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"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 Lake Side.

By JOHN O. WHITTIER.
The shadows round the inland sea,
Are deepening into night;
Slow on the slopes of Ossipee
They chase the lessening light.
Tired of the long days blinding heat,
Of best my languid eye,
Like of the Hills' that cool and sweet,
The sunset waters lie!
Along the sky, in wavy lines,
Of blue and white, and grey,
Green-bellied with eternal pines,
The mountains stretch away,
Like the purple masses sleep,
Where shore with water blends,
While midway, in the tranquil deep,
The evening light descends.
Seemeth it when you hill's red crown,
Of old, the Indian trod,
And through the sunset air, looked down
Upon the smile of God,
To him of light and shade the laws
No forest skeptic taught;
The living and eternal cause
His tracer instinct sought.
He saw those mountains in the light,
Which now across them shine;
The lake, in summer sunnier bright,
Walked round with smothering pines,
And near him seemed, from earth and skies,
The living voice to be heard,
As face to face in Paradise,
Was stood before the Lord.
Thanks, oh, my Father!—that like him,
The tender love I see,
In radiant light and woodland dim,
And tinted sunset sea,
Is not in mockery dost Thou fill
Our earth with light and grace!
Thou had'st no dark and cruel will
Behind thy smiling face!

Miscellaneous.

THE DEVIL'S HOLLOW.

AN INCIDENT OF REAL LIFE.

In the town of Catskill, on the Hudson river, there dwell, some twenty years ago, a family of the name of Mason. He is an honorable and successful physician, and has two children, a son and a daughter, both of whom are engaged in the study of law. The father is a man of great talents, and is distinguished by his industry and perseverance. His wife is a woman of high character, and is distinguished by her piety and benevolence. Their daughter, Kate, is a young lady of great beauty and talents. She is engaged to be married to a young man of high family and fortune. The father is very anxious that the marriage should be a happy one, and is very anxious that the young lady should be well educated and well behaved. He is very anxious that she should be a good Christian, and that she should be a good wife and mother. He is very anxious that she should be a good daughter, and that she should be a good friend. He is very anxious that she should be a good citizen, and that she should be a good patriot. He is very anxious that she should be a good neighbor, and that she should be a good neighbor. He is very anxious that she should be a good citizen, and that she should be a good patriot. He is very anxious that she should be a good neighbor, and that she should be a good neighbor.

Miss and information was given the near-est neighbor, but as Mason was from home, little else could be done. Edward passed a night of intense agony—more the feelings of Kate's mother, than of the mother herself. Van Buren, and was closeted with him for a long time. Mansell, utterly incensed by the overbearing calamity which had befallen him, from attending to his duties, was walking, ignorant of Mason's return, when Kate came, or rather flew towards him, and exclaimed, "Oh, Edward, my uncle has applied for a warrant to apprehend you, and innocent though I know you are, that from inhuman form Van Buren has wanted to see a web around me that I dread the worst. I have not time to explain: fly instantly, and meet me at nightfall, in the Devil's Hollow, when I will explain all."

The Mid-Day Signal of the Palais Royal.

A short time since, on a fine spring morning, illuminated by the richest rays of the sun, a troop of vagabond boys were playing about the gardens of the Palais Royal. Hanging in clusters upon the iron railings which encircle these gardens, the band in question occupied themselves busily in throwing stones among the flowers, aiming at the sparrows, and watching fit opportunities to play other mischievous tricks, whenever the backs of the gardeners of the place were turned away. In such circumstances the young rascals of Paris are most ingenious and inventive. So was it shown on the present occasion. The leader of the youthful band, seizing a favorable moment when no one could perceive him, adroitly scaled the balustrade of the Palais gardens, and crept along the grass on all-fours, towards the spot where stood the mid-day cannon, which is cleverly made to announce the hour of noon by its discharge through the medium of the sun's meridian rays. When the intruder reached the spot, the hour was exactly half-past eleven. But this did not deter the half-past eleven. He had with him a lucifer match; in an instant it was kindled and applied to the cannon, which accordingly made its official detonation, announcing prematurely the hour of noon.

Directly afterwards, in all the streets, shops, and coffee-houses of the city, might be seen to pull out their watches in order to test the exactness of these articles by the infallible report. A general movement of surprise was the consequence, and a great variety of reflections came from the lips of Parisians within hearing. "Singular!" cried one; "I have always found this watch of mine to go well." "What!" exclaimed another, "a full half hour behind! And this is the watch which was guaranteed to me to go within the varying a single minute in a year." "This is the first time," said a third, "that my Bragnet ever went wrong!" "The watchmaker's were still more astonished than the people; but the majority of them were compelled to yield to the official detestation. A few did stand out for their chronometers; and one of these paladins of watch-making ventured upon the daring suggestion that "the sun might have gone wrong!" But, as may be imagined, this ingenious idea did not find many supporters. The infallibility of the god of day was not a thing to be generally questioned, and accordingly almost all who were within hearing of the cannon of the Palais Royal, or whose minutes, took their watches out, and set their watches to the hour of noon, or in other words, took the advance of the real time. The evidence of all the clocks and watches of Paris could not stand against the fact of the sun.

At first consideration, one might not foresee any great mischief likely to result from this mischievous trick of the boy with his match. Grave consequences, however, were the result. To make a mistake of half an hour in the progress of time, is not an error to be committed with impunity. A watch that goes too quick or too slow will often originate a series of mistakes of the most serious kind, from the consequences of which it may be very difficult to escape. "Already noon?" "Boy, my bill!" These words were uttered on the morning here referred to, by a gentleman who had breakfasted at Vefour's and who, after his meal, had fallen into a long and thoughtful reverie. This gentleman was Monsieur D., the Banker, whose affairs had long appeared to be in a flourishing state, but who had lately sustained some pecuniary reverses, which his creditors find it difficult to conceal much longer. When the young rascal's lucifer had done the duty of the meridian sun, Monsieur started up in haste and left the restaurant's. He had in his hand at the moment a letter which he read and re-read as he hurried along. It was conceived in the following terms: "I have received, my dear friend, the letter in which you communicate to me the disastrous position of your affairs, and tell me that you have no remaining hope but in me. My own resources are insufficient as you well know, to enable me to relieve you, but I am about to set out, as you suggest, for the country, though with little hope, I confess. Nevertheless, it is possible that the application may be successful, and you may rest assured that I shall spare no pains to make it so. If I succeed in realizing the sum necessary for your preservation, I will meet you to-morrow, in the Orleans Galleries, within the hours of twelve and one o'clock. You will of course be punctually in meeting me. I do not propose to meet you at your own house, because the precariousness of your present condition may render you afraid of receiving embarrassing visits there. If I am not at the appointed place exactly within the hour, you may be assured that I have failed, and I should advise you in that case to lose no time in quitting Paris. Your creditors will then see more strongly the necessity of arrangement, that they may have your personal aid in making your assets available. You may readily guess my reason for not wishing to come in procuring funds. My uncle, to whom you stand so heavily indebted, would never pardon me if he thought I aided you in the least in your flight. Be punctual. Yours ever, &c. Lucien B."

The Great Irish Orator.

Curran sprang from the people, he was born at Newmarket an obscure town in the county of Cork, in 1730—being thus forty years younger than Gratian. On the father's side he descended from the noble family of the Courtilly's. Passing his childhood in the country, he was thrown among the people. He was thrown in the days when he played marbles in the streets of Newmarket, and assumed the part of Punch's man at a country fair. He loved to visit the peasant in their cabins, and to listen to their tales. There he saw the Irish character—his wit, his humor, his sensibility to mischief and tears. There, too, in those rough nurseries which appear so sullen and savage when brought to face with their oppressors, he found the finest and tenderest affection of the human heart. There too he found a natural and a true eloquence. He was a constant attendant at the weddings and wakes of his neighborhood. It was customary at that time to employ hired mourners for the dead, and their wild and solemn lamentation struck his youthful imagination. In after years he acknowledged that his first ideas of eloquence were derived from listening to the laments of mourners at Irish funerals.

When transferred to the Trinity College, in Dublin, he became distinguished chiefly for his social powers. Full of the exuberant life of youth, overflowing with spirits, and fond of fun and frolic, he was always a welcome companion among the students. His mother had designed him for the church; when he came out of college his tastes took another turn. But his mother never got over her disappointment at his not being a preacher. Not even his brilliant reputation as a barrister, which he obtained in the English courts, satisfied her maternal heart. She lived to see the nation hanging on the lips of this almost inspired orator. Yet, even then, she would lament over him: "O Jackey, Jackey, what a preacher was lost in you!" His friends reminded her that she had lived to see her son one of the judges of the land. "Don't speak to me of judges," she would reply; "John was fit for anything, but he had but followed our advice, it might be written on my tomb, that died the mother of a bishop." But no one knew that he had and extraordinary talent for eloquence. Indeed he did not suspect it himself. In his boyhood he had a confusion in his utterance, from which he was called by his school fellows "stuttering Jack Curran." It was not till many years after, while studying law at the Temple, that he found out that he could speak. After his fame was established a friend dining with him one day could not repress his admiration of Curran's eloquence, and remarked that it must have been born with him. "Indeed, my dear sir," replied Curran, "I was born twenty three years and some months before it was." But when he had made the important discovery, he contented himself to speak very slowly to correct his precipitate utterance. He practised before a glass to make the gestures graceful. He spoke aloud the most celebrated orations. One time he was never weary of repeating—the speech of Anthony on the body of Caesar. This he recommended to his young friends at the bar as a model of eloquence. And while he thus used art to smooth a channel for his thoughts to flow in, so man's eloquence ever issued more freely and abundantly from the heart of the man that spoke. It was because he was so

power over the feelings of others. His natural sympathies were strong. Like every truly great man, he was as simple as a child. He had all those tastes which mark a genuine man. He loved children. He sympathized with the poor. It was perhaps from these popular sympathies, that he preferred Rousseau among the French writers, and that his friendship was so strong with Godwin. His nature was sensibility. He was most keenly alive to gay or to mournful scenes. He had a boyish love of fun and frolic. He entered into sports with infatigable glee. In these things he remained sensibly to the end of his days; while in woman. This to the last hour of his life he kept his affections fresh and flowing. He had the delicate organization of genius. His frame required to music like an Exilian harp. He had the most exquisite relish for the beauties of poetry. He was extravagantly fond of words of imagination. He devoured romances. And when in his reading, he met with a passage which gratified his taste, he was never weary of repeating it to himself, or reading it to the friends who came to see him.

Flora Religiosa.

The Banyan, of the Indian Isles, Strikes deeply down its massive root; And spreads its branching life abroad, And bends its earth-wreathed fruit; And when the branches reach the ground, They firmly plant themselves again; Then rise, and spread, and drop and root, An ever green, and endless chain. And so, the Church of Jesus Christ, The blessed Banyan of our God, Past-rooted, upon Zion's mount, Has sent its sheltering arms abroad; And every branch that it springs, In seeds of beauty spreading wide, As low it bends to bless the earth, Still plants another by its side. Long as the world itself shall last, The sacred Banyan still shall spread From clime to clime, from age to age; Its sheltering shadow shall be shed, Nations shall seek its pillar'd shade; Its leaves shall foil their healing herb, The circling flood that feeds its life, The blood that crimsoned Calvary.

Travels in Holland.

A little way from Dort is the ancient castle of Lovestein, which was the prison of the learned Grotius for a year and a half. The history of his confinement in a box March 24, 1621, is only equaled by the more recent case of the slave, Henry Box Brown. He delighted the religious months of confinement in the most studious and diligent manner. His faithful and courageous wife now began to devise means for his escape. She had observed that he was not so strictly watched as at first; that the guards who examined the chest used to open it to examine them less closely. At length they agreed that the chest to pass without any examination.

The Arithmetic of War.

It is very difficult to credit, or adequately conceive (even, the well attested statistics of war. When such a philosopher as Dick, or such a statesman as Burke, brings before us his estimate of the havoc which this custom has made of human life in all past time, it seems utterly incredible—utterly inconceivable; and still more are we staggered by the formidable array of figures employed to denote the sum total of money squandered on human butchery. Baron Von Roon, tells us in a recent work of his, that the continent of Europe alone now has full four millions of men under arms—more than half its population—between the ages of twenty and thirty; and that the support of these immense preparations for war, together with the intricate and costly collection and disbursalment of the aggregate of its war debts, amounts to more than one thousand millions a year. How any man try to form an adequate conception of what is meant by either of these numbers, and will give the official statistics. The Baron estimates that the debt now resting on the States of Europe is \$7,418,000,000. How shall we realize what this enormous sum means? Shall we count? At the rate of fifty dollars a minute, two hours every day, for three hundred days in a year, it would take more than eight hundred years barely to count the present war debt of Europe alone. Let us look for a moment at what England wasted for war from the foretellure in 1688 to