

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."

For the Susquehanna Register.

Autumn Song.

I wandered on the hill-top
In the morning's early ray,
While yet along the valley
The deer, white frock and lay.
I wandered on the hill-top
When autumn's broad expanse
The glorious sun of autumn
Shot his brightly beaming glance.
And wood, and vale, and mountain,
Bathed in the golden light,
All glowing in their gorgeousness,
Stood out before my sight.

I wandered in the forest
To beauties to behold,
When each waving bough was regal
In its purple, red and gold.
And the fragile leaflets quivered
To the gentle morning air,
As the sigh came stealing past,
"Beauty's dying everywhere."

I wandered in the forest
When autumn winds had blown,
And with pale and dying leaflets
The earth was thickly thrown.

Low wafted the sighing zephyr
Through the branches overhead,
For the gorgeous robe of autumn
That rustled to my tread.

MONTA.

For the Register.

The Spirit of Hope.

From the regions of Ixys I burst into life,
With the pasturing pulse and surge of strife;
My colors are planted, my aid-de-camp, Fame,
Makes the whole human family echo my name.
I found in the borders with eagle's dress,
Where Love is adorned by all things but rest;
I enter on shipboard, the sailor to please
By fairer words than they plough the salt seas;
To the good bark Adventure, and soon shall be found
Under vertical sails, where icebergs abound;
I'm cautious in their hearts, and with me they disdain
To think of the dangers that lurk on the main.
I'm fond with the steersman—I'm found at the throne,
With fashion and glory—and virgin alone,
I'm fond with the Post, "midst paper and pen—
I've had a packet, and very few friends—
I'm low in the patrie, he's used like a Turk—
But I've lent him my name to commence a new work.
I'm found in the dungeon the patriot to cheer—
I'm found with the chief when the battle draws near;
In time, I am pacing for ever and aye,
Where the beatings of life meet the breeze of day;
I'm the Spirit of Hope! see, my standard's unfurled,
And I'm coming, I'm coming, to light up the world.
A. M. C. Y.

Communications.

For the Register.

The Necessity for Government.

We can think of no human institution or science, with which man, individual or in the mass, has a deeper interest than that of government; for with this, in one form or another, every man is immediately and personally connected. The red man of the forest, while he little recked the rise and fall of states, is prepared to defend "to the death" the rights of his tribe and the honor of his chief. The untutored negro, who knows nothing of the world beyond the limit of his senses and the narrow observation of a darkened mind, feels that his present being, in duration and happiness, hangs on the will and pleasure of the "powers that be." The rude islander may care not how soon the thrones of the old world are shaken down; the Spanish royalist may ardently desire, yea, and year for the fall of every attempt to establish and perpetuate free, happy republics, yet each of these constitutes a part and parent of a system, which he must contribute his proportion to sustain. The merchant and mechanic may turn with careless indifference from the noble pursuits of the intellectual, from the contemplation of the spirit realm, and nature around them; the scholar with inexpressible delight pressing on to explore and comprehend the sublime mysteries of the universe, may not tell you the price of stocks, or predict the result of any commercial enterprise, yet neither the scholar nor the man of business can with safety to their own interests be ignorant of the principles and administration of the government under which they live. There is no place in the whole wide world, where any can go and say, "here I am free from the restraints of law, here I can live for myself and no other." There is no man so isolated that others have not claims on his services, who is not bound to love his fellow, and perform toward him all acts of kindness, of respect and due obedience. I know it is sometimes said (but most untruthfully) that government has been devised by man, without warrant from on High. Those who make this assertion, believe it a contrivance by which the crafty and strong lord it over the rest of mankind, and that it is therefore unnecessary and wrong. This doctrine needs no refutation. If such persons could be persuaded to keep silence, their folly might be unknown; if they would but read their Bibles, they would learn that "the powers that be are ordained of God," that government is a terror only to evil doers. Government is necessary! Show me to me that it is so, and by the same arguments I will prove religion to be equally and alike useless—a mere system of priestcraft. Man is a social being, and this element in his character can no more be changed or destroyed than you can change the course of the tornado, or pluck the sun from his path in mid heaven. We owe our life and continued existence to the social principle, for we are dependent on another for support; from it springs our family happiness, and to it is ascribable all progress in civilization and refinement. Does the existence of a religious system of some form, and a faith in the same, in every part of the world, prove man to be endowed with re-

ligious susceptibilities? So does the universal adoption of some mode of government show that it is necessary to his nature. Persons have been found in every age, who, withdrawing from the resorts of business and the endearments of sweet society, have plunged into the forest's depths, or sought the solitudes of the desert, where they vainly imagined they could dwell free from the trammels of civilized life, or where they might hold more intimate and unrestrained communion with the Infinite Unseen. But they have learned that man is never more a slave than to himself; that the heart is no more a subject of heavenly influences when immersed in a cloister or monastery, than when engaged in the humble, faithful discharge of active duties. Rear for me a beautiful and vigorous plant without the aid of air, earth and moisture; produce any thing worth having, while you neglect the appropriate means, and then will I admit that the established and immutable laws of God may be set aside without injury or disadvantage; that a noble, generous, and enlightened spirit may call *Chance* its mother, and say to *Nothing* thou hast begotten me.

This government is necessary, we might proceed to show, by tracing its beneficial results, or on the other hand, pointing out the misery and ruin that would ensue from its absence; but we prefer to show it from the mind and the analogies of the natural and spiritual worlds. We have seen that man is not an isolated being, alone in the universe: he sustains sacred and inseparable relations to his fellow man, which should be disregarded, the voices of reason, conscience, and revelation would speak in thunder tones to his heart, "where art thou?" "where is thy brother?" If it were not so, why are we a race so numerous, so related to, and so dependent on one another? If it were not so, one pair, or at least a few, might have sufficed to inhabit this earth, and instead of that moral beauty and order, instead of that warm glowing affections of the soul, the hardness of the rock, and the coldness of the iceberg might answer the purposes of our nature as well. The law of reciprocity and subordination prevails throughout all the orders of the inferior creation. No creature in earth, air or sea, but yields to a ready, cheerful obedience. In the vegetable kingdom it seems to be well understood, whilst the mineral has its groups, families and species. No where is the principle more beautifully illustrated than in "the heavens over our heads." There, amid those countless hosts that gird the sky, where "one star differeth from another star in glory," the law of harmony prevails, each fulfils its appropriate and appointed course, from the bright moon that "walks the queen of night," to the faintest luminary that glitters in the celestial sphere. Would you ascend higher still? to those realms, of whose glories "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," even there, and those heavenly places are thrones, and principalities, and powers; and there all is order, and beauty, and love, and perfect peace.

Now the question arises, what form of government is the best? What will secure us in the highest degree the objects for which all political compacts are, or ought to be established? viz: the entire protection of every subject in the enjoyment of every right, and the furtherance of his prosperity in the greatest possible degree. Government is at once a noble and difficult science. It is based on the great principles of truth and right, and has often times many involved and complicated relations. To understand all its bearings and applications, the profoundest study and maturest reflection of the strongest minds are necessary. Government is not a mere abstraction, a creature of theories, but a practical matter of fact, every day concern. It has engaged the thoughts of all past ages, and yet they could not agree on any form, as the true only one; and however much we ascribe to the collected wisdom of the past in other things, we are far from supposing that they have attained the *Ultima Thule* of perfection in their investigations on political science. And men even now entertain opinions the very Antipodes of one another on this subject. One holds to the divine right of kings; another to their delegated authority. One to an absolute, another to a limited constitution. Whilst a fifth discards monarchy in all its forms, and advocates the responsibility of the people, the whole people, for self-government. While again the representative system or some other of the thousand and one mixed forms, is pronounced the latest, and best. It is not strange that some, tossed to and fro by these views, so conflicting and diametrically opposed, should break away from the moorings of reason and philosophy, and drive without helm or compass into the tumultuous sea of Ultraism, and founder at last on the dangerous rocks of No Government. As the ancient philosopher to one bewailing the misery of life, and calling it an evil thing, replied: "To live is not an evil, but to live badly," so we reply: Government itself is not an evil, but a blessing, while a bad government is an evil and bitter thing. It is alike in accordance with the plainest dictates of common sense and the unerring teachings of revelation that a perfect government is not to be realized by man in his present imperfect state. The experience of six thousand years ought to have entirely settled this point. But so far from this, man forgetting his fallen state, forgetting that all that originates in, or proceeds from a fallible nature must partake of that nature, vainly strives to seek out a "more excellent way." Hence ever and anon some new system of reformers, "falsely so called," appears, which it is confidently predicted will renovate and remodel society. It may be

the community system of Fourier, the Socialism of Owen, from which religion is excluded, or else under the garb of extraordinary zeal and superior sanctity, men at once become saints, and must needs separate from the rest of mankind to avoid contamination, or even prepare to leave the world and ascend unbidden to the mansions of the blest. In our day, this wonderful age of improvement, perpetual motion has been discovered; it is the perpetual motion of Society after the "to here, and to there" of every new theory and opinion. We fully believe in the progress of human society, that it is tending onward and upward, that the true principles of government, as every thing else, are becoming more and more understood, that a golden age is yet to dawn on the race, before whose splendor all error and imperfection will flee away. But our hope is not in feeble man—it is in God, who will bring these things about by the omnipotent energy of truth; and yet man shall be the honored instrument, the chosen apostle of diffusing this gospel of light and truth among the nations of the earth. A. O.

Franklin, Oct. 20th.

For the Register.

Bise of the Papal Church.

There are many subjects, which, though destitute of any real or intrinsic excellence, yet because of their evil tendencies and extended influences upon human society, claim the attention and call for the action of the intelligent and virtuous. In this list is Romanism, than which a more corrupt system of faith and practice was never devised, needing only to be known to be abhorred, whose object, end, and aim is evil and only evil permitted. Why such a system has been permitted to exert its blighting and soul-destroying influence on the race, we cannot tell. It is a portion of this world's history, known in the Eternal mind far back in the infinite ages of eternity, revealed to man in the volume of unerring truth, and fully seen and experienced in the revolutions of successive centuries. To doubt the existence of some design, that good will not be brought out of evil, were impious. It is one of the ripe fruits of "that first disobedience which brought death to the world, and all our woe." It may be that the world needed some such proof of the heart's corruption, before it would embrace the purer faith of the gospel, that "the mystery of iniquity" has been permitted to work, or as a just punishment that so many have been left "to receive a lie."

In the year 606, (an age of ignorance,) when the pr. frigate Phocas sat on the throne of the Caesars, the Papacy took its rise. Then it was when the church, in heart and life, had departed far from the doctrines and holy example of its Divine Founder and His first followers, when list, and ambition, and love of power seemed almost wholly to reign in the hearts of the avowed Christians, that from out this dark chaos of incongruities was brought forth that monster of vice, baptized with the name of the Church of Rome, with the additional cognomen, "Spiritual Head of all Churches." It was a vigorous child, carefully fostered, and destined to live for ages, and to grow to a giant's strength. For years before had the way been preparing for ushering it into being. To the great body of professing Christians, and especially the dignitaries of the church, vital piety was experimentally unknown and undesired. In the heart the seeds of sin found a congenial soil. They struck deep their roots. They sprang up in a luxuriant growth, and yielded all their poisonous fruits—the tares of selfishness, jealousy, envy and hate. Hence brother waged war with brother, bishop strove with bishop, council disagreed with council. For many years the churches had been divided into two great divisions, Eastern and Western. The seat of the former was Constantinople, of the latter, Rome. To these the smaller churches had paid a deference; had given a precedence to their bishops, had sought their counsel and aid in times of trial and difficulty, not from any difference in rank, but because of the central position and greater wealth and influence of the City Diocesan. For till then they acknowledged no superior, but all were "*parces cum paribus*," equals among equals. Soon, however, what was at first granted as an act of courtesy, began to be claimed as a matter of right, and the weaker were obliged to succumb to the more powerful. The union between "that king-dome which is not of this world," and the nations of the earth, will never be consummated so long as they are alienated in feeling and interest. If, then, an outward union exists, it shows one of two things, either that the people in all their civil and social relations, have attained to that high standard of morality and piety inculcated in the Bible, (which no one would be willing to assert of any government,) or that the Church herself has fallen from her pristine purity, and relaxed the rigid rules of truth and justice to suit the desires and circumstances of depraved men.

About this time, greater power was claimed by the church over the spiritual concerns of men; and those assumptions of supremacy which have since, like the wide-felt waves of the earthquake, disturbed the elements of society, or silently, yet irresistibly, brought down kings from their proud thrones, began to be pushed forward. Who will limit those unholy men in the exercise of their ill-gotten and ill-directed power? Luxury, ambition, and tyranny, all follow in its hateful train. The mind now intent on wealth, is repressed in its Heaven-born and Heaven-ward aspirations—form superseded

faith, glitter and parade usurp the place of prayer and praise. Not satisfied with present appearance and acquisitions, the thirst for power and wealth incessantly increases, till it becomes a raving passion, swallowing up all others, and taking possession of the entire man. Blind to all that is good, but Argus-eyed in evil, the fatal resolution (fatal to the peace of the world and the interests of the true church) is taken of seizing the reins of universal dominion. For lack of foes without, the search turns to prey upon himself, to war with her own members, and behold! the two leading Bishops of Christendom are striving "who shall be greatest." In a favorable moment the Western Church aims an effectual blow at its Eastern brother, and Boniface, a master spirit in iniquity, "a court sycophant of a prodigal emperor," is raised to the Papal chair, and obtains from an earthly prince, from a guilty man, like himself, the appellation of God's Vicegerent on Earth. Thus the Pontiff of Rome, rich worldly, ambitious, is made the true and lawful successor of the poor, humble, devoted disciple of Galilee. Such was the rise of the Papacy. A. O.

Franklin, October, 1854.

Tales and Sketches.

From Michaelson's Life of Nicholas.

AN ILL-TIMED BON-MOT.

Froger, an actor at one of the minor theatres in the Boulevard in Paris, had entered into an engagement with the manager of the French Theatre at St. Petersburg, where he had the good fortune so greatly to please Paul I., that his son became a distinguished favorite of the monarch. An ill-timed bon-mot one day convinced Froger how dangerous it was to speak too freely to the eccentric autocrat. It was at the imperial dinner-table, when one of the guests uttered the present Emperor at the expense of Peter the Great. "That is robbing Peter to pay Paul," said the Emperor, turning to his favorite; "is it not so, Froger?" "Certainly, sir," answered the latter. "To satisfy Paul, we may rob not only Peter the Great, but also Peter the Apostle." And pray why so?" asked the Czar, quizzing him. "Because," said the actor, "Paul in his anger has frequently commanded, in the words of our Saviour, 'Go and bear the cross through out the world, more especially in Siberia.'"

Paul showed anger in his face, and no one dared to laugh or to be pleased with the actor's reply. A few minutes afterwards the Emperor rose and dismissed the company. It was in the middle of winter, about midnight, when Froger was aroused from his sleep by a loud knocking at his door. He jumped from his bed, opened the door, and saw to his amazement an officer and a file of soldiers enter the apartment. The former produced a warrant from the Emperor, banishing Froger to Siberia. We may readily imagine the horror of the Frenchman. He cried, thrust himself upon the floor, tore his hair, and repeatedly exclaimed, "What crime have I committed to deserve such punishment? He received no answer. He begged for a few hours' delay, to throw himself at the feet of the monarch and learn the nature of his guilt. In vain: the officer would allow him only time to pack up a few clothes and linen. Scarcely was the operation finished when he was surrounded by the soldiers and carried outside the house, where a coach was in waiting. He was then lifted into it—more dead than alive—while two soldiers, with drawn swords and cocked pistols, thrust their seats on each side of him. His eyes, however, were bandaged, and the officer giving the signal, the coach rolled away at full speed, surrounded by a cavalry escort. How long the first stage lasted Froger was unable to tell, the vehicle was so thickly covered that not the least ray of light could penetrate. He was told on entering the coach that the soldiers had orders to shoot him on the spot the moment he opened his mouth to put any questions to them. He consequently observed strict silence, and suffered a world of pain. The door of the coach was at last opened—a loud knocking at his door. He jumped from his seat, and he was led into a miserable hut, the doors and windows of which were closed as soon as he entered. When the bandage was removed, he saw, by the faint glimmer of a rush light, a dish of coarse food upon a board before him. Tho' he had been fasting for some time he could hardly swallow a morsel; fear, however, induced him to eat, for the faces that watched his motions seemed to portend no good. "Siberia! Siberia! That was the only thought; he was to live in that terrible land. Froger gave himself up to despair, when the previous officer—by the bye, an old acquaintance—entered the room, attended by a courier. The poor prisoner felt as if he had not seen that friendly face for years. In the joy of his heart he was about to embrace him; but a motion with the hand and a stern look restrained him, while the finger of the officer pressed upon his lips imposed silence. He had flattered himself that the courier had brought an order for his release; but he was mistaken.

The officer dismissed his guide, and ordered the soldiers to leave the room and wait outside. Being alone with the prisoner, he said, almost in a whisper, "Froger, we must now part. I have accompanied you to the first stage, and you will hence be under the inspection of another officer. Be careful not to speak a word. I risk much even in giving you this caution; but I am your friend. Have you any orders for me? Can I serve you in any way to St. Petersburg?" Poor Froger melted into tears. Instead of replying to the question, he only howled having to undergo punishment for an unknown offense. "An unknown crime?" said the officer. "Don't you, then, know what you have done? Are you mad, Froger? Have you forgotten the sarcastic jest you made at the Imperial table? It has offended the Emperor; you are punished because there was so much truth in it!"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the exile. "Hush! be silent!" whispered the other. "I will have ears, but not to waste time, listen, Froger. I am the only one whom you know; speak forth, during your long journey, you will find faces wholly unknown to you. The Emperor; you are aware, is impossible in his resolves, and inexorable in his wrath. You had better, therefore, be resigned to your fate; you have nothing to hope. Tell me, then, quickly, what I can do for you." "Speak for me to his Majesty." "Not a word of that," said his friend; "ask anything but that." "If that be the case," said poor Froger, "I have nothing to ask." "And your money and trinkets?" rejoined the officer, "have you left them all behind. Can I lodge them for you somewhere, until you return?" "My return?" gasped Froger: then I am not called for life." "Of course not—only for three years—Take courage; they will soon pass away—and then—"

"Three years for an innocent word?" rejoined Froger, and began again to cry and complain. But at this moment the soldiers entered, and bandaging his eyes, they lifted him into the vehicle, and away it rolled again.

It seemed a very long stage—for Froger calculated that he had traversed a whole day, when the vehicle stopped. As before, he was bandaged and led into a wretched hut, a counterpart of the first, and lighted by a piece of blazing pine-wood. The same coarse food was again placed before him. He looked at the faces around him. None that he knew—none that inspired him with comfort. After several similar journeys, the vehicle again stopped. By Froger's estimate, as well as he could tell, he had travelled three days and nights. His eyes were bandaged as before, but instead of being led, his guides seized him, and carried him some time, until they placed him on a wooden bench. He waited for a few moments, and wondered why the bandage was not removed. At last he heard soft whisperings, and then quick steps approaching. His hands were suddenly seized, and tied behind his back. He tremblingly asked what it meant, but received no reply. In another moment he presented to his eyes a scene which he never forgot. Froger now thought that eternity, instead of Siberia, was to be the goal of his journey. "Take aim!" was the command of one whose voice he thought he knew—"Fire!" and several shots were at once discharged. Froger fell senseless to the ground. He was raised, unavailing, and whilst he was borne along he became sensible of a division of soldiers marching past him. Having been placed upon a chair, he looked toward the rear, and the bandage was removed. He then found himself in the same room, and the same table, and in the same company, where that unhappy *bon-mot* had escaped him. Opposite to him sat the Emperor. The astonishment, horror and doubt which alternately reflected in the poor actor's face, so greatly excited the risible faculties of Paul, that the entire company joined heartily in the mirth. Froger fell in a swoon. The whole terrible trip had lasted not more than four hours. The Emperor had accompanied him in disguise all the time, and found immense delight in the prisoner's painful sufferings. Though used to comedies, it was long before the actor recovered from the sad dream of the imperial farce.

The Man who Fired the First Shot.

The first American who discharged his gun on the day of the battle of Lexington was Ebenezer Locke, who died at Deerfield, N. H., about 50 years ago. He resided at Lexington in 1775. The British regulars, at the order of Major Pitcairn, having first upon the rebels on the green in front of the meeting house, killing some and wounding others, it was the signal for war. "The citizens," writes one, "might be seen coming from all directions, in the woods—each with his rifle in his hand, his powder horn slung to his side, and his pocket provided with bullets. Among the number was Ebenezer Locke. The British had posted a reserve of infantry a mile in the rear, in the direction of Boston. This was in the immediate neighborhood of Mr. L., who instead of hastening to join the party at the green, placed himself in an old cellar at a convenient distance for doing execution." A portion of the reserve were standing on the bridge, and Mr. Locke commenced firing at them, though there was no other American in sight. He worked valiantly for some minutes, bringing down one of the enemy at nearly every shot. Up to this time no gun had been fired elsewhere by the rebels. The British, greatly disturbed at losing so many men by the random firing of an unseen enemy, were not long in discovering the man in the cellar, and discharging a volley of bullets, which lodged in the wall opposite. Mr. Locke within—remained unharmed—continued to load and fire with the precision of a marksman. He was injured to such a degree, however, by the British on his right and left, that he was compelled to retreat. He had just one bullet left and there was now but one way to escape, and that was through an orchard in the rear. The soldiers were all around him, one of them having even gained the orchard. Not a moment was to be lost—he leveled his gun at the man near by, fired, dropped the gun, and the man was shot through the heart. The bullets whistled about him; Locke reached the brink of a steep hill, and threw himself upon the ground, tumbling and downwards, rolling as if mortally wounded. In this way he escaped unhurt. At the close of the war, he removed to New Hampshire, where he resided until his death, some twenty years after.

There is an example of the strange ignorance French Feuilletism sometimes exhibit. A contributor to the Paris Illustration, objecting to the practice of smoking in public—which is perhaps not a nice practice—writes as follows: "In New York, those very United States, from whence so much of our tobacco is derived, it is forbidden, under the penalty of a fine, to smoke in the public street. Shall we, the French, allow ourselves to be beaten on the ground of public propriety and the usages of civilized life by the Quakers?"

Our friend of the Illustration must excuse us for correcting him. The inhabitants of New York are not Quakers; butism is the religion of the United States, though the Mohammedan and Jewish creeds are tolerated by the Government under certain restrictions. The Emperor of New York is the recognized head of the church, and preaches every Sunday in the Kentucky Synagogue. His eldest son, the Duke of New Orleans, has been declared ineligible to the throne, on account of his avowed leaning toward the Brahmin form of worship. We are sorely surprised a French writer in the nineteenth century knowing so little of the religious and political institutions of a contemporary people.

A Krow-Norring at Somerset, who fell into the water, refused to be rescued by an Irishman and was drowned.

THE FROZEN SHIP.

One serene evening in the middle of August, 1775, Captain Warren, master of the Greenwell whaler, found himself becalmed among an immense number of icebergs in about 77 degrees of north latitude. On one side, and within a mile of his vessel, these were closely wedged together, and a succession of snow-capped peaks appeared behind each other as far as the eye could reach, blocking up the ocean was completely blocked up in that quarter, and that it had probably been so for a long period of time. Captain Warren did not feel altogether satisfied with his situation; but there being no wind, he could not move one way or the other, and he therefore kept a strict watch, knowing that he would be safe as long as the icebergs continued in their respective places.

About midnight the wind rose to a gale, accompanied by thick showers of snow, with a succession of tremendous thunder, grinding, and crashing noises, gave fearful evidence of the ice-bergs in motion. The vessel received violent shocks every moment; for the haziness of the atmosphere prevented those on board from discovering in what direction the open water lay, or if there actually was any at all on either side of them. The night was spent in tacking as often as any cause of danger happened to present itself, and in the morning the storm abated, and Captain Warren found to his great joy, that his ship had not sustained any serious injury. He remarks with surprise that the accounts of icebergs, which had on the preceding evening formed an impenetrable barrier, had been separated and disarranged by the wind, and in one place a canal of open sea wound its course among them as far as the eye could discern.

It was two miles beyond the entrance of this canal that a ship made its appearance about noon. The sun shone brightly at the time, and a gentle breeze blew from the north. At first several men, and a small boat, were seen on the deck, but distinctly seeing another thing but her masts; but he was struck with the strange manner in which her sails were disposed, and with the dismantled aspect of her yards and rigging. She continued to go before the wind for a few furlongs, and then grounding upon the low icebergs, remained motionless.

Captain Warren's curiosity was so much excited that he immediately leaped into the boat with several seamen, and rowed toward her. On approaching, he observed that her hull was miserably weather-beaten and not a sail appeared on the deck, which was covered with snow to a considerable depth. He landed her crew several times but no answer was returned. Previous to stepping on board, an open port-hole near the main chains caught his eye, and on looking into it, he perceived a man reclining back on a chair, with writing materials on a table before him, but the feeble light of the lanterns every thing indistinct. The party went upon deck, and having removed the hatchway, which was closed, they descended to the cabin. They first came to the apartment which Captain Warren viewed through the port-hole. A tremor seized him as he entered it. His inmate retained his former position, and seemed to be insensible to strangers. He was found to be a corpse, and green damp mould had covered his cheeks and forehead, and yellic his open mouth. He had a pen in his hand, and a log-book lay before him, the last sentence in whose unfinished page ran thus:—

"Nov. 14, 1762. We have now been enclosed in the ice seventeen days. The fire went out yesterday, and our master has been trying ever since to kindle it again without success. His wife died this morning. There is no relief."

Captain Warren and his seamen hurried from the spot without uttering a word. On entering the principal cabin, the first object that attracted their attention was the dead body of a female reclining on a bed in an attitude of deep interest and attention. Her countenance retained the freshness of life, and a contraction of the limbs showed that her form was inanimate. Seated on the floor was the corpse of an apparently young man holding a steel in one hand, and a flint in the other, as if in the act of striking fire upon some tinder which lay beside him. In the fore part of the vessel several sailors were found lying dead in their berths, and the body of a boy was crumpled at the bottom of the gangway stairs. Neither provisions nor fuel could be discovered anywhere, but Captain Warren was prevented by the superstitious prejudices of his seamen, from examining the vessel as minutely as he wished to have done. He therefore carried away the log-book, already mentioned, and returned to his own ship, and immediately steered to the southward, deploring the loss of the vessel and crew, which he had witnessed, and the danger of navigating the Polar sea in high northern latitudes.

On returning to England, he made various inquiries respecting vessels that had disappeared in the results of those with information which was afforded by written documents in his possession, he ascertained the name and history of the imprisoned ship, and of her unfortunate master, and found that she had been frozen thirteen years previous to the time of her discovery her among the ice.—*Westminster Review.*

Another Hoax.—Nearly all the papers in Boston on Wednesday published as genuine a proclamation for Thanksgiving, purporting to be from Governor Washburn, of Massachusetts, which appeared in the Boston Herald the day before. The official proclamation of the Governor was published in the Atlas on Thursday morning, and is quite a different composition. The Boston Journal, which is said to be in the habit of commanding everything the Governor does, published the false proclamation as the production of "our excellent Governor," and pronounced it a model for imitation, being comprehensive, concise, and eloquent in thought and diction.

THE KNOW-NOTHING MOVEMENT.

The Know-Nothing movement rests partly upon hostility to Roman Catholicism, and partly upon jealousy of foreigners. The former element finds ready alliance in the religious feeling of all the great Protestant sects—the great mass of whose members regard Catholicism as far more aggressive and far more dangerous than Slavery—and all Catholics as subject in all things, civil and ecclesiastical, to the dictation of an absolute despot,—who has hitherto held all Europe in subjection, and who now seeks similar authority over the American Republic. The latter is strengthened by the growing rivalry of foreigners in all departments of labor. This is felt most sharply in the large cities,—but there is scarcely a considerable village in the State into which the Irish have not penetrated in considerable numbers, and made themselves unpleasantly felt on the labor, religion, morals, and above all, on the politics of the place.

For in every town, however small, where ten or twenty Irish votes are to be cast, the leading political well-wisher of both parties bends all his efforts to services of the country, as ostentatiously to the Catholic Church, goes there himself and puts money in the poor box; is twice as careful to speak pleasantly to an Irish voter, as he is to an American; gives him the preference if he has to hire help, promises to sell him wood, or potatoes, or wheat, a trifle cheaper than anybody else can buy it;—and in a variety of ways contrives to manifest his supreme devotion to any religion and any race, but those who make nine out of ten of his neighbors belong. This of itself excites ill feeling, and lays the foundation for a counter movement whenever the opportunity shall arise. And in a secret society, where no risks are run, the temptation to do something that "for these Irish," is too strong to be resisted. Those who are governed by religious motives feel that they have given a death blow to the power of the Pope;—and the rest are satisfied with having preserved the Irish from being a general war against foreign machinations in a general way.

Besides this, the Catholics themselves have done much to provoke this hostile political movement. They began ten years ago, when Frelinghuysen was nominated with Clay, by denouncing him, as the *Freeman's Journal* did, as a "speuter" at the religious Anniversaries and Bible Societies at the Tabernacle, and by calling upon all Catholics to vote against him. They defeated the Whigs then, and roused a deep feeling of animosity throughout the country thereby. And in the last Presidential contest, it is perfectly well understood that a meeting of Catholic magistrates was held in Boston about a fortnight before the election, at which an understanding was had by which the Catholic vote was turned over *en masse* to Gen. Pierce. Nor has the fact that a Roman Catholic from Pennsylvania, never known in any way as a public man, was appointed Postmaster General, escaped the notice in this connection. The Catholic press and clergy have, moreover, strengthened the representations of those who regard their organizations as hostile to Republicanism, by denouncing every liberal movement in Europe, and by allying themselves with Austria, France and every despotism which shelters their Church. In this State their demands for new tenures of their Church property, and for a modification of our Free School System, have excited a good deal of distrust and uneasiness. It is to these influences, aided by the violent and intemperate tone of the Catholic press, met by corresponding violence from the other side, that we attribute that deep and strong general sentiment which has given birth and power to this new and formidable organization. So far as it is it is prescriptive and intolerant, so far as it would deprive any citizen of any of his rights and immunities of citizenship, on account of his religion or his birth place, it cannot command general approval nor meet with permanent support. But no one can deny that some of the evils at which it professes to aim, do really exist and need correction. We only hope that it will not create greater evils than it pretends to cure.—*N. Y. Times.*

The Charter Oak.

All of our citizens venerate the Charter Oak, the grand old tree that so completely shielded the written charter, which continued to be our organic law till 1818. In song and story the old oak made famous and thousands of strangers from almost every part of the world flock to see it. It is to these influences, aided by the violent and intemperate tone of the Catholic press, met by corresponding violence from the other side, that we attribute that deep and strong general sentiment which has given birth and power to this new and formidable organization. So far as it is it is prescriptive and intolerant, so far as it would deprive any citizen of any of his rights and immunities of citizenship, on account of his religion or his birth place, it cannot command general approval nor meet with permanent support. But no one can deny that some of the evils at which it professes to aim, do really exist and need correction. We only hope that it will not create greater evils than it pretends to cure.—*N. Y. Times.*

Mr. D. S. Dickinson in his recent speech at Delhi, said: "The soft organization could not long exist, and he invoked the rank and file who were misled by the pretensions of interested leaders, to return to the democratic standard. The organization was based upon no higher pretensions than the support of an administration which had no more future than a 'kay-did.' Its convention in Syracuse, containing worthy men, was under the control of the government appointees—tenants of the New York Custom House, who were there crammed like Christmas turkeys with government bread and butter, to sing hosannas to the wisdom of the administration who fed them, a memorable illustration of the infidelity that this 'kay-did' which its owners, and the us his master's crib."

There was a deacon in a town in New Hampshire, by the name of Day, he traded a cooper. One Sabbath morning he heard a number of boys playing in front of his house, and he went out to stop their Sabbath break. Assuming a grave countenance, he said to them: "Boys do you know what day this is?" "Yes sir," immediately replied one of the boys: "Deacon Day, the deacon."