

THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER

THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT.

VOLUME XXV.

MONTROSE, PENNA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1850.

NUMBER 35.

THE REGISTER. PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY James W. Chapman.

The Pilgrim Mothers.

Otic blossoms! brought to grace Old Plymouth's rocky gray...

Then swift'er the smiling deep The fragile May-flower flew...

It was your greeting from the shore That seemed in dreams so fair...

Ye taught them when their simple prayers Were breathed beside the knee...

Ye taught to spurn the tyrant's claim And loved to God alone...

Something Marvellous. A story went the rounds of the papers since...

The sufferer in the case, Phineas P. Gage, a young man of 25...

But does the prisoner request it? inquired the judge. 'Let her speak for herself,' said the stranger...

Professor B. who justly describes the case as one perhaps unparalleled in the annals of surgery...

An unnatural appearance of the left eye, with paralysis of the lids, a scar on the cheek and another on the skull...

JOHN TAYLOR; The Timon of the Backwoods Bar and Pulpit.

I can never forget my first vision of John Taylor. It was in the Court-house in Lewisburg...

Such is the brief abstract of the circumstances developed in the examination of witnesses...

The contrast between the outlandish garb and disdainful countenance of the stranger, excited especially the curiosity...

The general gaze, however, was diverted by the advent of the fair prisoner, who came in surrounded by her guard...

The judge turned to the prisoner. 'Emma Miller, the court has been informed that your counsel, Col. Lincoln, is sick; have you employed any other?'

At this response, so touching in its simple pathos, a portion of the audience buzzed applause, and the rest wept.

Yankee Sullivan, the notorious prize fighter, whom Tom Hyer bruised so badly a few months ago...

By all those glittering fire-flies of fashion. But the beautiful stranger rejected them all with uttering scorn and loathing...

At nine o'clock, on Christmas night, 1837, the people of Lewisburg were startled by a loud scream of terror...

Such is the brief abstract of the circumstances developed in the examination of witnesses...

The American, now calculating on a very superior force being sent, cut his cables and rowed the privateer close along the shore...

After the boats gave out, nothing more was at one moment...

The jury returned a verdict of 'Not Guilty,' without leaving the dock...

In the wrong pocket.—A western paper tells a capital joke upon the Lococo candidate for Governor of Ohio...

Yankee Sullivan, the notorious prize fighter, whom Tom Hyer bruised so badly a few months ago...

The Privateer Gen. Armstrong.

The news of the state of things existing at Lisbon, the Portuguese government and the American squadron there, gives a particular interest to the affair of the privateer General Armstrong...

The Governor now sent a remonstrance to Capt. Lloyd of the Plantagenet, against such proceedings...

The Americans, now calculating on a very superior force being sent, cut his cables and rowed the privateer close along the shore...

After the boats gave out, nothing more was at one moment...

The jury returned a verdict of 'Not Guilty,' without leaving the dock...

In the wrong pocket.—A western paper tells a capital joke upon the Lococo candidate for Governor of Ohio...

Yankee Sullivan, the notorious prize fighter, whom Tom Hyer bruised so badly a few months ago...

claim on England. Mr. Parkin, Mr. Edward Bayly, and other English gentlemen disapproved of the outrage and deplored it...

Theatrical Reminiscence.

Who does not recollect Billy Williams, the comedian, familiarly known as Billy of the Wells, which latter cognomen he derived from having been confined for several years...

'What! you and the horse?' 'No, my dear, I did not mean to say that I would ride the horse, I meant to say that I would ride him.'

'What! you and the horse?' 'No, my dear, I did not mean to say that I would ride the horse, I meant to say that I would ride him.'

'What! you and the horse?' 'No, my dear, I did not mean to say that I would ride the horse, I meant to say that I would ride him.'

'What! you and the horse?' 'No, my dear, I did not mean to say that I would ride the horse, I meant to say that I would ride him.'

'What! you and the horse?' 'No, my dear, I did not mean to say that I would ride the horse, I meant to say that I would ride him.'

'What! you and the horse?' 'No, my dear, I did not mean to say that I would ride the horse, I meant to say that I would ride him.'

A Southern Speck of Treason.

The spirit of Aaron Burr seems still to be rife in the South in seeking to discover the Union and establish a Southern confederacy...

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Enquirer gives the following: 'In January last, Gen. Lopez visited upon Gen. Sumner, and presented him with a prayer, drawn up by leading Southern men in this city...

'What! you and the horse?' 'No, my dear, I did not mean to say that I would ride the horse, I meant to say that I would ride him.'

'What! you and the horse?' 'No, my dear, I did not mean to say that I would ride the horse, I meant to say that I would ride him.'

'What! you and the horse?' 'No, my dear, I did not mean to say that I would ride the horse, I meant to say that I would ride him.'

'What! you and the horse?' 'No, my dear, I did not mean to say that I would ride the horse, I meant to say that I would ride him.'

'What! you and the horse?' 'No, my dear, I did not mean to say that I would ride the horse, I meant to say that I would ride him.'

'What! you and the horse?' 'No, my dear, I did not mean to say that I would ride the horse, I meant to say that I would ride him.'