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WHOLE NUMBER, 1404.

"Poet's Corner."

(From the National Era)
"Know ye the Land?"

BY J. G. WATKINS.

Know ye the land where the Forest and Prairie
Spread broadest away by the Cataract's fall—
Where the harvest of each the most plentiful
Yield?
And the children that reap them are happiest of all
Whose the long rolling rivers so mightily wending,
With wealth on their waters, through many a
City—
Where the lake's and the woodlands like seas are
Expanding,
And the mountains rise long in the center
Sublime!

Know ye the land where a Royal Oppressor
Made the Burghers and Householders how to his
will—
But they fought the good fight under God the
Reformer,
And the heart of humanity beats to it still—
Where the lakes, mountains and plains keep, inspi-
ring of solemn,
Their tales of that strife, and its monuments be
The statue, the tablet, the hall and the column—
But best and more lasting the souls of the Free!

Know ye the land where far Freedom's domain
Stands prouder than any the earth ever knew—
Who Greece flushed like fire through the East or
The pinnac,
Of towers that stood with the victor's bow,
Where high as the laughter, she lifts up her ban-
ner,
By arms undishonored, unshamed by defeat,
With the gates of two oceans blow brightly to fan
Her,
And with the great wealth of the world to her feet!

Who she leads Great Protectors, to greet the
Pale-strangers,
The pilgrims of many a nation, who prefer
To the mercies of tyrants, her laws and her dis-
pensary,
To their birth-place the exile that waits them to
die—
Know ye the land where the breezes and billows her warning
To the shores, by their slaves and their
ills,
I'll come, I'll come like the march of the
evening,
And the beating of nations go forth on my wings!

Know ye the land, yes, we know it—its luminous story
To reach all our nature—America's land!
Who'd you'd that land of our love and our
glory!

We live to sustain it—heart, spirit and hand!
"Oh brother, friends, we salute it—Oh, never
Shall I forget it! still brightening for ever—
The land of the free, in peace or in war!

The Rock of Plymouth be worn by the
sea,
And Charlestown's old Obelisk dust on the shore,
And Old Dominion, thy noblest devotion
And the gift of thy Christianity thought of no
more—
All the hand long our glory, still find us together,
The bond from Maine to the Mexican coast—
So the ocean's waves to the Cape of Good
Hope—
From the plains of the South to the Cataract's
Falls!

Selected Miscellany.

Thrilling Incident.

While a British man-of-war was cruising in the river Tague, a shot was fired from Fort Julian, on some state occasion, which frightened a boy, (the captain's) such a degree, that he jumped overboard from his mother's arms. The lady repaired herself into the water, in the hope of saving her child, and came up to the deck, where she was rescued by some of the crew, and carried to the hospital, where she was attended by the most skillful physicians, but she died.

Harford University.

The above is a view of this Institution, and the beautiful grounds around it.

The above is a view of this Institution, and the beautiful grounds around it. The sketch is taken from the hill east of the buildings, and will be recognized by those acquainted with the spot, as an exceedingly correct likeness of the "Old Academy" grounds.

This Institution was founded in 1830, by Preston Richardson, A. M., a graduate of Hamilton College, and continued under his charge, assisted by his wife and Mr. Willard Richardson, until his death in 1835. In the winter of 1834, it was chartered by the State Legislature with the name of "Franklin Academy." After the death of Mr. Willard Richardson, it was under the charge of Rev. Willard Richardson, and F. B. Streeter, Esq., assisted by Mrs. E. A. Richardson, and Miss N. M. Kingsley, until 1840. From 1840 to 1842, it was under the control of Mr. Nathan Leighton, and F. B. Streeter, Esq. In 1842, Rev. Lyman Richardson was elected Principal, which position he occupied until the institution received a charter from the State in 1850, as the "Harford University."

The number of students in attendance during each year for some time past has averaged from 100 to 200. During the past term the number of students was 89, a large portion of whom attended advanced studies.



Harford University, Pa.

There are two Literary Societies composed of the young gentlemen, the Alpha Epsilon and Amphyctyon. Each of them have a fine room and good Libraries. J. W. Whitehead, Esq. of Newark, formerly a student at this Academy, recently made them a large donation of valuable works. The institution is now in its twenty-second year. Under the charge, from its foundation to the present time, of able teachers, it has disseminated education not only through our immediate community, but into other parts of the land. And it is to be hoped that for years yet to come, sustained by the liberal patronage its character deserves, its influence may be felt as it has been during the past twenty-one years.

Second Prize Essay.

THE FLAXSEED.

A man walked in his garden amid clustering tokens of wealth uniting the skill of genius and the graceful superiority of Nature—flowers of every hue bloomed around him—bright fountains threw their glistening waters to cool the air which he breathed—will there rested on his brow a gloom not in keeping with the beautiful objects that surrounded him? He looked upon our noble world not as the workmanship of a Divine Artist, but merely as the result of blind uncertain chance. Near him walked his little daughter. He loved her, not as a precious treasure entrusted to his care by a kind benefactor, but with the ardor of an impulsive nature. Stopping before a slender flower, he looked up with wonder in her father's face and inquired who placed it there. This question awakened new emotions in the Atheist's mind. What answer could he give? Had chance formed these delicate petals and tinted them with blue? For a moment he remained silent, then answered in a husky voice, Yes, yes, there is a God, and he made this flower. Thus one that had seen the glorious sun, the noble ocean, all the grand works of nature, unmoved and unbelieving, was convinced by the blossom of a flaxseed.

In a cold and comfortless room without heat or light, there sat a poor woman vintling to impart some warmth to her freezing child. Despair o'erspread her face and chilled her heart; but suddenly a light gleamed in her sunken eyes, as if angels whispered hope to her drooping spirit. Soon a bright light and genial heat from the newly-kindled fire cheered the desolate hearth, and fixed more firmly her trust upon a God that can make a handful of flax relieve his suffering creatures.

Third Prize Essay.

POETRY IN EVERY DAY LIFE.

Poetry is the expression of the beautiful in whatever form it may be, and in the common acceptance of the term is the language of an elevated imagination. In a poet's eyes, every object, even the most common and lowly, is defined as the silent envoy of soul which breathes its up above earth's trials, to keep "the even tenor of our way." As poetry is the idea itself and not the language by which the sentiment is expressed, so the soul of poetry is indeed in life; not in our wealth, talents or position, but in ourselves, is the disposition to find this bright side which has been positively asserted exists in every place, in every duty; then we extract a sweet from even poison, gain a lesson from each disappointment, and when hope is timid secure a blessing.

The laughing child is still as he looks at the beautiful scenery of a sunset by a cliff's base—
A child of want may risk us, as she relates the story of her suffering, her pale countenance and gathering frame corroborate her testimony; hers there no poetry in her life?

Once in our Legislative halls, the propriety of passing a bill for the benefit of the widow was discussed, and one member vowing to have the bill laid on the table, another who was uneducated and naturally retiring, arose and said—Let this bill be passed, and let it be passed now, before the ashes of the widow grow cold, or the tears of the orphan dry.—AH! there was poetry in his heart.

Consists of something pure and nobler, something more thrilling and exalting than real-life affairs; but that it does exist in the language of every heart, and that it draws the veil which shrouds the holy light of Heaven.

"The world is full of poetry—
In living with its spirit, and the waves
Dance to the music of the sea—
And spirit is its language."

There is poetry in the wild, reckless laugh of happy childhood, in sweet words of affection breathed by infant lips, and in the heart when "Our Father" is first uttered to the great and holy God.

There is poetry in the light heart and bounding step of youth, when every thing is bright, and joyous, and the warm heart seems almost glowing with love and gladness. Visions of happiness dance before the mind, blinding the future with perpetual sunshine and exalting all around. And poetry is not confined to the happy days of child, and youth; it sheds a brilliant gleam around the pathway of the aged, who with tottering steps and feeble frame are hastening toward the tomb. It glides the quiet evening of our life; by rays of sympathy from the celestial world, bright forests of the forest poetry may be enjoyed.

Poetry is wanted to lift the very life we breathe, all nature is richly laden with its soft sweet meanings; it is heard in the distant roar of the crashing surf, in the deep rumble of the great falls, in the gentle rustle of the leaves along the grassy field, and in the rustle of the varied scenery of its banks, in the

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In a cold and comfortless room without heat or light, there sat a poor woman vintling to impart some warmth to her freezing child. Despair o'erspread her face and chilled her heart; but suddenly a light gleamed in her sunken eyes, as if angels whispered hope to her drooping spirit. Soon a bright light and genial heat from the newly-kindled fire cheered the desolate hearth, and fixed more firmly her trust upon a God that can make a handful of flax relieve his suffering creatures.

THE FLAXSEED.

But a halo of light surrounded them, and an angel from beside them whispered, "He is come," and the shining host, hovering on their wings above them, sang the golden hymn to the Father of mercies. Their song was, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on Earth and good will toward men," and its music still lingers in their quiet souls. Entranced, the Shepherds sat them slowly rising, till the heavens received their rapturous hymns; and a bright star appeared in the spot where they vanished, to guide those humble ones to the Saviour. They seek his lowly resting place and worship him. Not so with the noble. They look for a Prince to come in splendor and raise the people from degradation—not the Prince of Peace coming in lowliness to reign in their hearts' affections—the light of whose love should guide them safely through the "valley of the shadow of death" to a home that needs not the light of the moon, nor of the stars, for "there is no night there."

No pen can describe the sufferings of Him who was the light of the third and last moral day that should dawn upon the Earth. His life was one of godlike purity, and full of deeds of mercy; yet when in agony of spirit the "Son of Man" was bathed in bloody sweat, no friend was near with hopeful words to sustain him. He was alone. The loveliness of Getsemane spread out before him, in its very beauty seemed to mock his wretchedness. The moon looked on with sympathy, the cool winds fanned his brow, but the ministering of attending angels could only alleviate. Alone, in an hour of deeper gloom, he bore the burden of our sins, and then the sun refused to give its light and the afflicted Earth seemed to shrink in terror at the spectacle. Through the night that followed, through all those dark and gloomy ages, one star alone beamed on with undiminished lustre. No cloud could dim its light of brightest purity, and still more brightly it seemed to shine for the darkness that surrounded it. Like the "Star of Bethlehem" it heralded the approach of a brighter day, and gave hope to the despairing heart. That star was the Bible, and its pure light still as brightly beams, and still as surely guides us to Heaven. As the stars are able to us, and we know not of their existence except we upward look, so the light of the Bible will not illumine our souls, unless by prayer we raise our thoughts to God—and as the light of the stars will surely guide us if we heavenward look, so surely will the light of the Bible guide our souls. Then let us make the Bible our guiding star through life, and we shall love it more and more, and the light that beams around our pathway will shine brighter, and brighter unto the perfect day.

"Daddy, I want to see your garden."
"Well, my son, when is your father's house upon like a cornucopia, daddy?"
"I can't tell, my son."
"How do you care?"
"I don't."

phets, stationed as watchmen on the wall of Zion, cheered by the inquiry, watchman what of the night?—so fast is sin and buried in indifference as every heart. One holy man of God in apostle trends his native vale. His form is bent with care, and on his brow is grief depicted. Look! suddenly he stops, presses his hand upon his brow, as though his misery were almost insupportable, and his pale lips murmur, "Who hath believed our report?" Now, loveliness, bending before his God, he pleads the promise made us, "I will be a father to the fatherless, and a merciful God to the widow."

cheering rays of the "Sun of Righteousness" beam through the gloom; right dark, the tempestuous night draws on, and wickedness reigns triumphant in the hearts of men. No more, his mind is led by holy contemplation from "Nature up to Nature's God"—no more "Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything," but all things ennobling, are contemptuously spurned, for the unsatisfying things of Earth. Alas! that thus the brightest morning that ever shone on this unhappy world, should be succeeded by a gloom that should last as long as the world should last.

Noah softly waking before his God, he beheld the swiftly rising clouds of his wrath, and tearfully did he entreat sinful men to seek refuge in the ark of his mercy. With scornful mockings were these faithful warnings received; till the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the swelling waters, rising, still rising, forced home the conviction, that "God's spirit will not always strive with man." Rev. election speaks not of the horrors of that scene; then let the veil of oblivion hide it forever.

Again, as in the "beginning," there is light upon the Earth. The risen Sun beholds a world still beautiful, but that beauty is sadly marred. The "bow of promise" spans the deep blue vault of heaven, the winds are hushed, and even the wild waves are almost silent. The rebellious ones are gone, and again, nought but praise, from pure and holy hearts, is heard on Earth. Would that the stream of Time bore us not so swiftly on, for on bright spots 'tis sweet to linger. But soon the shadows came—at first, faint and feeble; then so dark and heavy that the mercy of the Omnipotent alone kept the light from being entirely eclipsed.—Thus for year did "Light and Darkness" struggle for supremacy, till from amid the deep-toned thunderings, and vivid lightnings of Mount Sinai, the glivus boom-day shone. When the people, who in that lightning's flash had seen the glory of Jehovah, and in that thunder had heard the voice of the great "I am," bowed down in worship to a golden idol, why did not their eternal darkness rest upon this Earth, and blot its history from existence! Once more it was God's jubilee mercy, and over O God,

Prize Essay.

FIRST PRIZE ESSAY.

DAY AND NIGHT.

"In the beginning" this Earth, but lately created, unbecoming, unconscious of its destiny, and lost in space, moved on in darkness. God said, "Let there be light, and there was light." Then the fair young Earth, rejoicing in the light, quickly found her place among the many star worlds around, and hastened to bring her offerings of praise to her Creator. Her gifts of gentle flowers, which seemed to mingle their fragrance with the whispering of trees, and the low glad murmurings of fountains—the calling of deep waters together from afar—be echoing their voices of rocks and mountains—all harmoniously blending with the soft breathing of the wind, join with the "Sons of God," as with the "Morning Stars," they raise their rapturous songs of joy. Surely, more exultant, more thrilling strains of music, were never heard before, even in Heaven.

As auspiciously, dawned the first morning of the moral world. All was joyful business and peace. Sin, the first dark cloud, arose, and threatened the prospect of time, with desolation, and cast its shadows deep and broad, far into Eternity. The tears of penitence granted by Heaven, lightened this cloud, even as the soft, falling rain-drops, light on the same cloud, and give life, it may be, an occasional glimpse of the light that shines beyond. The day continues, and the light of the Pro-