

# THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

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

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## "Poet's Corner."

For the Register.  
**Hadallah at the Fountain.**  
Spirits of the lonely fountain!  
Hear an Arab maiden sing;  
Spirits of the lonely fountain!  
Take a maiden's offering.  
Over the desert waste and dreary,  
Many a day we've journeyed on,  
Parched with heat, and faint and weary,  
All our store of water gone.  
Welcome then, thy crystal treasure!  
Not more sweet the sparkling draught!  
In the Prophet's bower of pleasure,  
By his faithful followers quaffed.  
Though they say, no soul immortal  
Alahh hath to woman given,  
And for her golden portion,  
"Is for ever closed in Heaven,"—  
Yet I feel within me burning  
Thoughts which are not of the earth;  
Breathings all divine, returning  
To the home that gave them birth.  
Surely never hopes so holy  
Can like earth-born raptures die!  
No—Heaven's blessing e'en the lowly  
Slighted maid of Arab.  
In the blissful groves of Eden,  
Once the fragrant trees I caught,  
From the fair mountain streaming—  
Tears of joy with incense fraught.  
Then to show a thankful spirit,  
For the gracious care of Heaven,  
Who, without its creature's merit,  
Life and strength through those has given,  
Here I bring my tribute, only  
Scanty store of fragrant myrrh—  
All the treasure of the lonely  
Desert's homeless wanderer.  
Minister of bounteous Allah!  
Thou, like him, still bounteous be;  
Shed the blessings on Hadallah,  
Worthless though her gifts be thee.  
Spirits of the lonely fountain!  
Mean though all the gifts I bring,  
Gracious spirit of the fountain,  
Take, O, take mine offering.  
J. M. M.

## Correspondence.

### NOTES FROM CENTRAL NEW YORK.

BY ATHLETIC FERRY.

NO. 11.

As I am one of the erratic and desultory characters that "we read of" you will readily understand the non-periodical appearance of the "Notes," but look out for them about seasonably.

Since the transmission of No. 1, I have had a pleasure trip up the Cayuga Lake, thence southward to the green hills of Pennsylvania, and returning by the same delightful route, here I am again. In taking this route, you leave the Central line of Railroad at Cayuga Bridge where, at about 2 o'clock P. M., the steamer leaves for Ithaca.

The "Forest City," with her gentlemanly commander, Capt. Goodrich, is a fine little steamer, well adapted to the lake business and capable of making good time. She glides along the waters

"With a joyous easy motion,"  
and bears you speedily on your way. The first landing we make in going up the lake is at Springport, which first bursts upon the view as we sweep round the southern point of a beautiful island, all luxuriantly covered with trees and shrubbery. This island was on the point, at one time, of losing its beautiful covering of trees, as the bridge company, its owners, were about cutting them away to facilitate quarrying purposes, when the spirited denizens of Springport arose en masse, and protested in such strong terms against it that the company desisted, and the merry "Springporters" still enjoy their trips over the glassy waters to the fairy island. The lake here is a wide bay, and it takes us, in touching at Springport, some three miles out of our way. Springport is a lively place, and there is a cheerful look about the cottages that stretch far away on the rising grounds, overlooking, as they do, one of the finest views of bay and lake in our country. In this part of the lake, for miles, the waters are quite shallow and perfectly transparent, especially at this season of the year, and the pebbly bottom is seen clear and distinct. With what silent pleasure one leans on the railing over the boat's edge, and watches the waters as they curl up from around the prow and then go rocking away in glassy swells far behind us, sometimes stretching obliquely away as far as the eye can see. Occasional schools of perch, disturbed by the passing monster, will shoot away from beneath the boat, revealing to the bright rays of the sun, their rings of gold and silver.

We next touch at Levanna, consisting of a cluster of cottages, one or two manufactories, a saw-mill, and stores. It is quite an interesting sight to watch the little groups of people crowding down, as the steamer approaches the pier—the fathers and mothers, the brothers and sisters, and the almost endless number of cousins of some of our departing fellow passengers. Then there is the postoffice official, anxiously watching the movements of the mail agent, who from the forward deck carefully examines Uncle Sam's bag at him. The wharman dexterously seizes the hawser, which is thrown to him from the boat, and twirling it quickly round a post, brings us "all up standing" alongside. Then what a bustle for a few moments—the captain hurrying here and there, giving out a half dozen different orders at once, with one eye always on the look out for "ticket" or "fare" from the departing individual. Then the meeting of expectant friends form into a thronging tableau, as some of our late traveling companions rush from the plank into the

arms of those waiting on shore to receive them. But perchance another group at a distance are enacting the less cheerful part of bidding adieu to each other. Their words now, though must be few and lasty, for "hurry up, there," cries out a boatman—the bell rings—up comes the plank—the rope uncoils, and once more we are traveling the waters.

The last landing we make on the east shore, in going up the lake, is at Aurora. This is a very interesting point, and one is struck with the air of wealth, of taste, and of quiet enjoyment that seems to reign around the neat country seats along the shore. Here are the residences of the Morgans, among whom is E. B. Morgan, member of Congress from this district, and many other wealthy and aristocratic families. A little further up the lake, perhaps half a mile, you see rising above the surrounding shrubbery the massive proportions, the turrets and cupolas of a large villa. It is built of dark cut stone. There lives Wells, the father and projector of the "American Express Company."

But now we leave the eastern shore, and crossing the lake in a southwest course, make Sheldrake Point, a beautiful cape stretching far out into the lake. This is the landing for Ovid, a village in the interior. Before arriving at Ithaca, we also touch at Kidder's Ferry and Port Deposit, each being the respective landing for passengers and freight for Farmersville and Trumansburg.

Thus, after a pleasant trip of from three to four hours, you arrive at Ithaca, situated at the head of the Cayuga Lake and overlooking its beautiful waters. Here, unless you wish to stop over and spend a day enjoying the picturesque scenery round about, you can step aboard the cars, all in readiness to carry you over—not "the other side of Jordan," but zigzag over the hill, and away to Owego, that is nestled down on the banks of the quiet rolling Susquehanna. Whichever is traveling and wishes to stop over at Owego, will do well to make the Ah-waga House his abiding place for the time, as he can there find about him all the auxiliaries necessary in order for an individual to "live, move, and have his being." The house is now under the management of J. B. Seymour, Esq., who, by his gentlemanly and courteous attention to his guests, deservedly enjoys the high reputation which is given him.

But it was not my object, at this time, to give you an account of my travels, so I will merely say in passing on this subject, that my trip, up and back, was attended with a good deal of pleasure and satisfaction—not only in the rich, and varied scenery brought to view in so short a distance, but also in the courtesy and attention received from those officers and employees who have the traveling public to look after.

I should like to take you over the grounds of the Fort Hill Cemetery, on some of these sultry August days—as a cool breeze is almost always playing among the trees, on the elevated grounds, and a deep shade overspreads the glens and valleys.

These grounds—which from various circumstances have become somewhat celebrated—are situated in the southern limits of the city of Auburn. They are considerably higher than the city, and the summit commands an extensive view of the surrounding country; and at one point you can discover, away to the southeast, the waters of the Oswego Lake. These grounds have not, until within a few years, been consecrated to the repose of the dead, but now that it has been done, all who visit them are led to exclaim, "How beautiful and how appropriate!"

According to the antiquary and the historian, this was the site of an ancient Indian village, called Osco, and there still remains the strong evidence of extensive mounds and fortifications, constructed, as is thought, by a race of Indians called the Alleghans, from the far southwest, who, though much wiser, were not the equals in warlike achievements, of the Iroquois, by whom, as the tradition goes, the Alleghans were finally driven from their towns and forts. These things are thought to have occurred long before the discovery of America by the Europeans. This ancient town of Osco, was probably the birth place of Logan, the great Indian warrior who figured in our early wars. In as near the center of the ground of the old fort as could be fixed, rises up to the height of perhaps sixty feet, a pile of dark limestone, in commemoration of the warrior, with no inscription save the starting interrogatory which Logan himself put, at the close of his celebrated speech to Lord Dunmore, describing the cruel massacre of all his kindred by the English—"Who is there to mourn for Logan?"

Schoolcraft, in his antiquarian researches, gave these grounds a minute examination, some eight or ten years since, and thus speaks of them:

"The eminence called Fort Hill, in the southwestern skirts of Auburn, has attracted notice from the earliest times. Its height is such as to render it a very commanding spot, and crowned as it was with a pentagonal, earlier rampart and palisades of entire efficacy against Indian missiles, it must have been an impregnable stronghold during the periods of their early intestine wars. The site of this work is the highest land in the vicinity, and a visit to it affords one of the best and most varied views of the valley of the Oswego, and the thriving and beautiful inland town of Auburn, with its State Prison and other noted public edifices.

"The ellipses enclosed by the embankment with their intervening spaces, has a circumference of twelve hundred feet. Viewed as a military work, the numerous breaks and openings in the wall constitute its character-

istic traits. They are of various irregular widths, and it seems most difficult to decide why they are so numerous. If designed for egress and ingress, they are destitute of the principle of security, unless they were defended by other works of destructible materials which have wholly disappeared. The widest opening of one hundred and sixty-six feet is towards the north. The next in point of width is towards the south. But in order to give to these, or any of the other spaces the character of entry of sally ports, and indeed to render the entire wall defensible, it must have had palisades.

"The entire work conforms to the genius and character of the Iroquois races who occupied the Ohio valley and who appear to have waged battle for the possession of this valuable part of the country prior to the era of the discovery of America, and ere the Iroquois tribes had confederated and made themselves masters of the soil. That the art of defence by field works was cultivated by them, is denoted by traditions as well as by the present state of our antiquarian knowledge."

Thus the grounds are rendered doubly interesting at the present time. These have been the council grounds of the Red Man far back in the dim regions of the past. Here have the venerable sachems, surrounded by the dusky warriors, sat and deliberated on the great questions of their times—for peace or war, for vengeance or rejoicing.

But independent of these aboriginal reminiscences, there is something about the whole natural scenery of the place that is extremely fascinating to me. Immediately after passing the Gate Lodge, which is occupied by the superintendent, you commence, by a winding carriage way, to ascend the eminence. To your right, as you pass the gate, is a circular garden, kept by the superintendent, beautifully arranged in parterres of flowers and other garden paraphernalia. As you approach the summit you pass between the two sections which have been denominated "Mount Auburn" and "Fort Allegan," the former a large circular mound rising abruptly on the side facing the city, to about the height of the main eminence, its surface covered with a thick crop of grass, ornamented with several beautiful trees. On this it is proposed to erect an observatory. Fort Allegan is central, and in its centre stands Logan's monument. But the greatest natural beauties of Fort Hill Cemetery, in my view, are the western declivities of the grounds. Among the sections of this part, which have been divided off and named by the Trustees, are the "Three Glens," "Laurel Hill," "Mount Hope," and "Glen Alpine." The whole of this part, and indeed nearly all the grounds, are covered with tall, natural forest trees, excepting foliage outside a narrow yet pleasant shade over the grounds.

Looking down the western side, as far as you can see, are deep glens and abrupt mounds—intermingling and almost indistinct, in the dim shadowy light, many an enclosure amid the old trees can be distinguished, with polished marble shafts uprising—the solid monument and the simple marble slab—showing the quiet repose of the departed. Methinks this is a fitting abode for those of the Spirit Land.

But I must close this already too long communication. Adieu.

## Tales and Sketches.

### From Fraser's Magazine.

#### A FAIRY TALE.

No good man ought to refuse, No ought him thereof to excuse, Be wiser or blither, who's to be, For I will speak, and tell it thee—*Chaucer.*

It was no laughing matter let me tell you to offend the Emperor Peter. A courteous knight was making his way to the Emperor's daughter; the Emperor's daughter was sitting in the window of the palace; when the emperor's dog jumped out of his kennel, and bit the stranger in the leg. The courteous knight was his high mightiness the prince of Candia.

The Prince of Candia was cast into prison because he had broken two ribs of the emperor's dog. Every day at six P. M., together with his dinner, a fierce mastiff was left with him in his cell. He was commanded to fight with dogs for every miserable bone. Now, to say nothing of the danger, there is a great deal of monotony in such a task as this. The daily barking, snarling, yelping, howling and confusion of a dog fight at dinner time must become, in a few days highly disagreeable; and as the dead dogs were never carried away, the prince's after dinner duty was to bury them. He had to dig each grave with his knife, and fork, and spoon—and after a time it became necessary to inter the dead one over the other. This is a worse mode of burial than any dog deserves.

(that whenever he thought it safe to be indignant, then indeed it was no laughing matter to create occasion of offence.

The emperor's daughter lived in four chambers of the palace out of which she had never been allowed to pass. No tutors had been suffered to approach her, and her hand-maids had been chosen from among the most unlettered women of the city. The emperor did not intend to have a daughter who would presume to quarrel with opinions of her own. It was a child's business to obey; and when one commands unreasonable things, it is really most vexatious to discover a rank and file of obstinate disputations, blocking up the path to their performance. The emperor's daughter was destined from birth to be of great advantage to her father, by the contracting of some marriage which would add to his honor and glory. To herself also, such a marriage would be of course, a great piece of good fortune. Therefore they had contrived to give her a tutor, to make her beautiful, and in spite of patchings, paintings, herb-vapour baths, cosmetics and an internal sulphur, she really had become a lovely woman. She was a great fancier of birds; and because the emperor's dog had killed many of her pigeons, when they alighted innocently near its kennel, she did feel that her gentle bosom warmed with a sense of joy when the offended stranger broke the ribs of that unfriendly dog.

The emperor's dog—his name was Towza, suffered sorely from the kick it had received. Notwithstanding the great skill by which the court physician was distinguished, notwithstanding all the consultations of the faculty, one morning Towza died. In the evening the prince of Candia was doomed to suffer by the bow-string. In the afternoon however he was missed from the prison, so that there was nobody to strangle but the jailer. Nevertheless it was not fair to make the jailer answerable for his prisoner, because in the days of magic, it was reasonable to expect anybody to be responsible for anything. The jailer had sent in the prince's dinner, and a small dog. How was it possible for him to know that, directly after the dog got inside the prison-door, it would be transformed into an elephant, and would in that shape, swallow up the prince; that then it would assume the body of a grout, and fly out of the dungeon window with the said prince cup-boarded snugly in its belly. Such was the case; it was a kind of magic which had played this dog's trick on the emperor.

Well, but there are also unkind fancies. A morose old creature, named Korpazta, spun a web between the sun and moon, in the centre of which she sat like a great spider, ready to catch the goat as it flew lightly upward. The goat was entangled in the magic web, and writhing under the old spider's poisonfang.

"It is not my desire to hurt you," said the old fairy to the gentle Suzzumda. "Give me the name of Candia, and I will let you go. If you will not do that, I shall cause the sun's heat to flow into my web, and it shall be to you for ever as a red-hot gridiron."

Suzzumda led the prince in the net and flew away.

The fairy Korpazta, still wearing her spider's dress, then seized the Prince of Candia between her nippers, and fixing a thread to one horn of the moon, led herself down with her victim to a cave upon the surface of the earth. There are some human beings uglier than any spiders. The fairy Korpazta did not improve in appearance when she resumed her proper form, and stood before her prisoner. The cave, in its interior, was very clean, the walls were smooth and highly polished, so was the floor and so was the ceiling. There was no furniture visible; a fairy who is fond of tidiness never requires to have a litter in her house. Korpazta stampered upon the floor, and there arose a soft, up-draw which she stepped to realize at once. She did not knock up a chair or stool for Sirius, (that was the prince's name), but threw one of her shoes into a corner. Immediately there sprung up where she stood had fallen, a wood-fire and a monkey; the monkey picked up the shoe and hastened to replace it on the fairy's foot. Korpazta delayed him while she pulled out one of his eye-teeth, and then gave him a rap upon the head which sent him through the floor directly.

The wood fire filled the room with smoke, and set the fairy barking with a cough. Every now and then she would be left with him in his cell. He was commanded to fight with dogs for every miserable bone. Now, to say nothing of the danger, there is a great deal of monotony in such a task as this. The daily barking, snarling, yelping, howling and confusion of a dog fight at dinner time must become, in a few days highly disagreeable; and as the dead dogs were never carried away, the prince's after dinner duty was to bury them. He had to dig each grave with his knife, and fork, and spoon—and after a time it became necessary to inter the dead one over the other. This is a worse mode of burial than any dog deserves.

The Emperor Peter, at the same time, very much surprised his subjects by shining out among them in the new light of dog-fancier. The fate of the illustrious prince was a state secret. It was known that the emperor's yard dog had two ribs broken; that he was at once known, because every part of a nation must be interested in the health of any member of the royal family. It was known that the emperor bought up all the large and strong dogs that were brought before him; and that after they had once been purchased they would no more seem; it was said at the club, and believed in well informed circles, that the Emperor Peter was making researches, in order that he might become skilled in the treatment of his wounded favorite. That his high mightiness the Prince of Candia was shut up in his prisons the emperor did not wish any one to know or suppose. Peter was to his empire as a wife or husband, quite tyrannical at home, blander than milk and cream. Candia was a powerful man; if any child held out its fingers, it might tweak the emperor's nose, but if it looked alarmed about the blackness of his beard and the big eyes of his whiskers, it would have at once the threatening to be removed. This important business, like a prudent statesman, he resolved to try whether he could not pick another the old woman. Several times he

endeavoured to come near her, but between him and her there seemed to be erected an impenetrable wall, not to be seen, but to be felt more acutely than the whip; it seemed indeed to be a judicious compound of the prickly aloes with the terrible loa.

"Well," thought the prince, "I suppose I must begin upon my dog. It has to be skinned certainly, and I am sure I shall scalp him with pleasure. Accordingly he put the dog upon the dresser. The whips ceased from their labour, and the prince taking up a knife, began his scalping operations. At the first cut, the dog began to yell, leaped up, and bit him in the hand.

"This old lady ought to give her cook good wages!" cried Prince Sirius. "Now, what am I to do?"

In a great rage he took the dog up by the tail, and having given it a good preliminary swing, flung it with much force into the fire. "Now, cook yourself!" he cried. "But instant by the cave was full of smoke; the smoke gathered into an overhanging vault, there was the spectral cow contracting, and the dog bumped again upon the floor beside him. Prince Sirius put his hands into his pockets, and looked down upon the creature, with a spiteful countenance. He felt the whips again upon his back. Again he lifted up the dog, and recommenced the scalping. He continued with his work in spite of all resistance; but he made no progress, because, as he removed the skin in one place, it began to unite again over the part with which his knife had just been occupied. Sirius chopped off the dog's head. The consequence of this proceeding was, that a new head budded from the headless body, and a new body grew out of the trunkless head. There were now two dogs who attacked the prince so savagely, and with so terrible a noise, that the fairy was awakened. She turned on one side lazily, and looked towards the prince. "See," said she, "I will you may cook me the pair of them."

And then she went to sleep again.

The prince's hand again dived down into his pockets—down to the very bottom. But he cried, "Ah!" and pulled them out again. In a corner of one of them, he had discovered something of which he had until now been wholly unaware. Together with his knife, his purse, the tip of a tongue, some string, some stick-peppermint, and a bunch of keys there was a something three-cornered. It proved to be a small note of pink paper, and directed, in a lady's writing, To the Prince Sirius. He opened it and read it:

"My dear Prince—I do not sacrifice you selfishly. I know that that wretch K will do. You will find this note from your friend and I shall both escape. If you draw the dog's eye-teeth and put the monkey's in its place, all will be well. You can escape with the bones of the goose."

SUZZUMDA.

Sirius was delighted for a minute, although he was puzzled by the allusion to a goose. Then he remembered that there were now two dogs. Suzzumda had not calculated upon that. However, the prince did all that could be done—faithfully drew the tooth of one dog, and put the monkey's tooth into the empty socket. Then he felt no more whips upon his back; the knives and forks, and plates upon the dresser began to labour of their own accord. The other dog was attracted straightway by a set of table-knives which he chopped him up into small pieces, put him into a stew-pan, and called an iron hook to take him to the fire. The first dog was more delicately dealt with; carefully trussed and spitted. As it turned before the fire, its outline melted into a new form; and before the fairy was awake, the whole of the processes of cookery were ended. Before the fire were two dishes: one of them contained a beautiful roast goose; the other was a rich and fragrant stew. The kitchen utensils then all dropped up towards the ceiling, where they ran together in the form of a huge dinner-bell. On this there rang a noisy peal, while the dresser below changed into a well-furnished dining-table. Then the fairy yawned, and stretched herself; and sat up on the sofa.

"Supper is ready," said the prince.

"Dear me, and so it is!" exclaimed Korpazta. "Very well. The stew is your dish; I will eat the goose. Come, and sit near me."

A chair rose up on the spot to which Korpazta pointed, and Sirius sat down as he was bidden.

"The stew is very good," said Sirius, after tasting a mouthful.

"Is it?" said the fairy. "You princes know good living, so I take your word. Hand me the dish."

Korpazta ate up all the stew.

"May I trouble you, madame, for a little gossip?" said Sirius.

"I have set my heart on a goose supper, said to a fairy. You may pick the bones when I have finished."

Korpazta left no meat on the bones, and after so full a meal slept very soundly on her sofa.

"What do I want with these dry bones?" thought Sirius; "but I will remember the advice of Suzzumda. These must be the bones mentioned in her note." Sirius, therefore, put the goose bones into his pocket. Soon after he fell asleep. Presently he dreamed that he was being covered alive with a pie crust of puffy, and awoke shivering. He found himself in the grasp of a soft, limp being, who was feebly about his pockets.

"What is the matter?" asked the prince.

"Give me my bones," replied the being.

The being jumbled about in a flaccid, powerless manner; and it was evident that he had not one bone in his body.

"I will not give you your bones," said Sirius. "Who are you?"

"I am an earth spirit. In my bones lies all my strength. I was transformed that I might tease you. Restore my bones, and I will serve you faithfully."

"By what will you swear to me?"

"By nothing. The spirits have no need to swear. Only honest or worse beings ever think of uttering a falsehood."

"I will trust you, friend," said Sirius—"here are your bones."

The being vanished, and soon re-appeared clothed with his former strength.

"By what name shall I call you?"

"I am the Spirit Marl. Since you have trusted me, I will deserve your trust. I hate this old Korpazta, but she has still some power over me. Will you remove those ashes?"

The wood fire had burned down to a few glowing embers. Sirius swept these on one side.

"I tread upon the floor, master," said the earth-spirit.

Sirius did so, and a door leaped open, disclosing a large box.

"Open the box," said Marl; "I have not power over it. What do you see?"

"A quantity of hair in lockets." "Now, O prince!" exclaimed the spirit, "if you are generous, burn all these. If you will, however, take them to yourself. In each locket is the hair of a giant or an earth-spirit, and by possessing them, you can retain many of us subject to your bidding. I need not tell you that the meanest spirit is not content in a state of bondage. A lock of my hair is among others in this box. Keep the lockets, and you compel us all to serve you; burn them in these ashes, and we are all set free. If you keep mine, I must serve you by compulsion; burn mine together with the rest, and I shall serve you through free will."

"I have no wish to be ungenerous," said Sirius, "so I will burn them all." "And what," said the spirit, "do you wish to do with this old witch?" "Her loss will be enough for her to suffer," Sirius said, as he raked the embers over all the prisoned locks of hair.

As they burned, shouts of mighty laughter and great rejoicing thundered through the cave, under the sound whereof its walls were split, and crumbled into dust. Sirius closed his eyes, greatly bewildered. When he opened them again, he stood under the warm sunshine on a mountain side. The sunshine was quite warm, although the rain soon fell in a summer shower, and the rain soon covered. The grass and the trees sparkled; the very eld was contributing its fragrance to the burden of scents with which the slow-flooding breeze was laden. Bugle-notes sounded in the woods below, to which the prince was listening, when suddenly a stag leaped up the hill, an arrow after it; and after that a single huntsman galloped forward in pursuit. When he came near to Sirius, he checked his course and swore a loud oath. Sirius started to the horse's bridle; it was the Emperor Peter.

"Hallo!" cried the Emperor. "Hallo!" cried Sirius.

The Emperor blew on his bugle to call together his attendants. The prince shouted for Marl. Marl was the first to come.

"Can we change shapes?" asked Sirius.

"At once," said Marl.

Sirius sat on the Emperor's horse, and looked like the Emperor Peter. Emperor Peter stood below, and struggled in the shape of Sirius, to pull the horseman down. The train of attendants in a short time came upon the ground. Emperor Peter was carried home for a madman, and placed in a lunatic asylum, where he was compassionately treated. Sirius finished the stag-hunt, and rode home in state.

Early next morning Sirius proclaimed, in the name of the Emperor Peter, that whereas he had in the past reign been guilty of much oppression and injustice, and whereas he was now most heartily ashamed of this and whereas he intended in the days to come to introduce into his government a better spirit, and in consideration of the greatness of the intended change, he did now determine, ordain, appoint, command, and institute it as a law, that thenceforth he should be styled and entitled Emperor Peter the Second, his former self being considered dead.

Peter II accordingly devoted himself with much energy to the reformation of abuses; and as Peter I. had been only three years on the throne, it was found impossible in six years' time to bring the state once more into a fair condition.

You may be sure that Sirius did not long delay a visit to the beautiful daughter of the Emperor's House. Her beauty filled him with delight; her ignorance possessed him with dismay. He did not fall in love with her, because she had no sense, and there is no filling one's belly from an empty dish, although it be of gilded porcelain. But the returned emperor determined that his mis-matched girl should be set free from her restraints. A hundred teachers were engaged to fill her head with knowledge; and a hundred more they talked, the more they puzzled her. At length, the more they talked, the more she slept over their talking. What could be done? Sirius called for his friend Marl to help him. Marl could do nothing, but suggested an application to the fairy Suzzumda. He had been to her, he said, to thank her for her former aid, because he had found her note; in fact, Sirius had given it to him by accident when he restored the bones. Marl talked about Suzzumda very warmly.

"Go, then, good fellow," exclaimed Sirius. Marl went. He had just finished his familiar with the way, and came back with a box of lozenges. "The wise teachers must eat these—that is my message." Accordingly, to each of the wise teachers was administered a Suzzumda lozenge. Now the big books were shut, and the old book-worms pointed with their inky hands to the sea, the sky, the earth. With lively utterances, they revealed to the young princess, out of the store of their knowledge, the delights and mysteries of Nature. History acted its deeds before her on their lips. Strange nations lived and spoke to her; and as she listened to them, she learned their language—knowledge, no longer crushing fancy, was upon upon its wings into the sky. All truth walked majestic, crowned with the wild old man, victor in every contest, flattered with the music of a thousand triumphal songs. Intellectuals stamped with the first aid of the maiden's lovely countenance. Her soul was awakened, and had begun the singing of its deathless melodies. Whoever walked beside her felt that holy thrill.

"Now," said the Prince of Candia to the Emperor Peter, who had been for six years ruling his mock empire in a lunatic asylum, "now," said the prince, "your kingdom is in order; your subjects love you well, and your daughter is a being whom no man can be wise enough to love sufficiently." The course of time has made me King of Candia—Emperor Peter you shall be again, and I will again be Sirius, on two conditions. The first is, that you give me your daughter to be my wife, if she be willing; and the second is, that you continue the government as I have established it, obeying the counsels of the prime minister whom I shall leave. He is the spirit by whose power you are now transformed; and he will work you good or evil, as you merit either at his hands."

Emperor Peter was glad to escape on any terms from Bedlam. He kept his own counsel, and continuing to receive credit for his goodness of his government, soon found that it was more pleasant to gratify his reason as a good man, than to gratify his passions as a bad one. So he became good on principle at length, and was a bosom friend to honest Marl.

Sirius courted the emperor's daughter in

his own person, and, having in the course of another year or two obtained her reasonable love, he married her. The fairy Suzzumda, who was present at the wedding, (Marl was there, too,) told the princess all her husband's story. This he had himself not thought it right to tell, because he wished her father to have all the credit of her education. That Suzzumda did not wish. But when Suzzumda afterwards told the king and queen of Candia about the old woman Korpazta—how since she had lost her fairy power, she had been living miserably in a hut, and how she was at that moment suffering under a painful disease, they did not rejoice as the good fairy expected and desired. Suzzumda had some spite about her, for she was a little annoyed when the king and queen sent nurses and doctors in a post-chaise, with orders that the old woman was to be tended kindly. But the consequence of this kindness was, that Korpazta (she was 700) obstinate to drink any of the medicines) recovered, and lived to become a very amiable person.

The story ends with that, which is beyond question the most surprising of all transformations.

### Death of Little Mary Morgan.

"Father! Father!" the clear earnest voice of Mary was heard calling.

"I'm coming dear," answered Morgan.

"Come quick, father, won't you?"

"Yes, love." And Morgan got up and dressed himself—but with unsteady hands and every sign of nervous prostration. In a little while, with the assistance of his wife, he was ready, and supported by her, came tottering into the room where Mary was lying.

"Oh! father!—What a light broke over her countenance!—I've been waiting for you so long. I thought you were never going to wake up. Kiss me, father."

"What can I do for you, Mary?" asked Morgan, tenderly, as he laid his head down upon the pillow beside her.

"Nothing father. I don't wish for anything. I only wanted to see you."

"Dear father!" How earnestly yet tenderly she spoke, laying her small hand upon his face.

"You've always been good to me father—Oh! no. I've never been good to any body; sobbed the weak, broken spirit, as he raised himself from the pillow.

How deeply touched was Mrs. Slade as she sat the silent witness of this scene.

"You have been good to yourself, father, but you have always been good to us."

"Don't, Mary! I don't say anything about that," interrupted Morgan. "Say that I've been very bad—very wicked. Oh! Mary; dear! I only wish that I was as good as you are; I'd like to die, then, and go right away from this evil world. I wish there was no liquor to drink—no taverns—no bar-rooms. Oh! dear! I wish I was dead."

And the weak trembling half palsied man laid his face again upon the pillow beside his child and sobbed aloud.

What an oppressive silence reigned for a time through the room!

"Father! The stillness was broken by Mary. Her voice was clear and even—"

"Father, I want to tell you something."

"What is it, Mary?"

"There'll be nobody to go for you father. The child's lips now quivered and tears filled her eyes.

"Don't talk about that Mary. I'm not going out in the evening any more until you get well. Don't you remember, I promised?"

"But, father," she hesitated.

"I'm going away to leave you and mother."

"Oh! no—no, no, Mary. Don't say that—the poor man's voice was broken—" don't say that! We can't let you go, dear."

"God has called me."

The child's voice had a solemn tone and her eyes turned reverently upward.

"I wish He would call me! Oh! I wish he would call me!" cried Morgan, hiding his face in his hands. "What shall I do when you are gone? Oh! dear! Oh! dear!"

"Father! Mary spoke calmly again. "You are not ready to go yet. God will let you live here longer, that you may get ready."

"How can I get ready without you to help me, Mary? My angel child!"

"Haven't I tried to help you, father, oh! so many times?" said Mary.

"Yes—yes—you've always tried."

"But it wasn't any use. You would go to the tavern. It seemed almost as if you couldn't help it."

Morgan groaned in spirit.

"May be I can help you better, father, after I die." I have you so much that I am sure God will let me come to you and stay, with you always and be your angel. Don't you think he will, mother?"

But Mrs. Morgan's heart was too full. She did not even try to answer, but sat with streaming eyes, gazing upon her child's face.

"Eat, eat, I dreamed something about you while I slept to-day."

Mary, again turned to her father.

"What was it dear?"

"I thought it was night and that I was still sick. You promised not to go out again until I was well. But you did go out, and I thought you went over to Mr. Slade's tavern. When I knew this, I felt as strong as when I was well, and I got up, dressed myself, and started out after you. But I hadn't gone far before I met Mr. Slade's great bull-dog, Nero; and he growled at me so dreadfully that I was frightened and ran back home. Then I started again and went away round by Mr. Mason's. But there was Nero in the road, and this time he caught my dress in his mouth and tore a great piece out of the skirt. I ran back again, and he chased me clear home. Just as I got to the door, I looked round, and there was Mr. Slade sitting Nero on me. As soon as I saw Mr. Slade, though he look at me very wicked, I lost all my fear, and, turning around, I passed Nero, who showed his teeth and growled as fiercely as ever, but didn't touch me. Then Mr. Slade tried to touch me. But I didn't mind him, and kept right on until I came to the tavern, and there you stood in the door. And you were dressed so nice. You had on a new hat and a new coat, and your boots were new, and polished just like Judge Edmonds's. I said, 'O father is this you?' And then you took me up in your arms, and kissed me, and said, 'Yes, Mary, I am your real father—not old Joe Morgan, but Mr. Morgan now.' It seemed all so strange, and I looked into the bar-room to see who was there. But it wasn't a bar-room any longer, but a store full of goods. The sign of the Sickle and Sheaf was taken down; and over the door I now read your name, father. O, I see it