CARLISLE HERALD.

A Family Newspaper,----Devoted to Literature, Education, Politics, Agriculture, Business and General Information.

THERE ARE TWO THINGS, SAITH LORD BACON, WHICH MAKE A NATION GREAT AND PROSPEROUS—A FERTILE SOIL AND BUSY WORKSHOPS,—TO WHICH LET ME ADD KNOWLEDGE AND FREEROM.—*Bishop Hall.*

E. BEATTY, *Proprietor.* **CARLISLE, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1851.** **VOLUME LI. NO. 19.**

Cards.

HYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Doct. H. Hinkley.

OFFICE on Main Street, near the Post Office. Dr. H. is prepared to use *Galvanism* as a remedial agent in the treatment of Paralysis, Neuralgia and Rheumatic affections, but *does not* guarantee succes from its application to all or even any of these diseases. Relief has been given and cures effected in a number of instances, and may be in others.
March 27, 1850, 1y.

DR. I. C. LOOMIS,

DENTIST. WILL perform all operations upon the Teeth that are required for their preservation, such as Scaling, Filing, Plugging, &c, or will restore the loss of them, by inserting Artificial Teeth, from a single tooth to a full sett. ☞Office on Pitt street, a few doors south of the Railroad Hotel. Dr. L. is absent the last ten days of every month.

A CARD.

DR. J. W. HENDEL, Surgeon Dentist informs his former patrons that he has returned to Carlisle, and will be glad to attend to all calls in the line of his profession. [oct31

JOHN WILLIAMSON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office, in the house of Miss McGinnis, near the store of A & W Bentz, South Hanover street, Carlisle, Penn'a.]ap10 50

CARSON C. MOORE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in the room lately occupied by Dr. Foster deceased. mar 31 '47

WM. M. PENROSE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, will practice in the several Courts of Cumberland county. OFFICE, in Main Street, in the room formerly occupied by L. G. Brandebury, Esq.

JAMES R. SMITH,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Has REMOVED his office to Beetem's Row, two doors from Burkholder's Hotel. [apr 1

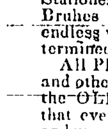
GEORGE EGE,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. Office at his residence, corner of Main street and the Public Square, opposite Burkholder's Hotel. In addition to the duties of Justice of the Peace, will attend to all kinds of writing, such as deeds, bonds, mortgages, indentures, articles of agreement, notes, &c.
Carlisle, ap 8'49.

Plainfield Classical Academy,
FOUR MILES WEST OF CARLISLE.
The Ninth Session will commence on MONDAY, November 4th, 1850.

IN consequence of increasing patronage a large and commodious brick edifice has been erected, rendering this one of the most desirable institutions in the state. The various departments are under the care of competent and faithful instructors, and every endeavor will be made to promote the moral and intellectual improvement of students. The surrounding country is beautiful and healthful, and the institution sufficiently distant from town or village to prevent evil associations.
Terms—$50 *per Session* (*Five Months.*)
For circulars with full information address
R K BURNS, *Principal*
Plainfield P. O., Cumberland County, Pa.
oct 30

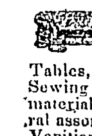
Fresh Drugs, Medicines, &c. &c.



I have just received from Philadelphia and New York very extensive additions to my former stock, embracing nearly every article of Medicine now in use, together with Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Turpentine, Perfumery, Soaps, Stationery, Fine Cutlery, Fishing Tackle,—Brushes of almost every description, with an endless variety of other articles, which I am determined to sell at the VERY LOWEST prices.
All Physicians, Country Merchants, Pedlars and others, are respectfully requested not to pass the OLD STAND, as they may rest assured that every article will be sold of a good quality, and upon reasonable terms.
S. ELLIOTT,
May 30 Main street, Carlisle.

Extensive Cabinet Ware-Rooms.

ROBERT B. SMILEY, successor to Wm. C. Gibson, CABINET-MAKER & UNDERTAKER, North Hanover street, Carlisle, would respectfully inform the citizens of Carlisle and the public generally that he now has on hand a large assortment of new and elegant FURNITURE, consisting in part of Sofas, Wardrobes, Card and other Tables, Bureaus, Bedsteads, plain and fancy Sewing Stands, &c. manufactured of the best materials and quality warranted. Also a general assortment of Chairs at the lowest prices.—Venitian Blinds, made to order and repairing promptly attended to. ☞COFFINS made to order at the shortest notice, and having a splendid Hearse he will attend funerals in town or country. ☞Dont forget the old stand of Wm. C. Gibson, in North Hanover street, a few doors north of Glass's Hotel.

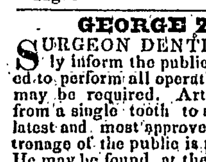


Sept 4–1y. R. B. MILEY.

Extensive Furniture Rooms.

JAMES R. WEAVER would respectfully call the attention of House Keepers and the public to his extensive stock of ELEGANT FURNITURE. including Sofas, Wardrobes, Centre and other Tables, Dressing and plain Bureaus and every other article in his branch of business. Also, now on hand the largest assortment of CHAIRS in Carlisle, at the lowest prices. ☞Coffins made at the shortest notice and a Hearse provided for funerals. He solicits a call at his establishment on North Hanover street, near Glass's HOTEL. N. B.–Furniture hired out by the month or year.
Carlisle, March 20, 1850.—1y

Auctioneering!



THE subscriber wishes to inform his friends in town and country that he has commenced the above business and will attend to sales in town and country on the most reasonable terms. He can be found at the Hardware Store next door to Scott's Tavern in North Hanover street.
aug14 A S SENER.

GEORGE Z. BRETZ,

SURGEON DENTIST—would respectfully inform the public that he is now prepared to perform all operations on the Teeth that may be required. Artificial Teeth inserted, from a single tooth to an entire set, upon the latest and most approved principle. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.—He may be found at the residence of his brother on North Pitt street.
Carlisle, Sept 18, 1850.

LUMBER YARD.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public generally that he has just opened a new LUMBER AND COAL YARD in West High street, a few doors east of Messrs J & D Rhoads's Warehouse, where he now has and will keep constantly on hand a first rate assortment of all kinds of seasoned pine boards and plank and all other kinds of stuff, all of which he will sell low for cash
April 3, 1850. JOHN N. ARMSTRONG

NOTICE.

THE Commissioners of Cumberland county deem it proper to inform the public, that the stated meetings of the Board of Commissioners will be held on the second and fourth Mondays of each month, at which time any persons having business with said Board, will meet them at their office in Carlisle.
Attest— WM. RILEY, Cl'k.

Dyeing and Scouring.

WILLIAM BLAIR, in Louther Street, near the College, dyes Ladies' and Gentlemen's apparel, all colors, and warrants all work satisfactory. Orders in his line respectfully solicited, sep 2 '46

Poetry.

RAIN ON THE ROOF.

When the humid showers gather
Over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness
Gently weeps in rainy tears,
'Tis a joy to press the pillow
Of a cottage chamber bed,
And to listen to the patter
Of the soft rain overhead.

Every tinkle on the shingles
Has an echo in the heart,
And a thousand dreary fancies
Into busy being start.
And a thousand recollections
Weave their bright hues into woof,
As I listen to the patter
Of the soft rain on the roof.

There in fancy comes my mother,
As she used to, years agone,
To survey the infant sleepers
Ere she left them till the dawn,
I can see her bending o'er me,
As I listened to the strain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

Then my little seraph sister,
With her wings and waving hair;
And her bright-eyed cherub brother,
A serene angelic pair;
Glide around my wakeful pillow
With their praise or mild reproof,
As I listen to the murmur
Of the soft rain on the roof.

And another comes to thrill me
With her eyes' delicious blue,
I forget as gazing on her,
That her heart was all untrue;
I remember that I loved her
As I ne'er may love again,
And my heart's quick pulses vibrate
To the patter of the rain.

There is nought in art's bravuras
That can work with such a spell,
In the spirit's pure, deep fountains,
Whence the holy passions swell,
At that melody of nature—
That subdued, subduing strain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

Miscellaneous.

AUNT HEPSEY.

WHY SHE WAS AN OLD MAID.

BY COUSIN EMMA.

"I do hate newspaper stories. They are as flat as dish water. The heroine is always as beautiful as a poet's dream, with raven curls and flashing eyes; the hero is the perfection of all that is fascinating in man. Three or four improbable accidents lead to a wedding at church in the morning, after which the happy couple, whose widest wishes are now consummated, set off for Saratoga or Niagara. Once in a while the lady dies of love or a broken heart, which no girl of common sense ever did yet. Love is nothing in the world but a *fit*—Emma, and——"

"Aunt Hepsey, were you ever in love yourself?" I asked, looking steadily in her face.—There was a slight, a very slight contraction of the brow, on which time and care had dropped many furrows, and her thin lips quivered for an instant; then the old lady threw a handful of strawberries into the tin pail, and their hulls into an antique china dish, which was half filled with the rich fruit, and said energetically—

"I tell you again, Emma, love is nothing but a fit, and if you live to be sixty years old you will find it so."

"I hope not, but please put the rest of the strawberries into the dish; for if brother Harry comes to-night, we shall want them all—he is such a lover of them, (aunty looked embarrassed) but you have not answered my question yet. Were you ever in love, aunt Hepsey?" I was a very inquisitive child, and did not deserve an answer at any rate, I did not receive one then, and it was not till some years afterwards that I discovered that Miss Hepsey Winton had been in love, and also the reason why she lived an old maid. Now I am going to give the reason to the little world who may not think it foolish to while away a few moments over a novel or a tale of fiction; and if my heroine, with her glasses on, ever discovers this tale of herself, she will be obliged to confess that, for once, there has been such a thing as an ungarnished newspaper story.

Col. Robert Winton fought bravely for freedom in the noble war of the Revolution. His was not the spirit to wear the yoke of oppression, nor his the knee to bow before an earthly king. His heart and life were his country's, and his ready rifle and trusty sword did good service in time of need. When the war was over, Col. Winton returned to his residence in K———, and wedded the sweet maiden who wept when he went to join the army. I have often heard my great aunt say that Eunice Dudley was the prettiest girl in the whole State of New Hampshire, with a pleasant smile and kindly word for everybody. She was just twenty when she was married to grandfather, and they went directly to "house-keeping," with a small house, a large farm, two tables, a dozen chairs, a bedstead, and other articles to correspond. Married people made small beginnings in old times. Well, in the course of two or three years a cradle was added to their furniture, and continued in use until ten rosy children had been rocked in it, and then it was given away for charity—minus half a rocker and half the top, while a second story was added to the cottage for the benefit of their "rising generation."

Hepsey Winton was their oldest child on earth. On earth, I say, for their first born had closed its eyes and gone home, ere twelve monts had passed over its head.

Hepsey came very near being a beauty.—For the sake of my story, I wish she had been quite. Her hair was of a rich, glossy brown, always parted away from her fair open forehead, and allowed to curl at will over her shoulders. Her eyes were deep, bright blue, and her rounded cheek wore a delicate bloom like that which we sometimes see on the ripe peach. Thus far have I been told of her appearance when she entered her eighteenth year.

And now allow me, without ceremony, to introduce our hero. Charles Woodley was an only son of poor parents. Poor but respectable. He had struggled hard to obtain a collegiate education, stood first in his class, and he graduated with high honor at the age of twenty-three. It was at the close of a cold day when he entered the village of K———, with all his worldly possessions tied in a bundle and slung over his shoulder. A common heart would have sunk, with no brighter anticipations for the future, but his heart was brave and hopeful—and then, too, he had a pair of stout hands, with which to fight his way thro' the sympathizing world—and so when he stopped at Col. Winton's there was a cheerful smile on his fine face.

Hepsey was in the garden with the younger children, looking if, perchance, a stray flower had dared the autumn blast—and when she arose from the ground with one stinted, shrinking blossom, her eyes encountered those of the stranger.

"Can you direct me to the residence of Col. Winton, Miss?' he asked of her in a very pleasant tone.

"Well, I guess he lives here, sir," answered Robert, the youngest, as he ran to open the gate; "and if you will come into the house, you can see him." So Mr. Woodley was ushered into the kitchen, where the colonel and his wife were seated, one on each side of the old chimney. The young man bowed respectfully, and handed a letter of recommendation to the gentleman, and after taking a proffered chair, glanced around the room.

O, what a bright warm blaze streamed up from those huge hard wood logs—and what a merry game of "tag" the sparks were having up the black sides of the chimney, and how politely did the flames bow and courtesy to each other. It there anything so cheerful as a fire, in a large fireplace, on a cold winter night? Then the floor was so nicely scoured and sanded, looking refreshingly white and clean. And the tins on the dresser were polished like silver with little burning fires in them.

The mother sat in the old arm chair, with a placid smile on her gentle face, as her busy fingers snapped the swift knitting needles.—Woodley had ample time to warm himself thoroughly before Col. Winton finished reading his letter for the third time, which he folded carefully, and laid in his pocket book.

"So you would like to teach the school here?" he asked at length.

"Yes, sir, I am poor, and wish if possible, to earn enough to carry me through my law studies."

Young Robert was directed to go to Deacon Drake and 'Squire Sane, and ask them to step in after tea to help examine a young man to keep school. The little Yankee seized his hat, and was running down the hill leading to Deacon Drake's, when he was arrested in his progress by Miss Nancy Brown, who sallied forth from her home, with her apron over her head.

"Don't be in such a hurry, Bobby. Who is it's over to your 'us?"

"How did you know there was any body over there?" asked the boy, snatching his arm from her grasp, and bounding down the hill.

"What an ill-mannered boy he is. He might just have told me who 'twas—I don't care, I'll find it out." And Nancy swallowed her tea hastily, slipped on her new "Sunday-go-to-meetin' gown" and her gold beads, and ran over to see Hepsey Winton.

Charles Woodley passed his examination finely, exciting the admiration of the ladies by his fluency in reading "those hard names in the Chronicles," and the astonishment of the gentlemen by the readiness with which he "did up those master hard sums in the rule of three." The school was to commence on Monday of the next week, and, as was the custom then, the master was to "board round" at each house in the village. As soon as all the arrangements were completed, Woodley asked to retire, as he was very much fatigued.

"Now, Hepsey, ain't he *real?*" asked Nancy Brown, as she put on her cloak. "He beats Jim Shannon all holler, and I mean to set my cap for him; wouldn't you?"

"Yes," answered Hepsey, tossing back her beautiful head, and looking (perhaps there was no pride in that look) at the thin twist of flaxen hair which ornamented the head of her friend.

* * * * * * *

The four months following that evening sped away on angel's wings to Charles Woodley and Hepsey. His school duties were performed almost mechanically, for there was always a pleasant evening to anticipate, at a party, at singing school, or by the quiet fireside at home, with the pleasure of watching Hepsey's bright face, while listening to the Col.'s long stories of the Revolution. Those evenings, the teacher was taught, not to love books, but Hepsey, and a very apt scholar he was in the school of love.

James Shannon initiated the young people of K——— into all the mysteries of fa, sol, la, that winter, and Woodley's voice was not particularly created for music, though some young ladies thought it the sweetest they had ever heard. He was very regular in attendance, however, as he could be, with a pair of merry blue eyes and rosy cheeks just across the aisle.

Samuel Jones was the son of a good substantial farmer, and though not possessed of the brightest head or the handsomest face that ever was, he was kind-hearted, and a warm admirer of Hepsey. One afternoon the snow lay too deep on the ground for a female to venture out, but the singers were to meet in the evening. So about six o'clock Samuel Jones called at Col. Winton's, in his father's new sleigh, to take Hepsey. Now the maiden had a spice of coquetry in her heart, and tho' she knew perfectly well that Charles would call for her, yet she threw on her cloak, tied her mother's tippet around her neck, and sprang lightly into the sleigh.

Her companion looked triumphantly at "the master" as he passed 'Squire Lane's, for he was just harnessing his horse; while Hepsey looked back and waved her hand, as a turn in the road hid them from his view. In his heart, Woodley was a little vexed, and he very coolly seated himself in the sleigh, wrapped the coverlids warmly about him, and rode away in a direction exactly opposite to that which his rival had taken. It was just after recess when he entered the school-house and took his accustomed seat. Hepsey looked half around, and a bright tear flashed out from under her fringed eyelids, notwithstanding the smile that flitted upon her lip in mockery.

Nine o'clock came, "Old Hundred" was sung, the girls put on their cloaks and drew their hoods down over their faces as they passed out the door, where the young men were waiting for them.

"Hepsey," whispered Woodley, "Sam Jones is busy looking for his horse, but I think he will hardly find him until he goes home, for I unfastened him and saw him start steadily away. You would not let me bring you here. Shall I carry you home?" What could the girl do, but look up with a roguish smile, and accept the offered ride?

"A pleasant ride to you, Mr. Jones—good night," laughed Woodley, as they passed the crest-fallen youth, and then the sleigh bells jingled merrily over Pleasant Hill, and by the old meeting house up to Col. Winton's door.—"The longest way round was the shortest way home" that night.

Nancy Brown gave a party that week—a very magnificent affair for K———. Every one who made any pretensions to gentility, within four miles, went, and it was whispered from ear to ear that "the master" and Hepsey Winton were engaged.

Report for once spoke the truth; though Mr. Woodley was very attentive to Miss Nancy and all the other Misses, yet his beautiful black eye was ever following Hepsey, who glanced about the room like a stray sunbeam, so that Nancy seeing her "cap" was "set" in vain for him, again received the attentions of Jim Shannon, to whom she was married the next spring.

All this time Col. Winton had been a silent spectator, while her mother watched with all the mother's care her daughter's happiness; therefore Hepsey was a little prepared for the announcement which came upon her that evening. The children all but herself had retired. Woodley had taken his leave after spending a long evening there as usual; Mrs. Winton sat sadly at the fireside, and the Col., after walking twice across the room in a measured step, stood still, with his back to the fire, and he looked straight at his daughter's face.

"Why father, how sober you look—and mother too. What is the matter?" she asked anxiously.

"Hepsy, you love Charles Woodley, do you?" The girl hung her head, blushed and twirled the strings of her apron about her fingers.

"It is no time for blushes, child; do you love Charles Woodley?" again asked he father more sternly.

"Yes, sir," and the voice, though low, was very firm.

"You love him for his noble birth, I suppose, Miss Winton."

The maiden's head was raised quickly, and her full upper lip curled with pride worthy the Col. himself, as she replied,

"His own heart is noble and good, father, if he is not of high birth."

"Perhaps it is for his wealth that you love him, then?"

"Father!" and Hepsey ran from her chair, her eyes flashing, and her cheeks crimsoned, "father, you *know* he is poor, He has told you of it; and you have allowed his visits, and now I had rather beg from door to door than to give up his love."

"Such talk is quite pretty in a girl of eighteen, but you would soon find that begging is a poor way of getting a living. However I will not waste words. If you marry Charles Woodley, it is against my express commands," and the Col. took his cane and left the room. Not one word of comfort had Mrs. Winton offer, but when her child came for her good-night kiss, she clasped her arms fondly about the slight figure, and drew her face to hers—that dear, dear mother—sying, "God bless my darling." Poor Hepsey burst into tears and hastily passed through the entry to her own little bed-room, and that long winter's night, her thoughts wandered over the cloudless past, the dark present and the mysterious future. When the morning light stole in through the curtain, it found a calm face, for the dark conflict with self had passed away.

Hepsey was of a yielding nature, and her father's slightest wish had ever been strictly obeyed; so as soon as breakfast was over, she went to his room and said—

"If you were really in earnest last night, in what you said, I am ready to obey you."

"That's my own Hepsey; knew you'd agree with me, after thinking the matter all over,"

"I don't *agree* with you but I *obey* you, father, because it is my duty, not because it's my choice."

That evening Charles Woodley received his dismission from Hepsey's own lips. "I have made up my mind and cant change it now?" was her only answer to his entreaties and expostulations.

"Then you never loved me," he said, taking his hat to leave. Hepsey looked sadly in his face, but simply said, "You can think so if you choose, and perhaps its better that you should." The next day Charles Woodley left the village, while with Hepsey things went on as usual. The children were cared for—household duties were performed—in short there was no time to brood over blasted hopes—she was none of your romantic moon-loving, sentimental maidens.

No one would have known but that her love for Woodley died when she bade him good-bye, had not the smile come less frequently to her sweet lips, and the color on her cheeks grown fainter, while on her fingers she wore *his* only gift—a ring—on which was written, "Time will tell—I love thee well." She refused four very eligible offers too, so that those who loved her knew that the memory of that first affection still lingered in her heart.

A year had passed, and one afternoon Hepsey took up a newspaper that had just been brought in, and glancing at the marriages, read—

"In ———, Mr. Charles Woodley, to Miss Sue Evans, daughter of Hon. Henry Grafton." A flush passed over her brow, as she quietly laid down the paper, and took her sewing. That flushed brow was the only visible token of emotion, and the next morning the ring so long worn, was laid, I will not say without a single tear, in a box in one corner of her drawer.

"Time has told how who loved me," she said to her mother—and henceforth Charles Woodley's name was spoken by her as that of common men.

Now aunt Hepsey dwells alone in the old homestead. The fireside echoes no more with glad voices. The father once a kind-hearted, but proud old man. The mother's gentle form is seen no more in the accustomed seat. Hepsey closed those eyes for the last time upon the earth, and was the last to kiss the cold brow ere it was shut forever from the sight. All was now gone from the old fire-side. But Hepsey—yet she was not unhappy—her heart is fixed on a better land, where there shall at last be a glad re-union of the loved ones who "died in the Lord."

But now—alas that I *must* say it here—Aunt Hepsey *does* take snuff! Shades of Romance, forsake not forever my humble pen!

One word more. Charles Woodley is now one of the first men in the State where he resides, with his wife and his children, and children's children around him.

And this is the only reason in the wide world why aunt Hepsey was an OLD MAID!

THE FROZEN SHIP.

At this period, when so much anxiety prevails respecting the fate of Sir John Franklin, everything relating to the Polar regions is of interest. The following sketch is the most thrilling we have ever read.

One serene evening in the middle of August, 1775, Capt. Warrens, the master of the Greenland, whaleship, 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-colored peaks appeared behind each other as far as the eye could reach, showing that the ocean was completely blocked up in that quarter, and that it had probably been so for a long period of time. Capt. Warrens 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, while a succession of tremendous thundering, grinding, and crashing noises, gave fearful evidence that the ice was 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 Capt. Warrens found to his great joy, that his ship had not sustained any serious injury. He remarked with surprise that the accumulated 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 some intervening icebergs prevented Capt. Warrens from distinctly seeing anything 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.

Capt. Warrens' curiosity was so much excited, that he immediately leaped into his boat with several seamen, and rowed towards her. On approaching, he observed that the hull was miserably weather-beaten, and not a soul appeared on the deck, which was covered with snow to a considerable depth. He hailed 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 on a chair, with writing materials on a table before him, but the feebleness of the light made everything indistinct. The party The party went upon deck, and having removed the hatchway, which they found closed, they descended to the cabin. They first came to the apartment which Captain Warrens viewed through the port-hole. A tremor seized him as he entered it. Its inmate retained his former position, and seemed to be insensible to strangers. He was found to be a corpse, and a green damp mould had covered his cheeks and forehead and veiled his open eye-balls.—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 Warrens 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 births, and the body of a boy was found crouched at the bottom of the gangway stairs. Neither provisions nor fuel could be discovered any where, but Capt Warrens was prevented by the superstitious prejudices of his seamen, from examining the vessel as minutely as he wished to have done. He therefore carried the log book already mentioned, and returned to his own ship, and immeniately steered to the southward deeply impressed with the awful example which he had just witnessed of the danger of navigating the Polar seas in high northern latitudes.

On returning to England he made various inquiries repecting vessels that had disappeared in an unknown way, and by comparing the results of those with information which was afforded by the 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 his discovering her among the ice.—*Westminster Review.*

☞A man cannot possess anything that is better than a good wife, nor anything that is worse than a bad one.

Boys and Girls.

From Merry's Museum.

PETER AND HIS LADY-BUGS.

LITTLE girls and boys sometimes think that common things are not worth the trouble of looking at. They are crazy to have their parents take them to places where they can see sights. They suppose that there are no sights to be seen except such as cost money. They do not try to find curious animals in the leaves and grass about the house, but think the only animals worth seeing are kept in great cages, like the lions and monkeys which showmen bring into town. This is a mistake. If my young friends will go into the garden and watch the bugs and other insects long enough, they will see stranger sights than they ever dreamed of. They will learn that the flies and bugs and other creatures in the leaves have strange habits, and queer ways of getting their living, and are hence worth the trouble of a little watching. It needs some patience to watch without disturbing them, for when you first see them, you will not discover what they are doing. If you keep still, and look at one particular one all the time, you will soon see him do something that you did not suppose he would do. It will pay you for the trouble of looking at so small a creature. The child who studies the habits of an insect, will be amused while he is studying, and he will become a great philosopher when he gets older. It is better than playing ball or dressing dolls.

I know a bright little boy about nine years old whose name is Peter. His mother is fond of house-plants, and has some very pretty ones in her parlor. These plants have a small insect on them—a little, green, soft bug—called plant-louse. Learned men give it a long, hard-sounding name, but I think it is too small a creature to carry so heavy a word on its back—and *I* will call it plant louse. These lice became very numerous on the plants, and almost covered the tender buds and shoots.—The moment a new leaf came out, they ran to it and commenced eating it while it was soft and juicy. They have a hard little mouth, and they would thrust this down into the bud or shoot, and suck the life from the leaf. The leaves began to turn yellow, and the plants looked sick and drooping. The lice were killing them.

Peter's mother saw what was the matter with her plants, and she resolved that she would not let the lice devour them if she could help it. She set Peter to catching these creatures on a piece of paper and burning them in the fire. Every day poor Peter was obliged to spend more than two hours in peeping under the leaves, and into all kinds of small holes and corners in the buds, to catch these mischievous things, but they seemed to increase so fast that he began to think that he should find no end to his labors. He tried to smoke them off, but he smoked himself as much as he did them; and they seemed to like the fun, for they were as lively as crickets. His mother did not think it best for Peter to use tobacco smoke, for she feared he would get so much in the habit of making tobacco smoke, that he would be found some day standing behind a long cigar; a cigar with a fire at one end and a foolish boy's mouth at the other. She did not wish to have Peter learn such filthy habits, and she made him catch the lice with his fingers the best way he could. They were so nimble Peter did not catch half he saw, and he became almost discouraged.

But he was a bright boy and never saw anything curious without taking some pains to know what it was. He wanted to understand the reason of everything he saw. One day while he was in the garden, he made a discovery that helped him to catch all his plant-lice without using cat or dog, fingers or eyes. It was a great discovery, and showed that Peter had some brains. He was picking currants, and came near picking a bright, round bug, that was on the stem of a currant. It was a pretty bug, about as large as a currant would be if it was cut into two halves like a split pea. It was bright red on its back, and its bare back was round as a ball, but it was flat as a board on the under side. Learned men give a long name to this short bug, but I will call it by the name which children give to it, and they will know it if I say it was the "Lady-Bug." You remember the verse which children sing when they find a Lady-bug—it begins and ends,

"Lady-Bug, Lady-Bug, fly away home,
Your house is on fire, your children will roam."

The only house the poor bug has is her back, and I suppose the children think her house is on fire because her back is as red as a coal.—Perhaps the children are laughing at her because her back is red—perhaps because her house is so small. I can't tell, and it is of no consequence. When Peter saw the Lady-Bug, he reached out his hand to catch her. But at that moment he thought he would not catch her, but would watch her a few minutes and see what she would do. Perhaps she would eat something, and then he could learn what Lady-Bugs like to eat. He had seen a great many of these creatures, but he knew they must eat something for this one was plump as a ball.

He waited a few minutes and watched her. After she had regained her courage, or forgotten his touching her, she began to climb up the currant bush. She did not hurry and scamper up like a bustling and fussing fly, but walked up quietly and daintily like a genteel Lady-Bug. She came to the top leaf and climbed its slender stem; but as she passed up the stem, she looked pretty closely under the leaf a moment, and then took her position on the upper side of it. Peter concluded her journey had come to an end, and that she would now go down again, for there was nothing for her to do there, unless she had come up to see the prospect, like men who climb a mountain to see what they can see. She stood on the very edge of the the leaf and seemed to be meditating, but Peter could not guess what she was thinking about, for she was a Lady-Bug that could keep a secret.

While Miss Lady-Bug was standing in this demure way on the edge of the leaf, Peter saw her reach her head under it, and bring back something which she eat as if it was good. Twelve times Peter saw her do this, and he became curious to find out what the Lady-Bug could get under the leaf that seemed to give her so much satisfaction. He nipped off the leaf with her Bugship on it and examined it on both sides.

He discovered the reason and cause of her operations immediately. A large number of plant-lice, which he knew by sad experience to be the same little rascals which he had to hunt so much on his mother's plants, were collected in a crowd on the under side of the leaf, and the Lady-Bug had caught twelve of them and made her dinner on them. "Ah, ha, Miss Lady-Bug," said Peter, "if you like to catch such kind of birds, I know somebody, and that is Peter, who will give you a job on Mother's plants, and you may have breakfast, dinner and supper there, and lunchions between meals. Peter commenced catching Lady-Bugs. He collected some dozen round-backed ones of all sizes, red as a toper's nose, and put them on his mother's plants. They were so much astonished for some that they kept still, and Peter's mother wondered at his bringing all these bugs into the house. But after a few hours the Lady-Bugs began to look about them for food, and they ate plant-lice till every one was destroyed. Peter could play while his Lady-Bugs were doing his morning task.

After Peter had made this discovery, he began to spend some time every day in watching the little insects in his garden, and seeing how they got their living. He became so well acquainted with the habits of all kinds of bugs and insects, that he will be able soon to write a great book, big enough to have printed on its baed in gold letters, "Entomology." Is this not better than spending one's time in stoning frogs, or sticding pins through flies.—Peter will make a great man, for he is learning something every day even from worms, and bugs, and spiders. PEGGY BETSEY.

UNWISE MEN.

The following are a few of the characters coming under this head.

The jealous man—who poisons his own banquet, and then eats it.

The miser—who starves himself to death, that his heirs may feast.

The mean man—who bites off his own nose, to spite his neighbor.

The angry man—who sets his own house on fire that he may burn up another's.

The slanderer—who tells tales, and gives his enemy a chance to call him a liar.

The self-conceited man—who attaches more consequence to dignity than to common sense.

The proud man—who falls in the estimation of sensible observers, in proportion as he rises in his own.

The envious man—who cannot enjoy life and prosperity, because others do.

The dishonest man—who cheats his own soul more vitally than he does his fellow men.

The robber—who, for the consideration of dollars and cents, gives the world liberty to hang him.

The drunken man—who not only makes himself wretched, but disgusts his friends.

MINUTE ANIMALS.—Near Berlin, in a slaty strata, are discovered the remains of infinitely small animalculæ. In round numbers, about 23,000,000 would make up a cubic line, and would, in fact, be contained in it. There are 1728 cubic lines in a cubic inch; and therefore a cubic inch would contain, on an average, about 51,000,000,000 of these animals. On weighing a cubic inch of this mass, I found it to be 220 grains.

Of the 51,000,000,000 of animals 178,000,000 go to a grain; or the siliceous shield of each animalcule weighs about one hundred and eighty-seven millionth part of a grain. Such is the statement of Ehrenburg, which naturally suggests to the reflection of the French philosopher, that if the Almighty is great in great things, he is still more so in those which are minute; and furnishes additional data for the well known moral argument of the theologian, derived from a comparison of the telescope and microscope.

The one led me to see a system in every star; the other leads me to see a world in every atom. The one taught me that this almighty globe, with the whole burden of its people, and of its countries, is but a grain of sand on the high field of immensity. The other teaches me that every grain of sand may harbor within it the tribes and families of a busy population. The one told me of the insignificance of the world I tread upon. The other redeems it from all insignificance.

STEADINESS OF PURPOSE.—In whatever you engage, pursue it with a steadiness of purpose, as though you were determined to succeed.—A vascillating mind never accomplished anything worth naming. There is nothing like a fixed, steady aim. It dignifies your nature, and insures your success. Who have done the most for mankind? Who have secured the rarest honors? Who have raised themselves from poverty to riches? Those who were steady to their purpose. The man who is one thing to-day, and another to-morrow—who drives an idea pell-mell this week, while it drives him the next—is always in trouble, and does just nothing from one year's end to the other. Look, and admire the man of steady purpose. He moves noiselessly along, and yet, what wonders he accomplishes! He rises, gradually, we grant, but surely. The heavens are not too high for him, neither are the stars beyond his reach. How worthy of imitation!

THE MAN WHO DIDN'T WANT TO BE MEAN.—In one of the back towns of a neighboring State, where it is the custom for the district school teacher to "board round," the following incident occurred, and is vouched for by the highest authority. A year or two ago an allotment being made in the usual manner for the benefit of the school mistress, it happened that the proportion of one man was just two days and *a half.* The teacher sat down to dinner on the third day, and was beginning to eat, when the man of the house addressed her as follows:—"Madam, I suppose your boarding time is out when you have eat half a dinner, but as I don't want to be mean about it, you may eat, if you choose, *about* as much as usual!"—*Burlington Sentinel.*

☞Silence never shows itself to so great an advantage as when it is made the reply to calumny and defamation.