grey hairs, or the right of years that entitled him to her kindness and at teution. Once and only once, a lady of queenly grace and bendity sprang from her sent as we entered and, with a voice that was musical in its very tone said, Father, take this arm chair. How my heart sprang to meet her in her angel goodness! Such has ever been our iden of a lady which is synonymous with a true woman

A Scotchman and an Irisliniah were fravel ing together. The Scotchinan was hald; and, for a joke he rose in the night and shaved his compan ion's head, while he was usleep.
The Trishman had given orders to his lard

to wake him early. He did so—the poor fellow trose, and discovering his bald head in a glass go claimed— By the powers! I told you to awaken me, bu instead of that, you was after calling up the Scotci man. I'm never to be cliented in this way, S saying he went to bed again.

More than He Bargained For. The Captain of a small craft, who happer with his ressel, and was soon afterwards sunth ed to appear of the Court of Common Pleas its wer to a somewhat ancient L O. U. of his

he had neglected to take up. But he could'ut pay it, and a keeper was quently put on boatd his schooner, on neo the demand and costs. The mariner took little tice of the process, lowever; he could at pay present—and after telling his creditor so he sued the even tenor of his way, discharged his sel, took in mother cargo and trees as well as his plain for

quietly got ready for sea once more The keeper being a landsman, knew what was going on, but one evening has he sat in the cabin carefully perpand the can Art Union, and drawing small compet threathe little end of a short siz." He was study started from his quiet, by air unusual bustle, di

started from his quiet, by an unusual line of the lay over head.

He repaired to the deck, and the first, exclutions he heart, were—

"Cast of sour bow line—half in "What's goth on ere!" lie asked—"Up with that lib, there!

"Look ere! What' you donn!

"Stand by, there—you lubbers! continued Captain as the schooner's bow hove of with receding thee—"stand by to ran up the his a sand is the order was given the

Wha't on earth is goin' on !" repeated the offi

approaching the skipper on the quarter deck as a gust of wind had taken his the over the sid "What you, doing?"
"Doing! Goin to sea"
"Goin where ?"
"To South Ca'lina, first—and then

"But, cap'n 1 look'ere. / ain't a goin to sea "Run up that ma'n sail !" shouted "the ca throwing the schooner's head to the wind. See cre—Cap'n! for massys sake don can't. T've lost my liat—I've—I didn't come for this. I tell you, Cap'n—hold on 1 2 in to sea. Now then, boys shake out the top and

tinued the Captain, turning away again; and minutes afterwards, the little schooner was dash away, like a sea-gill before a brisk nor well with all sail set, towards the Gut "Come now, Cap'n-don't you, that's a good er-dont. "Don't what ?"

"Don't go to sea that is, don't carry Don't go to sea—that 48, don't carry me on this way, don't. I'm a married man, Cap'n. I'm father of a wife and chi'—oh, Lord! oh, Ed Cap'n, I'm sick—sick, I tell you; now don't the motion of the vessel had begun to operate in

the keeper's stomach, already.

"Let me go asliore, Cap'n: come to

"Can't do it!"

"You must. Oh, Lord! I'm so sick!"
"You must. Oh, Lord! I'm so sick!"
"You must. Oh, Lord! I'm so sick!"
"Well, see here Mr. Officer, you know your briess better'n I'do. I must go to see. that's taim. But if you desire to go ashore, why to commodate you. I'll lor to here orders commodate you, I'll lay to, here, and my boat

your service.

"Oh, Lord! I'm very much obliged to youmuch"—said the poor fellow, gratefully: and
moment or two the schooler's rose was stock the wind, the boat was quickly lowered (off S Boston Point,) and as the wretched keeper

over the side, the benevolest Captain Jamined old seal skin cap down upon his bare cranium, bid him a "jolly good night."

He was safely landed upon the marsh, the returned to the vessel, (which took the breeze and hand went on their way rejoicing,) white jour loft friend," wadad the breeze and hand went on their way rejoicing,) white jour loft friend," wadad the breeze and hand went on their way rejoicing.) friend" waded through the snow and muditwom to the turnpike, and thence home by way of So He arrived in saidty at his domicil about 2

clock in the morning; but since this adventure have heard him declare, that he will never as officiate as deputy water-balliff, for nobody, at place, on to terms whatsomever. And we get he won't, that is to say we calkilate he won't America Union.

A toper, some time since says an exchange into a bar-room in the western part of Wiscon and called for something to drink? "We don't sell liquor, but we will give lass, and then if you want a cracker we will it to you for three cents."
"Very well," said the Yan

Well, no, said the Yankee Truessell 'em tou dear I can get lots on any ce. cent, any where else ?

half barrels, that he had just sold all of it at a villow brice, for shipment to Boston, and upon our quiring of the purchaser, who was standing us, what was the object of sending such an article to the North, particularly as it was no doubt so add of course unfit for its usual use, he replied rather guess a good part of it will come back again the form of ground mustard, ginger, pepper at Good Maxims.—The more quietly and pear

wo get on, the better—the better for our neight nine cases out of ten, the wint believe in nine cases out of ten, the wint believe in nine cheats you, quit dealing with the sign abusive quit his company, if he windows you that nobody will believe him, no maker he is, or how he misuses you. The wines we generally folet him alons for there is not be wrongs we need with the wrongs we meet with. Schoolmaster - Wil Tomok

dow ? Bill—A widder ur u a married worse int got no husband. Master—Very well? What is without Bill—'A widder is guins shakrum! idders'. Well Bill, that is not exactly according on, But it will she with

his serming recently suited—
White is the price of earthly pleasure
done and Seven and air pence a donner mad a half sleep grocer, who was somewhat startled from