

THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

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

VOLUME 28--NUMBER 36.

MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 8, 1853.

WHOLE NUMBER, 1491

"Fool's Corner."

The Teadstool.

There's a thing that grows by the falling flower,
And springs in the shade of the lady's bosom;
The fly thinks and the rose turns pale,
When they feel its breath in the summer gale,
And the tulip curls its leaves in pride,
And the blue-eyed violet starts aside,
But the fly may flout, and the tulip stare,
For what does the honest, loadstool care!

She does not glow in a painted vest,
And she never blushes on the maiden's breast;
But she comes as the saintly sisters do,
In a modest suit of Quaker hose,
And when the stars in the evening skies
Are weeping dew from their glist'ning eyes,
The loadstool comes out from his hermit cell,
The tale of his faithful love to tell.

Oh there is light in her lover's glance,
That glows in her heart like a silver lance;
His beechen arms are made of spotted skin,
His jacket is tight and his pumps are thin,
In a cloudless night you may hear his song,
As in a positive melody he sings,
And you will look by the moonlight fair,
The trembling form of the teadstool there.

And he twice his arm round her slender stem,
In the shade of her velvet diadem,
But she turns away in her maiden shame,
And will not breathe on the kindling flame,
He sings at her feet the living night,
And creeps to his cave at the break of light;
And whenever he comes to the air above,
His throat is swelling with baffled love.

Miscellaneous Selections.

Two English gentlemen once stepped into a coffee-house in Paris, where they observed a tall old looking man, who appeared not to be a native, sitting at one of the tables, and looking around with the most stone-like gravity of countenance upon every object. Soon after the two Englishmen entered, one of them told the other that a certain dwarf had arrived at Paris. At this the grave-looking personage above mentioned opened his mouth and spoke.

"I arrive," said he, "thou arrivest, he arrives, you arrive, you arrive, they arrive."

The Englishman whose remark seemed to have suggested this mysterious speech, stepped up to the stranger and asked: "Did you speak to me, sir?" "I speak," replied the stranger, "thou speakest, he speaks, we speak, you speak, they speak."

"How is this?" said the Englishman. "Do you mean to insult me?" The other replied: "I insult, thou insultest, he insults, we insult, you insult, they insult."

"This is too much," said the Englishman. "I will have satisfaction. If you have any spirit with your rudeness come along with me." To this defiance the imperturbable stranger replied: "I come, thou comest, he comes, we come, you come, they come." And thereupon he arose with great coolness and followed his challenger.

In those days, when every gentleman wore a sword, were duels speedily despatched. They went into a neighboring alley, and the Englishman, unsheathing his weapon, said to his antagonist: "Now, sir, you must fight me."

The other replied drawing his sword: "I fight, thou fightest, he fights, we fight, (here he made a thrust.) you fight, they fight, and here he disarmed his adversary."

Well, said the Englishman, "you have the best of it, and I hope you are satisfied." "I am satisfied," said the original, "thou art satisfied, he is satisfied, we are satisfied, you are satisfied, they are satisfied." "I am glad everybody is satisfied," said the Englishman; but pray leave off quizzing me in this strange manner, and tell me what is your object, if you have any, in doing so?"

The grave gentleman now for the first time became intelligible. "I am a Dutchman," said he, "and am learning your language. I find it very difficult to remember the peculiarities of the verbs, and my tutor has advised me, in order to fix them in my mind, to conjugate every English verb that I bear upon this. This I have made it a rule to do. I don't like to have my plans broken in upon while they are in operation, or I would have told you of this before." The Englishman laughed heartily at this explanation and invited the conjugating Dutchman to dine with them.

The Cardinal.

OR THE GOLDMITH'S APPRENTICE.

Rascally Cardinal! thought Julian, I may thank him for all this mischief; but for his Master Rouillard would not have lost his temper. I should still be his servant, and perhaps one day I might have become the husband of my Jeanne.

This consideration seemed to add to his hatred to the Prime Minister. Mochastically he undid a parcel, and began to turn over the pamphlets it contained. They consisted of memoranda relative to the affairs of Spain, memoranda against Mazarin's Majesty, and, lastly, a satirical biography of the Cardinal.

Julian read over this letter with careless indifference; but suddenly started with an exclamation of surprise. He had just read the following paragraph: "Previously to taking orders, the Cardinal had served in the army; he commanded a regiment in 1625, and the generals of the Pope, Conti and Bagesi, gave him a mission to the Marquis de Crevoise. His Eminence followed him to Grenoble, where he spent two months under the name of Captain Juliano."

The young artisan read and re-read this passage with a tremor of delight scarcely to be expressed. The names, dates, and places, left no room for doubt. The captain mentioned in the pamphlet must of necessity be the individual who stood sponsor for him at his baptism. Julian was no less a person than the godson of His Eminence!

He jumped up in ecstasy, tossing his hat in the air, loudly shouting: "The Cardinal is my godfather! the Cardinal is my godfather!" Casting all his papers to the wind, save that which furnished him with this valuable intelligence, he set off at a run towards Mairie Rouillard's to acquaint him with his new discovery.

But the young artisan was not to be so easily deceived. The goldsmith might not choose to listen to him, or might refuse to believe him, and turn him out of doors a second time. Besides, the first business was to establish his right; and then, once under the protection of his godfather, he thought himself pretty sure of the good will of Mairie Rouillard, who seldom refused his friendship to the rich and powerful.

So he changed his mind, and after having run to the garret he occupied near the Palais de Justice, for his baptismal certificate he proceeded full speed to the Cardinal's palace.

On reaching his destination, he asked for a countryman of his named Pierre Chottart, who occupied the important post of head scullion in the Cardinal's kitchen.

Differences in political opinion had kept these two worthies apart for some years, and Chottart scarcely recognized his old school-fellow.

However, after an exchange of civilities, he asked Julian what god wind had blown him there: to which he answered he had come to speak to the Cardinal.

The scullion naturally thought the poor fellow's brain was turned; but without vouchsafing an explanation, Julian persisted that he must see his Eminence at all risks.

And so you supposed you had only to send your name up, old boy? asked Chottart ironically. "Not exactly," answered Julian; "but I relied upon you to help me to what I wanted."

"Well, what you want seems very simple, and is soon said. It is nothing more than an interview."

"Come, Peter, you are not obliging," said Noiraud. "I ask you to assist me, and you only answer me by cracking jokes."

The Cardinal drew back alarmed, and felt for the bell rope. "You don't recognize me?" continued the gay artisan with a grin; "that's plain enough; why, I was only a fortnight old last time you saw me in 1625."

"What's 1625?" repeated Mazarin, who now began to think he had got to deal with a fellow escaped out of lunatic asylum. "What on earth do you mean, and who are you?"

"What, you haven't guessed yet?" said Julian, cleaving his hands together, "I am the son of Mrs. Noiraud."

The Cardinal seemed trying to recollect himself. "Mother Noiraud of Grenoble," answered Julian, a milliner at whose house you lodged when you were a captain, and whose son you stood for."

"Ah! well, I think I have some faint recollection of Grenoble. But what of the son? Is he—"

"Here," answered Julian, with another broad grin. "Julian Noiraud of Grenoble; that's my name. I only just discovered that you and Captain Juliano were one and the same person; and I came at once to see how you were."

However unforeseen was the recognition, there was a freedom and good humor in the boy's manner which amused the Cardinal. He asked him how he had made the discovery, and with what means he proved his assertion. Julian began by presenting to him the paper he had brought, and then candidly confessed all that had passed. Mazarin asked for the biographical notice, and looked it through without wincing; but when the young man had done, he looked at him reproachfully.

"And so you are really very glad you have found your godfather?" said he. "Ah! it's a providential discovery for me," cried Julian. "You don't know how much I need your help."

"What! you are in some scrape, then, are you?" "Indeed, I am."

"And you come to me to get you out of it?" "Well, I thought that you, who had so often saved France, would not find it very difficult to see me straight again."

This flattery called up a smile on the face of the Cardinal, and he listened with patience to Julian's projects of marriage, and his disgrace with Mairie Rouillard; of the cause of which, of course, Julian was too discreet to say much.

When he had finished, the Cardinal tapped him on the shoulder, adding: "Come, come, it's not so desperate after all. I will take you in hand."

"Ah! godfather," said Julian, transported with joy. "In the first place, then, said the minister, 'you must give up the shop.' 'I will, godfather.'

"I give you the charge of my silver walters. I will take care of them, godfather." "Only I shall give you no wages."

"No, godfather." "You must get a creditable costume." "Yes, godfather."

"And you may board where you please." "Thank you, godfather."

"Now, as I wish to show you that I take an interest in you, I will further grant you a great privilege."

"A privilege?" "You may go and let every body know that you are my godson."

Julian looked at the Cardinal, thinking he must have mistaken his meaning; but he contented himself with repeating his permission, adding that he hoped to find him worthy of the favor he had received, and desiring him to return the next day in a suitable dress.

It is not difficult to conceive the disappointment of our hero when he found himself alone in the street. On casting up his accounts, he found the best he could make of it was, that the Cardinal took all his time and energies, forced him to lodge, board, and clothe himself; and that the only compensation was, the somewhat empty honor of calling himself by the title of the Cardinal's godson.

Upon my word the obligations assumed by Captain Juliano won't ruin the minister," thought the disconcerted youth. "I have made a pretty fool of myself, and heartily wish I could get back into old Rouillard's shop; but now I dare not."

His Eminence has forbidden it, and if I don't go to him tomorrow at the appointed hour, who knows what may happen? One hears of people rotting in the Bastille for much smaller crimes. There seems no help for it; so I suppose I must resign myself to receive his favors."

Thus reasoning, he reached his garret, there to wait for the morrow in dejection and disappointment.

The next day Noiraud presented himself at the Palace near the time named, in a complete court dress, which he had met with second hand, and, though not very magnificent, had run away with the greater part of his savings. When he reached the ante-room all eyes were turned upon him, and he heard every one asking his name. The Commandeur de Souvres and the Sieur Dubois, who were talking at the window, looked at him with scrutiny, as if they were trying to recognize him; when suddenly a voice called out—

"Halloo! if younder is not Noiraud!" Julian turned round sharply, and found himself facing Mairie Rouillard.

"It is he!" repeated the goldsmith, stupefied, "and in a court dress too. What are you doing here, you rascal?" "You see I am waiting for his Eminence," said Julian, trying to appear at his ease.

"But in truth," observed the Commandeur, examining him more closely, "it is the boy you turned out of doors yesterday."

"A shop boy here!" cried Dubois, scandalized; "who can have admitted him? What can he want with the Cardinal?" "We shall see," interrupted Souvres, for here is His Eminence."

Mazarin, indeed, had just appeared at the entrance door, and all the private conversations were hushed. The Prime Minister advanced, bowing and stopping here and there to listen to some petition. In this way he reached the spot where Julian was standing, and smiled on perceiving him.

"Ah! there you are," said he, tapping him familiarly on the cheek with his glove. "Well, how are you to-day, poor fellow?" "Very well, indeed; thank you, godfather," answered Julian.

One would have thought that a magic power was contained in that single word; scarcely had the young man uttered it, than there was a stir in the crowd of courtiers. All eyes were turned in one direction, and all voices murmured. His godfather! He said godfather! and a species of jealous admiration was painted on every face.

The Cardinal remarked all this out of the corner of his eye, and desirous of pushing the joke further, he leaned on the young goldsmith's shoulder, and walked several times round the room, addressing him familiarly, and asking his opinion upon petitions which had been presented to him. Julian, not exactly understanding whether he was to take this familiarly for an expression of interest or of irony, contented himself with answering: "Yes, godfather—no, godfather—as you please, godfather; and the courtiers admired his reserve, which they took for discretion."

At last, the audience over, Mazarin left the shoulder of his godson, and telling him he wished to speak to him by and by, he passed into his study.

Scarcely had he disappeared, when the crowd of applicants surrounded the young artisan. It was who should make the first advance to him. Noiraud did not know how to receive so many compliments and was puzzled to show his respect for his new friends. But the Commandeur, who had allowed the more pressing claimants to depart, took his turn at last, and drawing the "shop boy" aside—

"I am quite delighted, my dear M. Noiraud," said he, "that you have been so fortunate."

Julian muttered a reply of thanks. "His Eminence appears to have a real affection for you," answered Souvres; "it is evident he would not refuse you anything."

"You don't say so!" cried Noiraud, who began to think he had better request permission to stand behind his counter again.

"I am sure of it," answered the Commandeur; "and to prove you how certain I am of it, I will just get you to say a word to him in favor of my nephew, who is soliciting a regiment."

"He will get it, if you choose." "Well, then, I'm sure I've no objection." "Then you promise him one?"

"That is, I wish with all my heart, he had it." "Then I'm satisfied," cried the Commandeur, "and believe me, if things turn out as I expect, you will find you have not obliged the ungateful."

With these words he turned on his heel, warmly pressing the young man's hand. On leaving him Julian met the Sieur Dubois, who was waiting for him. Having taken him by the hand.

"I won't detain you a moment, Mons. Noiraud," said he, "I have been asking for the privilege of the general; get it for me, and I will pay you 6,000 livres down." "6,000 livres!" said Julian astonished.

"Well, I won't be particular; if that does not satisfy you, I will go as far as 10,000."

"Stay, stay," interrupted Noiraud; "you deceive yourself entirely with regard to my credit; and I do assure you I have no power to obtain what you wish."

Dubois looked at him, and left his arm. "Ah! said he, 'I see what it is; my rivals have been beforehand with me.'" "They don't understand you."

Little Topsy's Song.

[The song was set to music by Henry Russell and published at the Musical Bouquet Office, High Holborn.]

Topsy never was born,
Neither had a mother;
Spect I growed a nigger brat,
Just like any other,
Whip me till the blood pours down—
Ole misus used to do it;
She said she'd cut my heart right out,
But never could get to it.

Got no heart I don't believe,
Nigger do without 'em,
Never heard of God or Love,
So can't tell much about 'em.
This is Topsy's savage song,
Topsy cuts and cleaves;
Murrah, then, for the white man's rights—
Slavery forever!

"I spects I've very wicked,
That's what I am;
Ouy you just give me chains,
Won't rouse old Sam I
Taint no use in being good,
Cos I've black you see;
I never cared for noddin' yet,
And noddin' cares for me,
Ha! ha! he! Miss Feely's hand
Dun know how to grip me;
Never likes to do no work,
And won't, without they whip me."

This is Topsy's savage song,
Topsy cuts and cleaves;
Murrah, then, for the white man's rights—
Slavery forever!
"Dont you die Miss Ery,
Else I go dead too;
I spects I've noddin' to try,
To be all good for you;
You hab taught me better thing,
Though I've got a nigger skin,
You hab found poor Topsy's heart,
Spits off all its sin,
Dont you die Miss Ery dear;
Else I go dead too,
Though I've black, I've sure that God
Will let me go wid you."

This is Topsy's human song,
Under Love's endeavor,
Murrah, then, for the white child's work—
Humanity for ever!

Taming Wild Maggie.

AND THE ORIGINS OF THE NEW SCHOOL OF THE HOUSE OF INDUSTRY.

BY LUCIAN DUBRICK.

When Mr. Pease first opened his workshop on the Five Points, in New York City, before the House of Industry was thought of, he was often annoyed by a young, ragged, and bare-footed beggar girl. Many times a day would she thrust her head in at the door, and shout: "Oh! you old impudent Protestant! or other equally impudent language."

Wild as a hawk and fleet as a fawn, it was no easy task to tame or even catch her. Persuasion and threatening were alike powerless. Mr. Pease determined to have her caught, as he deemed her fit for the House of Refuge.

Accordingly, he placed a man behind the door, with instructions to seize her at all hazards. She soon appeared, and with the same wild roughness uttered one of her saucy exclamations. Out sprung the man from his hiding place; quick as thought away bounded Maggie; then began the chase around the little park up and down Cow Bay, through the Den of Thieves, through the Murderer's Alley, up to the muddy and rickety stairway to the dark cellar; and out to the street again.

For nearly half an hour this exciting chase continued. Five Points was all astrir and uproar. The policemen, who are ordinarily very quiet, partook of the general excitement. "Rap, rap, rap," went their clubs, up rose the stars, and joined in the pursuit; but the girl outsped them all, like the mountain chamois. The special watchman came back panting like a bound from the chase. Scarcely he was seated, when Maggie's saucy head popped in again, and with her thumb upon her nose, she laughed out her impudent defiance.

Time wore on and Maggie continued to taunt the Missionary, and annoy him with her vile epithets, till her presence became a grievous nuisance. Still Mr. Pease did not give her up as past redemption.

One morning, bright and early, before the hundred sewing-women came to their work, little Maggie appeared above the door of the Mission Room.

"Maggie," said Mr. Pease, "I want you to help me, and I will pay you if you will come and lay out cloth, buttons, and thread for me."

"May be you think I'll come!" answered Maggie.

"Certainly I do; and I will pay you money to help me."

Girls.

Holmes in one of his poems, says in a parenthetical way—
"My grandpa
Loved girls when he was young."

No doubt of it; for Holmes is a sensible man and must have had a sensible grandfather. All sensible men love girls when they are young and when they are old too. (We apply the "old" to the men, not the girls—mind you.) Girlhood is an institution—a "peculiar institution"—which as lovers of the "union" we feel bound to cherish; and as to the girls, large and small, we hold that no gentleman's family is complete without them.

Of little girls an American poet says—
"With my cheeks, and merry dancing curls,
O, very beautiful are little girls,
And goodly to the sight!"

And as to large girls—big bouncing girls—what a pity it is, that they must soon be "women"—stately, matronly, queenly women, who are not only not angels because they are not girls!—who by-the-by, are not angels either, but vastly more charming than any member of the angelic host that we remember to have seen in the pictures or elsewhere! Indeed they are.—Boston Post.

Scene, (private parlor).—Mr. Thompson, a rich merchant, spending the evening with his brother and wife—entrance of Julia their daughter, a girl of six years.

Mr. Thompson—My dear don't you love me?

Julia—No I don't love you at all.

Pa—(who has an eye on his brother's last will and testament).—Oh, yes Julia, you love your uncle, don't you?

Julia—No, I don't love him.

Uncle—Why don't you love me?

Julia—Pa don't you love me?

Uncle—No, I don't love you.

Grand table—Wife screams, husband swears, and uncle makes a hasty exit.

You have the best of it, Mons. de Noiraud," said he, in a dissatisfied yet respectful tone; "my rivals have obtained the privilege of your influence, and I am punished for it. Here are the 10,000 livres I offered you. We will look upon it as an account of the fine affair in which I hope you will be favorable to me."

New York and Erie Railroad.—The earnings of this road during the year 1853 were \$3,569,845. For the present year they are estimated at about \$4,000,000. Estimating the cost of the road at \$30,000,000, this will pay seven per cent, and leave \$60,000 for the expense of running.

bread and cake she thankfully received from his hand.

One day little Maggie was idle, and Mr. Pease set her to playing school. This was a happy suggestion, and the general case of the chief blessings, and means of doing good on the Point—The Day School.

She gathered a few of the brightest and most amiable of the filthy crowd of children that swarmed around the door, and ranging them about her, stick in hand, as the emblem of her authority, with solemn face she opened her book, and taught them their A, B, C.

This proved a pleasant profitable amusement, and most of Maggie's leisure was thus spent, till she came to love the idea of a school very deeply.

One morning she asked the Missionary—
"Why can't we have a school here for us all to go to?"
And her reasons were ready for her she thought it over.

"We, poor children," said she, "can't go to the Ward Schools, because we are ragged and poor, and our fathers and mothers are drunkards."

The Missionary was forcibly struck by the interesting question, and the reason upon which it was urged, and instantly answered—
"You shall have a school, Maggie; go carry the news to the children, and tell them that on such a day, I will open a school for them."

With a heart overflowing full of glad emotions, she bounded away to carry the news to the garrets and cellars, alleys and lanes, and secret hiding places of this desolate region; and well was it received, for when the day arrived, the room was filled with ragged and barefooted children.

The school thus originating, has continued ever since, and now numbers more than two hundred pupils, with an average attendance of one hundred and fifty. In its general appearance, and the progress of the classes, the school will bear an honorable comparison with any school in the city, made up of similar materials.

Little Maggie proved to be bright, and became quite an intelligent girl. She learned to sing sweetly.

Her father and mother had been drunkards for forty years. She induced Mr. Pease to go and see her mother. The mother was helped, and soon was able to help herself, and finally came with Maggie to live in the "Home," which was opened soon after.

They were taken into the country for a while, by a man who needed their help; and at the close of the engagement, she returned to the "House of Industry," as the "Home" has of late been called.

The father was a thoroughbred drunkard; even at the "Points." He lingered about his wife and daughters, ashamed and lonely, perhaps cherishing some indefinite longings for a more decent life.

He came, at length, to the Temperance meetings, and finally pledged himself not to drink. He went then to live in the "Home." The mother and child went over, him tears of joy, and he stood fast by his pledge.

There seemed a Providence in his reform at this precise time, for in a few days, the mother, on a Sunday, fell dead. Any but an iron heart would have melted at the sight, as the husband and little Maggie stood bending over the dead wife and mother, one renewing his vows of fidelity to Temperance, and the other wringing her hands, and calling upon her mother, "to speak to her own dear Maggie."

More than two years have passed since this sad affliction fell on this little family. The father still lives a temperate and happy man, and his wife and child are little Maggie is still, as an intelligent and interesting girl.—Studen.

If I were a farmer, it appears to me I would devote my whole attention to the cultivation of my farm, cloth and feed my servants well, take care of my stock, mend the holes in my fences, take a fair price for my produce and never indulge in idleness and dissipation.

If I were a lawyer I would not charge a poor man \$5 for a few words of advice.

If I were a physician, I could not have the conscience to charge as much as they do for feeling the pulse, taking a little blood, or administering a dose of calomel and jalap.

If I were a merchant, I would have an established price for my goods, and never undersell or injure my neighbors. I would sell at a moderate profit, and give good measure, and deal as justly as possible.

If I were a mechanic I would apply myself industriously to my business, take care of my family, refrain from visiting taverns, grog shops and billiard saloons, and when I promised a man to have his work done by a certain time, I would try and be punctual.

If I were a young man I would not cut so many capers as some of them do, playing with their watch chains, flourishing their rattles, strutting and making a great noise with their high-heeled boots—probably not paid for, and making remarks on plain worthy people. They render themselves contemptible in the eyes of the sensible and unassuming.

If I were a lady, I would not be spinning street yarn every day, guffing at this young fellow, nodding at another, and giving sweet smiles to a third.

If I were a lover I would be true to the object of my affections, treat her with tenderness, and never let her conduct towards another excite jealousy in my breast, but should the ever speak of me in terms of disrespect, or treat me with contempt, then I would be like a shot from a new gun, and all her arts should never again be known.

If I were an old bachelor, I would make every exertion in my power to get married or have my property put in some respectable profession. I would never sit down to publish pieces like this.