

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 VICAR. AN EVERY DAY CHARACTER. BY W. M. FRAZER.

Some years ago, ere Time and Taste Had turned our patch topsy-turvy, When Daniel Park was Daniel Waste, And roads as little known as scurry, The man who had his way between St. Mary's Hill and Sundry Thicket, Was always down across the Green, Asid guided to the Parson's wicket.

THE OLD ROAD IN THE COUNTRY. In this day of steam and bustle, and display in this time of railroads and rapid travelling—it is pleasant occasionally to remember the quiet old paths and rough, still, shady roads we used to travel in the country.

TAKING WILD ANIMALS. In conversation with a gentleman who had crossed the plains to California, he informed me of a curious mode of shooting the antelope. His party had, often tried to shoot one, but they were so timid that they never could get within shooting distance of them.

THE PAMPAS FIRED BY THE INDIANS. THE PAMPAS FIRED BY THE INDIANS. The sun had yet scarce tinged the horizon with the dawn of light, when, with a loud and hurried cry, I issued from the door of the hacienda.

Selected Miscellany.

Lake of Alligators.

This curious place is about eight miles from Karachi, and is well worth inspecting to all who are kind of the monstrous and grotesque. A moderate ride through a study and scenic track, varied with few patches of jungle, brings one to a grove of tamarind trees, hid in the bosom of which lies the grisly brood of monsters. Little would one imagine of the locale suspect that under that green wood in that tiny pool, which an active leaper could half spring across, such hideous denizens are concealed.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.—This beautiful and popular song or lullaby is said to have had its origin under the following circumstances: Some years ago, when Woodworth, the printer, and several other "Old New Yorkers," were brother types in a printing office, which was situated at the corner of Chestnut and Chambers street, they dropped in at an establishment kept by Malloy, an Irish street, for the purpose of taking some bread and water, which Malloy was famous for keeping.

SCENE IN A JUSTICE ROOM.

SCENE IN A JUSTICE ROOM.—The Hartford Times touches for the following story: "Pat Malone, you are fined five dollars for assault and battery on Mike Sullivan. I've the money in my pocket, and I'll pay the fine if your honor will give me the respite."

Anecdote—a fact.

A young man was seen to enter church in time of service—he paused at the entrance—the congregation stared—he advanced a few steps, and deliberately surveying the whole assembly, commenced slow march up the broad aisle—not a pew door was opened—the audience wore too busy for civility—he wheeled, and in the same manner performed a march, stepping as if to Roslin Castle, or the dead march of Saul, and disappeared.

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