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BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER.

VOLUME XXII.

LUCY HOOPER.

They tell me, Lucy, thou art dead—
That all these we loved and cherished,
Has with thy summer roses perished;
And left, as its young beauty fled,
An aching memory in its stead—
The twilight of a parted day
When fading light is cold and vain;
The heart's faint echo of a strain
Of low, sweet music passed away.
Of a mind, earnest, clear, profound,
Bestowing, with a glad unselfish,
Its sunny light on all around,
Affirming which only could be true;
Close to the pure, the true and good;
And sympathies which found no rest,
Save with the lowliest and the best.
Of these—the remains there nought
But sorrow in the mountain's noontide—
A shadow in the land of thought!
No!—Even my weak and trembling faith
Can lift for thee the veil which doubt
And human fear have drawn about
The all-merciful and all-wise God,
As thou wast as thou wast;
And, save the absence of an ill,
And pale and weariness, which here
Summoned the sigh or wrung the tear,
The same as when, in summer's best,
Beside our children's Merimack,
I saw thy dark eye wander o'er
Stream, sunny upland, rocky shore,
And heard thy low, soft voice alone
Midst lapses of waters, and the tone
Of low notes by the west-wind blown,
There's not a charm of soul or brow—
Of all we know and loved in thee—
But lives in holier beauty now,
Baptized in immortality.
Not mine the sad and freezing dream
Of souls that, with their earthly mould,
Cast off the loves and joys of old—
Unbodied—like a pale moonbeam.
As pure, as spotless, as the soul;
Nor mine the hope in Indra's son.
Of slumbering in oblivion's rest,
Life's myriads blending into one—
In blank annihilation best;
Disasters, of the infant's hand,
Sparks scattered from the central light,
And winning back through mortal pain,
Their old unconsciousness again.
No!—I have friends in spirit land—
Not shadows in a shadowy land—
As when, on Chester's hill, they were,
And still I think of them the same.
As when the Master's summons came;
Their change—the holy night breaking
Upon the dream-worn, waking—
A change from twilight into day.
They laid their midst the household graves,
Where fathers' mother, ester be;
Below the sweep the dark blue waves,
Above them bends the summer sky.
Thy own loved church its address read
Her solemn ritual of thy life;
And blessed and beloved with thy prayer,
The turf laid lightly o'er thee there.
That church, whose rites and liturgy,
Sublime and old, were truth to thee,
Undoubted, to thy faithful soul;
A change from twilight into day.
E'en I, of simpler views, could feel
The beauty of thy trust and zeal;
And owning not thy creed, could see
How deep a truth it held to thee,
And how thy fervent heart had thrown
O'er all, a coloring of its own,
And kindled up intense and warm,
A life in every word and form.
As when, on Chester's hill, they were,
The Hebrew's gorgeous vision rolled,
A spirit filled the vast machine—
A lie "within the wheels" was seen.
Farewell! A little time, and we
Who know thee well, and loved thee here,
One after one shall follow thee
As pilgrims through the gate of fear,
Which opens on eternity.
Yet shall we cherish not the loss
Of all that left our hearts meanwhile;
The memory of thy lowly smile,
Shall sound out on the pathway smile,
Like moonlight when the sun has set—
A sweet and tender radiance yet.
Thoughts of thy clear-eyed sense of duty,
Thy generous scorn of all things wrong—
How deep a strength the graceful beauty
Which ever blended in thy song.
All lovely things be loved.
Shall whisper to our hearts of thee;
Thy green hills, where the childhood roved—
The sunset light of autumn eves
Reflecting on the deep, still floods,
Cloud, crimson sky, and trembling leaves
Of gilded rainbow-tinted woods—
These, in our view, shall henceforth take
A tender meaning for thy sake;
And all thou lovedst of earth and sky,
Seem sacred to thy memory.

RESTORED AFFECTION.

"You don't love my mother," said little Ellen Crosby, slowly retreating from her father with her hands behind her, and her lips quivering as she spoke.
"What do you mean, pet?" he exclaimed, springing after her, and drawing her resisting form towards him; "that is a very strange thing for a little girl to say; what put it into your head that father don't love mother?" he continued, smoothing back the soft hair from her white forehead, and looking earnestly into her downcast eyes.
"Because when mamma went away from the table you spoke cross, and she said she was always sick, and she has got a headache," added the child earnestly, while the tears trickled down her cheek. "I have been sitting beside her all the afternoon, rubbing her forehead; and she is sick and tired very often, and you never tell her you are sorry, and kiss her as you do me."
Charles Crosby drew his little girl closer to his bosom. The artless words had fallen like fire upon his heart. He felt instantly that he had spoken harshly more than once to the gentle being who had never given him an unkind word. Seven years of his wretched life had passed calmly and fleetly; being young and a most impulsive creature when he married, he could hardly appreciate the deep holy love which his sweet bride treasured for him and him only. After the romances of the affair, as it seemed to him, had settled into a quiet, perhaps monotonous reality, his restless spirit yearned for some fresh novelty. To spend the evening hours by the side of his wife and infant child, whose beautiful face gleamed like a roselight upon the white pillow in her little wicker-basket cradle, be-

came tiresome to him. He wished his Ellen had more vivacity, more brilliancy, forgetting that these might accompany a variability of temperament that would truly have made his home unhappy.
Ellen was a most excellent wife; hers was that inward purity which stamps upon the features a loveliness far beyond mere beauty; nobody hesitated to call her handsome; her ways were winning, her form light and fragile; with all she had so much prudence, and was so good a manager, that from the time of his marriage, Charles Crosby had been accumulating riches. But she needed much affection and much care; she was delicate, and so sensitive that a word of reproach from one she esteemed, would cause almost serious illness. The language of her full blue eyes, as they were sometimes fixed upon the noble face of her husband, was, "Love me; oh! how I yearn for your full unrestrained love;" then they would fall to the floor while the chilling consciousness that he was not towards her in manners as he had once been—and oh! she feared not in heart—would send an icy thrill through every fibre of her frame. Of late, Charles Crosby had become an alien to his home, until the "midnight hour" he had found, as he thought, choice and congenial spirits, and with them, "the spirit of war," that is "the spirit of wine." But alas! his fine manners were disappearing; his home was not an earthly paradise to him now—he had grown very cold and very worldly; indeed he knew not the extent of the change in himself.
He worshipped his lovely child; and called her by the sweet names of "fairy," and "pet," and "darling;" she was in truth such an one as few, very few parents are blessed with; a child of neither ordinary beauty or intellect, and but for her mother's judicious care and teaching, her powerful mind might have too swiftly expanded, and ripened quicker than the growth of this world will allow, unless the exotic is to be transplanted into heaven. Charles Crosby sank with his cheek resting upon little Ellen's head; the dear child once or twice unconsciously sighed, and these sighs were arrows to the wounded spirit of the father.
"Darling, you speak strangely," he said, after a long pause, during which his conscience had been busy; father has a good deal of hard work to do, and comes home tired and perhaps a little fretful sometimes; but then—he does—love your mother," he said slowly, and wondering what had become of the glowing delight he had once felt at the mere mention of her name.
"Do you, do you really love her then?" asked the child, sitting upright on his knee, and fixing her full, beautiful eyes upon him, "how strange! I thought by what mamma said, that you hated her almost."
"By what mamma said!" exclaimed her father hastily, while a feeling of anger shot through his heart at the sudden surmise that his wife had been striving to emulate the child's affections from him; "what did mamma say, Ellen?" he demanded sternly.
"Don't look so hard at me, father," she replied, pressing his snowy hands over his eyes, "mamma didn't tell me, but she told God."
More and more astonished, Charles gazed upon the child without speaking, and after a moment's pause, she continued, "I went into mamma's room, this afternoon, before I knew she was sick, but I heard her talking, so I went on tiptoe. She was kneeling down by the bed and praying to our Father in Heaven; and she cried and sobbed as I do sometimes when I am naughty, but I know she was never naughty, good, dear mamma—was she ever naughty, papa?" she asked artlessly, waiting for a reply.
"She never was—to you or me;" answered the father, choking down his emotion.
"Well, then, I heard her pray; I knew she wouldn't care if I did, because she takes me with her some times; and she asked the dear God if he would make her husband love her; and said that he went away from his home and liked other people better; and she said her heart was breaking, too; and oh! she cried so bad," continued the child, giving such a mournful emphasis to the last two words, that her father's lips trembled, and the tears came to his eyes.
"And then she turned round and saw me," and she called me to her and hugged me tight, and said I was a precious child, and kept asking me if I was sure I loved her—very, very sure—till the wild light in her eyes almost frightened me. I kept telling her she was my blessed mother, and I loved her better than anybody in the whole world except my father; and then she told me I must love you dearly, for you was a kind father to me, and perhaps she would not live long; and if she did put her into the cold ground, I must make you forget it by my goodness and affection; but I never could forget it, could you father, if they put my own sweet mother into the cold ground?"
This was too much: Charles Crosby

started from his chair, and placing Ellen on a low seat, strode rapidly through the room. The tears were raining down his face, but he kept them hidden on her little one, who sat timidly still on her crick-et, almost afraid to move for fear she had angered her father. Not so. A flood of the old tenderness had rushed back upon his heart; instead of the demure and gentle Alice, his memory pictured an angel of whom he had been all unworthy; a pure radiant spirit who had sat by her household hearth in loneliness and sadness; with a slowly, surely breaking heart—a heart yearning and dying for love; unappreciated, lightly esteemed, seldom addressed in the language of affection, and yet returning smiles for cold looks, never complaining; oh! had such an one blessed his dwelling and he had not dreamed how priceless a treasure he possessed! Bitter was his self-accusation, hot and copious his tears; suddenly he paused before her portrait, the young wife in the robes of the bridal seemed so joyous, yet subdued; just as perfectly as she had appeared on the day he could first call her his own. Now, only one thought echoed and re-echoed through his brain—"should she die—oh! should she die!"
For some moments he stood transfixed, striving to check the bursting sob that was almost stifling him, when he felt a slight pull at his coat, and turning, there stood little Ellen, her eyes all moist, and her pretty lips half parted. "Papa," she half whispered, "mayn't I go up stairs and tell mamma you do love her dearly?"
He caught her to his breast and clasped her with the warmth of his new love close in his arms; he kissed her again and again, blessing his Maker that "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings He has ordained praise;" then releasing the delighted child, he said, "Yes, darling, you may, if you wish to."
The child flew up stairs while her father followed more slowly. "Mamma," she screamed, bounding into the room, "you won't cry any more, nor have the headache now, father says he loves you dearly; he told me so; he loves you dearly, my own mamma."
The poor woman sprang to her feet; she could not comprehend the scene; she was bewildered; her fair cheeks flushed and grew pallid by turns; she looked first at her husband then at little Ellen, who had expected her mother to laugh outright, and appear as gleeful as she was; little innocent being.
"Ellen," said her husband in a faltering tone, "our child is our peace-maker; she has made me a better man; I do love you, Ellen, will you forgive me for my coldness and neglect?"
With a low, thrilling cry of delight, the wife fell within her husband's arms; he was forgiven; he was happy; in that moment old barriers were broken down, old associations forgotten, and he solemnly resolved, with the help of God, to be no more an alien from home; to remember the vow he had taken, and become worthy of the confidence reposed in him.
Little Ellen danced around to room, tossing her yellow curls and clapping her hands as she shouted, "oh! I'm so happy, I'm so happy, mother won't cry more."—then under a childish, yet holy impulse she knelt reverently down and kissed the little prayer she had repeated every night since she was but two years old:
"God bless my darling mother,
My darling father too,
And may we love each other,
As Christ's dear flock should do."
Think you there were no blissful tears shed in the little chamber, as they listened to the petitions of the artless babe?
The parlor was a cheerful place that evening; little Ellen sat up later than usual, because she was too happy to sleep; the astral shed a flood of red light over the neat, well ordered room, the table was filled with books, the piano forte open, and pouring forth sweet sounds of old, under the touch of the now light-hearted wife; and a note was sent to the old rendezvous, in which Charles Crosby declined the honor of being made president of the Club. He never met with his old companions again, nor did he, from that time, quaff the soul-destroyer, "sparkling wine."
Little Ellen is now large Ellen, but as happy, and bright and beautiful as ever. She will soon give up her hand to one worthy of her; and she remembers, as if it were but yesterday, the dark hour, when she found courage to tell her father that "he did not love her mother." She rejoices with a joy unspeakable, that this childish effort of hers accomplished such important results in the lives and happiness of those so dearly beloved.
PEACE AND WAR.—Peace is that beautiful essence which flows undisturbedly from the pure and generous heart, and which so religiously says, "Though my neighbor offend me seventy times seven—yet do I freely forgive him." But war is a barbarous game of merchandise murder, which says, "My neighbor has slightly offended me; therefore must I inflict upon him the punishment of Cain."

Fraternity of Man.

All men are equal in their birth,
Heirs of the earth and skies;
All men are equal when their earth
Fades from their dying eyes.
All wait alike on him whose power
Upholds the life he gave;
The sage within his starlit tower,
The savage in his cave.
God meets the throng who pay their vows
In courts their hands have made,
And hears the worshiper who lows
Beneath the plainest shade.
'Tis man alone who difference sees,
And speaks of high and low;
And worships those and tramples these,
While the same path they go.
Oh! let man hasten to restore
To all their rights of love!
In power and wealth exult no more,
In wisdom lowly move.
Ye great! renounce your earth-born pride—
Ye low! your shame and fear;
Love as ye worship, side by side—
Your common claims revere.
Harriet Martineau.

An Apology for Mirth.

There is a class of people in the world who deem an apology necessary for the indulgence in mirthfulness! These are a set of beings into whose souls no single ray of sunshine ever entered, and who will live and die and rot in darkness—despite the beauty and joy and happiness which Nature so profusely surrounds them.
It has always seemed to us that the good humor of life is a social kaleidoscope, whose hues and phases are as beautiful, as brilliant, as varied, and as infinite as are the numberless tints of the rainbow; its proper and just appreciation renders its possessor alive to all the most liberal influences of his day and generation—and enables him to look upon human nature in all its bearings, from the very pinnacle of love, charity and beneficence.
For the errors and folly of character, your true humor entertains a laughing, but philosophical and kindly indulgence. He is pre-disposed to tolerate the follies of mankind; for he is thus inclined to love his species better—and his good humor will prompt him to dissect and make bare, with judgment and precision, the moral differences between man and act.
Caricature simply portrays man's faults and eccentricities, for the sake of ridicule; while honest humor presents to the gaze of the many, a God humor in its genuineness, is a heaven born quality. It is the very essence of the mind, for it originates in the brain and the heart. It sympathizes with our best nature, it enriches where it is felt, it looks tenderly and lovingly on all the imperfections of life, and is ever earnest in its aspirations.
—It is true indeed, it dotheth
Him that gives and him that takes;
And doth become the third monarch—
Ever better than his crown!"
True—it often turns our weakness and errors into temporary increments; but never willingly stabs, or intentionally wounds a scar.
Dickens declares that it is something even to look upon enjoyment so that it be free and wild, and in the face of nature, though it may be the enjoyment of an adult. It is something to know that heaven has left the capacity of gladness to such a creature's breast—it is something to be assured that however lightly men may create that faculty in their fellows, the great Creator of Mankind imparts it even to his despised and slighted work. Who would not rather see a poor idiot happy in the sunlight, than a wise man pining in a darkened jail?
Ye men of gloom and austerity, who paint the face of infinite Benevolence, with an eternal frown, read in the everlasting book, wide open to your view, the lesson it would teach. Its pictures are not in the black and sombre hues, but bright and glowing tints—its music, save when you drown it, is not in sighs and groans, but cheerful sounds. Listen to the million voices in the summer air, and find one dismal as your own. Remember, if ye can, the sense of hope and pleasure which every glad return of day awakens in the breast of all your kind, who have not changed their nature—and learn some wisdom even from the wildest, when their hearts are filled up, they know not why, by all the mirth and happiness it brings.

Give me a Friend.

Give me a friend to love me—
A friend that I can love;
And let the storm around me blow,
The sky be dark above.
The breathing of that gentle heart,
The light of that bright eye,
Shall be to me a world of wealth,
The rainbow of my sky.
Sally G. Potts.

A Quaker Letter.

An English paper gives the following as a letter from a Quaker in the country to a friend in the city:
Friend John, I desire thee to be so kind as to go to one of those sinful men in the flesh called an attorney, and let him take out an instrument with a seal fixed thereupon, by the means whereof we may seize the outward tabernacle of George Green, and bring him before the lamb-skin men, (the Judges) at Westminster, and teach him to do as he would be done by. And so I rest thy friend in the light. R. G.

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Dying Words of Noted Persons.

"A death bed's a detector to the heart;
Here trial dimmition drops her mask,
Through life's grimace, that mistress of the scene,
Here real and apparent are the same."
—Head of the army.—Napoleon.
"I must sleep now."—Byron.
"It matters little how the head lieth."—Sir Walter Raleigh.
"Kiss me, Hardy."—Lord Nelson.
"Don't give up the ship."—Lawrence.
"I'm shot if I don't believe I'm dying."—Chancellor Thurlow.
"Is this your fidelity?"—Nero.
"Clasp my hand, my dear friend, I die."—Alfred.
"Give Dayroles a chair."—Lord Chesterfield.
"God preserve the Emperor."—Hayden.
"The artery ceases to beat."—Halter.
"Let the light enter."—Goethe.
"All my possessions for a moment of time."—Queen Elizabeth.
"What! is there no bribing death."—Cardinal Beaufort.
"I have loved God, my father and liberty."—Madame de Stael.
"Be serious."—Grotius.
"Into thy hands, O Lord."—Tasso.
"It is small, very small indeed." (clapping her neck).—Anne Boleyn.
"I pray, you see me safe up, and for my coming down, let me shift for myself." (ascending the scaffold).—Sir Thomas Moore.
"Don't let that awkward squad fire over my grave."—Robert Burns.
"I feel as if I were to be myself again."—Sir Walter Scott.
"I resign my soul to God, and my daughter to my country."—Jefferson.
"It is well."—Washington.
"Independence forever."—Adams.
"It is the last of earth."—J. Q. Adams.
"I wish you to understand the true principles of the Government. I wish them to be carried out. I ask no more."—Harrison.
"I have endeavored to do my duty."—Taylor.
"There is not a drop of blood on my hands."—Frederick V., of Denmark.
"You spoke of the refreshment, my Emily, take my last notes, sit down on my pillow here, sing them with the hymn of your sainted mother; let me hear once more those notes which have so long been my solace and delight."—Mozart.
"A dying man can do nothing easy."—Franklin.
"Let not poor Nelly starve."—Charles II.
"Let me die to the sounds of delicious music."—Mirabeau. [American Union.]

A Negro Sermon.

The discourse, from which the annexed passage is taken, was actually preached in the town of Zanesville, Ohio, some years ago. The name of the reverend divine, who was a colored gentleman, and we believe a sincere and humble Christian, we have forgotten, but the Judge Harper to whom he refers, we remember well. He was, we believe, at that time, President of the 15th Judicial Circuit of the Court of Common Pleas, has since represented the District in Congress, and is, if we are not mistaken, the present Representative. The Judge was present at the delivery of the sermon, and was brought in by the preacher, by way of illustrating a certain position, then and there taken by him. But to the passage:
"My dear friends and brethren," said the preacher, "do you all de brack man is as clear in de Lord, as de soul ob de white man."
"Now you all see Judge Harper, a setting dah he'm on, his gold headed cane—yo all know de Judge megas, and a berry fine man he is, too. Well, now, Ise going to make a little comparison. Supposin' de Judge some fine mornin' put his basket on his arm an goes to market to buy a piece ob meat. He soon finds a nice fat piece ob mutton an' trots off wid it. Do yo' s'pose de Judge would stop to 'quire w'edder dat mutton was ob a white sheep, or ob a brack sheep? No, no, no, he'd kin'—if de mutton was nice an' fat, it would be all de same to de Judge—he would not stop to ax w'edder de sheep had white wool or brack wool."
"Well, jes so it is, my friends, wid our Hebenly Master. He does not stop to ax w'edder a soul 'longs to a white man or ob a brack man—w'edder his hair is kivered wid straight hair, or kivered wid wool—de only question He will ax, will be, 'Is de good soul?' an' if so, de Massa will say—'Enter into de joy ob de Lord,' an' set down on de same bench wid de white man—yo' all on a perfect 'quality!'"
[Dedicated Gazette.]

Female Society.

Of all the refinements of the course nature of man, true female society is the most effective. There is a respect for the softer sex implanted in us by nature that makes us desire to appear well in the presence of delicate and intelligent females, and has a tendency to our feelings, and make us assume a gentleness and propriety of demeanor totally at variance with our coarseness and vulgarity. Such is the influence of the intercourse of which we speak, in forming character, that we do not recollect ever having seen a young man devoted to the society of ladies of his own age, that did not turn out well and prosperous in life; while on the other hand, we have observed many who, by confining themselves to associations with the members of their sex, acquired a roughness and uncouthness of manner that entirely unfitted them for the intercourse of life. We are perfectly aware that a foolish timidity is at the bottom of this; we esteem it a great defect of character. If the ladies were only aware of the power they rightfully possess in forming the habits and manners of men, they would take pains to allay the sensitiveness which produces want of ease in their presence, and by becoming affable and kind, cherish confidence and self-possession. The members of the two sexes were invited by their Maker to be companions for each other, and the more easy and free their intercourse can be—the regard being had to strict propriety—the more delicate and refined will be the sentiments of all concerned.

A Talk with Bachelors.

What are you fit for in this world?—What good are you doing your country? What are you doing for posterity? What interest have you in the "generation yet unborn" you read of? Where will you be when old men, in your life habits ever permit you to arrive at a good old age? Won't you be like lonely, seared and scathed trees standing in a big clearing without a companion, and your life unprotected from the frosts of young vapors at your feet? Or won't you be like pumpkin in a corn-field, more prominent because of your prodigious ugliness and leafiness, than the stalks at your side laden with golden grain? Hold your heads up and talk like men, whether you can act so or not. Now don't you feel ashamed of yourselves? Look at the girls about you, all smiles and sugar—hearts overflowing with love, ready to be spilled on the first good fellow that can touch their sympathies—feelings rich as cream, which by a kindred spirit can soon be worked into butter, and spread all over you like milk, till you are happy as the birds of spring. Look at them, and feel the disgusting position which you occupy in the cabbage garden of humanity. What are you holding back for? Now just reform—put on your best looks and your best coat—visit the girls, see-cream them, talk to them prettily, drive them, walk them, please them—then propose, get accepted, marry, and the country will rely on you as a faithful and well-disposed citizen.

Missing.

Foolish lipping,
Necesse slipping;
Sweeter than the honeyed dowers;
Such enjoyment!
What enjoyment!
It imparts to twilight hours!

A War Anecdote.

During the renowned "Dorr war," in Rhode Island, a bill was brought in to "organize the army." This aroused from sleep an old man in one corner who represented a town in the west of the State. "Mr. Speaker," said he, "I tell you I am decidedly opposed to 'organizing' the army as you call it. Our forefathers fit through the Revolution with nothing but a drum and fife, and out of fast best too! I go agin organs. They'll be dreadful unhandy things in battle, now I tell you!" This was irresistible, and "Annt Rhody's army," we are informed remains "unorganized" to this day.

A New Light Discovered.

It is said that Mr. Bates, of Dundas, Canada, has discovered a mode of producing beautiful lights from a peculiar decomposition of common air. It is clear, smokeless and brilliant; perfectly safe, and can be produced at so very trifling a cost that, if it turns out as described, it must supersede the use of all descriptions of artificial light now in use. It is the intention of the inventor shortly to exhibit the results of this invention to the public, and to apply for a patent.

Passing through an Iceberg.

Extract from a Journal kept by a Seaman who served in the Arctic Expedition of 1850-51.
SUNDAY, June 30, 1850.—Mooored in ice; weather calm; sky cloudless and "beautifully blue;" surrounded by a vast number of stupendous bergs, glittering and gleaming beneath the refracting rays of a mid-day sun.
A great portion of the crew had gone on shore to gather the eggs of the seal, which birds that frequent the lonely ice-bound precipices of Baffin's Bay, while those on board had retired to rest, wearied with the harassing toils of the preceding day.
To me, walking the deck alone, all Nature seemed hushed in universal repose. While thus contemplating the stillness of the monotonous scene around me, I observed in the offing a large iceberg, completely perforated, exhibiting in the distance an arch, or tunnel, apparently so situated as to call two of the seamen to look at it, at the same time telling them that I had never read or heard of any of our Arctic voyagers passing through one of those arches so frequently seen through large bergs, and that there would be a novelty in doing it, and if they chose to accompany me I would get permission to take the dingy (a small boat) and endeavor to accomplish the unprecedented feat; they readily agreed, and away we went.
On nearing the arch, and ascertaining that there was a sufficiency of water for the boat to pass through, we rowed slowly and silently under, when there burst upon our view one of the most magnificent specimens of nature's handiwork ever exhibited to mortal eyes; the sublimity and grandeur of which no language can describe, no imagination conceive.
Fancy an immense arch of eighty feet span, fifty feet high, and upwards of one hundred feet in breadth; as correct in its conformation as if it had been constructed by the most scientific artist, formed of solid ice of a beautiful emerald green, its whole expanse of surface smoother than the most polished alabaster, and you may form some slight conception of the architectural beauty of this icy temple, the wonderful workmanship of time and the elements.
When we had got about half way through the mighty structure, on looking upward, I observed that the berg was rent the whole breadth of the arch, and in a perpendicular direction, to its summit, showing two vertical sections of irregular surfaces; darkly, deeply, beautifully blue, and there illuminated by an Arctic sun, which darted its golden rays between, presenting to the eye a picture of ethereal grandeur which no poet could describe, no painter portray. I was so enraptured with the sight that for a moment I fancied the "vault of heaven" had opened, and that I actually gazed on the celestial splendor of a world beyond this.
But, alas! in an instant the scene changed, and I awoke, as it were, from a delightful dream to experience all the horrors of a terrible reality. I observed the fracture rapidly close, then again slowly open. "This stupendous mass of ice, millions of tons in weight, was about, consequently in motion, and apparently about to loom its equilibrium, capsize or burst into fragments. Our position was truly awful; my feelings at the moment may be so conceived; cannot be described. I looked downwards and around me; the sight was equally appalling; the very sea seemed agitated. I at last shut my eyes from a sense so terrible, the men at the oars, as if by instinct, gave way; and our little bark swiftly glided from beneath the gigantic mass.
We then rowed round the berg, keeping at a respectful distance from it, in order to judge of its magnitude. I supposed it to be about a mile in circumference, and its highest pinnacle 250 feet.
Thus ended an excursion, the bare recollection of which at this moment awakens in me a shudder; nevertheless, I would not have lost the opportunity of beholding a scene so awfully sublime, so tragically grand, for any money, but I would not gain run such a risk for the world.
We passed through the berg about two P. M., and at ten o'clock the same night it burst, agitating the sea for miles around. I may also observe that the two men who were with me in the boat did not observe that the berg was rent until I told them, after we were out of danger; we having agreed, previously to entering the arch, not to speak a word to each other, lest either should disturb the mass.
N. B.—Arctic voyagers differ as to what portion of an iceberg is under water. Some say one-fifth; some one-seventh; some more. I refer the reader to the works of Ross and Parry as the best authorities.

FRAGRANCE OF ONIONS.

Onions do not certainly add to the sweetness of a lady's breath though in fact they really do add to the fragrance of flowers. Let our lady readers plant a large onion near a rose bush so as to touch its roots, and our word for it, it will wonderfully increase the odor of the flowers. The water distilled from those roses would be far superior to any other. This is strange, but true.

The first newspaper tolerated in Virginia.

It was in 1780; the subscription price was \$50 per annum for one copy; advertisements of moderate length were inserted for five dollars the first week, and seven dollars for each week succeeding.

A dandy, remarking one summer day.

that the weather was so excessively hot that when he put his head in a basin of water, it fairly boiled, received for reply "then, sir, you have call'd your head soup at very little expense."

A little boy, being at church for the first time with his mother, was mightily pleased with the performance on the organ, and cried out:—Mother, mother, where's the monkey?"

How long did Adam remain in Paradise before he sinned?

I said an amiable epopee to a loving husband. "Till he got a wife, married the husband early."

To cure Deafness—tell a man you've come to pay him money.

One might have heard a pin fall, it is a proverbial expression of silence; but it has been eclipsed by the French phrase—you might have heard the unfolding of a lady's cambrie pocket handkerchief.

The Mahometans suppose that shooting stars are the firebrands with which the good angels drive away the bad when they approach too near the walls of Heaven.

To cure Deafness—tell a man you've come to pay him money.

—it's contemptible.—Spirit of the Times.