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LEWISBURG CHRONICLE

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COMMUNICATIONS solicited on all subjects of general interest not within the range of party or sectarian contest. All letters must come post-paid, accompanied by the real address of the writer, to receive attention. ☞ Those relating exclusively to the Editorial Department, to be directed to HENRY C. HICKOK, Esq., *Editor*—and those on business to O. N. WORDEN, *Publisher*.

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"Lie up nearer, Brother."

[The New England Diadem gives its readers the following beautiful stanzas, which were suggested by hearing read an extract of a letter from Capt. Chase, giving an account of the sickness and death of his brother-in-law, Mr. Brown Owen, who died on his passage to California.]

Lie up nearer, brother, nearer,
For my limbs are growing cold,
And thy presence seemeth dearer,
When thy arms around me fold;
I am dying, brother, dying,
Soon you'll miss me in your berth,
For my form will soon be lying
'Neath the ocean's briny surf.

Hearken to me, brother, hearken,
I have something I would say,
Ere the veil my vision darken
And I go from hence away:
I am going, surely going,
But my hope in God is strong,
I am willing, brother, knowing
That he doeth nothing wrong.

Tell my father when you greet him
That in death I prayed for him,
Proved that I may one day meet him
In a world that's free from sin;
Tell my mother, (God assist her
Now that she is crossing dim,
To bear this sad and last bereavement,)
I [illegible] kissed her,
When [illegible] grew cold and dim.

I [illegible] whisper,
[illegible]
[illegible] I raised her
[illegible] frown;
[illegible]

[illegible] are dreadful cold
[illegible] memory stirred.

[illegible] children,
[illegible] I imagined
[illegible] I held them
[illegible] to my breast,
[illegible] to their Maker,
[illegible] trust in God,
[illegible] teacher,
[illegible] word.

[illegible] them!
[illegible]
[illegible] them,
[illegible]
[illegible] them I crossed the ocean,
[illegible] me hopes were, it is not full,
[illegible] I've gained an orphan's portion—
Yet He doeth all things well.

Tell my sisters I remember
Every kindly parting word,
And my heart has been kept tender,
As the thoughts thereof occurred;
Tell them I never reached the bar, a
Where I sought the spirits as "dust,"
But have gained the port of Heaven,
Where the gold will never rust.

Urge them to secure an entrance,
For they'll find their brother there;
Faith in Jesus and repentance
Will secure for them a share—
Hark! I hear my Saviour speaking,
'Tis, I know His voice so well,
When I'm gone, oh don't be weeping,
Brother, here's my last farewell.

READ! READ!—We ask the attention of all readers to the following powerful delineation, in an address of Judge Johnson, of Georgia, in sentencing G. D. Cornet to death, for the murder, without provocation, of W. W. Hailes, delivered on the [illegible] 1851:

[illegible] place be forgotten, in which [illegible] this shedding of blood. It is [illegible] of the thousand ante-chambers of hell, which mar like plague-spots the fair face of our State. You need not be told that I mean a tippling shop—the meeting place of Satan's minions, and the foul cess-pool which, by spontaneous generation, breeds and nurtures all that is loathsome in vulgarity and Sabbath breaking. I would not be the owner of a grogery, for the price of this globe converted into precious ore. For the pitiful sum of a dime, he furnished the poison which made the deceased a fool, and converted this trembling culprit into a demon. How paltry this price for two human lives! This traffic is tolerated by law, and, therefore, the vender has committed an offence not cognizable by earthly tribunals: but in the sight of Him who is unerring in wisdom, he who deliberately furnishes the intoxicating draught which inflames men to anger, and violence, and bloodshed, "is particeps criminis" in the turpitude of the deed. Is it not high time that these sinks of vice and crime should be held rigidly accountable to the land, and placed under the ban of an enlightened and virtuous public opinion?"

COMMUNICATED.

The thriving little town of Williamsport, has perfected a plan to place herself numerically before Lewisburg, by [illegible] enlarging her Borough boundaries so as to embrace part of an adjoining Township. If Lewisburg can [illegible] her rival in any other way, she may "re-annex" Churchville or Muncytown, or lug in Buffaloe.

But the richest joke, is a section in the act [illegible] enlarging the boundaries aforesaid, which bestows upon her Academical [illegible] the power of conferring Degrees in Arts and Science! It would seem [illegible] the greatness of the great men of the "everlasting State," the world at large is too slow to comprehend their merits, and accordingly, a Doctrinal power is granted to their excellent adjunct of Dickinson College, to transform their simple great men into L. L. D's, D. D's and A. M's, "Thick as autumnal leaves in Valambrosa's vale." VIVELA HUMBUG!

From the Friend of Youth.

The Selfish and the Unselfish Boy.

BY MARY IRVING.

"Please, brother Phil!" Thus implored a little boy, who was standing behind the chair of a larger one, on a freezing evening of November.

"I can't please now, and I won't please! So there, do your hear?" exclaimed the older, surlily turning around in the great arm chair in which he had seated himself to read the weekly newspaper. "Get off my rocker, there, or look out for your toes! I wish little boys wouldn't be always bothering one, when one's busy!"

George, the "little boy" at whom this outburst of vexation was aimed, slunk away, looking sadly disappointed. He was a slender little fellow, about seven years old, with pale blue eyes, and light, bright brown curls, arching over a high brown forehead. The big veins in his throat swelled as he tried to swallow his tribulation, and his eye-lids winked fiercely over two gathering hot drops, which Philip had taught him to consider a disgrace to his little manliness.

"I think Phil will be a bit clever! He knows how bad I want my sled," he said to himself; and suddenly one of the tear-drops, which had swelled too round for his eyes to contain, fell down on the white ruffle of his checked blue apron. He brushed it away very quickly, and with a glance at his dreaded brother, glided back into the shade of the newspaper.

His little cousin, Henrietta, just then came skipping into the room, and turned the tide of his thoughts.

"Oh Georgie, only see what I have got!" She held over her head a fried nut cake, cut into something intended for the image of a hand, while she went on dancing, first on one foot and then on the other.

"Shut the door, young ones!" growled master Philip, scowling from behind his paper. "I should like to know what sent you romping in here. Clear out, can't you? and let me have a moment's peace of my life!"

The little girl tripped out, and George followed her, asking—

"Oh, Etta, who gave you that hand cake?"

"Sally, to be sure. She is frying, down in the kitchen, and she has a whole pan full. Let's go and coax her to give you one."

Down they went into the kitchen, where they found the frying-pan hissing over a red hot stove, filling all the air with a sort of savory fog. The cook-maid, with her great ladle, was bending over the bubbling fat, watching the diving and browning nuts. She lifted her scorched face, as she heard the children's feet on the stairs.

"Didn't I tell you to let alone troubling me, Miss Etta? What are you diving down here for—to grease your pink gown agen the dirty kettles?"

"Georgie wants you to fry a hand for him, just like mine," she exclaimed, dodging out of the way of the sputtering fat drops, while the girl was lifting the kettle off the stove.

"Well, we'll, you must keep out of this hole, then. Kitchen isn't boys' place. I shan't give you but one; so be off."

She tossed a hot cake into Georgie's hands. George caught it and ran up stairs shifting it from one hand to the other as he went, as he found it uncomfortably warm. Etta accompanied him into the play room, where he laid his cake on a window sill to cool, and proceeded to tell her his various difficulties.

"Etta," said he, "it seems to me I trouble every body to day. Father said so this morning, when I asked him for a sled rope; mother said so when I carried her my red mitten, with a hole in the thumb; Phil keeps saying so; and now Sally! I wonder what makes me such a trouble?"

Etta laughed. "It's funny, Georgie. You don't trouble me, though."

"I wish Phil wouldn't be so troubled to night, because he did promise to paint me an eagle on my sled, and put on the irons, so that I could have it to morrow afternoon. It's going to be rare sledding down the big hill, I tell you! Don't you hear the wind roar? See my poor sled; isn't it too bad?"

"May be Phil will fix it by and by."

"I'm so afraid he won't," sighed Georgie, anxiously. "It's getting dark, and he said he could not do it by candle light."

"How cold I am!" said Etta, shivering—"Let's go back into the setting room."

George took up his cake and went in. Philip, who had just finished the "whale story" which had caught his eye in the paper, laid it down and sauntered lazily to the window.

"What's that?" he asked. "Give me a bite."

And, without waiting for permission, he seized his brother's cake and broke off half of it for his own eating.

"Oh, now, Phil," complained the small boy, "you've spoiled my hand!"

"Cry, baby, for a doughnut; there's your brave boy!" sneered Philip.

"I say you are a thief, and a mean boy," exclaimed the courageous Etta, roused to retaliation. "You haven't any right to eat Georgie's cake, when you won't help him make his sled, for all you promised to!"

"Hold your tongue till your opinion is asked, Miss Flittergibbit," answered her ungentlemany cousin, very haughtily.

He looked out of the window for about five minutes, and then turning, said, in rather a cross way—

"Well, youngster, bring along your old sled. "Eagle you expect to call it, do you? Humph!"

It was really rather a rickety piece of mechanism which George dragged forward. It had been nailed together by the little boy himself, and was made out of various odds and ends of boards, fastened to the runners of a cast off sled, which Philip, in a fit of good humor, had whittled into shape. It was the best the persevering little fellow could accomplish, however; and many a pounded finger had he most heroically borne for its sake.

"A sled and a half I should think," said Philip, scornfully. "Here, bring me that chair. Now go 'long up stairs and bring down my oil pants. Not that paint box, you numb chance! Don't you know the difference between water colors and oil colors! Go down to the kitchen and fetch me a drink of water; and bring me up another cake while you are about it."

"Sally won't let me, I'm afraid," answered the boy, who had been obeying all his brother's gruff commands with great alacrity.

"What business is it of Sally's? She's nothing but a cook. Tell her I sent you."

"I'd rather you would go and ask," said George, hesitating.

"I should think you might be obliging, when I am working for you," said Philip. "You may do your own jobs, if you can't do my errands."

George timidly stole down into the forbidden kitchen, very fearful of Sally's displeasure.

Just then a "Hallao," without, caught Philip's ear. He looked up and saw a party of his comrades of the High School, with skates in hand, walking in the direction of "the meadows," as a piece of overflowed land was styled. Without a thought for any one but himself, he dropped the brush with which he had just begun to paint the yellow top of the eagle's wing, and seizing his cap, comforter and skates, was off before George came back.

"Oh, I had to take it, I can tell you!" exclaimed George, opening the door, with a cake and dipper in his hands. "Here Phil; where is Phil?"

"He has gone out," said Etta, who was gazing earnestly out of the window. "I do believe—there—yes! Isn't it too bad, now! He is going off with those great boys."

George looked after him for about three minutes, till he had turned a corner and disappeared. Then he glanced back at his unfinished sled, and his heart swelled high under the checked apron.

"Too—" he faltered; but one word was too much for him. His lip quivered; and, with a sob, he ran out of the room.

"Never mind; you can eat his cake, now!" Etta called after him.

He did not stop, but hurried up into his chamber, and, hiding his face in the cold pillow, cried for ten minutes.

The next day was Saturday. The afternoon was cold, though the sun shone brightly on the dazzling ice and snow. Every skater and slider of the primary and high schools, besides some who could neither skate nor slide, was on the meadows, or on the hill sloping towards them. George, having fastened a worn trunk strap to his still unpainted sled, was trying his best to steer it straight down the sliding track. But it needed shoeing, and would not work very well. Moreover the other boys laughed at him, as they whizzed by him on their red and yellow craft.

"Huzza, Bub!" called one to another, "let's try a race with the "Snail." What'll you bet on your racer, George?"

George never could bear to be laughed at, any more than a little girl; and he had hard work to keep back his tears. Perhaps he would not have been so tender-hearted a child if he had always been knocked about in the school-world. But until within a year, he had lived a very peaceful life at home, alone. His mother, a good humored lady, had indulged him in every thing that did not incommode herself; and his father, without taking any particular pains to provide him with anything which cost money, had left him to "tinker away," as he called it, to his heart's content.

Seven month's before, his brother Philip had returned from the house of an uncle in a neighboring city, where he had been spending two years in attending school, clerking a little, &c. His uncle had kept him as "errand boy;" and when he broke up housekeeping, in consequence of the death of his wife, he sent Philip to his home again, and little Etta with him. Philip was an active, ingenious boy, and had profited well by his opportunities of seeing what is done in the world. His uncle had made him many presents in the line of painting and designing, so that he felt very vain of his acquirements, and made quite a "flourish" about them to his little brother, after his return home.

George had longed to welcome Philip home.

"It would be so nice to have a big brother," he had said. His little heart had gone out in love and admiration towards him. Philip had seemed kind and brotherly for a few weeks. But as soon as the novelty of things had worn away, and he had found other and older associates, he had grown very careless of his little brother's feelings. Each passing week seemed to roll him more closely in his selfishness.

We left George standing at the top of the hill whirling one of the balls of his comforter, and watching the descent of a beautiful orange colored sled, with almost a feeling of covetousness. All at once, a piercing shriek ran over the play ground. He jumped on his sled at once and pushed it to the bottom of the hill where the smaller boys had assembled. They saw the skaters from all directions hurrying towards the spot.

"To the meadows!" was the cry of a dozen, as again and yet again that cry rang out strong and shrill, over our heads. "Somebody is drowning!"

The sleds were dropped, and all rushed to the shore. George was foremost.

The meadows were partially covered with woods, and beyond the range of these woods the boys had been forbidden to go, as to skate there was considered dangerous. They soon discovered, nevertheless, that the sounds proceeded from that direction; and slipping their smooth boots along the ice, they reached the wood. Here the larger boys had already clustered, and were standing with pale, fearful faces, or anxiously trying the strength of the ice as they attempted to advance.

Dimly over the white ice, at a little distance, could be seen the head of a boy. Crash! and down broke another, who had pushed out to save him. The boys gave a cry of terror.

"Never mind me! Never fear!" shouted the last, throwing his arms across the edges of the ice. "I can hold on a good while yet, and I don't believe it is deep enough here to drown me. Go and help Philip; he will drown in a little while if you don't get to him. You large boys can't come—it won't bear you. Send one of the little fellows, and get that long pole."

"Come, Bob!" exclaimed the older boy, seizing the smallest boy near him by the shoulder.

"Oh, *no!*" screamed the little fellow, trembling with terror; "I shall get in! Mother wouldn't let me."

"But you *must*—one of you," insisted the larger boy.

"It is Philip! I'll go—let me!" exclaimed George, coming forward. He was very pale, and his large eyes were strained to the utmost.

"Well, keep steady about it, and don't be a coward! Here, take off your boots—take this pole—slide out as far as you can, and when the ice gets thin and begins to crack, lie down flat and work your way along. When you get close to the hole, push along the stick, and hold on to this end of it while he lifts himself out. Hold strong! Mind you don't go too near!"

Half a dozen boys at once were giving these directions to the bewildered boy.

"Yes, I will," he answered, dreamily, and slid away, scarcely conscious whether on his feet or head.

"We'll push a board after you!" shouted the boys.

"Help! help!" came more faintly Philip's cry. It seemed to George to come from under the ice. He looked down, and his blood ran chill. The water looked cold, deep, and black, underneath.

Just then a cracking sound alarmed him, as he came upon a track of whitish ice. He cautiously lowered himself to his hands and knees, and wound himself along until he could plainly see the hole by raising his head. He scarcely knew what to do next.

"Philip!" he called, tremulously.

"Oh, help for God's sake! I can't hold on much longer—I am dying of cold!" groaned the boy.

"Where are you, Phil?"

"Down here—can't you see me?"

"Are you under the ice?" George asked, for the head had disappeared from his sight.

"Most down! I am trying to hold on to a tree, but my fingers are numb. Oh, dear, dear—*won't* somebody help me?"

"Can't you catch this pole, Phil?" George stretched it across the chasm.

"You can't hold it strong enough—I dare not let go of the tree. Oh, dear, I shall drown!"

"Do take hold, Phil—*do!* I'll hold with all my might."

The sinking boy stretched up one half frozen hand, and caught the stick. He partly raised himself by it, but sank again.

"Take the other hand, Phil," shouted his little brother. "I can hold it—I know I can."

Thus encouraged, the drowning boy let go the twig which had supported him, and firmly grasped the pole. He lifted himself by it. George pressed firmly upon the other end, straining every nerve. At one moment, it seemed to him that he must give way, and himself be drawn into the abyss; then the ice all seemed cracking, and his ears rang. But the next moment Phil was out of the water, lying on the edge of the ice.

"There—there—Phil, I told you so.—Now only crawl off a little—be just as careful as ever you can."

"Oh, I can't move," murmured the boy, nearly stupified by the intense cold. "My hands!"

George crept as near to him as he dared, and pulling off his own red mittens, stretched them over his blue, icy hands. Then he took his comforter, and, tying it around Philip's arms, succeeded in pulling him a little way from the hole. The boys shouted applause behind him. Some of the most adventurous were already creeping along with a flat board, which they pushed to the two. George, by renewed exertions, dragged his heavy brother upon his board, and drew it a short distance, until he could be safely joined by others. He did not once think of himself, though wet to the skin, and destitute of cap, comforter, and mittens.

Philip revived after reaching the shore and being rubbed a few minutes by his mates. Two of them supported him up the hill toward his home, escorted by the remainder. They sent George forward to announce their coming, and order a warm bed to be prepared for the rescued boy.

George met his mother at the gate—She, bare headed and deathly pale, was rushing toward the play ground. She had just heard that a boy had broken the ice, and too truly concluded that it was one of her own boys. George caught her arm, laughing aloud in nervous excitement, and screamed—"Oh, mother, he's *out!* He's coming! He—I—" Here came a sudden reaction; his head reeled, he tottered, and fell fainting on the snow.

The doctor who was summoned to Philip had another patient. The elder boy was soon himself again, having been but slightly injured by the chill of his cold bath.—But the pale, delicate Georgie, with the terror and wetting, had nearly worked himself into convulsions. He was in danger of brain fever, and was kept by the doctor's order for four days as quiet as possible. His mother sat by him, holding his hand or stroking his hot head whenever he started from his short sleep, screaming that "Phil was drowning, and the boys wouldn't go to him!" She would kiss him then, and call him her noble, her darling boy. He did not "trouble" her any longer, though he needed all her attention.

And what thought Philip, after coming to himself and learning the whole story? Oh, were not burning regret and shame mingled with his thankfulness for rescue? When he walked on the next day about the house, hushed for his little brother's sake—when he heard Etta sob, as she threw her arms around his neck, "Oh, won't Georgie *ever* get well!" more than all, when his eye lighted on the *sled* daubed with a square inch of paint, which the boys had brought in for George, his heart smote him as it never had done before.

He turned away, and went miserably to his own chamber. He thought of all his unkind acts to the little brother. He went to bed at night, but could not sleep. He tried to pray for George, and, in making the attempt, he fell to crying. Then he prayed for himself, too, and fell to sleep.

In a few days, by God's blessing, George was once more able to sit up against pillows, and to see brother and cousin. Etta jumped upon his bed-side in glee, throwing her little arms around him. Philip stood quietly for a moment, until George extended his hand to him, then his lip quivered, and, bending low he kissed him.

"I have something to show you George," said he. Stepping aside, he lifted up—the sled! No! Was it not? George did not recognise it. It was, however, no other than the same once clumsy sled, perfected, polished, and painted in a gay green and orange, by the skilful hands of Philip! A new rope dangled from its front, and altogether it was one of the finest specimens of a sled that ever graced a country riding hill.

George almost screamed out his surprise and thanks. "Oh, what a beauty! Dear Phil! how good it was of you."

"Don't say anything, Georgie," replied Philip, with an attempt to conceal his emotion; "you—saved my life!"

"Oh, if you *had* drowned, Phil!" The little pale boy shut his eyes and shuddered.

"There, that is long enough for you to stay with him to-day," said his father, who had just come in. "He must not be excited."

George opened his eyes, and looked up to his brother with a smile of trust and love.

George recovered, though weeks passed before he was able to steer his new sled down the cold hill. But many a happy slide it has given him since!

Do you think that Philip forgot the lesson he had learned? Do you think that he disobeyed again by going to slide on forbidden ice? Do you think that he abused the love of that precious brother as he had done before?

The Lost Gem.

The black waters of the river of death were rolling sluggishly onward. There approached one whose features bore traces of anxiety and sorrow, and with a bowed form she gazed into the turbulent stream as though she would fain descry something far down in its fathomless depths. A being of benign and celestial aspect appeared at her side, and said:

"What seekest thou, sorrowing one?"

"Alas!" she answered, "I wore a sparkling jewel upon my bosom. It was no paltry bauble, but a monarch's gift, and invaluable. The wealth of India can not yield one to match it. In an evil hour it dropped from its resting in this dark river. For a moment I saw it float near the brink, and stretched out my hand to regain it; but it was beyond my reach, and it sank down till I saw it no more. It is gone lost, lost forever!" And in deep gloom she turned to depart.

"Stay mourner! Grieve not, but look again into the waters!"

She looked, and a cry of joy burst from her lips—"It is there! I see it floating upon the disturbed wave. Oh shall it not be mine once more?"

The answer came—"[illegible] thou art [illegible]. What [illegible] the semblance of what was [illegible] turn thy eyes upwards [illegible]."

She obeyed and [illegible] gleaming from a bright spot of azure in the murky sky, whose rays gave even the waves of that gloomy river a tinge of brightness, and whose reflection there she had mistaken for her own lost gem.

Then came a tender and musical voice as the beautiful appearance vanished—"Mourner, these restless billows, though fearful and dark to thee, roll up to the gate of Heaven. Ever faithful to their trust, they bore the jewel—which was lent, not given to thee—to its rightful owner, the monarch of Heaven; and, transferred to His care it will shine forever in His glorious resting place."

The mourner departed with a countenance thoughtful, yet cheerful; her gaze no longer bent upon earth or the river of death, but was meekly and trustingly raised to Heaven.

Carelessness of Human Life.

We have had, within the past few days, more than the ordinary illustrations of the carelessness of human life, which is so prevalent in this country. The falling of buildings in New York and the explosion of steam boilers on the Western waters have forcibly reminded us of the neglect so common here, which in almost any other civilized country would be visited with severe penalties. Here they pass by without punishment and almost without investigation. A few newspaper paragraphs, a little talk, and at most the verdict of a coroner's jury, complete the sum of public indignation. Other buildings go up in the same careless way and tumble down upon the workmen and passers by. Other steamboats are built with the same imperfect machinery, placed in the charge of just as incompetent men, and hurried to destruction in the same manner. We do not profess to know where is the remedy for all this, but the evil is immense and is increasing. In the West, especially, a man's life is practically esteemed of less importance than that of a good serviceable beast.—*Providence Journal.*

Gen. Taylor, on one occasion, being besieged by office seekers, made the remark that "some were doomed to appointment, and some to disappointment." There are enough willing to suffer the first mentioned "doom," still living.

CHLOROFORM.—We observe in the New Haven papers a notice of the death of Mrs. Emily Norton, from the inhalation of this powerful anæsthetic, administered by a surgeon dentist. When it is so well known to medical men that chloroform contains not a particle of oxygen, and that the number of deaths from its use, as borne out by Hospital statistics, amounts to several hundred, it is surprising to see the temerity with which some of them still cling to it. The doctor was exculpated entirely by the coroner's jury, instead of being imprisoned as he richly deserved. Repeated experiments have proved that sulphuric ether, though slower in its operation, produces the same anæsthetic effect and is perfectly safe and innoxious, and if men *will* persist in using a highly dangerous agent to produce unconsciousness when they have at hand one that is just as efficacious and not at all hurtful, it is time that the *law* would take the matter in hand.

ONE OF THE WOMEN.—The Rhode Island Temperance Advocate tells the good story following of a woman who is worth her weight in gold:

"In Foster, there was an intemperate man who had promised his wife that he would vote for the Maine Law candidates for the Senate and House. On the morning of election day, he was enticed to the tavern, and treated by his anti-law associates till he was drunk. His wife heard of it, searched him out, and got him home. Here she gave him home. Here she gave him an emetic, and got him sober, and then borrowed a horse and wagon and drove him to the polls. He voted for the Maine Law candidates, and his single vote prevented the election of a rum Representative. The result of it is, that we get one, and possibly two Maine Law men from that town."

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.—We observe in the New York *Daily Times* a long article in regard to the statement of one Capt. Story, that in the spring of last year Capt. Coward, of the ship renovation, off Newfoundland, observed "two vessels fastened in the ice, close to a berg, but one apparently at a greater elevation than the other," which are now supposed to be the missing ships of Sir John Franklin. The captain of the Renovation was lying ill, and the mate did not like to take the responsibility of nearing the iceberg and instituting an examination of the imprisoned ships. Not a living soul was seen on board of them. The story as related may be true, and it is quite possible that the vessels seen may have been the Erebus and Terror with which Sir John Franklin set sail five years ago.

☞ The Minnesota Pioneer gives an account of a man named John Stean, who was recently found dead on his feet, near St Paul's. He was an Englishman, between 60 and 70 years of age; had served throughout the Mexican war, and had shut himself up to winter. His neighbors not having seen him for some time, two of them went to his cabin, which they found locked, and on opening it, Stean was discovered standing at the foot of his bed, dead, and frozen solid. He had on seven pair of pantaloons, and in a belt about his waist $270 in gold. He had evidently been dead some weeks.

☞ There are between 2,000 and 3,000 persons at Panama, in the deepest distress, who have arrived there from New York on board the Brother Jonathan and other steamers, and for want of means are neither able to go on or return. Many of them are scarcely able to procure anything to eat, and have to sleep in the open air or in tents. Many are sick and dying, and many have died. One gentleman who returned in the Wm. Penn states that he saw the dead bodies of some literally covered with vermin, having been left dead and graveless.

IN FITS.—If a person fall in one, let him remain on the ground provided his face be pale, for should it be fainting or temporary suspension of the heart's action, you may cause death by raising him upright or bleeding; but if the face be red or dark colored, raise him on his seat, throw cold water on his head immediately, and send for a surgeon and get a vein opened, or fatal pressure on the brain may ensue.

☞ People who are blessed with health and strength and potatoes, should never repine at fortune, even if their pockets are cramped now and then. Instead of looking up with envy, we should look down with gratitude. For every doctor who are better off than you are, there are ten thousand worse.

☞ A woman's real character can not be half as well learned by formal visits or parties, as by a casual acquaintance in the every-day duties of life. All women may be good and pleasant when everything is pleasant and attractive and all is sunshine or gas light around them.