

pected to share the anticipated pleasures of the morrow.

(To be continued.)

General Selections.

PERILS OF THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

Most of my young readers have heard of Sir John Franklin, who sailed on a voyage of discovery to the North Pole, in May, 1845; and of whom, since July of that year, no tidings have been received. They have also heard of the expedition sent out to find him, if possible; and perhaps they will read with pleasure something concerning the voyage of this expedition. I will give them an incident or two, at any rate, from the pen of Mr Snow, who was one of the company.

I was speedily awakened to reality by a sudden noise, like the cracking of some mighty edifice of stone, or the bursting of several pieces of ordnance. Ere the sound of that noise had vibrated on the air, a succession of reports, like the continued discharge of a heavy fire of musketry, mingled with the occasional roar of cannon, followed quickly upon one another, for the space of perhaps two minutes; when, suddenly, my eye was arrested by the trembling of a moderate-sized iceberg not far beneath my feet, in a line away from the hill I was upon; and the next moment it tottered, and, with a side-long inclination, cut its way into the bosom of the sea, upon which it had been before reclining. Roar upon roar pealed in echoes from the mountain heights on every side; the wild seabird arose with fluttering wings and rapid flight, as it proceeded to a quarter where its quiet would be less disturbed; the heretofore peaceful water presented the appearance of a troubled ocean after a fierce gale of wind; and, amid the varied sounds now heard, human voices from the boat came rising up on high, in honest English, strangely striking on the air, hailing to know if I had seen the "turn," and also whether I wanted them to join me. But an instant had not passed before the mighty mass of snow and ice which had so suddenly overturned, again presented itself above the water. This time, however, it bore a different shape. The conical and rotten surface that had been uppermost, when I first noticed it, was gone; and a smooth, table-like plane, from which streamed numerous cascades and jets d'eau, was now visible. The former had sunk some hundred feet below, when

the "berg," reversing itself, had been overturned by its extreme upper weight, and thus brought the bottom of it high above the level of the sea.

Northward, and still northward; thicker and more continuous grew the ice plains, while ever and anon a sound, like the discharge of heavy artillery booming along the lonely seas, announced that one iceberg after another had burst amid this freezing arctic midsummer.

We were fairly "in the ice," but ice of which most readers have no idea. The water frozen in our ponds and lakes at home is but a mere thin pane of glass in comparison to the ice which now came upon us. Fancy before you miles and miles of a tabular icy rock, eight feet or more solid, thick throughout, unbroken, or only by a single rent here and there, not sufficient to separate the piece itself. Conceive this icy rock to be in many parts of a perfectly even surface, but in others covered with what might well be conceived as the ruins of a mighty city, suddenly destroyed by an earthquake, and the ruins jumbled together in one confused mass. Let there be also huge blocks, of most fantastic form, scattered about upon this tabular surface, and in some places rising in towering height, and in one apparently connected chain, far beyond the sight. Take these in your view, and you have some faint idea of what was the kind of ice presented to my eye, as I gazed upon it from aloft.

A CHAPTER ON BARKING DOGS.

It is an old saying—and there is a good deal of truth in it—that "barking dogs never bite." I say there is a good deal of truth in it. It is not strictly true. Scarcely any proverb will bear picking to pieces, and analyzing, as a botanist would pick to pieces and analyze a rose or a tulip. Almost all dogs bark a little, now and then. Still I believe those dogs bark the most that bite the least, and the dogs that make a practice of biting the hardest and the oftenest, make very little noise about it.

Have you never been passing by a house, and seen a little pocket edition of a cur run out at the front door yard, to meet you, with ever so much bravery and heroism, as if he intended to eat you at two or three mouthfuls? What a barking he set up. The meaning of his bow, wow, wow, every time he repeated the words, was, "I'll bite you! I'll bite you!" But the very moment you turned round and faced him, he ran back into the yard, as if forty tigers were after him. You see he was all bark, and no bite.

Well, it is the same with men and women, and boys and girls, as it is with dogs. Those who bark most bite least, the world over.

Show me a boy who talks about being as

bold as a lion, and I will show you one with the heart of a young rabbit, just learning to eat cabbage. I do dislike to see boys and girls boasting of what they can do. It always gives me a low opinion of their merits.

There is Tom Thrasher. You don't know Tom, do you? Well, he is one of your barking dogs. He is all the time boasting of the great things he is able to do. Nobody ever saw him do any such things. Still he keeps on boasting, right in the midst of the young people who know him through and through, a great deal better than he knows himself. It is strange that he should brag at that rate with everybody knows him. But he has fallen into the habit of bragging, and I suppose he hardly thinks of the absurd and foolish language he is using. According to his account of himself, he can run a mile in a minute, jump over a fence ten rails high, shoot an arrow from his bow twenty rods, and hit an apple at that distance half a dozen times running.

I must tell you a story about this Tom Thrasher. Poor Tom! he got "come up with," not long ago, by some fun-loving boys that lived in his neighborhood. Tom had been boasting of his great feats in jumping. He could jump higher than any boy on Blue Hill. In fact, he had just jumped over the fence around Captain Corning's goat pasture, which, as everybody knows, was eight rails high, and verily believed he could have cleared it just as easily, if it had been two rails higher. That was the kind of language he used to this company of boys. They did not believe a word he said.

"Let's try Tom," one whispered to another, "let's try the fellow, and see how high he can jump."

"Say, Tom," said one of the boys, "will you go down to the captain's goat pasture with us, and try that thing over again?"

Tom did not seem to be very fierce for going. But all the boys urged him so hard, that he finally consented and went. When he got to the goat pasture, he measured the fence with his eye; and from the manner in which he shrugged his shoulders, it was pretty clear that he considered the fence a very high one indeed. He was not at all in a hurry about performing the feat. But the roguish boys would not let him off.

"Come, Tom," said one.

"Now for it," said another.

"No backing out," said a third.

"It's only eight rails high," said a fourth.

Still, somehow or other, Tom could not get his courage quite up to the point. The best thing he could have done, in my way of thinking, when he found himself so completely cornered, was to have said, "Well, boys, there's no use in mincing the matter at all. I am a little dunce. I can no more jump over that fence than I can build a steamboat, or catch a streak of lightning." But that was not his way of getting out of the scrape.

"Let me give the word now," said one of the lads. "I'll say 'one, two, three,' and when I come to 'three,' you shall run and jump."

"Go ahead," said Tom.

And the other boy began: "One—two—three—"

Tom started, and ran. I'm not sure but he had boasted so much about his jumping, that he had almost made himself believe he really could jump over that fence. At any rate, he tried it, and—failed, of course. His