

THE DELAWARE REGISTER:

OR,
FARMERS', MANUFACTURERS' & MECHANICS' ADVOCATE.

Our Public Journals as they ought to be—"The vehicles of Intelligence, not the common sewers of Scandal."

No. 36.

WILMINGTON, DEL., SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1829.

VOL. I

The DELAWARE REGISTER is published every Saturday morning, by A. & H. Wilson, No. 105, Market Street, at Two Dollars per annum, if paid in advance; otherwise, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents.

Handbills, Cards, Blanks, Pamphlets, and Job Printing in general, executed with neatness and despatch, and at moderate prices, at the Office of the Register.

Advertisements inserted on reasonable terms.

FOR THE DELAWARE REGISTER.

A PARODY ON ORLANDO'S "THRUSH."

Write on, sweet Bard, thy pensive strain
Is made to soothe a lady's ear,
Thy numbers ne'er can roll in vain
When fair ones pause, the notes to hear;

We love to list thy gentle lay,
Altho' our hearts be light and free
It tells us, or it seems to say—
Come, hearken seriously to me:

"Dear woman, in this lonely dell
Where none but fairy feet in rude,
With thee I could enraptured dwell,
For thou wouldst cheer my solitude;

How sweet at morning's early ray
To watch its beam first abed on thee,
To hear thee softly sigh and say
Thou lovest but one, and I am he."

And then at evening's mellow close
The happy moments to prolong,
Before the warblers seek repose
And hear an echo, to their song.

Who in this world could ask for more
Than dwell in solitude with you,
And read or sing your numbers o'er,
Believing all you said were true;

Who would not spurn the wealth of kings,
Toss Fortune all her stores again,
Reject the tame unmeaning things
Without an effort or a pain?

Ah me! the gayest scenes on earth
May not with Clintonville compare,
For there is known Orlando's worth
By those who oft his converse share.

Write on, sweet Bard, thy pensive note
Is welcome to this heart of mine,
And tho' I dwell from thee remote,
I'll list to that soft reed of thine.

ELMA.

FOR THE DELAWARE REGISTER.

THE SEASON

Has been one of unusual abundance, and in almost every respect calculated to call loudly for our gratitude to the Universal Cause, "the Giver of every good and perfect gift." Although the season of frost seemed to linger long upon the skirts of the month of flowers, and formed, what we of agriculture call a late spring; yet the invigorating warmth of the sun, and refreshing showers of June have brought forward the fruits and flowers with unexampled rapidity; our market literally overflows with cherries, strawberries and raspberries, garden truck of almost every kind in season, is furnished in great abundance,—the crops of grass are uncommonly heavy, and already are the grain fields assuming the rich yellow of harvest—promising to the diligent husbandman a reward for his labors, equal to his most sanguine expectations. Whoever can take a ride or a walk of any length, and in almost any direction into

soul expand, his mind enlarge, his heart swell with gratitude, and all his better feelings come strongly into action,—such a one need never enter the social circle; he is not formed to participate in its delights; he need not cross the threshold of a house of worship, for true and acceptable worship, it is not in his nature to perform. Such was the conclusion of my reflections as I approached Wilmington one evening last week, by the way of Mr Garesche's,—it was about six o'clock, and a matchless evening; the sun was so far obscured by clouds as not to pain the eye, and yet gave a peculiar richness to the many-colored landscape, which included the various and elegant country seats that ornamented the hills from the Christiana to the Brandywine. It was truly a magnificent sight, and such a one as cannot fail to excite the most profound admiration of every reflecting mind. But which ever way one directs his steps from Wilmington, the eye is gratified by prospects and scenery beautiful and picturesque in the extreme. Of the numerous improvements and extensive manufactories in the Borough and its vicinity, a very interesting account might be written; and I have often been surprised that it has been so long delayed; is there no one possessing sufficient leisure and inclination for such a task? Excuse this digression, Messrs Editors, I was speaking of the season; I do not recollect to have heard the word drought mentioned within the year, and the rains have been so seasonable and of such quantity, that none but the most thoughtless have been heard to say "I wish it would clear up." Taking it altogether, therefore, from the time our river became clear of ice, until the present moment, and few seasons within my recollection have been more favorable to the wants of the community, and it would surely be the height of ingratitude to wish for a better.

MERCURIO.

FOR THE DELAWARE REGISTER.

THE UNCLE AND NEPHEW.

Uncle. Well! Henry, it seems you are about taking unto yourself a wife, for better for worse; will you listen a few moments to the remarks of age and experience on the subject?

Nephew. Certainly, sir, I shall be most happy to hear you.

Uncle. Your present and future welfare, my dear boy, alone influences me, and I think I may be permitted to say, that four and twenty years of experience in the matrimonial line, gives me a knowledge on the subject, that may be of essential service to you: well then, the creed of a good husband is short and easily learned; it consists entirely in giving up with a good grace; for should your wife assert at noon-day that it is midnight, instead of uselessly disputing the point, do you swear you see the stars.

Nephew. Never, sir; what, give up my independence and be governed by a woman? No, sir, that I will never do.

Uncle. What is it you say you will never do?

Nephew. Why, give up my independence, and yield the command of myself to another.

Uncle. Why, Henry, you will yield that, the moment you are married. You will give up your independence, and be governed by a woman. You will give up your independence, and be governed by a woman. You will give up your independence, and be governed by a woman.

govern by hook or by crook, and all the difference between those who are called good wives and others, is, that the former have the art to conceal their authority, not only from the world, but even from the man they control; and the latter make a display of it, and thereby render themselves and husbands ridiculous; depend upon it, Henry, all married men are more or less under this influence, and how can you expect to escape?

Nephew. But I will not submit to it, I assure you.

Uncle. Then you will not only be a miserable man, living in perpetual discord, but get the name of a bad husband—

Nephew. Pardon me, my dear uncle, if I beg leave to differ from you. My Maria is too gentle, too lovely, ever to wish for authority.

Uncle. Umph! You are a lover, Henry, and I am prepared to excuse you, but I am only desirous to secure the happiness of the husband, and must again press upon you the absolute necessity of your adopting this motto, to act upon on every occasion, if you would live in peace and quiet. "When your wife says it is midnight, swear you see the stars;" and here is a few hundreds to assist in refitting your dwelling and happy may you be in it.

ADRIAN.

"TALES OF A GOOD WOMAN."

[Mr Paulding has published a volume of sketches, under the title of "Tales of a good woman, by a doubtful gentleman," which are greatly admired by the Critics. The following, which we select in its condensed form, from Mr Leggett's interesting Critic, exhibits the horrid results of intoxication in a form almost too repelling to be contemplated, yet the delineation does not exceed the reality. Similar incidents are often related in the newspapers; and the moral of the story is calculated to make a deep and lasting impression.]

The first of the tale is a most powerful and vigorous sketch, and the direct and positive tendency of it is calculated to be of the most salutary kind. It is written in the form of a confession, by one who, born of respectable and affluent parents, and brought up with tender indulgence, is gradually led astray into the paths of vice, first from a habit of associating with persons of inferior stations, and afterwards by being induced to visit the haunts of gamblers, of the most dissolute and abandoned class. The unhappy young man is hurried from one grade of vice to another, till he at last loses all his property by the arts of his associates, and all the respect of society from the confirmed irregularity of his habits. In order to pay a debt of honor, he embezzles the property of his sisters, which had been intrusted to his guardianship, and afterwards, to prevent his infamy being discovered, he marries a young, interesting, and wealthy female, from whose partial eyes he had managed to conceal his excesses. For a while, after these inauspicious nuptials, the resolution of the dissipated husband is sufficiently exerted to enable him to refrain in a great measure from indulgence in his deplorable and ruinous practices. But the natural delicacy and sensitiveness of his character had been too thoroughly eradicated for him long to find a sufficient source of happiness in the quiet intercourse of social love. "The old impassioned ways and habits of his mind remained," and, falling in with some former companions of his midnight orgies, he was without difficulty persuaded to revisit the "club" where his fortune and reputation had been spent, and where he was to become yet more deeply implicated in evil. About this period of time the marriage of one of his sisters making it necessary that her portion should be forthcoming, and having now a man to deal with, who could not be put off by the artifices which he had hitherto practiced on his credulous relatives, he is induced to load his soul with another act of infamy, which, more than the first, precipitates him rapidly towards irretrievable ruin. "The crisis of my fate," says the unhappy drunkard, "arrived. My generous and noble hearted wife had peremptorily resisted all the caution of her relatives to have her fortune settled on herself. No, she always replied, no, I trust him with my happiness, and my fortune shall go with it. It rested with me now, either to tell her candidly my situation, and have myself on her generosity, or to render her sufferings by being deceived, and to see her fortune, and my own, all gone, which things were to gait and degradation, and