

NEWSPAPER SUBSCRIBERS.

The following classification of newspaper subscribers we take from the *Prairie Farmer*, and from our own experience we can safely say that the picture is drawn as natural as life itself. First come the

Uprights.—These are men who take newspapers pay for them and read them. Observe the order in which these things are done. The pay comes first—the reading next. These men consider they get the worth of their money in the bargain. It seems as fair and just to them that the newspaper should be paid for, as a barrel of sugar or a new coat. They never entertain any other opinion. When the year runs out, or a little before, they are on hand with the pay. There is no more difficulty with them in remembering this period than Sunday or the first of January. If one of them wishes to stop his paper, he either calls or writes a letter by his postmaster, in due season, like a man. This class is dear to the heart of the editor. Their image is embalmed in his warm affections. May they live a thousand years, and see their sons' sons to the fourth generation. The second class now in mind is the

Do Wells.—This class is nearly related to the other—so near, that it is hard to tell where one begins and the other ends. These men always pay in advance in the beginning and intend to do so continually. But memory fails a little, or some mishap intervenes, and the time runs by—sometimes a little—sometimes for quite a period. But their recollection, though nodding occasionally, never gets sound asleep. It pronounces the word in due time.—“The printer is not paid” and forthwith their will to do well kindles into activity.—Now comes the paying up.—“Meant to do so before. Don't mean to let such things pass by.” A publisher can live with such men. They have a warm place in his memory—only a little back of the Uprights. If such a man dies in arrears, his wife or son remembers that he may not have paid up for his newspaper, and forthwith institutes inquiries.—They remember that part of the benefit was theirs, and, estate or no estate, see that the printer's bills are not among their father's unsettled accounts. Next come the

Easy Doers.—These men believe in newspapers.—They have fully settled in their own minds that a newspaper is a good thing. They take them, too. Sometimes at first they pay up for the first year—at any rate they mean to, pretty soon. If they have done so, they sit down with the comforting conviction that their newspaper is now settled for; and this idea having once got into their heads, refuses obstinately to be dislodged, but keeps its hold from year to year—a truth once—now an allusion, gray and rheumatic with years.

The editor, marking the elongated and elongating space in the accounts current of their dollars, begins to ask if they are dead or have gone to California. Now he begins to poke bills at them. They suddenly start up to the reality that they are in arrears; and, like men, as they are at the bottom, pay us. They never dispute his bills—they know that books tell better stories than moss-covered memories. If the publisher has faith enough, or a long purse, and lives like a hibernating bear, he may survive this class. But if he is mortal only, woe be to him. The next class is that of the

Down Hillers.—Here we begin to slide over the other side. The picture suddenly gets sombre. We will despatch the down hillers suddenly. One of these may take a paper because wife wants one, or the children are zealous to read it—or a neighbor persuades him. When it begins to come, he dismisses all thoughts about it further. If the editor sends a man directly to him at the end of two or three years, he may get some pay for his paper, but with growls and sultry looks. He never pays any debt if he can get rid of it, and a newspaper least of all. Still, he hates law-suits, and constables, and all that. A dun has the same effect on him that a ball has on a hippopotamus—glancing from his side, or sinking into the blubber harmless. He is always sliding down hill, and soon merges into another class, that of

The Nix Cum Rouse.—No matter how he began his subscription, he never pays for it—not he. “He don't like that sort of paper. It don't give no news. He never did like it. He didn't want it in the first place, and told the postmaster so. He sent one back more than a year ago—besides, he never began to take it till a long time after it came, and he hadn't had only two or three of them, at any rate, and those he hadn't read.” Wipe him off. Here comes the

Scape Grace.—It is enough to say of him that he never fails to have a newspaper—two or three of them.—When he thinks they have come about long enough for the publisher to want pay, he sends back with “stop it.” Or he takes up his quarters and leaves for parts unknown. He does not want to pay, and he don't mean to. Get it if you can.

Reader, in which of the above classes are you to be found?

HOW THE HOOSIER CAME IT.

Many years ago a Hoosier, who had just struck New Orleans for the first time, after his flatboat was made snug and fast, went up to see the sights of the city. Passing St. Charles Hotel, and, looking up, seemed to scrutinize the building with the eye of an architectural connoisseur.

After satisfying his gaze he asked a passer-by what building it was; on being told that it was a hotel, he enquired for the entrance, and being shown, he ascended the steep steps. Approaching the office he enquired for the landlord, of whom he enquired if he could get “a bite” to eat. Mr. E. R. Mudge, who was the host at that time, and who is a host at all times, humouring the fellow, told him he could do so by paying a dollar. After considering for some time on this item, and gravely looking his host in the face, he said, “Well, I'll go it, that's my dollar, whar's your dinner?” “Well,” said the other with a smile, “It is not ready yet, but take a seat at the table, and you can amuse yourself with the papers for half an hour, when you will hear the gong, which will inform you that the dinner is ready.” “The gong, whar's that?” asked the Hoosier. “Oh you will find out when you hear

it,” replied Mudge. Satisfied with this answer, the Hoosier, after looking around him, sat down and rummaged over the papers. Time sped on at its customary rate, when suddenly the gong sounded, and as usual the crowd moved for the dining room.

Recovering from his astonishment at the noise of the gong, and scenting the delicious fumes of the dinner, the Hoosier made a rush through the crowd for a seat, but being met by the host he was conducted to his allotted chair. The gentlemen on each side of him, as well as the gentlemen opposite to him, had their wine before them.

After finishing his soup, and having his plate well filled, the Hoosier observed the gentlemen helping themselves freely to wine, and so, seizing the bottle of his right hand neighbour, he attempted to help himself, when he was modestly informed that the wine was “private.” The Hoosier did not seem to comprehend, and with a blank sort of look, resumed his knife and fork. On laying them down again, and having apparently come to the conclusion that it could not all be “private” wine, he seized hold of his left hand friend's bottle. “Stop if you please sir,” said the offended individual, with a fierce look “this is *private wine* sir.” The Hoosier looked still more astonished, and it being a hard case, thought he would make one more trial anyhow. So reaching across the table he seized the bottle opposite to him, and in the act of filling his glass, when his *vis-a-vis* re-echoed “private wine, sir, if you please,” and withdrew the bottle from the fearful leakage it was about to undergo.

The “green un,” becoming enraged at being foiled on every side, and observing that there was a general simpering and tittering among the waiters, turned on the servant who stood at the back of his chair, and who had taken away his plate for the fifth or sixth time, and cried out to him with an oath to bring back his plate, and that if he took it away again, he'd be dod rod if he didn't draw his *pickler* on him, and, suiting the action to the word, put his hand into his bosom, showing the handle of a huge bowie knife.

After this, things went on quietly, till the dessert went on the table, when a large *Charlotte Russa* was set right before the Hoosier. This he immediately drew near his plate, and looking right and left at his neighbours he helped himself to a large portion of it. Keeping his eyes fixed on the dish, while eating, he perceived his right hand neighbour attempting to withdraw the dish from him. “No you don't Mister,” said the Hoosier to him, “that thar puddin' is *private puddin'.*” The left hand gentleman not observing what had passed, then said, “Allow me to take this puddin', sir?” “No, you can't take that thar puddin',” said the Hoosier, with a scowl, “that's *private puddin'.*” And he re-helped himself.

Shortly after the gentleman opposite was in the act of drawing the dish over to him. “Hold on, Mister,” said the Hoosier, with a look of triumph. “I'd have you know that that puddin' is *private puddin'.*” while at the same time he put his thumb to his nose and made sundry gyrations with his fingers. “You can't come it over me,” he continued, feeling that a joke had been practised upon him. “Private wine, eh?”

The attention of the table being attracted during the late scene, the gentlemen around burst into a roar of laughter, and soon the whole story was whispered from one to another. The thing took so well that every gentleman was induced to send his bottle to the Hoosier with his compliments; and our “green un” soon became as merry as a lord. Hiccoughing, as he left the table, he turned round to the gentlemen and said: “Well, old (hiccough) fellows, you (hiccough) couldn't (hiccough) come it over (hiccough) me with your (hiccough) private wine.” The glasses fairly danced upon the table with the uproar and laughter which this last remark created, and the Hoosier staggering out of the room, made the best of his way to his boat.—*N. O. Delta.*

OUT OF THE FULLNESS OF THE HEART, &c.—A Cumberland schoolmaster weary and worn with the labours of the week, sat himself down, a few Saturday nights ago to a quiet game at cards, and stuck to the amusement till the clock struck twelve. On the following morning he went to church—and then went asleep. In the middle of the sermon, the congregation were started by a loud thump in the pedagogue's paw, and a louder cry of “spades is trumps, and I'll stand.” The parson came to a stand, his hearers tittered. The “miserable sinner” woke up; and encountering wicked glances on every side, would gladly have vanished through the roof or sunk through the floor.

How Mr. Jones Failed.—Some men fail so frequently, that it may almost be said of them, they do “nothing else.” We wish they would all follow the example of Mr. Jones.

There once lived in the city of Boston, a certain Mr. Jones. This same Mr. Jones was an eccentric man—very much so; and among his many other peculiarities that of failing in business once in every two years. Some people now-a-days have the same extraordinary habit. Mr. Jones always paid his creditors fifty per cent.—no more nor no less than fifty per cent. A very dignified and pompous man was Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones failed again—made an assignment of his effects as usual, and was very much surprised when his assignee said to him—

“Mr. Jones, we shall declare a dividend of forty per cent.”

“Sir,” said Mr. Jones, in a very dignified manner, “you must make it fifty, sir. I always pay fifty cents on the dollar, sir.” “It can't be done,” said the assignee.

“It shall be done,” said Mr. Jones elevating his right hand.

“We have not enough property in our hands to do it,” said the assignee.

“Sir,” said Mr. Jones, declare fifty per cent.—I always pay fifty per cent, and, sir, if you have not sufficient property in your hands to pay fifty per cent, I, sir, will pay the balance out of my own pocket!”—*Boston paper.*

How to Plead.—The *New York Spirit of the Times* describes one Hiram Higgins, a rude Tennessee settler, being charged with assault and battery on the person of David Hughs. “Why Judge,” said Higgins, when asked if he pleaded guilty, or not guilty? “Why Judge, you've knowed me long enough, I reckon, to know that I never done nothin, to be guilty of, never was gnilty and never will be guilty in my own nat'ral born life. I don't know what you mean by *sault and batry* nuther; but ef you means to ax ef I licked David Hughs, and licked him good too, I ses, at wunst another word, I did; and I'll do it agin.”

MORE CONCILIATION.

The whigs are willing but afraid to strike! Her Majesty's ministers have signed judgment against the church in Ireland, but postpone the order for execution!

On Tuesday last, in the House of Commons, Mr. BRANAL OSBORNE brought forward his motion for a committee of the whole house to take into consideration the state of the church in Ireland. He stated the object of his motion to be to allow Ireland one archbishop instead of two, and five bishops instead of ten as at present. He proposed that the archbishop should have £4,000 a year and the bishops £1,500 a year each. Some of Mr. OSBORNE's supporters went much farther, and candidly avowed that they wished to see the protestant church totally extirpated in Ireland, and its revenues applied to national purposes. The motion was quietly negatived in compliance with the pious supplication of the government, by a paltry, but sympathising, majority of 170 to 103. Be it, then recorded that the church in Ireland was saved from spoliation, so far as the House of Commons was concerned, by sixty-seven doubtful votes, many of them got by begging.

The most remarkable incident in the debate was the confession of Sir George Grey, a minister of the crown, that the protestant church in Ireland had been a failure—that it had not answered the purpose for which it was established—and that a national church should be identified with the sentiments and religious opinions of the majority of the people. Seven-eighths of the people of Ireland do not belong to the established church, but, on the contrary are inimical to it; hence the church ought to be extirpated! So saith the minister.

This confession from a whig, in office, or out of office—the animal being different in these different circumstances to a certain extent—is really disgusting. The whigs, for the last one hundred and sixty years, have been toasting the “glorious revolution of 1688.” Thar revolution was a whig measure. The protestantism of it is essentially whiggism. It, therefore, the protestantism in Ireland be a nuisance, as Sir George Grey admits, why was William III. called to the throne—why was George III. king?—The house of Brunswick has no right to the crown of England except by the sanction of parliament, their preference to it being exclusively founded upon their protestant professions. We admit that our sovereign lady the Queen wears the crown as the lineal and rightful heir of the royal Stuarts. This point is now settled.—Death has removed the proscribed. There is no shadow of a pretender to the throne. Alexandria Victoria is our lawful sovereign, but George III. was not, nor George II., nor George I., nor Anne, nor William and Mary.

These were whig made sovereigns placed upon the throne for whig and protestant reasons. The unfortunate James II., in early life the most intelligent and brave—the most liberal and gallant of the Stuart race, was not near so liberal as the whigs of the present day. In maturer years, or rather in the dotage of his life, he was seduced by uxorious endearments into the bosom of the Romish church. Having embraced popery, he was too honest to play the hypocrite, like some of his predecessors, or desert it, and worn out by care and conflicting opinions, he could not see any security for the crown in except large concessions to private judgment. But the whigs of 1688 could not comprehend this spirit of liberality. They trembled for the robberies of the reformation. They dreading the restoration not of a popishly inclined king, but of *stolen goods*. The abbeyes and monasteries had been “dissolved,” such is the modest word for felony, and the lands were in possession of the spoilers, as many of them are to this day, and the colour faded on their cheeks and their fat hearts melted, at the bare idea of restitution or account. The characters of George I. and George II. will for ever be a reproach to England, but they were protestants by profession.

Sir George Grey, one of her Majesty's principle ministers of State, is pleased to adopt, at this day, the liberal opinions of James II. in 1680, and for entertaining which Sir George's whig ancestors expelled him, James, from the throne he inherited from his fathers. This, we say again, is pure unadulterated whiggery. Anything, everything, no matter what, for the present moment, provided it keeps the whig in office and salary.

We have never concealed our sentiments with respect to that branch of our own, the church in Ireland. It has been much abused for whig and political purposes. Its sinecures and emoluments have been baits on political fishing hooks. It has done little good, because its ministerial patrons have made religion subservient to votes in parliament, and its cloisters houses of refuge for decayed kinsmen. We say, “has been.” These things were. They were of whiggish graft, and poisonous, of course, in their fruits.

But we do injustice to the protestant clergy of Ireland were we to hesitate at the present moment, to assert, what we conscientiously believe, that these, the present ministers of the Irish church, are the life and soul—the precept and the ornament—of Ireland. Without them Ireland would be a howling wilderness. Their manners and education give a tone to society. Their charity is only bounded by their means. All they receive is spent in residence among their neighbours. Their moral conduct is exemplary, and is a check in contrast upon the improvidence of the gentry.

But when a minister of the crown openly avows that these churchmen, these clergymen, and this part of the