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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For the Susquehanna Register.

Ode to Susquehanna.

BY L. L. LITTLE.

They tell me of the sunset's glow,
Upon Italia's flow'ry plains;
Where balmy breezes softly blow,
And ceaseless summer ever reigns:
They tell me of the wild romance,
Of Spain's bright vales, and tow'ring hills,
Where fountains in the moonlight glance,
As murmur on her silver rills:
They tell me of the Grecian's land,
Her ruined fanes, and crumbling domes,
That in their gloomy grandeur stand,
Long burried heroes' storied homes:
Yet not for all their beauties mild,
The pleasure that their clime distils,
Would I exchange the scenery wild,
Of Susquehanna's rugged hills.

No marble monuments arise,
As trophies of a people's pow'r;
No spectre castle in the skies;
No wand'ring maid's enchanted bower:
The clash of arms is never heard,
The smoke of battle never seen,
The tramp of armies never stirred
Her blooming hills and vallies green;
But in their place stand forest trees,
And rough formed cliffs of granite gray,
Green hills fanned by the passing breeze,
And in wild landscapes stretched away:
Go where you may throughout the earth;
View all the different haunts of men,
And nought you'll find 'mid joy and mirth,
Like Susquehanna's glade and glen.

They tell me of proud Spanish maids,
Reclined beside the Gaudalquiver,
Or wand'ring through Alhambra's shades,
Pure, as the stars gleam in the river:
They tell me of Italian girls,
Voluptuous as the nymph of love,
And praise her voice, her eyes, her curls,
That in the wand'ring night-winds rove:
They tell me of the Grecian fair,
With all their proud majestic grace,
Their magic form, and queenly air,
And more than mortal gifted face:
Yet not Italia's forms so bright,
Nor those by Ion's rippling waters,
Nor moorish beauty's eye of light
Can equal Susquehanna's daughters.

Her hardy sons in manhood's pride,
Her glassy lakes, and rushing streams,
Her skies with twilight colors dyed,
As on its breast the sunset gleams:
The stern wild boldness of her face
Has more of beauty for the eye
Than the unbroken wavelike grace,
Of Prairies, where the west winds sigh:
Should other climes become my home,
Should other lands my dwelling be,
Where'er my wand'ring footsteps roam,
Still, still, old hills I'll think of the:
When in the grave my bones must rest,
On peaceful land or storm-swept surf,
I'll pray that I may lay my breast,
Beneath Old Susquehanna's turf.

Brooklyn, Oct., 1849.

FOLLIES OF OUR RACE.—This graphic writer sees through a keen pair of specs, for he reads human nature like a book, and tells his experience "just as easy as the boy knew his father." Read him on the follies of our race:

"We strip pleasure to the skin—take her cloak, frock, bonnet, bustle and all—rob her of every charm—and then say there is no such thing as pleasure in the world! We extinguish the torch that Hope holds in her hand, and follow lightening bugs into a mud-puddle! By superlative folly, you frighten Happiness from your firesides, and then say she has "left your bed and board without provocation." Thus man makes hills to tire himself with climbing—produces darkness to grumble about—creates corns to swear at—and puts difficulties in his path in order that he may struggle with them! Well my friends, if you can't move without first setting fire to your shirts, all I have to say is blaze away—anything to give a start."—*Dow, Jr.*

The editor of an exchange paper says he never saw but one ghost, and that was the ghost of a sinner who died without paying for his paper "'Twas horrible to look upon—the ghost of Hamlet was no circumstance to it."

TO FATTEN HOGS.—Turn them in your neighbors cornfield every night.

TO RAISE CORN.—Wear tight shoes.

☞ There are many who will read such little lines as the following with strong feelings of parental affection:

"I have a son, a beauteous son,
His age I cannot tell;
For they reckon not by months and years,
Where he has gone to dwell."

☞ There is a man in Illinois named Barrow who has changed his politics so often, that he has now got the soubriquet of *wheel*-Barrow.

VERY BAD INDEED.—An Exchange paper says the girls in some parts of Pennsylvania, are so hard up for husbands, that they sometimes take up with *printers* and *lawyers*."

"HIGH FLOWN."—It is said that a young man, who knows dictionary by heart, made use of a beautiful expression while "acting nice" in walking with some ladies, not a great ways from here. Says he, "There's an exuberance of lightning bugs this evening, Miss!"

A QUANDARY.—A baker with both arms in dough up to his elbows, and a flea in the leg of his trowsers.

Blessed is he that is ugly in form and features, for the gals shan't molest him.

THE MARRIAGE CRUCIBLE.

A Thrilling Tale of High and Low Life.

[Those of our readers who have ever seen acted or have read that beautiful modern drama of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, "The Lady of Lyons," need look no farther than the following sketch for its foundation.]

I was born in one of those little hamlets situated in the neighborhood of Montelmart, in the south of France. My father had made many a fruitless effort to raise himself above indigence. His last resource in his old age arose from the exercise of a talent which he had acquired in his youth, that of bellows-mending. This, too, was the humble profession which I was destined to follow. Being endowed by nature with quick and lively faculties, both of mind and body, I soon grew skilful in my trade, and having an ambitious spirit, set off for Lyons, to prosecute my calling there. I was so far successful that I became a great favorite with the chamber-maids, who were my chief employers, and whom my good looks and youth interested in my favor.

One evening, however, as I was returning home after my day's round, I was accosted by four well dressed young men, who threw out a few pleasantries on my profession, which I answered in a style of good-humored railery, that seemed to surprise and please them. I saw them look significantly at each other, and heard one of them say, "This is our man." The words alarmed me, but my fears were speedily dispelled. "Rouperon," said one, "you shall sup with us. We have a scheme which may do you good. If you do not agree to it we shall not harm you, but only ask you to keep our secret. Do not be afraid, but come with us."

Seeing all of them to be gentlemen in appearance I did not hesitate to accept the offer. They conducted me through a number of cross-streets, and at last entered a handsome house, in an apartment of which we found six other young men, who appeared to have been waiting impatiently for my conductors. A few explanatory words passed respecting me, and soon afterwards we sat down to supper. Being young, thoughtless, and light hearted, I gave way to the enjoyment of the hour, and vented a succession of pleasantries which seemed highly to please my chance companions. But they all grew silent and thoughtful ere long, and finally one of them addressed me thus: "The ten persons whom you see before you, are all engravers and citizens of Lyons. We are all in good circumstances, and make a very handsome living by our occupation. We are all attached to each other, and formed a happy society till love stepped in to disturb us. In the street of St. Dominic there lives a picture merchant, a man of respectable station, but otherwise an ordinary personage. He has, however, a daughter, a creature possessed of every accomplishment, and endowed with every grace, but all whose amiable qualities are shaded by one defect—pride, insupportable pride. As an example of the way in which this feeling has led her to treat others, I will own that I myself paid my addresses to her, and was approved of by her father, as one by birth and circumstances much their superior. But what was the answer which the proud girl gave to my suit. 'Do you think, sir, that a young woman like me was born for nothing better than to be the wife of an engraver?'

"Her great charms and her pride have been equally felt by us all," continued the speaker, "and we hold that she has cast a slur on us and our profession. We, therefore, have resolved to show this disdainful girl that she has indeed been born to the honor of being the wife of an engraver. Now, will you (addressing me) venture to become the husband of a charming woman, who, to attain perfection, wants only to have her pride mortified and her vanity punished?" "Yes," answered I, spurred on by the excitement of the moment; "I comprehend what you would have me do, and I will fulfil it in such a manner that you shall have no reason to blush for your pupil."

The three months that followed this strange scene were wholly occupied with preparations for the part I was to perform. Preserving the strictest possible secrecy, my confederates did their best to transform me from a plain bellows-mender into a fine gentleman. Bathing, hair-dressers, &c., bro't my person to a fitting degree of regnement, while every day one of the engravers devoted himself to the task of teaching me music, drawing, and other accomplishments; and nature had furnished me with a disposition to study, and a memory so retentive that my friends were astonished at the progress of their disciple. Thoughtless of all else, I felt the deepest delight in acquiring these new rudiments of education. But the time came when I was to be made sensible, for the first time, of the true nature of the task I had entered upon. The confederates at length thought me perfect, and in the character of the rich Marquis of Rouperon, proprietor of large estates in Dauphiny, I was installed in the first hotel in Lyons. It was under this title that I presented myself to the picture-dealer in St. Dominic street. I made a few purchases from him, and seemed anxious to purchase more. After a little intercourse of this kind he sent me word one morning that he had received a superb collection of engravings from Rome, and begged me to call and see them. I did so, and was not received by him, but by Aurora. This was the first sight I had got of that lovely girl, and for the first time in my life my young and palpitating heart felt the power of beauty. A new world unfolded itself to my eyes: I soon forgot my borrowed part; one sentiment absorbed my soul, one idea enchained my faculties. The fair Aurora perceived her triumph, and seemed to listen with complacency to the incoherent expressions of passion which escaped my lips. That interview fixed my destiny forever! The intoxication of enjoying her presence hurried me on, blind to every thing else, for several months. I saw her every day, and enjoyed a state of happiness only damped by the self-accusing torments of solitary hours, and by the necessity I was under of regularly meeting my employers, who furnished me with money, jewels, and every thing I could require. At length Aurora's father gave a little fete in the country, of which I was evidently the hero. A moment occurred, in which, thoughtless of all but my love, I threw myself a suitor at her feet. She heard me with modest dignity, while a tear of joy, which dimmed for a moment her fine eyes, convinced me that pride was not the only emotion which agitated her heart; yes, I discovered that I was beloved!

I was an imposter, but heaven is my witness I deceived her not without remorse. In her presence I remembered nothing but herself; but in the stillness of solitude, sophistry and passion disappeared, leaving a dreadful perspective before me. When I associated the idea of Aurora with the miserable fate which was soon to fall upon her delicate hands, employed in preparing the coarsest nourishment, I shrunk back with horror, or started up covered with cold perspiration. But self-love would come to my aid, and I thought if she truly loved me she might yet be happy. I would devote my life, I swore, to the task of strewing flowers along her path. But all my hopes, all my fears, cannot be told. Suffice it to say, that her father believed me when I represented my estates as being in Dauphiny, a distant province. I would not allow a farthing of Aurora's portion to be settled otherwise than on herself. So there was one baseness of which I was not guilty.

We were married. At the altar, a shivering ran through all my veins, a general trepidation seized my whole frame, and I should infallibly have sunk to the earth in a flood of tears had not some one come to my rescue. The silly crowd around mistook the last cry of expiring virtue for an excess of sensibility.

A fortnight after the marriage, as had been arranged by my employers, at whose mercy I was, we started for Montelmart, my unfortunate bride believing that we were going to a far different place. Several of the engravers were themselves our attendants, disguised and acting as courtiers to our magnificenn equippage. The awful moment of exposure arrived; and when it did come, it proved more terrible than ever I had anticipated. The engravers made the carriage be drawn up before a mean and miserable cottage, at the door of which sat my humble but venerable father. Now came the awful disclosure. The poor, deceived, and surprised Aurora was handed out. The engravers came up; they pulled off their disguises; and he whom Aurora had so pointedly refused, exclaimed to her, "No, madam, no, you have not been born or brought up to marry an engraver; such a lot would have done too much honor to you. A bellows-mender is worthy of you, and such is he whom you have made your husband!" Trembling and boiling with rage, I would have replied, but the engravers entered the coach, and like the shifting of a scene in the theatre, all our grandeur disappeared with them.

Poor Aurora scarcely heard what had been said. The truth had flashed upon her, and she sank back in a swoon. Recollect that I had now acquired a considerable share of sensibility and delicacy from my late life. At that cruel moment I trembled alike at the thought of losing the woman I adored and of seeing her restored to life. I lavished on her the most tender cares, yet almost wished that those cares might be unavailing. She recovered at length her senses, but the moment her frenzied eye met mine, "Monster!" she exclaimed, and was again insensible. I profited by her condition to remove her from the sight of those who had gathered around, and to place her on a humble straw couch. Here I remained beside her, till she opened her eyes; mine shrunk from her glance. The first use she made of speech was to interrupt the broken exclamations of love, shame and remorse which fell from my lips, and to beg to be left alone for a time. The neice of the curate of the parish, however, who chanced to be by, remained beside her, and the poor young victim of my villainy, for she was but eighteen, seemed glad of her attentions.

How shall I describe the horrible night which I then passed? It was not on my own account that I suffered or feared. She alone was in my tho'ts. I dreaded above all, for my love was still predominant, to see that heart alienated whose tenderness was necessary to my existence, to read coldness on that eye on whose look my peace depended. But could it be otherwise? That night was a punishment which would almost have wiped out any lesser sin. Frequently, it may be believed, I sent to know how Aurora was. She was calm, they told me; and indeed, in my surprise she omitted in the morning the room where I was. She was pale, but collected. I fell before her on the floor and spoke not. "You have deceived me," she said, "it is on your future conduct that my forgiveness must depend. Do not take advantage of the authority you have usurped. The niece of the curate has offered me an asylum. There I will remain till this matter can be thought of calmly."

Alas! these were soothing but deceitful words! Within a a day or two after this event, the interval of which was spent in forming wild hopes for the future, I received at once two letters. The first was from the engravers, the cause of my triumph and my fall. They wrote to me that my acquaintance had begot in them a friendship for me; that they had each originally subscribed a certain sum for the execution of their plot; and that they would supply me with money and every thing necessary for entering into some business, and ensuring the creditable support of myself and Aurora. The other letter was from Aurora. "Some remains of pity," she said, "which I feel for you, notwithstanding your conduct, induces me to inform you that I am in Lyons. It is my intention to enter a convent, which will rid me of your presence; but you will do well to hold yourself in readiness to appear before every tribunal in France, till I have found one which will do me justice, and break the chain in which you have bound your victim."

This letter threw me into despair. I hurried to the curate's hut but could hear nothing of Aurora's retreat, although I became assured that the curate and his niece, despising my condition, had been urgent advisers of the step Aurora had taken. I then hastened to Lyons, where the affair had now created quite an excitement, and saw only the engravers, who, notwithstanding the base plot which they had through me effected, were men of not ungenerous dispositions. As they had driven me out of my former means of livelthood, I considered myself at liberty to accept a sum which they offered me to enter into trade with. They advised me how to dispose of it at once, and I laid it out in a way which speedily and without trouble to me augmented it greatly. Meanwhile, the father of Aurora had made every preparation for annulling the marriage. This could only be done by publicly detailing the treachery which had been practised. Never, perhaps, was a court house more crowded than that of Lyons on the day on which the case was heard. Aurora herself appeared and riveted the eyes of all present, not to speak of my own. Unknown and unseen, I shrunk into a corner like a guilty thing. The counsel for Aurora stated the case, and pleaded the victim's cause with so much eloquence as to draw tears from many eyes. No counsel arose for me, and Aurora, who merely sought a divorce without desiring to inflict that punishment she might easily have brought down on the offenders, would have at once gained the suit, had not one arisen for me. It was one of the engravers—the one who had been refused, as mentioned, by Aurora. He made a brief pleading for me—he praised my character—he showed and confessed how I had been tempted, and how I fell. At last he concluded by addressing Aurora. "Yes, madam," said he, the laws may declare that you are *not* his wife, but you *have* been the wife of his bosom! The contract may be annulled, and no stain may rest upon you; but a stain may be cast upon another. Can you, will you throw the blot of illegitimacy upon one even more innocent than yourself?" The appeal was understood, and was not made in vain. The trembling Aurora exclaimed, "No, no!" and the tears fell fast as she spoke.

The marriage was not annulled—was no longer sought to be annulled. But while the contract (which I had signed with my own name, believed by them to be the family name of Marquis de Rouperon) was declared valid, and it was also determined that Aurora should remain unmolested by the adventurer who had so far deceived her. Every legal precaution was taken that I should have no control over her or her affairs. After this event I did not remain long in Lyons, where I heard my name branded everywhere with infamy. Master, by the means I have related, of a considerable sum, I went to Paris, where I assumed a foreign name, I entered business, and more to drown remembrance than from any other cause, pursued it with ardor which few have evinced in the like circumstances. The wildest speculations were those which attracted me most, and fortune favored me in a most remarkable way. I became the head of a flourishing commercial house, and ere five years had passed away, had amassed considerable wealth. At times however, the remembrance of my wife threw me into fits of anguish and despair; I dared not think, nevertheless, of attempting to go near her, until it chanced that I had it in my power materially to serve a banker in Lyons, and on this occasion with an equippage which was not borrowed, though as handsome as my former one. My friend the banker, on being questioned told me that Aurora still lived in the convent, and was admired for her propriety of conduct, and for her unremitting attention to her child, her boy; but he told me that her father had just died, leaving her almost dependent on the charity of the abbess. This recital excited in me the most lively emotions. I took an opportunity afterwards of one of the engravers, who scarcely knew me, changed as I was, but who received me warmly. I requested him to assemble the creditors of the father of Aurora, and to pay his debts giving him funds for that purpose. I told him also to purchase some pieces of furniture which I knew to be prized by Aurora.

Every hour of my stay in Lyons strengthened my desire to see my wife, and at least to hold my boy in my arms. The feeling became at length irresistible, and I revealed myself to the banker, beseeching him to find some way of taking me to the convent. His astonishment to find in me the much-spoken bellows mender, was beyond description. Happily however he was acquainted with the abbess, and assured me that it was easy at least to obtain a sight of my wife. Ere an hour had passed away my friend had taken me there. I was introduced as a Parisian merchant, and beheld with emotion unspeakable, my wife seated in the convent parlor, with a lovely child a-leep on her knee, in conversation with her venerable friend. Aurora now twenty-three years of age seemed to me more lovely than ever. I had purposely wrapt myself closely up, and she knew me not, though I perceived an involuntary start when she first saw me, as if my presence reminded her of some once familiar object. I could not speak; my friend maintained all the conversation. But the boy awoke. He saw strangers present, and descended from his mother's knee. Looking at myself and my friend for a moment, he came forward to me. Oh! What were my feelings when I found myself covered with the sweet caresses, the innocent kisses of my child! An emotion which I had no power to subdue, made me rise hastily, and threw myself with my child in my arms at the feet of my pale and trembling wife.—"Aurora! Aurora!" I exclaimed in broken accents, "your child claims from you a father! Oh, pardon! pardon!" The child clasped her knees and seemed to plead with me. Aurora seemed ready to faint. Her lids quivered and her eye was fixed as if in stupor upon me; a flow of tears came to her relief, and she answered my appeal by throwing herself into my arms. "I know not" she sobbed, "whether you again deceive me, but your child plead so powerfully! Aurora is yours!"

Here I close my history. I found Aurora much improved by adversity, and have tasted a degree of happiness with her such as no penitence for the past could ever make me deserving of. One only incident in my history after my reconciliation with Aurora seems to be worthy of attention. I took my son and her with me to Paris, but at the same time, seeing it to be my wife's wish, bought a small country house for her near Lyons. Sometimes we spent a few weeks there, and on one occasion she invited me to go down with her to be present at a fete for which she had made preparations. Who were our guests? The ten engravers who were the original cause of all that passed! It was indeed a day of pride to me, when I heard Aurora thank them for the happiness which under the agency of a wonder-working Providence, they had been the means of conferring on her.

A Good Story.

Old Col. W.——, formerly a well known character in one of our eastern cities, was remarkable for but one passion out of the ordinary range of humanity, and that was for buying any lot of trumpery that came under the head of miscellaneous, for the reason that it could not be classified.—Though close-fisted in general, he was continually throwing his money away in fives and tens upon such trash. In this way he had filled all the old corners of his dwelling and out-houses with a collection of non-descript articles which would have puzzled a philosopher to tell what they were made for, or to what use they could be put. This, however, was a secondary consideration with the Colonel; for he seldom troubled his head about such articles after they were fairly housed. Not so with his wife, however, who was continually remonstrating against these purchases, which served only to clutter up the house and as food for the mirth of the domestics. But the Colonel, though he often submitted to these remonstrances of his better half, could not resist the passion; and so went on, adding from week to week to his heap of miscellanies. One day while sauntering down the street, he heard the rich, full tones of the auctioneer, and of course stepped in to see what was being sold. On the floor he perceived a collection which looked as if it might have been purloined from the garret of some museum, and around which a motley group were assembled; while on the counter stood the portly auctioneer, in the very height of a mock indignant remonstrance with his audience.

"Nine dollars and ninety cents! cried the auctioneer, Gentlemen, it is a shame, it is barbarous to stand by and permit such a sacrifice of property! Nine dollars and ninety—Good morning Colonel! a magnificent lot of—of antiques—and all going for nine dollars and ninety cents, Gentlemen, you'll never see such another lot; and all going for nine dollars and ninety cents. Col. W. can you permit such a sacrifice?" The Col. glanced his eye over the lot, and then with a nod and a wink assured him he could not. The next instant, the hammer came down and the purchase was his at ten dollars. As the articles were to be paid for, and removed immediately, the Col. lost no time in getting a cart, and having seen every thing packed up and on their way to his house, he proceeded to his own store chuckling within himself that now at least, he had made a bargain at which his wife could not grumble.

In due time, the Colonel was sitting at the dinner table when lifting his eyes he observed a cloud on his wife's brow. "Well, my dear," said he inquiringly, "Well," repeated his wife, "it is not well, I am vexed beyond endurance. You know G——, the auctioneer." "Certainly," replied the Colonel "and a very gentlemanly man he is too." "You may think so," rejoined the wife, "but I don't and will tell you why." A few days ago I gathered together all the trumpery with which you have been cluttering the house for the last 12 months, and sent it to him with orders to sell the lot immediately to the highest bidder for cash.—He assured me he would do so this week at farthest and pay over the proceeds to my order. And here I have been congratulating myself on two things, first, in having got rid of a most intolerable nuisance; and secondly, on receiving money enough therefrom to purchase that new velvet hat you promised me so long ago. And now what do you think?—this morning about an hour ago, the whole load came back again, without a word of explanation!" The Colonel looked blank for a moment and then proceeded to clear up the mystery. But the good woman was pacified only with the promise of a ten dollar note beside that in the hands of the auctioneer, on condition, however, that she should never mention it. Of course she kept her promise.

Temperance Meeting in Steve Miller's Bar-Room.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Thomas Le Roy was a mechanic, who, by industry and economy, had saved enough to buy himself a neat little cottage, with ground for a garden and pasturage for a cow. Early in the mornings, before he went to his work, he gave an hour or two during the spring and summer months to improving and beautifying his little homestead. All his fences were in perfect order; the shrubbery nicely trimmed, and the vines trained in the neatest manner. Every one said that the grounds around his cottage were better kept than any in the neighborhood. When remarks of this kind came to the ears of Le Roy, which was frequently the case, he felt highly gratified, and was stimulated to increased efforts.

But the mechanic, with all his industry and thrift, had one fault, and that a very bad one, for it was a fault that increased by indulgence. He would take his glass occasionally, and would visit, at least two or three times a week, the village tavern, to meet a few acquaintances and talk over the news. This habit troubled his wife, who had in her own family seen and felt the evil effects of intemperance, and shrunk with an instinctive fear from even the shadow of the monster. Once or twice she had hinted at the character of her feelings, but the effect produced on the mind of her husband was surprise and displeasure. He felt in no danger, and was hurt that his wife could ever dream of such a thing as his falling into habits of intemperance.

At first, Le Roy's visits to the tavern were rarely oftener than once a week, and then he never drank more than a single glass. He went more for the pleasant company he found there. But, in process of time, two evenings in the week saw the mechanic at the tavern; and it generally took two glasses of an evening to satisfy his increasing desire for liquor. Three evenings and three glasses were the next progressive steps, and so on, until he no longer felt contented a single evening in the week.

The tavern keeper, whose name was Stephen Miller, had commenced his liquor selling business some ten years before, and was then about the poorest man in the village. He was poor, because he was too lazy to work steadily at his trade which was that of a house carpenter. At first he opened in a miserable little shanty of a place, with a few jugs of liquor, and some bad groceries to tempt people to his shop. He didn't seem to do a great deal, but somehow or other, at the end of the year he was able to buy the furniture in one of the taverns in the village, which was sold at the death of the owner, and assume the responsibility of a public house for the entertainment of travellers. People wondered. They could not understand it.—How a man who never seemed to have more than fifty dollars worth of things in his shop, could save up three or four hundred dollars in a year—passed their simple comprehension. None but he, knew how many glasses and pints were sold in a day, nor how much profit was made on a dram.

Two years after this the tavern stand was sold. Miller was the purchaser, and paid down a thousand dollars of the purchase money! It was a mystery to every one how a man who had before been so thriftless, should now be getting along so fast.

A couple of years more, and Miller bought a farm in the neighborhood, that one of his best customers, who had fallen into intemperate habits, had neglected, and who, in the end, found himself obliged to sell out. Some people began to open their eyes after this. It was plain enough that Jones had lost his property through drunkenness; tho all did not see so plainly that in becoming its owner Miller did not render back to the community, in which he lived any equivalent use. Not long after this, the house and acre lot of another good customer went into the hands of the sheriff, and Miller was the purchaser.

"What was Steve Miller looking about here for this afternoon?" asked Mrs. Le Roy of her husband one evening when he came home to supper.

"I'm sure I don't know," replied the mechanic. "Looking about here?"

"Yes, he came, along with another man, and stood looking at the house, and talked for some time; and then they both went round and looked over the fence into the garden. I was ashamed to have them do so, for everything is neglected to what it used to be."

Le Roy made some indifferent answer, merely to satisfy his wife, who seemed worried by the incident. But the fact mentioned produced an unpleasant impression on his mind.

"I wonder what business he has spying about my place," said he to himself. "I don't owe him any thing."

The satisfaction with which he uttered the last part of the sentence was rather diminished by the recollection that his bill at the store had been suffered to run up until it amounted to over sixty dollars, and that he owed the shoemaker nearly twenty more. Debts like these had never before been permitted to accumulate.

After supper he was led by his inclinations, as usual, to the bar-room of Miller, which was always well filled with pleasant companions. His wife saw him depart with troubled feelings. She was, alas! too well aware that he had entered the downward road, and that his steps were on the way to ruin.

Just off from the bar room of Miller's tavern was a little parlor, and Le Roy not feeling very social on that particular evening, took his glass of liquor and newspaper and set apart from the rest of the company at a table close to the door of this parlor, which stood ajar. He became directly aware that the landlord was in the next room conversing with some one in an under tone, and as he heard his own name mentioned, he felt excused for listening attentively to all that was said.

"Things don't look as tidy around him as they used to," remarked the person who was talking with Miller.

"Not by any means. I was told that this was the case, and walked over to day to see for myself. Evidently he is running down fast. I asked Phillips about him a little while ago, and he told me that his bill at the store was sixty dollars. In former times he never owed a cent."

"He'll go to the dogs before long."

"I presume so. Well, I shall keep my eyes on that little place of his. I always had a fancy for it, and would like to get it at a bargain when it goes off, as it will have to before a great while."

"You buy a good deal of property."

"Yes."

"What did you pay for Sliver's place?"

"Nine hundred dollars."

"No more!"

"No, Sliver refused once, to my certain knowledge, sixteen hundred for it!"

"He let it run down shamefully."

"Oh, yes," replied the tavern keeper. "He became a mere sot, and neglected everything. I wouldn't trust him now to a three cent glass of whiskey. His place was sold, of course, and I got it at a bargain. I wouldn't take this house, an advance of four hundred dollars on the purchase. It's always best to buy property that has been owned by a drunken fellow to run down for a few years. It gets to look a great deal worse than it really is, and you're sure to buy a bargain."

"No doubt, you'll have Le Roy's place, in the end, under this system."

"To a moral certainty. In about two years I will have to sell; and see if I am not the man who buys. I want that place for my daughter Jane. As soon as I get it, I will pull down the old kitchen and build a dining room fifteen feet square where it stands. Half of the garden I will put into a green lawn; and make an orchard of the pasture ground. You'll hardly know the place in a year after I'm the owner."

Le Roy waited to hear no more. Rising as quickly he left the bar room without speaking to any one, and started homeward.

"Have my place!" he muttered to himself as he hurried along, clenching his fist and setting his teeth firmly as he spoke: "Have my place! We will see!"

On reaching his home, and entering suddenly, Le Roy found his wife sitting by her little work table, with her face bent down and buried in her hands. She looked up quickly, at the sound of his footsteps, and he saw that tears were on her cheeks.

"Why, Anna! what's the matter?" he enquired.

"Oh, nothing," she replied, evasively, trying to smile.

Le Roy looked at her some moments, earnestly, and as he did so, the truth flashed over his mind. She too, saw as clearly as the tavern keeper that he was on the road to ruin!

"Anna," Le Roy spoke seriously yet with earnestness, and a tone of affection and confidence, "Anna, I have found out why Steve Miller was prying about here to day."

"Why?"

"He wants the place for his daughter Jane."

Mrs. Le Roy looked bewildered.

"He thinks that, in about two years, I will run it down so that he will be able to get it for about half its value. He was looking to see how much progress I had made on the road to ruin, and thinks the prospect for his getting the place in about two years very fair.—He will tear down the kitchen and build a handsome dining room in its place, and so improve the grounds that it would hardly be known as the same spot in a year. But, Anna, he'll find himself mistaken! I've got my eyes open.—Not while I am living shall Steve Miller own this property!"

Tears of thankfulness gushed from the eyes of Mrs. Le Roy, as she said—

"Oh, what a mountain you have taken from my heart!"

On the next day Le Roy related to every acquaintance he met the conversation he had heard while in Miller's bar room, and these too, did as he had done, they told others, so that, before evening, it was all over the village.

"Let's go there in a crowd to-night," suggested one "and organize a temperance society in the bar room."

The suggestion struck the fancy of all who heard it. That night the bar room of the tavern keeper was filled to overflowing. Miller was at first delighted, though a little surprised that no one called for liquor, and at the air of business that sat upon every countenance.

"I move that Le Roy take the chair," said one.

The mechanic was handed to the post of honor, when he related minutely the occurrences and conversation of the day previous; and then said that the object of the meeting was to organize a temperance society, and thus prevent the tavern keeper from getting all their property. "I can assure the gentleman," said he, in closing, "that his daughter Jane will never live in my place while I have breath in my body."

"My hand to that!" was echod by a dozen voices round the room.

The society was regularly formed, the pledge signed by every individual present, and a vote of thanks to the landlord passed for the use of his bar room. Five minutes afterwards he occupied it alone.

Stephen Miller's affairs were never afterwards as prosperous as they had been. But, fewer estates run down in the village, fewer families are reduced to beggary.—*American Temperance Recorder.*

A PAIR OF TWINS.—Once upon a time, an elderly, simple-minded lady, came to the conclusion to write her niece a letter, which resolve was carefully and laboriously accomplished, and the letter, sealed and directed "*To my niece,*" was despatched on its voyage, the old lady supposing that everybody in town must know who "my niece" was. The letter, duly arrived at the post-office of the town where "my niece" resided, but as the writer's name, was not sealed inside, and there were numerous nieces in town, the clerks were utterly at a loss to decide which one was entitled to the missive. All inquiries failed, and so the letter went among the dead parcels.

One day, about six months after, a "green" looking female entered the office and moving up to the pigeon-hole, made inquiry—

"Is there a letter here *from my aunt?*"

The clerk was puzzled for a moment; but a happy thought struck him, and bringing out the letter "*to my niece,*" handed it over to the lady. Of course she was highly indignant, that it had been kept from her so long.

ALMOST AN ELOPEMENT.—On Saturday afternoon, says the Boston Dee, when the cars were about starting for New York, a gentleman with a very pretty young girl of about sixteen summers, entered the station rather hurriedly and deposited his baggage on board and took checks for the same.—He immediately proceeded to purchase his ticket, and, as he had not much time to spare, he took the young girl by the hand and was gently conducting her into the cars, but just as he was entering, his heart beating almost audibly with delight at his fair prospect of a pleasant "trip to York," his wife walked up behind him and gave him a smart little tap on his shoulder—probably nothing more than a "love tap"—and said, "Come, husband! I want you at home!"

We have found that blacksmiths by conversing with them, are more or less given to swearing, and somewhat addicted to *vice*. Carpenters, for the most part, speak *plane* by, but they will chisel when the get a chance; not unfrequently too, they are *bores*, and often annoy one with their old saws.

"HORSE" being introduced to Mr. Sample, a rather corpulent gentleman, who deals in salt, remarked, after a glance at his proportions, "Well, really my dear Sir, you are the greatest *sample of a salt cellar* that I have seen out."—*The Jester.*

Dobbs says he has one of the most obedient boys in the world. All he has to do is to tell him to do as he pleases, and he does it always without saying a word.