

THE NEW YORK REFORMER.

VOL. 2. WATERTOWN, THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1852. NO. 47.

New-York Reformer,
L. INGALLS & L. M. STOWELL,
THE POWER-PRESS PRINTERS,
WATERTOWN, N. Y.
Broomfield's "Paddock Buildings," Arcade Entrance.

Sketches of Life and Character.
MRS. MORGAN'S MAINE LAW.

Mrs. Morgan's husband was an excellent workman, and had the business of blacksmithing, and like most men of his class, when at work, he generally had his children and sometimes his neighbors, gathered round him.

Mrs. Morgan was a notable woman, and loved her husband in spite of all, but after years of patient forbearance, she came to the conclusion that she would no longer submit to his tyrannical rule, and she determined to leave him.

The occasion was one day when Jimmy came home to dinner, half tipsy, which always happened when he stepped at the tavern on his way, and he did this on an average, about twice a week.

"Now you Morgan," she said, as he entered, "you've been at the whisky bottle again. You needn't deny it. I know it by your looks. And by your breath too—go away, you must know how you have got to kiss me when you've been drinking."

"I had essayed his matrimonial career, hoping it would conciliate the gude-wife; but finding his purpose fixed, he stood upon his dignity. "Holy tiddy!" he said, "how we put on airs. Give us some dinner, and don't talk."

Mrs. Morgan did not get roused, but she was now; she put her arms akimbo and answered: "Not a mouthful of dinner do you get in this house, to-day, nor any other day till you come home sober. So the sooner you're off the better."

The half tipsy husband looked at her in amazement. For a moment he thought of enforcing his will, as he had often done before, but whether he had not drunk quite enough to rattle his courage, or whether the indignity of his wife's rebuff, had turned, after a little reflection, and left the house.

Of course he went straight to the tavern, as Mrs. Morgan rather expected he would. And of course when night came, he was led home thoroughly intoxicated, as she rather wished he would.

with a trowel about the size of a table-spoon, and a small hammer, he worked, and had two men attending to his work, and had two men attending to his work, and had two men attending to his work.

government works, having occasion to run up embankments in a short time, made it expedient to introduce the wheel-barrow as a substitute for the basket, which they carry the earth on the head, he got a number of wheel-barrow makers to fill his barrow full and wheel it the first one filled. He invited the stoutest of his gang to try the next; the poor fellow stepped along a few paces, then staggered, tumbled and fell with his barrow. He then filled it half full, and was wheeled along. He then left for half an hour, and when he returned he found four men at the barrow, two at the head and two at the tail, bearing it along as if it were a funeral hearse.

He thought that the failure was owing to the barrows being too large, and he had another made, and he had another made, and he had another made, and he had another made, and he had another made.

The engineer, in giving an account of the first steam engine which was seen there, says that when he was consulting the drawings with his assistants, he was looking at a drawing of a steam engine, and he was looking at a drawing of a steam engine, and he was looking at a drawing of a steam engine.

After a while the lawyer discovered that the matter was not so simple as it appeared, and he was looking at a drawing of a steam engine, and he was looking at a drawing of a steam engine, and he was looking at a drawing of a steam engine.

Josephine After Her Divorce.
The next morning at eleven the divorced Empress was to leave the palace of the Tuilleries, and she was looking at a drawing of a steam engine, and he was looking at a drawing of a steam engine, and he was looking at a drawing of a steam engine.

Several months Josephine had now passed in solitude and grief. What a picture she presented to the eye! Her dress was simple and plain, and she was looking at a drawing of a steam engine, and he was looking at a drawing of a steam engine, and he was looking at a drawing of a steam engine.

The Hindoos do their work in such a different manner from the American or Englishman, that he almost appears to be a person belonging to a different order of beings. Our blacksmith stands at work, the Hindoos squat with his hands on a level with his chin; it is his knees which support his arms and hands; his feet are propped up on a level with his chest; his arms are extended forward, and he is working with his hands.

The Hindoos do their work in such a different manner from the American or Englishman, that he almost appears to be a person belonging to a different order of beings. Our blacksmith stands at work, the Hindoos squat with his hands on a level with his chin; it is his knees which support his arms and hands; his feet are propped up on a level with his chest; his arms are extended forward, and he is working with his hands.

Original Poetry.
THE HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.
By W. WOODBURY.

As Memory lingers and scenes of the past, Bright visions are floating before the mind's eye, The future with clouds may be overcast, But the past, reflection will clearly describe.

There's a home in the heart of the child, Where the first home of his childhood is hid, The home of his life, and the early delight, The home of his life, and the early delight, The home of his life, and the early delight.

My mind quickly flew with rapturous gaze, And gazed where youthful passions were laid, The pasture and meadow, the hill and the dale, The scenes where my happiest days were employed.

There's a home in the heart of the child, Where the first home of his childhood is hid, The home of his life, and the early delight, The home of his life, and the early delight, The home of his life, and the early delight.

There's a home in the heart of the child, Where the first home of his childhood is hid, The home of his life, and the early delight, The home of his life, and the early delight, The home of his life, and the early delight.

There's a home in the heart of the child, Where the first home of his childhood is hid, The home of his life, and the early delight, The home of his life, and the early delight, The home of his life, and the early delight.

There's a home in the heart of the child, Where the first home of his childhood is hid, The home of his life, and the early delight, The home of his life, and the early delight, The home of his life, and the early delight.

There's a home in the heart of the child, Where the first home of his childhood is hid, The home of his life, and the early delight, The home of his life, and the early delight, The home of his life, and the early delight.

Sketches for the Home Circle.
ESLIE'S STAR-ANGEL.
OR,
"Contentment Better than a Crown."

Eva sat alone in her chamber, silent and sorrowful. She heard the merry voices of her companions ringing from the garden below; she saw the soft rays of moonlight stealing across the garden path, and she felt a pang of loneliness in her heart.

She thought of the many friends she had left behind, and she felt a pang of loneliness in her heart. She thought of the many friends she had left behind, and she felt a pang of loneliness in her heart.

She thought of the many friends she had left behind, and she felt a pang of loneliness in her heart. She thought of the many friends she had left behind, and she felt a pang of loneliness in her heart.

She thought of the many friends she had left behind, and she felt a pang of loneliness in her heart. She thought of the many friends she had left behind, and she felt a pang of loneliness in her heart.

She thought of the many friends she had left behind, and she felt a pang of loneliness in her heart. She thought of the many friends she had left behind, and she felt a pang of loneliness in her heart.

She thought of the many friends she had left behind, and she felt a pang of loneliness in her heart. She thought of the many friends she had left behind, and she felt a pang of loneliness in her heart.

She thought of the many friends she had left behind, and she felt a pang of loneliness in her heart. She thought of the many friends she had left behind, and she felt a pang of loneliness in her heart.

She thought of the many friends she had left behind, and she felt a pang of loneliness in her heart. She thought of the many friends she had left behind, and she felt a pang of loneliness in her heart.

to visit her, she called them all to her bedside, and she called them all to her bedside, and she called them all to her bedside, and she called them all to her bedside, and she called them all to her bedside.

The gentle voice of the mother was hushed, and Eva spoke not; but instead her head fell back, and she was dead. The mother felt that she should not be parted from her child, and she called them all to her bedside, and she called them all to her bedside, and she called them all to her bedside.

Eva had received a profitable lesson, and she formed the good resolution never to be dissatisfied again. Providence had showed her the vanity of riches, and she called them all to her bedside, and she called them all to her bedside, and she called them all to her bedside.

Henry Green was a stern, hard man, and he had been abandoned drunkard, and he had been abandoned drunkard, and he had been abandoned drunkard, and he had been abandoned drunkard, and he had been abandoned drunkard.

He thought of the many friends he had left behind, and he felt a pang of loneliness in his heart. He thought of the many friends he had left behind, and he felt a pang of loneliness in his heart.

He thought of the many friends he had left behind, and he felt a pang of loneliness in his heart. He thought of the many friends he had left behind, and he felt a pang of loneliness in his heart.

He thought of the many friends he had left behind, and he felt a pang of loneliness in his heart. He thought of the many friends he had left behind, and he felt a pang of loneliness in his heart.

He thought of the many friends he had left behind, and he felt a pang of loneliness in his heart. He thought of the many friends he had left behind, and he felt a pang of loneliness in his heart.

He thought of the many friends he had left behind, and he felt a pang of loneliness in his heart. He thought of the many friends he had left behind, and he felt a pang of loneliness in his heart.

was likely to do either; for three of her own (children, of whose fidelity she had not the smallest doubt, had stolen it. The loss, however, was not a great one, as she had a good many other children, and she had a good many other children, and she had a good many other children.

At night a sumpter fit for a court of aldermen was sent before the greedy Cricket, who filled his pouch with the gold, and he filled his pouch with the gold, and he filled his pouch with the gold, and he filled his pouch with the gold, and he filled his pouch with the gold.

At night a sumpter fit for a court of aldermen was sent before the greedy Cricket, who filled his pouch with the gold, and he filled his pouch with the gold, and he filled his pouch with the gold, and he filled his pouch with the gold, and he filled his pouch with the gold.

At night a sumpter fit for a court of aldermen was sent before the greedy Cricket, who filled his pouch with the gold, and he filled his pouch with the gold, and he filled his pouch with the gold, and he filled his pouch with the gold, and he filled his pouch with the gold.

At night a sumpter fit for a court of aldermen was sent before the greedy Cricket, who filled his pouch with the gold, and he filled his pouch with the gold, and he filled his pouch with the gold, and he filled his pouch with the gold, and he filled his pouch with the gold.

At night a sumpter fit for a court of aldermen was sent before the greedy Cricket, who filled his pouch with the gold, and he filled his pouch with the gold, and he filled his pouch with the gold, and he filled his pouch with the gold, and he filled his pouch with the gold.

At night a sumpter fit for a court of aldermen was sent before the greedy Cricket, who filled his pouch with the gold, and he filled his pouch with the gold, and he filled his pouch with the gold, and he filled his pouch with the gold, and he filled his pouch with the gold.

At night a sumpter fit for a court of aldermen was sent before the greedy Cricket, who filled his pouch with the gold, and he filled his pouch with the gold, and he filled his pouch with the gold, and he filled his pouch with the gold, and he filled his pouch with the gold.

At night a sumpter fit for a court of aldermen was sent before the greedy Cricket, who filled his pouch with the gold, and he filled his pouch with the gold, and he filled his pouch with the gold, and he filled his pouch with the gold, and he filled his pouch with the gold.