

Dear friend, for friends indeed hast thou
Forever been to me;
Wilt thou accept these simple lines,
I now inscribe to thee?
The evening's calm and gentle hour,
The winds are hushed and still;
The setting sun his glories throws
On yonder eastern hill.

How many sad and lonely hours
Have passed since we have met;
How often I have thought of thee,
So far away; and yet,
Thy gentle form seems even near,
Though hills between us rise;
I seem to see the loving smile
Light up thy calm blue eyes.

Dear sister, I this boon would ask
Kind heaven to grant to thee;
That thou'lt find many as faithful friends
As thou hast been to me,
And when on earth thy days are spent,
May bright, bright angels come;
To take thy perfect spirit hence,
And bear it safely home.

The Man on the Iceberg.

"It is a man!" said the captain, hand-
ling his telescope to the mate, after a
long, steady look; "and he seems frozen
hard and fast to the side of the iceberg."
"Keep her away!" cried the skipper.
"So—o—o—o—Steady!" and by thus al-
tering our course we brought the iceberg
right ahead.

The iceberg had been in sight since
the weather cleared at midnight, when
it looked like some high rocky headland,
except that, by watching the bright
stars behind it, we could see its gigan-
tic outline swaying solemnly and ma-
jestically up and down. There was
something sublimely grand in the slow
stately movement of such a mass. There
it floated, large enough, had it been land
to have been the dwelling-place of hun-
dreds of human beings. The lower part
was of so dark a purple as to look al-
most black; but, higher up, it shaded
off to a bright azure, then to a light pale
green, while on its lofty summit were
long slender spires and pinnacles, and
pieces of thin transparent ice, worked
into all manner of fantastic forms, and
either of a crystal whiteness, or tinted
with a beautiful pale pink. There were
bays and promontories, caves and grot-
tos, hills and dells, with every variety
of light and shade. The island was al-
most equally divided by a great valley
running through its centre. This was
half filled with snow, which, thawing
slowly in the sun, formed the source of
a waterfall, at a height so great that it
was blown and scattered into fine rain
before it reached the sea. Around its base—
on which the sea was breaking
with a noise less hoarse and more mu-
sical than when it dashes on the solid
shore—was a broad band of frozen spray
whirling and whirling in the sunshine, and
looked like the silver setting of an enormous
sapphire.

Not far from the top, and on the side
nearest to us, was a vast, smooth, glassy
plane, inclining steeply towards the
sea, and terminating abruptly in a tremen-
dous overhanging precipice. In the
very centre of this plane, those among
us who had good eyes could see a small
black spot. It was at this the captain
had been peering through his glass, when
he said, "It is a man!"
Every glass in the ship was in requisition,
and every eye strained towards
one point. The excitement became al-
most frantic, when one of the watchers
suddenly exclaimed that he saw the man
move his hand.

We approached; so near at last that
the plateau above, and its dread ob-
ject were hidden from view by the
brink of the precipice itself, which seemed
as if about to fall over and crush us.
We sailed along its edge, frequently ly-
ing to, to explore each nook and corner
as we passed. The farther end of the
island, when we rounded it, presented
quite a new feature, the base was ap-
parently a succession of low cavernous
hollows, extending inward farther than
we could see, while the sea, rushing in
and out tumultuously, made the pent-up
air within howl and whistle like a hurri-
cane. Altering our course again, we
steered almost due west toward the south-
ern side, where the vast shallow spread
out far and wide over the ocean.

It now looked even grayer darker,
more fear inspiring than before, with
the sun beaming over its rugged crest,
or shining through the thinner parts,
and showing all the prismatic colors of
the rainbow. The form of the ice-island
was that of an irregular triangle, and in
about five hours we had sailed comple-
tely round it. But there was no single
point at which any boat could have landed,
even had it been a dead calm, and the
sea as still as a mill pond; much less
in such a heavy surf as was then foam-
ing and crashing all around it. No
sign of a living thing was seen, except
one great sleepy seal, that had crept
into a hole just above watermark, and
lay there as if he were in comfortable
quarters. No sign of boat, or spar, or
mast. It was a picture of utter desola-
tion.

We lay to again, at the nearest point
from which the man upon the iceberg
could be seen. He lay on his back with
one arm folded in an unusual manner
under his head, the whole attitude be-
ing one of easy repose; indeed, had it
not been for the marbled look of his face
and hands, we could have fancied that
he was sleeping soundly. He was clothed
as one of the better class of seamen
in rough blue pilot-cloth, with large
horn buttons; he had no hat, and by
his side lay a small boot hook, to which
was tied, a strip of red woolen stuff, ap-
parently a piece of the same which he
wore round his neck. This, no doubt,
the poor fellow had intended planting
on the heights as a signal. In such a
thin, clear atmosphere, with the aid of
a powerful telescope, even his features
might be plainly traced, and his iron
grey hair seen moving in the wind.

The second mate stoutly declared that
he recognized the man—he was quite
sure of it—an old chum and shipmate of
his, with whom he had sailed many a
long voyage, and some part of whose
wild, varied history, he told us the next
evening. What seemed to convince him
more than anything, was the peculiar
way in which the dead man's arm was
stowed away under his head—his old
shipmate always slept so, even in his
hammock.

Numerous and strange were the con-
jectures and remarks made by officers
and men. Who and what was he? How
long had he been there? How did he
get there? The general conclusion was
that he was one of the crew of some ves-
sel wrecked upon the iceberg itself, of
which no vestige remained.

"Yes, enough," said one of the sailors;
"she ran into the ice in the dark, and
went down like a stone, same as we ma-
have done any time this last six weeks."
"Perhaps he was aloft when she struck
and got pitched up where he is now."
"As like to be pitched into the moon,"
rejoined another, contemptuously.
"Why, that there precipice is three times
as high as the tallest mast ever rig-
ged!"

"Perhaps, now," suggested a third
"it's some awful cruel skipper, who's
been a bawling and ill using of his crew
till they couldn't bear with it no longer,
and was drove to mutiny; and put him
ashore there, all alone, to die by himself,
so as they should not have his blood up
on their hands; or, may be he was a
murderer, or a Yankee slave keeper."
"Ah, Bill," growled out a previous
speaker, "you've always got a good word
to say for every one, you have."

It was a very old man who spoke next,
one who was looked up to as a great au-
thority on all such matters, although he
was usually remarkably taciturn, and
would never enter into an argument.
He quietly deposited his quid in his hat,
and, as this was a ways done prepara-
tory to his making a speech, his ship-
mates waited in silence for him to be-
gin.

"That there ice island," he said at
last, "wasn't launched yesterday, nor yet
last year, nor the year before, perhaps
and, by the looks of him, he's been for-
a pretty long cruise in warm latitudes—
last summer, maybe—and then come
back home for the winter. If you look
away yonder—there—just this side of
that high point like a church steeple,
only lower down, there's a place looks
darker than the rest. Now, it's just
there I expect that a great piece has
broken off and drifted away; and I ex-
pect 'twas lower and more abelving
off, not so steep and rocky-like as it is
now. 'Twas there that the poor chap
was cast ashore from ship or boat. He
was trying to make his way up to the
heights to take a look round, and hoist
a signal, when he lay down and went
to sleep, and never woke again; only
where he is now, you see, must have
been covered with snow then, or he
couldn't have kept his footing."

Having said thus much, he replaced
the quid in his mouth, and spoke no
more.

There was no earthly use in waiting
longer, and yet the captain seemed loth-
er to give the order to fill and bear away.
"If the poor fellow had a spark of
life in him he would have moved before
this, for it's six or seven hours since we
first saw him. But if he did move; it
would only be to slide down over the
precipice, for no living thing could keep
a footing on such a slope as that. And
if there are any more of them we should
have seen them before this time, although
we could never get them off if we did."

Then pausing suddenly in his walk
on the quarter-deck, he gave an order
to get a gun ready forward, and presen-
tly came the answer:
"All ready with the gun, sir."
"Fire."
In a few seconds the echo of the loud
report resounded from the icy wall; for
another instant all was still, and then
came a noise like a rattling of loud thun-
der, proceeding from the centre of the
berg.

The danger of our proximity to this
vast object now became more and more
apparent, and all sail was made to get
a good offing. But we had barely pro-
ceeded a quarter of a mile when the
same noise was heard again, only loud-
er, more prolonged, and accompanied by
a rending, crushing sound, the intensi-
ty and nature of which is perfectly in-
describable. The vast island was part-
ing in the middle, down the course of
the deep valley before mentioned; and
slowly and majestically the eastern half
rolled over into the sea, upheaving what
had been its base, in which were imbed-
ded huge masses of rock covered with
long sea weed. The other part still re-
mained erect, but was awaying to and
fro, as if it must also capsize. This
convulsion caused less foam and turmoil
than might have been supposed, but
raised a wave of such tremendous mag-
nitude, that when it reached our ship
she seemed about to be overwhelmed by
a rolling mountain of water higher than
our mast heads. The good ship rose
upon its crest, and before again sinking
into the hollow, we saw the man upon
the iceberg still in the same posture—
glide swiftly down the slippery incline—
shoot over the edge of the precipice, and
plunge into the raging surf.

A sensation of indescribable relief was
experienced by all; it had seemed so
dreadful to sail away and leave him
there, unburied and alone; now, at any
rate, we had seen the last of him.

The Eider Duck.

Far away in the icy North, in Labra-
dor and Greenland, in Iceland and Nor-
way, and other cold countries, lives this
bird so noted for the soft down it gives
us; and there it lays its eggs and hatch-
es out its young. You see a mother bird
take her ducklings into the chilly water,
from which the brief Northern Summer
has melted the ice. She is going to feed
them on the shell fish and sea urchins
that she can pick up from the edges of
the rocks and in hollow places.

You think they must be very cold.
But they are not. God has covered
them with warm down and feathers, and
they are comfortable and happy. Shall
I tell you some thing about the way in
which the eider down is obtained?
Most of it comes from Norway and Ice-
land, and from the Fern Islands lying
off the coast of Scotland.

The Eider duck builds her nest of fine
wreeds and mosses on the ground or
among rocks, wherever they can find a
little hollow; and these nests are often
so close together that a man can hardly
walk among them without stepping on
the eggs. The breasts of the birds are
covered thickly with the softest down;
and as soon as they have laid their eggs
they then pluck out enough of this down
to cover them warmly, for there is not
sufficient heat in their bodies to hatch
the eggs, without help from the down;
and besides they have to leave their
nests sometimes to get food, and then, if
it were not for the covering of down, the
eggs would be frozen.

The people who live away in the far
Northern countries, where these ducks
make their nests and hatch their young,
know about these down-covered eggs,
and as soon as they find them well wrap-
ped up, take away both eggs and the
down. Then the mother bird lays another
nest full of eggs, and a second time
strips the down from her nest to cover
them and keep them warm.

The second time the eggs and down
are taken away. Poor bird! Still she
is not discouraged, and lays a third nest
full of eggs; but she has no more down
with which to protect them from the
cold. What is to be done? Will the
eggs be frozen? Not so; for now the
mother comes and picks the downy
treasures from her breast and lays them
over the eggs. This time the down
gatherers leave the nest unharmed, so
that a brood of ducks may be hatched
that will lay eggs and supply the down
another year.

Each nest supplies about half a pound
of down, with which the people of Ger-
many and Northern Europe stuff bed-
coverings that are used in winter instead
of blankets.

This eider-down is so very light that
the weight of only three ounces will
fill a hat.—Ex.

Smuggling Devices.
In the days when the high heeled
French boots were in the pride of fash-
ion, there was a shoemaker in London
who made a fortune by the sale of the
best Paris boots at a price which all his
fellow tradesmen declared ruinous. He
understood the trade, and obtained troops
of customers. These boots must be stolen-
said his rival; but there was no
evidence that they were; certainly they
were not smuggled boots, for any one
could satisfy himself that the full duty
was paid on them at the custom house.
The shoemaker retired from business
with a fortune. Afterward his secret
was accidentally discovered—although
he had paid duty for the boots, he had
not paid duty for every thing that was
in them. There was a heavy duty pay-
able on foreign watches, and every boot
consigned to him from Paris had con-
tained in its high heel a cavity exactly
large enough to hold a watch. The
great profits obtained by the trade in
smuggling watches made it possible for
this tradesman, when he had filled up
their heels, to sell his boots under prime
cost. This is worth while, again, be-
cause of course by the extension of his
boot trade he increased his power of im-
porting watches duty free.

Some years later an elderly lady and
a lap dog traveled a good deal between
Dover and Ostend. It came to be gen-
erally considered at the custom house
that her travels were for the sole purpose
of smuggling Brussels lace, then subject
to exceedingly high duty; but neither
the examiners of her luggage nor the
female searcher at the custom house
who took charge of her could by the nar-
rowest scrutiny find matter for a single
accusation. At last, when she was
about to resign the smuggling business,
this lady accepted a bribe from an offi-
cer to make him master of her secret.
Calling to her side her lap dog, who was
to all strangers a very snappish little
cur, she asked the officer to fetch a knife
and rip the little creature open. Like a
few of the dogs (which have sometimes
even proven to be rats) sold in the streets
of London it glided outwardly in a false
skin; and between the false skin and
the true skin was space enough to pro-
vide a thin dog with the ordinary fat-
ness to a lady's pet, by means of a warm
padding of the finest lace. In the reign
of Louis the Eighteenth—it may be no-
ted by the way—ferocious dogs were taught
to carry valuable watches and small ar-
ticles under false skins across the frontier.
They were taught to know and avoid
the uniform of a custom-house officer.
Swift, cunning, and ferocious, they
were never to be taken alive, although
they were sometimes pursued and shot.

Not very long ago a great number of
false bank notes were put into circula-
tion within the dominions of the Czar.
They could only have been imported;
but, although the strictest search was
made habitually over every vessel enter-
ing a Russian port, no smuggling of false
notes was discovered. Nostrich is meant
to be the Keratiny at Russian custom-
houses that the ship captain, who is
bound to give an inventory of every ar-
ticle on board, may fall into unheard of
trouble if he forget even so much as his
own private money bag. Several scores
of lead pencils arrived one day from
England, and were being examined,
when one of them fell out of a package,
and the custom-house officer picked it
up, cut it to a point, and used it to sign
the order which delivered up the cases
to the consignee. He kept the one lone
pencil for his own use; and a few days
afterward, because it needed a fresh
point, cut it again, and found that there
was no more lead. Another chip into
the cedar brought him to a roll of paper
housed into a hollow place. This paper
was one of the false notes, engraved in
London, and thus passed into the domi-
nion of the Muscovite.—Ex.

OPEN SECRETS.
BY ALICE CARRY.
The truth lies round about us, all
Too closely to be sought—
So open to our vision that
'Tis hidden to our thought.

We know not what the glories
Of the grass, the flower, may be,
We need not struggle for the sight
Of what we always see.

Waiting for storms and whirlwinds,
And to have a sign appear,
We deem not God is speaking in
The still small voice we hear.

In reasoning proud, blind leaders of
The blind, through life we go,
And do not know the things we see,
Nor see the things we know.

Single and indivisible,
We pass from change to change,
Familiar with the strangest things,
And with familiar, strange.

We make the light through which we see
The light, and make the dark—
To hear the lark sing, we must be
At heaven's gate with the lark.

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER.
The Charleston Mercury calls the no
go convention in that State the "great ring-
streaked and striped."

In the recent Democratic Convention
in Connecticut, there were seventeen dele-
gates who voted for Hawley, the Radical
candidate, last year.

A party of single gentlemen at War-
renton, Virginia have organized a mutual
expense club, rented a house, and gone to
housekeeping.

The New Orleans mint, which has
been idle since the outbreak of the rebel-
lion, is about to resume operation. It will
commence by coining nickles.

It is stated that Edwin Booth's re-
ceipts averaged \$3000 a week during the
past season.

"Wood up" is the name of the Port Gib-
son (Miss.) Standard to those subscribers
who promised to pay in that article.

Nineteen United States Senators re-
tire in 1869, six of whom are Democrats.
The elections thus far have given the Dem-
ocrats a gain of two.

It is related that near Dantsig a
young man of twenty four, who has just
married a widow of forty two, has discover-
ed since the marriage that his wife was his
wet nurse.

A few days ago, two men blacked, and
pretending to be servants, knocked at the
door of Mr. Tyson, agent of the Internal
Revenue Collector, at Winona, Mississippi,
and, on being admitted, knocked Mr. Tyson
down and robbed him of \$5,000.

William Brandon, in St. Louis has
recovered a verdict of twelve hundred and
fifty dollars damages against D. J. Jocelyn
a dentist. The plaintiff claims that Joco-
lyn broke his jaw bone and otherwise dam-
aged him in the process of extracting some
teeth. The dentist has asked for a new
trial.

The schooner Lone Star, from Javan-
ah for Hilton Head, was blown out to sea in
a gale on Tuesday, and was found with
three persons, leaving ten persons missing,
the remaining three being too much worn
out by exhaustion to tell what became of
their companions.

Paris street railways have flat rails
and the car wheels have no flanges, but
there is a small rail in the centre on which
an extra grooved wheel runs. This wheel
can be raised by the driver, when the car
easily runs off the track to turn out for a
car coming from an opposite direction.

A downy letter advertisement for a wife in
the following manner:
"Any gal what's got a cow, a good feath-
ered bed with comfortable fixins, five hundred
dollars in the hard power; one that's had
the measles and understands tendin' chil-
dren, can find a customer for life, by writin'
a small billy daw, addressed to Q. Z. and
stickin' it in a crack of Uncle Ebeneser's
barn, back side, joinin' the hog-pen."

Virginia City, in Nevada, is meeting
with a misfortune not common to American
cities. The announcement is made that in
all probability it will soon be swallowed up
by the settling of the houses into the work-
ing out mining drifts, which were not prop-
erly secured by the miners. Long cuts are
exposed in the streets, frame houses are
twisted about in every direction, and brick
buildings are tottering over.

Paris has a queer case of kleptoma-
nia. An English lady of high birth has
many times been before the courts on a
charge of stealing, although her circum-
stances are such that she might buy every-
thing she needs. Her latest trick was fac-
toring a fine silk thread to a one-ranpoo-
and when the person by her side in the
tribunal opened her purse to pay her fare, she
handed her the coin with the remark that
it fell from her portemonnaie. By means of
the silk thread the portemonnaie was after-
wards withdrawn from the lady's pocket.

Money Gerring.—Some people think
that it is necessary to be mean, and miser-
ably to become wealthy. This is never
a greater mistake. Any man of
common intelligence may be prosperous
if he chooses to labor diligently and
faithfully in a calling which he thorough-
ly understands. Of course, prudence is
indispensable to success—prudence,
mind, not niggardly meanness. The man,
who commenced with little or nothing,
and has resolved to rise, must also resolve
to sacrifice nothing to appearance. He
cannot gain one true friend, nor obtain
any popularity that will be really useful
to him in his efforts to achieve independ-
ence, by endeavoring to seem to have
that which he has not. The world is
shrewder than pretension supposes it to
be. It is a curious world—looks sharp-
ly into people's private affairs, and if an
individual makes a show beyond his
means, soon discovers and distrusts him.
No one who has a fortune to make, or
who desires to receive even a moderate
competence, can afford to incur the
world's distrust. Therefore, if you are
at the foot of the ladder and want to
mount, go up in your work-day guise
and don't effect purple and fine linen.—
Ex.

Reassembling of Congress.
The holiday season is over, and Con-
gress will reassemble at the Capitol of the
nation to day. Some of the members
have been at home, among their consti-
tuents and heard of hard times, seen the
closed doors of many factories, and work-
shops, and listened to the talk of mer-
chants with reference to the future.
Others, during the recess, have had leis-
ure to examine carefully the papers from
all parts of the nation, and thus learn
into what a state the business of the
country has been thrown by Radical
legislation with reference to the South-
ern States. During the recess time has
also been afforded members to ponder
the questions of our national debt, of
the currency, of taxes, of a tariff, of re-
trenchment, and the many other impor-
tant issues indissolubly connected with
the politics and legislation of the land.

Have they done so, and what effect will
such examination, thought and reflec-
tion have upon their action? Will it
induce them to retrace their steps, re-
peal the infamous laws, which have re-
duced the Southern people to want and
beggary, and to replace them by wise
and prudent ordinances, national in
their scope, tendency and operations;
or will the balance of the session be de-
voted to President-making and schemes
to advance the interests of the dominant
party? The business men of the nation
are deeply interested in the action of
Congress at this time. Trade, commerce
and manufactures are at the stand still.
Contracts, reaching any distance into
the future, cannot be made with safety
on account of the uncertain action of
Congress with reference to reconstruction.
While ten States are kept in an unpro-
ductive condition, and six millions of
people reduced to the verge of starva-
tion, legislation upon other subjects,
even if proper and right will be shorn
of half its usefulness. The first step
towards a return to the right path will
be an abandonment of the military poli-
cy which has prevented a restoration of
the old relations between the States.—
When that is done, other movements can
be effected, looking to a return to peace
and prosperity in the nation. Congress
can do all these things, but will they?
We suppose not. The people must purify
that body at the next election, and
then reform will follow.—Agr.

A Long Voyage in a Canoe.
Mr. F. Poole a wealthy Englishman,
has paddled himself in a canoe, since
July last, a distance of 40,000 miles.—
He started from Liverpool, and after
padding along the coast and out in the
Irish Sea for several days, he touched at
many points on the Lancashire, West-
moreland and Cumberland coasts, visit-
ing the majority of the English lakes in
his frail boat, then proceeded round the
coasts of Wiltshire, Kirkcubright-
shire and Arraibire, occasionally land-
ing and making a geological survey of
the country, till reaching the Frith of
Clyde, in which he stayed for several
weeks, exploring the bays and lochs of
the Frith, and of some of the western
islands. Returning to Glasgow, he pad-
dled through the Forth and Clyde Canal
to Grangemouth, whence he sailed to
Leith. The canoe in which Mr. Poole
accomplished his voyage was built for
him in Canada, by a tribe of Caugh-
waga Indians, and is composed entirely
of one sheet of birch bark, beautifully
sawed and admirably molded. The can-
oe is very light weighing when empty
only sixty pounds, and measures fifteen
feet six inches, and one foot three inches
in depth.

In this frail boat Mr. Poole, as a ge-
ologist and mining engineer, voyaged
for eight years among the rivers of
British North America to the Rocky
Mountains, across which he carried it,
and paddled thereafter down the many
streams arising on the west water shed
of the Rocky Mountains down to the
Pacific. By its means he proceeded to
Queen Charlotte island, which he ex-
plored, having been the first white man
who set foot on the island. During all
his wandering among islands of British
Columbia, he paddled no less than 18,
000 miles, and in the course of his ge-
ological surveys he was the only surviv-
ing member of a party of eighty-six,
Europeans and Indians.

Downy letter advertisement for a wife in
the following manner:
"Any gal what's got a cow, a good feath-
ered bed with comfortable fixins, five hundred
dollars in the hard power; one that's had
the measles and understands tendin' chil-
dren, can find a customer for life, by writin'
a small billy daw, addressed to Q. Z. and
stickin' it in a crack of Uncle Ebeneser's
barn, back side, joinin' the hog-pen."

Washington's Death.—It is a fact
not generally known perhaps, that
Washington drew his last breath in the
last hour in the last day of the last week
in the last month of the year, and in the
last year of the century. He died Sat-
urday night, 12 o'clock, Dec. 31, 1799.