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

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"Pat's Corner."

From the American Union, Whishes.

BY JOHN G. BAKER.

Of all amusements for the mind,
From logic down to fishing,
There isn't one that you can find
So very cheap as "wishing!"
A very choice diversion, too,
If we but rightly use it,
And not, as we are apt to do,
Pervert it and abuse it.

I wish—a common wish, indeed—
My purse was something fatter,
That I might cheer the child of need,
And not my pride to flatter;
That I might make oppression reel,
As on my gold can make it,
And break the tyrant's rod of steel,
As only gold can break it!

I wish that Sympathy and Love
And every human passion
That has its origin above,
Would come and keep in fashion;
That Scorn and Jealousy and Hate,
And every base emotion,
Were buried fifty fathoms deep
Beneath the waves of ocean!

I wish that friends were always true,
And motives always pure;
I wish the good were not so few,
I wish the bad were fewer;
I wish that persons ne'er forgot
To heed their pious teaching;
I wish that preachers were not
So different from preaching!

I wish—that modest worth might be
Appraised with truth and candor;
I wish that innocence were free
From treachery and slander;
I wish that men their vows would mind,
That women ne'er were rovers;
I wish that wives were always kind,
And husbands always lovers!

I wish—in one—that joy was nigh,
And every good ideal,
May come, as ever, throughout the earth,
To be the glorious Real;
Till God shall every creature bless
With his supremest blessing,
And hope be lost in happiness,
And wishing be possessing!

Miscellaneous Selections.

Twilight in the Village.

How softly falls twilight in the village!
The woods are crowned with red, and the
hills fade from crimson to purple. A holy
radiance shines in the blue transparency
of the sky. The birds twitter bits of
song, as they fold their plumage for rest.
One star, out betimes, to light evening
through its cloud-path, trembles at its own
beauty, mirrored in the placid river. In
peace the sun is sinking behind the hills.
Peace is written on field flower and leaf.
Peace seems falling from Heaven like the
dew that sinks in the heart of earth. The
low hum of human voices is rather the
melody of silence than its disturber.

Down the hilly road comes the loaded
wain. High perched in the midst of the
fragrant haymound, sits a yellow haired
child—tricky as a sprite, an old plume
in his brimless hat, and a bunch of gay
buds in his hair. "Ah! life will weave
these some of crowns of thorns, my boy, even
more rapidly, more surely, than thou thinkest
it." The child is silent; the wain passes
like a thought.

Black Pomp frisks by his master's side,
as he guides his lumbering axle. The
old man is tired. And who shall say
what unwritten poetry swells his bosom
as he sees his wife and babes in the melo-
dious distance. Sure of welcome—happy
rustic he! No city splendor for him—
but large shares of heart and home.

In a hundred kitchens the snowy cloth
is spread. On a hundred hearths the
boiling kettle bubbles its merry music.
Out go mothers to gather in the strag-
gling children from the garden and hill-
side. How the berries have stained them
—lip, cheek, sock, and fingers, and what
boots chiding! They will do the same
to-morrow. From hillside streams come
the elder boys, their hands full of tiny
fish, and little girls haste from their min-
ic gardens leaving their broken twigs to
shoot into trees as they fondly hope.

Neighbor hails neighbor, as he shakes
the dust from his shoes, and lifts the latch
from his gate, driving to their shelter a
crowd of hens and chickens. Here and
there a white headed patriot puffs lung-
ingly from his sight his newspaper. Folds
the old horn-rimmed spectacles away in
a case, worn like himself and hobbles in
to the call of supper. Yonder, where a
specter had white as death, folds back
the muslin curtain, the poor consumptive
wears the cool sweet breath of evening, as
it comes with stars in the crown of re-
joicing.

Now, on stilts floats the sacred song.
Childish ringlets are crushed between the
duped hand and cheek, grey locks
soften with their silvery outlines and
horny palms. Heads are bent reverent-
ly, and through the solemn hush, up to
the angels who minister in the good
homes, are wafted simple prayers, and
they bear them to the Father. Now
curtains are ungathered, and shutters
losed, but between crack and crevice
gleam out their yellow rays—from the
sick rooms—from the kitchen, rich only in
cleanliness—comes these little ministers
of light. And they stream out—over the
white faces, over the brown heads,
clear through the water's brink. And
there, clustering about the silver wake
of the moon, they dance and glitter till
the rustic bridge frightens them away
with its shadow—all departing. A few
drowsy glances melt into sleep, and the
night is ended.—Olive Branch.

OUR YOUNG DOCTOR.

From the Waverley Magazine.

BY EMILY D. CARROLL.

"You can read her heart like an open book
through each change scene of her innocent look."
She is all simplicity,
A creature of an angel;
Though on the eve of manhood,
I heart a very child.

A bright, laughing, rosy-cheeked, sun-
ny haired, blue eyed fairy, was Susie
Maywood, the young story comen-
cer, which was just as she was entering her
eighteenth summer, that "sweet poetic
age." An only child, and the idol of her
parents, was sweet Susie Maywood, and
to wonder her parents idolized her, for
she could look upon that innocent child-
like countenance, or gaze into those soft,
beautiful blue eyes, and not love her?
She had any quantity of suitors for her
hand, too; but still she answered them
all with a smile, and a firm, yet
gentle shake of her head, which set
the golden curls to dancing all over it,
and every night the piano in former May-
wood's parlor, rang a merry accompaniment
to the blithesome old Scotch song.

"I'm over young, I'm over young to marry yet,
I'm over young, 'twould be a sin to take me from
my mammy yet."

Perchance, to some the father's broad
accents were an additional recommendation;
however, all agreed that the fair
Susie was a fortune in herself, and so, in
truth she was. But strange to say, none
of the village beaux had succeeded in
making any impression on her gentle
heart, and she had reached her eighteenth
year "fancy free."

But just about this time a change seem-
ed to come over the spirit of her dream.
A little while before this, young Doctor
Leaving had come to the village of Rose
Vale, on a visit, and was so much pleased
with it that he concluded to make it his
permanent residence. From the very
first, Doctor Leaving seemed to take a
fancy to Susie, and it was not very long
before the bright, blue eyes, that used to
flash so mischievously in all around began
to droop, and the rosy cheek to grow
pallid, and whenever the glances of the
young doctor fell upon her. It was a
very singular thing, and one that we'd
respectfully submit to the consideration
of medical gentlemen, that almost im-
mediately after Dr. Leaving had settled
himself in the village of Rose Vale, head-
aches and neuralgias became alarmingly
prevalent among the single ladies of the
village; and an equally astonishing fact
was, that old Doctor Black had no pow-
er whatever over these distressing com-
plaints, and consequently, young Doctor
Leaving had to be called in; and it was
really wonderful to behold how rapidly
the patients improved under his skillful
treatment.

Tell us, O ye wise gentlemen of the
medical college, do the young doctors
carry about with them these diseases
carefully corked up in phials, and then
let them loose upon the female part
of the population? Or, why do they invari-
ably appear to themselves a young doctor
settling himself in any place?

Susie Maywood was in fact almost
the only one in the village that escaped
these distressing complaints, and yet,
strange to say, Doctor Leaving seemed
to think that she required more attention
than all the rest joined together; per-
haps he thought that the "fairy color
upon her cheek was the precursor of some
disease; at all events, wherever Susie
Maywood was, whether at church, or
singing school, quilting party, or sleighing
frolic, you might feel pretty well satisfied
that Doctor Leaving was not very far
off, unless he was attending to a patient.
I could never account for it, to myself,
why just at this particular time, Julia
Smith should be seized with such a violent
friendship for Susie Maywood; but
so it was, and from henceforth the walks
of our young doctor and Susie, were al-
ways enlivened by her presence, for how
could such intimate friends as she and
Susie be separated? If Susie felt any
annoyance at these interruptions, she was
wise enough not to show it, but there
were some among the village gossips who
said that Doctor Leaving's brow occa-
sionally wore a cloud upon it.

Julia Smith was the antipodes of Susie
Maywood, in almost everything. She
had reached her twenty-ninth year in a
state of single blessedness, some said be-
cause she had never had an offer; she
said, because she had been so hard to
please; however, she did not own to more
than twenty-two summers. Her parents
had both been dead some years, and from
her father she inherited a small fortune,
barely enough to keep her in very plain
style, but as no one but herself knew ex-
actly how much he had left, she was in-
debted to her own good sense in not allow-
ing her friends to know that she was any-
thing larger than in reality. She was
very highly and discreetly, in her
manners towards those whom she
considered her inferiors. In person she
was tall and thin, with a pale yellow com-
plexion, and a profusion of long ringlets
which made her face look longer and thin-
ner than it really was. She affected the
sentimental style, and was in the habit
of repeating scraps of sentimental poetry,
and singing love ditties in a harsh disor-
derly voice. She lived with an old maid
sunt, in a small white cottage, over-
grown with roses and honey-suckles, a
beautiful little place it was, with its small
garden kept in such trim, order, and full
of lovely flowers, for the old aunt was
very fond of flowers, and spent the most
of her time in the garden.

When Doctor Leaving came to our
village, the fair Julia began to apply a
little more to her pallid cheeks, and to
assume a more showy style of dress; in
short it was evident to all that she was
trying hard to captivate our young doc-
tor. When she found that she could not
draw him into her house any other way,
she was taken with a violent attack of
the neuralgia, and sent for him in a

great hurry. He found her gracefully
reclining on a sofa in the best parlor, ar-
ranged in virgin white, and with her long
ringlets arranged to the best advantage.
One hand supported her head, while in
the other she held a handsomely bound
copy of Byron's Child Harold. During
the young doctor's visit, she took occa-
sion to inform him that she was an or-
phan, just twenty-two years of age, pos-
sessing considerable property; that her
spirits really suffered for want of a con-
genial companion, there were so few in a
village like Rose Vale, capable of under-
standing or appreciating a mind like hers.
She then informed him that she doted on
poetry, and inquired if he, also, admired
it. On receiving an answer in the affirma-
tive, she handed him the book, saying
that there was a certain passage that she
had been trying to read, but the pain in
her head was so severe that she could
not do it. Would he be kind enough to
read it for her?

Doctor Leaving was a beautiful reader,
and he read the passage in the poem
with a good deal of feeling. Miss Smith
was enchanted, and begged him to come
often to see her, that she might enjoy the
privilege of hearing such beautiful read-
ing frequently.

Doctor Leaving was not long in find-
ing out that Miss Smith's disease was
an imaginary one, and prescribed accord-
ingly; and notwithstanding she contrived
to send for him nearly every day, on
some pretext or other, she made his visits
as "few and far between" as possible. Then
at once she conceived a violent
friendship for Susie Maywood. Perhaps
if she could have known what a contrast
she formed, with her artificial complexion,
and affected ways, to the lovely, innocent,
child-like Susie, she would not have been
so anxious to have been so near her; but
Julia was vain, and thought herself a
beauty.

Sweet Susie Maywood, no borrowed
color needed she; with her lovely flower-
like complexion, her hair was fairer than
Susie's, no blush rose ever (how a
lovelier tint than that which glowed on
her young cheeks, and no violet ever bore
a deeper, lovelier blue, than that which
dwelt in Susie's eyes. No wonder,
then, that Doctor Leaving loved to look
upon that sweet, sunny face, or that he
turned away with disgust from her arti-
ficial friend after looking at Susie.

One day about this time, there came a
letter for Doctor Leaving, requesting his
immediate presence at the death-bed
of a distant relative, who had expressed
a great desire to see him before her
death. He received this letter just before
the stage started, and had barely time
to pack up a few clothes, and write a
note to Doctor Black, requesting him
to attend to his patients in his absence,
before he left the village, nearly three
miles, very much that he had no time to call
upon Susie Maywood before he left, but
chanced himself with the thought that
his absence would not be of long dura-
tion. True, he had never spoken in
words of his love to Susie, but every look,
every action had expressed it.

He found his relative apparently dy-
ing, bus-day after day she lingered, and
still they thought that every day would
certainly be the last. She survived for
nearly three weeks in this manner, and
still Doctor Leaving was obliged to re-
main. The preparations for the funeral,
and some other business that he found
himself compelled to attend to, detained
him nearly three weeks longer. When
the will was read, to his surprise, Doctor
Leaving found that she had left him
four thousand dollars, nearly three times
as much as he supposed the old lady was
worth. A thrill of joy shot through his
heart, as he heard the welcome news,
for he thought that there would now be
no obstacle in the way of his marriage
with Susie.

With a happy heart he made prepara-
tions to return home, and as the spirit of
the village church burst upon his view,
he could almost have shouted aloud for
joy. When he reached his home he was
informed that Miss Julia Smith had left
a message for him to come to her house
immediately on his return. Thinking
that perhaps she really was sick now, and
knowing that from her he could obtain
news of his beloved Susie, Doctor Leave-
ing hastened to remove from his clothes
the vestiges of his journey, and then ter-
med his steps towards her abode. He
found Miss Julia in her usual health, but
on enquiring for Susie she appeared ex-
tremely agitated, and at length exclaim-
ed—

"O, I do so dread to inflict such a pang
on your sensitive heart, Dr. Leaving, but
recollect that there are others farther
lovelier far, still left; others whose minds
are more capable of appreciating an in-
tellect like yours; others, whose great-
est joy would be—"

"For Heaven's sake," impatiently in-
terrupted Dr. Leaving, "tell me, is Miss
Maywood dead?"

"Dead! no! worse than dead, tragically
ill!" exclaimed Miss Smith; "she is
false; she has forsaken you for a richer
lover!"

"God forgive her then," said Dr. Leave-
ing; "for destroying the brightest dream
that ever blessed the heart of man; but
she is innocent; it is I, I alone, who am
to blame; for that I was to leave her
without one word of love. A richer lover
say you? How know you that? If it
be riches that she wants, I have plenty.
I have come home rich, and O! wretched
man that I am, my dearest treasure
has been stolen!"

And he covered his face with his hands,
while large, burning tears drips forced
their way through his fingers, for when a
man weeps it is the very life drops pour-
ing from his heart. To women, tears
are a relief, a comfort; but for the
dear, anxious man, that can "bring these
drops from his eyes," and "bring Doctor
Leaving to his knees," it is a relief,
brief momentary, he yielded to this
weakness. Surely, for such a prize as Susie,
he might be forgiven these tears.

You distress me beyond measure,
Doctor Leaving," said Miss Smith; "she
is unworthy of this situation; she is
it is over now," said he; "forget that
you have seen me give way to this un-
manly weakness. I did not think I was
so much of a child. Tell me about it now;
where did you get your information?"

From Miss Maywood, herself, said
the deceitful Julia. "The very day after
you left, a young merchant from New
York, Mr. Moore, came on a visit to
Loverly Adams of this place. Just before
you came to Rose Vale to reside,
Miss Maywood spent a couple of months
with an aunt of hers who lives in New
York, and it was there that she became
acquainted with Mr. Moore, who fell vio-
lently in love with her. He owned pub-
licly that it was for her alone that he
made the visit to this place. I spoke to
her about it, one day, in a jesting man-
ner; she made no attempt to deny it, and
in fact owned that her marriage would
soon take place."

"Then it is all true, and there can be no
misunderstanding about it," said Dr. Leave-
ing.

"None whatever," replied Miss Smith,
and again she ventured to intimate that
all hearts were not so inconstant as Susie's.

As may be supposed, our young doctor
was not in mood to listen with patience
to anything of the kind, so, leaving the
deceitful girl to rejoice over the success
of her falsehoods, he hastened to his home
again.

It was rather a bold undertaking, on
her part, for she knew that if she should
be found out, she would be disgraced for-
ever in Rose Vale, and she considered the
worst part of her task over now;
Susie, she thought, would be easily man-
aged. Just give Susie a hint that Doc-
tor Leaving had been trifling with her
feelings, while he was really attached to
her; and she knew that Susie would
determine that let her have been kinder
than Susie, no blush rose ever (how a
lovelier tint than that which glowed on
her young cheeks, and no violet ever bore
a deeper, lovelier blue, than that which
dwelt in Susie's eyes. No wonder,
then, that Doctor Leaving loved to look
upon that sweet, sunny face, or that he
turned away with disgust from her arti-
ficial friend after looking at Susie.

CHAPTER II.

"Then I recall thy looks and words and think
How could they wear such true such tender
I think till I can bear no more, and shrink,
And mock myself for all such idle dreaming."
—MISS LINDSAY.

Not one doubt of the truth of Miss
Smith's statement entered into Doctor
Leaving's mind. When he returned to
his office he sat down and tried to recall
to his mind every encouragement that
Susie Maywood had ever given him for
believing that she returned his love. The
more he thought about it the more con-
vinced he became that she had really
loved him, and the more provoked he felt
at himself for not having written to her.

"But perhaps," said he to himself, "at
length, what a fool I am for thinking
about her so much. If her love would
not stand the test of a few weeks' ab-
sence, it must have been very weak in-
deed. I will banish her image from my
thoughts."

Very well resolved, Doctor Leaving!
The only difficulty in the way is that
good resolutions are sometimes hard to
keep, and the more he strove to banish
her from his thoughts, the more he kept
thinking about her. Strive as he would
those bright blue eyes would keep haunt-
ing him, and that soft, sweet voice ever
lingered in his ears. So he went out to
visit his patients, carefully avoiding going
anywhere near Farmer Maywood.

In the meantime, poor Susie, having
heard of his return home, was anxiously
awaiting a visit from him, but the day,
and still he did not come. Busy tongues
were not long in carrying her the news
that he had been to see Julia Smith as
soon as he got home.

"What if it was Julia Smith that he
loved all along, instead of her? No! the
thought was too dreadful; she would
not think of such a thing for a moment;
he had probably been detained by some
of his patients, and would be around to
see her early in the morning."

So Susie said to herself, and thus she
tried to calm her fears, but nevertheless,
her pillow was well watered with her
tears that night, and the next morning
her eyes looked so red and swollen that
her good parents felt quite uneasy about
her; but Susie said that nothing ailed her
but a headache which would soon pass
off.

The morning slowly dragged itself in-
to noon, noon into evening, and evening
into night, and still Doctor Leaving
came not. A week passed by, and still
he carefully avoided her, and Susie's
headache, instead of getting better, grew
worse, while her cheeks lost the beau-
tiful color they were wont to wear. Still
Susie laughed away her parents' fears,
and said that she would soon be well.
At last she put on her bonnet and went
round to see Julia Smith, determining to
find out from her what ailed Doctor Leave-
ing.

Julia received her with open arms,
and told her that she was the very person
that she wanted to see, as she wished to
consult her on a matter of great impor-
tance. She then informed Susie that
Doctor Leaving had become very much
attached to her, and she had every reason
to believe that the only thing that kept
him from marrying her was the fear that
his previous attentions to Susie might
have led her to believe she had won his
affections.

And I know my dear Susie, said the
artful girl, "that if Doctor Leaving had
the least idea that he had won your heart,
or had given you reason for supposing his
intentions to be serious, he is so honora-
ble that he would not scruple to sacrifice
his own happiness for the sake of secur-
ing yours. Tell me about it now; where
did you get your information?"

"Tell Doctor Leaving for me," said
Susie, while her lip curled proudly, "that
he need have no fears on my account."
Tell him that Susan Maywood is not to
be so lightly won as to give her affections
unsought to the first man who pays her a
few trifling attentions. As far as I am
concerned, Doctor Leaving is free to
marry whoever and whenever he may
choose."

"How I rejoice to hear you say so my
dear," exclaimed Miss Smith; "then you
are going to marry Mr. Moore, are you
not, Susie? Ah, you little rogue, you, I
thought so from the first."

"You are mistaken, Julia," said Susie
endeavouring to speak calmly; "I have
told you all along that Mr. Moore does not
love me; that I do not, and never can love
him; I do not know that it is altogether
honorable to tell anything of the kind, but
I feel assured, Julia, that you will never
mention it again—Mr. Moore did
make me an offer of marriage, which I
refused most positively. I am too young
to marry yet. I have no wish to leave
my parents; so please dear Julia, let the
subject drop."

It was a difficult matter for Susie to
preserve her calmness to the end of her
visit, but she did do it. When she reach-
ed home again, she told her mother that
she did not feel well, and would lie down
for an hour or two. When her mother
went up to see if she felt any better, she
found her delirious. Old Dr. Black was
sent for, and he said it was a brain fever.
For nearly three weeks Susie hovered be-
tween life and death. At times hope was
nearly extinct in the breasts of those who
waited on her, and old Farmer Maywood
hung over his daughter and wept like a
child. It was pitiful to hear her beg
them to take her and lay her on the cool
ground, where the dew drops might fall
in a silvery shower around her, and upon
her burning head; it would make her feel
so cool and pleasant, she said; then she
would cry out that Julia Smith was kill-
ing her; that she had put a weight upon
her heart that was crushing her to the
earth.

"O, I am so young, so young to die!"
she would exclaim; "cruel, cruel Julia!"

At length the fever left her, and she lay
as listless and feeble as an infant. And
how did Doctor Leaving, all this time,
like a man distracted, at first he watched
over her in her delirium; for it was soon
found necessary to call in his assistance too.
As a mother watches over the sick bed of
her only child, so he watched over Susie;
he seemed to have no thought for anything
else. His constant wish was—

"O, that she would only return to con-
sciousness that she might know how I have
loved her!"

He learned enough from Susie's wander-
ing exclamations to know that she loved him
still, and that Miss Smith had deceived him.
When at length her fever was broken, the
strength that had sustained him through the
dangers of part of illness, gave way; and,
throwing himself on Mrs. Maywood's feet,
he laid his head on her lap, and wept like
a child, while the good old lady mingled her
tears with his, for she had learned to love
him as a son already.

For three weeks he had watched over Susie,
preparing all her medicines, and giving
them to her with his own hand, doing al-
most without food or sleep, all his faculties
employed on the one object—restoring Susie
to life and health.

About a week after she had taken a change
for the better, she was able to sit up in bed,
propped up with pillows. She looked so
delicate and fragile, that she seemed scarcely
to belong to earth; but the mother, as she
quietly arranged the room, felt a thrill of joy
every time she looked on the pallid face of
her daughter, to think that now all danger
was past.

"Dr. Leaving will soon be here, my love,"
said the kind mother, as she stooped to ar-
range the pillows more comfortably. "A
fair smile brightened Susie's face, while a
delicious rose tinge stole to her sunny cheek.
The next moment Dr. Leaving was an-
nounced. He held in his hand a beautiful
bouquet of moss roses, with their half opened
buds.

"These are for the fair invalid," said he,
as he approached the bed and took Susie's
hand in his. He felt her pulse, and then
said gently, you are so much better to-day
my dear patient, that I think I may safely
venture to make a confession to you. Do
not leave the room, dear mother, you have a
right to hear it too; and you, my dear patient,
must remain perfectly quiet, and not inter-
rupt me. Stay, I will hold this little hand,
so I can tell by your pulse when I have said
enough."

"When I first saw you, dear Susie, I loved
you, fondly, tenderly, truly, fervently, as ever
woman was loved by man, and from that
hour to this my love has never wavered."
When I was unexpectedly called away from
her to the death bed of a distant relative
it was so suddenly that I had no time to
make my sentiments known to you. I should
have written to you while away, but I was expect-
ing to return home every day. On my return
home, I found a message awaiting me
from Miss Smith and supposing that she was
sick, I hastened to visit her. You can have
no idea what my feelings were, when she in-
formed me that during my absence, a rival
had robbed me of my idol, that my precious
Susie was about to become the bride of another.

"It is possible that she told such a false-
hood," interrupted Susie. "And she told
me you loved her, and was only delayed
from proposing to her, from the fear that I
considered you bound to me."
"Wretched girl," exclaimed Doctor Leave-
ing; "but I can readily believe that she would
not stop for any falsehood, after what she
told me. She told me that she told her
that your marriage with Mr. Moore would

soon take place. I had no thought of dis-
believing her, and her words nearly drove
me to despair. I resolved to avoid you as much
as possible, and was making preparations to
leave the village forever, when you were taken
sick. In your delirium I learned that she
had deceived me in regard to your affections,
and from your dear mother I learned that
you rejected Mr. Moore. And now, dear
Susie, I am richer by forty thousand dollars
than when I came to Rose Vale first. Will
you marry me and be my own dear wife?
I will you accept a legacy that has never
before? One little word my darling Susie,
She looked up into her lover's face with a
happy, blissful smile, and then laid her bright
head trustingly on his breast; and, though
no word was spoken, Doctor Leaving must
have been hard to please if he was not satis-
fied. From that time Susie's recovery to
health was very rapid. In a couple of months
afterwards what busy times we had in Rose
Vale. Such a bustle as there was in Farmer
Maywood's kitchen! Such a baking of
wedding cakes! Such a making of jellies!
Such a preserving of fruit of all kinds! Such
a squeezing of lemons, was never seen before
or since. Then up in the best room what a
display of wedding dresses, with on the bed
lay a snowy robe of india muslin, trimmed
with white lace, and by its side a crest of
white rose-buds, and a handsomely embroi-
dered veil. Then what a gathering of guests
there was at Farmer Maywood's, that evening
and just as the clock struck nine, out
Susie, lovelier than ever, and adorned with
the snowy robe, rose-bud, wreath and veil,
entered the room leaning on the arm of her
young doctor. Then up rose all the holy
wives that bound that youthful couple to-
gether for all their future life. Proud, and
lovely, she was the bride of her dear
gentle wife by his side, while her face was
perfectly radiant with happiness.

It is, perhaps needless to say, that Julia
Smith was not at the wedding. Mortified
and disappointed at the failure of her plans
she left Rose Vale forever, to the great
joy of most of its inhabitants. When we last
heard from her, she was trying to captivate
a widower, with seven children, and there was
some prospect of her success.

Doctor Leaving built a very large, and
handsome house, and in the village, the
"great house." Our Susie is now the happy
mother of two lovely children, a boy and girl,
except that she is a little stouter, she looks
as youthful, and the doctor says, a great
deal handsomer, than she did on her wedding
day. He almost idolizes his lovely wife, while
she regards him with a proud, trusting, joyous
love, and you would have to search a
long time before you would find a handsom-
er, happier couple than our young doctor
and his gentle Susie.

Rules for Home Education.

The following are worthy of being printed
in letters of gold, and being placed in a con-
spicuous position in every household.

1. From your children's earliest infancy, you must inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.
2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean exactly what you say.
3. Never allow them anything unless you are sure that you can give them what you promise.
4. If you tell a child to do something, show him how to do it, and see that it is done.
5. Always punish your children for willfully disobeying you, but never punish in anger.
6. Never let them see that they can vanquish you or make you lose your self command.
7. If they give way to petulance and temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.
8. Remind them that a little present punishment, when the occasion arises, is much more effectual than the threatening of a great one, should the fault be renewed.
9. Never give your children anything because they cry for it.
10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden, under the same circumstances, at another.
11. Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good, is to be good.
12. Accustom them to make their little replets with perfect truth.
13. Never allow of idle bragging.

A Biblical Reputation.

One of the Boston Museum's old and valued correspondents, Mr. Lord, who is now residing in Illinois, was a short time riding from Jacksonville to Peoria in that State, and as he was passing a small hut by the roadside, he noticed a shaggy headed boy, of about eight years of age, with large eyes and no hat, dressed in an old worn out pair of his father's trousers, trying to business himself on the splinted top of a hickory stump.

More for the purpose of breaking the monotony of riding all day without speaking than to gain information, Mr. Lord raised his horse up to the fence and exclaimed—

"My little boy, can you tell me how far it is to Sangamon Bottom?"

The boy opened his eyes to their largest extent, and replied—

"About six miles, I reckon."

"Do you live in that house?" inquired Mr. Lord.

"Yes, my father."

"Do you enjoy yourself out here in the woods?"

"A heap."

"What are your parents?" says Lord.

"Tore 'em," was the laconic answer.

Finding that he had hold of a genius who could not be pumped, Mr. Lord turned his head to depart, but in his turn was halted by the boy, who in a half reluctant tone exclaimed—

"What about your name?"

"Lord," was the reply.

The boy here grinned all over, even to the wrinkles in his father's trousers and seemed hardly able to suppress a broad snicker.

"You seem pleased," said Lord; "perhaps you never heard the name before?"

"Yes I have; indeed, my father has heard your name read about the youngsters."

Lord put down to his horse and said that even the sacred thoughts to which the student gave rise were not sufficient to keep him from snickering throughout the rest of his journey.

On a bright summer day an Englishman was disporting himself in his pleasure yacht, some fifteen or twenty miles from a populous Italian port on the Mediterranean; now sailing before the wind, now tacking and beating up, and altogether enjoying and carousing with his craft as if it had been a favorite charger. All at once he became aware that a curious, odd-looking sail, not quite so large as his own, about half a mile away, was beating down upon him, at length he thought that the ugly, clumsy craft was destined to have a fatal "head on" collision with his own vessel. The Englishman, who was at the helm, saw that the ugly customer had the best of it, by some miles and a half into port, and had furled his sails, and made all fast, and was about to go down to grub, when a message came from the owner of the yacht, desiring to see the captain of the Italian schooner that had so gallantly contested the palm of victory with him. The Englishman went. Having arrived in the presence, the commander said—

"Well, sir, you have achieved a great triumph; you have outdone the yacht of the royal squadron; and she, your triumphant competitor, that has never before in a contest before."

"Do tell me, Jonathan," said the captain, "what a good that has my schooner had? The ugly customer beat the best of it by some miles and a half into port, and had furled his sails, and made all fast, and was about to go down to grub, when a message came from the owner of the yacht, desiring to see the captain of the Italian schooner that had so gallantly contested the palm of victory with him. The Englishman went. Having arrived in the presence, the commander said—

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"Well, sir, you have achieved a great triumph; you have outdone the yacht of the royal squadron; and she, your triumphant competitor, that has never before in a contest before."

Russell's Advertisement.

FRIENDS AND NEIGHBOURS—Having just opened a commodious shop for the sale of Liquid Fire. Take this early opportunity of informing you that, on Saturday next, I shall commence the business of making drunkards paupers, and beggars, for the sober, industrious, and respectable portion of community to support.

I shall deal in "familiar spirits," which will excite men to deeds of riot, robbery, and blood; and by so doing, diminish the comforts, augment the expenses, and endanger the welfare of the community.

I will undertake, at short notice, for a small sum, and with the greatest expedition to prepare victims for the asylum, the poor house, the prison and the gallows.

I will furnish an article that will increase the number of fatal diseases, and render those that are born destitute of limbs.

I will deal in drugs that will deprive some of life, some of reason, some of property, and all of peace, which will cause fathers to be fields; wives, widows; children, orphans; and all mendicants.

I will cause the rising generation to grow up in ignorance, and prove a burden and a nuisance to the nation.

I will cause mothers to forget their sickening infants; virgins their precious innocence.

I will corrupt the ministers of religion; obstruct the progress of the Gospel; debase the purity of the church, and cause temporal, spiritual and eternal death; and if any should be so imprudent as to ask why I have the audacity to bring down accumulated misery upon a comparatively happy people, my non-est replied—Money.

The spirit trader's narrative, and some profane christians give it a cheerful countenance.

I have a license, and if I do not bring these evils upon you, somebody else will.

I live in a land of liberty.

I have purchased the right to demolish the character; destroy the health, shorten the lives and ruin the souls of those who choose to honor me with their custom.

I pledge myself to do all I have herein promised. Those who wish any of the evils above specified, brought upon themselves, or their dearest friends, are requested to meet me at my bar, where I will, for a few cents, furnish them with the certain means of doing so.

A BREVET CARRE—The best specimen of original criticism ever heard of was in a stage coach ride to Berry Grove. Three of us were talking about Adam and the fall. The point of discussion was the apparent impossibility that a perfect man, like Adam, could commit sin.

But he wasn't perfect," said one of the three.

"Wasn't perfect," we ejaculated in amazement, but wasn't perfect," repeated our conversation.

"What do you mean by wasn't perfect?"

"Well," answered the authority, "he was made perfect; I admit, but he didn't stay perfect."

"How?"

"Why, wasn't one of his ribs removed? If he was perfect with all the ribs, he was not perfect after losing one, was he? Say!"

"Oh, say, was a silence. We were contemplating the woman, was the cause of man's original temptation.

CAREER FOR DANIELS.

It is stated that a gentleman, three years ago, just been finished at Glasgow, Scotland, for the White House at Washington. It measures 80 feet long by 40 feet wide; the portion within the room without being built 100 feet by 50 feet, and the remainder consists of a kitchen, a sewer, a wash-house, a bath, a chamber, a stable, and a carriage box. The building is of the best of the material, and is a very fine specimen of architecture. It is a three-story building, with a central tower, and a balcony on the second story. The interior is finished with the finest materials, and is a most comfortable and convenient dwelling. The cost of the building was \$100,000.

The building is now being prepared for the residence of the President of the United States. It is situated on the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Constitution Avenue, and is a most prominent building in the city of Washington. It is a beautiful example of the architecture of the United States, and is a most desirable residence for the President.

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