

Poetry.

The Bachelor's Lament.

"Oh, the spring hath less of brightness—every year, And the snow a ghastlier whiteness—every year; Nor do summer blossoms quicken, Nor does autumn fruilage stricken, As it did. The seasons sicken—every year.

"It is growing colder, colder—every year, And I feel that I am older—every year; And my limbs are less elastic, And my fancy, not so plastic, Yes, my habits grow monastic—every year.

"'Tis becoming bleak and bleaker—every year, And my hopes are waxing weaker—every year; Care I now for merry dancing, Or for eyes with passion glancing? Love is less and less entrancing—every year.

"Oh, the days that I have squandered—every year, And the friendships rudely sundered—every year; Oh, the ties that might have twined me, Until Time to Death resigned me, My infirmities remind me—every year.

"Sad and sad to look before us—every year, With a heavier shadow o'er us—every year; To behold each blossom faded, And to know we might have saved it, An immortal garland braided—every year.

"Many a spectral beckoning finger—every year, Chides me that so long I linger—every year; Every early comrade sleeping, In the church-yard, whither, weeping, I alone unwet an creeping—every year."

Miscellaneous.

A SOUTH SEA STORY.

There is not a little of romantic interest, in an account which has been given lately in some of the papers of the visit to this country of a daughter of one of the native chiefs of the Marquesas Islands. There is a small group in the Pacific about nine degrees south of the Equator, and some four thousand west of Peru. Some fifteen years ago a company of sailors from a whaling ship put off in pursuit of a whale, and while engaged in the capture lost sight of their vessel. After waiting as long as they dared to be picked up, they were compelled to direct their course to the nearest land. This was the Marquesas.

The reputation of the islanders was bad, but at the risk of being eaten by the savages, they were compelled by the certainty of death if they did not, to land. Contrary to their expectation, they were kindly received, and for nine months entertained by the natives who showed every disposition to have them remain permanently. They however kept a continual watch for passing vessels. One day a ship was descried in the offing. The man on the lookout on a neighboring mountain gave the signal to his companions below. In paroxysms of joy they rushed to the beach, and hastily launching their boat leaped in. The natives at first taken by surprise, did not interfere, but soon discovering their intentions, endeavored to prevent their leaving. There seemed no alternative but to push off on the moment. So, without waiting for their shipmate, who was making his way down from his station, they plied the oar and were soon on their way, and were seen no more.

Mills, for that was the name of the deserted sailor, seeing all hope of escape taken away, though at first overwhelmed with disappointment, soon concluded to make the best of a hard case, and if possible render what was forced upon a willing and pleasant home. In the chief's family to which he had from the first been taken, he found many opportunities of being useful to the islanders, and he soon became a favorite. The chief had an only daughter, a sprightly girl of some twelve or fourteen summers, with whom Mills became more than a favorite. After five years' residence he became her husband.

Not long after their marriage the chief died, and Mills, who had now acquired great influence, became a sort of regent, his wife being, according to hereditary usage, chief. In this capacity he did what he could to foster civilization, and his efforts were largely successful. Cannibalism was abandoned, polygamy abolished, and the softened intercourse of civilized society gradually took the place of the old barbarism. Quite a flourishing trade sprung up with the ships which had become encouraged to stop there.

Mr. Mills became exceedingly anxious that Christian instruction, such as he could not give, should be imparted to the natives. For this purpose he wrote to the Sandwich Islands for teachers. Getting no answer, he resolved to go after them himself. So leaving his child, a boy about three years old, who had now become a chief, and taking with him his wife and what property he had, (some fifteen hundred dollars) he went first to Australia, then to Van Dieman's Land, then to New Zealand, seeking some one who would be willing to go back with him, but in vain, as none could be found.

By an accident he was persuaded to visit America, and he landed at Salem last October, with his means almost exhausted. The story

is a long one of his subsequent trials and disappointments. During the last winter with his sick wife, and an infant son, (born in New York,) he suffered much, and after many fruitless attempts was about to give over in despair the design of procuring a man to return with him. There did not seem to be one in all the land who was ready to go, and none who were willing to send.

Just when bidding farewell to the friends who had assisted him, one of the providences—they cannot be called accidents—threw in his way a recent graduate of the Union Seminary in New York. As soon almost as Mills' statement came to his ears he offered to go with him. They are now just on the eve of their departure from the country.

These statements, which we have received from Mills himself, are confirmed by more reliable authority. The whole story of which we have given but a rapid outline, is one of more than ordinary interest. We should suppose that the Missionary societies have rarely found so favorable an opportunity of planting a mission among a heathen people as this presents.

To this we are sorry to add that recent intelligence from California announces the death of Mrs. Mills, upon the Pacific coast, while returning with her husband to their island home.

Character for Integrity.

We have some where seen a notice of a Rotterdam thread merchant, who had accumulated fifty thousand dollars by his own industry, punctuality and integrity, and it was remarkable of him, that he never let a yard of bad thread go out of his hands, and would never take more than a reasonable profit. By these means he acquired such entire public confidence, that his customers would as willingly send a blind man or child to buy for them as go themselves.

We refer to the case not to intimate that we have no such instances among ourselves, but for the purpose of suggesting the great value to any business man of such a character, and the exceeding agreeableness to dealers in the confidence he inspires. And we affirm nothing in saying, that the character of strict integrity acquired, is of as much real worth to its possessor as the pecuniary savings of his industry. Let such a man lose by any misfortune all his money, he is still a man of capital, of weight, of influence, and is the superior, on mere calculations, of many a man of large moneyed means.

But the beauty of the thing is this, that any man, however small his business and limited his capital, has just as good an opportunity of winning this confidence as the millionaire. Integrity in small things is even more impressive than integrity in large things.—After all men can say in praise of enterprise, skill, shrewdness and tact, in particular business men, there is one character towards which all minds instinctively render their reverence—and that is the man who would rather be honest than wealthy, and who prefers integrity to gain.

Always do What is Right.

The truly great are those who always do what is right. To be withheld from acting wisely and conscientiously, by motives of temporary policy or fear, is to behave like a traitor to the principles of justice. A man should think less of what may be said of his conduct at the time, than of the verdict that may be pronounced a few years in advance. It is by neglecting this, by sacrificing principle to expediency, that character is lost; and character lost is with difficulty regained. Besides the first decline from right leads to others. It is like the start in sliding down hill.

But there is a worse feature than even in succumbing to baseness, meanness, or wrong. Habit soon drills the moral perception, so that in time men come to perpetuate, without a remorseful pang, acts at which originally they would have been astounded. 'Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?' is the indignant exclamation of many a person who eventually commits the deed he abhorred.—Arnold's treason grew up in his mind by slow degrees, nurtured by extravagance, and supposed neglect. Washington, always being rigidly correct, left behind a name, that will never cease to be revered. To say merely that 'honesty is the best policy,' and thus appeal to the selfish part of nature, is a poor way to educate man to do right conscientiously. Better the nobler and higher ground that right should be done for right's sake.—Ledges.

"HEARING PRAYERS THROUGH A CRACK."—Not long since, a girl from the country came to live with a religious family in Bangor Me., who when at prayer in the room adjoining the kitchen, left the door of that room a few inches ajar. The girl closed it and it was again opened as before, whereupon the girl requested leave to return home, as she was not accustomed to hearing prayers through a crack, and she did not care to become so.

An Indian Execution in Michigan.

The Clinton Co. (Michigan) Express publishes the following and vouches for its authenticity. It is certainly a curious story.

In the different parts of central Michigan there are two tribes of Indians, the Ottawas and the Chippewas. They are friendly to each other and during the hunting season, frequently encamp near each other. In the fall of 1853, a party of one tribe built their cabins on the banks of the Maple river, and a party of the other tribe, about eighty in number, encamped in what is now called the town of Dallas. It is unnecessary to speak of their life in these camps—suffice to say that the days were spent in hunting, and the nights in drinking 'fire water' and carousing. In one of the revels at the camp on Maple river, an Indian, maddened by liquor, killed his squaw, and to conceal the deed threw her body upon the fire. Recovering from the stupor of the revel, he saw the signs of his guilt upon him and fearing the wrath of his tribe, he fled towards the other encampment.

His absence was noticed—the charred remains of the poor squaw were found, and the cry for blood was raised. The savages were soon upon his track—they pursued him into the encampment of their neighbors—he was found, apprehended, and in solemn council doomed to the death which in the stern old Indian code is reserved for those who shed the blood of their kin. It was a slow, torturing death. A hatchet was put in the victim's hands, he was led to a large log that was hollow and made to assist in fixing it for his coffin. This was done by cutting into it some distance on the top, in two places about the length of a man apart, then slabbing off and digging out the hollow until larger, so as to admit his body. This done, he was taken back and tied fast to a tree. Then they smoked and drank the 'fire water,' and when evening came they built large fires around him, at some distance off, but so they would shine full upon him. And now commenced the orgies—they drank to intoxication—their dancing and singing in their wild Indian manner, chanting the dirge of the recreant brave.—The arrow was fitted to the bowstring, and ever and anon with its shrill twang it sent a missile into the quivering flesh of the homicide; and to heighten his misery they cut off his ears and nose. Alternately drinking, dancing, beating their rude drums and shooting their arrows into the victim, the night passed.

The next day was spent in sleeping and eating, the victim meanwhile still bound to the tree. What his reflections were we cannot tell, but he bore his punishment as a warrior should.

When night was closed around, it brought his executioners to their work again. The scene of the first night was re-enacted, and so it was the next night, and the next, and so on for a week. Seven long and weary days did he stand there tortured with the most cruel torture, before his proud head dropped upon his breast, and his spirit left its clayey tenement for the hunting grounds of the Great Spirit. And when it did they took the body wrapped it in a new clean blanket and placed it in the log coffin he had helped to hollow.

They put his hunting knife by his side that he might have something to defend himself on the way, his whiskey bottle that he might cheer his spirits with a draught now and then, and his tobacco and pipe that he might smoke. Then they put on the cover, drove in the stakes each side of the log, and filled up between them with logs and brush. The murdered squaw was avenged. The camp was broken up, and the old stillness and quiet once more reigned over the forest spot where was consummated this singular act of retributive justice.

Our informant has visited the spot often since then—the log is still there with its cover on, and beneath may be seen the skeleton of the victim.

FAITHFUL LOVE.

An English paper announces the approaching marriage of Sir Thomas Trowbridge, and Miss Louisa Gunsey, of Norwich. Sir Thomas was in the battles of Alma and Inkerman, and greatly distinguished himself by his gallantry. At the battle of Inkerman he commanded a battery which contributed essentially to the defeat of the Russians. But during that terrible fight, a cannon ball carried away both of his feet. Expecting to bleed to death, he refused to be carried to the rear, and directed his men to raise him upon a gun carriage and take him to the front, that he might see the issue of the battle; and in that position, he continued coolly to direct the fire of his battery until permitted to share in the shouts of victory. Contrary to all expectations the wounded man's life has been spared, and he is about to be rewarded by the happy consummation of a long cherished attachment with the beautiful and amiable lady who is to share his titles and honors, while she consoles and repays his sufferings.

Bleak winter is advancing rapidly.

THRILLING ADVENTURE.

Some of the episodes encountered during Dr. Kane's search, have wild interest. At one time it became necessary to send a fatigue party with provisions, to assist the main party under Dr. Kane, in an attempted passage across Smith's Sound. This party was under the command of Mr. Brooks, first officer of the expedition. He was accompanied by Mr. Wilson and other volunteers. During their travel they found the ice completely impenetrable, and a snow drift at last swept wildly over the floes, and in the midst of a heavy gale from the North, the thermometer, to their dismay, sunk to fifty seven degrees below zero.—Human nature could not support the terrible cold. Four of the party, including Mr. Brooks and Mr. Wilson, were prostrated with frozen feet, and with great difficulty three of their companions, after encountering great suffering, reached the ship and announced the condition of their comrades. Their chances of being rescued seemed extremely small.

They were in the midst of a wilderness of snow, incapable of motion, and with no landmarks by which their position could be known. Even to drag these maimed men would have been under ordinary circumstances, a work of difficulty, but to the slender party left at the ship it seemed impossible. Dr. Kane, with the boldness which justified the warm attachment felt towards him by all under his command, in less than one hour organized a rescuing party, leaving on board only those who were necessary to receive the sick, and started off in the teeth of a terrific gale, steering by compass, to rescue the sufferers. After nineteen hours' constant travel, during which two of the party fainted, and others required to be kept from sleep by force, they struck the trail of the lost party, and finally, staggering under their burdens, one by one reached the tent, which was almost hidden by the snow.

The scene as Dr. Kane entered the tent, was affecting beyond description. The party burst out into tears. A blubber fire was immediately built, pemmican cooked, and the party ate for the first time after leaving the vessel. Ice was also melted, they having been to this time without drink. Worn out as they were, but four hours were allowed for the halt. The maimed of the frozen party were sowed up in Buffalo robes, placed on sledges and dragged along by their companions, Dr. Kane walking in advance, and picking the track. Cold of the utmost severity again overtook them. Bernal and Merton, and even the Esquimaux boy, Hance, sunk upon the snow with sleep. It was only by force that they were aroused and made to proceed, as the cold seemed to have destroyed all conception of danger. A large bear met on their way, was fortunately scared off by Dr. Kane, by the simple waving of his hand.

They reached the ship after a walk of sixty-two hours, still dragging their companions behind them, but insensible. Dr. Hayes the intelligent surgeon of the ship, from whom we obtained the particulars of this fearful adventure, received the returning party. Two of their number died of their injuries, and two others underwent amputation, who are now restored to perfect health. The condition of those who dragged the sick, was most lamentable. Their memory for a time was entirely gone, and the ship, in the midst of muttering delirium, resembled an hospital. The surgeon and one remaining attendant were in sole charge of the ship. In this state of semi-madness the sick remained for two or three days, but afterwards they entirely recovered, and the party under Dr. Kane started three weeks afterwards and resumed their labors in the field.

Intrepidity like this has never been surpassed. It is spoken of with emotion, even now, by the stoutest hearts in the expedition.

Mrs. Strongatham's Churn.

Speaking of churns, a contemporary says he has never seen any other labor-saving contrivance in that department which for practical convenience and utility could compare with that of Mrs. Strongatham, a notable English housewife, whose acquaintance he had the pleasure of making in one of the rural districts of New York some years since. Having occasion to call upon her one summer morning, he found her occupying her huge chintz covered rocking chair, rocking and knitting as though the salvation of the family depended upon the assiduity with which she applied herself to these occupations. Not that she was unceasingly and unobscured by any means, for the moment he had taken the proffered chair she set in with a steady stream of talk that it was as instructive as it was entertaining, for besides her admirable qualities as a housewife the lady possessed rare conversational powers.

During our call she directed one of her daughters to some duty in a distant part of the house, adding I would attend to it myself but must fetch this butter. We had known something of the process of 'fetching butter' in our early days, and the idea of a snow-white churn and an irksome expenditure of elbow

grease was as naturally associated with it in our mind, as was the compensatory slice of new bread and butter after the achievement of the victory. We therefore cast our eyes about us involuntarily for these indications, but we looked in vain. Of either churn or churning there was no more appearance than might have been seen in Queen Victoria's drawing room any day in the week. Our ebriosity was excited, and we resolved to keep our eyes open, satisfied if we did 'we should see what we should see.' And we did. During a momentary pause in the conversation the lady rose from the chair, removed the cushion, raised a sort of trap door underneath, and looked into the apartment vacuum with an earnestly inquiring eye. The secret was out. Under the seat in her rocking chair was a box in which she deposited the jar of cream, and the agitation produced by the vibratory motion of the chair converted the liquid into butter.

By this arrangement the lady was enabled to kill, not two only, but four birds with the same stone. She could churn, knit, take her ease in her rocking chair, and entertain her morning guests at the same time. And such butter as she made! Yellow as gold, sweet as the meat of the cocoa nut, and as hard, too; it always brought the highest price in the 'rural' market. You may brag of your patent churns if you will, but for novelty, economy, convenience and immaculate butter we defy them, one and all, when brought into competition with Mrs. Strongatham's incomparable contrivance. Of her butter we shall retain a lively and grateful remembrance in our dying day; her churn we shall never forget either.

A PLAIN SPOKEN WITNESS.—'Facts are stubborn things,' said a lawyer to a female witness under examination. The lady replied: 'Yes, sir ee; and so are women, and if you get anything out of me, just let me know it.' 'You'll be committed for contempt.'—'Very well, I'll suffer justly, for I feel the utmost contempt for every lawyer present.'

Business Cards.

DR. S. B. KIEFFER Office in North Hanover street two doors from White & Campbell's store. Office hours, more particularly from 7 to 9 o'clock, A. M., and from 5 to 7 o'clock, P. M.

DR. I. C. LOOMIS South Hanover street, next door to the Post Office. Dr. will be absent from Carlisle the last ten days of each month. (Aug. 1, '55)

DR. GEO. W. NEIDICH DENTIST carefully attends to all operations upon the teeth and adjacent parts that demand or irregularity may require. He will also insert Artificial Teeth of every description, such as Pivot, Single and Block teeth, and teeth with "Gutta-percha Gums," and will construct Artificial Palates, Obstructors, Regulating Pieces, and every appliance used in the Dental Art.—Operating room at the residence of Dr. Samuel Elliott, West High street, Carlisle.

DR. GEORGE Z. BRETZ, DENTIST. OFFICE at the residence of his brother, on North Pitt Street, Carlisle.

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that I have, this day, associated with me in the practice of my profession, Wm. M. Fenrose and Thos. M. Biddle, Esqrs. All business in future will be attended to by the above under the firm of "BIDDLE & FENROSE." Feb. 14th 1855. W. M. BIDDLE, Atty at Law

C. P. HUMRICH, Attorney at Law. Office in Boston's Row. All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to.

WILLIAM C. RHEEM, Attorney at Law. Office in Main Street, Carlisle, Pa.—Business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to. Feb. 7, '55.

A. N. GREEN, Attorney at law, has settled in Mechanicsburg, for the practice of his profession. All kinds of Legal Writing, Collections Court business, &c. promptly attended to. Office opposite Dr. Long's residence. SURVEYING in all its different branches promptly attended to.

G. B. COLE Attorney at Law, will attend promptly to all business entrusted to him.—Office in the room formerly occupied by William Irvine Esq., North Hanover street, Carlisle. April 20, 1852.

G. W. BRANDT, Manufacturer of Mineral Waters, French Mead, Bottled Ale, Porter and Cider, North East Street, near the Rail Road Bridge, Ca.

SCRIVENER AND CONVEYAN SCRIVER—A. L. BRONSLER, late Receiver of Cumberland county, will carefully attend to the transaction of all such business as may be entrusted to him, such as the writing of Deeds, Mortgages, Contracts, &c. He will also devote his attention to the procuring of Land Warrants, Pensions, &c. as well as the purchase and sale of Real Estate, negotiations, of loans, &c. Office on West High Street, formerly occupied, by W. M. Fenrose Esq. near the Methodist Church.

T. N. ROSENSTEEL, House, Sign and Ornamental Painter, Irving's (former Harper's) Row, near Hillner's Dry Goods Store. He will attend promptly to all the above description of painting, at reasonable prices. The various kinds of gilding attended to, such as mahogany, oak, walnut, &c. in improved styles.

TOOLS.—A mammoth assortment of TOOLS of all kinds now opening at Call and see them. J. P. LYNES.

THRASHING MACHINES of the best make constantly on hand and for sale at the Carlisle Foundry and Machine Shop. FRANK GARDNER.

FRENCH CORSETS.—Just received a further supply of French Corsets of extra quality. Also narrow Linen Fringes for trimming. Baquet June 20 GEO. W. HITNER.

WALL PAPER.—Just received a splendid stock of Paper Hangings, Window Shades and Fireboard Prints, embracing all the newest and most approved styles. The designs are neat and chaste, and the prices such as cannot fail to give satisfaction. We invite our friends and the public generally to call and examine our assortment before purchasing elsewhere. H. S. SATON, march 21 East Main Street, Carlisle

Fancy Printing cheaply done.