

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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The Old "Pod Auger Days."

I saw an aged man at work—
He turned an auger round;
And ever and anon he'd pause,
And mutter profound—
"Good morning, friend, 'twould I to him—
"Art thinking when you're working?"
"Oh! no," said he, "I'm thinking 'em."
The old "pod auger days."
"True, by the hardest then, we wrought,
With little extra aid;
On honor were the things we bought,
On honor those we made;
And now invention stalks abroad,
Deception dogs her ways;
Things different are from what they were
In old "pod auger days."
"Then homely was the fare we had,
And homespun what we wore;
Then scarce a muggard pulled the string
Inside his cabin door.
Then humpbacks did it so thick
As half the world to laugh at;
That sort of bug was scarcely known
In old "pod auger days."
"Then men were strong, and women fair,
We're hearty as the doe;
Then for as breadstuffs trouble were,
They could bear and care;
Then girls could sing, and they could work,
And thump grid-rod last ways;
That sort of music took the palm
In old "pod auger days."
"Then men were staid, and women rare,
An Arnold or a Bay;
They loved their country, and in turn
Were loved and best by her;
Then Franklin, Sherman, Blaine, were
Earned well the nation's praise,
We're not the Congress that we had
In old "pod auger days."
"Then, slow and certain was the word;
Now, devil the hindmost take;
Then buyers raised upon the man;
Now, words must payment make;
Then money was the thing we saw;
Were decks in every bay;
We'd murder in our sleep,
In old "pod auger days."
"I wish the world, it were well enough,
If wisdom were so common,
But in my day, the world was
A plain old-fashioned man;
And justice with her hand on
Could not see choice in a way;
She used to sit blindfold and stern
In old "pod auger days."
A CIGAR.
When the weather's unpleasant and dreary,
And the night unbroken by a star,
How sweet to smoke when weary,
The breath of a fragrant cigar!
What a balm to the spirit, when lonely,
To ease a sickening ache,
And light the weary, lonely dream,
As to each fleeting, fleeting dream,
When each heart's heart is perplexed,
And the mind is in a fever,
And the path is dark and dreary,
How sweet a fragrant cigar!
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THE MAIDEN SISTER, Or Passage in the Life of an Old Maid.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.
My father's address was Mr. Felix Henley, or Equire Henley, as he was denominated far and near by the country people, who sometimes came to see him on business. He was an easy-tempered old gentleman, with mild, dark eyes, and flowing silver locks, and, being naturally indolent and inclined to fortitude, he had very willingly yielded the prerogative of power to his wife, who being full fifteen years younger, and a woman of active habits and strong intellect, omitted no opportunity to govern her household—which consisted of her children and farm servants—with, as she thought, a view to their best interests. Yet I can remember, even at this late day, with many a bitter pang, the feelings of envy and distress occasioned by the difference of her treatment between my sisters and myself. From my earliest recollection, every disagreeable childish task was mine to perform. If any one was compelled to forego an anticipated pleasure the lot was sure to fall on me; and I was the scapegoat whenever some head event occurred and misadventure committed in the whole household, was sure to be laid.

Rhoda is well, thank you, Miss, and Eunice came over in the boat with her father while we dined.

Eunice, my reader, was the child of a German emigrant, a laborer upon the estate belonging to Mr. Barryton; the great man of our region of country. The management of this property was entrusted to my father, and this poor man had been employed by him. One unfortunate day, her mother, who was in the habit of paddling a small boat across the stream, upon whose bank they lived, when she wished to visit or go upon an errand, had borrowed one for that purpose, which was in reality too old and weather-worn to be used with safety; not being aware of this, however, she attempted to cross in it, and a few moments saw her best friend and the poor woman herself plunging helplessly in the deep dark water. It so happened that none of the laborers were near at hand, and by the time the few terrified females who were witnesses of the transaction could summon assistance, all human aid was in vain. The body was recovered, and carried to the cottage she had left in health and strength, but a few short moments later she had been stricken down without a moment's warning, and the poor woman was still quietly sleeping in the bed where the hand of a tender and careful mother had placed her.

OREGON.

Oregon at the close of 1850—Infant Cities—Agriculture, &c.
Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.
PACIFIC CITY, Oregon, Nov. 8, 1850.
I have visited myself on the Pacific coast, (to give you some idea of this truly interesting country—The day (Nov. 8. lat. 46° north) is mild and pleasant and the air is soft as spring, and very invigorating; the leaves of some young, thrifty apple-trees, on the verge of Baker's Bay, are not tinged with the frost. Probably there is not a more healthy, agreeable, and even temperate on the globe than here at the mouth of the Columbia River—no extreme of heat or cold.

OREGON.

There are three entrances into the river—the North and South Channel. The Northern contains more water, and is the only one by which ships of any considerable draft can enter at low tide. The mouth of the river, to the unpracticed in navigation, presents quite a formidable aspect—breakers on every side. But the danger is not so great as it appears. The chief difficulty is the necessity of waiting for a favorable wind. As you approach the entrance of the river, your eyes are greeted with a most imposing and beautiful aspect. Mount St. Helens, in the form of a sugar loaf, and white as the spotless snow, rises on your view—an emblem of innocence, an ever-during monument of eloquence—as though it said to the dwellers on the globe, "Behold me, I am pure, I am just, and you will be beautiful and happy."

OREGON.

As you enter the mouth of the river, on a small peninsula formed by the expansion of the river, in the form of a half moon into a large bay, (Baker's) and the Pacific, on the north side is situated, Pacific City—the embryo, (as many think) of the Queen of the West. The city was commenced last March. The Bay on which it is located is spacious and safe, as though Nature intended it for the depot of the extensive lumber and agricultural regions of the Columbia Valley. A Hotel which, well furnished will cost twenty thousand dollars, is nearly completed. A large saw mill is already commenced, and the site always to attract the attention of the capitalist. Almost every vessel is bringing to the coast a cargo of gold. It certainly has many advantages, but you will see it has also a good number of rivals. Across the river and a little higher up, is situated the Clatsop Plains, a low sandy district, but remarkably productive in vegetables. The claims here, (mostly containing a full section) are nearly all occupied. They are now selling their potatoes for four dollars per hundred, and other vegetables in proportion; consequently the farmer is making his heap with great rapidity. And so it must continue here for years to come. There is no region that presents a brighter prospect to the agriculturist than that about the mouth of the Columbia.

TOPO LAYERS.

A young lawyer, in answer to a question, has replied, "I am at it every morning. Immediately on leaving out of my bed, I convert my chamber into a court. I stick that old portrait of father's before the glass, and there's the judge starting me full in the face. On my next morning, I call a jury of twelve—these are the gentlemen of the jury; on my left is the empanelor or witness box, while on the chair before me are seated a lot of my learned friends." "Well, I conceive the case opened. It's an action for nothing—say for breach of promise—and then begin. If I'm for the plaintiff, of course I let my pathos in; if for the defendant I reduce the thing to a mere technicality. For the plaintiff I describe in pathetic and strong words, and bring the eyes of the jury—how fondly how passionately she loved the recreant, false and black hearted defendant. If for him, I transfer her affection to her pocket, and undertake to show that she never loved him at all. And 'tis as likely to be right in the one case as the other, for how can I tell whether she loved him or not."

THE MAIDEN SISTER.

As for myself, no one had ever pretended to discover a single trait of either parent in me. Rhoda was said to be like what my father had been in his behavior, as in the family, and Selina to call up a resemblance of mamma; but I, whose figure was tall and angular, with a pale face and sunken grey eyes, was said to look like no human being unless it was Aunt Rhoda. Yet my reader, I had no charm not possessed by either of my highly gifted sisters; my voice was inexpressibly sweet, and I was treated from my earliest childhood almost as an angel in the family. My mother's love for the cultivation of my mind. Our education had been, in a great measure, conducted by our parents. Our mother was an accomplished woman, and she omitted no opportunity to render us so; but we were each, at the age of sixteen, sent to a large boarding school at a considerable distance from home, where we were allowed to remain two years for the purpose of finishing.

THE MAIDEN SISTER.

As I have already said, I was an ordinary in every respect, little could be expected from me in the way of marriage, or advancing the interests of the family, and observed that one year might suffice for me, while each of my younger sisters should have the benefit of two years' public instruction. My mother's justice of this description did not, however, prevent my father's preconceived ideas of right, which I was allowed equal advantages with the others.

THE MAIDEN SISTER.

I will not at present dwell upon those school days; suffice it to say, I formed no particular intimacies; I made good use of my time, and carried home testimonials of progress from the teacher, which were not bestowed upon either of my sisters, which to my friends.

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