

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 HEAVING SEA. BY MISSOP HEARN. How soft the shades of evening creep...

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME. Way down upon the Swanne River Far, far away...

SELECTED MISCELLANY. "CARRYING WEIGHT" A REMINISCENCE OF THE TURF. BY THE IRISHMAN.

CARRIES THE MARE. A story of a racing family, we looked upon the Currigi as our estate, and a ship as our sceptre.

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Some what in advance of his peers. Even in money matters the family propensity developed itself for he was always racing expeditiously against his income, and I need hardly say that the former invariably won.

It was the eve of the Kilkenny races, and my grandfather had entered his brown mare, "Let-me-alone-before-the-people," for the Grand cup, to be ridden by her owner, colors green and gold.

The day came—bright and beautiful, such as April only can manufacture. The turf was moist, but firm and in splendid order for the running, and there was not a cloud in the heavens to threaten the brilliant mass of bonnets that thronged the grand stand.

At about eleven o'clock, my grandfather made his appearance at the weighing stand, in his well-fitting jockey, white leathers, and loose jacket of green velvet trimmed with gold, the perfect model of a gentleman-rider. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs to him from the grand stand, and the crowd below pressed forward to see the little figure in the saddle.

"Well, Blake," said Dwyer, who was a Broddingnagian compared with my small progenitor, and addressed him as he stood with his saddle on his arm and his bridle in his hand preparatory to stepping into the weighing machine.

"Take care, Blake," retorted Dwyer, "that your tongue to-day does not run faster than your mare."

"Let it, rejoined my grandfather; it does not matter to me, as long as I am able to beat you with both."

As he uttered these words, and was just about to seat himself in the weighing machine, a little man with a faded red nose darted from the crowd, and laying his hands upon my grandfather's shoulder, pulled a crumpled bit of paper from his pocket with the other, exclaimed in a triumphant tone of voice.

"D—n your eyes, you rascal! what do you mean? I heard, jumping up like an epigram of a tiger, take your hand off me this instant or I'll—"

"Begor, aniver," said the little man, "is myself that's sorry to be obliged to trouble you. But there's no use in railing. I arrest you at the shute of Darcy an' Burke, for the sum of five hundred pounds an' costs."

It seemed as if a thunderbolt had suddenly smitten my ancestor. His features instantly contracted with a painful sorrow, and he staggered a little back.

antly connected with the people at whose suit he had been arrested, had some hand in the affair, as next to my grandfather's mare, his bay horse, Blue-john, was the favorite. For a moment, my grandfather thought of getting some one else to ride his mare, but the idea was dismissed as soon as formed.

"I am sorry for you, Blake, I am upon my soul," said Jack Dwyer, with a hypocritical look of condolence, "but you know what can't be cured."

"May be conquered, Jack Dwyer," replied my grandfather, "then turning to the little bailiff, who had never let him go even for an instant, he asked in a whisper, 'Can you ride?'"

"Can a duck swim?" returned the fellow with a knowing wink.

"Twenty pounds if you do as I wish," said my grandfather, "and a broken head if you don't; take your choice."

"But surely I'm responsible for yer honor," said Red-waistcoat in an imploring tone; for he was well aware how slight was his hold upon a man whose lightest word would cause him to have rescued him in the teeth of an army.

"Never fear," said my grandfather; "you shall be right; you have my word, he continues, turning to the judges of the course, 'time's up; all are weighed and registered.'"

"Every rider except yourself," replied one of the stewards.

"Very good; then I'm ready too," answered Blake, said Dwyer, "you know you can't win this race; you'd better give up. I'll let you off half your bet."

"I'll double them with you if you like," said my grandfather, with a mocking smile.

In a few moments the groom appeared, leading up "Let-me-alone-before-the-people." Truly she was worthy of her name. Her bright fiery eye, her glossy skin, with every vein painted as it were in dark blue beneath its surface; her arched neck, small head, deep shoulders, and massive quarters, left no doubt as to either her breeding or immense strength and endurance.

un, weighted as she was. The moment she started, she seemed to have lost her weight, and she was as light as a feather. Her mare, with his habitual readiness, was in the saddle in a moment, and the mare for large stakes. The bell was rung, the start was given, and the race was on.

They all went in a cloud, with the mare slightly in the rear, and Red-waistcoat sticking on for the bare life. In 1882, a three-mile course, interspersed with some very stiff fences, the worst of which, for some reason or other, was the last; and lay about three hundred yards from the winning-post.

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ment, which he entertained towards his wife could not entirely disentangle him from its snarls. His occasional irregular hours would have given any one but one of his pure and disinterested every reason to suspect that disposition every trace of that place in his affections which was held by the reflection scarcely ever intruded upon his spirits.

I reflect all pretty much on which may not be uninteresting to the reader. A wild young fellow married a lovely girl, and having long been addicted to habits of dissipation, and the more his wife could not entirely disentangle him from its snarls.

He happened one that he was called out of town and in haste left behind him a little girl, in which, to please an unprincipled friend, he had spoken of his wife in terms of carelessness if not of detestation, and diluted truth upon his general course of the started prodigality, and suspense of life, imagine his anxiety, and how long a journey which of necessity he of several days duration, yet remembered distinctly that the fatal letter was exposed and unsealed upon his wife's table.

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been heard of, and the astonishment of the on-looker can be better imagined than described, when inquiring for his boots the next day, he was told that the person who had taken them away to have them stretched had not yet brought them back.

A Whale with the Teeth-Ache. EXTRACT FROM A WHALEMAN'S JOURNAL. Among the ailments to which sperm whales are subject, is the jumping tooth-ache. It operates upon their nervous system as it does upon those of man, rendering them crabbed and fractious.

Just at day-break one morning, while we were cruising on the offshore, a violent squall came in from the water about two miles back, resembling breakers, attracted attention. It continued unabated till within fifty rods of it, when a sperm whale, (for such it proved to be,) threw his entire body into the air and fell back into his native element with a tremendous report.

Of course the yards were heeled aback, and the boats lowered, but several minutes elapsed before it was deemed prudent to approach the monster. Finding, however, that he had no idea of becoming a prey, we advanced with caution, and succeeded in securing one from firmly in his back, which rendered him more restless.

An hour passed in unavailing attempts to accomplish the desired object, the whale becoming more furious, and the hope of conquering him growing fainter. At length with the attention of the monster was directed towards us, and we came upon him at an opposite distance and dealt him a death blow, relieving us of a burden of anxiety, which indicated itself in the pallid countenances and nervous agitation of the boat's crew. He was very reluctant to yield, and the death struggle was long and violent.

Experience of a Diver. JOHN H. GREEN, a diver employed in assisting to move the steamer Atlantic, furnishes the Buffalo Commercial, some interesting information concerning the experience of a diver, from which we extract the following.

When first going into the dress, the sensation of oppression is very overcoming, but passes off in a great measure after entering the water. When a depth of ten feet is reached in the descent, the dress becomes entirely saturated with air and compressed to the body, causing a pressure all over the diver equal to the weight of the air he has displaced.

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