

THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

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

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The Maniac Seaman.

BY H. R. WALWORTH.

When the pilot's bliss
Strikes against the strong mast
And the sea-bird shrill in the storm;
When the thunder's loud crash
And the sharp lightning flash
Bring terror to each shuddering form;
I stand in full pride on the slippery deck,
And laugh, come what may, be it safety or wreck.

When the waves towering high,
Frantic leap towards the sky,
And the storm king in might makes display;
When the snow, sleet and hail,
Gather thick on each sail,
And the sailor quakes in dismay;
Oh! I revel in joy as I stand on the deck;
And laugh, come what may, be it safety or wreck.

Let the good ship go down—
Let each manner drown,
And the white foam from his winding sheet be—
That I may be home on the seas,
And destruction is nothing to me,
I am safe, for my spirit is free as the wind—
And I'll laugh as I fly and leave ruin behind.

There's a fire in my brain—
In my heart there's disdain,
I am callous to grief and to woe—
I was born on the sea,
And the wild minstrelsy,
Is music, low high or low low,
And when the good ship in her agony groans,
I will mingle my shout and my song with her moans.

The Flowers.

BY C. D. STUART.

There is a legend old as the earth
But beautiful and true—
Which tells us how the flowers had birth,
And therefore came the dew.

When Eve—through Satan's sore deceit—
Touched the forbidden tree,
And tempted her "good man" to eat,
The Lord came angrily;

And straightway turned from Eden's bowers
The church itself, whose most
Away from all its smiling flowers—
Upon the barren earth.

But pitying—ere to Heaven he passed—
His angels—brothers then—
O'er all the earth their footprints cast,
And hill, and vale, and glen,

Sparkled with Flowers, earth's starry spheres,
And ere they fled from view,
They strewed the flowers with pitying tears
Which since have passed for dew.

And thus, though paradise was lost
By first of human kind,
Their children know, though sorely crossed
God's love was left behind.

The Curtain Lifter.

OR PROFESSIONS—PRACTICAL AND THEORETICAL.

BY MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

CHAPTER I.

Everybody called Mr. Humphreys a good man. To have found any fault with the deacon would have been to impugn the church itself, whose most firm pillar he stood. No one stopped to analyze his goodness—it was enough that in all outward semblance, there was a conformity of sanctity; that is, he read his Bible—held family prayers, night and morning—preached long homilies to the young—gave in the cause of the heathen—and was, moreover, of a grave and solemn aspect, seldom given to the folly of laughter.

All this, and more did good Deacon Humphreys—and yet one thing he lacked, viz, the sweet spirit of charity.

I mean not that he oppressed the widow, or robbed the orphan of bread; no, not this, it was the cold unfeeling spirit with which he looked upon the errors of his fellow man—the iron hand with which he thrust from him the offender, which betrayed the want of that charity "which respecteth not in isiquity, suffereth long, and is kind."

He was also pertinaciously sectarian. No other path than the one in which he walked could lead to eternal life. No matter the sect, so that they differed from him, it was enough—they were outlawed from the gates of Heaven. All had the deacon shared more the spirit of our blessed Saviour, in whose name he offered up his prayers, then, indeed, might he have been entitled to the Christian character he professed.

Mrs. Humphreys partook largely of her husband's views. She, too, was irrepresible in her daily walks, and her household presented a rare combination of order and neatness. The six days' work was done, and done faithfully; and the seventh cared for, ere the going down of the Sabbath sun, which always left her house in order—her rooms newly swept and garnished—the stockings mended—the clean clothes laid out for the Sabbath wear, while in the kitchen pantry, a joint of cold meat or a relay of pies, was provided, that she might not labor for the creature comforts on the morrow.

As the last rays of the sun disappeared from hill and valley, the doors of the house were closed—the blinds pulled down—the well-polished mahogany stool, drawn from its upright position in the corner of the sitting-room, which it occupied from Monday morning until the coming of the Saturday night—the great family Bible placed thereon, while with countenance of corresponding gravity and well-balanced spectacles, the deacon and his wife read from the Holy Scriptures.

Thus in all their ordinary observations of piety, whereon the great eyes of the world are often turned, they were seen to be in the right way. Nor would it be understood to detract from these observations, or throw down one stone from the altars of our Puritan fathers. We need all the legacy they left their children. The laws of good conduct are as fundamental as the laws of the air, and no man should neglect to check the evil growth—and who shall say that the upright walk of Deacon Humphreys was without a salutary influence.

But it is with the inner man we have to do, the fairest apples are sometimes defective at the core.

CHAPTER II.

Grassmere was a quiet, out-of-the-way village, huddled in close by grand mountains, and watered by sparkling rivulets and cascades, which came leaping down the hill-side like frolicsome Naiads, and then with a murmur as sweet as the songs of childhood, ran off to play-beep with the blue heavens amid the deep clover-fields, or through banks sprinkled with nodding wild-flowers.

A tempting retreat was Grassmere to the weary man of business, whose days had been passed within the brick and mortar walks of life, and whom the fresh air, and the green grass, and the waving woods, were but as a plague of delicious poetry, snatched at idle hours. Free from the turmoil and vexations of the city, how pleasant to tread the down-hill of life, surrounded by such peaceful influences as stilled upon the inhabitants of Grassmere, and several beautiful cottages nestled in the valley, or dotting the hill, attested that some fortunate man of wealth had here cast loose the burden of the day, to repose in the quiet of nature.

Although our story bears but slightly more upon three or four of the three thousand inhabitants of Grassmere, I will state that a variety of religious opinions had for several years been gradually creeping into this primitive town, and that where once a single church received the inhabitants within its fold, there were now four houses of worship, all embracing different tenets. But the deacon walked heavenward his own path, shaking his skirts free from all contamination with other sects, whom, indeed, he looked upon as little better than heathen.

The pastor of the church, claiming so zealous a member, was a man eminent for his Christian benevolence. His was not the piety which exhausted itself in words—heart and soul did labor to do his Master's will, and far from embracing the rigid views of the worthy Deacon Humphreys, he wore the garb of charity for all, and in his great, good heart, loved all.

He had one son, who, at the period from which my story dates, was pursuing his collegiate course at one of our most popular institutions, and in his own mind the deacon had determined that Hubert Fairlie should become the husband of his only daughter, Naomi. In another month Hubert was to pass his vacations at Grassmere, and Naomi looked forward to the meeting with unaffected pleasure. They had been playmates in childhood, companions in riper years; but love had nothing to do with their regard for each other, yet the deacon could not conceive how friendship alone should unite them. At any rate, Naomi must be the wife of Hubert—that was as set as his Sunday face.

The deacon was a man well off in worldly matters. He owned the large, highly cultivated farm on which he lived, as also several snug houses within the village, which rented at good rates. But the little cottage at Silver-Fall was untenant. Through the inability of its former occupant to pay the rent, it had returned upon the hands of the deacon, and although one of the most delightful residences for miles around, had not been for several months without a tenant.

A charming spot was Silver-Fall, with its little dwelling half hidden by climbing roses and shadowy maples; smooth as velvet was the lawn, with here and there a cluster of blue violets clinging timidly together, and hemmed by a silvery thread of bright laughing water, which, within a few rods of the cottage-door, suddenly leaped over a bed of rocks some twenty feet high, into the valley below. This gave it the name of Silver-Fall. Cottages—white cottages, apart it would seem to remain long unoccupied. Yet the snows of winter yielded to the gentle breath of spring, and the bright fruits of summer already decked the hedge-rows and the thicket, ere a tenant could be found, and there came a letter to Mr. Humphreys from a widow lady living in a distant city, regarding the cottage—on which he could lease his pretty cottage. They were favorable, it would seem, to her views, and in due time Mrs. Norton, her daughter Grace, and two female domestics, arrived at Silver-Fall.

CHAPTER III.

ONE FOLD OF THE CURTAIN DRAWN BACK.

A new corner in a country village is always sure to elicit more or less curiosity, and Mrs. Norton did not escape without her due share from the inhabitants of Grassmere. With telegraph speed it was found out that she was a lady between thirty and forty years of age, dressed in bombazine, and wore close mourning caps. Mrs. Norton was talked of as a slender, fair girl, with blue eyes, and long, flowing curls, and might be seventeen perhaps twenty—of course they could not be strictly accurate in this matter.

Bales of India matting were rolled in the doorway—crates of beautiful china unpacked in the piazza—coats and chairs crept out from their recesses, displaying all the beauty of rose-wood and mahogany, until finally by aid of all these means and appliances to boot Mrs. Norton and her daughter were pronounced very genteel—but—

"But, I wonder what they are," said Mrs. Humphreys to the deacon, as talking over these secular matters she handed him his second cup of coffee.

"Not that the good lady had any silk, or velvet, or lace, or anything of the kind, but she had taken up her abode at Silver-Fall. I wonder what they are?" must therefore be interpreted as "I wonder what church they attend," or "what creed they profess."

The deacon shook his head and looked solemn.

"It is to be hoped," continued Mrs. Humphreys, complacently stirring the coffee, "that at her period of life Mrs. Norton may be a professor of some kind."

"I am surprised to hear you speak thus lightly, Mrs. Humphreys—a professor of some kind!—is it not better that she should rest in her sins, than to be walking in the footsteps of error—a professor of some kind? Well, will you forget yourself?" exclaimed the deacon.

"I spoke thoughtlessly, I acknowledge," answered Mrs. Humphreys, much confused at the stern rebuke of her husband. "I meant to say, I hoped she had found a pardon for her sins."

"Have you forgotten that you are a parent?" continued the deacon, solemnly. "Can you suffer the care of your daughter to drink in such profane words? I will not permit it. You must be diligent in placing her under the sure hand of God. There are how many young men, such doctrine, there is but one true faith—there is but one way which can be saved. I go to your chamber, and pray you may not be led into error through your mother's words of folly."

"There were others at Grassmere, next door, who were as good as Mrs. Humphreys, what they were, and they were committed themselves to call upon the stranger. Sunday, however, was closed as usual; Mrs. Norton's choice of a church was determined, and the choice of her acquaintance.

"Does the reader think the inhabitants of Grassmere peculiar? I think not. There are very many

just such people not a hundred rods from our own doors.

Unfortunately, on Sunday the rain poured down in torrents. Nothing less impervious than strong cowhide boots—India rubber overcoats, and thick cotton umbrellas, could go to meeting, consequently, Mrs. Norton staid at home, and on Monday afternoon, after the washing was done, and the deacon had turned his well saturated hair, Mrs. Humphreys put on her black silk gown and mantilla, and walked over with her husband to Silver-Fall cottage. As the water rumbled in the gutters, they could not in decency, they reasoned, longer defer calling upon her.

A glance within the cottage would convince any one that Mrs. Norton and Grace were at least persons of refinement—for there is as much character displayed in the arrangement of a room as in the choice of a book.

Cream colored matting, and windy curtains of translucent lace, relieved by hangings of pale sea-green silk, imparted a look of delicious coolness to the apartment. There was no display of gaudy furniture, as if a cabinet warehouse had been taken on speculation—yet there was enough for comfort and even elegance; nor was there an over exhibition of paintings—one of Cole's beautiful landscapes, and a few other gems of native talent were not absent from the gallery. The counterpane was of the only ornament of each was a beautiful vase of Bohemian glass, filled with fresh garden flowers, whose tasteful arrangement even fairy hands could not have rivalled.

The few moments they were awaiting the entrance of Mrs. Norton were employed by Mrs. Humphreys in taking a rapid survey of all these surroundings, the rooms of which were to impress her with a sort of awe for the mistress of this little retreat.

"My stars!" said she, casting her eyes to the right and left, half rising from the luxurious couch to peep into each corner, and almost breaking her neck to look into another, "my stars, deacon if this don't beat all I ever did see!"

But the deacon, with an air worthy of a funeral, shook his head, closed his eyes, and muttered, "The Lord be praised!"

The door opened, and Grace, gliding in, sweetly apologized for her mother, whom a violent headache prevented from her usual hour of calling.

"Well, I do wish I knew what she meant," said the deacon, and then Grace, who had been waiting for her mother, and looked at her fine show of autumn flowers. Minutes flew imperceptibly, and ere they were aware, Hubert and Naomi found themselves seated in the tasteful parlor of the cottage listening to another sweet song from the lips of Grace.

As this is not precisely a love tale, I may as well leave the lovers to their own devices, and turn to the more interesting part of the story, which the deacon held in great abhorrence was dancing, and Naomi had been taught to look upon all such exhibitions as vain and sinful. Yet never, I may venture to say, did any pair of little feet so long to be set at liberty as did Naomi's—pat-pat-patting the gravelly walk where they stood, and their young mistress to walk through the gate and trip it with those over little feet twinkling so fleetly to the merry music of a waltz.

The cheeks of Grace rivaled the hue of June roses, as she suddenly encountered the gaze of a stranger; but seeing Naomi, she blushed to greet her, and thereby hid her embarrassment. Naomi introduced her companion, and then Grace invited them to walk in the garden, and look at her fine show of autumn flowers. Minutes flew imperceptibly, and ere they were aware, Hubert and Naomi found themselves seated in the tasteful parlor of the cottage listening to another sweet song from the lips of Grace.

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Nothing could exceed his disappointment, save the pity he felt for his mother, whose soul he could not make to enter into the views of the Evil One. Nay, so far did he carry his pity as to warn Hubert of the deduction of Hubert. But when that worthy man reproved his uncharitableness, and acknowledged that he could hope for no earthly happiness for his son, than to see him the husband of so charming and amiable a girl as Grace Norton, the deacon was perfectly thunderstruck. In short, almost believing in the apostasy of the minister himself, the deacon went home groaning in spirit, as much, perhaps, for the frustration of his own schemes, as for the "falling off" of a parent, that youth was Hubert Fairlie.

The intercourse between Grace and Naomi from this time almost wholly ceased, much to the regret of both. Yet such were the orders of Deacon Humphreys, whose good will towards the widow and her daughter was by no means strengthened by the events of the last few weeks.

CHAPTER IV.

LOVE PASSAGES.

The summer passed, and in the bright month of September, came Hubert Fairlie, to pass a few weeks beneath the glad roof of his parents, whose only and beloved child he was.

Their warm welcome given, the first visit of Hubert was to Naomi. They met as such young and ardent friends meet after an absence of months, and Naomi soon confided to him her regret that her parents would not allow her to cultivate the friendship of Grace Norton, whom she extolled in such warm and earnest language, that Hubert found his curiosity greatly excited to behold one calling forth such high eulogium from the gentle Naomi.

An evening walk was accordingly planned which would lead them near the cottage, hoping by that means to obtain a glimpse of its fair inmate. Fortune favored them. As they came within a view of the cottage, a sweet voice was heard chanting the Evening Hymn to the Virgin, and Hubert and Naomi paused to listen to so heavenly sounds as never floated on the calm twilight air. "Then as the moonlight gleamed on the dew-drops, and her fairy fingers over the strings to a lively waltz, sprang out from the little arbor, and with her hair floating around her like stray sunbeams, her beautiful blue eyes lifted upward, her white arms embracing the guitar, and her graceful figure waving to the gay measure like a bird upon the tree top, tripped over the greensward."

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CHAPTER V.

THE PRACTICAL AND THEORETICAL CHRISTIAN.

"Why, what have you done with Nelly to-day?" asked Mrs. Humphreys of her washerwoman, who came every Monday morning, regularly attended by a little ragged, half-starved girl of four years old, whose province it was to pick up the clothes, drive the brood off the beach, and keep the kittens from seeking their frisky tails—rewarded for her reward in this slice of bread and butter, or maybe, if all things went right, and no thunder-squalls brewed, or sudden hurricanes swept, over the close-fold, a piece of gingerbread or a cookie.

"What, I say, have you done with Nelly?" "O, ma'am, she has gone to school—think of it, my poor Nelly has gone to school!" It does not seem to me that Nelly is going to school, but she is going to the school of the Lord, and she is going to be a blessing to the poor!"

"Humph!" ejaculated Mrs. Humphreys, spitefully rattling the dishes.

"Only think," continued Mrs. White, "she has given up one whole room in her house to Mrs. Grace, who has been round and got all the children that can't go to school because their parents are too poor to send them, and just teaches them herself for nothing! God bless her, I say!" explained the washerwoman, dreamily, her tears mingling with the soap-suds into which she now plunged her two arms so vigorously as to dash the creaming foam to the ceiling.

Mrs. Humphreys was at once surprised and angry. She could not conceive why a lady like Mrs. Norton should do such a thing as keep a ragged school, and that, too, without pay or profit. She had forgotten the words of our blessed Lord, "Who shall receive one such little child in my name, I will receive him." "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." Clearly alone, she argued on her selfish notions, she had not induced Mrs. Norton to put herself to so much trouble for a troop of noisy, dirty half-dressed children. No, there must be some deeper motive—and some secret object, perhaps to be gained; and, impressed with this idea, she said, "I think it is a pretty piece of presumption in Mrs. Norton to come here and set herself up in solid ground, and say she is a Christian. She is a stranger, and what business is it of hers, I should like to know, whether the children go to school, or not?"

as they would choose for Naomi. True, she was a pretty girl, and Mrs. Norton was a lady of faultless manners; but then so much the more danger, and therefore Naomi, though not forgotten, was admonished to beware of their new acquaintances.

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CHAPTER VI.

THE CURTAIN WHOLLY LIFTED.

It was now the middle of October.

"Filled was the air with a dreary and magical light; and the landscape lay as if new created, in all the freshness of childhood."

All sounds were in harmony blended. Voices of children at play—the crowing of cocks in the farm-yard—the lowing of oxen—the rustling of leaves in the drowsy air; and the creaking of wheels upon the pebbles.

When suddenly the Angel of death folded his dark wings, and sat brooding over the peaceful, pleasant village of Grassmere.

A terrible and malignant fever swept through the town, spreading from house to house, like the black consuming alkali dry grass and the bright, fresh flowers of the prairie. Old and young, husband, wife, and child, were alike brought low. There was not left in all the village those able to attend upon the sick. From the churches solemnly tolled the funeral bells, as one by one, youth and age, blooming childhood and lovely infancy

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Nothing could exceed his disappointment, save the pity he felt for his mother, whose soul he could not make to enter into the views of the Evil One. Nay, so far did he carry his pity as to warn Hubert of the deduction of Hubert. But when that worthy man reproved his uncharitableness, and acknowledged that he could hope for no earthly happiness for his son, than to see him the husband of so charming and amiable a girl as Grace Norton, the deacon was perfectly thunderstruck. In short, almost believing in the apostasy of the minister himself, the deacon went home groaning in spirit, as much, perhaps, for the frustration of his own schemes, as for the "falling off" of a parent, that youth was Hubert Fairlie.

The intercourse between Grace and Naomi from this time almost wholly ceased, much to the regret of both. Yet such were the orders of Deacon Humphreys, whose good will towards the widow and her daughter was by no means strengthened by the events of the last few weeks.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CURTAIN WHOLLY LIFTED.

It was now the middle of October.

"Filled was the air with a dreary and magical light; and the landscape lay as if new created, in all the freshness of childhood."

All sounds were in harmony blended. Voices of children at play—the crowing of cocks in the farm-yard—the lowing of oxen—the rustling of leaves in the drowsy air; and the creaking of wheels upon the pebbles.

When suddenly the Angel of death folded his dark wings, and sat brooding over the peaceful, pleasant village of Grassmere.

A terrible and malignant fever swept through the town, spreading from house to house, like the black consuming alkali dry grass and the bright, fresh flowers of the prairie. Old and young, husband, wife, and child, were alike brought low. There was not left in all the village those able to attend upon the sick. From the churches solemnly tolled the funeral bells, as one by one, youth and age, blooming childhood and lovely infancy

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