THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

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

VOLUME 27---NUMBER 29. MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 5, 1852. WHOLE NUMBER, 1433.

THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER,
(A Weekly Newspaper,)
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, AT MONTROSE, SUSQ. CO. PA., BY
H. H. FRAZIER.

TERMS.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum cash actually in advance.

Two Dollars if paid within the year.

Two Dollars and Fifty cents if not paid until after the expiration of the year.

No subscription will be permitted to remain unsettled longer than two years.

These terms will be rigidly adhered to.

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each subsequent week,	0,25

Business Cards per annum with paper, 3,00

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"Poet's Corner."

Wreck of the Hesperus---A Ballad.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the Skipper had taken his little daughter
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom sweet as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

The Skipper he stood beside the helm,
With his pipe in his mouth,
And watch'd how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sail'd the Spanish Main,
I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!
The Skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laugh'd he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the North-east;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shudder'd and paused, like a frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

Come hither! Come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale,
That ever wind did blow.

He wrapp'd her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

O father! I hear the church bells ring,
O say, what may it be?
'Tis a fog-bell on a rock bound coast!
And he steered for the open sea.

O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?
Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea.

O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?
But the father answer'd never a word,
A frozen corpse was he!

Lash'd to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face to the skies,
The lantern gleam'd through the gleaming snow
On his fix'd and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who still'd the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept,
Toward the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Look'd soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheath'd in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sunk,
Ho! ho! the breakers roar'd!

At day-break, on the bleak sea beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

☞ Some men devote themselves so exclusively to their business, as to almost entirely neglect their domestic and social relations. A gentleman of this class having failed was asked what he intended to do.

"I am going home to get acquainted with my wife and children," said he.

☞ The following advice of President Witherspoon to his pupils might be a benefit to some orators of the present day: "In the first place take care that ye ne'er begin to speak till ye ha' something to say; and secondly, be sure to leave off, as soon as ye ha' done."

Selected Miscellany.

From Chambers Journal.

GRANDMOTHER HOOK.

A FEW evenings ago, I was at one of those old world houses in Edinburg where a man may actually invite himself to tea, and without being stared at as a curiosity, take his place in a circle round a round table, dominated by a steaming urn. I would describe this tea drinking as a relic of the olden time; but just now I have something else to do. Suffice it that besides myself, there were at table an old maid, a young maid, the father and mother of the latter, and a gentleman-like man somewhere on the wrong side of forty. This man was the lion of the party and performed wonderfully well. He was not like the caged animal, strutting up and down to show his paces, and growling, grimming, or yawning at the spectators; but resembled rather the free denizen of the forest, leaping and romping by turns, dignified or playful as occasion called; now making the room ring with his voice, and now "roaring you 'an 'twere any nightingale." In short, I was prepared to like the man very much; and seeing likewise that he was unusually good-looking for a male animal, you may imagine that I was not a little startled to hear that he had very recently been made a Benedict, and, strange to say, with a lady recognised under the appellation of Grandmother Hook.

The company however made themselves very merry with the poor gentleman's calamity; and the old maid especially was never weary of asking questions, seeming to derive a certain savage comfort from the idea of a lady getting married in her very grandmotherhood. The gentleman was at first a little embarrassed; but his tormentors being his near relations, it was necessary to answer; and at length making up his mind to what could not be avoided, he pulled a desperately grave face, and began to tell them "all about it."

"You may wonder," said he, "that at my mature years I had fallen so completely into my uncle's power as to give him the almost absolute disposal of my hand; but such was the fact. I was brought up, you know, in the very worst thing under the son—expectations; and, consequently, I was good for nothing else but to keep on expecting. I spent many years as a walking gentleman of society in London, and many more in wandering to and fro upon the continent; but at length, when actually within hail of forty, I found myself once more with my legs under the mahogany of the Athenæum, and with nothing to pay for the good things above it but what came out of the pockets of a tough, and somewhat peremptory old man.

"He had never before insisted upon my marrying; but the reason was, that he had remained in constant expectation of the occurrence taking place through my own connivance. Indeed it had been his business for many years to interpose gently between me and the catastrophe; suggesting now that I did not know enough of the lady, and again that I knew too much; and so forth. The fact is I had never been without expectations of that sort; always voluntarily abandoned, till my first crop of grey hairs appeared.—After this the difficulty was on the side of the lady; and I was at length so much disgusted by the unreasonableness of the sex, that I determined to live and die a bachelor. Just at this moment I received a letter from my uncle, which I can repeat from memory, as it was short, and to the purpose. 'DEAR NEPHEW—I am glad to hear of what you call the vacancy in your heart, as you will thus have no difficulty in fulfilling my wishes, and obeying my solemn injunctions. You have promised several times to marry, and you must now do so. I never interfered with your choice, and you are not to interfere with mine. The widow and heiress of my old comrade Hook is in the market. Our estates run into each other in such a way, that you might comprise them both in the same ring fence. She is a healthy woman, and not too young; and the arrangement is, that you are to be married at the end of her year of mourning, if she can fancy you.'

"If she could fancy me! The widow of old Hook! and a healthy woman indeed! That touch was horrible. I tho't my uncle must have intended to try the extent of *my* loyalty; and I do not know that I had ever a fit of more bitter reflection than while conjuring up the idea it conveyed." Here the lion paused and wiped his forehead. The old maid bridled and tossed her head as much as to say that, in her opinion, the like of him was not so mighty a catch for ladies beyond their girlhood; while the young maid looked sympathizingly—that aged men have sometimes youthful wives, the case might not have turned out so very dreadful after all.

"That," said the gentleman, did not fail to occur to me, and it gave me considerable comfort; for owing, I suppose, to the idle life I had led, I had not yet got rid of the ideas of romance that are so unfit for mature years like mine. It was one thing to indulge my despair in old bachelorhood, and quite another to carry my broken heart into the domestic society of an old woman. I confess I did hope that Mrs. Hook owed her good condition at least to some lingering remains of youth; but a second letter from my uncle, in reply to my remonstrances, dispirited it under the fond illusion, by informing me that the widow's family could bring no positive objection, her only daughter being well married."

"There was no help for it. It was necessary to turn my meditations from the lady to the estate; and if I thought of the ring at all, to fancy it in a ring fence. But the affair could not be slept over any longer; and I set out for my uncle's seat, having previously signified to him my full acquiescence in his plans.

"In due time I arrived at the little town of Enderly, distant only a few miles from my destination. And here——"

"Never mind the little town!" interrupted the old maid. "Come to the seat at once, and let us hear about the introduction, and how the lady looked."

"Healthy, I hope!" said the young maid, with a sneer, fixing eyes of beautiful contempt upon the lion.

"Ladies," said the gentleman in a tone of depression, "it is natural that I should wish to linger for a moment at this crisis of my fate; and besides it was at Enderly I heard—and with cruel suddenness—of a circumstance connected with my intended, which made me at first determine to rush back to London, and, if necessary, take to street-sweeping, authorship, or any other desperate resource, rather than marry that Mrs. Hook. I was passing a half open door, in the hotel, when I heard a female voice addressing a child in the terms of wise endearment consecrated to the rising generation. 'It shall go,' said the voice, 'and so it shall, to its own gran—granny—granny-ma; to its own—own—own—grannyma; that it shall, so it shall—wont it I wonder?—to its own Grannyma Hook!'—Only think my dearest ladies, what my feelings must have been on thus learning (and the fact was confirmed the next minute by the landlord in reply to my hurried question) that my intended, old, and healthy bride was an absolute—Grandmother Hook!

"I intended to have gone out at once to my uncles place, but that was now impossible. My agitated mind demanded repose. A night's reflections were necessary to armure with sufficient philosophy to meet the destroyer of my peace; and engaging a bed at the inn, I went out to walk in the neighboring wood. The locality was not chosen without a motive; for I knew that from the summit of a low hill, at a mile's distance, I should obtain a view of Enderly Court; and I felt that if anything could reconcile me to the idea of the healthy old widow, it would be the spectacle of her castellated mansion, seated in a park, which is a very paradise of beauty.

"There is a strange sympathy," continued the lion musingly, "between the soul of man and the aspect of nature. It would seem as if the waving line of beauty, described by hill and valley, embraced with its folds, and endowed with its charms, the possessor of the enchanted spot; as if the melody of woods and waters mingled with the mortal voice that owned them; as if the peeps of sky caught through embowering trees flung an azure glory upon the eyes to which the timber belonged!"

"Beautiful! beautiful!" broke in the mother for the first time, and as true as it is beautiful! Jemima, my love, that is philosophy." Jemima looked coldly and distrustfully at her parent but remained silent; and the old maid, who was obviously interested in Mrs. Hook, remarked in a tone of soliloquy, that she was sure we should find her turn out to be a respectable and interesting woman.

"That was just my idea," remarked the wosliper of nature, when he had cooled down. "Every step I advanced reconciled me more and more to the old lady; and when I saw the glancing of a trout stream through the trees, I thought even of a hook without disgust. But just at this moment a sound broke upon my senses which disturbed me with recent and disagreeable associations; it was the squeal of a young child, and whisked off my thoughts at once to a bale, hearty, long-living grandmotherhood. Visions of canes and snuff-boxes rose before my eyes, everlasting coughs rattled in my ear, and worse than all the glances of matrimonial love from the eyes of a grandmother froze my blood. How different were the sights and sounds of reality as I turned the corner of a clump of trees! The infant I had heard was lying on its back on a grassy knoll, fighting up with its little clenched fists, and crowing as the nursemaids call it, with all its might; while bending over it with eyes brimfull of love and laughter, poking its tiny ribs with her fingers, snatching wild kisses from its brow, and seizing its neck with her lips as if she would throttle it, there knelt a young woman! I did not think she could have been quite thirty."

"Thirty! the old creature!" exclaimed Miss Jemima.

"The girl was probably a nursemaid?" remarked the old maid.

"She was neither an old creature nor a girl," said the lion in a king-of-the-forest tone, "but a woman in the very prime and glory of her years. Her bonnet was lying on the grass, and her dishevelled hair floating in dark masses over her shoulders—but a visible diadem sat on her queenly brow, just as a voice of peremptory command was *felt* in her light, joyous, leaping laugh. There was a fearless self-possessed grace in her manner, such as years superadd to the feminine softness of youth, and her features originally moulded in wax, were now as firm, yet as exquisitely fine, as if they had been cut in the semi-transparent marble of Paros. While feasting on the beautiful picture formed by the mother and her child, surely that must have been the relationship, a little incident occurred to disturb its grouping. The infant with a shriller squeal of delight, and a more vigorous spasm of its limbs, suddenly rolled down the knoll, crowing as it went; and the lady with a playful yet nervous cry of surprise, stretched after it in vain as she knelt, till she measured her whole length upon the sod. Before she could get up, I had sprung from my ambush, caught up the truant as it lay half smothered in daisies and butter cups, and presented the prize to the flushed and startled mother. Such was my introduction to——"

"Not to Mrs. Hook!" said the old maid with severity. "You forget that you are now a married man!"

Miss Jemima was tearing absently the petals of a narcissus, and looking up with a forgiving sigh into the face of the narrator, said softly, "But you were not married then!"

"To describe the conversation of this fascinating woman," continued the gentlemen, "is impossible. She was not a woman of society, yet perfectly well-bred. She had spent a greator part of her life in the country, inhaling health of mind as well as body from the pure air of heaven, yet with occasional visits to, and occasional visitors from, the great cities, which enabled her, with the assistance not only of books, in the good old fashioned sense of the term, but of the ephemeral literature of the day, to keep pace with the progress of the world.

"I do not know how it was, but our acquaintanceship seemed to be ready-made; and when at last I mentioned my uncle's name, she had no difficulty in recollecting that respectable friend of Mrs. Hook. At the word I started as violently as if she had thrown the old lady's grandchild at my head; and the beautiful stranger looked at me with surprise and curiosity.

'You know Mrs. Hook?' said I.

'Yes.'

'What—old Mrs. Hook?'

'Yes.'

'Grandmother Hook?'

'Yes.'

'How do you like the individual?'

'I sympathize with her; for I too—' And breaking off with a sigh, she held up the fairest hand in the world, so as to show a widow's ring. I had not observed the peculiarity in her slight mourning, but now saw that she too was a widow—a young and charming widow!—and that the infant (which was now alternately in her hands and mine) was the pledge of a love extinguished in the grave! She was free—this lovely young woman; and I was about to be chained for life to old Grandmother Hook! She saw my agitation, but of course could not comprehend its cause.

'Come,' said she with an angelic smile, 'I see you do not like my venerable friend; but I am determined to reconcile you to her. She is a grandmother, it is true, and therefore not so young as she has been; but she wears well—she is indeed particularly healthy, and if you form a friendship for her it is likely to last for many years.'

'That is the misery,' said I—'that is the misery! If she were but like other old women—if she were but liable to the common diseases of grandmothers, my fate might be endurable.'

'Your fate? What has your fate to do with the [illegible]

'I am only going to be married to her, that's all;' and the absurd announcement was no sooner out of my lips than the fair stranger broke into peals of laughter, that to my ears, at the inauspicious moment, sounded like the screams of an evil spirit.

'Pardon me,' said she endeavoring to compose herself; 'I am far too giddy for a—' And the widow kissed her orphan child. 'But the idea of a marriage between you and Mrs Hook is really too ridiculous. *You* appear to be compelled to the sacrifice by circumstances; but has the old lady given her consent?'

'Her consent! Oh let her alone for that; it is not so often that a fellow like me comes in the way of a grandmother. There is no hope of her refusing me; and if I refuse her, I may as well hang myself up on one of these trees.'

'Why adopt such an alternative? Although probably dependent on fortune, you are not too old to work and to struggle. If you will not allow poor aged Mrs. Hook to enrich you, there are fortunes in the world still to be made by the adventurous and the industrious.'

'Give me a motive,' cried I suddenly, 'and I will both dare and suffer! I cannot toil for so poor a meed as fortune; but place in the distance something worthy of my efforts, something rich enough to reward them, something—'

'What?' said she innocently.

'Love?' cried I, in desperation; and before she could prevent me, I had caught hold of her hand and smothered it with kisses.'

'Upon my word!' interrupted the old maid. 'This from a married man—from the husband of Mrs. Hook!'

'But he was not married then,' whispered Jemima softly.

'Since you are displensed with such details,' pursued the gentleman, 'I shall pass them over. Let it suffice that I spent several hours with the lovely widow; that I saw—clearly saw—that only a little time was wanting to enable me to gain her affections; and that I at last bade her adieu, extorting a promise that she would not communicate my arrival to Mrs. Hook; and that, when I called at the court, she would see me alone, that I might have an opportunity of telling her what had passed between my uncle and me.'

'Pray, what was the lady's name?' said Miss Jemima, as the lion paused.

'I never thought of asking.'

'How could you tell that she lived at the court?'

'I don't know: I took it into my head, and it happened that I was right.'

'Under all circumstances, you seem to have made wonderful progress in so short a time!'

'Time is merely a relative word. An hour is occasionally as long as *long as* a day or a month, and a month in other circumstances, passes as quickly as a day or an hour.' The widow and I became better acquainted during the single interview I have described than we should have done in the course of a hundred meetings in ordinary society. But to proceed. I found my revered uncle in a very bad temper, as he had expected me the day before; and matters were not mended when I mentioned frankly some misgivings I had on the score of domestic happiness.

"Domestic fiddlestick!" cried he. "What more would you have than a good estate and a good wife—and a healthy woman to boot, come of a long-winded race, and as likely as not to lay you beside my old friend Hook? She is a grandmother already: does that not look well?' I laughed nervously.

'You do not think her too young?' and the old lady grinned. 'Another spasmodic cachination.

'Then what ails you at her—more especially since you tell me that there is a vacancy in your heart? But here comes a letter from the court. And tearing open a large old-fashioned missive, presented to him by a servant, he read as follows:

'MY DEAR SIR—I am told that your nephew has arrived; and as he has been reported upon favorably by one who saw him yesterday, and on whose taste and judgment I can rely, I am tempted to say with the frankness of my character, that I shall be happy to make his acquaintance. I am truly grateful for the many obliging things I am told he said of me; and I hope one day or other he will find them realized. My dearest grandchild sends a pretty little kiss to you both; and, with the best regards, I remain as usual,

GRANDMOTHER HOOK.

'There!' cried the old gentleman with odious triumph—'there is a spirit for you. Why, you dog, you will be as happy as the day is long!'

'I scarcely heard him, for my thoughts were brooding bitterly over the treachery of the beautiful widow. She had broken her promise, and she had rendered my position a thousand times more embarrassing by persuading the wretched grandmother that I had been such a dolt as to say complimentary things about her age, ugliness, and infirmities! It was clear that she was a jilt; that she had only been laughing at my admiration; and that she was now determined to extract further amusement from my calamities. I resolved to die game; and telling my uncle that, although well acquainted with Mrs. Hook from report, I desired to see her personally before coming to a final decision, I threw myself on horseback, and galloped straightway to the court.

'It was my intention to have asked for Mrs. Hook, but the wily widow was on her guard, for as the door opened I heard her call to the servant, in her silveriest tones, 'Show the gentleman here;' and in another minute I stood once more in the presence of the unknown of the forest. I found her more beautiful—better dressed—younger than the day before; and as I saw, with keener appreciation, the treasure I was about to lose forever, my resentment died away, and deep choking grief took its place.

'You forgot your promise,' said I, 'you make a sport of my misery!'

'What could I say when questioned?' replied she sweetly. 'But what misery do you allude to? The misery of marrying a grandmother?'

'When my heart is devoted to another. But it is needless to talk to you, for you are as incapable of passion as a statue.—You could never have loved even your husband.'

'You are in some degree wrong; yet I was so young when I was married—only sixteen—that I looked upon my husband more as a guardian than a lover. I was not quite seventeen when I became a mother.

'Is it possible? That is not a great while ago.'

'Greater perhaps than you suppose; for a sound constitution and salubrious air are very deceitful. Would you take me to wed on to thirty-five?'

'What became of your child?' cried I suddenly.

'We all marry young in our family,' replied the widow, hanging her head. 'It was my daughter's infant,' she continued, looking up at me with the most beautiful blush that ever lit the cheek of a girl, 'which you gathered yesterday from among the daisies and buttercups; and I am Grandmother Hook!'

'Well, I declare,' said Miss Jemima, as the lion finished, 'that is as like a romance as any real story I ever heard! Only an author would never make his heroine a horrid old thing of thirty-five.'

'I am glad, for the sake of morality,' remarked the old maid, 'that she turned out to be Mrs. Hook after all: only I cannot help thinking it a shocking example for girls to be grandmotliers.'

Selling Chickens to the Legislature.

While the Legislature of Missouri was in session a few years ago, a green fellow from the country came to Jefferson to sell some chickens. He had about two dozen, all of which he had tied by the leg to a string, and this being divided equally, and thrown across his horse or his shoulder, formed his mode of conveyance, leaving the fowls with their heads hanging down, with little else of them visible except their naked legs, and a promiscous pile of outstretched wings and ruffled feathers. After several ineffectual efforts to dispose of his load, a wag to whom he had made an offer of sale, told him that he did not want chickens himself, but perhaps he could sell them at that large stone house over there, (the capitol,) that there was a man there buying on speculation for the St. Louis market, and, no doubt, he could find a ready sale.

The delighted country-man started, when his informer stopped him.

"Look here," says he, "when you get over there, go up stairs and then turn to the left. The man stops in that large room, and is now engaged with a number of fellows buying chickens. If a man at the door should stop you, don't mind him. He has got some chickens himself for sale, and tries to prevent other people from selling theirs.

Following the directions our friend soon found the door of the Hall of Representatives. To open it and enter was the work of a moment. Taking from his shoulder the string of chickens, and giving them a shake, to freshen them he commenced his journey towards the Speaker's chair, the fowls in the meantime, loudly expressing from the half-formed *crow* to the harsh *quark* their bodily presence, and their sense of bodily pain.

"I say, sir,"——Here he had advanced about half down the aisle, where he was seized by Major Jackson, the doorkeeper who happened to be returning from the Clerk's desk.

"What the devil are you doing here with these chickens; get out, sir, get out," whispered the doorkeeper.

"No you dont though, you can't come that game over me. You've got chickens yourself for sale, get out yourself and let me sell mine. I say sir, (in a louder tone to the Speaker) are you buying chickens here to day? I've got some prime ones here."

And he held up his string and shook his fowls until their music made the walls echo.

"Let me go, sir (to the doorkeeper), let me go, I say. Fine large chickens (to the speaker,) only six bits a dozen."

"Where's the Sergeant at Arms?" roared the Speaker—"take that man out."

"Now don't will you, I ain't hard to trade with. You let me go (to the doorkeeper,) you've sold your chickens, now let me have a chance. I say sir (to the Speaker, in a louder tone,) are you buying chickens to——"

"Go ahead," "at him again," "that's right," whispered some of the opposition members who could command gravity enough to speak, "at him again. He'll buy them. He only wants you to take less—at him again."

"I say, sir (in a louder tone to the Speaker,) cuss your pictures, let me go—fair play—two men to one ain't fair, (to the Speaker and Sergeant-at-Arms,) let me go; I say you up there, (to the Speaker,) you can have them for six bits, won't take a cent less. Take them home and eat 'em myself before I'll take—Drat your hides, don't shove so hard, will you! you'll hurt them chickens, and they have had a travel of it to-day anyhow. I say, you sir, up there——"

Here the voice was lost by the closing of the door. An adjournment was moved and carried, and the members almost frantic with mirth, rushed out to find our friend in high altercation with the doorkeeper about the meanness of selling his own chickens, and letting nobody else sell theirs, adding, "that if he could just see that man up there by himself, he'd be bound they would make a trade, and that less than six bits."

The members bought his fowls by a pony purse, and our friend left the Capitol, saying, as he went down stairs.

"Well, this is the dorndest place for selling chickens that ever I came across, sure."—*Spirit of the Times.*

☞ The following anecdote was related to a writer in the Jerseyman of this week, in a farm house in Virginia, during a night spent there some six years ago.

"In December, 17—, towards the close of a dreary day, a woman and an infant child were discovered half buried in the snow, by a little Virginian, seven years old. The lad was returning from school, and hearing the moans of some one in distress, threw down his satchel of books and repaired to the spot from whence the sound proceeded, with a firmness becoming one of riper years. Raking the snow from the benumbed body of the mother, and using means to awaken her to a sense of her deplorable condition, the noble youth succeeded in getting her upon her feet, the infant nestling on its mother's breast turned its eyes towards its youthful preserver, and smiled, as it seemed, in gratitude, for its preservation. With a countenance filled with hope, the gallant youth cheered the sufferer on, himself bearing within his tiny arms, the infant child, while the mother leaned for support on the shoulder of her little conductor. "My home is hard by," would he exclaim, so oft as her spirits failed, and thus for three miles did he cheer her onward to a happy haven, the mother and child, both of whom otherwise must have perished, had it not been for the humane feelings and perseverance of this noble youth.

"A warm fire and kind attention, soon relieved the sufferer who it appeared was in search of her husband, an emigrant from New Hampshire, a recent purchaser of a farm in the neighborhood of——, near this place. Diligent enquiry for several days found him, and in five months after, the identical house in which we are sitting was erected, and received the happy family. The child grew up to manhood, entered the army; lost an arm at New Orleans, but returned to end his days, a solace to the declining years of his aged parents."

"Where are they, now?" I asked the narrator.

"Here," exclaimed the son. "I am the rescued one; there is my mother; and here imprinted on my naked arm, is the name of the noble youth our preserver!"

I looked, and read—"WINFIELD SCOTT."

Mural as a King.

The crown had not in the least diminished his intrepidity; he was still the first cavalry officer of the empire. He became intoxicated as it were in the midst of fire, but the gentleness of his heart, nevertheless made him repugnant to bloodshed.—What he wished for at the head of his squadrons was, not the death of his enemies, but their flight and his victory. His bravery was a hurricane, which dispersed everything before him. In charging, he never used a sabre, nor even a small sword; the only weapon he wore on horseback was a Roman blade, broad and short, useless in attack or defence against the long blades of the enemy's cavalry. This blade, with a pile of mother of pearl artistically inlaid with precious stones, was ornamented with the portrait of the beautiful Queen Caroline, his wife, and of their four children. He never drew his weapon from the scabbard but once, in a moment of great danger, and then, not to strike with, but to animate his escort to charge with him a cloud of cavalry by which he was surrounded. He said to the Count de Mosbourg, his friend and minister, who had administered his finances with talent and ability worthy of a great empire, and whom he remembered with the disinterestedness and adoration of friendship: "My sweetest consolation when I look back on my career as a soldier, a general and a king, is that I never saw a man dead by my hand." I am not, of course, impossible that in some charges, when I dashed my horse forward at the head of the squadrons, some pistol shots fired at random, may have wounded or killed an enemy, but I have known nothing of the matter; if a man fell dead before me and by hand, his image would be always present to my view, and would pursue me to the tomb." Sensibility of heart is thus allied, in the modern warrior, with the impetuosity of courage. He craves for victory in the mass, but the details of carnage excite his horror and his pity.—*Lamartine.*

A Shrewd Calculator.

I must tell you that story of Hugo, for it's not a bad one; and good stories, like potatoes, ain't plenty as they used to be when I was a boy. Hugo is a neighbor of mine, though considerable older than I be; and a mean neighbor he is too. Well then he was going to get married to Gretchen Kolp, he went down to parson Rogers, at Dingle, to get a license.

"Parson," says he, "what's the price of a license?"

"Six dollars," says he.

"Six dollars," said Hugo, "that's a terrible sight of money. Can't you take a little less?"

"No, that's what they cost me at the Secretary's office in Halifax."

"Well, how much do you ax for publishing in church, then?"

"Nothing."

"Well, that's so cheap I can't expect to get no change back. I think I'll be published. How long does it take?" asked Hugo.

"Three Sundays."

"Three Sundays! Well, that's a long time, too. But three Sundays only make a fortnight, after all; two for the covers and one for the inside, like. Six dollars is a great deal of money for a poor man."

So off he went a-jogging towards home, and a-looking about as mean as possible, sheared sleepy, when all at once a new thought came into his head, and back he went as hard as his horse would carry him.

"Parson," said he, "I've changed my mind. Here's the six dollars. I'll tie the knot to-night with my tongue that I can't undo with my teeth."

"Why, what in nature is the meaning of all this?" says Parson.

"Why," says Hugo, "I've been cipherring it out in my head, and it's cheaper than publishing bands after all. You see sir, that it's potatoe digging time; and if I wait to be called in church, her father will have her work for nothing, and as hands are scarce and wages high, if I marry her to-night, she can begin to dig ours to-morrow; and that will pay for the license and just seven shillings over; for there ain't a man in all Clements that can dig and carry as many bushels in a day as Gretchen can. And besides, fresh wives, like fresh servants, work like smoke at first, but they get saucy and lazy after a while."

☞ An Englishman abroad, writes in the July number of *Blackwood*, some speculations upon the political and general prospects of the United States. He mentions the Tariff as one of the questions that will enter more or less into every political combination, and says that "the manufactures of America cannot exist under competition with England, without a higher tariff." He adds that the South and West are becoming much more friendly to the principles of protection than they have been hitherto. He considers also very the great disturbing element in the politics of the United States, and predicts all sorts of evils from it in the future. He closes with a rational prediction, that "whoever may be the President, the United States will hold on the even tenor of their way, increasing every hour in material prosperity, augmenting in population and resources," and in the end, "before magnitude causes dissolution, or corruption produces decay, will become, what they believe themselves to be now, one of the greatest people the earth has ever seen."

FARMING IN CALIFORNIA.—Agriculture is gradually widening its operations in California. We see by the Placer Times that the State will probably produce more barley this season than any State in the Union—more than will be required for home consumption. In Cache Creek valley there are six thousand acres of it growing; in Susan valley, ten thousand more. In Nappa, Sonomi, and Santa Rosa valleys, portions of land, for miles in extent, are represented as covered, almost without interval, with vast fields of waving grain, now just ripening for harvest.

SAGE CONCLUSIONS.—"Don't the clouds begin to break?" inquired Harris, during yesterday's rain. She was impatient for an opportunity to go shopping. "Guess so," was the answer, and the speaker glanced from the window, "guess they're broke, they look bad enough to be, and I just now heard one crack, too, like thunder."

☞ A western editor says, "The gentleman who inadvertently took our new bonnet, and left an inferior article in its stead, will do us infinite kindness by returning our own. He shall receive our warmest thanks and no apologies,—an apology for the article we have given him and the apology for it he left us."