

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.
A Summer's Morning.
How fair to the eye—the spirit how cheering,
In the first blush of dawn on the mountains appearing;
Before the young breezes the dunes clouds are veiling,
That certain the descending plain is
You bright streaks that o'er the horizon are gleaming,
More forward like heralds with brights heralds bearing
Before a high monarch whose glories are streaming,
Coming on from a gorgeous train.
Springing from repose, all creation rejoices,
Music warbles around from a thousand sweet voices,
The air is embalm'd with the fragrance of spices,
From blossoms rich, textures, and bland;
In the dew-drops, the tree-tops are gracefully pluming,
The light clouds in triple succession are flying,
To some beautiful errand they seem to be trying
To some sacred parched land.
The oak in his little dominion is crowing,
The elm buds along the green pastures are bowing,
The wild cat, with mane and with forelock high-
flowing.
Nights long the glad season to hail;
The bee hums her matins while searching for treasure,
The goat dances lightly in the sunbeams of pleasure,
On warm bank the serpent lies basking at leisure,
With bright eyes and beautiful mail.
Men, chartered chieftain of all the created,
With vigor renewed and its spirit elated,
With a goal for immortal pursuits elevated,
All called to be noble and free;
How widely, O Lord! are thy bounties extending,
Thy wisdom supreme, and beneficence blending,
To a sweet hymn of praise, from the whole earth ascending.
Like incense arise unto Thee,
Auburn, N. Y. J. M. M.

Tales and Sketches.

THE RIVALRY.

PETTICOAT DIPLOMACY.
The little river of Huisno flows through a verdant valley, comprised between Longny, and Pervenchers. At a little distance from the latter village, near the source of the stream of water, have just named, is the mill of Dreil, which is the only one in the neighborhood, and can scarcely supply the wants of numerous customers.
The Dreil belongs to the Miller Rigaud, known especially for his love of tranquillity and his habits of interfering in all quarrels, crying out "Peace!" which has caused him to be surnamed Goodman Pacific.
Such has been in fact, the reluctance of Rigaud to contend not only against persons, but against things, that he had never been able to change the arrangements of his mill, and to give the fall of water a direction which would have permitted him to add a new mill-race. Every time work was pressing he felt the utility of these improvements; he spoke of them as projects to be realized; but the love of repose prevented his going further.
Meanwhile, the necessity becoming daily more pressing, Goodman Pacific began to seek an expedient which might conciliate his interests with his love of change.
He had one daughter, Ivonnette, who was already grown up; it was time to think of marrying her; and Rigaud suddenly thought himself that a son-in-law must bring him the means for the projected changes.
Consequently, he repaired to his friend Bazouche, proprietor at Bazouche, and related his wishes. His friend promised to find a suitable person; but several months passed away before he troubled himself to fulfill his promise.
During this interval, Rigaud, who had become less active, decided to engage a young man, who soon learned to perform all the labor. Claude was endowed with the valuable faculty of working fast and well.—Thanks to his indefatigable zeal, the mill went night and day, and the customers were no longer obliged to wait; he also found some minutes to assist Ivonnette in the house to do her errands, at Pervenchers, and to converse with her on a thousand subjects.
At the moment when our story opens, they were engaged in one of these conversations which Claude was always prolonging, and which the young girl never appeared weary. They were talking of the plans of Rigaud, which the latter had confided to the youth.—Ivonnette appeared to doubt them.
"You are jesting!" said she, with an anxious smile; "Comper Bazouche occupies himself with raising oxen, not with marrying off young girls."
"The one does not interfere with the other, if you please!" replied Claude, who did not seem to be in a jesting mood; "Father Rigaud told me the thing as I repeat to you. He wishes a skilful son-in-law."
"Well, he is in the right!" observed Ivonnette, casting a sidelong look at the young man.
"But he wants also a rich one!" added Claude.
"He is in the right there, also," returned the young girl, this time mischievously; "if a rich one has a good disposition and a kind heart."
"Then you approve his project?" exclaimed the miller's boy, in fact, you have a right to expect much, when one is young, pretty, well-endowed! Ah, there are some peoply who have everything, and others have nothing."
"Are you envious of what Providence has given me?" asked she, laughingly.
"Claude replied by a sigh:
"Ah, if my parents had left me an inheritance," said he, as if speaking to himself, "in that case you would not want those who have one!"
"It is not that which I wish," observed the miller's boy, shaking his head. "It is the happiness which it procures to them. Suppose, for example, that there was with a notary, in my name, two or three thousand crowns. It could improve the mill of Father Rigaud as well as any one else."
"That idea has occurred to you, then?" interrupted Ivonnette. "Why did you not mention it to father when he told you his plans?"
"You know very well that he would have turned me away!" replied Claude, sadly; "and it is not kind in you to turn into ridicule what I have taken so much to heart."
"Ah, if you assume that air, I can say no more!" replied the young girl, who evidently meant to arrive by pleasantry at a serious explanation; "but why should I not laugh at you?"
"Am I laughing?" exclaimed Claude. "You know very well that I would give one of my ears never to quit the Dreil!"

"You would be a poor miller!" observed the young girl, ironically.
"But I might be a happy husband!" added the youth, emboldened by the jests of Ivonnette. And as the latter, instead of replying, pretended to examine a bag of wheat with singular attention, he added, stooping towards her, and lowering his voice: "It only remains to be known whether you will be a happy wife?"
The latter hesitated, raised her head, blushed, and laughed aloud.
Claude stopped, disconcerted.
"To laugh is not to reply," observed he, with vexation.
"Must I then weep?" asked the young girl, confused. "We weep when we are sorry."
"So then you are glad at what I just told you?" exclaimed Claude.
"Do I appear to be sorry?" replied Ivonnette, laughing and blushing still more.
The miller's boy uttered an exclamation of joy.
"Repeat that," cried he, "oh, if you knew how much good you have done me. I have had so much anxiety! I have remained so long without daring to speak! I needed that you should encourage me!"
"Men do not have courage now, then?" replied the incorrigible jester; "what were you afraid of?"
"The ideas of Goodman Rigaud."
"My father is kind; if he sees that it is necessary to change his plans in order to make us happy, he will not resist long."
Claude shook his head.
"Yes—yes!" said he, anxiously; "he is kind—he does not like troubles and disputes; and he does like to have his own way; and as for money, he has counted too much of it in his life not to know its value. He himself told me that he must have a son-in-law who is able to improve the mill—and I have only my good will!"
"Well, keep it!" replied Ivonnette, more seriously; "my father has a right to control me, and I ought to obey him; but time brings about many things—and if you are a Christian, Claude, you have not forgotten that hope is a theological virtue."
"Then I will hope," said the young miller, with a smile of gratitude and contentment; "since you are interested in my desire, I will have patience. Ah, if you knew how this has troubled me, Ivonnette! I have thought of nothing else!"
"Well," interrupted the daughter of Father Rigaud, who knew all she wished to know, "think a little now of our millstone, which needs to be fixed. Let my father find the work done on his return from Longny."
At these words she went out, and Claude heard her ascending the stairs, singing a pretty Norman song. The poor youth sighed, and was about to have resumed his work upon the millstone, as Ivonnette had advised, when a stranger appeared at the door of the mill.
"This was a man of about thirty-five years, clad in a half-peasant, half-citizen costume, and holding in his hand one of those canes terminated by a whip, which the Normans particularly fancy. He stepped on the threshold, and asked for Goodman Rigaud."
"He is not in at this moment," said Claude; "but that need not prevent your entering?"
The newly arrived accepted the invitation.
"Ah, he is not here!" repeated he, looking around him, as if taking an inventory of the mill; "is he far away?"
"At Longny."
"And I have just come from there! Will he be gone long?"
"We expect him this evening."
The stranger murmured some words of disappointment, appeared to reflect, and ended by sitting down, saying he would wait.
He had scarcely had time to take off his hat, when a new personage entered abruptly. The latter was a travelling blouse, covered with dust, and had in his hand a branch of holly, cut in passing some hedge. He did not pause on the threshold, like his predecessor, but, advancing to the middle of the mill, struck the floor with his stick, exclaiming:
"Oh, miller, is not this the dwelling of Papa Rigaud, called Father Pacific?"
The traveller started, turned with an exclamation of surprise:
"Jean Taurin!" replied the other.
"Franzoid Laud!" replied the other.
"How came you here?"
"And you?"
"I came to speak to the miller!"
"So did I!"
"Here is an encounter! Then you came from Regmalard?"
"Directly! And you?"
"From Tourouvre?"
"And have you spoken to the miller?"
"He is not at home."
"And who are you waiting for him?"
"As you see!"
Jean Taurin took his seat opposite Franzoid Laud, and took off his hat also. The heat of the journey had fatigued him not less than the latter, and he began to complain bitterly of the dust and the sun.
It was evident that each was astonished at the presence of his companion, and desired to know the motive; but an explanation is always a thing singularly complicated; the spirit of circumsppection has given them a habit of evasion and subtlety, which makes their conversation a sort of equation overlaid with contradictory terms, from which one must laboriously disentangle the unknown quantity.
Meanwhile, the two travellers had reached an arway that they had come to Dreil on important business.
"Did you come to buy the mill of Father Pacific?" asked Laud, looking at Taurin.
"Is it then for sale?" replied the latter, with an astonishment which appeared to his companion to be natural.
"For sale! No!" returned Franzoid; "but to let—only there is a condition!"
He had pronounced these last words confidentially. They at the same time perceived Ivonnette, whose smile displayed two rows of teeth as white as the finest of pearls.
"And, turning with the graceful readiness of the Norman, she disappeared, humming an air. The two travellers looked after her, then exclaimed, simultaneously:
"What a pretty girl!"
"A charming creature!"
"It is the heiress of the mill!" said Taurin.
"The beautiful Ivonnette!" added Laud.
"You know her name then?" resumed the first, surprised.
"Who does not know it?" replied the second; "I spoke just now of a condition!"
"Well, there is the condition!"
"How! the daughter of Father Rigaud?"
"Awaits a husband who'll improve the mill!"
"How did you know this?"

From Papa Baudin, who thought the affair might suit him."
"Is that true?"
"He wrote to me at Regmalard, a week ago; but I was occupied in settling my uncle's property, and could not come sooner."
"Then you are too late!" exclaimed Taurin. Father Baudin had an idea that you had returned, and sent to Tourouvre for me to come in your stead?"
"You?" replied Laud, stupefied; "you come to Dreil for the daughter of Rigaud?"
"For her!" said Taurin.
"And you hope to be accepted?"
"I bring for this purpose a letter from my god-father."
Laud opened his mouth to protest; then, in obedience to that principle of a famous diplomatist, who recommends that one should never yield to his first impulse, he stopped. Taurin then wished to compel him to explain himself, repeating that his delay must have been regarded as a renunciation of his claims, and that he could not reply with that Norman ambiguity which imparts so much information, and the conversation soon slackened on both sides.
Meanwhile neither thought of yielding, and if conversation languished, their minds were fully active. The two rivals in their imaginations passed in review all the snares which could be imagined.
As the most important thing was to possess the miller favorably, both appeared at first resolved not to quit the field. But Laud, who had more experience, soon comprehended that this obstinacy, necessarily insisted by his rival, would result in nothing; consequently changing his plans, he professed to have taken his resolution, declared aloud that he would wait no longer, and bidding good night to Taurin and Claude, resolutely took the road to Pervenchers.
Taurin, who had wished to ascertain the direction he followed, returned, completely reassured, and resumed his work, resolved to await the arrival of Father Pacific.
But Laud no sooner lost sight of Dreil than, cutting across, he retraced his steps, passed behind the mill without being seen, and gained the road to Longny, on which he hoped to meet Rigaud. He had seen him often enough at Regmalard to be sure of recognizing him, and began to study what he should say in order to recommend himself, and especially to ruin his rival.
His plans succeeded wonderfully; he met, midway from Longny, the miller, who had stopped at the door of a cabaret to let his horse breathe. Laud introduced himself, told whence he came, and received from Father Pacific a welcome which whispered the strongest hopes.
After having talked of the price of grain, and new methods of grinding, in a way to prove his knowledge on the subject, he made an inventory of the different snags he had picked up with the miller, and having thus favorably impressed the miller respecting himself, turned the conversation on a godson of Father Baudin, to whom the latter had at first given a letter for the miller, but whom he had afterwards found incapable of fulfilling the requisite conditions. Taurin had already dissipated a portion of his patrimony, and the rest was seriously compromised. His residence in the great town of Montague had besides given him a taste for idleness and dissipation; he was one of those young men whom a miracle alone could save from ruin.
While they were thus conversing joint came on. The miller at last took leave of Laud, who promised to return on the morrow, and on his way home, thought over the information which had been given him, rejoicing that the goddess of introduction he had profited by the letter of introduction he had received. Now, at last, if he should arrive, the father and daughter would be warned of his coming.
He was finishing these reflections as he reached the Dreil, where he found Taurin sitting in the same place. This sight produced on the miller an impression of disagreeable surprise; it was like a sudden revelation.
"Here is a youth who should have a god-father at Bazouche!" said he, looking at the young man in the blouse.
"As you say, Father Pacific!" replied Taurin, who had equally divined the Miller.
"Have you been here?"
"More than I should have the estimate of your good nature on business?"
"I bring a letter from Father Baudin."
"All that Laud had announced was verified. Goodman Rigaud took the letter, casting on Taurin a stealthy glance. Any one else might have allowed his prejudices to appear, but Father Pacific was not the man to hazard an explanation which might bring about a debate. He opened the missive, and began to read it slowly. Instead of thinking of its contents, he was reflecting on the mode of ridding himself of his friend's godson. At last, having finished it, he stopped, coughed two or three times, and addressed to Taurin half a dozen indignant questions, in order to gain time.
But the young man was too eager to dispose of his rival to listen to the digression of the miller. He hastily returned to the contents of the letter, informing the miller that a misunderstanding of his god father would probably bring to the mill a second party. Rigaud was careful not to say that he had seen him.
"Perhaps you know him," resumed Taurin; "it is that skink of a Laud—a fellow who would ruin himself for his daughter's sake! Look out for him, father Pacific—he has a whole legion of devils in his shoes!"
Rigaud looked at the young man with an air of astonishment.
"You must have heard of his lawsuits!" resumed Taurin; "he has sued his uncles, his brothers; he would sue all the saints in Paradise, if he hoped to gain anything by it—Let him only set foot in the mill, and before a year he will be sole master of it."
"He?" exclaimed Rigaud, affrighted.
"Not to mention that he will deceive you about his prospects," resumed Taurin, "almost all his funds have been lent without security, and before three years he will be a ruined man!"
The miller became pensive.
"I do not speak of your daughter," continued Jean; "you might as well marry a linnet to an owl; but you would not wish to have your son-in-law fold his arms six months out of the twelve, and leave you the labor of the mill!"
This denunciation, though made with an account which proved needless, had too much probability not to strike Father Pacific.
What he himself knew of Laud, seemed, besides, to confirm it. He began to scratch his ear, singularly perplexed in the midst of these accusations coming from both sides. Thanks

to these, Laud and Taurin were both equally suspected. He believed the evil which each had said of his rival, and was suspicious of the good which he added of himself. The rivals had succeeded only in ruining each other in his mind.
Meanwhile, when Taurin, driven away by the approach of night, asked permission to return the next day, to speak more seriously of the business to which he had alluded, Father Pacific dared not refuse, and replied that he would expect him.
But when the young man had departed, he remained for some time immovable in the same place, troubled and dreamy. The species of conflict which was taking place between the two candidates disturbed his peaceable disposition; he wished to rid himself quietly of both—for both equally displeased him—unfortunately he could not think of a way to do this; so after many exclamations of vexation and heavy sighs, he resolved to brave the debates of the morrow.
Father Pacific, troubled with this cruel necessity, began to inspect the mill he had left behind him. He was not very diligent, but the most pressing work was done, everything was in its place, and Rigaud found no cause of complaint. He passed from the mill to the house, where Ivonnette had not the less well-employed her time. The furniture newly waxed—shone with neatness; the sideboard was ornamented with branches of thyme, and the table was set near the window, which allowed the coolness of the evening air to enter.
The young girl, busy in preparing the supper before a fire which blazed joyfully, singing like a wood-bird. The good man felt his heart lighter amid this atmosphere of order, of industry, and of tranquillity. He gaily returned the "Good evening" of Claude, kissed Ivonnette on both cheeks, and seated himself at the table, with a sigh of relief.
The young girl had wished to celebrate his return, and the supper was more sumptuous than usual. When it was nearly over, Ivonnette brought with a certain solemnity, a bottle half full of cognac, and which made its appearance only on great occasions. This sight completed the satisfaction of Father Pacific.
"You are a good girl!" exclaimed he, hastening to finish the cider which remained in his glass; "you divined that I needed this evening a little consolation!"
"The persons who were here a little while ago must have guessed you," said Ivonnette, exchanging glances with Claude.
"Yes, yes!" replied the miller, sadly; "it may be well said that one should think sometimes before speaking, if I had not communicated my plan to Father Baudin, I should not have been in this embarrassment to-day!"
"So you have not decided between the two candidates?" asked Claude, trying to appear indifferent.
"Do you know why they come?" said Rigaud, somewhat.
"Both about the mill," replied the miller's boy, "and each seemed certain of success!"
Father Pacific poured out a glass of brandy.
"We shall see about that!" said he; "I am to have a voice in the matter!"
"And yet you must prefer one of them?"
The miller shrugged his shoulders, and leaning toward the youth, said, in a confidential tone:
"To tell the truth, I wish they were both fathers!"
"Ah, I wish they would displease you!" exclaimed Ivonnette, joyously.
"Yes!" replied Rigaud, pensively; "but the difficulty is, to get rid of them; both came from my friend, and as Claude says, thought themselves sure of success!"
"If you had reasons to refuse them?" observed the young girl.
"Par Dreil, reasons are not wanted!" replied Rigaud; "but I must give them—that is the difficulty! They will be angry—one word will bring on another—and it will end in a quarrel! I wish I could find some excuse for dismissing them, so that they would part friends!"
"That is easy," interrupted Ivonnette; "suppose you tell them that I am promised!"
"You!" repeated he. "That is an idea!"
"But they will ask to whom?"
"Ah, you are right!" replied the young girl, with an emboldened air; "who shall pass for my betrothed?"
"Let me see!" resumed Rigaud, who evidently relished the expedient; "if we could choose some one among our neighbors!"
"Oh, no!" exclaimed Ivonnette; "they would take the thing seriously!"
"Well, if the choice is good," continued the miller, more earnestly. "Suppose it is not a pretext, but that I marry you in good earnest to another, to escape the two rascals who are to return to-morrow?"
"You know very well that there is no person in the parish," continued Ivonnette; "you want a miller!"
"Undoubtedly!"
"Steady and industrious!"
"Of course!"
"Who can improve the mill?"
"Yes!"
"And who will yet remain submissive to your will?"
"So I understand it."
"Well, for that, my father, you must have a young man who has only his arms—because, if he is rich, you cannot rely upon his submission; he will wish to be master, and sooner or later we shall have war in the mill. It is for you to choose between money and peace!"
"You are right!" exclaimed Rigaud, his thoughts beginning to take the direction which Ivonnette was trying to give them.
"Only it is difficult to find such a man!"
"Do you think so?" continued the miller, looking at Claude.
"It must be some one of well known probity," resumed the young girl, "who will have mind enough to take care of himself, and gentleness enough to obey!"
"Well, I have it!" interrupted Father Pacific, raising his glass to a level with his eye; "I will pay for the third millstone myself, if necessary, but I will be master of Dreil—Your glass, Claude, and pledge me in this. The person in question is of your acquaintance!"
"Of my acquaintance?" repeated the miller's boy, trembling with hope.
"And of your family?" continued Rigaud.
"Speak of, Father Rigaud!" this son-in-law chosen by you!"
"The son of your mother!" said the miller, laughing.
Claude uttered a cry, and Ivonnette turned away her head, blushing with pleasure.
Father Pacific, who had taken his resolution, received the passionate thanks of Claude,

and the joyous carresses of Ivonnette. It was agreed that the suitors should be dismissed the next day with forced politeness, and informed that they had arrived too late—which was done.
Laud and Taurin left the mill together with downcast heads and sad hearts; they had at last comprehended that, in seeking to injure each other, they had insured the success of a third rival. At the moment they were about to separate, both raised their eyes and looked at each other.
"We have had what we deserve!" exclaimed Taurin, with a sort of coarse frankness; "let this serve as a lesson to us; let us never forget the proverb, that when two rogues contend for a prize, a third arrives who bears it away!"
AN INDIAN STORY.
The rapid growth of northern Illinois commenced at the conclusion of the war of 1812. The log huts of the Indians suddenly disappeared, the smoke of the wigwags no longer ascended towards the heavens.
The rapid improvements commenced by the white man, had driven them into the prairies, and their wigwags were no longer pitched in the vicinity of the new settlements, except when they came to barter their furs for goods.
The music of the saw, axe, and hammer had driven the game far away.
The Indians' land east of the Mississippi had already been ceded to government by treaty, and the red men only dwelt there by the consent of government. When the Indians went away, I went with them. I took up my quarters at the head waters of the Wisconsin, at the junction of two important streams, tributaries of the great father of waters, and opened my store for trade.
After exposing my goods in all their Indian varieties, for some days, without any success in selling, I became almost discouraged, and nearly concluded to give it up. The Indians would come into my store by dozens, and after examining my goods, go away.—They had plenty of shu-ne-ah (money) and furs, but bought no goods, and the reason was, they were waiting for the great father of waters, and opened my store for trade.
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