

# 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."

### The Dance of the Autumn Leaves.

Borne by the restless winds along  
Where the sorrowful woodland grieves,  
Hither and thither, a fitful throng,  
Merrily dance the Autumn leaves.

Upward they mount to the murky sky,  
Downward they plunge to the earth below;  
Now in a giddy whirl they fly,  
Now in a madcap chase they go.

Yielding gaily, their feet advance  
Over the graves in thoughtless glee;  
And the music to which they dance,  
Hark! 'tis a dirge's melody.

Forward merrily still they go  
Through the wood and over the wave,  
Till they find in the wintry snow,  
Chilly and dark, their lonely grave.

Borne by the tempest's power along,  
While kind hearts in pity grieve,  
Gaily pass the human throng  
Thoughtlessly as the autumn leaves.

Upward they mount in fancied high,  
Downward they plunge in pleasures low;  
Now in the passions' whirl they fly,  
Now in Ambition's chase they go.

Merrily still their feet advance  
Over the graves in thoughtless glee;  
And the music to which they dance,  
Hark! 'tis a dirge's melody.

Forward! giddily on they go,  
Over the earth and over the wave,  
Till they find in the depth below,  
Chilly and dark, their lonely grave.

For the Register.

### An Acrostic to the Son of Song.

Baham! that magic in the name appears,  
His is the voice, though nearly eighty years,  
Around his head bath Time, with lenient hand,  
His hair-gems turned. In sacred song, his name  
Age seems to have mellowed more than thinned thy  
tone:  
Thy England's tenors, still thou stands alone!"

### Tales and Sketches.

#### THE HAUNTED BED.

War was declared!

The boys in number six vowed they would

no longer bear the insolence of number eight.

These were the two largest sleeping rooms

in the school-house where I boarded in the days

when my face was not yet bronzed by travel,

and my legs were considerably shorter, and

my luxuriant beard as yet an invisible dream.

I was thirteen, and the oldest boy in the room

except Stokins, who was sixteen, though you

would never have thought it to look at him,

he was the shortest boy in our class, and

the stupidist. However, he was a very good

fighter, and ready enough for anything but

fighting.

Our room was on the top floor of the

house, so we resolved to have a grand bolster-

ing campaign, and as a preliminary measure

I proposed that somebody should creep on all

four into No. 8, and pull Clinton senior's toe

then utter a warwhoop, and we would all

dash in, pell mell, and give No. 8 fits—in a

word, come down on them like bricks.

"But who is to do the creeping?" said Boxer,

who was so clumsy that he never could

catch a cricket-ball in his life, and was the

poorest shot at marbles I ever saw.

"Not you," said Stokleson junior, a small,

red-haired boy, who, like a little terrier,

would fight anything, however big, and never

leave off under any circumstances. "Knock

you, Boxer, you always stumble or knot

something over."

"Who then?" said Twigsy, the boy who

was so delicate that he was ordered a glass

of wine every day to keep up his stamina,

and who was always kissing little Lucy,

the master's daughter, in the shrubbery, and who

used to buy brandy and bring it up into the

bedroom at night, in a soda water bottle,

and give it to us to drink out of the shell

of an oyster.

"Why, Stokins, of course, because he's the

oldest," shouted Tom Crisp.

"Yes, Stokins forever!" cried the whole

room in chorus.

But Stokins would not go, so I, as leader

of the expedition, finally volunteered to un-

dertake the hazardous enterprise; and off we

started, marching noiselessly in Indian file,

holding our night-shirts tightly round us to

prevent them from rustling, and each, with

his bolster over his shoulder, prepared for the

most extremities.

I halted within a yard of the open door of

No. 8, and crawling like a "last of the Mohic-

ans," or the celebrated Serpent who tempt-

ed, on my belly, contrived to reach the foot

of Clinton senior's bed, insert my dexter

stairs, and would inevitably be upon us be-

fore we could return to our dormitories.

Having been the last to retreat from the

camp of the hostile forces, was now behind

all the rest of my party, who had nuttily

taken to their heels, and fled madly up the

passage towards No. 8. Seeing, therefore,

that escape was impossible, I resolved, like a

second Horatius, to "defend the staircase,"

and commenced by launching my bolster over

the banisters. Falling plump on the head

of the ascending master, and extinguishing his

light, it was a perfectly successful operation.

I was snug in bed like the rest by the time

he had obtained a fresh candlestick and re-

turned to the attack.

"What boy threw that bolster?" said the

deep-toned voice of Dr. Whackam.

Silence.

"I say who threw that bolster?" reiterated

the doctor. "Why don't you speak?"

Nobody spoke, or gave any reason for not

doing so.

"I'll soon find out," said the angry peda-

gogue. "Twigsy, where's your bolster?"

"Here, sir."

"And yours?"

"Here, sir."

"And yours?"

"Here, sir."

He had at length satisfied himself of the

presence of every boy's bolster but mine, and

all clearly foresaw that the exposure of the

culprit was at hand, and that if virtue were

not immediately rewarded, vice stood an ad-

mirable chance of being summarily punish-

ed.

"Mr. Franklin Lafayette Hopscoth, where

is your bolster, if you please," said Whack-

am sardonically, bringing his candle to bear

upon my devoted bed.

"Here, sir," said I cheerfully, to the utter

amazement of every boy in the room.

For an instant the doctor was staggered.

Seven boys and eight bolsters! He would

as readily have believed in seven boys and

eight beds. But his consternation was brief;

he suddenly observed that there was a spare

bed in the corner. He hastened to inspect it.

"The bolster was absent!"

"Who threw that bolster?" repeated doctor

Whackam.

"The ghost of the boy who died in the

spare bed!" said a whisper.

It was the voice of Stokins, and so artfully

disguised that everybody started, and the

smaller boys were thrown into a cold perspi-

ration.

"Who spoke?" said the doctor.

Silence.

"I shall come you all to-morrow morning,"

said Whackam, "unless the offender be now

given up!" Dead silence.

Next morning the doctor forgot to come

us. A new boy had arrived, and Whackam

was in a good humor consequently. But at

night we had an awful story to tell to the new

tenant of the "Haunted Bed."

I may as well add, though it has properly

speaking nothing to do with the story, that

we let down the new boy's pantaloons by a

string to the floor below, where they took

them in and cut the cord for us; that we, fur-

thermore, filled his boots with nut shells, and

put a small frog in his milk and water at

breakfast. He turned out a first-rate bolster-

er, and when we got up amateur theatricals

nearly smothered Stokleson as Desdemona,

in the atrocious character of Othello.

LUCK.

The worst misfortune that ever befel man,

is the conceit that we are born under particu-

lar stars, that there is a fatalism in our des-

tiny, and that good or evil geni shape the

courses and distribute the fortunes of our

lives. In this prevailing and over-mastering

man condition are a mere haphazard result.

Free society or mankind of its own artifice,

and it will be seen that God has dispersed

his gifts equally to all, and if one man has

managed to convert more earth, ocean, air

and other good things to himself than another

man has got, it is the work of that man's

providence and not of God's distribution.

The houses and lands of the rich, if the mat-

ter is sifted, have been accumulated by intel-

ligence and industry, upon a fixed and im-

mutable principle, while the hovels and squalor

of the poor, are the result of ignorance, indol-

ence and their associate vices. In the ma-

jority of cases the "fortune seeker" might

have accomplished the position of the "for-

tune possessor," if, instead of waiting for a

tide in his affairs, he had studied the steps by

which the fortunate man ascended and fol-

lowed after him. But no chance, luck must do

the work—the fortune must come.

Some men sit on logs, and trust to Providence

to raise their potatoes; but Providence

keeps account only with those who dig the

land, plant the seed, and gather the harvest.

Less star-gazing, search for "gold-lugs," and

murmuring at ill luck, and more industry,

faith in self, and the means at hand, and men

will find that the differences in their condition

are not natural, but artificial. (We have no

sympathy with the eternal grumbling about

luck. Fortune is the handmaid of certain

principles, and will always respond to them;

misfortune, in the common sense, is the same.

Until man comes to see that he is largely the

arbiter of his own temporal destiny, and takes

his fortune into his own hands, he will have

both room and disposition to find fault with

Providence and God.—N. Y. Mirror.

### SETTLE IN KANSAS.

Five hundred thousand settlers can be ac-

commodated with the best lands in the world

by locating immediately in this Territory.—

The soil is of the richest character, varying

from eighteen inches to five feet in depth; the

climate is salubrious, the thermometer rarely

ever rising above 105 degrees in the shade.

In Pennsylvania; where we resided during the

last summer, it stood for days in succession

at 100 deg. from ten o'clock in the forenoon

to three in the afternoon. The winters are

comparatively mild with us, though subject

to frequent changes, on account of the high

altitude of the country. The productions of

Missouri, Kentucky and Ohio grow here in

great abundance. Apples, peaches and pears

seem well adapted to the soil. Mr. Walker,

the intelligent provisional Governor of the

Wyandott Indians, and formerly from north-

ern Ohio, says he raises annually the most

luscious peaches he ever saw. Melons grow

of mammoth proportions.

The agriculturist who seeks a new home in

the West should not stop to make a location

until he has visited this Territory. The or-

ganized emigration of the world is now turn-

ed towards it, and it possesses advantages on

this account which are not offered by any

western State.

In December last, the Superintendent of

Indian Affairs for the Indian Territory, in his

annual report, said, in substance, "Aside from

the Government agents, troops and mission-

aries, there are not at this time, west of the

Missouri, and embraced in the limits of Kan-

sas and Nebraska." But ten months have

passed since then, and now, instead of a popu-

lation enumerated by a monosyllable, there

are many thousands settled all over the coun-

try, and hundreds are pouring in daily, sel-

ecting and staking out farms, or which they

purpose locating their families.

We confidently predict that in less than a

year from this time, we shall number fully

one hundred thousand souls. The times indic-

ate it. In all the northern States; indeed,

cost such an immense amount of labor to e-

rect. It is objected that our market is too far re-

moved. To those who are not well acquainted

with our position in the Republic, the objec-

tion is insuperable; but to those who have

observed that we have an excellent water

communication with all parts of the world;

and that in two years, at the farthest, we shall

be banded with iron, and a railroad connect-

ing us with Boston and New York, along

which the steam-horse will be propelled at

the rate of from thirty to forty miles an hour,

the objection is worthless. The whole galaxy

of the Mississippi will furnish us a market,

as will the Government trains which cross the

plains to New Mexico and the Rocky moun-

tains to Utah, California, Oregon and Wash-

ington Territory. Besides this, we expect a

large home market; for mechanics have al-

ready commenced pouring in by thousands,

and the numerous articles which are import-

ed into our western States will be manufac-

tured among us. Agricultural implements

of every species, which are usually made in

the eastern States, will be constructed in the

Kansas Valley. We are already talking of

our commercial city, which we claim is to rival

the growth of any western town. Chicago,

with its population of 70,000 in twenty-

two years, will find her growth less rapid

than the great City of the Plains, which is to

be the half-way house between the Atlantic

and Pacific, and the commercial emporium of

North America.

The Pacific Railway will be completed dur-

ing the next ten years. It must necessarily

pass along the southern bank of the Kansas

and up one of its principal tributaries to the