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From the New York Tribune. Bayard Taylor's Letters--No. XXIII.

Closing Scenes of the Convention. MONTREAL, Oct. 13, 1849. Messrs. Greeley & McBrath.

The Angel of Hope.

O! how wonderful would be our existence here, How unlike would be to a span or a dream; Were it not for the Angel of Hope to cheer-- As we're hurried along on life's troublesome stream.

The World.

The following anecdote from Noah's Messenger beautifully illustrates the principles of charity, and admonishes us that is often for our interest to feel the hungry and clothe the naked.

ment a signal was given: the American colors ran up the flag-staff in front of the Government buildings, and streamed out in the air. A second afterwards the first gun boomed from the fort, and its booming echoes came back from one hill after another till they were lost in the distance.

The Constitution having been signed and the Convention dissolved, the members proceeded in a body to the house of Gen. Riley. The visit was evidently unexpected by the old veteran.

The band consisted of two violins and two guitars, whose music made up in spirit what it lacked in skill. They played, as if so moved to me, but three pieces alternately, for some time.

After the minutes had been read, the committee appeared to draw up the Address to the People of California. This magnificent piece, probably the highest ever paid for a similar service, is one of a par with all things else in California.

I amused myself during the interval by walking about town. Everybody knew that the Convention was about closing, and it was generally understood that the members had packed their trunks.

and quietly develops the highest form of civil order--the broadest extent of liberty and security-- Governments, bad and corrupt as many of them are, and imperfect as they all must necessarily be, nevertheless at times exhibit true moral sublimity.

After a stay of five weeks at Monterey, I left for this place on Thursday last, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Lyton and Mrs. H. B. Lyton, and Messrs. Lyton and H. B. Lyton.

We toiled through the desolate sand hills to the Salinas River, and landed again upon its broad, level plains. Our team consisted of four California horses, neither of which had ever been a week in harness, and consequently were not broken of the driving gall to which they had been accustomed.

As we went through the lonely passes of the mountains, Mr. Semple pointed out many spots where he had hidden the bones of grey moccasins. I saw several tracks of the same animal.

At Fisher's Ranch, where we camped for the night, we found Maj. Hill's party, which left Monterey a day before ourselves. The Major and Mr. Durville of the N. O. Picayune, had just brought in three fine geese.

The members of the Convention may have made some blunders in the course of their deliberations; there may be some objectionable clauses in the Constitution which have framed. But where was there a body convened, under such peculiar circumstances--where was ever such harmony evolved out of so wonderful, so dangerous, so magnificent a chaos?

Thus we have another splendid example of the ease and security with which people can be educated to govern themselves. From that chaos, whence, under the rule of a despotism like the Austrian, would spring the most frightful excesses of anarchy and crime, a population of freemen peacefully

wild geese which hung at the wagon-tail. The road led to Monterey, to Stockton, to San Francisco, and to the Embarcadero, were stirring with continual travel. The price of lots has nearly doubled in consequence of this change, so that the town will lose nothing by its gift of the above buildings.

The ambulances, carrying Mr. Semple, set out for Monterey along the eastern shore of San Francisco Bay. These of us who were bound for San Francisco had gone to San Francisco, were stirring with continual travel.

Yesterday I accompanied the party on foot, taking an occasional lift with the sailors in the wagon. The jolly tars were not at home on dry land, and seemed impatient to see the end of the journey.

READY WIT.--The Boston Traveller gives an instance of ready wit which occurred in Boston that is worthy of record. It is as follows: "A couple of fresh emigrants from the land of the living rock, went down to the city of the living rock.

CERIOUS PENITENT FOR CONJUGAL INFIDELITY. --A few days ago the inhabitants of Barnstable, Durham, were amused by the town clerk proclaiming the following: "Mr. John Kay is going to burn Mrs. Kay's clothes upon the common."

PURGATORY.--An Italian noble being at church one day, and finding a priest who begged for the souls in purgatory, gave him a piece of gold. "Ah! my lord," said the good father, "you have now delivered a soul."

Passing Around the Fodder--A Dinner Sketch.

A few weeks ago, during a passage from Genoa to Boston, the "Empire State," one of the elegant and swift Steamers that ever made a journey upon the waters, I met a well-known stranger, from the Quaker city, on his first trip, &c. I had the opportunity of examining and enjoying the external appearance and internal arrangements of the "Empire"--winding up our investigations, with a look into a small corner cupboard of the barber's office, where a superb smile--as a smile--can be usually enjoyed by the noblest of a York shilling. Soon after passing through a "Hot Quaker" glowing by the beautiful ins, claxtons, and almost princely palaces of business men of the great city of New York, we soon upon the broad deep Sound, a serious place for steamboating. Soon after the boat announced "Supper ready"--a general stampede into the spacious cabin took place, not a side table sitting along for rods and rods of this interesting occupation. I was about with my friend-in-time, stick our legs under the mahogany, and gazed upon the open prospect for that our superer enough in all its details to tempt a soul old friend from his dolefuls. We go along very nicely, and almost without a word of conversation, server person to suppress his appetite as unbecomingly as the Maelsstrom, kept reaching, and when tempting vessels were too remote, he'd bawl "right out!" for them.

"Hello! I say you mister there, just hand this snog give us a chance, wa wa, at that! what do you want you call that stuff?" "This I says one passing along a dish. "Pshaw, no, other there." "Oh! I ah! this," says my fastidious friend. "And I says one better, but no odds, fetch it along. And I says one the biggest dish of meat in our neighborhood." "Now, says I, my boy, I'll show you a doddle one that Godey of the "Ladies Bazaar" gave me the wrinkle of some time ago; we'll see how it works. Filling a plate full of the brim, with all and each of the various heavy courses in our vicinity, I very politely presented it over to my next neighbor with a "Please to pass that up, please!" "Umph, ch!" says the gentleman, taking hold of the plate very gingerly; "pass it up!" By this time he had fairly got the loaded plate in his fist, and began to look about him where to pass the plate to a spare place. The gentleman looked back at me, but I was "getting away," and washing from the extreme corner of my left eye, the victim and his charge, while I pressed hard upon the temple of my friend's foot under the table. At length, the victim thought he saw some one at the table waiting for the plate, and quickly, he whisked to his next neighbor.

"Pass this plate up to that gentleman, if you please, obligingly." He passed the old plates, spees, who near the head of the table grinning a ghastly smile over the field of good things. "It's going!" "What!" says my friend. "The plate," it says the rounds; just you keep quiet, you'll see a good thing." The plate at length got to the head of the table. It was given to the gentleman in spees; he looked over the top of his spees very deliberately at the "fodder," then back at the thin, pale, student looking youth who handed it to him; then up and down the table. A raw-boned, gaunt and hollow-looking disciple caught the eye of the old gent; he could not resist the temptation, and he turned and looked at the man who wanted the plate. He looked at him as if he said, "pass this plate up!"--to his next neighbor; he was too far off for us to hear his discourse. Well, the plate came bounding along down the opposite side; the tall man declined it and gave it over to his next neighbor, who seemed a little tempted to take hold of the thing; but he said, "I'll pass it down to my next neighbor, if he will keep it, please!" (7) out of his grip, so he quickly turned to his neighbor and passed the plate. One or two more moves, bro't the plate within our range; and there it liked to have stuck for a fussy old Englishman, in whom politeness did not stick out very prominently, grunted.

"I don't want it, sir." "Well, but, sir, please pass it," says the last victim, beseechingly holding up the plate. "Pass it! here, mister, your plate," says Bull, at length reluctantly seizing on the plate, and rushing it on to his next neighbor, who started-- "Not mine, sir." "Not yours! Who the d--does it belong to--pass it down to somebody." Off went the plate again. Several ladies turned up their pretty eyes and noses while gents passed it by them. "Why, I'll be--if their ain't that plate going the rounds, that you gave me?" says my next neighbor, to whom I had just passed the plate. "That plate! Oh, yes, it is; well, says I with figned astonishment, "that is the first time I ever saw a supper so univereally discarded!" The plate was off again. It reached the foot of the table. An elderly lady looked up, looked around, removed a large white handkerchief from her bosom, and then passed it along. An old lady looking Captain, just then took a recent seat, and the plate reached him just in the nick of time. He looked voracious. "Ah!" said he, with a savage growl, "that's your sort; thunders and oakum, I'm as peckish as a shark, and here's the deff for you." That ended the peregrinations of the plate, and Land my friend--yellow right out!

ANOTHER "AVERT. Extraneous! We copy the following account of another dreadful calamity from the "Thibodeaux Minerva": A young lady in this vicinity, who, like General Jackson at the battle of New-Orleans, was in the habit of making use of cotton bread for crumpe, met with a most awful accident a few days ago. From all the particulars we have been able to learn, it appears that instead of using the common ground cotton, she by accident, employed a quantity of gun-cotton, which, after remaining some time in contact with her body, ignited and exploded shivering to pieces a splinted splint of bone from the plate. She was killed, however, that she received no serious bodily injury. If any further particulars come to hand, we shall not fail to give them to our readers. The greatest excitement pervades the whole community.

A MODEL TOWN.--There is a model town in Wisconsin, called Ceresco, which has been incorporated five years, and during that period not one drop of ardent spirits has been retailed within its borders, nor has any suit of law occurred between the inhabitants. They all live by labor and are a happy and contented people.