

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 Mammoth Cave.

BY G. D. PRENTICE.

All day as day is reckoned on the earth,
I've wandered in these dim and awful aisles,
Shut from the blue and breezy dome of Heaven,
While there wild, dark, and shadowy have swept
Across my awe-struck soul, like spectres o'er
The wizard magic-glass, or thunder clouds
Over the blue and breezy dome of Heaven,
I sit me down upon your broken rock
To muse upon the strange and solemn things
Of this mysterious realm.

All day my steps
Have been amid the beautiful, the wild,
The gloomy, the terrific, Chrysal fountains
Almost invisible in their serene
And pure transparency—great pillars of domes
With stars and flowers all fretted like the halls
Of Oriental monarchs—rivers dark
And dream, and voiceless as oblivion's stream
That flows thro' death's dim vale of silence—gulls
All faithless, down the loosened rock
Plunges, until its far-off echoes come
Fainter and fainter, until the dying roll
Of thunders in the distance, stately pools
Whose agitated waves give back a sound
Hollow and dismal, like the sullen roll
In the volcanic depths—these, these have left
Their spell upon me, and their memories
Have passed into my spirit, and are now
Blent with my being, till they seem a part
Of my own immortality.

God's hand
At the creation hallowed out this vast
Domain of darkness, where no herd nor flower
Ere sprang among the sands, nor dew-drops
Nor blessed unbecoming fell with fresh power,
Nor gentle breeze its balmy message told
Amid the dreadful gloom. Six thousand years
Scapt o'er the earth ere human footprints marked
This subterranean desert. Centuries
Like shadows came and passed, and not a sound
Was in this realm, save when at intervals
In the long lapse of ages, some huge mine
Of overhanging rock fell thundering down,
Its echoes sounding through these corridors
A moment, and then dying in a hush
Of silence, such as brooded o'er the earth.
When earth was chaos. The great material
The dreaded monster of the elder world,
Based o'er this mighty cavern, and his tread
Bent the old forest oaks like fragile reeds,
And made earth tremble—arise in their pride
Of war, with shout and groan and clatter blast
And hoarser echoes of the thunder-gun.
The storm, the whirlwind, and the hurricane
Have roared above it, and bursting clouds
Sent down its red and crashing thunderbolts—
Earthquakes have trampled o'er it in their wrath,
Rocking earth's surface as the storm-wind rocks
The old Atlantic—yet no sound of these
Ere came down to these everlasting depths
Of these dark solitudes.

How oft we gaze
With awe or admiration on the new
And unfamiliar, but past oblivion
The lovelier and the mightier. Wonderful
Is this lone world of darkness and of gloom,
But far more wonderful you utter world
Lit by the glorious sun. These arches swell
Sublime in line and dim magnificence,
But how sublimely vast the blue sky
Beleaguered with its burning cherubim
Keeping their watch eternal. Beautiful
Are all the thousand snow-white gems that lie
In these mysterious chambers, gleaming out
And the melancholy gloom, and wild,
Those rocky hills and cliffs, and gulfs, but far
More beautiful and wild the things that greet
The wanderer in our world of light—the stars
Floating on high like the islands of the blest—
The autumn sunset glowing like the gates
Of far-off Paradise—the gorgeous clouds
In which the glories of the earth and sky
Meet and commingle—earth's unnumbered flowers
All turning up their gentle eyes to Heaven
The birds with bright wings gleaming in the sun
Filling the air with rainbow miniatures
The green old forest surging in the gale—
The everlasting mountains on whose peaks
The setting sun burns like an altar-flame—
And Ocean, like a pure heart rendering back
Heaven's perfect image, or in his wild wrath
Heaving and tossing like the stormy breast
Of a chained giant in his agony.

Have I paid the Printer?

When the cold storm howls round the door,
And you, by light of taper,
Sit closely by the evening fire,
Enjoying the last paper—
Just think of him whose work thus helps
To wear away the winter,
And put this thought to yourself—
Have I paid the Printer?
From East and West—from North and South,
From lands beyond the sea,
He weekly brings you lots of news,
From every nook and quarter;
No slave on earth toils more than he,
Through summer's heat and winter—
How can you for a moment, then,
Neglect to pay the Printer?
Your other bills you promptly pay,
Wherever you go, sir—
The butcher for his meat is paid,
For sundries is the grocer;
The tailor and the shoemaker,
The hatter and the vintner,
All get their pay—then why neglect
To settle with the Printer?

A MONTREUX GENTLEMAN.—Judge B., one of
the associate Justices, is a remarkably
deliberate and pensive in his style of conversation,
wears a white cravat with a huge tie, a very
high shirt collar, and is altogether, as he thinks, a
great man. Among other offices, the judge holds
that of superintendent of one of the Sunday schools,
and not long since started his auditory by the following
telling remark: "My dear children, you will remember
that in a short time you must all die, and stand before
a great Judge—yes, a far greater Judge than the one
you now address you!"—*New-Haven Register.*

Women are like soldiers—the moment they
"smell powder" they fly to arms. Smithers
went home the other day with a determination to
discuss his wife for sewing a suspender button
on Jones's white blouse. Jones was inside of their
bedroom when Jones was inside of their bed,
himself upon his knees approaching, she flung
promised to buy him and went there till Smithers
French garters. For new alpaca, and a pair of
low, there is nothing like danger out of a fel-
a pity the women have discovered. —*What?*

The Hump-backed Cousin.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ALBANY ATLAS.

Behold an extraordinary adventure of these late
days. If it were an ordinary occurrence—no
need not relate it.

A father of a family inhabiting the Rue de la
Michodiere, received last summer, a letter from his
nephew, who was in the employ of Hyder Abad.
The letter concluded thus:

"I have received the portraits of my two cousins,
Marie and Margaret. I have never had a
pleasure of seeing them, as I have lived with Hy-
der Abad, since my youth, but I am sure that those
two portraits are resemblances. I will arrive at
Hyder by the ship Inos Ego, about the first of Oc-
tober, and on my arrival, I am determined, with
your consent, to marry the beautiful Marie."

The breaking open of the letter had destroyed
the rest of the name. It is impossible to tell if
the cousin asks Marie or Margaret in marriage—
The two sisters, united previous to this time, have
commenced to live in misunderstanding, each of
them positive that it was the rest of her name
which was torn off in breaking the seal.

The father employed his eloquence in calming
the anger of his daughters, when a servant, sent in
advance, arrives from Hyder, announcing that his
master left for Paris with the evening train.

The servant, overwhelmed with questions, re-
plied that his master was ruined, and that he had,
moreover, on his left shoulder, the horrid protuber-
ance which caused, according to Plautus, so many
misfortunes to Aeschylus, the Phrygian.

The two cousins determine, hereupon, to remain
single forever, before marrying a cousin hump-
backed and ruined.

As they take this oath for the thirtieth time in
twelve hours, the cousin arrives. His uncle warmly
embraced him, the cousins make him a polite
bow, and turn away their eyes.

The uncle then explains the incident of the torn
letter, and asks the matrimonial intentions of his
nephew.

"It is my cousin Mary whom I come to marry,"
he replied.

"Never! never!" screamed Marie. "I am con-
tented with my condition, and I will remain in it."
"Mademoiselle," said the nephew, "I have adopted
the customs of the country where I have been
educated. Read the customs of Hyder Abad, in
Tavernier. There, when a young man is refused
in an offer of marriage, he withdraws himself from
society as a useless being."

"He kills himself!" exclaimed the other sister,
the good Margaret.

"He kills himself!" replies the nephew, in the
tone of a man who is about to commit suicide.

"This poor cousin," said Margaret, weeping, "to
come from such a distance, to die in the bosom of
his family!"

"I know," continued the nephew, "that my
deformity afflicts the sight of a woman, but in
the eyes of a woman become habituated to all
things. I know, also, that my commercial po-
sition is not prosperous. Thrown very young in
the diamond business, the only occupation of Hyder
Abad, I lost there all the fortune of my father,
but I have acquired experience; I am young, active
and industrious. These are riches in themselves."

"Yes, yes, humpbacked and ruined!" muttered
Marie aside, in a bantering tone.

"Poor young man!" said Margaret, and she adds,
"my cousin, I am refused and you pay no atten-
tion to it!"

"And by whom refused?" inquired her cousin.

"But to your cost, by you, since you have pre-
ferred my sister to me."

"Eh, bien!" said the cousin, "will you accept
me if I ask you in marriage for my uncle?"

Strange Instinct of the Deer.

The large American panther has one inveterate
and deadly foe, the black bear. Some of these im-
mense bears will weigh 800 pounds, and their skin
is so tight over a musket ball will not penetrate it.
As the panther invariably destroys all the young
cubs in his path, so does the bear take great pains
to attack the panther, and fortunate indeed is the
animal which escapes the deadly embrace of this
monster. The following exciting and interesting
scene is related by an eye-witness:

A large deer was running at full speed, closely
pursued by a panther. The chase had already
been a long one, for as they came nearer I could
perceive both their long-parched tongues hanging
out of their mouths, and their bounding, though
powerful, was not so elastic as usual. The deer,
having discovered in the distance a large black
berrying bush, stopped a moment to sniff the air,
then coming a little nearer, he made a bound with
his head extended, to ascertain if Bruin kept his
position. As the panther was closing with him,
the deer wheeled sharply around, and turning back
almost on his own tail, passed within thirty
yards of his pursuer, who, not being able at once
to stop his career, gave an angry howl and fol-
lowed the deer again, but at a distance of some
hundred yards. Hearing the growl, the bear drew
his body half out of the bushes, remaining
quietly on the look-out. Soon the deer again
appeared, but his speed was much reduced; and as
he approached the spot where the bear lay con-
cealed, it is evident that the animal was calculat-
ing the distance with admirable precision.

The panther, now expecting easily to seize his
prey, followed about thirty yards behind his eyes
so intently fixed on the deer that he did not see
Bruin at all. Not so the bear. She was aware of
the close vicinity of her wicked enemy, and she
cleared the briars and squared herself for action,
when the deer, with a sudden leap, passed clean
over the bear's head, and disappeared.

At the moment he took the leap, the panther was
close upon him, and was just balancing himself for
a spring, when he perceived to his astonishment
that now he was faced by a formidable adversary,
not the least disposed to fly. He crouched, lashed
his flanks, and in a long tail, while the bear, ap-
parently unharmed, remained like a statue, look-
ing at the panther with his fierce glaring eyes.

One minute remained thus; the panther, its
sides heaving with exertion, agitated, and appar-
ently undecided; the bear perfectly calm and im-
mune. Gradually the panther crawled back-
wards, till at a right distance for a spring, when
throwing all his weight upon his hind paws, to in-
crease its power, it darted upon the bear like light-
ning, and fixed its claws into her back. The bear,
with irresistible force, seized the panther with her
two fore paws, pressing it with the weight of her
body and rolling over it. I heard a heavy grunt,
a plaintive howl, a crushing of bones, and the
panther was dead. The cub of the bear came to
certain what was going on, and after a few minutes
examination of the victim, it strutted down the
slope of the hill followed by its mother, who was
apparently unharmed, the only occupant of Hyder
Abad, I lost there all the fortune of my father,
but I have acquired experience; I am young, active
and industrious. These are riches in themselves."

"Yes, yes, humpbacked and ruined!" muttered
Marie aside, in a bantering tone.

"Poor young man!" said Margaret, and she adds,
"my cousin, I am refused and you pay no atten-
tion to it!"

"And by whom refused?" inquired her cousin.

"But to your cost, by you, since you have pre-
ferred my sister to me."

"Eh, bien!" said the cousin, "will you accept
me if I ask you in marriage for my uncle?"

"What?" exclaimed the humpback, "you con-
sent, my lovely Margaret, to?"

"Save the life of a relative! Indeed I will not
waver a minute."

"That is very well, my daughter!" said the
uncle, affected by this scene. "Romance have
not spoiled you. I have a very small income,
but I ought not to abandon the son of my brother
in misfortune. I will keep him here, as kindred,
for where there is enough for three there is enough
for four."

The cousin threw himself at Margaret's feet say-
ing, "You have saved an unfortunate man from de-
pair and death."

Margaret held out her hand to her cousin, and
raised him up.

At a little distance Marie muttered to herself,
"My sister has courage. As for me, I would let
all humpbacked cousins die."

"Uncle," said the young man, "allow me to
make a slight toilet before breakfast."

He pressed Margaret's hand, bowed to Marie,
and left to change his travelling attire.

The uncle and his daughters were at the table
awaiting their fourth guest.

The servant announced, the Cousin of Hyder
Abad.

Two girls uttered two screams, but on differ-
ent keys.

A Local Romance.

The following account of "one of the Thatchers,"
is from the Yornouth Register:

Tradition has preserved a singular anecdote of
John Thatcher, a son of one of the earliest settlers
of this town. He was married in 1664, to Miss
Rebecca Wistake, of Duxbury, in Plymouth coun-
ty, if we mistook not. On her way home with her
next bride, she stopped for the night at the house
of a friend, a Col. Gorham, of Barnstable, one of
the most prominent citizens of the town. Merriment
and gaiety prevailed, and during the evening a
female infant about three weeks old was intro-
duced. Thatcher observed that the very night on
which we were married, and taking the child in
his arms, he presented it to his bride, and jokingly
said, "Here, my dear, is a little lady that was born
on the same night that we were married. I wish
you would kiss her, for I intend to have her for
my second wife." "I will, my dear, with great
pleasure," replied the bride, "but I hope it will be very
long before your intention is fulfilled in that re-
spect."

Mr. Thatcher and his wife lived happily together
for about twenty years, and faithfully fulfilled the
scriptural injunction to "multiply and replenish
the earth." Mr. Thatcher left a large family of chil-
dren, among whom was a son named Peter.

After Mr. Thatcher had received a reasonable
length of time he began to think of getting another
partner. None of the maidens, young or old, seem-
ed to please him like Lydia Gorham, the little da-
ughter of the preceding part of the story, now grown
up if we may believe tradition, to a fair, comely
girl, "full of gooding life," as the poets say. But
there was but one impediment in the way. His
eldest son, Peter, had shown a predilection for the
girl, and the old man was at a loss to decide whether
he favored the suit of the son or the son.

One day a black horse in his visits, and the other
rode a white. There was a kind of tacit agree-
ment between the two, that one should not inter-
fere with the visit of the other; so when the father
found a white horse tied in front of Col. Gor-
ham's, unlike the good Samaritan, he crossed over
on the other side; and the son, when the black
horse was there, returned the favor.

One day, when the father was out, the son, who
was a very good rider, went on the white horse, and
he found a white horse tied in front of Col. Gor-
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From the N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

Courting Days.

BY GEORGE SEAWORTHY, ESQ.

A Yankee had a courting went,
A sprightly lass to see,
Determined quite to marry her,
If they could both agree.

Oh! the courting days are the happy days,
The courting days for me!

Says Jonathan, to break the ice,
"Miss Nancy, how do you do?"
"Pretty well, I thank you, this" quoth she,
"Milder Cornstalk, how are you?"

"A very fine day" quoth Jonathan;
"Twice all that he could say."
And Nancy thought, as he twirled his thumbs,
He'd surely stay all day.

The sighing strain was at a stand
What he should say or do;
Quoth Nancy, "Du you like music, ma'am?"
Quoth Nancy, "Yith! don't you!"

"'Tis almost night," thought Jonathan,
"And this will never do."
What shall I say? I have it now—
The beauty of the view!"

He gave a short convulsive wheeze,
To make his voice quite clear,
And said, as he leaned o'er the window sill,
"It looks—rather green—out here!"

Now, with her lover to agree
On the beauty of the view,
"Yith, this" quoth she, "and it seems to me
Th' rather green is here too!"

The Maiden's Confession.

It was twilight. A solemn stillness reigned in
the old and venerable church.

A very young maiden of slender form and grace-
ful gait, in the simple thought dress of white,
approached in sadness the confessional. The meas-
ure of her delicate feet was scarcely audible.

Her flaxen hair hung upon her snow white
neck in natural ringlets; her beautiful eyes, moist-
ened with the tears of penitence, bespoke her sor-
row; and the bloom of her cheek, rivaling the
delicate tinge of the budding rose proclaimed her
purity. The lordly drew near an old and pious
priest who sat in readiness to hear her confession
and absolve her from her sins. She knelt before
him, and offered up her prayers with a trembling
voice and penitential fervency. The priest encour-
aged her, but her heart heaved with grief she bur-
ied her face in her hands and her tears coursed
down her cheeks.

Poor child, spoke the pious old man, I will ques-
tion thee. Hast thou read improper books?
"Ah no more reverend father."
"Hast thou offended thy father and mother?"
"Ah no; more than that, dear Father."
"Hast thou sinned against Satan?"
"Ah no."
"Hast thou sinned against the church?"
"Ah no; more than that, dear Father."

"Oh dear Father, this would not be half so wicked
as that of which I am guilty."
The priest was silent for a moment. He
appeared distressed at the little sinner. His lan-
guage was at an end and he knew not what other
question to propound to her. He was desirous of
eliciting from her, without causing her too much pain
the sin she had committed. But thought he, per-
haps she has been affecting love for some one who
she has just discarded; at any rate devise some
question, which induces her to divulge her grievous
sin. While he was thus reflecting the maid-
en spoke again.

I confess all, most reverend Father, God give
me strength to do it. I pray you exercise forbear-
ance. It was the first and I little thought I should
have to suffer so for it. Ah the wicked one tempt-
ed me! But he was so beautiful!
The priest shuddered.

"He appeared so good and flattered me so."
"Ah," sighed the priest.
"He loved me so," continued the maiden.
The priest drew his eyebrows together.

He followed me at all times, and wherever I
went.
"Precisely as I surmised," murmured the priest;
but the maiden did not hear him, and continued—
"He came one evening into my chamber."
"Oh my God!" again murmured the holy man.
"I did not observe him immediately—this I can
solemnly vow—and I closed the door."

"And is this all?" tremblingly inquired the priest,
after a pause.

"Ah, no, holy Father," rejoined the weeping
girl.
"Now comes my first transgression in crime."
"Confess all—confess all," said the priest, as he
crossed himself.

"He was more friendly than ever—ah, he was
so droll and loving—then—ah, it was that wicked
one visited me, and I yielded to the temptation."
"Alas, my daughter!" said the priest, "has not
your mother warned you against such danger?"
"No, holy Father. Mother has not forbidden
me to love cast."

"Yes, holy Father, it was a beautiful white cat
which I was so wicked as to steal from our neigh-
bor, who is now hunting for it everywhere."
"O mine pious father, let spiritus sancti to absol-
vi!" exclaimed the relieved priest, with a long and
deep drawn breath.

FILIAL LOVE UNEXPECTEDLY REWARDED.—A cu-
rious circumstance is related in a late number of
Gallani, as having occurred before a Correctional
Tribunal.

A very old man, named Palgosi, half paralyzed,
having been charged with mendacity, a decently
dressed, modest-looking young girl stepped for-
ward, said he was her father, and requested that
he should be given up to her.

"But has the old man any means of existence?"
said the President.

"The proceeds of my labor," answered the girl.
"But you must earn very little."
"Pardon me, I am very active, and by beginning
to work early and leaving off late, I can manage."
Is it not so, mother? she added, turning to her old
father, who was also present.

The President paid a high compliment to the
girl, who only responded by a deep blush; and she
joyfully took her father by the hand to lead him
away. The public prosecutor then rose, and ask-
ed the old man if he were not from Baume, in the
department of the Cote d'Or, and related to some
large farmer? Having been answered in the af-
firmative, he stated that the Prefect of Police had
forwarded a letter from the Mayor of Baume, an-
nouncing that a rich relative of the old man had
just died, and left him all his fortune.

"You see, mademoiselle," said the President to
the young work-woman, "that heaven has already
recompensed the filial love of which you have given
so striking a proof."

Aristocratic Love.

A gentleman passenger on a steamboat from New
Orleans to Cincinnati, on a trip up, was introduced
to a young lady on board by a gentleman, who in-
troduced her. We give a brief description of the two.
The young lady was charmingly lovely and am-
able in manner, the gentleman, on the other hand,
was a noble, his manners noble, his figure manly,
such a one as would catch a lady's eye.

Through together in each other's society, and nat-
urally attracted, it is not to be wondered that the
grew quite familiar. They had been introduced on the
guards, promenaded the deck arm in arm, the gen-
tleman whispering soft nonsense in the lady's ear.
The passengers pronounced it a case of love at first
sight, the ladies were more respectful to one than
they thought was soon to be a matron, and the gen-
tlemen (as chambermaids always do) waited upon
no one else but the bride. Miserable prophecies!
It was not fated to be a match.

The boat at length arrived at her destination, the
association of the two loving ones was at an end,
and they were obliged to separate. The young lady
adieu, with a soft entreaty from him, was answer-
ed by her thrusting a card into his hand; and then
they parted, she to her father's marble hall, and
he to the East, whither business imperatively called
him. The hope of seeing her on his return illu-
minated his heart with a gleam of joy.

She made an astonishing discovery shortly after
her return home. A friend of hers who supports
mustaches and a gait, quizzed her unmercifully
for losing her heart to a mechanic who was going
to Washington to get a patent for a new plough.
This was very provoking to her. She protested
that she thought he was a gentleman, or she never
would have accepted his attentions.

Six weeks fled by, and the young mechanic was
on his return home. His heart bounded with joy
as he approached Cincinnati. Visions of her grace-
ful beauty and loveliness floated through his brain.
What pleasure to meet the little of the Queen
City. Her charms had made a deep impression on
his susceptible heart. His look touched the wheel,
and away he fled to the mansion of his beloved.

He was ushered in and his name announced. The
young lady floated into the room. Oh, how lovely
but what is the matter? She does not know him,
bestowed no glance of recognition upon the face lit
with pleasure at seeing her again.

"You don't recollect me," said he, timidly, and
mortified to find the impression—if one he had
made—was so evanescent.

"I do not, sir," replied she, in a cold tone, and
with an air of hauteur such as a tragedy queen af-
fects.

He reminded her of their previous acquaintance
on board the steamer.