

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 Poor Man to His Son.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Work, work, my boy, be not afraid,
Look labor boldly in the face;
Take up the hammer or the spade,
And blash not for your humble place.
Hold up your brow in honest pride,
Though rough and swarth your hands be;
Such hands are sap-veins that provide
The life-blood of the nation's tree.
There honor in the rolling part,
That finds us in the furrowed fields;
It stamps a crest upon the heart,
Worth more than all your quartered shields.
Work, work, my boy, and murmur not,
The fasten garb betrays no shame;
The grim of forge-heat leaves no shame,
And labor glows the meanest name.
And man is never half so blest,
As when the busy day is spent,
So as to make his evening rest
A holiday of glad content.
God grant thee but a due reward,
A girdle portion fair and good,
And then accept thy station hard,
But work, my boy, work, work, and good!

To Miss

INSPIRED BY ALICE.

I do not ask thee now to think of me,
Save as a friend whose best heart wishes are
That sunny days may ever shine on thee,
And that some one, more worthy far,
When from thy heart thy first love is removed,
May love thee tenderly as I have loved.
New heed my words, my precious girl!
Affection is the richest pearl,
Nor lightly should be thrown away
On one who cannot love repay.
Beware to whom thou shalt impart
That priceless jewel of the heart!
Care not alone for form or face,
Or sordid wealth, or winking grade;
But choose that one whose honored name
Thou canst be proud to share and claim;
Let it be one of cultured mind,
Of generous thought and feeling kind,
Who never sought, nor craved, no need,
To wrong the helpless or the weak,
But ever would employ his best
To shield the friendless and oppress;
Who proudly tramples down
Nor sinks at fortune's darkest frown;
Whose equal soul and mind sedate,
Can stand unmoved each change of fate;
Whose faith is firm, whose honor bright,
Whose love is of no momentary light;
Such were the love, and such alone,
That can be worthy of thy own.

A Question Answered.

There is reason as well as rhyme in the following couplets. Ladies! read them.
A father sits by the chimney post,
On a winter day enjoying a rest;
By his side is a maiden—young and fair,
A girl with a wealth of golden hair;
And she teases the father stern and cold,
With a question of duty true and old:
"Say, father, what shall a maiden do,
When a man of merit comes to woo?
And, father, what shall this maiden do,
When a man of merit comes to woo?
Married or single—which is the best?"
Then the sire of the maiden young and fair,
The girl with the wealth of golden hair,
He answers, as erer do fathers old,
To the question of duty, true and old:
"She who weddeth keeps God's Law;
She who weddeth doth better."
Then meekly answered the maiden fair—
The girl with the wealth of golden hair,
"I will keep the sense of the Holy Law,
Content to do well without doing better."

THE DANDY AND THE ALARM WATCH.—A New England paragon tells the following story of a traveling dandy, who quitted at a tavern not long since on the Sabbath—

He prepared himself to attend church, but not possessing that very important chattel, a watch, and being particularly desirous to cut a dash, he applied to the landlord for the loan of one. The landlord, possessing a very powerful alarm watch, readily complied with the request, but previously wound up the alarm, and set at the hour when he supposed would be in the middle of the first prayer. The dandy repaired to the church, he arose with the grace of a finished exquisite at the commencement of the prayer, and stood playing very gracefully with the exposed works, and when he jumped as if he had recovered a Gen of battles, the whining of the alarm watch commenced. The people stared. The dandy, with a furious glare, at the offending watch, with both hands outside of the pocket, and signified to the sexton to stop the music. He kept up the watch, and it seemed as if it would never stop. The sexton rolled off the poor fellow, he seized his hat, and making an effort for the door, hurried off with his watch pocket in one hand and his hat in the other, amid the suppressed laughter of the whole congregation.

Perhaps the "great blow," so called, of 1816, that swept over the greater portion of New England, devastating forests and overturning houses until it had "cracked its cheeks" with blowing, is remembered by some of our readers. The storm was especially severe in Massachusetts, and in Newsway, the "heart of the Commonwealth," where resided a very worthy and pious deacon who became alarmed at the howling of the wind around his cottage. When the tempest was at its height he called to his several members of his family, then all upon his knees to offer up prayers for their preservation. He had not proceeded far, however, when a furious blast caused him to dash, and opening his eyes, he beheld his pig-sty completely unroofed by the wind, which was about to do the same also to the wood shed. The good deacon instantly arose on his feet, and making a dash for the door, caught hold of one of the posts just as the elements were making the entire structure from its foundation, and holding on with the tenacity of death to a colored post, he frantically exclaimed, "Hold on, OYez, for prayer is in my soul! As I live, OYez, the deacon is one of our best men, and he will let us go with the wind, which turned back in ward."

A Physician's Sketches.

THE CERTIFICATE OF LUNACY; OR THE YOUNG WIFE.

Concluded.
I rose early the next morning, in order to give myself some time for reflection before I met Hutton, according to appointment. After considering the matter in every point of view, I came to the conclusion that I had better see Mr. Charles Hutton, in order to be able, on oath, if necessary, to depose to his sane state of mind on that particular date, being at the same time, of course, aware that his worthy and affectionate brother declared him insane.

With this idea in my mind I left the hotel to proceed to the Pump Room. The clocks were striking the appointed hour as I entered it, and I had not taken two turns up and down its extent, when Hutton stepped up to me with a "How do you do, doctor? You are very punctual."

"Yes," I replied, "I have great habits of punctuality."

"One of the cardinal virtues," he added. Then drawing my arm within his, he said, in a confidential tone as we left the room: "Doctor, I hope we understand each other?"

"I hope we do," said I, determined to make him speak out.

"I can take you to my brother's house," he continued, "of course he need not know who you are or what is your errand."

"Of course not," said I.

"Three hundred a year, you know, doctor, to a young man, and all his time at his own disposal besides, is no joke."

"It is," said I, "it is an exceedingly pleasant job."

"Very well. Then I think we have no difficulties before us," said I.

"Well, then, we thoroughly understand each other," my brother Charles is named "Madness," said I, "is an awful calamity."

"What certificate?" said I, with an innocent look, and beginning in my own mind to enjoy my situation amazingly.

"What certificate?" he repeated, "why a certificate of lunacy, to be sure."

"Oh, yes," said I, "I have seen several, I could show you the form any day."

"To see your brother as a professional man, and give you my opinion as to the state of his mind," said I, "and that opinion is, that your fears are groundless, for he is perfectly sane."

"You are joking, doctor?"

"Joking? Why should I joke upon so serious a subject?"

"I shall never forget the look of dismay that Hutton cast at me as he stammered."

"But you—know, you consented to—"

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to amuse myself by a stroll in the Mall, and upon one occasion, after tiring myself by walking up and down upon the disagreeable little stones which were there placed, I sat down on one of the wooden seats for a rest.

I had not sat long when a lady, for such she evidently was, likewise sat down upon the seat. A black veil closely covered her face, and as she leaned upon the rough arm of the wooden bench, I was surprised to hear her sob bitterly. I debated with myself for some time whether I should say any thing or not; and at last the grief of the lady became so excessive, that I gave up all scruples, and determined to say something to her.

"Madam," I said, "I trust you will give me credit for better intentions than rudeness or curiosity, when I venture to inquire if I can be of any service to you in your affliction?"

"She started, and clung to the seat, as she said, in a sweet but faltering voice—"

"No, no, I thank you, sir; no, no."

"Perhaps Heaven, in its mercy, has ordained this. A physician, sir, I—I am poor."

"Oh," I cannot compensate."

"I am sorry that I am unable to do so," said I, "but I will do what I can for you, and I will be glad to have you call upon me at my residence."

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to do what he could to right the oppressed—and punish the oppressor.

"When I had done, the old man immediately rose, and I rang the bell, and when a servant appeared, he screamed out—"

"The carriage—the carriage!"

"It is at the door, sir," said the man with alarm.

"All right, eh?" cried Sir Felix. "Come along, doctor, come along. You must know, I'm in a great rage—an infernal rage, eh—you know; and I won't eat, nor drink, nor—nor sleep,—I'm come along, doctor. You must know, I'll see justice done, or my name ain't Merton, you know."

"Oh, the villain! The—the thunders of Heaven!"

"So saying, he dragged me to the carriage without my being able to say another word, and when we were fairly seated, and the foot man touched his hat in an inquiring manner, to know where his master would be driven to, Sir Felix thundered out in a tone that made the man jump again—"

"To the Lord Chancellor!"

"I know it is, sir," he roared, "you must know it. The Lord Chancellor and I are old college friends, and I happen to know that his heart's in the right place, you know; and—d—n—me—I'll make him—make him eat his wig if he don't do what's right in this business, you must know, eh?"

"The carriage soon stopped at the residence of Lord L., the then chancellor, and Sir Felix Merton's card, on which he scribbled, "Dear L., I was to speak to you particularly and privately," procured us instant admission, and in five minutes more I found myself in the presence of the Lord Chancellor of Great Britain.

Sir Felix Merton always carried with him a yellow bamboo stick, and upon this occasion he was not without it, and I was not a little astonished to see him bring it down with a thump upon Lord L.'s table, and exclaim at the same time—"

"I believe, sir, that you are under your jurisdiction, eh?"

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