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**TERMS.**  
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**I NEVER HAD BEEN FALSE TO THEE.**

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.  
I never have been false to thee,  
Though thou hast been untrue to me,  
And I no more may call thee mine,  
I've loved a woman never loved,  
With constant soul in good or ill,  
Thou'st proved as man to often prove,  
A rover—but I love thee still!  
Yet think not that I spit thy spite,  
To bind the captive in my train;  
Love's not a flower, at sunset droop,  
But smiles when comes the morning light;  
Thy words which fall unheeded on me,  
Could once my heart's strings agitate!  
Love's golden chain and burning vow,  
Are broken—but I love thee still.  
Once what a heaven of bliss was ours,  
When love dispelled the clouds of care,  
And time went by with birds and flowers,  
While song and dance filled the air!  
The past is all—the present is a dream,  
Should thoughts of the future fill,  
Think what a destiny is mine,  
To lose—but love thee, false one, still.

**INSECTOR.**

BY THE GLAZIER.  
The friends who inhabit the dark gloom below,  
Once assembled in council to make something new,  
After calling together their imp in a crew,  
They asked the old "father of lies" what to do,  
After rubbing the spot from his changeable face,  
And feeling behind, with the tongue of a liar,  
And giving his hand a queer nod and a shake,  
He commenced to instruct them in what they should take.  
Take a portion of malice, and evil design,  
With a little of flattery to smoothen the crime;  
But give more malignity to the whole charm;  
Then two parts of envy and one of detest,  
And balance the mess with a portion of hate;  
And make it still suit our dark purpose more full,  
Give a portion of lies, with intrigue to the whole.  
And stir the ingredients with the tongue of a liar,  
And to keep up the heat at a regular speed,  
Keep supplying the flames with a seditious rope,  
Or the wood of a gibbet will just serve as well.  
To strengthen our charm, and to heighten the spell;  
And when it is boiled, mould the whole with some grass.  
Make a figure resembling a human in form,  
Then to give it a name, search the annals of crime,  
And select such an one as will best suit the time.  
The cauldron was boiled, and the monster came forth,  
Which spread its dark wings from the south to the north,  
Shedding discord and feud o'er all the fair earth,  
Canning sorrow to all, since the time of its birth.  
Its figure is human; as made it is found,  
The next as female, 'tis wandering abroad;  
In aspect of innocence and semblance of mind,  
In seeming to possess the sense of both kind,  
But its nature is wild, from its component parts,  
And its tongue is thought forked, from which issues darts.  
'Tis possessed by some spell, which constrains it to wound,  
The friends who are nearest, and trust are found,  
Would't thou know this wild monster, its name and its place,  
'Tis the SLANDERER, who doth inhabit our race.

**Christmas-Day on an Ice-Berg.**

I passed my Christmas day, some years ago, on board of the fine East Indian ship "Southern Cross." One of the thousand registers, I was coming home from Melia with a two-years' leave of absence and a high-blowing liver. On that Christmas-day we were just south of the equator, with the thermometer standing at 90 degrees in the shade. We dined with windows and doors opened wide, and a fore-and-aft sail suspended over the cabin skylight, punka fashion, making feebly attempts to cool us with air blown off the coast of Africa. Having, on that special occasion, considered it necessary to appear all at the coddly-tail in full dress, it may be imagined what relief we experienced, dimmed over and the ladies bowed out, in unbuckling their waists, resigning our tight dresses to the backs of the seats, and ourselves to the enjoyment of the gentle evening breeze of the ocean—cum dignitate.  
Having recounted our remembrances of any past Christmas days distinguished by incidents worth relating, we had lapsed into cheroots, brandy-pawnee, and meditation: the latter expression, when at sea, means thinking of nothing, and taking your time about it.  
"Who has got the helm?" asked the captain of the steward, who chanced to enter the cuddy. (I never discovered why he persisted in making two syllables of that word.)  
"Ben Spinyard, sir," answered the steward. (The creaking from the motion of the wheel here became very regular and careful.)  
"Oh," said the captain; "well, start one of the men aft to take the helm, and send Ben in for a glass of grog."  
The steward seemed inclined to stand on his dignity, and object to the intrusion of "Ben" into his domain. However, seeing that every one around the table looked most after-dinnerly good natured, he obeyed the captain's order.  
"This fellow," said the skipper, alluding to Ben, "is one of the best specimens I have on board of the genuine salt-water breed. A capital sailor, he has been everywhere in the world and seen everything in or near any class of grog."  
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Spinyard, with a fine, open, impudent face, and a pair of eyes that seemed to have caught their color from the sea, and twinkled over the rim of the glass of rum that the doctor handed to him at the bottom of the table, with a brightness that no fair damsel would have envied. Not that the glass of rum was tossed off without due observances and ceremonies, for Ben was one of nature's polite men, and his heart "Here's wishing a merry Christmas and a good 'y'age," had a genuine ring about it pleasant to hear.

"Hottish weather for Christmas day, Ben," said I, as he set down the empty glass with immense care that it should rest perfectly upright on the table.  
"Well, to be sure, sir," said Ben, striking his short hair forward with his hoarse brown hand, "I have known it a deal colder, especially up about Canadae."

"Why, what on air brought you in Canada at Christmas?" asked the doctor, a pleasant and very clever Yankee, who was what he called, going round the world before beginning to get through it.  
"Why, you see, sir," said Ben, "I wasn't exactly there, neither; I should have been precious glad to have been there or anywhere else on that Christmas day."  
"Where were you then?" I asked.  
"Deed," said Ben, in the simplest matter-of-fact manner possible, "I was on an ice-berg."  
"On an ice-berg," we echoed, and helping Ben to another glass to wind him up, we got from him the following story. I have endeavored to render his narrative as nearly as possible in his own words. His pronunciation, however, of some of them is quite unspelling.

"We was loading from Quebec, a good many years ago now, when there was some riots going on up the country as kept back the timber we was waiting for from coming down the St. Lawrence; so 'twixen that, and the laziness of the stevedore, and the captain, saying your presence, being, you see, just so, sir," (to the doctor, who was raising his glass to his lips) "we didn't get down the Gulf till precious late in the season. We came across lots of ice off Antigonish, and the captain being a mighty timorous man, we'd an awful time of it across the Banks. Well, sir, we got becalmed just south of Cape Race, Newfoundland, in about 42 degrees N. latitude, on the night after Christmas day; a beautiful night it was to see the roaring borealis (aurora borealis) and the icebergs in the moonshine a looking for all the world, like bougy (huge) palaces of white china. I was a looking at one 'em about half a mile or more to the north of us, when the doctor came forward with a spy-glass to take a look at the same. He was an uncommon nice young gent, as had come out with us in the spring 'y'age a taking emigrants. He'd been staying up the country for the summer and fall, and was a going home with us, as he'd agreed when we first sailed. 'Ben,' says he to me, after looking a time through the glass, 'isn't that a bear on that ice-berg?' He handed me the glass, and sure enough, there was one of the biggest 'em I ever see; just on a sort of quarter-deck by himself at the bottom like of a big mountain of ice as went up frum it as straight as the mizen-mast, the sort of ice-berg they calls a 'hummock.' We could see him quite plain in the moonlight, and precious dimly he looked. 'Well, sir,' continued Ben, 'I was taken all aback by what he says to me.'

"No, sir, what the doctor said. He was always up to some lark, he was; but I'm biled at his notion of that. 'Ben,' I must have shot at that chap, and down he goes to the cabin to ask the captain's leave. Our skipper had been a trying to keep the cold out, for it was awful cold, till I 'spect he'd been ready to give in to most anything. However, presently up he come on deck a holding on by the companion, for he couldn't hold up of 'isself, and orders us to do whatever the doctor wanted."

"Mr. Timmel, that was the doctor's name, knowed how to manage as soon as he heard this here order; he come forward to me at once, and sarved me out a couple of stiff glasses of grog, and the like to all my watch, and then he whispered to me to put some blankets in the quarter-boat, and have all ready to be off for a shot at the bear. There was no good in objecting, for he was a tremendous obstinate young gent, he was—and, besides which, he brought out a couple of bottles of rum to put into the boat with his rifle and things, so it was not long afore we'd got down the ship; by he and me, and another chap, Bill Britton was—poor Bill, he didn't think as how he'd never come back again."

"Well, sir, we pulled toward the ice-berg hand over hand, for it was dreadful cold, the air a coming off it regular fresh, and we took a good many pulls at the bottle, too, to keep us warm. We could see the bear a sucking his paws, and hear him snuffing and growling as if he felt summ't wrong. Poor brute, he found it was wrong, and no mistake, for the doctor was a dead shot. Just as he got his rifle up to his shoulder, as gentle as could be, whether he saw the moon shining on the barrel or what, I can't say, but down he came with a run along the flat of ice as he was ordered to do, and he was all up, and down as if he knewed it were all up, and meant to swim for it. The doctor was too quick for him, and we just saw him drop on his haunches and turn over, as we turned our heads when we fired. Be sure, sir, we let go heartily to get to him, the doctor leading again the while. He looked overboard the water just as we got close to an ice-berg, and pulled up a lot of weed as is on the edge of the Gulf stream. We was then about a dozen yards from the ice—He didn't say nothing, but I didn't like his look as he put his hand in the water with a run along a bit further, and drew it out all in a hurry, with a sort of shudder. We could see the water a changing from the blue color of the Gulf stream to the regular sea-green, as we pulled through it. We was just at the edge of the stream—There was a deal of drift ice, bits like, just 'twixen us and the flat of ice where the dead bear was lying, and it was careful work. However, we took a drop apiece, and worked on through at last. The doctor a fastening the fall grog-bottle to his belt, to give the bear a dose, as he said."

"When we got to the ice-berg we found that it wasn't above a foot out of the water—the flat, I mean, where the bear was—so we made quick work and ran the painter round a big nub of ice to hold the boat, and all three of us climbed upon it. It was roughish work getting over it, tho' it looked so smooth at a distance; not a bit slippery, more like hard snow than ice. The flat as we was on as big about as the whole deck, fore and aft, of the Cross. We wasn't long getting to the bear, and tried to heave him along to the boat, but he was a sight too heavy for that, so we set to work a skinning him with our knives. The doctor, all the while, looking upon the hummock of ice, as went right up the side of a ship, over our heads. It's often come across my mind since, that he looked too cool then, considering how up he'd been to the doctor's orders as he was. "Well, we well nigh finished our bear, when all at once we felt the ice a beginning to rock and shake. This got, after a minute or two, a regular pitching, like a little cock-boat in a channel breeze. Along with this we heard a sort of roaring, and a hollow, splitting kind of sound, as seemed to be all round us, and under us, and all about, and which made us stop like as if we'd been shot. I looked at my mate who looked as poorly as a sick cod, and had got the skin of one of the paws as he'd just finished him up to protect his leg. Just as we were right on the top of a lump of ice, as big as I could see no more, he was nothing to the scene of the hummock of ice as we'd been under when we was a skinning the bear. I knew how it was at once. In turning over, the flat of ice we was on had split off from the main body, and had dropped and floated with the thickest end (which was luckily the one we was on) uppermost. I s'pose the ice-berg a turning over had driven the water afore it, and sent us on the rate we'd been going. I was a deal shorter time seeing all this than it takes me to tell it in, and when I'd seen so much I felt the swimming feel a coming over me again, so I couldn't see no more for a bit, except that I noticed the fog had cleared away, and it looked like evening a coming down."

"Presently I felt some one a nudging me on the side, and I looked up and see the doctor a looking me in the face as I turned my head. I can see the look as was on his face now. His eyes were wide open and staring; the top of his face (for his cap had fell off) was white, excepting two black spots on his cheeks, but his chin was black as soot. He was trying to say something to me with his mouth open wide as if he was holding. After a bit I heard a sort of whisper, which made my blood run cold. 'Where's Bill?' was what he said, and 'Where's the rifle?' It flashed over me all at once; the sound I'd heard and the screech a followin it, and brought on the swimming again. I felt him a moving up, and caught hold of him just as he was a toppling over into the water. 'I've shot him,' says he, a trying to get loose, and sure enough he a thrown hisself in it. He was holding. After a bit I heard a sort of whisper, which made my blood run cold. 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