

"Ours are the plans of fair, delightful peace,
"Unwar'p'd by party rage to live like brothers."

THE REGISTER

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MISCELLANEOUS.

The following Tale presents a good idea of English rural sports, and at the same time illustrates the character and manners of English Villagers.

LOST AND WON.

By Miss Mary Russell Mitford.

"Nay but my dear Letty!"

"Don't dear Letty me, Mr. Paul Holton!"

"I have not the East-Woodhay Eleven beaten the Hazelby Eleven for the first time in the memory of man? and is it not entirely your fault? Answer me that, sir!"

"Did not you insist on taking James White's place, when he got that little knock on the leg with the ball last night, though James poor fellow, maintained to the last, that he could play better with one leg than you with two?"

"Did not you insist on taking poor James's place? and did you get a single notch in either innings?"

"And did not you miss three catches—three fair catches—Mr. Paul Holton!"

"Might not you twice have caught our John Brown, who, as all the world knows, hits up?"

"And did not a ball from the edge of Tom Taylor's bat come into your hands, absolutely into your hands, and did not you let her go?"

"And did not Tom Taylor after that get forty-five runs in that same innings, and thereby win the game?"

"That a man should pretend to hold the ball when he has her in his hands!—Oh, if I had been there!"

"You?—Why Letty?"

"Don't Letty me, sir!—Don't talk to me!—I am going home!"

"With all my heart, Miss Letitia Dale!"

"I have the honor, madam to, wish you a good evening." And each turned away at a smart pace, and the one went westward and the other eastward home.

This unlovely-like parting occurred on Hazelby Down, one fine afternoon in the Whitson week, between a couple whom all Hazelby had, for at least a month before, set down as lovers—Letty Dale, the pretty daughter of the jolly old tanner, and Paul Holton, a rich young yeoman, on a visit in the place.

Letty's angry speech will sufficiently explain their mutual provocation, although to enter fully into her feelings, one must be born in a cricketing parish, and sprung of a cricketing family, and be accustomed to rest that very uncertain and arbitrary standard, the point of honor, on beating our rivals and next neighbors in the annual match—for just-a-position is a great sharpener of rivalry, as Dr. Johnson knew, when, to please the inhabitants of Plymouth, he abused the good folks who lived at Dock's; moreover, one must be also a quick, zealous, hot-headed, warm-hearted girl, like Letty.

A beauty and an heiress, quite unused to disappointment, and not a little in love, and then we shall not wonder, in the first place, that she should be unreasonably angry, or, in the next, that before she had walked half a mile, her anger vanished, and was succeeded by tender relenting, and earnest wishes for a full and perfect reconciliation.

"He'll be sure to call to-morrow morning," thought Letty to herself; "he said he would, before this unlucky cricket playing." He told me that he had something to say, something particular. I wonder what it can be!

Thought poor Letty. "To be sure, he never has said any thing about liking me—but still—and then aunt Judith, and Fanny Wright, and all the neighbors say—However, I shall know to-morrow."

And home she tripped to the pleasant house by the tanyard, as happy as if the East-Woodhay men had not beaten the men of Hazelby.

"I shall not see him before to-morrow, though," repeated Letty to herself, and immediately repaired to her pretty flower-garden, the little gate of which opened on a path leading from the Down to the street—a path that, for obvious reasons, Paul was wont to prefer—and began tying up her carnations in the dusk of the evening, and watering her geraniums by the light of the moon, until it was so late that he was fain to return, disappointed, to the house, repeating to herself, "I shall certainly see him to-morrow."

Far different were the feelings of the children swain. Well-a-day for the age of chivalry! the happy times of knights and paladins, when a lecture from a lady's rosy lip, or a buffet from her lily hand, would have been received as humbly and as thankfully as the benediction from a matted Abbot, or the occadade from a king's sword! A as for the days of chivalry!—They are gone, and I fear me, forever.

For certain our present hero was not born to revive them.

Paul Holton was a well looking and well educated young farmer, just returned from the north, to which he had been sent for agricultural improvement, and now on the look-out for a farm and a wife, both of which he thought he had found at Hazelby, whither he had come on the double errand of visiting some distant relations, and letting two or three small houses recently fallen into his possession. As owner of these houses, all situate in the town, he had claimed the right to join the Hazelby Eleven mainly induced to avail himself of the privilege by the hope of winning favour in the eyes of the ungrateful fair one, whose animated character, as well as her sparkling beauty, had delighted his fancy, and apparently won his heart, until her rude attack on his play armed all the love of a man against her attractions. Letty is more intimately connected with self-love than people are willing to imagine; and Paul Holton's had been thoroughly mortified. Besides, if his fair mistress's character was somewhat too impetuous, his was greatly over-firm. So he said to himself, "The girl is a pretty girl but far too much of a shrew for my taming. I am no Petrucchio to master this Catherine. I come to wive it happily in Padua; and let her father be as rich as he may, I'll none of her." And, mistaking anger for indifference—no uncommon delusion in a love quarrel!—he started within the hour, thinking so very much of punishing the snicy beauty, that he entirely forgot the possibility of some of the pain falling to his own share.

The first tidings that Letty heard the next morning were, that Mr. Paul Holton had departed over night, having authorized his cousin to let his horses, and to decline the large farm, for which he was in treaty;—the next intelligence informed that he was settled in Sussex; and then his relations left Hazelby—and poor Letty heard no more. Poor Letty! Even in a common parting for a common journey she who stays behind is the object of pity, how much more so when he goes—goes, never to return, and carries with him the fond affection, the treasured hopes of a young unpractised heart!

Three years passed, and brought much of change to our country maiden and to her fortunes. Her father, the jolly old tanner, a kind, frank, thoughtless man, as the cognomen would almost imply, one who did not think there were such things as wickedness and ingratitude under the sun, became bound for a friend to a great amount; the friend proved a villain, and the jolly tanner was ruined. He and his daughter now lived in a small cottage near their former house; and at the point of time at which I have chosen to resume my story, the old man was endeavouring to persuade Letty, who had never attended a cricket match since the one she had so much cause to remember, to accompany him the next day, (White-Tuesday) to see the Hazelby Eleven again to encounter their ancient antagonists, the men of East-Woodhay.

"Pray come, Letty," said the fond father, "I can't go without you; I have no pleasure any where without my Letty; & I want to see this match, for Isaac Hunt can't play on account of the death of his mother, and they tell me the East-Woodhay men have consented to our taking in another mate who practices the new Sussex bowling—I want to see that new fangled mode. Do come Letty!" And with a sammered sigh at the mention of Sussex, Letty consented.

Now, old John Dale was not quite ingenuous with his pretty daughter. He did not tell her what he knew very well himself, that the bowler in question was no other than their sometime friend, Paul Holton, whom the business of letting his houses or some other cause, not, perhaps, clearly defined even to himself, had brought to Hazelby on the eve of the match, and whose new method of bowling (in spite of his former mischances) the Haze by Eleven were willing to try; the more so as they suspected, that, East-Woodhayites, who would have resisted the innovation of the Sussex system of delivering the ball in the hands of any one else, would have no objection to let Paul Holton, whose bad playing was a standing joke among them, do his best or his worst in any way.

Not a word of this did John Dale say to Letty; so that she was quite taken by surprise when, having placed her father, now very infirm, in a comfortable chair, she sat down by his side on a hillock of turf, and saw her recreant lover standing among a group of cricketers very near, and evidently gazing on her—just as he used to gaze three years before.

Perhaps Letty had never looked so pretty in her life as at that moment. She was simply dressed, as became her fallen fortunes. Her complexion was still coloured, like the apple blossom, with vivid red and white, but there was more of sensibility, more of the heart in its quivering mutability, its alternation of paleness and blushes; the blue eyes were still as bright, but were softened east down; the smile was still as splendid, but far more rare; the girlish

gaiety was gone, but it was replaced by womanly sweetness;—sweetness and modesty formed now the chief expression of that lovely face, lovelier, far lovelier, than ever. So apparently thought Paul Holton, for he gazed and gazed with his whole soul in his eyes, in complete oblivion of cricket and cricketers, and the whole world. At last he recollected himself, blushed and bowed, and advanced a few steps, as if to address her; but timid and irresolute, he turned away without speaking, joined the party who had now assembled round the wickets, the umpires called "Play!" and the game began.

East-Woodhay gained the toss and went in, and all eyes were fixed on the Sussex bowler.

The ball was placed in his hands; and instantly the wicket was down, and the striker out—no other than Tom Taylor, the boast of his parish, and the best batsman in the county.—"Accident mere accident!" of course cried East-Woodhay; but another and another followed; few could stand against the fatal bowling, and none could get notches. A panic seized the whole side. And then, as losers will, they began to exclaim against the system; called it a toss, a throw, a trick, anything but bowling, any thing but cricket; railed at it as destroying the grace of the attitude, and the balance of the game; protested against being considered as beaten by such jugglery, and finally appealed to the umpires as to the fairness of the play. The umpires, men of conscience, and old cricketers, hummed and hawed, sea-sawed; quoted contending precedents and jostling authorities; looked grave and wise, whilst even their little sticks of office seemed vibrating in puzzled impotence. Never were judges more sorely perplexed.

At last they did, as the sages of the bench often do in such cases—reserve the point of law, and derided them to "play out the play." Accordingly the match was resumed, only twenty-seven notches being gained by the East-Woodhayians in their first innings, and they entirely from the balls of the old Hazelby bowler, James White.

During the quarter of an hour's pause which the laws allow, the victorious man of Sussex went up to John Dale, who had watched him with a strange mixture of feeling, delighted to hear the stumps rattle, and to see opponent after opponent mow down his bat and walk off; and yet much annoyed at the new method by which the object was achieved. "We should not have called this cricket in my day," said he, and yet it knocks down the wickets gloriously, too!" Letty, on her part, had watched the game with unmingled interest and admiration. "He knew how much I liked to see a good cricketer," thought she; yet still, when that identical good cricketer approached, she was seized with such a fit of shyness—call it modesty—that she left her seat and joined a group of young women at some distance.

Paul looked earnestly after her, but remained standing by her father, enquiring with affectionate interest after his health, and talking over the game and the bowling. At length he said, "I hope that I have not driven away Miss Letitia."

"Call her Letty, Mr. Holton," interrupted the old man; "plain Letty. We are poor folks now, and have no right to any other title than our own proper names, old John Dale and his daughter Letty. A good daughter she has been to me, continued the fond father; "for when debt and losses took all that we had—for we paid to the uttermost farthing. Mr. Paul Holton; we owe no man a shilling!—when all my earnings and savings were gone, and the house over our head—the horse I was born in, the house she was born in.—I loved it much the better for that!—taken away from us, then she gave up the few hundreds she was entitled to in right of her blessed mother to purchase an annuity for the old man, whose trust in a villain has brought her to want."

"God bless her!" interrupted Paul Holton.

"Ay, and God will bless her," returned the old man solemnly;—"God will bless the dutiful child, who despoiled herself of all to support her old father."

"Blessings on her dear generous heart!" again ejaculated Paul: "and I was away and knew nothing of this!"

"I knew nothing of it myself, until the deed was completed," rejoined John Dale. "She was just of age, and the annuity was purchased and the money paid before she told me; and a cruel kindness it was to strip herself for my sake; it almost broke my heart when I heard the story. But even that was nothing," continued the good tanner, warming with his subject, "compared with her conduct since. If you could but see how she keeps the house, and how she waits upon me; her handiness, her cheerfulness, and all her pretty ways and contrivances to make me forget old times and old places. Poor thing! she must miss her neat parlour and the flower-garden she was so fond of as much as I do my tanyard and the great hall; but she never seems to think of them, and never has spoken a hasty word since our misfortune, for all you know, poor thing! she used to be a little quick tempered!"

"And I knew nothing of this," repeated Paul Holton, as, two or three of their best wickets being down, (the Hazelby players summoned him to go in. "I knew nothing of this!")

Again all eyes were fixed on the Sussex cricketer, and at first he seemed likely to verify the predictions & confirm the hopes of the most malicious of his adversaries, by batting as badly as he had bowled well.—He had not caught eight of the ball; his hits were weak, his defence insecure, and his mates began to tremble and his opponents to crow. Every hit seemed likely to be the last; he missed a leg ball of Ned Smith's, was all but caught out by Sam Newton; and East Woodhay triumphed. Hazelby sate quaking, when a sudden glimpse of Letty watching him with manifold anxiety, recalled her champion's wandering thoughts. Gathering himself up, he stood before the wicket another man; knocked the ball hither and thither, to the turnpike, the coppice, the pond; got three, four, and five, at a hit; baffled the slow bowler James Smith and the fast bowler Tom Taylor, got fifty-five notches off his own bat; stood out all the rest of his side; and so handled the adverse party when they went in, that the match was won at a single inning with six and thirty runs to spare.

Whilst his mates were discussing their victory, Paul Holton again approached the father and daughter, and this time she did not run away: "Letty, dear Letty," said he, "three years ago I lost the cricket match, and you were angry and I was a fool. But Letty, dear Letty, this match is won; and if you could but know how deeply I have repented, how earnestly I have longed for this day! The world has gone well with me, Letty, for these three long years. I have wanted nothing but the treasure which myself threw away, & now if you would but let your father be my father, and my home your home!—if you would out forgive me, Letty!"

Letty's answer is no upon record; but it is certain that Paul Holton walked home from the cricket ground that evening with John Dale hanging on one arm, and John Dale's pretty daughter on the other, and that a month after, the bells of Hazelby Church were ringing merrily in honor of one of the fairest and luckiest matches that ever cricketer lost or won.

Littell's Museum.

to the widow's cry. I too had made supplication to intercessors of well-kept power and favor:—your honorable lordship, I have applied to *little Sandy Gordon*, and got neither solace nor satisfaction from him. Syne I applied to *muckle Sandy Gordon*, but got still less from him. In short, a's proved vanity and vexation o' speerit. Before I and my hairns gae forth, the sport of the winds of heaven, I noo do what I suld hae done at the outset—I apply for remeid to the *great Gordon himself!*"

This most judicious and touching appeal produced an electrical effect on the noble persons to whom it was made. The widow and her sons obtained a long lease of an excellent farm, on a rent merely nominal; and it is believed that her descendants enjoy it to this very day.

FRANKLIN'S NOTION OF TEMPERANCE.

The following extracts from the life of Dr. Franklin written by himself, will serve to illustrate some of the questions in dietetics at this time under discussion.—He was at the period of which he speaks a printer in London.

"On my entrance I worked at first as a pressman, conceiving that I had need of bodily exercise, to which I had been accustomed in America, where the printers work alternately as compositors and at the press. I drank nothing but water. The other workmen, to the number of about fifty, were great drinkers of beer. I carried occasionally a large form of letters in each hand, up and down stairs, while the rest employed both hands to carry one.—They were surprized to see, by this and many other examples, that the American Aquatic, as they used to call me, was stronger than those who drank porter. The beer boy had sufficient employment during the whole day in serving that house alone.—My fellow pressman drank every day a pint of beer before breakfast, a pint with bread and cheese for breakfast, one between breakfast and dinner, one at dinner, one again about six o'clock in the afternoon, and another after he had finished his day's work. This custom seemed to me abominable; but he had need, he said, of all this beer, in order to acquire strength to work."

"I endeavored to convince him that the bodily strength furnished by the beer, could only be in proportion to the solid part of the barley dissolved in the water of which the beer was composed; that there was a larger portion of flour in a penny loaf, and that consequently if he ate this loaf, and drank a pint of water with it, he would derive more strength from it than from a pint of beer. This reasoning, however, did not prevent him from drinking his accustomed quantity of beer, and paying every Saturday night a score of four or five shillings a week, for this cursed beverage; an expense from which I was wholly exempt. Thus do these poor devils continue all their lives in a state of voluntary wretchedness and poverty."

"My example prevailed with several of them to renounce their abominable practice of bread and cheese with beer; and they procured, like me, from a neighboring house a good basin of warm gruel, in which was a small slice of butter, with toasted bread and nutmeg. This was a much better breakfast, which did not cost more than a pint of beer, namely, three halfpence, and at the same time preserved the head clearer. Those who continued to gorge themselves with beer, often lost their credit with the publican, from neglecting to pay their score. They had then recourse to me, to become security for them; their light, as they used to call it, being out. I attended at the payable every Saturday evening, to take up the little sum which I had made myself answerable for; and which sometimes amounted to nearly thirty shillings a week."

HAYWOOD'S REPORTS.

The First Volume of this valuable Work being out of print, we are about to publish a new edition of it, with References to subsequent enactments of the Legislature, and decisions of the Court of Conference and Supreme Court, a Table of the Cases reported, marginal Abstracts, and a new Index, by Wm. H. Barrow, Esq. of Franklin County.
The Work is at present in the Press, and will be got out with all convenient despatch.
J. GALES & SON.
Raleigh, June 10, 1830.

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Sept. 18, 1830.
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