THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

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

VOLUME 29—NUMBER 14. MONTROSE, THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1854. WHOLE NUMBER, 1521.

"POET'S CORNER."

From the St. Louis Republican.

WILLIE BELL.

Down in yonder shadowed valley
Where the death-tide's waters roll,
Where huge phantoms ever dally
In the gloom with measur'd swell—
Thither went, our heart-strings breaking,
Little, loving Willie Bell.

All the spring-time played he gladly,
With the sunbeams from the sky—
In the summer watched he sadly
All the spring flow'rs fade and die;
And he wandered by the brook-side,
Where the gushing waters fell—
Where the angels sang at night-tide
Music low to Willie Bell.

But when summer blossoms faded,
And the autumn leaves flew by—
When the gentle buds were shaded
By the snow-wreaths from on high;
Then a voice came down from Heaven,
Like the waves in winding shell,
And an angel crown was given,
To the brow of Willie Bell.

Folded then his hands of whiteness,
O'er the marble, lifeless breast;
While sweet strains from harps of brightness
Welcomed him to heavenly rest;
And the eyes of blue were closing
O'er the cheek where death-damps fell,
While in dreamless sleep reposing,
Was the form of Willie Bell.

Down within the grassy meadow,
Down within the silent vale,
Where at even comes the shadow
Of the moonbeams, still and pale:
There, upon the cold earth's bosom,
'Mid the snow-flakes as they fell,
Laid we our bright summer blossom,
Lov'd in death, sweet Willie Bell.

The Bugle Song.

BY TENNYSON.

The splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark! O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying,
Blow, bugle; answer echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill, or field, or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

TALES AND SKETCHES.

THE ROMANCE OF LIFE INSURANCE.

SINGULAR CASES OF FRAUD.

A work recently published in London, gives an account of various means sometimes resorted to by individuals, to unlawfully obtain money from Life Assurance Companies, by false representation concerning the decease of the insured. The two following cases are curious and interesting:

As the evening of an autumnal day began to close, four men might have been seen hiring a boat at one of the numerous stairs below Blackfriar's Bridge. Their appearance was that of the middle order, but the reckless daring which characterized their air and manner, marked them as of the class which live by other's losses. By the time they had rowed some distance up the river, the only light that guided them was the reflection of the lamps which fringed it, and no sooner were they shrouded by the darkness of the night, than, without apparent cause, the boat was upset, and the four precipitated into the Thames. They were close to land, and while they buffeted the tide and made their way, they hallooed lustily for help, which as the shore was now ringing with noise of boats and boatmen putting off to their assistance, was soon rendered. Of the four who started, only three landed together, and great was their outcry for their lost companion. The alarm was immediately given: all that skill could do to recover their friend was tried, but the night was too dark to render human aid of much avail. It was pitiable to witness the grief of those who were saved, who on finding nothing more could be done, were obliged to content themselves with offering a reward for the body, coupled with a promise to return early in the morning. They then went away, and the scene resumed its ordinary quiet.

A few hours after this, at the dead of night, a second boat, with the same men, pursued its silent and almost solitary course up the river towards the scene of the previous misfortune. With them was a large suspicious looking bundle, which, when they arrived at a spot suitable to their purpose, they lifted in their arms, placing their horrible burden—for it was the body of a dead man—where, from their judgment and knowledge of the tide, the corpse of their friend would be sought. Favored by darkness and by night, they accomplished their object, again rowing down the stream to an obscure abode in the neighborhood of Greenwich. When morning began to break they returned once more to the place which witnessed their mysterious midnight visit, where with much anxiety they asked for tidings of their companion.—The reply was what they had expected. A body had been found—it was that which had been placed on the strand—and this they at once identified as that of the friend who had been with them in the boat, and for whom they had offered a reward. A coroner's jury sat upon the remains, a verdict of accidental death was recorded, and the object of the conspirators fairly achieved. The object was to defraud an insurance office of a very large amount—for the missing man had not been drowned; grief was only simulated; and the body which had been placed on the bank of the Thames, had been procured to consummate the deception.

Against a fraud planned with so much skill, no official regulation could guard, and when the papers containing the report of the inquest, and the identity of the body, were, forwarded to the office as the ground work of a claim for the representative of the deceased, not a doubt could have been entertained of its justice. It was true that the claimant, under his will, was his mistress; that his executors were the persons who perpetrated the fraud; and were with him at the time of the accident; but there were the broad and indisputable facts to be disposed of, that the insured man had met with a sudden and accidental death, and this was attested by the verdict of a jury. The money was paid, and with that portion of it which came to the deceased, he went to Paris. In that gay capitol, with a mistress as expensive in her habits as himself, the cash was soon spent, and so successful had been the first attempt in this line that it seemed a pity for a gentleman thus accomplished, to abandon a mine so rich. Shortly, therefore, after the previous fraud, an application was made from Liverpool to an office in London, to insure the life of a gentleman for £20,000. The applicant was represented as a commercial traveller and permission was sought to extend the privilege of travelling to America. The insurance was effected, and when only a few months had elapsed, information was received by the company that the insured gentlemen, while bathing in one of the great American Lakes, had been drowned; that his clothes had been found; and in verification of this, all the necessary documents were lodged in due time. As the death and identity of the traveller seemed clearly established, the office intimated its readiness to pay the policy at the end of three months which seemed a long period to those who felt the uncertain tenure by which the claim was held; so, to induce the office, they offered a large and unbusinesslike discount. This together, perhaps, with some suspicions created by the manner of the applicant, placed the office on its guard. Inquiries were soon instituted, and discoveries made which induced them to proceed still further; but no sooner was it found that close inquisition was being entered on, than the claim was abandoned, and the claimants seen no more at the office.

About 1738, two persons resided in the then obscure suburbs of St. Giles, one of whom was a woman of about twenty, the other a man whose age would have allowed him to be the woman's father. Their position might be characterized by the modern term 'shabby genteel.' They kept little company and little was remarked of them beyond the fact that the man was tall and military looking, and the woman, though handsome, haughty and frigid. On a sudden the latter was taken ill in the night. The man procured assistance and on arrival of the leech, his daughter was found in agony, and soon became insensible, and died in his presence. The doctor laid his hand on her heart, shook his head, intimating that all was over, and went his way. The searchers came, and the coffin and its contents were committed to the earth. Immediately after, the bereaved father claimed from the undersigned writers a sum insured on his daughter's life and left the place.

No great time had elapsed, when the neighborhood of Queen Square began to shake its head at the rather suspicious connection which existed between one of the inmates of a house in that locality, and a lady who resided with him. The gentleman assumed the title of captain and the style of a macaroni, and, visited Ranleagh with the lady, who accompanied him everywhere. Being apparently wealthy he attained a certain position—was known as a dabbler in the funds, and was at Lloyd's and Garraway's chiefly affecting the company of assurers.—His house soon became the resort of the young bloods of the day, when, if they lost their money, they were repaid by a glance from the goddess of the place. It was noticed that the master of the house never lost—and no doubt his current expenses were met by his gambling gains. Any one possessed of sufficient discrimination might have recognised in the captain and his inamorata the father and daughter of the suburbs of St. Giles. The same mock tragedy was again reacted. The lady was seized with spasms at the heart, which seemed to convulse her frame, and again the man was in an agony of despair. Physicians were sent for in haste; one only arrived in time to see her die; the rest satisfied that life had departed. After a sham funeral, the gallant captain claimed and received from various underwriters, with whom he had assured the life of the lady, sums amounting to many thousands.

A few days later a mature-looking personage appeared daily on the walks of Liverpool in the character of a merchant. Deep in the mysteries of corn and cotton, a constant attendant at church, a subscriber to local charities, and a giver of good dinners, he soon became generally respected. The hospitalities of the house were gracefully dispensed by a lady who passed as his niece, and for a time all went on smoothly. At length it became whispered abroad that his speculations were not so successful as usual, and his own admissions gave a sanction to the whisper. It soon became advisable to borrow money on the property belonging to his neice. To do so they must insure her life for about £2,000. This was easy enough.—Secrecy was necessary for the sake of his credit, and under cover of this he effected different assurances for £2,000 each, in London, and elsewhere. Again he had the game in his hand—again the lady fell suddenly ill and died of convulsions. There was no haste in forwarding the funeral—the body lay almost in state, and was visited by numerous friends who called to see the last of her. The physician certified she had died of a complaint he could scarcely name, and the grave received a coffin. The merchant retained his position in Liverpool, and bore his sorrow with dignity, scarcely alluding to the assurances that were due, and affecting indifference when they were named. But he had selected his victims with skill—they were safe men; and he duly received the money. From this period he seemed to decline in health—change of air was prescribed—and thus the desponding father, the gallant captain and the respectable merchant, got clear off with his enormous booty, chuckling at the success of his infamous scheme.

GONE RIGHT OVER IT.—I have a friend, whose ready wit often enlivens the social circle and sometimes also faithfully serves the cause of truth. One Sabbath morning, as he stepped from his house to go to church, he met a stranger driving a heavily loaded wagon through the town. He turned upon him, stopped, lifted both hands and in a tragic attitude, gazing upon the ground beneath the vehicle and exclaimed, "there! there! you are going right over it! You have gone right over it!" The traveller hastily gathered up his reins, drew in his horses, came to a dead stand, and began looking under his wheels to see what little innocent child, or dog, or pig, might have been ground to jelly by their heavy weight. But seeing nothing, he looked anxiously up to the man who had so singularly arrested his progress, and said, 'over what!' 'The fourth commandment,' was the quick reply—'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.' It was hard starting those wheels again, and hard hauling that load all the rest of the day.—*Norwich Examiner.*

THE LADY who drew a comparison, had to pull pretty hard, and seriously injured the muscular system.

THE FOOL'S PENCE.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

In the year 183–, in a handsomely furnished parlor which opened out of that noted London gin shop called "The Punch Bowl," sat its mistress, the gaudily dressed Mrs. Crowder, conversing with an obsequious neighbor.

'Why, Mrs. Crowder, I really must say you have things in the first style! What elegant papering! what noble chairs! what a pair of fire-screens! all so bright and fresh! Then, the elegant stone copings to your windows, and those beautiful French window frames! And you have been sending your daughter to the genteelest boarding school; your shop is the best fitted in all this part of London. Where can you find the needful for these things? Dear Mrs. Crowder, how do you manage?'

Mrs. Crowder simpered, and cast a look of smiling contempt through the half open door into the shop, filled with droughty customers. 'The fool's pence! 'tis the fool's pence that does it for us,' she said—and her voice rose, more shrill and louder than usual, with the triumph she felt.

Her words reached the ears of one customer, George Manly, the carpenter, who stood near the counter. Turning his eyes upon those around him, he saw pale, sunken cheeks, inflamed eyes, and ragged garments. He then turned them upon the stately apartment, he looked through the door into the parlor, and saw looking-glasses and pictures, and gilding and fine furniture, and a rich carpet; and Miss Lucy in a silk gown at her piano; and he thought to himself how strange it is! how curious it is that all this wretchedness on my left hand should be made to turn into all this rich finery on my right.

'Well, sir, and what's for you?' said a shrill voice, which made the 'fool's pence' ring in his ears.

'A glass of gin, ma'am is what I am waiting for; but I think I have paid the last *fool's pence* that I shall put down on this counter for many a long day.'

Manly hastened home. His wife and his two little girls were seated at work. They were thin and pale, really in want of food. The room looked very cheerless, and their fire was so small as hardly to be felt; yet the dullest observer would be struck with the neatness that reigned there.

It was a joyful surprise to them, his returning so early that night, and returning sober, and in good humor.

'Your eyes are weak to-night, wife,' said George, 'or else you have been crying. I'm afraid you work too much by candle-light.'

His wife smiled and said, 'working does not affect my eyes;' and beckoned to her little boy, who was standing apart, in a corner, evidently as a culprit.

'Why, John, what's this I see?' said his father. 'Come and tell me what you have been doing.'

'The baker came for his money to-night, and would not leave the loaves without it; but though he was cross and rough, he said mother was not to blame, and that he was sure you had been drinking away all the money; and when he was gone, mother cried over her work, but she did not say anything. I did not know she was crying till I saw her tears dropping on her hands; and then I said bad words, and mother put me in the corner.'

'Tell me what your bad words were, John,' said his father, 'not swearing, I hope!'

'No,' said John, coloring; 'I said you were a bad man—I said bad father!'

'And they were bad words, sure,' said his mother; 'but you are forgiven; so now bring me some coal from the box.'

George looked at the face of his wife, and as he met the tender gaze of her mild eyes now turned to him, he felt the tears rise in his own. He rose up and putting money into her hands, he said, 'There are my week's wages. Come, come, hold out both hands, for you have not got all yet. Lay it out for the best, as you always do. I hope this will be a beginning of better doing on my part, and happier days on yours.'

George told his wife, after the children were gone to bed, that when he saw what the pence of the poor could do towards keeping up a fine house, and dressing out the landlord's wife and daughters, and when he tho't of his own hard-working, uncomplaining Susan, and his children in want, and almost in rags, while he was sitting drinking, night after night, destroying his health and strength, he was so struck with sorrow and shame, that he seemed to have come to himself at last. He determined from that hour never again to put the intoxicating glass to his lips.

More than a year afterwards, on a Sunday afternoon, as Mrs. Crowder, of the Punch Bowl, was walking with her daughter to the tea gardens, they were overtaken by a violent shower of rain, and had become at least half-drenched, when they entered a comfortable-looking house, distinguished by its comforts and tidiness, where two girls did all they could to wipe away the rain-drops and mud-splashes from the ladies' fine dresses and persons.

When all had been done that could be done, and as Miss Lucy said "they began to look themselves again," Mrs. Crowder, who was lolling in a huge arm-chair, and amusing herself by a stare at every one and everything in the room, suddenly started forward and addressing herself to the master of the house, whose Bible and whose face had just caught her eye, "Why my good man, we are old friends, I know your face, I'm certain, still there is some change in you, though I can't exactly say what it is.'

'I used to be in ragged clothes and out of health,' said George Manly, smilingly; 'now, thank God, I am comfortably clad, and in excellent health.'

'But how is it,' said Mrs. Crowder, 'that we never get a sight of you now!'

'Madam,' said he, 'I am sure I wish you well; nay, I have reason to thank you, for words of yours first opened my eyes to my own foolish and wicked course. My wife and children were half naked and half starved, only this time last year. Look at them, if you please, now—for sweet, contented looks, and decent clothes, I'll match them with any man's wife and children. And now, madam, I tell you, as you told a friend of yours one day last year—it's the *fools pence* that have done all this for us. The fool's pence! I ought rather to say the pence earned by honest industry, and spent so that we can ask the blessing of God upon the pence.

Mrs. Crowder never recovered the customer she had lost.

☞ There is one objection to people who "mean well," and that is they never can spare the time to carry out their meaning.

From the Philadelphia North American.

THE RUSSIAN LANGUAGE

MESSRS. EDITORS.—As the time is at hand when our countrymen will have constant occasion to pronounce Russian words, either of Generals or of places, and sometimes of things, finding myself one of a very limited number among us possessing some knowledge of the Russian language, I think it will be rendering an acceptable service to correct a few of the errors in the modes of writing such words with Roman characters, which are universally adopted in the English journals.

Before proceeding in my task it may be well to observe that of all the languages of Western Europe, none is so capable of rendering the sounds of the Russian language accurately as the English, it being defective in gutterals only, and, in common with all others, in its ability to embody the sound of one only of the thirty-six characters of which the Russian alphabet is composed, while many of the sounds of that alphabet no other western language can render at all.

A chief reason of the barbarisms perpetrated by English writers on Russian words, is the fact of their being received by them through the medium of the German and French languages, neither of which possesses our hard *v*, nor is capable of yielding the sound of *ch* as in *churn*, which is represented in the Russian language by a single character. Then there are some very simple rules of orthoepy, peculiar to the language, which it is necessary to know before words, though correctly written, can be properly pronounced.

To illustrate in both of these cases: Many of your readers may remember Southey's famous lines on the retreat of Napoleon from Russia, in which, giving the names of some of the principal Generals, he says, (I quote from memory:)

They come the man with a terrible name,
A name which all of you know very well,
But which no one can speak and no one can spell.

That name is, no doubt, a very difficult one, when transmuted from the German into the English alphabet. It is no other than *Tschitschagoff*, which if rendered properly would be expressed in our letters precisely as pronounced in the original, thus—*Cheechagoff*, the *ch* in both instances as in *churn* or *chop*.

Besides, as the Russians have *a* sign for the *ch*, they have one for the sound *sha*, (the *a* broad,) and one for the sound *Shtsha*, which probably no European but a Russian or Englishman can pronounce.

Of the words in which the Russian and English *vs* are perfectly identical in sound, there are thousands, while in as many the *v* as written in the Russian, is invariably pronounced soft, as our *ff*. This is always the case when it terminates a word, or is the last expressed consonant, for the nominative of most masculine substantives terminates with a mute. These *vs* all come to us in the German letter *w*, thus; *Sooworoff* they write *Suworow*; *Woronzoff*, *Woronzow*; *Kootoozoff*, *Kutuzow*, and so on. It will be found that this error pervades the orthography of all Russian words in which the above letters are used. They are universally wrong, as pronounced by an English reader, and for two reasons: First, neither the Russians, French nor Germans have any letter yielding the sound of our *w*; and secondly, the Germans sound their *w* like our *v*, their *v* answering to our *f*. Let all Americans, therefore, henceforth, in reading accounts of Russian events, bear in mind that whenever they see a *w* in a Russian word, if in the beginning or middle of the word, it should be pronounced *v*; if at the end, *ff*; and that wherever the unpronounceable combinations of *Tsch* are found, it is an awkward approximation to our English *ch*, as in *cheek*, *chat*, *chest*, *churn*, and so on, which letters exactly render the Russian sound.

Of course many words are erroneously written from other causes, as the Russian port familiar to our ears by the name of *Sebastopol*, which should be written *Seviastopol*, and that of *Tagaurog*, which should be written *Taganrok*.

But the greatest word in the Russian language applied to human affairs, is the one uniformly written by foreigners incorrectly, viz: TSAR. This, from some inexplicable cause, is naturalized in our language in the form of CZAR. The Russians have two letters, often confounded by foreigners as of the same force, which have very different sounds in the original. The one is rendered by our *ts*, and that is the initiative letter of the title of their sovereign; the other answers to our *z*, as in *zeal*, *zone*. This is the letter used in the names of *Kootoozoff*, *Zooboff*, &c. In writing these names with the letters *oo*, to be pronounced as in *root*, I obey the necessities of our language, as the Russians have a letter for the same sound, and another for that of our *u*, as in *mute*, and it is the letter sounding like *oo* that is used in spelling the above names.

Thus, gentlemen, I terminate my present chapter on the Russian language, which I should not have troubled you with, at all, but for a paragraph in your paper of this morning, in which its difficulties are greatly exaggerated.

Philadelphia, April 17, 1854.

Mutual Confidence.

The following illustration of mutual confidence 'will do;' it is up to the 19th century:—

Before an election in Pennsylvania, a few years since, Hans, who was a loco, went to see his father-in-law, who was a strong whig. 'How te to, Hans?' said the old man. 'How te to, fader?'—'How you coing to fote, dis fall, Hans?' 'Oh, mit de locus, (locos) of course, fader.' 'Vot! you coing to fote dat lokus dicket?' 'Yiz, fider, you know I'a a lokus, and I must fote the lokus ticket.' 'Now Hans, I'll dell you vot I'll do mit you. You no go to the bolls, and no fote for de lokus and I no go to de bolls and no fote for the vigs, and den you see—don't you, eh? Hans.' 'Yiz, fader.' 'Now don't you forget, Hans.' 'No, fader.'

After the election, Hans went again to visit his father-in-law. 'How te to, Hans?' said the old man. 'How te to, fader?' 'Vell, Hans, did you go to te bolls?' 'Yiz, fader, I had to do it; dey cot arount me, and wouldn't let me off, fader.' 'Oh, you rascal! you no do as you say, Hans.'

Hans was disconcerted, and in his confusion rather meekly asked: 'Did you go to te bolls, fader?' 'To be sure, Hans.' 'And did you fote, fader?' 'To be sure, I did;' replied the old Dutchman, in tones of earnest excitement, 'don't you subbose I know petter than to drust a tam lokus?'

Cabbage grows wild in Sicily and Naples.

"PROGRESS" IN THE PULPIT.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, the best specimen of Young America to be found, in the Ministry, in a recent discourse delivered in Washington city, held forth as follows:

A CHURCH ON AN EQUALESS BEST.

A true minister must know no fear. He must be a warrior. He must not preach to please the Justice of the Peace or the senate. He must go forth and attack wrong wherever he finds it. Does he say that is perilous? Why, it is perilous to live. When preachers shall do their duty faithfully, there will be less dogs to bark. They are told to mind their own business, and not to be meddlers. But the minister who never creates any agitation, is like the husbandman who never plows, because he may rip up some old roots. It is a peculiarity of the Gospel that it *don't* mind its own business. It is aggressive. It don't wait for a man to come to it for relief, but it goes out to find man, wherever he is. A Church may have all truth in its creed, but if it sits on an eggless nest and never incubates, it is just as dead as its opposite neighbor, who believes in all manner of error.

DEAD MATTER.

Preaching is substance in life. A bullet must have powder behind it, or it is dead matter. If men ceded only argument, analysis, and deductions, then the Bible would be enough. But the object of preaching is not to build up a creed or a system, but to repress sin and evil. The churches of the present day, disputing about the correctness and tendency of the different articles of faith, remind him of a number of workmen assembled to erect a building. They begin to compare their sands, disputing which has the sharpest—their chisels, contending which has the best temper—and their axes, boasting of the skill and fame of the makers—but never strike a blow or make a tenon towards the erection of the edifice.

SILK STOCKINGS AND WHITE KIDS.

The ministers of these churches think it so sweet and genteel to attack sin indirectly!—But the Gospel is direct and revolutionary. There was a meaning in the declaration of Jesus that he came to send a sword and not peace. The Savior wants stout and brave men, not gentle men, in silk stockings and kid gloves. Their preaching must be bold and applicatory. The Gospel, it is true, is very inconvenient to sinners, but it must be preached, so that drunkards, stingy, and crabbed souls, unjust men, and oppressors, will feel that it is after them.

PREACHING TO PLEASE THE PEWS.

Sometimes the men in the pews are impelled to speak out against wrong, but their pastor tells them it is not prudent. If I (said Mr. B.) had a Gospel like that, I would never preach to please the pews. There are congregations of men who built splendid edifices, with rich pulpits, handsomely carpeted aisles, well cushioned pews, splendid organ, and have very respectable choirs—but don't call such churches of Christ—call them Odd Fellows, Mutual Insurance Companies, any thing respectable but churches.

ABYSSINIAN MONKEYS.

The monkeys, especially the cynocephali, who are astonishingly clever fellows, have their chiefs, whom they obey implicitly, and a regular system of tactics in war, pillaging expeditions, robbing corn fields, &c. These monkey-forays are managed with the utmost regularity and precaution. A tribe coming down to feed from their village on the mountain (usually a cleft in the face of some cliff,) brings with it all its members, male and female, old and young. Some, the elders of the tribe, distinguishable by the quantity of mane which covers their shoulders, like a lion's, take the lead, peering cautiously over each precipice before they descend, and climbing to the top of every rock or stone which may afford them a better view of the road before them. Others have their posts as scouts on the flanks or rear; and all fulfill their duties with the utmost vigilance, calling out at times, apparently to keep order among the motley pack which forms the main body, or to give notice of the approach of any real or imagined danger. The tones of voice on these occasions are so distinctly varied, that a person much accustomed to watch their movements will at length fancy, and perhaps with some truth, that he can understand their signals.

The main body is composed of females and inexperienced males, and young people of the tribe. Those of the females who have small children carry them on their back. Unlike the dignified march of the leaders, the rabble go along in a most disorderly manner, trotting on and chattering, without taking the least heed of anything, apparently confiding in the vigilance of their scouts. Here a few of the youth linger behind to pick the berries off some tree, but not long, for the rear guard coming up forces them to regain their places. There a matron pauses to suckle her offspring, and, not to lose any time, dresses its hair while it is taking its meal. Another young lady, probably excited to jealousy, or by some sneering look or word, pulls an ugly mouth at her neighbor, and then uttering a shrill squall, highly expressive of rage, vindictively snatches at her rival's leg or tail with her hand, and gives her, perhaps, a bite in the hind quarters. This provokes a retort, and a most unladylike quarrel ensues, till a loud bark of command from one of the chiefs call them to order. A single cry of alarm makes them all halt, and remain on the *qui vive*, till another bark in a different tone reassures them, and they then proceed on their march. Arrived at the corn-fields, the scouts take their positions on the eminences all around, while the remainder of the tribe collect provisions with the utmost expedition, filling their cheek-pouches as full as they can hold, and then tucking the heads of corn under their armpits. Now, unless there be a partition of the collected spoil, how do the scouts feed?—for I have watched them several times, and never observed them to quit for a moment their post of duty till it was time for the tribe to return, or till some indication of danger induced them to take to flight. They show also the same sagacity in searching for water, discovering at once the places where it is most readily found in the sand, and then digging for it with their hands, just as men would, relieving one another in the work, if the quantity of sand to be removed be considerable.—*Parkyn's Life in Abyssinia.*

☞ A Visitor at Niagara Falls was asked, if he knew what the little steamer that goes under the fall, was made of? 'Of wood and iron, I suppose?' was the reply. 'No sir,' said the interrogator, very coolly 'She is 'Made of the Mist?'

For the Register.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

What doth our every hope destroy,
Withering all our peace and joy,
Poisoning bliss with woe's alloy?
Disappointment.

The ardent youth, on Glory's flight,
Turns his eager, longing sight;
What chills his aspirations bright?
Disappointment.

Ask the suppliant whom you meet
Why thus forlorn he roams the street;
And hear his trembling lips repeat—
Disappointment.

Go seek the Hermit in his cell,
And ask why he doth lonely dwell:
Oh, listen! dost not hear him tell?
Disappointment

What, pierces, oft, with lethal dart,
The tender Maiden's loving heart,
That writhes and bleeds beneath the smart?
Disappointment.

Why wears the cheek that hectic flush,
Unlike health's fair and rosy blush,
What doth the joyous spirit hush?
Disappointment.

E'en now I view a passing throng,
A Maiden's corpse is borne along;
Wouldst know what snapped life's silken thong?
Disappointment.

Thus, on every hand, we find
The woe's that most afflict mankind,
In one brief word may be combined—
Disappointment.

Lathrop, March 14, 1854.

CORA MONTGOMERY.

A writer in the Charleston *Standard* makes the following statement in regard to this lady author:—

"You have possibly seen a statement in the papers, that a Madame Cazneau, wife of General Cazneau, formerly Attorney-General of Texas, is in St. Domingo, with her husband, armed with documents from Washington, empowering her to make certain annexation or protectorate terms with Santa Anna. A remarkable woman is that Madame C. known considerably in literary and political circles as Cora Montgomery. As the wife of a Mr. Storms, she was, years ago, in Morocco, about which country she wrote an interesting book. Her father was a lawyer of mark, at Troy, and she was educated in the circles of the Marcys, Van Burens, and other noted politicians. She imbibed politics early, and has always stuck to them, and is ahead in knowledge and tact, of half the statesmen in the Union. She first set Texan annexation agoing in the northern press—the New York *Sun* being her organ. During the Mexican war, she went to Mexico, bearing powers from the Catholic church and from Secretary Buchanan, to treat, or help treat for peace—but Scott wouldn't have any wind taken from his sails by petticoats, so her mission failed. Then she plunged down into Texas to look after her lands, and now she is in St. Domingo, making a new Yankee State, perhaps. She is ubiquitous, and can twist almost any politician over her thumb. She is of Montgomery, Irish blood, and has also a sprinkling of Moorish. With black hair, black eyes, Spanish features and complexion, and a *petite*, agile figure, you would take her at first sight, for a wizard woman. She writes with a masculine vigor and directness, and has no compeer on the score of brilliant practical intellect, among American women."

We happen to know that part of what is said above of Cora Montgomery is true, and considerable more of the "same sort" and of equal interest might be added to her "strange, eventful history." She was, for some time, the life and soul of the Cuban Junta in New-York. She edited with great vigor and talent, *La Veadad*, the Spanish organ of the Cuban exiles. She was the prophetess and oracle of the Cuban Revolutionists in New-York, and her ample fortune and commanding talents made her the leading spirit of the movement.

The scenes which she has passed through in Texas, Mexico and the West Indies, and her experience of border life would be found equal to the best romance, if put into print. She is a perfect steam engine in petticoats, her only misfortune being that she wasn't born a man. Her father was Mr. McMannus, formerly member of Congress from this district, and we believe at one time Sheriff of the county. She was formerly a resident of this city, but was originally from the adjoining town of Brunswick.—*Troy Budget.*

"I don't recognise her—She's a working girl!"

Such was the exclamation of a pert young miss, dressed in silks and fine linens, as she brushed by an old school day acquaintance, compelled to labor diligently to support herself and her mother. We happened to be close at hand, and furthermore possessed a slight knowledge of the persons in question. Thus informed, we were astonished at the remark, and with difficulty restrained an expression which the heart dictated at that moment.

The author of the language that heads this sketch is by no means wealthy; on the contrary, her mother, (for she is a half orphan,) an industrious, worthy lady, has a means of obtaining a livelihood, which we will not particularize; suffice it to say, it is honorable. The daughter has been allowed her own way in life, and by association has acquired habits which we must despise in any individual. She affects to be what she is not; she flirts with the ease and grace of an adept, and treats hearts as idle baubles, fit only for sportive fancies. She scorns poverty, and turns up her nasal organ at the poor working girl, as unworthy of recognition by her ladyship.—She visits concerts and public places to attract enviable notoriety, resorts to devices which always succeed. She is, in fact, "an airish young woman," to use a homely phrase, and deserves to be censured most severely for her conduct.

The poor working girl, whom she would not recognize, is likewise half-orphaned, and by force of circumstances, labors ten hours daily, to support herself and mother. She passes our office daily, on her way to and from her work, and always seems to be happy and contented. She is not ashamed to acknowledge her condition in life, and never feels half so merry as when at her engagements. She is a loving and dutiful daughter, affectionate and generous to her co-laborers, and generally respected by them. She is in short a high-minded and intelligent, and respectable working girl—than whom, none can be found more worthy the approbation of her associates. And yet she is not recognized by Miss Impudence, because "she's a working girl." We would rather have that working girl a companion through life, than our would-be-great lady for a day. The one is to be loved, the other to be detested.

This is no fancy sketch drawn from imagination; it is a true scene of every day life.—*Albany Transcript.*

PARAGUAY.

A correspondent of the New York Courier and Enquirer, writing from Assuncion, Paraguay, says that the work of civilizing and improving this fertile region of America, has already commenced in earnest, and under the most favorable auspices. But a few months since, the inhabitants were accustomed to plow their fields with a pointed stick, drawn by a yoke of oxen. Now, however, the fine American plows, which have been imported by the United States and Paraguay Navigation Company, are rapidly coming into general use. This company has introduced into Paraguay the first horse harness, and the first horse broken to harness in that States, was trained at the American consulate, in November last. Before then, oxen alone were used as draught beasts, and these were fastened to huge, lumbering carts, by a log bound to the base of their horns with thongs of raw hide. The President's coach, and the public hearse, were the only two vehicles in the country which were drawn by horses, and to these vehicles the horses were fastened by the girths of their saddles. Now, however, fashionable New York buggies may be occasionally seen in the streets, fully provided with horses, harnesses, and every necessary equipment.

Assuncion has hitherto been a chimneyless city. Cooking stoves have been unknown in Paraguay, the fires being built near the clay wall of the house, and the smoke left to find its way out as best it might by the windows and doors. Cooking stoves and chimneys are now rapidly coming into favor. The works of the United States and Paraguay Navigation Company for leagues below Assuncion, have already begun to excite the wonder of the Paraguayans. The natives hitherto have made their bread mostly of the mandioca root which they pulverized by a laborious process of pounding. The Company's works, however include several grist mills, operated by water power, which will enable them to grind their corn and mandioca in a much more civilized style. By the machines which they have introduced the people will also be enabled to build brick houses almost as cheap as mud huts, to make excellent sugar at a very low cost, and to manufacture boards at a much less price than fifty cents per yard, which is now the minimum value—for under the present system, after the planks have been sawed by hand they have afterwards to be hewed and planed to an even thickness.

Curtain Lecture by Mr. Fubbs.

"Fubbs, I want to talk to you a while, and I want you to keep awake while I do it. You want to go to sleep, but I don't. I'm not one of the sleepy kind. It's a good thing for you, Mr. Fubbs, that you have a wife who imparts information by lectures, else you would be a perfect ignoramus. Not a thing about the house to read, except a Bible that the Christain Association gave you, and a tract that fellow called Porter left one day, entitled "Light to the Heathen." It's well he left it, for you are a heathen, Fubbs. You thank God you ain't a Mormon? Yes, I understand that insinuation, too, you profane wretch! You mean you're glad you haint but one wife. You never would have known there was a Mormon, Mr. Fubbs, if I hadn't told you, for you're too stingy to take a paper. You ain't able to take a paper? Now Fubbs! I declare your name ought to be Fubbs, you tell so many of 'em. It's only last week that I lost one dollar and fifty cents on butter that I sold to a peddler, because I didn't know the market price, which is published every week. This would have paid for the paper a whole year. And then you are so ignorant Fubbs! Didn't you take your gun, t'other day, and walk clear down to the Big Marsh a hunting, because somebody told you the Turkeys were marching into Rushes? Y-e-s y-o-u d-i-d, Fubbs, you needn't deny it. But the Turkeys were all out of the Rushes, I guess, before you got there.—Didn't kill any did you? It was a bad day for Turkeys, wasn't it? Ha! ha! ha!"

Jefferson's Ten Practical Rules of Life.

1. Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day.
2. Never trouble others to do what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.
5. Pride costs as much as hunger, thirst and cold.
6. We never repent of eating too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain those evils cost us which never happen.
9. Take things by their smooth handle.
10. When angry always count ten before you speak.

CINNAMON GARDENS OF CEYLON.—Picture a wild plot of fine white sand, in which grow in irregular tufts bushes of a perennial green, but of a green of every shade, varying from the faintest yellow to the most sombre brown. Nothing can be more delicate in hue than the first tender leaves of the cinnamon bush, as they shoot forth variously from the branches, half opening, half curling up, as if afraid to trust themselves to the broad garish light of day. Their flavor, too, is a faint, pleasant, aromatic one, that tempts the early wanderer to pluck them occasionally as he brushes past; and whilst the dew is rising in vapor from the leaves, caught up by the morning sun, it carries with it a delightful perfume of the spicy shrub, which makes the air peculiarly pleasant.—*Forest Life in Ceylon.*

☞ The Union, which does the whistling through the grave yard for Douglas and his confederates, maintains that all the public demonstrations against the bill are encouraging symptoms, even the burnings and hangings in effigy it thinks highly favorable to the project. These are manifestations of popular contempt which are not to be commended, but they almost invariably betray a pervading feeling of detestation and scorn, which no honorable statesman and no just measure are ever compelled to encounter. Orderly citizens regret the occurrence of such disorders, but if they are excesses, they spring from the nobler and more generous impulses of the popular heart. They are irregularities such as Burke referred to when he said, so beautifully and truly, 'something must be pardoned to the spirit of liberty.' No man ever gained popularity by being burned and hanged in effigy.

☞ If a small boy is a lad, will a large boy make a ladder?