

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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"Poet's Corner."

From Putnam's Monthly.
The Mill Pond.
The linden, maple, and birch tree bleas
With cooling shades, the banks I press
In the midsummer sultriness;
And under the thickest shade of all
Singeth a musical waterfall.
The burnished breast of a silver pond
In the sunlight lilies will
Clear, and calm, and bright as death,
Save where the south wind's blurring breath,
Like an angel's pinion flutters.
The south wind noeth, but maketh no noise,
Nor disturbeth the delicate poise
Of the little fishing floats, the boys
Sittingly watching on log and ledge;
It toucheth but softly the languid sedge,
Drooping all day o'er the water's edge.
In the thickets, shady and cool,
The white sheep feed their tender wool;
Pensive and calm, one snowy lamb
Stands sighing beside the grassy dam;
Sinking and breaking the heavy boughs,
The limber coils and the sober cows
Drove from the south wind's blurring breath,
To lave in the wave and bark to the hum
Of the waterfall, beating its airy drum.
Deep in the shadowy dell at noon
I lie, and list to the drowsy tune,
Fanned by the sweet south wind;
And I think how like to the poet's mind
The sky deep blue, the sun in gold,
That in the sunlight lieeth beyond
These lindens tall, and the slinky wall
O'er which poureth the waterfall.
When the angry March winds blow,
And mists descend, and freshets flow
In forest and fill from mountain and hill,
And the peevish wheels of the rattle mill
To sound and rattle, with a sudden sound,
Bubbling, mounding, half under ground,
Fiercely the waterfall eighth all day,
And the waters are streaked with mud and clay,
Obscure, impure, black, greenish, and gray.
But when these shaded banks I press
In the midsummer sultriness,
Standeth all still the murmuring mill,
The quiet pond doth seem to thrill
With joys which all its winding fill,
And in its depths the eye may view
A world of soft and sunny things,
Banks and trees, and a sky of blue.
Willow and sedge, by the water's edge,
And children fishing from log and ledge;
Lilies, crescent, and wild swamp grasses,
And every butterfly that passes,
The lakelet's placid bosom glazes.
Thus when the luminous waters of life
Are vexed no more by storms of strife
And turbulent passions are sweeping wind,
The mirror of the poet's mind
All Nature's images receives:
The kindly oak with its myriad-leaves—
Even the web the spider weaves—
The cloud at eventide, the sun in gold,
By night the stars and the charmed moon,
And the feet of Aurora in golden shoes.
And the tree of Pride, and the web of Art,
Hope's radiant stars, and clouds that start
Across the heaven of the heart!
Love's glorious sun, in its burning noon;
Street, glowing Pleasure, in golden shoon,
Trailing like Fire youth's dewy grasses;
And each bright-winged thought that passes
The sky-deep soul of the Poet glazes.

Miscellaneous Selections.

Escape from a Convent.
The Baltimore Argus publishes a statement of the escape of a young lady from a convent in Georgetown, where she had been immured, after having been transferred from the building on Park street in this city, where a number of nuns reside. The statement is as follows:
About a year since, a young, handsome and accomplished nun, Sister R., was transferred from the Park street Convent of our city, to the cloisters of a nunnery in Georgetown, District of Columbia. She was followed thither by a young lady of this city, who being educated with the nuns, and having a great liking for the life of a nun, had formed for her so ardent a friendship, that distance, danger, nor grated nunnery doors, could deter her from regularly visiting her friend-entrusted friend.
These visits to the Georgetown nunnery continued to the part of the young lady from Baltimore, until she learned that the companion of her school-days, like a caged bird, pined again for the warm, genial sunshine, and an intercourse with the world of pleasure, grief, care, delight and busy life. One day, during a late visit, the fair recluse, through her grateful friend, expressed a wish of more ordinary fervency to leave the dark and dismal cells of her convent; and her sympathetic friend, with alacrity, agreed to take all measures which might be required for her escape.
The next day a carriage and horses were in attendance in the neighborhood, and the fair deliverer again sought an interview with the recluse, who had her ready stock of wearing apparel and other little effects, all packed up in readiness for her flight. A key which had been previously prepared upon trial, fortunately fitted the lock of the grated door which had so long separated from society the young recluse; and the latter, under the guidance of the fair, but courageous friend, reached the carriage, the driver of which, receiving his precious charge, quickly lashed his horses, and the dark sombre walls of the Convent were soon left many miles behind.
But a short period sufficed to convey the escaped nun to a safe asylum; where she now remains preparatory to again returning in the open world her former sphere in society, usefulness, duty and responsibility. This event has occasioned recently among certain circles in our city, and the fair heroine, who planned and executed the escape of her cherished friend, receives with all due and becoming humility, the unbounded congratulations of those who deem that she is the fortunate one.

How to Pay the Rent.

A STORY OF A VENTRILOQUIST.
In the summer of 1847, Macmillan, the ventriloquist had occasion to visit Manchester, for the purpose of giving his ventriloquial lectures at its different institutions. His attention was attracted by one shop of rather humble appearance, from the circumstance of seeing the owner of it always sitting at his work, and a group of pretty children playing about the door. From the melancholy bits of black about their dresses they were evidently motherless. Mr. Macmillan learnt from the inscription over the door, that the poor tradesman was named John Penny, and that he exercised the craft and mystery of boot and shoe making. He was tall and thin, with a pale visage, and long hair, combed straight down his cheeks. His brow was thoughtful, not to say careworn; but there was an air of meek resignation about him that was very touching. The ventriloquist being a good hearted man and having a wife and family of his own, as he gazed on the unconscious children, could not help thinking of his fair-Mary, and the wee bit bairns he had left at home! He could not resist giving poor Penny a turn, and improving his own understanding at the same time, by ordering a pair of boots. The humble tradesman, who was as usual at his work, gratefully acknowledged the order; but in answer to Macmillan's soft natural question, of when he could have the boots, replied with a deep sigh that he did not exactly know; the order would be executed as soon as possible; but that he could not fix any precise time. Macmillan, from his knowledge of the world, and being a considerate man, thought that perhaps the poor fellow had not got the means to purchase the materials; there was a sad blank air of poverty about the shop. "I will leave you half a sovereign as a deposit," said he; "get them done as soon as possible." To his surprise John Penny refused to take any advance. "It will be time enough to pay for the boots when you get them," said the significant Macmillan, who was perplexed. He looked earnestly at the son of St. Crispin, whose brow was more thoughtful and his look more careworn than ordinarily. "Don't think me impertinent," said he; "but is anything the matter you seem unhappy." "No, nothing very particular," said he; "I'm convinced there's returned Macmillan, whose sympathy began to be much awakened. "Come, what is it?" "Well, since you are pressing," said Penny sighing deeply, "I will confess there is, my rent; I have gone back in my rent. I was one of the congregation of the Rev. Mr. Trapp, the minister of our local chapel." "You don't mean that you were one of the Jumpers?" inquired Macmillan, scarcely able to conceal a smile. "I will confess that I was," replied Penny devoutly. "I stood high in favor with that singularly pious man. All his congregation dealt with me for boots and shoes. I thought I had received a special call to furnish the Jumpers with approved soles; but alas! one fine morning the holy man was translated, I think his followers called it, for he was nowhere to be found! This sad defalcation caused me to go back; I could not meet my rent, and—why, how much do you owe said the kind hearted ventriloquist. "I am now nearly three quarters in arrears; it will soon be upwards of £20." "Who is your landlord?" inquired Macmillan. "The Legion mill, Annet's." "Why he is one of the greatest cotton lords; he is as rich as a Jew. If I were to become surty, how don't you think he'd give you time?" "He has been very patient; I cannot complain of him. But he is a man of business—a man of money. Never having known want himself, he cannot conceive it to spring from any other cause than improvidence, or worse, and has little sympathy with it; the last time he was here he said he should call once more, and then, if the money was not forthcoming, the law must take its course. I expected him yesterday, and—'Eh, mercy man, what's the matter with you,' said Macmillan, 'you tremble!'" "Yes, I see he's coming; he has that fellow Broadman the broker, with him. Macmillan looked out, and saw indeed the Squire, his footman, and a very shabby suspicious-looking fellow, apparently an employee of the broker, he had scarcely time to cast a glance around the deserted shop, and call all his thoughts together, ere the party was at the door, and had entered. "Let them come," cried Penny, with an air of despairing resignation, "I have struggled, Heaven knows as long as I was able, and I can do no more." "Well, Mr. Penny," said the Squire, blandly, advancing to the counter, "you know of course the cause of my visit? Here a huge staring Poll Parrot, who with its cage formed one of the few articles of furniture in the shop began to whistle, call again to-morrow, to the astonishment of all present except Macmillan. She followed this by 'I know a bank.' The Squire and broker stared. The Squire, however resumed, "You are, of course, provided, Mr. Penny?" "Alas! no, sir," said the poor tradesman, "it's useless to deceive you any further; I cannot pay you at this moment, nor neither do I know when I can; take my little property, sir, let it pay as far as it will, I will do the best that I can. Providence will not forsake me." "What's clock it?" interrupted the parrot, "Polly, what's her breakfast?" The children, who had this time stolen covertly in, curious to know what was going forward, were as much surprised as their father at Polly's sudden eloquency. Their little round eyes dilated with wonder and twinkled with delight; but the awful presence of the great man, from which they fell in instinctive awe, somewhat repressed them. "Well, well, continued the prudent man of cotton, after a short pause, "if that's the case, I may as well have the things as anybody else." "John Broadman you will do what is necessary," Polly, Polly, Polly, Polly here exclaimed Polly. "That's a fine bird," observed the Squire, his attention attracted. "I must leave a man in possession said the broker, 'but before I go I may as well take out the inventory, for I suppose there's no chance of matters being settled without a sale, Mr. Penny?' "None," replied the shoemaker. "Then I'll proceed to my work of once. Item, one Dack clock." "What's o'clock, what's o'clock?" exclaimed Polly. Poor Penny looked stupefied. The children who had been regarding the scene, as we have said, half with curiosity and half with fear, now could not help clapping their little hands at Polly's apropos speeches; but a look from their father restrained them. Broadman continued, "one shoe maker's bench and tools, three chairs, two tin candle sticks, six boot trees." "Woodman spare that, but sung Polly. "Clever bird, that," said the Squire, his attention now being greatly attracted. "You'll put the parrot down Mr. Broadman." "Oh, no, we never mention her," sung the parrot. "Very odd," exclaimed the Squire. "I should like to have that bird; what's your name, Polly?" "Pretty, pretty Polly Hopkings," sung Polly, cocking her head very knowingly. "Answers quite like a Christian," replied the Squire; "seems to answer everything, I desire. What's o'clock, o'clock, o'clock?" "Amazing upon my honor," ejaculated the Squire. "Now think if it," said he; "my daughter Cecilia has been worrying my life out for the last six months, to buy her such a bird as this; one that can talk, and sing, and whistle. I'll tell you what I will do, Penny, I don't want to be hard upon you, let me have the parrot, give me a note of hand for £5 balance, and I'll withdraw the distress, and give you a receipt for the £15 due." "Don't you wish you may get it?" saucily replied Polly, as if she understood what the landlord was talking about. "Such a bird as that is worth more money," observed Macmillan, "I wouldn't mind giving that much for it myself." "Oh! whistle and I'll come to you, my lad," whistled Polly. "Wonderful," said the ventriloquist. "I think the fairest way would be to let Poll come to the hammer, and bring whatever she is knocked down for." "The Woodpecker tapping the hollow beech tree," sung Polly. The Squire was electrified. "One lapstone—anything more?" said Broadman. "Oh, yes; ten lasts, sundry wax-ends," &c. "Stop, stop!" said the Squire, "I must have that bird; I'll take it as payment of the rent in full; Penny! what do you say?" Poor Penny seemed thunderstruck. He stared as if he had some communications. The Squire observed it. "That's not enough! Well then, I'll make it £20. Here's a receipt for the rent, and there's five sovereigns." "Will that do for you?" Broadman withdrew Mr. Ferguson with your niece, added Polly. The Squire was delighted. Macmillan thought the arrangement honorable to all parties, and poor Penny, apparently unwillingly resigned possession of the bird. "I shall take my prize home at once," said he.
"Good by, Polly," cried the children. "Good by my native land good night," sang Polly looking very grave, and twisting her head first on one side, and then on the other, placing herself in her swing, and violently rocking herself backwards and forwards. The signal seemed to be given for her departure. "Now, John," cried Polly, when the cortege began to move, "drive on gently over the stones, 'John does your mother know you're out?'" John grinned like a Cheshire cat. The Squire looked enchanted, and the children shrieked again with surprise and delight. As for poor Penny he seemed perfectly satisfied.
As soon as the shop was fairly cleared of the Squire's party he turned to Macmillan, and with an air of much perplexity, begged he would look in on the following morning, when he would have some skins, from which he might choose the leather for his boots, for just at that moment he felt quite bewildered. Highly elated that John Penny had got so well through his difficulties, the good ventriloquist did not intrude, but considerably took his leave. He was, however, a punctual visitor at John's the following morning, and found that the honest cordwainer had laid out the £5 he had received, over and above his rent, the preceding afternoon, to the very best advantage. He had stocked up with a good supply of leather and other articles necessary for his trade, and now only wanted customers. While Macmillan was selecting the materials for his boots, the Squire suddenly made his appearance, followed by his footman, bearing Polly. Penny was surprised, and so too seemed Macmillan. "Well, Mr. Penny," said the great cotton lord, "we have brought you back your parrot—it is very extraordinary, but it has never spoken a single word since I took it away—never sung a single song, nor whistled a single tune; it has done nothing but squeak, squeak—scream, and till my head has been fit to split, and save those of everybody else; in fact, without any wish to offend you she is a perfect nuisance. I wouldn't keep her in the house, if anybody would give me a hundred a year to do so. It threw my daughter into hysterics; she spent my glass globe, split all the gold and silver, and a rare chance for the cat. Return me the £5 I paid you, and I'll forfeit the rent." "I'm sorry to say," said the conscientious John Penny, "that I've laid out the £5; but however as the bird don't suit you, if you'll take my note of hand for the £5—'Why, stay, stay!' said Macmillan, 'parrots very seldom talk in a strange place at first; put Polly in her usual place, and then see.'" The cage was accordingly restored to its former position, when, to the utter astonishment of all present, Polly immediately began to sing: "Home, sweet home; be it ever so humble, there's no place like

home." "Well," said the Squire lifting up his hands, "this is incredible, but I've heard of such things before. What a sensible, intelligent creature she is; I must give her another trial; take her back, John." "I'll gang me maid to you, too," whistled Polly, but, however to no effect, for she was borne off, considerably stupefying John, by crying, "What's o'clock?" "There you go with your eye out," &c. "You appear to be surprised at my amazement, Mr. Macmillan," said honest Penny, when the party was out of sight, "but will not be long so, when I tell you that until yesterday I never heard that bird utter a single syllable. As Mr. Summer had said, she had never done anything but squeak and scream, disturbing the whole neighborhood; but they got used to the noise at last, though they threatened to break my windows and twist her neck off at first. It was a long time before I could get to like it myself; but use reconciles us to anything, and I think now that I shall miss her, disagreeable as she was." Macmillan had no doubt of it. "But I must leave you, said he, "so work away my boy. I shall look in to-morrow as I pass, to see how you are getting on." He called next morning and found the leather for his boots cut out, the lasts prepared, and honest John commencing operations. While giving his final directions, Squire Summer again unexpectedly made his appearance, accompanied as on the previous day by John with Polly. "Bless me, sir," said Penny; "it's you!" "Yes, Mr. Penny, I've come again," returned the Squire, "with this diabolical bird; not a moment's peace have I had—'What do you find her talk too much, sir?' inquired the shoemaker with great simplicity. 'Talk too much!' said the Squire, 'the obstinate brute, confound her, she has never talked at all.' Pat her in her old place, John." "Don't I look spruce on my niddy," whistled Polly. "Oh, hang you! you have found your tongue," said the Squire, "have you? but I'm not to be done a third time; keep your bird, Mr. Penny; I wish you joy of her." "But I've spent the money you gave me for her," said honest John, "and I don't exactly know when I shall be able to pay it back again." "Oh, never mind the money, only release me from such a torment as this, and I'll put up with the loss the best way I can." Poor John was some what reluctantly prevailed upon to take back the bird, and pocket the affront of its return, as well as he might. "Poll was, therefore, again restored to her former situation, looking very wise; and as the disappointed landlord departed with his man John, much chagrined at the result of his purchase, being himself a character by no means accustomed to buying things at a loss, Polly could not help giving him a ding as he went, as in quite in his movements, by singing out with great glee, 'Go to the devil and shrike yourself, following the exhortation with a loud laugh. 'Well,' said Mr. Penny, as soon as they were fairly out of hearing, "it's an ill wind that blows nobody good; had I not been seized for my rent, my parrot might never have spoken." "Pretty, pretty Polly—pretty Polly." "What's o'clock, what's o'clock," said he coaxingly. "What's o'clock, what's o'clock" was echoed by all the children, who had crept in on the departure of the Squire. Polly was however deaf to the call of the charmer. "Bless me," cried John, "has the bird grown sulky all in a hurry?—why, it won't talk now." It will talk now as ever," said Macmillan laughing. "The fact is, as the force is finished, and there is no money returned, I may as well, to prevent your puzzling your brains any further, let you behind the curtains, friend Penny—reveal the secrets of the prison house. You are indebted to your Poll, and your partner, Joe, for the payment of your rent; and you being once more set up in business, there is your Poll and here is your partner, Joe. To prevent her speaking by rote, or rather, not speaking at all, I spoke for her, and, as it appears, in very good purpose." "I see it all," said John, upon whose mind the truth now flashed like lightning.

Tramping Printer.
Among the prisoners before the Mayor this morning was one Washington Frank Thompson, who was found by a city officer sleeping in an open lot. A plush cap, jeans coat, and a striped pair of castanets, completed his dress, and although much the worse for wear, had been so nicely brushed in the watch house that he made quite a respectable appearance in the dock. He seemed impatient for his turn; and when called up rose with dignified air and solemn demeanor. "The watchman tells me you were intoxicated last night," said his Honor to him. "Quite likely," he replied, "but greater men than I have been in the same condition. The Whigs say Frank Pierce is a drunkard, and the Locofocos always urged that 'Old Harry' took his tows in his young days." "That all may be true, sir, but drunkenness is punishable here. Where did you come from?" "That's rather a tough question. I have no particular abiding place." "What is your business?" "A printer by profession and a pedestrian by practice." "Do you work at the printing business?" "When my stomach or my pockets requires it I do. To explain, I have always had a strong desire to see the world, and although as poor in pocket as Bill Allen in flesh, I have endeavored to gratify this burning curiosity. I have tramped through twenty-three States, three territories, and the British provinces, and am now on my road to California, by way of the plains." "But you say you are poor. How do you manage to clothe and feed yourself?" "Easy enough. When I tramp, country people are always glad to accommodate me with meals or lodging for the night. I bring them. I generally manage to replenish my wardrobe by sharp trades with verdant persons. My refreshment money I earn by the sweat of my brow at printing offices in small towns." "But do you not often suffer in your travels?" "Never, unless I get in a temperance country. I own nothing—therefore, have no fear of loss. Walk on tramped—have no fear of losing a meal. Always keep within the bounds of civilization, and an confident, I can humbug somebody." "But you got drunk—was drunk last night?" "That was purely accidental. I started from Columbus for Indianapolis, but took the wrong road, and before I was aware of the mistake, found myself here. This induced me to take an extra toddy, and the liquor you keep down here is so d—d bad that it destroyed my equilibrium. Miserable liquor down here—never been dead drunk for ten years before." "You said you were anxious to pursue your journey?" "Nothing shorter, as the b'ny says, and by your leave I will forthwith turn my face towards the Father of Waters, on the bosom of which Tom Benton once saw the 'yellow boys' foaming at stream. Do you know of any steamer, Tom's my favorite?" "Indeed." "Yes; and Bill Allen stands second best with me. What does your honor say—shall I depart?" "Why, if you'll promise." "Promises I never make. But if any of your vigilant watchmen catch me, I'll be in a hurry to get out of the lot, I've never yet visited the interior of a prison, except in the capacity of a philanthropist, and by your leave never will!" "From your manner I think I can trust you. You may go." "Much obliged. If I should turn my attention to mining, after I get to California, and I return this way you shall have a snuff of my maiden dust. I wish you good morning. And you (to the watching man) I wish you promotion in the ranks." So saying, the tramping printer left the court. At the door he inquired the shortest road to Dayton, and being told, moved off at a regular travelling pace.—*Dollar Weekly.*

A Road Well Watched.
The Hudson River Railroad, 140 miles in length, employs 225 flag men, stationed at intervals along the whole length of the line. Just before "Van" is to pass such one walks his beat, and looks to see that every track and tie, every tunnel, switch, clamp, and rivet is in good order and free from obstruction. If a bad one is detected with a white flag and waves it to the approaching train, as a signal to "come on and come on" it does at full speed. If there is anything wrong he waves a red flag, or, at night, a red lamp, and the engine, on seeing it, promptly shuts off the steam, and sounds the whistle to "put down the brakes." Every inch of the road is carefully examined over the passage of each train.

The Summer Shower.
Before the stout harvesters fall the grain,
As when the strong storm-wind is reaping the plain;
And loiter the boys in the berry lane;
But yonder aslant comes the silvery rain,
Like a long line of spears brightly burnished and tall.
Adown the white highway, like cavalry fleet,
It dashes the dust with its numberless feet.
Like a remorseless school, in their leafy retreat,
The wild birds sit listening the drops round them beat;
And the boy crouches close to the blackberry wall.
The tallows alone take the storm of their wing,
And, taunting the tree-sheltered laborer, sing.
Like pebbles the rain beats the face of the spring;
With a noble dart up from each widening ring.
And the boy, in dismay, hears the loud shower fall.
But soon are the harvesters losing the showers!
The robin darts out from its bow of leaves;
The wren perches forth from its moss-covered eaves;
And the rain-dattered orchid now gladly perceives
That the beautiful bow bendeth over them all.

The Runaway Match.
A great many years since, when bright-eyed and fair-haired lasses were not so plenty as they are now, there dwelt in the town of H—, a pretty village, distant from Market town, a pecuniarily comely and graceful dandy, who had a scullion and a cross-grained, but wealthy old father. Minnie was Danforth's only child, and report said truly that she would be his sole legatee. The old man was a steady farmer, and was estimated to be worth fully ten thousand dollars—at that period a very handsome fortune, to be sure. The sparkling eyes and winning manners of Minnie Danforth had stirred up the fiercer feelings of the whole male portion of the village, and her suitors were numerous; but her father was particular, and none succeeded in making headway with him or her. In the meantime Minnie had a true and loyal lover in secret! Who would have supposed for one moment that such a fellow would dare to look upon beauty and refinement? His name was Walker; or, as he was generally called, Joe; Walker; and he was simply a farmer, employed with old Danforth, who had entrusted Joe with the management of his place for two or three years. But a very excellent farmer, and a tight good manager was this plain, unassuming, but good looking Joe Walker. He was young, too, only twenty-three; and he actually fell in love with the beautiful, joyous Minnie Danforth, his old employer's only daughter. But the strangest part of the occurrence was that Minnie returned his love earnestly, truly and frankly, and promised to wed him at a favorable moment. Things went merrily for a time, but old Danforth discovered certain glances and attentions between them, which excited his envy and suspicions. Very soon afterwards Joe learned the old man's mind, indirectly, in regard to his future disposal of Minnie's hand, and he quickly saw that his case was a hopeless one, unless he resorted to stratagem; and so he set his wits at work at once. By agreement, an apparently settled coldness and distance was observed by the lovers toward each other for five or six months; and the father saw, (as he believed) with satisfaction, that his previous suspicions and fears had been all premature. Then, by agreement, also between them, Joe absented himself from the house at evening; and night after night, for full three months longer, did Joe disappear as soon as his work was finished, to return only at late bed-time. This was unusual, and old Danforth was determined to know the cause of it. Joe frankly confessed that he was in love with a man's daughter, who resided less than three miles distant; but, affected a faithful attachment between them for several months, the old man had utterly refused to entertain his application for the young girl's hand. This was capital. "Just what old Danforth most desired," this satisfied him that he had made a mistake in regard to his own child; and he would beg Joe to get married, and thus stop all further suspicions or trouble at home. So he said: "Well, Joe, is the girl a burton, or less?" "Yes—yes, said Joe. "That is, others say so. I'm not much of a judge myself. And you like her?" "Yes, sir." "Then marry her." "But I can't—the father objects." "Poh! said Danforth; let him do so; what need you care? Run away with her." "Elope!" "Yes! Off with her at once! If the gal will join, all right. Marry her, bring her here; you shall have the cottage at the foot of the lane—your wages shall be raised; and the old man may like it or not, as he will." "But me no huts, Joe. Do as I bid you; go about it at once; and—'You will stand by me!'" "Yes, to the last. I know you, Joe—You're a good fellow, a good workman, and will make any body a good son or husband." "The old fellow will be so mad, though!" "Who cares? Go on quickly, but quietly." "To-morrow night, then, said Joe." "Yes," said Danforth. "I'll hire Clover's horse." "No; take my horse—the best one." "Young Morgan. He'll take you on in any style, in the new phaeton." "Exactly." "As soon as you are spent come right back here, and a jolly time we'll have of it in the old house." "Her father will be mad!"

"Bah! He's an old fool, whoever he is; he don't know your good qualities as well as I do. Don't be afraid; faint heart never won a fair lady." "The old man will be astounded." "Never mind, go on. We'll turn the laugh on him. I'll take care of you and your wife at my cost." "I'll do it," said Joe. "You shall," said Danforth, and they parted in the best of spirits. "An hour after dark, on the following evening, Joe made his appearance, decked in a nice black suit, and really looked very comely. The old man bustled out to the barn with him, helping to harness young Morgan to his new phaeton; and leading the spunky animal himself into the yard, away went the happy Joe Walker in search of his bride. A few rods distant from the house he found her as per previous arrangement, and repairing to the next village, the parson very quickly made them one and wedded. Joe took his bride and soon dashed to the town of P—, and halted at old Danforth's house, who was already looking for him, and he received him with open arms. "Is it done?" cried the old man. "Yes—yes," answered Joe. "Bring her in, bring her in," continued the old fellow in high glee, "never mind compliments; no matter about the dark entry; here, here, Joe, in the best parlor; we'll have a time now, sure! and the anxious father rushed away for lights, returned almost immediately. "Here is the certificate, sir," said Joe. "And this is my wife," he added, as he passed up his beautiful bride—the bewitching and lovely Minnie Danforth! "What!" roared the old fellow; what did you say, Joe—you villain, you scamp, you audacious cheat, you—" "It is truth, sir, we are lawfully married. You advised me to this course; you assisted me, you planned the whole of it; you lent me your horse; you thought me, last evening, worthy of any man's child; you encouraged me, you promised to stand by me, you offered me the cottage at the foot of the lane, you—'I didn't—I deny it! You can't prove it; we are now, sir, continued Joe, and the entreaties of the happy couple were at once united to quell the old man's ire, and to persuade him to acknowledge the union. He gave in reluctantly, and the fair Minnie Danforth was overjoyed to be acknowledged as Mrs. Walker. The marriage proved a joyful one; and the original assertion of old Danforth proved truthful in every respect. The cunning lover was a good son and faithful husband, and lived many years to enjoy the happiness which followed upon this runaway match; while the old man never cared to hear much about the details of the elopement; for he saw how completely he overshoot the mark!