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 the Literary Museum.

A Capital Parody.

DEBORAH LEE.

'Tis a dozen or so of years ago,
Somewhere in the West countree,
That a nice girl lived, as the Hoosiers know,
By the name of Deborah Lee;
Her sister was loved by Edgar Poe,
But Deborah by me.

Now I was green and *she* was green,
As a summer squash might be;
But we loved as warmly as other folks,
Hand my Deborah Lee—
With a love that the lasses of Hoosierdom
Coveted her and me.

But somehow it happened, long ago,
In the agueish west countree,
That a chill March morning gave the *shakes*
To my beautiful Deborah Lee.
And the grim Steam Doctor (curse him!) came,
And bore her away from me:
The Doctor and Death—old partners they—
In the agueish West countree.

The angels wanted her in heaven,
(But they never asked for *me!*)
And that is the reason I rather guess,
In the agueish West countree,
That the cold March wind, and the Doctor and Death
Took off my Deborah Lee,
My beautiful Deborah Lee,
From the warm sunshine and the opening flowers,
And hid her away from me.

Our love was as strong as a six horse team,
Or the love of folks *older* than we;
And possibly wiser than we;
But Death with the aid of the Doctor and steam,
Was rather too many for me—
So he closed the peepers and stopped the breath
Of my sweetheart Deborah Lee,
And her form lies cold in the prairie mould,
Silent and cold—ah, me!

The foot of the hunter shall press her grave,
And the prairie's sweet wild flowers
In their odorous beauty around it wave,
Though all the summer hours,
The still bright summer hours;
And birds shall sing in the tufted grass,
And the nectar-laden bee,
With his dreamy hum, on his gauze wings pass—
She wakes no more to me!
Ah, never more to me!
Ah, never more to me!
Though the wild birds sing and the wild flowers spring,
She wakes no more to me.

Yet oft in the hush of the dim, still night,
A vision of beauty I see,
Gliding soft to my bedside, a phantom of light—
Dear, beautiful, Deborah Lee,
My bride that was to be.
And I wake to mourn that the Doctor and Death
And the cold March wind should stop the breath
Of my darling Deborah Lee,
Adorable Deborah Lee;
That the angels should want her up in heaven
Before they wanted *me!*

Miscellaneous Selections.

How to Detect Counterfeits.

The following excellent rules we copy from the Clinton Tribune. By carefully examining these rules, and with such information as may be derived from Thompson's Reporter, persons need not be imposed upon with counterfeit notes:

1. Examine the appearance of a bill. The genuine have a general dark, neat appearance.

2. Examine the vignette or picture in the middle of the top; see if the sky or back ground looks clear and transparent, or soft and even, and not scratchy.

3. Examine well the faces; see if the expression is distinct and easy, natural and lifelike, particularly the eyes.

4. See if the drapery or dress fits well, looks natural and easy, shows the folds distinctly.

5. Examine the medallion ruling and heads and circular ornaments around the figures, &c. See if they are regularly smooth and uniform, not scratchy. The work in the genuine looks as if raised on the paper and cannot be perfectly imitated.

6. Examine the principal line of letters or name of the bank. See if they are all upright, perfectly true and even; or if sloping of a uniform slope.

7. Carefully examine the shade or parallel ruling on the face or outside of the letters, &c., see if it is clear, and looks as if colored with a brush. The fine and parallel lines in the genuine are of equal size, smooth and even; counterfeits look as if done with a file.

8. Observe the round hand writing engraved on the bill, which should be black, equal in size and distance, of a uniform slope and smooth. This in the genuine notes, is invariably well done, and looks very perfect.

Counterfeiters seldom do this well.

NOTE.—It was remarked by Stephen Burroughs, before he died, that two things could not be perfectly counterfeited, one was the die work; portraits, medallion heads, vignette &c., and the other shading or ruling above the letters.

Advice.

At the corner of a business thoroughfare we were accosted by a rather good looking, sturdy emigrant. In a piteous whining tone, he asked us if we knew where he could get employment—that he had been doing nothing until his scanty means had failed—that he had had nothing to eat for thirty-six hours—that he couldn't beg, and that if he could't get work he must either steal or starve. We handed him our last quarter, and gave him this advice gratis.

'Hold up your head, speak out like a man, go into that first store, and tell them you want work of any kind; if you don't get it, go to the next, and so on: but dont be a baby—people would rather employ men.'

We waited awhile at the corner, and after three failures one experiment succeeded, and we had the pleasure of seeing him with his coat off tumbling boxes like a good fellow.—*National Democrat.*

☞ No man is master of himself, so long as he is a slave to anything else.

Right Across the Street.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND, AUTHOR OF "A DOOR IN THE HEART."

'Well, this is a terrible cold night—terrible cold!' repeated Howard Ingersoll, as he removed his overcoat and wrappers, and enconsed himself in a large easy chair, drawn up at precisely the proper angle with the fire. 'God help the poor!' continued the gentleman in a tone whose fervor would have done honor to any member of the Long Parliment: and he drew his feet into the tastefully embroidered slippers which loving hands had placed there in anticipation of his return.

'I know it, Howard, that's just what I said as I sat here listening for the sound of your footstep in the hall,' answered Mrs. Ingersoll, a gentle dark-eyed woman, as she stirred up the glowing bed of anthracite; and the light that waved and glided over the opposite wall like the great wing of a spirit, grew broader and brighter. 'I heard the wind moaning and howling at the windows and shrieking mad-like up and down the street; and I s'pose it was because I had nothing else to do, I fell to thinking of the poor—of helpless mothers with their little hungry children, and it was more than I could stand. I crept on tip-toe into the children's room, and bending over those two dear little cribs (I had tucked up Charlie and Elie myself, and they were sleeping so sweetly) I thought may be some other mother was bending over *her* children, and she loving them just as dearly as I did mine, and yet not bed-clothes enough to keep them warm, and perhaps they went to bed without any supper. Poor things! I can't get over thinking about them.'

And the lady, whose maternal sympathies were strongly aroused, dropped the poker on the rug and lifted her pretty dark eyes to her husband's face, while two tears of genuine womanly sympathy twinkled and sparkled in their travel down her cheeks.

'Why, Mary, you are really getting nervous. What can have put these thoughts into your head, child? Do, pray dismiss them; they only make one *fidgety*; I put down a good round sum on the charity list this year, so you'd better think of the widows' hearts we've made to sing for joy;' and Howard Ingersoll, who had a man's usual distaste to tears, drew his arm around the waist of his pretty wife, and the sweet upturned brow to his lips, and that caress carried away the heaviness from her heart. She drew her chair closer to her husband, and the gentleman took his newspaper and the lady her novelette; the fire danced in the grate, and the light brightened on the wall, and the wind moaned and howled at the window, and Howard Ingersoll and his wife dreamed not of the want and wretchedness that almost lay within the shadow of their threshold. Had they not put their names to the subscription list, and said 'God help the poor!' Surely they had done their duty.

'Mary, is there room for me, too?—I'm so cold I can't bear to wake up mother, and know I shall if I get into bed with her; ain't it funny she sleeps so long?' and the child speaker drew her lips closely down to the ear of the other, as if fearful that the sound of her voice might disturb some one in the apartment.

Right across the street, so that the light from Howard Ingersoll's pleasant parlor, came with faint ghost-fingers into the darkened room, revealing its utter destitution, stood an old and dilapidated dwelling. Its huge, ungraceful shadow mingled with that of its symmetrical neighbor, and there, face to face, and front to front, they stood on that fearful night; while the Great Eyes to whom the darkness and the day are alike, looked down steadily, sleeplessly into the lighted parlor and the darkened chamber.

'Yes, Lizzie, I can make room, only there ain't clothes enough to cover you too; you can have part of ma's old cloak, though. Lizzie, I'm almost burning up—what makes you call it cold?'

'Burning up! burning up!' ejaculated the other, her surprise getting the better of her caution. 'Why Mary, the water has frozen in the pitcher, and I feel just like ice all over, only my hands and feet ache so.'

'Well get in quick, Lizzie; there take half the pillow, and put your hands in mine. Oh! how cold and good they feel! Lizzie, have you said your prayers?'

'Yes,' said her sister hesitatingly. 'I tried to, a long time ago, when I stood at the window, watching for the people in the brick house to light up their parlor; and when the girl came in with the lamps, just before she drew the curtains, I could look down and see almost all that was in the room. Oh! it looked so beautiful, with the warm fire dancing in the grate. It seemed so cruel that we couldn't have one too, and there was a little boy and girl there, Mary, and they looked so happy as they ran around the room, trying to catch each other, that I began to feel angry with them. I know it was wicked, but I could not help it; I shut my eyes and tried to pray, but all the time that pleasant room and those happy children stood before me, and the words came dreadful hard. It didn't seem as if God heard them. Don't you think He's forgotten us Mary?'

'Oh! no, no, Lizzie, you know mamma says God *cannot* forget any more than we can forget each other; and then He sees us always, for He can look right straight down through the darkness. Oh! I wonder if He don't feel sorry for us now!'

Lizzie tried to answer, but she could not, for the great sob had been rising and swelling in her throat, until it was too large to be swallowed down again.

That child's sob in the silence, wrung out of the little, weary, aching heart, what a world of agony it revealed!

'Don't Lizzie, don't!' said Mary, and she put up her little hand and stroked her sister's face and tried to wipe away the tears that rolled down the small pale cheeks, with a corner of the cloak; and finding this of no avail, she flung her arm around her sister and cried very softly, but the pillow was very wet with those child-tears, which the dark, loving eyes of the angels looked down to see. And through all this the mother slept on. It was very singular.

'Perhaps mamma will be better to-morrow, sister, she sleeps so long,' said the sick child, striving to hush up her tears and find a word of consolation for the little, heavy heart, that lay throbbing close to her own.

'Oh! I hope she will,' said Lizzie in a more hopeful voice, but it grew sad again as she asked, 'but what is to become of us? we have no food and no fire.'

'I'm sure I don't know,' answered the little one; 'I am not hungry now, only my throat is so parched up, and all day long I kept thinking of the great apples that grew on the old tree in front of our house. Don't you remember it, Lizzie? And those pretty roses that used to look in at our chamber window; and the spring under the rock, with the mint that grew all around it. Oh, we were so happy then, and father would take us on his knee, when the stars looked out of the sky like the sparkling eyes of little children, and tell us such pretty stories. Oh, Lizzie, if they hadn't buried him under the great willow tree in the grave-yard, we shouldn't have been here all alone in the dark to-night.' And then both the children cried again.

'Lizzie,' whispered the little girl, as she tried to send back the tears that would come in spite of her efforts, 'don't you remember the last words that father said to us that night he died; how he lay there, looking so white and strange, and then he opened his eyes, and smiled on us such a sorrowful smile, and said, 'God will be your father, my little, fatherless children. Love Him, and trust in Him, and He will bring you and mamma to me again, in His own good time.' Oh, sister, if we could only go to him now, we shouldn't be cold or hungry any more, and you wouldn't have to watch for the folks in the brick house to light up their parlor any more, so that we could see each other, for mamma says it is always light *there*; and we should not cry any more, for God wipes away the tears from all eyes, and papa would come for us at the great golden gates, and be *so* glad to see us.'

'I wish we were there now,' said Lizzie, shivering, and drawing up closer to the sick child, 'but I shouldn't want to go without you and mamma. Why, little sister, how dry, and hot your hands feel!'

'And my head feels dry and hot, too,' said the sick child, as she tossed with the restlessness of fever on the pallet. 'Put your hand on my forehead, Lizzie, it feels so cool and good.'

'Sister,' said the elder child, after she had placed her hand on the burning temples, 'I mean to go over to the brick house to-morrow, and ask the lady that lives there if she won't give us something to eat. I know they've got a great deal more than they want, and we shall starve if I don't.'

'Why, Lizzie, that would be *begging*. What will mamma say?' asked her sister, in a tone of great surprise, mingled with somewhat of reproof.

'I shall not tell mamma until I have done it,' answered Lizzie, with that precocious fore-sight which the hot-bed atmosphere of poverty and suffering sometimes produces. 'It is better to *beg* than to *starve*; besides, the lady looks very kind and speaks very softly. I don't believe she will refuse me something for you and mamma, when I tell her how sick you both are; and you know we have not eaten anything all day, and I am so hungry I can't sleep. There, they have taken the lights from the parlor.—Oh, dear, how dark it is!'

'Sister,' said the little invalid, in a faint voice, for the fever had produced that kind of dozing exhaustion which fevers generally do, 'I can't talk any more. Try and go to sleep.'

And the two children drew closer to each other, and the cold and hot cheeks were pressed together, and the children slept, and the tears hung heavy on the eyelashes of both, and the angels bent down pityingly in the darkness, and kissed them away. And through all this the mother slept on—it was singular.

It was morning. Soft and clear broke the winter sunshine into the chamber where lay the sleeping children, and rested like the benediction of spirits upon the thin, fair cheeks, and long, golden hair, on the little pallet. There was another bed in the opposite corner of the chamber—some old quilts were carefully laid upon it; and above these quilts, on the single pillow with which the bed was furnished, rested the white ghastly face of a woman. The dark hair was parted away from the gleaming forehead, and the sunshine rested there, too, with a loving caress on the dark, stony features. It was a very fair face, but the lines around the mouth, and the furrows on the forehead, wrote their history very legibly—a history of sharp and terrible suffering.—There was a smile on the white lips—a sweet, settled smile; but somehow the sunshine and the smile looked sadder than anything else.

'Lizzie, Lizzie, wake up, don't you see it is morning?' and the child shook gently the arm of her elder sister. Lizzie's brown eyes slowly unclosed, but the sunshine looked so bright and cheery, that her sad little heart was gladdened.

'Yes, I see it is morning. How do you feel now, little sister?' she said, rising up, and looking with fond anxiety into the soft blue eyes that gazed into her own.

'I don't feel any better, Lizzie,' said the little girl. 'It seems as if my head would crack open, and I'm so thirsty.—Oh, Lizzie, if I *could* have some water!'

'Well, Mary, I'll get you some at the well in the yard, down stairs,' answered Lizzie, as she sprang from the bed, and drew on a pair of very old slippers.

'Sister ain't mother awake yet?' asked Mary, rather impatiently.

Lizzie glanced towards the opposite bed. The face was turned towards her, and she saw the sunshine and the strange, settled smile. She could not understand it, and she set down the pitcher, which she had taken up, and walked towards the bed.

'Mamma, mamma!' she said, bending down to the white face, 'won't you wake up, for its morning. How long you *have* slept! Are you dreaming of home, that makes you smile so?'

But the white face did not stir, and the eyes did not unclose.

'Mamma,' said the child in a louder voice, and bringing her face down close to her mother's, 'don't you hear me?—It's your little Lizzie calls you. Open your eyes and speak to me;' and she laid her cheek against her mother's. But the next moment her head was lifted, and the face on her pillow was not whiter than the child's, for a chill—a fearful, paralyzing chill—had crept to her innermost heart, and a sudden terrible thought had darted through her brain. She gazed wildly on those ghastly features, laid her hand on the stony forehead, and then a shriek of exceeding agony rang through the room; and Mary lifted up her head, and stared wildly at her sister, for the fever had mounted to her brain, and the shriek had bewildered her senses.

'Mary, Mary, mamma is dead! dead! and left us here alone,' ejaculated Lizzie, in a voice hoarse with agony.

'Dead, dead,' repeated Mary, as if trying to comprehend her sister's words. 'Well, Lizzy, let's you and I die too, and go to her;' and she fell back heavily upon the pillow.

'No, no, Mary, you mustn't die too, and leave me here all alone,' cried Lizzie, as she sprung to the bedside; but those mild blue eyes opened and rolled vacantly over her face. 'Oh, what shall I do? won't somebody come and help me?' cried the child in her desolation, and then a sudden hope flashed into the darkness of her heart, and with the energy of desperation, she rushed from the room.—Down, down the rickety stairs plunged the light form of the little girl; and right across the street, to the stone steps of the "brick house," it rushed with the speed of a spirit.

Howard Ingersoll and his wife sat with their two fair children before their luxuriantly furnished table; and loving words and kindly smiles gave to the chocolate a richer flavor, and to the muffins a more exquisite relish.

'And so Charlie, Ellen, you did not hear the wind last night, for sleeping so soundly; I hope it was the same with all other little children,' and all the mother was in the glance which the lady bent upon those bright young blossoms at her table. Just then the "street bell," rang; it was a loud, startling peal, and Mr. and Mrs. Ingersoll put down their cups, and the children their muffins. A moment after, the door opened, and a child sprang past the servant, glanced a moment wild around the room, and then rushed to Mrs. Ingersoll's side. Her long golden hair lay in bright, tangled masses around her white cheeks; her lips quivered, and there was a strange depth of agony in the large brown eyes which looked up so appealingly to the lady as she clasped her hands and spoke:

'Mamma is dead, and Mary is dying! Won't you come and help us? It's only right across the street, ma'am.'

Now, Mrs. Ingersoll had a quick tender little heart—one that could no more hear, unmoved, such an appeal, or witness untouched, the look that more plainly than words, spoke its story of suffering, than it could have offered a stone to one of her own children when it asked for bread.

'Hand me my shawl and bonnet, quick, Howard. No, I won't stay for a bonnet. Get your hat, and come with me,' she said, while the tears sparkled in her dark eyes; and Howard Ingersoll, who had a heart, and a large one too, when it could be found, turned with wonderful alacrity to fulfil his wife's behest.

'Here, put my shawl around you. It'll make you warm, little girl,' said Ellen Ingersoll, her little round face elongated into an expression of the deepest sympathy, as she bustled up to Lizzie, whose eyes were following her mother so eagerly around the room. 'And we won't let your sister die. Here, eat them, and you shall carry her some, too,' said Charlie, as he thrust two of the largest muffins into Lizzie's hands, his great black eyes looking large as saucers, between sympathy and benevolence. Mrs. Ingersoll seized her shawl, and her husband his hat, and smoothed away the bright, tangled hair from Lizzie's forehead, the lady took her hand, and the three emerged from the dwelling. A few moments later, the trio were standing in that chamber of destitution and death. Mrs. Ingersoll was bending over the sick child, her hand tightly clasped by those little burning fingers, and her tears falling like rain upon the hot cheeks, while the little one was calling her mamma, and telling her of the pleasant home, with its sparkling brook and pretty roses, to which they had all come back again. Lizzie stood by the bedside of her mother, and there too stood Howard Ingersoll, and the child's dark, pathetic eyes wandered eagerly from the rigid face of the dead woman to the gentleman that bent over her.

'Oh, sir, *can't* you bring her back to me and little sister? What shall we do without her?' asked the child, in broken tones.

'I will take care of you, poor things,' answered the gentleman in a husky voice, and then he turned to his wife, saying, in lower tones, 'I will go instantly for a physician, Mary. The children must be removed to our house. How they have managed to exist here so long is a mystery to me.'

'And to think it all happened right across the street, and we might have saved the life of that poor woman. Oh! I shall never forgive myself,' added the lady, with a fresh burst of tears.

Howard Ingersoll's orders were always promptly executed. In less than an hour little Mary was lying in one of the pleasantest chambers of the 'brick house,' the long curtains shutting out the sunglare, and soft footfalls filling the room with their muffled melody, and soft fingers cooling the aching head; while Lizzie, arrayed in one of Ellen's new worsted dresses, and her long, disentangled curls drooping to her waist, sat before that bountiful breakfast table, but the tears fell fast upon her plate, and Charlie and Ellen in vain urged her to eat.

The next day there was a grave made in a pleasant part of the city cemetry, and the sad eyes of a little girl, which Howard Ingersoll led forward to look on the coffin, after it had been laid in the grave, dropped many tears on the lid; but when the gentleman led her away, she said with a smile: 'Papa will be *so* glad to see mother.'

'Lizzie, Lizzie, where am I?' The voice was very faint, and the blue eyes wandered wonderingly around the room and over the strange faces about her.

'You're in the 'brick house,' little sister. They brought you and me here; and they are so kind to us.'

'Lizzie, Lizzie, I can't see you,' and a change came over the child's face.—Hark! I hear music. Papa—mamma I am coming?'

There was another grave made close by the mother's, the next day.

It was a week from that dark night when the mother died, and just before the servant brought in the lights, that five persons sat in the pleasant parlor of the 'brick house.' Mr. and Mrs. Ingersoll, Charlie and Ellen, were all listening to Lizzie. She was relating in her own pathetic, childish manner, the story of her long watch at the window, and how she had seen everything in the parlor before the curtains were drawn; and how it almost made her angry, and how hard it was to say her prayers, for she could see the room just as well with her eyes shut. Mrs. Ingersoll's handkerchief was at her eyes, and Charlie and Ellen, with their faces in her gown, were sobbing heartily as the child concluded. Just then the servant entered with the lights. It was the signal for supper.

'And now, Lizzie,' said Mr. Ingersoll as they rose up, and he laid his hand caressingly on the child's golden hair, 'you have taught your new father a lesson during the last week. Can you *guess* what it is? It contains but four words: Charlie, Ellen, mother too—do you give it up?' Mrs. Ingersoll smiled through her tears, as she looked up in her husband's face, and answered:

'I too have learned it, never, I trust to forget it—it is *Right across the street.*'

'That's it, remember it always, my children,' said the gentleman as he drew his arm around his wife's waist, and together they left the parlor, and the three children followed.

A Fix.—A Cleveland friend, who has just returned from a trip to Washington, gives the following, and assures us that it actually took place:

Scene in a Land Office.—A clerk enters and finding the Commissioner unengaged, says:

'I have received this notice, stating that my services will not be required in this department—will you favor me by stating the cause of my removal? I have a family and—

Commissioner.—You need not go into particulars, sir. I regret the necessity of your removal; but you know sir, that when Democrats come in, Whigs must go out; it is the fortune of war.

Clerk—But I am not a Whig, and never voted any but the Democratic ticket in my life. I received my first appointment under Mr. Polk, and the late administration made no inquiry as to my politics, but promoted me unasked to a better situation.

Commissioner.—He—he—hem—Mr. D—, there has been some mistake here—you may retire and I will see it rectified.

Exit Clerk.

Moral.—The fact that a Locofoco Clerk has been promoted for good conduct and ability is *prima facie* evidence at Washington *that he has turned Whig.*—[Detroit Advertiser.

☞ Sammy, why don't your mother mend that rip in your trowsers? 'Oh, she's gone to the sewing circle to make clothes for poor children.'—*Exchange.*

A very naughty mother. She should have gone to the theatre or ball room, and then no envious person would have sneered at her practices. There is great power in ridicule, but it is as potent against a good as a bad cause.—*Washington Republic.*

Not at all. Had the mother learned the great first principles of all true christian benevolence, that "charity begins at home," she would have gone to neither theatre or sewing society, but staid home and mended Sammy's breeches. The power of ridicule is potent in a good cause when it assails the modern mania of practicing benevolence and doing duty everywhere but at home.—*Sandusky Register.*

Origin of the Term Fool's-cap.—When Oliver Cromwell became Protector, after the execution of Charles I., he caused the stamp of the cap of liberty to be placed on the paper used by the government. Soon after the restoration of Charles II., having occasion to use some paper for despatches, that government paper was brought to him. On looking at it and discovering the stamp, he inquired the meaning of it. On being told he said—'Take it away, I'll have nothing to do with the fool's cap.'

☞ Cheerful looks make every dish a feast.

To Music.

Queen of every moving measure,
Sweetest source of every pleasure,
Music! why thy power employ
Only for the sons of joy!
Only for the smiling guests
At natal or at nuptial feasts!
Rather thy lenient numbers pour
On those whom secret griefs devour,
Bid be still the throbbing hearts
Of those whom Death or Absence parts;
And, with some softly whispered air,
Smooth the brow of dumb Despair.

JOSEPH WARTON.

Sam Slick makes love to Sophy.

'Do you believe in witches, Sophy?' says I, leaning on my elbow which rested on the grass, and looking up into her pretty face.

'How can I believe, who never saw one? Did you?'

'Jist come from a county in England,' says I, 'that's chuck full of 'em.'

'Do tell me,' said she, 'What sort of looking people are they? Little, cross, spiteful, crooked old women ain't they?'

'The most splendid gals,' says I, 'mortal man ever beheld—half angel half woman, with a touch of cherubim, musical tongues, telegraph eyes, and cheeks made of red and white roses. They'd bewitch Old Scratch himself, if he was only to look on 'em. They call 'em Lancashire witches.'

'Did they ever bewitch you?' she said laughin.'

'Well, they would, that's a fact; only I had been bewitched afore by a far handsomer one than any of 'em.'

'And pray who is she?'

'If I was to call her up from the deep,' said I, 'have you courage enough to look at her in the face?'

'Well, she looked a little chalky at that but said, with a steady voice: 'Certainly I have.' 'I never did harm to any one in my life; why should I be afraid of her, especially if she is so handsome?'.

'Well, then, I'll raise her, and you'll see what I never saw in England or elsewhere. I'll show her to you in the pool,' and I waved my hand, and with a staff made a circle on the ground, pretendin' to comply with rules, and look wise—

'Come,' said I, 'sweet witch, rise and show your beautiful face. Now give me your hand, Miss;' and I led her down to the still transparent pool.

'Mr. Slick,' said she, 'I'm not sure the raisin' of spirits is right for you to do.'

But I said: 'I would look on this one, and I will to show you there's nothing to be afraid of but doin' wrong. Stoop and look into the water,' said I: 'now, what do you see?'

'Nothin',' she said, 'but some trout swimmin' slowly about.'

'Hold your head a little higher,' said I 'Move a little further this way, on account of the light: that's it. What do you see now?'

'Nothing but my own face?'

'Are you sure? Look again.'

'Certainly—it's my own: I ought to know it.'

'Well, that's the face of Sophy, the witch of Eskisoony.'

Well she jumped up on her feet, and she din't look pleased at the joke, I tell you.'

Mrs. Grumble's Soliloquy.

BY FANNY FERN.

"There's no calculating the difference between men and women boarders. Here is Mr. Jones been in my house these six months, and no more trouble to me than my grey kitten. If his bed is shook up once a week, and his coats, cravats, love-letters, cigars and patent leather boots left undisturbed in the middle of the floor, he is as contented as a pedagogue in vacation time. Take a woman to board, and (if it's perfectly convenient) she wo'd like drapery, instead of drop-curtains; she'd like the windows altered to open at the top, and a wardrobe for her flounced dresses, and a few more nails and another shelf in her closet, and a bench to put her feet on, and a little rocking chair, and a big looking glass, and a pea-green shade for her gas-burner. She would like breakfast about ten minutes later than your usual hour; tea ten minutes earlier, and the gong which shocks her nerves *so*, altogether dispensed with. She can't drink coffee, because it is exhilarating; broma is too insipid, and chocolate too heavy. She don't fancy cocoa. 'English breakfast tea' is the only beverage which agrees with her delicate spinster organization. She can digest a roast or a fried dish; she might *possibly* peck at an egg, if it were boiled with one eye on the watch. Pastry she never eats, unless she knows from what dairy the butter came which enters into its composition. Every article of food prepared with butter, salt, pepper, mustard, vinegar or oil; or bread that is made with yeast, soda, milk, or saleratus, she decidedly rejects. She is constantly washing out little duds of laces, collars, handkerchiefs, chemisettes and stockings, which she festoons up to the front windows, to dry; giving passers-by the impression that your house is occupied by a *blanchisseuse*;—then jerks the bell wire for an hour or more, for relays of hot smoothing-irons, to put the finishing stroke to he operations. She is often afflicted with interesting little colds and influenzas, requiring the immediate consolation of hot lemonade or ginger tea; choosing her time for these complaints when the kitchen fire is out and the servants are on a furlough. Oh! nobody knows, but those who have tried, how immensely troublesome women are! I'd rather have a whole regiment of men boarders. All you have to do is to wind them up in the morning, with a powerful cup of coffee, give them *carte blanche* to smoke, and a night key and your work is done."

Nothing can be great which is not right.

A Canine Sketch.

We copy the following capital dog story from the recently published work of John T. Irving Esq., a nephew of Washington Irving. His volume is entitled "The Attorney," and was recently noticed in our columns:

Just then the door opened, and Mr. Rawley walked in, and close at his heels stalked Bitters. Both seated themselves; the one on a chair, and the other on end directly in front of the surrogate. Mr. Jagger looked at the dog with the solemn eye of a surrogate, and shook his head as only a surrogate can shake it.

'Are you one of the witnesses?' inquired he of the dog's master.

'I am, sir,' replied Mr. Rawley. 'I was subpœnaed to testify; and here's the document.' As he spoke, he laid upon the table a paper which, from having been several days in that gentleman's pocket, had faded from white into a snuff-color, and was particularly crumpled.

'What's that animal doing here?' demanded the surrogate.

'He hasn't had time to do anything,' replied Mr. Rawley. 'He comes when I comes. He goes when I goes. He's a peeler.'

'The animal must leave the court. It's contempt of court to bring him here, said Mr. Jagger angrily. 'Remove him instantly.'

Mr. Rawley had frequently been in attendance at the police courts, and once or twice had a slight taste of the sessions, so he was not as much struck with the surrogate as he otherwise might have been, and he replied:

'I make no opposition, sir; and shall not move a finger to prevent it. There's the animal; and any officer as pleases may remove him. I say nuffin ag'in it. I knows what a contempt of court is; and that ain't one.' And Mr. Rawley threw himself amiably back in his chair.

'Mr Slagg!' said the surrogate to the man with a frizzled wig, 'remove the dog.'

Mr. Slagg laid down his pen, took off his spectacles, went up to the dog and told him to get out; to which Bitters replied by snapping at his fingers, as he attempted to touch him. Mr. Rawley was staring abstractedly out of the window.—The dog looked up at him for instructions; and receiving none, supposed that snapping at a scrivener's fingers was perfectly correct, and resumed his expression towards that functionary, occasionally casting a lowering eye at the surrogate, as if deliberating whether to include him in his demonstration of anger.

'Slagg have you removed the dog?' said Mr. Jagger, who, the dog being under his very nose saw that he had not.

'No, Sir. He resists the court,' replied Mr. Slagg.

'Call Walker to assist you,' said Mr. Jagger, sternly.

Walker a small man in drabs, had anticipated something of the kind, and had accidentally withdrawn as he saw that there was a prospect of difficulty; so that the whole court was set at defiance by the dog.

'Witness!' said Mr. Jagger.

'Sir,' exclaimed a thin man in the corner, who had been subpœned, to his own great terror, and who at that particular moment had an idea that he was to be sworn on the spot, and thoroughly convinced that testifying and committing perjury were only different names for the same thing.

'Not you—the man with the dog.'

Mr. Rawley looked the court full in the face.

'Will you oblige the court by removing that animal?' said Mr. Jagger mildly.

'Certainly, sir,' said Mr. Rawley.—'Bitters, go home.' Bitters rose stiffly and went out, first casting a glance at the man with a wig, for the purpose of being able to identify him on some future occasion; and having comforted himself by a violent onslaught upon a small dog belonging to the surrogate, whom he encountered in the entry, was seen, from the window, walking up the street with the most profound gravity.

☞ Everybody knows that Barnum advertises. He always did—and attributes his success in life to that important fact. The following may be an advertisement, or it may be intended as a burlesque. It will pass for either:

The "Bearded Lady," with her whiskers dark,
Is seen each day at Barnum's, near the park.
Barnum exhibits with his usual taste,
His only humbug that is not barefaced.

A Composer.—'Mr. Jones, you say that Mr. Rezin is a composer. Does the court understand from that that he is a writer of music?'

'No Siree, he's called a composer because he never talks to a man without putting him to sleep.'

'Crier, call the next witness.'

☞ A shoemaker of Schoharie was once fitting a customer with a pair of boots, when the buyer observed that he had but one objection to them which was that the soles were a little too thick. 'If that is all,' replied Crispin, 'put on the boots and the objection will gradually *wear away.*'

☞ After a clergyman had united a happy pair, not long ago, an awful silence ensued, which was broken by an impatient youth exclaiming: 'Don't be so *unspeakably* happy!'

Fanny Fern has a steamboat named after her. If it is to resemble Fanny, we should not fancy a trip on board of that damsel is always *blowing up* somebody.

☞ Papa, said a precocious child, 'what is humbug?'

'It is, my dear,' replied the parent with a deep drawn sigh, 'when your ma pretends to be very fond of me and puts on buttons on my shirt.'