

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 20.

MONTROSE, THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1854.

WHOLE NUMBER, 1527.

"Poet's Corner."

From the "Portland Advertiser." My Wife and Child. By RALPH W. BARBER.

I dream my gentle wife is near,
A child figure small and slight,
See, she's in a picture, and
She passes out of sight?
Here is no beauty strange and rare,
Fashioned by the hand of heaven,
All hearts might deem her very fair,
And not one beautiful.
Not beautiful to painters' eyes,
Because her loveliness beauty lies
Not in her features, but in her grace,
But the soft meaning of her face.

Tales and Sketches.

THE UTILITARIAN.

We were sitting together in a broad unincorporated street of Philadelphia. All at once we heard a strange uproar, a great cry of growing loud and louder every moment, and before we could imagine the cause, a boy, at the head of the street cried out: "Here they come! here they come!"

FRAGMENTS.

luffed along at the risk, every moment, as she clung by the bridge, of being trampled to death, but she escaped unscathed; and the poor child, who was just beginning to speak plain, was now the sole object of solicitude with me.

NOVELS.

"No you don't," said he; "it would be a dead loss to you."
I intended to be in a huff.
"Come, come, Joseph, let us out the matter short. Away with your prejudices and your theories and sippable cases. You love the widow, don't you?"

THE UTILITARIAN.

"I'm all in the dark," said I, "please to explain."
"What had utility, or the greatest good of the greatest number to do with your stopping me, when, but for you, I might have been—?"

THE UTILITARIAN.

"No, I am ignorant of her history; I know nothing of her beyond what you and I have gathered from our own or six weeks' acquaintance with her at the bedside of her boy."
"Nonsense, what have we to do with algebra here?"

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Continuation of the text from the previous page, including the end of the "Poet's Corner" poem and the "Fragments" section.