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THE HERMIT.

BY BRADDOCK WYLER.

O, tell me, grey-haired hermit, why thou dwellest here alone,
Thy food the roots and berries wild, thy couch the cold, hard stone.
Oft when I've led my little flock along you upland glade,
Glad as the silver-singing birds that 'mong the green leaves played,
The blue anemone curling round the cliff and upward to the sky,
From thy far fire, upon the rock has caught my wandering eye,
And as I thought upon thy life, so lone, so desolate,
My heart was filled with pity for thy melancholy fate.
When, yesternow, returning home amid the driving storm,
I spied, one moment, on the cliff thy tempest-beaten form,
Then heard, amid the whistling shrill of fierce winds through the pine,
O'er louder wail, and trembled when I thought perchance 'twas thine—
I wove if I lived to see another morning come,
I'd seek thee in thy mountain-cave and offer thee a home.
Then go with me and thou shalt dwell within our peaceful cot,
And sit beside our pleasant hearth, thy sorrows all forgot.
My merry-hearted little ones the passive hour shall while,
And my true wife shall be thy nurse and cheer thee with her smile.
Sure that the white cottage in the vale beyond the chestnut tree,
Than this rude cleft within the rock a better home would be.
Beside the summer time is gone, keen blows the autumn blast,
And soon will winter's mantle white o'er all the earth be cast:
So sit within the piercing frost and pelting sleet, and here,
Remain—'and this cold rock full soon shall be the hermit's bed.
No human aid will then be nigh to soothe the dying man,
No woman's hand to minister, as only woman's can—
But 'neath the tempests 'gainst thy life shall battle in their might,
And voices, as of spirits lost, loud shriek around the height;
The gusty wind, prowling for his prey, alone shall see thee die,
And the raven, from the storm-cloud, croak thy requiem on high.
Then that old majestic man his 'customed' staff should take,
And leaning 'gainst a jutting rock, these words should say:
"Behold a fitting end for one whose life has been like mine;
Wouldst thou forbid the lightning's stroke to rend the blasted pine?
Wouldst thou save the useless wreck from out the yawning sea?
And the elemental war, they perish—go! let me be seen no more
In these waste solitudes to seek the lone hermit's den."
Then my heart can ever warm toward human kind again;
And long and bitter was the strife that changed this heart to stone,
And sent me forth an exile, to tread life's way alone.
But happy in the vale, beside thy cottage fire,
And let a lonely man in solitude expire:
And guide thy little ones in virtue's holy way.
Let ambition fire their brains and lead their souls astray,
And let the solitary man that dwelt among these rocks,
Be a happy shepherd boy and kept his father's flock;
Let the day he piped and sang, or watched the gambler's glee,
Or to the forest rang with the birds' sweet melody;
Let him be called a good boy; the old man prate his brag;
Let him leap or climb like him of all the youthful throng;
Let a mountain maiden turned on him her melting glance,
And the youths assembled on the green to join in rustic dance;
Let him grow proud and come to scorn his humble peasant lot;
Let him sing the mighty deeds that warriors bold have wrought;
Let the lovely-voiced harp play to honor, rank, and fame,
And the proud spirit whisper him, "thou too canst be the same."
Let him, one summer morn he went from those green hills away,
Engaged in the ranks of war and fought in many a fray;
Let the war at last be o'er, a lofty name he'd won—
And told the gallant deeds their favorite had done.
Then there came a happy dream of youthful love and joy,
And a word was said, the stars again a boy.

As that young and gentle maiden, with her richly flowing hair,
And dark eye full and eloquent of feeling and of thought,
To whom the ardent votary his heart's devotion brought,
I will not say what word he spoke, what minstrelly he sung,
Before he seemed to win the heart of her so fair and young,
But when her timid, sweet consent and plighted faith were given,
He deemed that never more sacred vow was registered in Heaven.
There was a man with broad clear brow and winning smile like thine,
And I was proud to call this man a chosen friend of mine:
Departing, at my country's call, to serve in foreign war,
I trusted to his guardian care my love, while I was far.
'Twas bootless, shepherd, now to tell the tale of deadly wrong
That I have hoarded in my breast and brooded o'er so long—
Of faithless friend and perjured love and fame and fortune lost,
And of my terrible revenge, before the sea I crossed,
And left for aye my native land and all I once held dear,
To find a refuge from mankind and end life's struggle here.
If thou art happy in the vale, beside thy cottage fire,
Return, and let a lonely man in solitude expire."
He ceased, the shepherd raised his head as if to make reply,
But where the hermit lately stood the bare rock met his eye.
Upspringing from the mossy seat, he searched the hermit's cave,
But all was dark and gloomy there and silent as the grave;
Then lighted his pine-wood torch, that flung a flickering glare
Along the lofty roof of rock and walls all hard and bare;
But vain his search within the cave and 'mong the crags around,
No trace of him for whom he sought could anywhere be found.
He calls aloud, but nought he hears save echoes m reply,
And the wild cry of the eagle as he cleaves the stormy sky.
At length he wearies of the search, and with a heavy heart,
As evening hovered o'er the vale, he turned him to depart.
None ever saw the hermit more; and years have passed away;
But oft, when wintry storms are high, the simple shepherd says,
They see, upon the lofty cliff, a human form appear,
And hear amid the howling blast, loud shrieks of woe and fear.
Montrose, Jan. 26th, 1850.

The Power of Music.

Most of our enterprising readers have noticed at the top of the columns the admirable lithograph drawn from Mumi's celebrated picture bearing the above title. The interior of a barn is disclosed through an open door. A young country fellow is seated on a stool, playing on a violin. An old man is listening, reared after, with his hands clasped on his knees. Another listener is a young man in the prime of life, absorbed in the music. A third auditor is an humble negro man, who stands, hat in hand, outside the barn, completely enraptured in the dulcet sounds of the violin.
The old man is looking back into the past—the young man is dreaming of the future—the negro thinks only of the present. It is an exquisite poetical conception, and most happily illustrates the power of music and the variety of its effects on individuals.
Some years ago a young portrait painter of New York, disgusted with his want of success and skill, left the city in despair, and went home to live with his mother, who occupied a small house on Long Island.
On his way home, he noticed some men engaged in a horse trade. The group struck him as being fitted for a pictorial illustration. He went to work upon it, but he was dissatisfied with his first attempt. After repeated efforts he produced a picture which approached his ideal conception, and being very much in want of money, took it up to the city with the intention of disposing of it for a trifle, sufficient to meet his present necessities. He showed the picture to a gentleman, a connoisseur, with whom he had some slight acquaintance.
"Do you wish to sell this picture?" asked the gentleman, after looking at it carefully.
"I must sell it."
"Very well—if I should like to buy it, but I cannot afford to give you its value."
Stepping to his desk, he wrote a check on the bank for a thousand dollars, and handed it to the painter, saying—"Will that do? It is all I can afford."
The artist took the check without saying a word, and left the store. All that day he wandered about the city in a state of perfectly unconsciousness of all that was passing about him, and clutching tightly the vest pocket in which the check was deposited. He went to a hotel, and in the morning his first movement was to see if the check was in—examining to satisfy himself that he had not been dreaming. Finding the precious paper, he repaired to the bank and obtained the money—went home rejoicing the heart of his mother, and to paint pictures, which he won him fortune and fame; both of which he deserves richly as an artist, and a good, kind-hearted man. Reader, this was "Mount, the Painter of the Power of Music."
Philadelphia Register.

THE WILD FAWN OF PASCOGUILA.

OR, THE CHUMPA GIRL OF MOBILE.

We copy from an elegant paper, fictionally called "The Bow of Cupid," or a "Journal of Love, Laughter, Fashion and the Fair," and issuing from "Cupid's Realm," which was started for the occasion, to give additional zest to the entertainment. It is edited by the "Ladies of the Telegraph Office," at Mobile, and streams over with choice gems of wit and humor. As a sample of its contents, we extract the following beautiful tale:
Shall I tell you a story of real life, as romantic and affecting as any in fiction? Well, listen. Every citizen of Mobile is familiar with the sight of the Indian girls who are seen in our streets in the winter. With their little bundles of cloth wound round their backs, they mark the advent of cold weather as regularly as the mocking bird and the cardinal chronicle the approach of spring. They peddle their small parcels of pine from door to door, and all are familiar with the soft, quip, petitionary voice in which they exclaim "chumpa," as they offer their bundles.
These Indian girls, it is well known, belong to certain Choctaw families who refused to emigrate with their tribe beyond the Mississippi, and yet linger upon their aboriginal hunting grounds, on the waters of the Pearl and the Pascogoula. Though they thus exhibit an unconquerable attachment to their native soil, they have yet adopted the ways and customs of the white people, and are as different to all the indigenous tribes of the South as the men sustaining themselves by hunting, and the women by peddling whiteberries and other wild fruit in the summer, and bundles of pine in the winter, are different to the simple hunters who visit Mobile semi-annually, and for the time reside in the vicinity, in small huts or camps, constructed of bark, barks, and the limbs of trees. This has been their usage from time immemorial, and it yet continues.
These Indians are generally a miserable and ignorant race, but withal they possess a singular degree of the virtues of a singular degree. The women are proverbially chaste and modest, and all of the young girls that annually visit our city, none have been known to depart from the paths of rectitude. A strong interest, therefore, surrounds these simple dancers of the woods, who resist all the blandishments of their station and pass unharmed through the streets of our city. Many of them are quite handsome, and possess, beneath their rustic garb—the calico gown and red blanket—the delicate grace and manner of a European. As they invariably refuse to talk English, very little conversation can be had with them, and that only in reference to the small bargains they wish to make. Chumpa and chumpa are almost the only words they employ in their intercourse with our inhabitants. Still they are not devoid of the natural sensibilities and sentiments of a noble race, and enter the different houses of the city, stores, dwellings and offices, without hesitation, ceremony or announcement. Who has not been started many a morning by the low voice, as the chamber door, exclaiming—"Chumpa!"
The stolon demerit of these Choctaw maidens has the natural sensibilities and sentiments of a noble race, and enter the different houses of the city, stores, dwellings and offices, without hesitation, ceremony or announcement. Who has not been started many a morning by the low voice, as the chamber door, exclaiming—"Chumpa!"
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could, to effect his innocent, and, as he thought, harmless flirtation.
It is needless to detail the arts resorted to by Henry Howard to win the heart of the Fawn of Pascogoula. He began in the most modest and unobtrusive manner. He purchased from her much more frequently than he needed, supplies of tea, and paid her larger sums than she with an air of presents of trinkets, pictures, and little ornaments of dress, and accommodated himself, in every way to her apparent wishes. These things, continued for some weeks—at last began to have obvious effect. The Fawn tarried longer in her visits at his office than she had done hitherto, and took an evident interest in his attentions. At length she began to answer his remarks in such few words of English as she could command, and to look upon his handsome and fascinating countenance with pleased smiles and earnest contemplation. The spell evidently began to work!—Mostly she looked into his face, with a slight expression of surprise, but not dissatisfaction; and then he poured forth to her warm and urgent words of love. Neither were these coldly spoken, for the young and ardent admirer had been no little interested in the object of his attentions. As he was about to make delicate remarks, the now startled Fawn, by a quick movement, unloosed herself from his embrace and glided across the room.
"Stand off, Mr. Howard!" she exclaimed, in better English than he had ever heard her speak before. "Me good friend to kind gentleman—but no love. The Fawn must marry her own people—She love young warrior on Pascogoula, and she have heart and skin the same color. Mobile man not good for Choctaw girl. Me go to my home to Choctaw chief's cabin—to-morrow, good bye! Me love you very much—you so kind—but no wife."
As she said this she drew her red blanket as proudly as ever a female could, and hid from her maid a ball, and glided from the door. Struck as motionless as a statue, the elegant Henry Howard—the Mobile dandy—stood gazing at the door through which the Choctaw girl had vanished. His lips were slightly parted—his eyes were open; a look of wonder and doubt upon his lovely face.
"By heavens!" he exclaimed, "is it possible! Caught in my own trap! Jilted by an Indian! Well! it's a good joke, and all right. But, by Te-cumseh and Pushmataha! I must take care that the Fawn of Mobile do not get into the story—Let who will hazard a bet that she will not be a character, to discover whether these chumpas girls do not like affections with other people; I, for one, am satisfied. The Fawn of Pascogoula has for months taken all my presents and delicate attentions with the timid gentleness of a unit, and could have been done by a female of any nation in a glided salon, by the light of a chandelier. Well, that's something rich! Bravo! Henry Howard! Recollect hereafter, as Tom Moore says,
"What'er her lot, she'll have her will,
And woman will be woman still!"

THE DANDIES REBUKED.

OR, THE OLD SNUFFOUT.

I had taken a place on the top of one of the coaches which run between Edinburgh and Glasgow, for the purpose of taking a short tour in the Highlands of Scotland. As we rattled along Princes St. I had leisure to survey my fellow travelers. Immediately opposite to me sat two dandies, the first of which, dressed in white great-coats and black hosiery, and each with a sign in his mouth, which he puffed away with a morose and complacent air. Beside me sat almost and comely young woman in a widow's dress, with an infant about nine months old in her arms. The appearance of the youthful mourner and her baby in the arms of the dandies, drew the attention of the young gentleman, who he occasionally cast a rude glance at the mother, the look of calm and settled sorrow, which she invariably at such times, cast upon her child, seemed to touch even them, and to disarm their coarseness. On the other side of the window sat a young gentleman of plain yet prepossessing exterior, who seemed especially to attract the notice of the dandies. His attire was not absolutely threadbare, but it had evidently endured more than one season, and I could perceive many contemptuous looks thrown upon it by the gentlemen in the Belcher parker. The young gentleman carried a small portmanteau in his hand, and he had a book in his pocket, which he occasionally turned more than one change of linen. His article also appeared to attract the eyes of the sprigs of fashion opposite, whose wardrobes, in all probability were more voluminous; whether they were paid for or not might be another question.
The coach having stopped at the village of Corston, for the purpose of taking up an inside passenger, the general observing that the young gentleman carried his portmanteau in his hand, and he had a book in his pocket, which he occasionally turned more than one change of linen. His article also appeared to attract the eyes of the sprigs of fashion opposite, whose wardrobes, in all probability were more voluminous; whether they were paid for or not might be another question.
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I am ready to sink. My father's poverty and advanced age, my baby's helplessness and my own delicate health frequently too much for my feeble frame.
"Trust in God and he will provide for you; be assured he will."
By this time the coach was again in motion, and though the conversation continued for some time, the noise of the wheels prevented me from bearing it distinctly. I could observe that the dandies exchanged looks with one another, and at one time the more forward of the two whispered something to his companion's, in which the words "Methodist Parson," atoms were audible.
"At Airdrie nothing particular occurred; when we got about half way between this town and Glasgow, where the widow expressed a wish to be set down. The young gentleman, therefore, desired the driver to stop, and springing himself from the coach, took the infant in his arms, and then, along with the widow, assisted her to descend. "May God reward you," she said, as he returned the baby to her, "for your kindness to the widow and fatherless child."
"And may he bless you," replied I, "with all the spiritual consolation in Christ Jesus."
So saying, he slipped something into her hand; the widow opened it instinctively. I saw five or six shillings glitter in her palm; she dropped a tear upon the money, and then, with a look of thankfulness, she turned to the young gentleman, but he had already resumed his seat upon the coach. She cast toward him an eloquent and grateful look, pressed her infant convulsively to her bosom, and walked hurriedly away.
"No other passenger wishing to alight at the same place, we were soon again in rapid motion towards the great port of the west of Scotland. Not a word was spoken. The young gentleman, with his arms crossed upon his breast, and as if I might judge by the expression of his countenance, was evidently resolving some scheme of benevolence in his mind. The dandies regard him with blank amazement. They had also seen the gold in the poor widow's hand, and seemed to think that there was more under that shabby apron than their "puppy" brains could easily conjecture. That, in this they were right, was speedily manifested.
When we had entered Glasgow, and were approaching the Buck's Head, the inn, at which our conveyance was to stop, at once a fine carriage drawn by four beautiful horses, drove up in an opposite direction. The elegance of this equipage made the dandies spring to their feet.
"What beautiful greys!" cried the one, "I wonder who they can belong to?"
"He is a happy fellow, my own," replied the other, "I would give half of Yorkshire to call them mine."
The stage coach and the travelling carriage stopped at the Buck's Head at the same moment, and a footman, in laced liveries, springing down from behind the latter looked first inside and then at the top of the former, when he lifted his hat with a smile of respectful recognition.
"Are you all well at the castle, Robert?" inquired the young gentleman in the sortout.
"All well, my Lord," replied the footman.
At the sound of that unenviable, the faces of the dandies brightened visibly, and they, taking the most polite notice of them or their confidant, the nobleman politely wished me good morning; and descending from the coach, caused the footman to place his cloak and despatch portmanteau in his carriage. He then stepped into it himself, and the footman getting up behind, the coachman and touched the reins; very slightly with his whip, and the equipage and its noble owner, were soon out of sight.
"Pray what nobleman is that?" said one of the dandies to the landlord as we entered the inn.
"The Earl of H—," sir, replied the landlord; "one of the best men, as well as one of the richest, in Scotland."
"The Earl of H—," repeated the dandy turning to his companion; "what asses have we been there's an end to all chance of being allowed to shoot on his estate."
"O yes, we may burn our letters of introduction when we please," rejoined his companion; "and silent and crest fallen, both walked up stairs to their apartments."
Plate Eating.
The editor of the Providence Transcript, discoursing of pumpkin pie, tells the following story:
"There was a case of actual plate eating, some three-score years ago, not far from this town, during the pumpkin pie season. The common custom for baking was the red earthen pan, as large as a dinner plate, but deeper. An oven full of pies, in this sort of pan, was put in, and being filled again for another batch, and so on, as long as the pastry lasted, and the pies were suffered to lie in the pans at the last baking. At the house of Mr. —, we don't recollect his surname, but otherwise having called him, he had been served once from a baking at repeated meals, and after he had been taken from the earthen plate, when on evening the good man returned late from a fatiguing journey, and called for his supper—for he was sharp set—as to appetite—and was noted for teeth that could do marvelous execution. Among other condiments was a pumpkin pie, which he quickly moved towards his mouth, and after a few minutes it was numbered among the "have-beens," and he moved back from the table satisfied. But his wife, in clearing off, missed an article, and inquired—
"John, what on earth have you done with the earthen plate?"
"The dinner plate," said the dinner-feeding man.
"Yes," rejoined his wife, with some feeling, "and you have eaten it!"
"Indeed," replied the enter, with imperturbable gravity, "well, wife, I thought the crust was somewhat hard."
Too STUBB TO LOVE LONG.—A teacher of one of the Sunday Schools was lecturing a class of little girls on the influence of piety example and pious instruction in the formation of youthful characters.
"Ah, Miss Caroline," said the one of the class, "what would you have been without your good father and mother?"
"I suppose, sir," answered Miss Caroline, "I would have been an orphan!"
"You have seen with what a 'lady's maid' advertised in the newspapers, that this female of male attire, by the other sex ought to be avoided. Pious says they have already stolen our palates; they now seize our vests. Gracious goodness! what will they not take next? What will be left us?"
"Sure enough, added the Boston Post, 'what will be done with the 'what-dye-call' ones?"
"When coats, boots, and jackets are taken off, by our precise acquisitive spouses, our respectability might be shaken."
In respect to retaining our in-house!
"Are you not alarmed at the approach of the 'King of Terrors,' said the painter to a sick man.
"Oh, no. I have been living six and twenty years with the queen of terrors, and the king cannot be much worse," was the reply.
"It does, indeed, sir, at times; but at other times it is edging towards the poor house."