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December 23, 1864—tf

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Poetical.

The following beautiful sketch was written at layage's Station while the Army was making the Peninsula campaign under McClellan. No one who reads it can fail to be impressed with the flowing beauty of the rhythm and the tenderness of sentiment that pervades it.-Ens. A PLAINT FROM SAVAGE'S.

RHEEM & WEAKLEY, Editors & Proprietors.

BY GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND Alas! for the pleasant peace we knew.

In the happy summers of long ago, When the rivers were bright and the skies By the homes of Henrico.

We dreamed of wars that were far away, And read, as in fable, of blood that ran Where the James and Chickshominy stray, T_rough the groves of Powhattan.

Tils a dream come true, for the afternoons Blow bugles of war by our fields of grain, and the sabres sink as the dark dragoons Come reallening up the latte! The pigeous have flown from the caves and tiles, The out-blades have grown to blades of steel, and the Huns swarm down the leafy alsles Of the grand old Commonweal

hey have torn the Indian fisher's nets Where the gray Pamunkey goes towards the se And blood runs red in the rivulets That babbled and brawled in glee; The corpses are strewn in Fairy Oak glades, The house guns thunder from Drury's Ridge, he fishes that played in the cool deep shades Are frightened from Bottom Bridge.

would that the year were blotted away. And the strawberries green in the hedge again That the scythe might swing in the tangled hay, And the squirrels romp in the glen; The walnuts sprinkle the clover slopes Where graze the sheep and the spotted steer and the winter restore the golden hopes That were trampled in a year

Alliscelluneons.

A Christmas Story by Dickons SOMEBODY'S LUGGAGE. Centinued

HIS DRESSING-CASE. THE passengers on board the good ship Solden Dre m, homeward bound from Melbourne, were beginning to get rather weary and tired of their trip. We were only in the fourth week of the voyage 5 but the month was July, the days were short, oloomy, and stormy; and the sea vas covered with those mountainous wayes which are to be seen in perfection of per blow after blow. On the log being have we found that we were making barebe two knots an hour ; and, to add to our perplexity, a sudden chill in the air, and peculiar white glare in the horizon, informed us that we were surrounded with of us. It was a sight worth seeing. We sides of which the waves dashed incessantly. The color of the iceberg was a brilliant pellucid white, except in the hue was changed to cobalt, or on the summits of the precipices, which glowed in the rays of the setting sun with all the

prismatic tints of the rainbow. "Eh! man!" exclaimed an enthusiastic Scotchman. "'Tis joost Edinburgh Castle to the life!"

"What a fortune a fellow could make among the Melbourne confectioners if he could only tow it into Port Philip during the hot weather!" remarked a prosaic

"Well, it's a pretty sight," said an old lady, "a very pretty sight! But I wish they'd all sink to the bottom at night and, come up again in the morning."

"It would be very convenient, indeed, ma'am," answered the third mate. "It would save our eyes to-night considerably, for we shall have to keep a bright look-out."

We passed a very gloomy evening.

The wind had almost fallen to a calm, while the sea continued to run extremely high, causing the ship to roll terribly. Every thing that was not securely fixed was flying about the cabin: the destruction of crockery was appalling; and the steward passed the interval between sup-Photographs, Ambrotypes, Ivorytypes | per and bedtime in a state of despair, Beautiful Albums! Beautiful Frames! | chasing cups, saucers, and bottles. Even the four passengers who clung to whist every evening with a devotion befitting the renowned Sarah Battle, were forced to give up their game. Even chess. though played on a board provided with spring fastenings, was found impracticable. The chess-board sprang up bodilv. pieces and all, made a somersault in the air, darted into the cabin of a married couple who were putting their baby to

> frightened their cockatoo into hysterics. For myself, I went on deck, and there, sheltered by the pent-house which overhung the main-deck at the extremity of the poop, endeavored to solace myself with a pipe. I was very glad to hear a voice out of the pitchy darkness saying. | "Julius Schlafenwohl."

bed, extinguished their candle-lamp, and

"Nasty thick night, Sir." It was Tom White, an able seamen, and one of the greatest growlers on board. "What do you think of the weather, Tom?" I asked him?

"Bout as bad as it can be. If it had took my time about it.".. kept on to blow it might have took us through all this here ice; but now it's round your body!" Am ES. An infinite variety of amu-fallen calm the bergs will gather round "Pull hart u and rang store." The ship, just as the bits of stick in a pond bring op."

get round a dead cat. Ah! Once let me set foot ashore, and you'll never catch me | landed on the iceberg a large case. round the Horn again!"

Poor Tom! I dare say he had uttered articles at the shipping-office.

out forward, Tom ?" "A bright look-out! How can they? Why, the night's as thick as a tub of Dutch butter. Then it ain't these big have been the means of saving your life!" steady head, I did not care to venture too lumps as I'm afeard of. If the lookouts ain'tasleep, or yarning, they might chance to see them. What I funk is the nasty little sneaking bits of ground ice, about the size of a ship's long-boat." "Surely they would not injure a stout

ship like this, Tom?" "Stout ship? Ha, ha! Why, this is a soft-wood ship-a regular New Brunswicker. She'd have no more chance again the ice than a chancy cup again a soup and-bully tin; and then, with all this here copper ore in her inside, down she'd go-and you along with her."

"And you too, Tom." "Well, I don't know about that, sailors his hole."

With a series of parting growls Tom White disappeared in the darkness, leaving me in a very uncomfortable frame of mind. I was half inclined at first to stay danger in sleep.

and the dashing of the waves. Taking to feel more comfortable. I lighted a advantage of a favorable lurel., I claim- pipe (my matches were fortunately in a the German's head. I tried to think of ed the coming of daylight. every thing I could recall to my memory. As I sat thus, I began to reflect on Fortunately I had turned in in my day drew my feet hastily from the German's clothes, boots excepted, so I climbed body and sat, with my head bowed upon deep fissures and interstices, where the through the port-hole, which barely per- my knees, brooding. Exhausted nature mitted the passage of my body, and lay yielded, and I fell asleep. clinging to the wet, slippery side of the vessel. A thought struck me, Shall I wakon Schlafenwohl? No; I might lose my own life in endeavoring to save his. His ample figure could never pass the narrow port hole. It is astonishing how

selfish men are apt to become at such times. I murmured, "Requiescat in only a few feet of her weather yard arm were visible. I heard a horrible grinding noise. Peering through the darkness I beheld an immense iceberg crashing against the ship's side. I summoned all my energies, took a tremendous leap, and fell into a small cavity filled with freshly-fallen snow. As soon as I recovered my feet I looked once more around. The Golden Dream had disappeared, and nothing was visible save a

few dark objects floating on the surface of the water. I determined to secure one of these obects. "Possibly," I thought, "the harness-casks on deck have broken adrift. They are filled with beef and pork, and the contents of one of them would support life for months." I descended cautiously through the thick darkness to a ledge which abutted directly on the water. The spray of the breakers was dashing in my face, and I trembled lest the frail piece of ice on which I stood should give way beneath my feet and precipitate me into the briny abyss. I stretched out my hand-it was instantly grasped by another hand! I drew back in horror, and the force of my retrograde movement was such that I pulled the person who had clutched my hand completely out of

the water. As soon as I had deposited the unknown individual in a place of comparafigure drew a long breath, and replied.

came you here ?"

"Very easily, my friend. You see I am a good diver and solvimmer, and I the summit. "Why, you've got a long rope tied

I hauled as he bade me, and presently every imaginable shape and size. Our and children are perishing with cold."

this declaration five hundred times before, turned over, I turned out of my bairt my- stood, as it were, in the centre of a giand had always forgotten it when signing self, and den I tink to myself, Julius, you gantic star-fish, whose seven rays were "I hope they're keeping a bright look- with prog and schvam qvietly up the cabin stairs."

"Vell, I don't know about dat," responded the stolid German, dryly; "I abysses below. But the German insisted could have saved myself. You see, my on it. friend, the prog is just enough for vunno more." "My noble fellow!" I replied, "do not

harbor such selfiish thoughts. Romember we are brothers in adversity, and should help each other." "Vot can you help me to?" asked Schlafenwohl, with a touch of sarcasm. I stammered, "I-Pve nothing, but-

yes! I have a pound of tobacco! I bought it of the Steward to day, and here it is safe in the pocket where I put it." "Ju-vivallera!" shouted the Gerain't like passengers. There's the boats | man, enthusiastically, "dat is just vot I | figures actively engaged in examining the to cut adrift. Besides, I'm on deck, and have not got. Yes, my friend, we will you'd be below, smothered like a rat in swear brothership, and share our goods together "

"Agreed," I replied. Schlafenwohl laid himself down with presently snoring as tranquilly as if in on deck all night, but eventually deter his own beloved fatherland, with a fedmined to go below, and seek oblivion from | erbett of the finest down to cover him. The peril of my position prevented me I envied my cabin campanion, the fat from sleeping. I sat down on a corner German, Schlafenwohl. He lay in pro- of icy rock, and took the liberty of restfound slumber, while his nose trumpeted ing my semi-frozen feet on Schlafendefiance to the creaking of the timbers | wohl's expansive body. I soon began | ship's bread. Ain't it, Bid Atkins?"

unconnected with ship life, but the horris my hardness of heart. I had not beble snoring of my companion and the stowella thought on the rest of the passiclaimed. burches of the slip destreyed all prospect sengers, or on the crew, and we: they | "Of course there is " said Tom: "when of repose. I repeated verses from the hall probably all perished. But they the leeberg drifted dongside, me and Bill most soporific pre's I could remember had mer with a sublen and speely with | hote stood on the butwarks as the shin I counted numbers, and got up as far as where o was dooned to a slow and beeled over, and passed the passengers in six hundred and has four, when sudden- Hingering torone. Even supposing that as nicely as if we was off Blackwall Pier. ly the ship rolled more trightfully than we had a ufficiency of provisions, what There may be a lot more for aught I know she had done yet. I felt that she was a prospect of rescue would remain when in the tother valleys. I've been busy waves. heeling completely over, and that the the last fraction of the iccher's should having the ship! A fearful crashing of plates and dishes of the waves? Another and far greater was succeeded by the still more terrible probability was still more appealing sound of rushing water. I opened my The durability of the icebers would cebergs. Before nightfall the violence eyes, which I had until now kept obsti- probably far outlast our store of food, of the gale had somewhat abated, and the nately closed. To my horror I discover I strave to realize the dreadful situation passengers hurried on deck to look at the ed that the port-hole, instead of being at Two human beings floating at the caprice lasts four-and-twenty hours we shall go first iceberg, which was within half a mile my side, was directly above my head. I of the wind and waves on a frail decep-smack into the Falkland Islands." unserewed the port and thrust my head tive mass of crystallized water, glaring beheld an enormous mass of rock-like ice, out. I was appalled by what I beheld. at one another with famine-stricken eyes. with a perpendicular wall facing us fully The ship was on her beam-ends, and her At length it would become necessary to three hundred feet high, against the steep masts were disappearing beneath the an- cast lots and decide which should slay gry sea. There was no time to be lost, the other. Horrible thought! I with-

> When I awoke it was daylight. A first I gazed around me with astonishment, as one usually does after sleeping in a strange place, and then proceeded to examine the iceberg. We had been ceposing in a small valley, surrounded on every side but the one from which had entered by steep rocks of slippery pace," and gazed around me once more. | ice from sixty to eighty feet in height. The vessel was sinking fapidly. Her We were thus completely sheltered from masts were now entirely under water, and the piercing wind, while even the dash cut them steps in the rock-face. Go up of the breakers was barely distinguish- to the mast-head, and see what you can able. I advanced a few paces along the make of the other valleys. The next one path of ingress for the purpose of viewing the ocean, and there found Schlafenwohl ensconced in a corner industriously combing out his flaxen beard by tical style, and once more clambered the the aid of a pocket-mirror stuck in a crevice of the icy rocks. He was sing-

ing Kennst du das Land, and saluted me with cheerful calmness. trickled down the slowly melting rocks. and in a few seconds reached the bottom. There was something alarming in the house we lived in. Every gallon of held a singular sight. water that welled away represented some six cubic inches of our fragile habitation. If this liquefaction took place in those

for our feet with our knives, we gained to whom I made signals for assistance,

studded at intervals with icebergs of fire of his blubber, and the poor women tain?"

own island was about a mile in circum-"You see," continued the German, "I ference, and presented a series of ridges am never in a hurry. Ven de sheep and valleys at irregular distances. We vill vant et was essen, so I filled dis box represented by seven rocky back-bones. between each of which lay a deep and sheltered valley. The wind blew with "My dear Schlafenwohl!" I exclaimed, great violence at the exposed point where embracing him, "how delighted I am to we stood, and, as I have not a remarkable

> "Mr. Monkhouse," said he, "I vish you vould look over into our valley."

near the edge of any one of the seven

"Wby?" "I tink somebody, in our absence, may be plondering our prog-box."

" Nonsense !" I answered. " You talk

as if you were on the top of the Righi. "Vell, my friend, you will oblige me by doing it. I am too stout to venture." I crawled on my hands and knees until my face hung immediately over a perpendicular descent of three hundred feet. To my-astonishment I beheld two human contents of our invaluable chest.

I reported progress to Schlafenwohl, who became frightfully agitated. He gave vent to sundry Tuetonic imprecations, and descended the face of the cliff pillow of snow for his head, and was in the most reckless manner, reaching the bottom some seconds before myself. When I arrived I heard voices engaged in loud altercation.

> " Vy, you Tom Vite, you are no better dan a thief. Dat is my box."

"That ain't your private bread," replied Tom, holding up a bisenit, "That's " Ay," said Atkins. "Besides, you'd never go for to keep all this tucker to bered up to my berth, which was over water-proof cases, and anxiously await your own cheek. Why, there's a parcel of women and children in the next hol low to this as he had no breakfast vet." ... What! More prople saved?" I ex

enwoha " vot do vou mean?"

"Why, I've got a pocket compass here. and I've been h aving the log," said Tom "We're steering nor'-east-and-by-north. and going thirteen knots. If this breeze "What has become of the skipper, Tom," I asked, "and of the other offi-

"I don't know," answered Tom; "they may be aboard t e berg, and they mayn't. Any way, I'm the only able seaman in her that I know of, so I've took the command. The adventures of the last few hours

had altered Tom White considerably for the better. From a grumbling sulking discontented fellow, he had been transformed into a smart active energetic commander. I verily believe he looked upon the iceberg as an actual ship, and sobarring masts, sails, and rudder—she was. "Now, Mr. Monkhouse," continued Tom, "you'll please take your orders from splinters.". me. I can see you're a sharp chap by the way you've made them ice-shoes and

to this I know all about; that's my headquarters." rocks. I invited Schlafenwohl to accompany me, but he declined. On reachthirst at one of the numerous rills which | surface of this I glided quite comfortably, At first no human being was visible,

idea of thus making a beverage of the but on turning an angle of the cliff I bebergs would all sink to the bottom in the communicating, by signal or otherwise, to literature. I am a young man in the can't pass off either a joke or a guinea, withhigh southern latitudes, with the tem- night-time and only come up by daylight, with the shore. We had matches, but the Art line. You out its being examined on both sides - froperature scarcely over forty degrees, was seated crouching on the ground in a whole of our available fuel amounted to have seen my works over and over again, ing.

The greatness of nations like that of inhow rapidly would our floating ark dis- state of the utmost terror, holding a large a deal board or two, and so small a fire and you have been curious about me, and solve as we approached the line! If, on green umbrella over her head. Close bethe other hand, we drifted antarctically, side her reposed an enormous walrus, at vation. We passed a nervous, miserable safe rule, you never have seen me, and we ran the risk of being hopelessly fro- least twelve feet long, blinking sleepily at | night, and the poor women and children zen up in regions far beyond the haunts the frightened dame, and looking as little of any human creature. These terrible inclined for mischief as a domestic cat on reflections passed through my mind a hearth-rug. Laying my finger on my while I was manufacturing, with the as- lips to enjoin silence, I fastened a rope her timbers (to speak metaphorically) were going, I am the party. sistance of a pocket-knife and the lid of (which I had brought with me) round a deal box, a pair of sandals to protect Mrs. Robinson's waist, and then proceed- ly until morning. my feet from the chilling surface of the ed, to toil up the slope. I should never tive safety I demanded his name. The ice. This task completed, I proposed have reached the top with her dead to Schlasenwohl that we should ascend weight behind me but for the umbrella, the rocks for the purpose of further as which was used as an alpenstock. On gain ral boats putting out from the settlement: put it, that while the world knows some "I staggered back in astonishment, and certaining the extent of the iceberg ing the summit, Mrs. Robinson vowed exclaimed, "Why, good Heaven, how He assented, and, after two hours' hard that she could never go down "them ed when they came alongside) from motives win, it knows nothing of them that really shield never pierced," a flower that never never the never never that never n

we lowered her safely by a long cable into ed with passengers. The panorama was grand in the ex- the women and children's valley. treme. We were full three hundred feet "Mr. Monkhouse," said Bill, "we "Pull hart upon it and see vat you will tended in every direction around us, eat his flesh, we can make a roaring bon- the boats swamped. Where is the cap- man's. Being, as I have mentioned, in punishment. The officials it seems, do

" Ay, ay, Sir."

Soup three or four of us climbed again, armed with knives and cask-staves. We reached the summit and descended into the valley safely. The walrus was seated as placidly as before. He seemed to be making a journey northward to visit some of his Falkland Island acquaintances, and addressed so politely by the government seemed to look upon the iceberg as an admirable species of public conveyance—cheap, swift, and comfortable. He was, however, apparently fonder of the society of saw usapproach, flourishing our weapons, he turned over on his side, and quietly gers, captain?" asked the governor of the they are preserved in some collection?rolled into the sea. Our party, chagrined at the_cool manner in which hehad given us the slip, returned slowly apparently with some indistinct impres-

that energetic commander, who was in grave." high spirits. "She's going fifteen knots, if she's going an inch. Mr. Monkhouse," he continued, in a whisper, "you ain't seen the skipper?"

"No, there are no signs of him." "Well, if he was aboard I'd guarantee to bring him in safe. And he couldn't

do better nor what I'm doing now." What Tom White was doing to assist our progress it would be hard to say; every thing depended on his exertions. Evening was coming on. "Mr. Monkhouse," said Tom, "you're the best hand I've got aboard the ship. How do you | examine the seventh. feel about the legs?"

"Rather stiff." bottle aboard: but he deserves a drop." I swallowed the proffered refreshment, when Tom said:

" Now I want you to go aloft again, to look out for land." "Ay, ay. Sir," I replied, cheerfully,

and clambered up like a chamois. "Lind ho!" I called. My distance from Tom was upward of three hundred I think no Falkland Islander will ever not say. ductor of sound for I could hear Tom's that she remained for many months hangs over you?" answer quite distinctly above the whist-grounded on the sand-bank; at length, "Yes, Mr. Click"—the rest of the ling of the wind and the roaring of the

"Where away?"

"On the weather bow, Sir." "All right Stop aloft, and say what

it looks like as we get nearer." A furious gale was now blowing from son'-sou'-west, and I was obliged to crouch on my hands and knees to avoid being hurled into one of the chasms beneath. Our gallant iceberg churned through the dark water at railroad speed, leaving a long white track of foam miles astern. My fear now was that at the rate we were going-which could be little short of twenty miles an hour-we should be dashed on the rocks. To my great joy, as we neared the land. I perceived an extensive accurately as I could to the watchful com-

and stood at my side. "Port Stephens!" he exclaimed. "by all that's merciful! It lies in the sou'west corner of the mainisland. Now comes following conversation ensued between a silent sorrow there." the ticklish time. If we touch the rocks on either side we shall be knocked to The excitement on board the iceberg

mander below. He presently came aloft

was intense. I shall not attempt to describe it. Just as night fell we entered the harbor. Had our gallant craft been steered by the most skillful helmsman in the British Navy she could not have kept a corruption of the same of a certain a better course. Tom White rubbed his hands with delight, and appropriated all " Ay, ay, Sir," I replied, in true nau- the honor and glory to himself. As soon as we were fairly inside the harbor, and under the shelter of the cliffs the force of the wind abated. Fortunately, too, ing "the mast-head," as Tom styled it, I there was a strong current setting out of selected a valley to which the descent | the harbor, right in the teeth of the wind. two knots: in a quarter of an hour from that. Stop a bit. that time a low grinding noise was heard,

well put together, and she held out brave-

we: feared she was going to pieces; but

"I am the captain," quoth Tom White, boldly.

NO. 5.

"Then, Sir, perhaps you will have the ments."

By this time more boats had arrived from shore, and the scanty population of the port were to be seen running to and fro ladies than of gentlemen. As soon as he like ants whose nest had been disturbed.

"Hall, your worship;" answered Tom, and disconsolately, communicating the sions of veneration, derived from the result of our proceedings to Tom White. Thames Police Court, "the others," he "Never mind the walrus, boys," said continued, "solemnly, "has met a watery

> "Beg your pardon, Sir," said a boatman, touching his cap to Tom White. "but there's a lot more people t'other side the berg."

A rush of boats immediately gave way presently returned, and bringing off the side of the river Thames called the Obemidshipmen. Being in the after-part of don will also be aware of it, now that I though he himself firmly believed that the ship when the catastrophe occurred have named it. My lodging is not far they had all leaped on board the iceberg from that locality. I am a young man of

Poor Tom White! I believe he was a kind-hearted fellow, and well-pleased to "Bill Atkins," said Tom, "serve out find that not a single life had been sacri- to turn to with a view to victuals that I a tot of grog to Mr. Monkhouse. It's fixed on board the Golden Drenm; and found myself walking along the Waterloo very precious liquor, for we've only one yet I am sure he was sorry to see the cap Road, one evening after dark, accompatain again. He spoke not a word on his nied by an acquaintance and fellow lodger way to the shore, but hung down his head in the gas fitting way of life. He is very and looked much depressed In the even- good company, having worked at the theing, however, under the influence of a atres, and indeed he has a theatrical turn liberal libation of grog from His Excel himself and wishes to be brought out in lengy the Governor, he recovered his spi- the character of Othello; but whether on rits, and described his manner of naviga- account of his regular work always black-

ern summer, she crumbled to pieces and disappeared. We were all placed on board a Californian trader bound for New York. Here I parted from Schlafenwohl, who had determined to settle in the United States. There was some slight coolness between us. I had positively declined to share the same cabin with him on account of too, don't it?" says he. "Well, I'll tell offended. Consequently I proceeded to off." Liverpool by the Cunard steamer from Boston alone. On reaching London I at | but if you was me you wouldn't." extraordinary escape to the Committee at that." epening in the cliffs. I described it as Lloyd's. It was authenticated by Tom creat men, was unable to read or write. ohest. A few days afterward I received a requi-

me and the Chairman: "Pray, Mr. Monkhouse, is your family

of German origin?" "No, Sir; we have been settled for

centuries in East Kent." "Oh, I beg your pardon; I thought Baron whose extraordinary adventures

HIS BROWN-PAPER PARCEL.

have long been known to the public."

My works are well known. I am a young man in the Art line. You have ging away at your vitals in secret, as well seen my works many a time, though it's as I make it out ?" said Mr. Click, eying fifty thousand to one if you have seen me. | me with some admiration. We breakfasted on a couple of sar- was sloping and easy, the sides being We hove the log, and found she was go. You say you don't want to see me? dines and half a biscuit, slaking our deeply covered with snow. Down the ing five knots, we have it again, a few You say your interest is in my works, minutes later, and she was barely making and not in me? Don't be too sure about

Let us have it down in black and white and we grounded on an extensive sand- at the first go off, so that there may be But great men tremble when the lion roars. bank in the centre of the harbor. We no unpleasantness or wrangling after-Mrs. Robinson, the old lady who on the were obliged to remain there patiently ward. And this is looked over by a previous evening had wished that the ice- during the night, as we had no means of friend of mine, a ticket-writer, that is up thread-bare coat. No one stops to question the coin of the rich man; but a poor devil would, probably, have attracted no obser- you think you have seen me. Now, as a you never do see me, and you never will especially. As the iceberg grated back | see me. I think that's plainly put-and

ward and forward on the top of the bank | it's what knocks me over. If there's a blighted public character

It has been remarked by a certain (or uncertain) philosopher, that the world to a child, to amuse it till it falls asleep. Never in my life did I feel so glad to knows nothing of its greatest men. He God will accept your first attempts to see the day dawn. We were unspeakably might have put it plainer if he had thrown serve him, not as a perfect work, but as a delighted at about sunrise to observe sev- his eye in my direction. He might have beginning. This first-little blades of wheat The people in them had put off (it seem- thing of them that apparently go in and work. principally spent in cutting stops slippery steps;" so, aided by Bill Atkins, of curiosity to visit the iceberg, but were go in and don't win. There it is again dieth, a state that never feareth fortune, and perfectly astonished at finding her freight in another form and that's what knocks a port that yields no danger and that it has been a port that yields no danger and that it has been a port that yields no danger and the property of the pr

me over. The official in charge of the boats said, __Not that it's only myself that suffers "We must observe some discipline in get- from injustice, but that I am more alive after in the public schools of Boston, girls above the surface of the sea, which ex- must have that walrus. Even if we can't ting the people on board, or we shall have to my own injuries than to any other shall in no case be subjected to corporal, the Fine Art line, and not the Philan | not believe in licking lasses.

company injury, I have company enough. Who are you passing every day at your Competitive Excruciations 7 The fortunate candidates whose heads and livers you have turned upside-down for life? Not you. You are really passing the Crammers and Coaches. If your principle is right, why don't you turn out tomorrow morning with the keys of your cities on velvet cushions, your musicians playing and your flags flying, and read addresses to the Crammers and Conches on your bended knees, beseeching them to come out and govern you? Then, again, as to your public business of all sorts. your financial statements, and your Budgets; the Public knows much, truly, kindness to arrange your people in detach about the real doers of all that! Your Nobles and Right Honorables are first-Tom bustled about with great pomp, rate men? Yes, so is a goose a first rate looking fully two inches taller after hav- bird. But I'll tell you this about the ing been called "Sir," and having been goose-you'll find his natural flavor disappointing without stuffing.

thropic line, I openly admit it As to

Perhaps I am soured by not being popular? But suppose I am popular. Suppose my works never fail to attract. Suppose that whether they are exhibited by natural light or by artificial, they invari-"Are these all your crew and passen ably draw the public. Then no doubt island, as he stepped aboard the icegerg. No they are not; they are not preserved in any Collection. Copyright? No, nor vet copyright. Any how they must be somewhere? Wrong again, for they are often nowhere

Says you, "At all events you are in a moody state of mind, my friend.". My answer is. I have described myself as a public character with a blight upon him -which fully accounts for the curdling of the milk in that cocoa nut.

Those that are acquainted with Lonwith a will to the spot indicated, and don are aware of a locality on the Surrey captain, chief mate, second mate, third lisk, or more generally, the Obstacle .mate, boatswain, doctor, steersman, and Those that are not acquainted with Lontogether. And it seemed that we had that easy disposition that I lie abed till searched six valleys, but had omitted to it's absolutely necessary to get up and earn something, and then I lie abed again till I have spent it.

It was on an occasion when I had had ting the leaberg into port in terms which ling his face and hands more or less I can

feet; but ice must be an excellent con- forget. As for the iceberg, I understand " Tom," he says, " what a mystery

under the influence of numerous storms house generally give him his name, as of rain, the ceaseless dashing of the wa- being first, front, carpeted all over, his ters, and the warmth of the chilly south- own furniture, and if not mahogany, an a mystery does hang over me."

> " Makes you low, you see, don't it?" says he, eving me sideways;

"Why yes, Mr. Click, there are circumstances connected with it that have." I yielded to a sigh, "a lowering effect." "Gives you a touch of the misanthrope

his snoring, and the worthy German was you what. If I was you I'd shake it "If I was you I would, Mr. Click;

once forwarded a written statement of our | "Ah!" says he, "there's something in

When he had walked a little further he White's mark; as he, like many other took it up again by touching me on the

"You see, Tom, it seems to me as if, sition to attend before the Committee of in the words of the poet who wrote the Lloyd's, which I at once obeyed, when the domestic drama of the Stranger, who had

"I have, Mr. Click." "I hope, Tom," lowering his voice in a friendly way, "it isn't coining, or smashing?

"No, Mr. Click. Don't be uneasy." "Nor yet forg-" Mr. Click checked the name of Monkhouse might have been | himself, and added," " counterfeiting any

thing, for instance?" "No, Mr. Click. I am lawfully in the Art line-Fine Art line-but I can say no more." "Ah! Under a species of star? A kind of a malignant spell? A sort of a

gloomy destiny? A canker-worm peg-

Golden Thoughts. Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot. That it do singe yourself. -Shakspeare. Small curs are not regarded when they grin,

Wit and coin are always doubted with a

dividuals is soldon known until they get into trouble.

Learn to hold thy tongue. Five words cost Zacharias forty weeks silence !- Friller. The reason why so few marriages are happy, is because young ladies spend their time in making nets instead of cages .- Swift.

Life is a constant struggle for riches, which we must soon leave behind. They seem given to us as anurse gives a plaything are as pleasant to the farmer's eye as the

whole field waving with grain. Truth is a sure pledge, not impaired and

It is officially decided that here.