LITERATURE.

THE SABBATH OF THE YEAR.

When comes the Sabbath of the Year,
'Tis sweet in woodland paths to stray,
Ere yet the foliage, fluttering sere,
Is swept to damp decay.

To muse in Nature's quiet halls,
Where, like a saint, she stands at prayer,
While solemn thought the soul enthrals,
And we her rapture share.

The streams that all the Summer long
Sang lyrics loud in careless glee,
Glide onward with a soberer song,
A tenderer melody.

They hush their voices to a hymn,
Subdued and soft, though echoing clear
Through woodland aisles and archways dim,
The vespers of the year.

Though the winged choir afar has flown,
Yet now the West winds breathing seems
Like the religious organ's tone,
Or music heard in dreams.

Up lightly from unnumbered rills,
Far spreading floats a vapour gray,
Like incense that some temple fills,
Where thousands kneel to pray.

The rustling of the leaves aloft,
When the bland breeze the branches stirs,
Is like the murmuring low and soft
Of myriad worshippers.

The lingering wild-flowers blooming fair,
Though dreaming of the frost of death,
Send upward, like unuttered prayer,
The fragrance of their breath.

Like friars, the aged trees around
Seem telling beads in fitful prayer,
Whene'er a dry leaf to the ground
Drops through the misty air.

We feel a presence undefined,
As if of spiritual things;
We catch their vague words on the wind,
We hear them wave their wings.

Yes, all we feel, and see, and hear,
To serious mood the soul compels,
As when there falls upon the ear
The sound of Sabbath bells.

If thou art wearied with the jar,
The dust, the noise, the fret of life,
And thou wouldst only hear from far
The tumult of the strife—

When comes the Sabbath of the year,
Within the wild-wood enter thou;
Cares from thy heart shall disappear,
The shadows from thy brow

In that wide fane not reared by hands,
Shall blessings unto thee be given,
As pour upon the parched sands
The welcome showers from Heaven.

And thou shalt know that it was good,
Listening, to join in Nature's prayer,
And, wandering in the solitude,
Her silent rapture share.

THE OLD MAN AND THE CHILDREN.

Spring was busy in the woodlands,
Climbing up from peak to peak,
As an old man sat and brooded,
With a flush upon his cheek.

Many years press'd hard upon him,
And his living friends were few,
And from out the sombre future
Troubles drifted into view.

There is something moves one strangely
In old ruins grey with years;
Yet there's something far more touching
In an old face wet with tears.

And he sat here, sadly sighing
O'er his feebleness and wrongs,
Though the birds outside his window
Talk'd of summer in their songs!

But, behold, a change comes o'er him:
Where are all his sorrows now?
Could they leave his heart as quickly
As the gloom cloud left his brow?

Up to the green shade of his garden,
Past the dial, he saw run
Three young girls, with bright eyes shining,
Like their brown heads in the sun.

There was Fanny, famed for wisdom;
And fair Alice, famed for pride;
And one that could say 'Uncle,'
And said little else beside.

Then they took him from his study.
Through long lanes and tangled bowers,
Out into the shaded valleys,
Richly tinted o'er with flowers.

And he bless'd their merry voices
Singing round him as he went,
For the sight of their wild gladness
Filled his own heart with content.

And that night, there came about him
Far-off meadows pictured fair,
And old woods in which he wandered,
Ere he knew the name of care;
And he said, 'These angel-faces
Take the whiteness from one's hair!'

DAYS GONE BY.

Though we charge to-day with fleetness.
Though we dread to-morrow's sky,
There's a melancholy sweetness
In the name of days gone by.

Yes, though time has laid his finger
On them, still with streaming eye,
There are spots where I can linger
Sacred to the days gone by.

Oft as memory's glance is ranging
Over scenes that cannot die,
Then I feel that all is changing,
Then I weep the days gone by.

Sorrowful should I be and lonely,
Were not all the same as I,
'Tis for all, not my lot only,
To lament the days gone by.

Cease, fond heart,—to thee are given
Hopes of better things on high,
There is still a coming Heaven
Brighter than the days gone by!

Faith lifts off the sable curtain
Hiding huge eternity,
Hope accounts the prize as certain,
And forgets the days gone by.

Love in grateful adoration
Bids distrust and sorrow fly,
And with glad anticipation
Calms regrets for days gone by.

THE VOLUNTEER COUNSEL.

A THRILLING STORY.

John Taylor was licensed, when a youth of twenty-one, to practise at the bar. He was poor, but well educated, and possessed extraordinary genius. He married a beauty, who afterward deserted him for another.

On the 9th of April, 1810, the court house in Clarksville, Texas, was crowded to overflowing. An exciting case was about to be tried. George Hopkins, a wealthy planter, had offered a gross insult to Mary Ellison, the young and beautiful wife of his overseer. The husband threatened to chastise him for the outrage, when Hopkins went to Ellison's house and shot him in his own door. The murderer was arrested, and bailed to answer the charge. This occurrence produced great excitement, and Hopkins, in order to turn the tide of popular indignation, had circulated reports against her character, and she had sued him for slander. Both suits were pending—for murder and slander.

The interest became deeper when it was known that Ashley and Pike, of Arkansas, and S. S. Prentiss, of New Orleans, by enormous fees, had been retained to defend Hopkins.

Hopkins was acquitted. The Texas lawyers were overwhelmed by their opponents. It was a fight of a dwarf against giants.

The slander suit was for the 9th, and the throng of spectators grew in numbers as well as excitement. Public opinion was setting in for Hopkins; his money had procured witnesses who served his powerful advocates. When the slander case was called, Mary Ellison was left without an attorney—all had withdrawn. "Have you no counsel?" inquired Judge Mills, looking kindly at the plaintiff. "No, sir; they have all deserted me, and I am too poor to employ any more," replied the beautiful Mary, bursting into tears.

"In such a case, will not some chivalrous member of the profession volunteer?" said the Judge, glancing round at the bar.

The thirty lawyers were silent.

"I will, your honor," said a voice from the thickest part of the crowd, behind the bar.

At the sound of that voice many started—it was so unearthly, sweet and mournful. The first sensation was changed into laughter when a tall, gaunt, spectral figure elbowed his way through the crowd, and placed himself within the box. His clothes looked so shabby that the court hesitated to let the case proceed under his management.

"Has your name been entered on the rolls of the State?" demanded the Judge.

"It is immaterial," answered the stranger, his thin, bloodless lips curling up with a sneer. "Here is my license from the highest tribunal in America!" and he handed the Judge a broad parchment. The trial went on.

He suffered the witnesses to tell their own story, and he allowed the defence to lead off. Ashley spoke first, followed by Pike and Prentiss. The latter brought the house down in cheers, in which the jury joined.

It was now the stranger's turn. He rises before the bar, not behind it, and so near the wondering jury that he might touch the foreman with his long, bony finger. He proceeded to tear to peices the arguments of Ashley, which melted away at his touch like frost before a sunbeam; every one looked surprised. Anon he came to the dazzling wit of the poet lawyer, Pike. Then the curl of his lip grew sharper, his smooth face began to kindle up, and his eyes to open, dim and dreary no longer, but vivid as lightning, red as fire globes, and glaring as twin meteors. The whole soul was in the eye; the full heart streamed out of his face. Then, without bestowing an allusion to Prentiss, he turned short round on the perjured witnesses of Hopkins, tore their testimony into shreds, and hurled in their faces such terrible invectives that all trembled like aspens, and two of them fled from the court-house. The excitement of the crowd was becoming tremendous. Their united life and soul seemed to hang upon the burning tongue of the stranger, and he inspired them with the power of his passions. He seemed to have stolen nature's long hidden secret of attraction. But his greatest triumph was to come.

His eyes began to glance at the assassin, Hopkins, as his lean, taper fingers assumed the same direction. He hemmed the wretch with a wall of strong evidence and impregnable argument, cutting off all hope of escape. He dug beneath the murderer's feet a dilemma, and held up the slanderer to the scorn and contempt of the populace. Having thus girt him about with a circle of fire, he stripped himself to the work of massacre.

Oh! then it was a vision both glorious and dreadful to behold the orator. His actions became as impetuous as the motion of an oak in a hurricane. His voice became a trumpet filled with wild whirlpools, deafening the ear with the crashes of power, and yet intermingled all the while with a sweet undersong of the softest cadence. His forehead glowed like a heated furnace, his countenance was haggard like that of a maniac, and ever and anon he flung his long and bony arms on high, as if grasping after thunderbolts.

He drew a picture of murder in such appalling colors that in comparison hell itself might seem beautiful; he painted the slanderer so black that the sun seemed dark at noonday, when shining on such a monster. And then fixing both portraits on the shrinking Hopkins fastened them there forever. The agitation of the audience amounted almost to madness.

All at once the speaker descended from his perilous height. His voice wailed out for the murder, dead and living—the beautiful Mary, more beautiful every moment as her tears flowed faster—till men wept and sobbed liked children.

He closed by a strange exhortation to the jury, and through them to the bystanders: he advised the panel, after they should bring in a verdict for the plaintiff, not to offer violence to the defendant, however richly he might deserve it; in other words "not to lynch the villain, but leave his punishment with God." This was the most artful trick of all, and best calculated to insure vengeance.

The jury returned a verdict of fifty thousand dollars; and the night afterwards Hopkins was taken out of bed by lynchers, and beaten almost to death.

THE GHOST-RAISER.

My Uncle Beagley, who commenced his commercial career very early in the present century a bagman, will tell stories. Among them he tells his single ghost story so often, that I am heartily tired of it. In self-defence, therefore, I publish the tale in order that when next the good, kind old gentleman offers to bore us with it, everybody may say they know it. I remember every word of it.

One fine autumn evening, about forty years ago, I was travelling on horseback from Shrewsbury to Chester. I felt tolerably tired, and was beginning to look out for some snug way-side inn, where I might pass the night, when a sudden and violent thunder-storm came on. My horse, terrified by the lightning, fairly took the bridle between his teeth, and started off with me at full gallop through lanes and cross-roads until at length I managed to pull him up just near the door of a neat-looking country inn.

"Well," thought I, "there was wit in your madness, old boy, since it brought us to this comfortable refuge." And alighting, I gave him in charge to a stout farmer's boy who acted as hostler. The inn-kitchen, which was also the guest-room, was large, clean, neat, and comfortable, very like the pleasant hostelry described by Isaac Walton There were several travellers already in the room—probably, like myself, driven there for shelter—and they were all warming themselves by the blazing fire while waiting for supper. I joined the party. Presently being summoned by the hostess, we all sat down, twelve in number, to a smoking repast of bacon and eggs, corned beef and carrots, and stewed hare

The conversation naturally turned on the mishaps occasioned by the storm, of which every one seemed to have his full share. One had been thrown off his horse; another, driving in a gig, had been upset into a muddy dyke; and had got a thorough wetting, and agreed unanimously that it was dreadful weather—a regular witches' sabbath!

"Witches and ghosts prefer for their sabbath a fine moonlight night to such weather as this!"

These words were uttered in a solemn tone, and with strange emphasis, by one of the company. He was a tall, dark-looking man, and I had set him down in my own mind as a travelling merchant or pedlar. My next neighbour was a gay, well-looking, fashionably-dressed young man, who, bursting into a peal of laughter, said:

"You must know the manners and customs of ghosts very well, to be able to tell that they dislike getting wet or muddy."

The first speaker giving him a dark fierce look, said:

"Young man, speak not so lightly of things above your comprehension."

"Do you mean to imply that there are such things as ghosts?"

"Perhaps there are, if you had the courage to look at them."

The young man stood up, flushed with anger. But presently resuming his seat, he said, calmly:—

'That taunt should cost you dear if it were not such a foolish one"

'A foolish one!" exclaimed the merchant, throwing on the table a heavy leather purse. 'There are fifty guineas. I am content to lose them, if, before the hour is ended, I do not succeed in showing you, who are so obstinately prejudiced, the form of any one of your deceased friends; and if, after you have recognized him, you allow him to kiss your lips.'

We all looked at each other, but my young neighbor, still in the same mocking manner, replied:

'You will do that, will you?'

'Yes,' said the other—'I will stake these fifty guineas, on condition that you will pay a similar sum, if you lose.'

After a short silence, the young man said gaily:

'Fifty guineas, my worthy sorcerer, are more than a poor college sizar ever possessed; but here are five, which, if you are satisfied, I shall be most willing to wager.'

The other took up his purse, saying in a contemptuous tone:

'Young gentleman, you wish to draw back!'

'I draw back!' exclaimed the student. 'Well, if I had the fifty guineas, you should see whether I wish to draw back.'

'Here,' said I, 'are five guineas, which I will stake on your wager.

No sooner had I made this proposition than the rest of the company, attracted by the singularity of the affair, came forward to lay down their money; and in a minute or two the fifty guineas were subscribed. The merchant appeared so sure of winning that he placed all the stakes in the student's hands, and prepared for his experiment. We selected for the purpose a small summer house in the garden, perfectly isolated, and having no means of exit but a window and a door, which we carefully fastened, after placing the young man within. We put writing materials on a small table in the summer house, and took away the candles. We remained outside, with the pedlar amongst us. In a low solemn voice he began to chant the following lines:—

"What riseth slow from the ocean caves,
And the stormy surf!
The phantom pale sets his blackened foot
On the fresh green turf."

Then raising his voice solemnly, he said:

'You asked to see your friend, Francis Villiers, who was drowned, three years ago, off the coast of South America—what do you see?'

'I see,' replied the student, 'a white light arising near the window; but it has no form; and it is like an uncertain cloud.'

We—the spectators—remained profoundly silent.

'Are you afraid?' asked the merchant in a loud voice.

'I am not,' replied the student, firmly.

After a moment's silence, the pedlar stamped three times on the ground, and sang:

"And the phantom white, whose clay-cold face
Was once so fair,
Dries with his shroud his clinging vest,
And his sea-tossed hair."

Once more the solemn question:

"You who would see revealed the mysteries of the tomb—what do you see now?'

The student answered, in a calm voice, but like that of a man describing things as they pass before him:

'I see the cloud taking the form of a phantom; its head is covered with a long veil—it stands still!

'Are you afraid?'

"I am not!"

We looked at each other in horror-stricken silence, while the merchant, raising his arms above his head, chanted in a sepulchral voice:

"And the phantom said, as he rose from the wave,
He shall know me in sooth!
I will go to my friend, gay, smiling, and fond,
As in our first youth!"

"What do you see?" said he.

"I see the phantom advance; he lifts his veil—'tis Francis Villiers! He approaches the table—he writes!—'tis his signature!"

"Are you afraid?"

A fearful moment of silence ensued; then the student replied, but in an altered voice:

"I am not."

With strange and frantic gestures, the merchant then sang:

"And the phantom said to the mocking seer,
I come from the South;
Put thy hand on my hand—thy heart on my heart,
Thy mouth on my mouth!"

"What do you see?"

"He comes—he approaches—he pursues me—he is stretching out his arms—he will have me! Help! help! Save me!"

"Are you afraid now!" asked the merchant in a mocking voice.

A piercing cry, and then a stifled groan, were the only reply to this terrible question

"Help that rash youth!" said the merchant bitterly. "I have, I think, won the wager; but it is sufficient for me to have given him a lesson. Let him keep his money, and be wiser for the future."

He walked rapidly away. We opened the door of the summer-house, and found the student in convulsions. A paper, signed with the name "Francis Villiers," was on the table. As soon as the student's senses were restored, he asked vehemently where was the vile sorcerer who had subjected him to such a horrible ordeal—he would kill him! He sought him throughout the inn in vain; then with the speed of a madman, he dashed off across the fields in pursuit of him—and we neither saw either of them again. That, children, is my Ghost Story!

"And how is it, Uncle, that after that, you don't believe in ghosts!" said I, the first time I heard it.

"Because, my boy," replied my Uncle, "neither the student nor the merchant ever returned; and the forty-five guineas, belonging to me and the other travellers, continued equally invisible. Those two swindlers carried them off, after having acted a farce, which we, like ninnies, believed to be real."

THE FALLING LEAVES.

Round through the charmed circle of the year have we come once more to the season of failing leaves. I suppose there is no emblem of human life so hackneyed as the fading and falling leaf, since the prophet wrote those words of terrible truth: "We do all fade as a leaf; and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away." Read this verse again before the example of yon whirling leaf. Was ever anything more helpless against the blast that drives it along? So are we helpless against sin and death until God's help comes. A poet has thus expanded the idea:—

Like the dry leaf that Autumn's breath
Sweeps from the tree, the mourning tree;
So swiftly and so certainly
Our day are blown about by death;
For life is built on vanity,
Renewing days but deaths renew.
I told thee so, I told thee so,
And, O my soul, the tale was true!

But, notwithstanding the lesson of every returning autumn, no truth is slower learned by human nature than the evanescence of the summer of its prime. The subject is unpleasant, though during the June of life that distant decay may have a certain attraction of romance; and amid the blaze of busy existence, the long, well filled days, we may even project a wish toward the quiet leaf-falling period, after flowers have blossomed and fruits been borne. Only the true Christian can contemplate with more than composure the surely coming winter of age and infirmity, and the dark days of decay and death that must precede the rising of his new year with God:—

Those fading leaves,
That, with their rich varieties of hues,
Make yonder forest in the slanting sun
So beautiful, in you awake the thought
Of winter, cold drear winter, when those trees
Each like a fleshless skeleton shall stretch
Its bare brown boughs. . . .
To me their many-coloured beauties speak
Of times of merriment and festival,
The year's best holiday: I call to mind
The schoolboy days, when in the falling leaves
I saw with eager hope, the pleasant sign
Of coming Christmas. . . .

To you the beauties of the autumnal year
Make mournful emblems, and you think of man
Doomed to the grave's long winter, spirit-broken;
Bending beneath the burden of his years,
Sense-dulled and fretful, "full of aches and pains,"
Yet clinging still to life. To me they show
The calm decay of nature, when the mind
Retains its strength, and in the languid eye
Religion's holy hope kindles a joy
That makes old age look lovely. O, my friend,
That thy faith were as mine!

So wrote Southey concerning the different aspects which the same season presents to the worldling and to the Christian, and every reader can say whether of the two is happiest for its thinker.

Chateaubriand says: "A moral character is attached to autumnal scenes. The leaves falling like our years; the flowers fading like our hours; the clouds fleeting like our illusions; the light diminishing like our intelligence; the sun growing colder like our affections; all bear secret relations to our destinies.' The brilliant Frenchman saw not the resurrection promise involved in both type and antitype; "that in all this decay there is renewal of strength." The fallen leaves nourish the soil for next year's herbage; the faded flowers ripen the seed for next year's bloom; the fleeting clouds rain blessings, and fill their aerial chalices afresh; the diminished light is for prolongation of glory elsewhere. And so the autumn bears in its bosom the germ of spring. Tennyson thus pictures this season in the flower garden:—

A spirit haunts the year's last hours,
Dwelling amidst these yellowing bowers;
To himself he talks:
For at eventide, listening earnestly,
At his work you may hear him sob and sigh
In the walks;
Earthward he boweth the heavy stalks
Of the mouldering flowers.

The air is damp, and hushed, and close,
As a sick man's room when he taketh repose
An hour before death:
My very heart faints, and my whole soul grieves,
At the moist rich smell of the rotting leaves,
And the breath
Of the fading edges of box beneath,
And the year's last rose.

How exactly described is the depression of the garden-scene in late autumn! The time of unseemly work has come, and gardeners busy themselves clearing away the summer's refuse, and preparing for the spring; while,

On the high naked tree the robin pipes
Disconsolate, and through the dripping haze
The dead weight of the dead leaf bears it down.

James Grahame has been in the churchyard, and seen

The sere and yellow leaves, with eddying sweep,
Fill up the furrows 'tween the hillocked graves.

Ah! does not the sadness of the season make one long for the new heavens and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness? even though it must be preceded by that awful time, when, in the sublime imagery of the Hebrew prophet:—

All the host of heaven shall be dissolved,
And the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll,
And all their host shall fall down
As the leaf falleth off from the vine, and as a falling
fig from the fig-tree.

Surely as these short years of ours wax from spring and wane into winter, is coming a wonderful new world, whereof God has told us something in such words as these:—

"And by the river upon the bank thereof, on this side and on that side, shall grow all trees for meat, whose leaf shall not fade, neither shall the fruit thereof be consumed; it shall bring forth new fruit according to his months, because their waters they issued out of the sanctuary; and the fruit thereof shall be for meat, and the leaves thereof for medicine."

Whatever be our interpretation of Ezekiel's inspired vision, it is certain that it points to a period and a place where decay and death shall be unknown, for they shall then be swallowed up in life, as in "a river that cannot be passed over."

FOREIGN A D COLONIAL NEWS.

COLLISION WITH AN ICEBERG OFF CAPE HORN.

A correspondent of an English paper, who was a passenger in an Australian ship which narrowly escaped destruction by an iceberg, furnished the following graphic narrative of the occurrence:

I was, very recently, a passenger from Australia to Liverpool on board one of the noblest ships, the *Royal Standard*, belonging to the celebrated White Star Line of Packets. We were upwards of three hundred statute adults on board, exclusive of the captain, officers, stewards, and seventy-one crew, and had as a cargo, three thousand bales of wool, and six hundred thousand dollars worth of gold. The first part of our voyage was attended with no particular incident; of course, there was the usual routine of sea-sickness, the formation of "messes," and the unpacking, and the metamorphoses occasioned by changes of dress that are now familiar to all old stagers. After passing the genial intertropical climate of the Antipodes, we rapidly approached the "Horn," when the weather became insensibly cold. Morning, noon and night, groups of passengers huddled or crept round the huge funnell of our ship, for we were an auxillery screw, to gather a little warmth. On Sunday, April 3rd, latitude 56 degrees south, longitude 149 degrees west, we saw the first iceberg, and a beautiful sight it was. It was a majestic mountain of ice floating along like a mass of burnished silver, about three hundred and sixty feet, as ascertained by the sextant, in height; and about two miles in length at the base. As the sun shown full upon it, it presented a splendid appearance, and, as our relative positions altered, it assumed a variety of shapes most fantastic, and light-houses, cathedrals, churches, &c, were easily conjured up without much strength of imagination. As we stood, one and all gazing at this Antartic wonder of the deep, some looking at it through their glasses, some sketching it in their note-books, and all associating with it ideas of novelty and beauty, no one dreamed that the next day would be one of such awful peril that the total destruction of our ship and all on board appeared inevitable.

Monday, April 4th, opened with thick, hazy weather and a good breeze, before which we were going, without steam, ten knots an hour, apprehensive of no danger. Suddenly we ran into a dense fog, and immediately after one of the double look-out gave the alarm, "Broken water ahead!" and almost immediately after, "Ice on the starboard bow!" At that moment I was writing the newspaper I conducted on board, in the engineer's mess-room; but hearing the noise and the ominous cry, "Helm hard a-starboard!" I rushed on deck, and, looking over the bulwarks, saw, to my horror, an immense mountain of ice towering far above our main-top-gallant mast, which was two hundred feet above the water line, and so close to us that any one could have jumped on to it. All hands were immediately summoned on deck, and everything done to prevent what now appeared inevitable—a collision between our ship and the iceberg. The yards were trimmed, the sails adjusted, and everything done to prevent a catastrophe, but in vain. The monster mountain of ice drew nearer and nearer to us. At length the inevitable moment came; one heavy roll of the ship, and the yards of the foremast grated right into the solid mass of ice, tearing out and hurling down upon the deck immense blocks of ice, some of them of enormous size. At the same moment the main and mizzen top-masts snapped at the cap with tremendous noise, and, being made of iron, hung over with all their gear amidst the rigging, to the great danger of every one on deck.

While this was going on the men at the wheel stood faithful to their duty, although one of them had his coat rent in two by a lump of ice that fell in front of him, yet did not touch him. The scene on deck was now indescribable. Loudly were the orders passed fore and aft to the hands, and as heartily obeyed, to adjust the yards and trim the ship so as to help her to forge ahead of the iceberg, many of the passengers rendering good assistance in this emergency. Under the forecastle deck were gathered groups of men, pale, silent, awe-struck. Two strong stalwart men had hold of my hands, with big beads of tears rolling down their cheeks, crying for mercy. Between decks, women and children were loud in their passionate cries; and in the intermediate was an elderly gentleman, a widower, with five children, in the agony of woe, expecting his and their immediate destruction. Still the worst was not come; again the ship's yards crunched into the iceberg: where I stood I looked up and saw that this mountain of ice actually overhung the ship, standing then six hundred feet out of the water. There were two large fissures running from the top a considerable way down, and as the ship rolled over I feared the yards would go into one of these fissures; had they done so, they would have brought down tons of ice that would have sent us to the bottom in a moment. We were spared that doom, but the next instant the fore-top-gallant mast, jib-boom, fore-topsail yard, studding sail boom, and all their gear went at the next crunch, tearing and splitting the sails to ribbons. At the same time, over the forecastle deck came rolling vast torrents of water, flooding the decks and creating a fresh source of danger. The Royal Standard was now all but a helpless log; crippled and dismantled. she presented the most pitiable appearance, and with her masts, yards, chains and ropes all hanging over and dangling about in most dangerous confusion, the marvel is that no one was seriously injured, if not killed.

Still the worst was not come, and but for the amazing strength of her iron hull, all on board must have gone to the bottom, leaving no record of their fate behind them. Boldly the ship drifted up against the berg, her whole side coming violently into contact with it, and—I quote from the ship's log, lest my account should be regarded as the natural exaggeration of a landman's fears—smashed the starboard life-boat, carried away the bumbkin, stove in all the starboard bulwarks, stove in the starboard quarter in several places; also, the captain's cabin, and sent the chronometors flying about, lifting the poop deck beams one foot, thus damaging all the cabins; and with another heavy crash split our upper plate amidships and did other damages. At this moment total destruction seemed inevitable: but as the ship still slowly forged ahead under main and foresails, hope still remained. At last the end of the berg came in view, and we forged clear. The berg appeared to be entirely enveloped in a dense fog, and about six hundred feet high. We passed along about half a mile of it, and from the time of seeing it to clearing it, it was about half an hour.

So said the ship's log Half an hour; yet what a half hour! Who can tell the agony, the suspense, the wild and all but frantic emotions that were crowded into that thirty minutes. Beyond the noise of our ship's wreck knocking about, and the orders given to the men, all was silent after the first wild cry of terror and dismay.

"Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave."

Pale and trembling men gazed, first at the iceberg, then at the ship presenting a picture most desolate, and then at each other; many shook hands, and bade each other good-bye; and all stood, expecting a watery grave. For myself, I was too stunned and startled to feel excited; I seemed incapable of any feeling but that of dull amazement. Not a tear came to my relief, not a word escaped my lips. Wife and children I felt I should never see any more; and so, holding a fellow passenger's hand, I calmly awaited the awful moment, the summons to which had come so unexpectedly, and under such fearful circumstances. Meanwhile the captain was shouting to the boatswain, "Do you see the end of the berg?" again and again, for all our safety lay in our speedily gaining open sea. At length, after many times "Not yet, sir," he said, "Yes, sir, close by;" and in another minute we had passed our enemy, and were in open sea once more.

Three loud cheers passed fore and aft, and again we shook each other by the hand, and thanked God for our deliverance.

AWFUL SHIPWRECK—English papers give the particulars of the loss of the American ship *Eagle Speed* while on her way with four hundred and ninety-seven coolies from Port Canning to Demerara. The wreck took place near Haliday's Island. Aug. 22. Three of the *Eagle Speed's* boats were launched, manned by the crew. Including the coolies who threw themselves into the water on hencoops, the boat saved one hundred and sixty-nine, and all the Europeans. The steamer *Lady Elgin*, which was near, left for Port Canning. The ship continued to float all that night, and did not sink till seven on Wednesday morning. Two steamers were at once sent round from Calcutta, and the *Lady Elgin* returned from Port Canning. They found three coolie lads on the mast of the wreck, and saved about sixty more who had floated to Haliday's and Butcher's Islands, where the tigers are said to have destroyed some. The coolies assert that the last European attempted to fire the ship. Of the four hundred and ninety-seven coolies, two hundred and sixty seem to have perished on that terrible Wednesday morning or afterwards in the jungle.

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY, IF TRUE.

The Missouri *Democrat* of a recent date tells the following story:—

"Mr. James Lumley, an old Rocky Mountain trapper, who has been stopping at the Everett House for several days, makes a most remarkable statement to us, and one which, if authenticated, will produce the greatest excitement in the scientific world.

"Mr. Lumley states that about the middle of last September he was engaged in trapping in the mountains about seventy-five or one hundred miles above the Great Falls of the Upper Missouri, and in the neighborhood of what is known as Cidotte Pass. Just after sunset one evening he beheld a bright luminous body in the heavens, which was moving with great rapidity in an easterly direction. It was plainly visible for at least five seconds, when it suddenly separated into particles, resembling, as Mr. Lumley describes it, the bursting of a sky-rocket in the air. A few minutes later he heard a heavy explosion, which jarred the earth very perceptibly, and this was shortly after followed by a rushing sound, like a tornado sweeping through the forest. A strong wind sprang up about the same time, but as suddenly subsided. The air was also filled with a peculiar odor of a sulphurous nature.

"These incidents would have made but slight impression on the mind of Mr. Lumley but for the fact that, on the ensuing day, he discovered, at the distance of about two miles from his camping place, that, as far as he could see in either direction, a path had been cut through the forest several rods wide, giant trees uprooted or broken off near the ground, the tops of hills shaved off, and the earth plowed up in many places. Great and wide-spread havoc was everywhere visible. Following up this track of desolation, he soon ascertained the cause of it in the shape of an immense stone that had been driven into the side of a mountain. But now comes the most remarkable part of the story An examination of this stone, or so much of it as was visible, showed that it had been divided into compartments, and that in various places it was carved with curious hieroglyphics. More than this, Mr. Lumley also discovered fragments of a substance resembling glass, and here and there dark stains, as though caused by a liquid. He is confident that the hieroglyphics were the work of human hands, and that the stone itself, although but a fragment of an immense body, must have been used for some purpose by animated beings.

"Strange as this story appears, Mr. Lumley relates it with so much sincerity that we are forced to accept it as true. It is evident that the stone which he discovered was a fragment of the meteor which was visible in this section in September last. It will be remembered that it was seen in Leavenworth, in Galena, and in this city by Col. Bonneville. At Leavenworth it was seen to separate into particles or explode.

"Astronomers have long held that it is probable that the heavenly bodies are inhabited—even the comets—and it may be that the meteors are also. Possibly meteors are used as a conveyance by the inhabitants of other planets, in exploring space, and it may be that hereafter some future Columbus, from Mercury or Uranus, may land on this planet, by means of a meteoric conveyance, and take possession thereof, as did the Spanish navigators of the New World in 1492, and eventually drive what is known as the 'human race' into a condition of the most abject servitude. It has always been a favorite theory with many that there must be a race superior to us, and this may at some future time be demonstrated in the manner we have indicated."

The Oswego *Palladium* gives the following picture of taxation in the United States:—A gentleman living in Madison county owns a farm within the corporate limits of this city. Several years ago he leased this farm at an annual rental that returned him a fair income on the capital. His agent informs us that the taxes this year will not only absorb all the rent, but that he will be obliged to draw on the landlord for upwards of two hundred dollars additional to meet the deficiency! Again, farms in this vicinity, which two years ago were held at, and considered fairly worth $75 per acre, have been sold at $32. Reason—the taxes are so high that farming is not desirable at any price.

GREAT FIRE AT CHATHAM—A fire which proved very destructive, occurred in Chatham, lately. It originated in Fitzpatrick's stable, at a quarter past 7 o'clock, a. m. Spreading rapidly, it consumed Keary's hotel and stables, Jas. Fitzpatrick's store and warehouse, Lewis's store, Michael and Luke Fitzpatrick's houses, Johnston's large building, occupied by a number of tenants. In this building were James Miller's store, and dwelling houses occupied by Fountain, James Mahar, and Mrs. Townley's liquor store. Her dwelling, separated from this by a foot only, was saved. The total number of buildings destroyed was thirteen; value, including goods, etc., about $12,000; insured for 5,400. Fire engines were on the ground. the wind was light. The houses consumed are known as the "Central Block." The houses covered a quarter of an acre of land. There are conflicting statements as to the cause of the fire, but it probably originated accidentally.—*Tel. to Journal.*

A horrible accident occurred to a man named Perry, of Chatham, on Monday last. He was trying to get his passage towards Detroit without paying for it, and had climbed between two freight cars, in order to escape detection, but when the train started he was knocked down under the cars, and in attempting to crawl out got under the wheels and was run over by half a dozen cars The body was cut in two near the abdomen, and his arms were jammed to pieces.

LEATHER.—The Montreal correspondent of the *Globe* says there is excitement in the leather market there, and amongst shoemakers. Workmen are leaving in large numbers for the States. Those remaining are striking for higher wages. It is becoming a difficult matter to fill orders. A meeting of all the principal manufacturers from the east and the west was held yesterday afternoon, when a large advance upon the previous rise in prices was unanimously agreed on. As reasons for this, the rapid advance of leather and labour, and the unprecedentedly low stocks, are stated.

A correspondent of a New York journal writing from the South, says:—The poverty of the people is beyond all conception. In the act of emancipation, at least 2,000,000 worth of property has been destroyed, and 3,000,000 paupers put in its place, to say nothing of losses from the ravages of war. Instead of being able to help the freedmen, the Southerners have to work for their own bread. I know many ladies who have to use their elegant accomplishments as a means of earning a living; all have to perform menial services hitherto unknown to them, and some have descended to the kitchen and wash-pot; but here the genuine breeding of the lady displays itself even more forcibly than in their days of luxury and splendor. They never stop to grumble at fate, neither do they act with the levity of the emigrant French aristocracy, but with the sober cheerfulness of true philosophy.

Americans are making large purchases of the surplus farm produce of New Brunswick. Horse-dealers from Maine are scattered all over the Province, and purchasing largely.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE CRIMEA AS IT IS.—A communication from Sebastopol to the Union says:—"It is difficult to imagine a more desolate place than this poor town; it is a positive sepulchre. Its sloping hills, once covered with picturesque gardens, are transformed into arid wastes: one can no longer distinguish the places where the vines grew, and a barren moss replaces all the verdure which formed ten years ago such a charming panorama. The country is depopulated and despoiled of all its commerce. The factories are deserted, the cultivation of tobacco, which might compete with that of the Turkish, declines every day; and the landed proprietors have almost renounced making wine. We were accustomed to see a whole fleet of barges full of fruit issuing from our port; the importation now is nearly double the exportation. In 1864 there entered the harbor 388,000 roubles' worth of merchandise, two-thirds of it corn, and only 140,000 roubles' worth went out. This year the difference threatens to be still more formidable, for the choking up of water-courses has dried up the meadows and caused great prejudice to the rearing of cattle. The French ought to come and make a new campaign here, but one entirely of peace and industry. This time they would gain large profit, after an ordeal much more speedy and less painful than that of the siege. We have an especial want of some superior vine-dressers Viniculture is in distress from the following circumstances: —Since the emigration of the Tartars the care of the vines is confided to the soldiers sent here to form the garrison; there are some from Archangel, Helsingfors, and Polotozk. who have never seen a grape in their own country, and are therefore supremely incapable of turning the vine to profitable account. Instead of wine they made a blackish sort of liquor, alike devoid of name and taste. With respect to tobacco it is the same; while the Crimea would supply the whole of Russia with these two essential objects of contemporary consumption, and be able even to export them to foreign countries. Seriously, for European traders there are enormous profits to be realised in this country without any risk, and I think it can never recover itself without the aid of such intelligent adventurers. We should want hands from the south of Europe chiefly; for the Germans are only good at corn. Much corn cannot be produced here; the sun parches the ear before it comes to maturity; but the same sun produces all sorts of fruit in great abundance and of prodigious size. Without exaggeration, there is a harvest of millions to be reaped in the Crimea in fruit and tobacco, and nothing would be easier than their exportation."

THE FIELD OF ANTIETAM.—The battle-field has been so often described that we will only speak of it as seen from the cemetery. Two turnpikes lead into Sharpsburg, the one from Boonsboro', and the other from Hagerstown, forming an angle with each other less than a right angle. If we draw a line from Burnside's bridge to the Dunker church we will have the third and longest line of a triangle, Sharpsburg being the apex. Along this line the battle was fought. Between these two points rolled and urged the bloody tide, and when it ebbed, 15,000 ghastly corpses strewed the ground. Gen. Lee had selected his own battle-ground. By stretching his line from the bridge near Boonsboro' turnpike to Dunker church on the Hagerstown turnpike, he covered both roads leading to Sharpsburg and the roads leading to the river. He threw up no breastworks, although he had ample time; the numerous hills and ravines, the dense cornfields, and the rail fences, seemed to be all the shelter that he desired for his men. From the Boonsboro' pike to the Hagerstown pike there runs an exceedingly crooked lane. Much of this road is washed out, thus forming a natural breastwork. Where the road was low the fences were taken down, and the rails laid in piles, behind which the sharpshooters lurked and did their murderous work. But few traces of the mighty contest are left. The fences have been rebuilt, and nature in her exuberance has hid the very graves. The corn is growing tall and strong in fields made rich with human blood, and the closely-matted clover and rank weeds have covered up the lowly mounds in which heroes sleep. We tread among the dead and know it not. Nature kindly heals up the gashes made by cruel war; the earth drinks up the blood, the grass grows green upon the graves; and were it not for broken hearts, and longing eyes that look for those that never come, we would soon forget that war had ever been.

THE LIGHT DIVISION AT THE ALMA.—Dr. Watkins, in his letter to the *Times* on the late Sir George Brown, refers to a circumstance bearing on the question which has been warmly discussed since the publication of Mr. Kinglake's book, namely, the part played by the celebrated two field guns, under the direction of Lord Raglan, in enfilading the Russian breastworks and batteries which opposed the advance of the Guards and Light Division up the hill at Alma. Dr. W. says: "A distinguished Russian artillery officer, who commanded one of those batteries, was afterwards made prisoner at Mackenzie's Farm, and was for some time on board the Agamemon. We used to fight the battle of Alma over again for the pleasure of drawing out our guest, who was a very hearty fellow, and no way dependent in captivity. He described (in French) the advance of the Guards and Light Division with intense animation: 'On, on, on they came! We drove round after round of shot, shell and grape through their ranks, but they closed up again and again, and on, still on they came, till I was compelled to retire and barely escape capture; had they not been the enemies of my country I could have cheered them as they rushed up to my guns; it was *magnifique! magnifique! magnifique!*' Not a word here of field guns on his left flank, but the candid admission that his position was fairly carried by the troops in his front."

Things do not change in the East As Abraham pitched his tent in Bethel, so does an Arab sheikh now set up his camp; as David built his palace on Mount Zion, so would a Turkish pasha now arrange his house; in every street may be seen the hairy children of Esau, squatting on the ground, devouring a mess of lentils like that for which the rough hunter sold his birthright; along every road plod the sons of Rachab, whose fathers, three thousand years ago, bound themselves and theirs to drink no wine, plant no tree, enter within no door, and their children have kept the oath; at every khan young men sit around the pan of parched corn, dipping their morsel into the dish; Job's plough is still used, and the seed is still trodden into the ground by asses and kine; olives are shaken from the bows as directed by Isaiah; and the grafting of trees is unchanged since the days of Saul. The Syrian house is still, as formerly, only a stone tent, as a temple was but a marble tent. What is seen now in Bethany may be taken as the exact likeness of Lazarus, where Mary listened, and Martha toiled, or as the house of Simon the leper, where the precious box of ointment was broken, and where Judas set out to betray his Master.—*Dickens' All the Year Round.*

TERRIBLE RECORDS—In England, so Wm. of Malmesbury tells us, the plague was so great in 772 that in and about Chichester 34,000 people perished. In 1111, Holinshed tells us of a dreadful pestilence in London, in which thousands of people, cattle, fowls, and other domestic animals perished. In Ireland, in 1240, a prodigious number perished. In 1348 the "Black Death" raged in Italy, and in 1348, the plague described by Boccaccio, raged over Europe, causing a fearful mortality. In London alone, in the year 1348, when the plague at Florence, described by Boccaccio, took place, 200 were buried daily at the Charter-House. Again England was visited by plague in 1367 Ireland in 1407, and again in 1478, when 30,000 people were slain by pestilence in London alone; and throughout England more persons were slain by disease than by the fifteen preceding years of war. In 1485 the country was ravaged by the *Suder Anglicus*, the sweating sickness, and this again broke out in 1499. 1500 so dreadfully in London, that Henry VII. and his Court removed to Calais. In 1611, 200,000 perished at Constantinople. In 1664-5, the great plague, called so, probably, because most remembered, carried off 6-,596 persons; Defoe gives the number at 100,000. "Infants," wrote he, in a fiction unequalled for its terrible pictures save by the reality, "passed at once from the womb to the grave; the yet the healthy child hung upon the putrid breast of the dead mother; and the nuptial bed was changed into a sepulchre. Some of the affected ran about staggering like drunken men, and fell and expired in the streets; while others calmly laid down, never to rise again, save at the last trumpet. At length, in the middle of September, more than 12,000 perished in one week; in one night 4,000 died, and in the whole, not 68,000 as has been stated, but 100,000 perished in this plague. The appalling cry 'Bring out your dead,' thrilled through every soul."

LADIES AND THEIR LONG TAILS.—Crinoline at length is going out, thank goodness! but long trailing dresses are coming in, thank badness! In matters of costume, a lovely woman rarely ceases to make herself a nuisance; and the length of her dress is now almost as annoying as its width was a while ago. Robes a queue they call these draggling dresses. It is not at Kew that people are merely tormented by them. Everywhere you walk your footsteps are impeded by the ladies, who, in Pope's phrase, "drag their slow length along" the pathway just in front of you. "Will anybody tread upon the tail of my petticoat?" This seems to be the general invitation they now give. Sad enemies to progress they are, in their long dresses: and a Reform Bill should be at once passed to make them hold their tails up. Ladies should be taught to mind their P's and Queues, and every policeman should be armed with a big pair of garden shears or tailors' scissors, wherewith to cut away the skirts which he sees trailing on the pavement. Young ladies as a rule, we will allow, are little ducks, but wearing such long tails make them great geese. Clearly something must be done to shorten their appendages, if it be only on account of the safety of the public. If the tails be worn longer who knows what mis-haps and master-haps may be occasioned by them, for ourselves, having the welfare of our little ones at heart, we always try to tread upon as many dresses as we can, and do them all the damage that hob-nailed boots can perpetrate. If every father of a family would do the same, the fashion of long dresses would have a short existence.—*Punch.*

"PA AZ YU GO."—This little maxim has bin modestly at the sarvise ov the wurld for ages, supported by no perticklor pretenshuns tew rheterick, cadense, or pompus period, but brimfull and running over with praktikal philosophee and plebian sense, adapted to the lattitude and longtitued of every human kritter. It kontanes within its fore blessid monasilliables an analasis ov welth; it is fortin's steppin stone, and a letter of credit nun kan distrust wherever it goas. It is the right bower ekonomee and maid ov honnur tew plezzure—fillz the day nite dreem. "Pay az yu go," and yu wil kno how fast yure a goin, how fur yu have gone, and when it is time tew stop. Tradesmen will tow when they meet yu, and det with its hungry wolf tred will starve on yure trail. "Pay az yu go" temperz luxury and chastens want, adds dignity tew the poor man, grase tew the rich man, wrongs nun, and iz justise tew all. Here iz an an antidote for much that iz the philosopher's stone; here iz a leaven for enny sized lump. Young man, pay az yu go, and whin yu gits old yu wil not depart from it, other vartues will sartinly cluster about yu; and whin natur hands in her last bill yu will be awl the better prepared to "pay az yu go."—JOSH BILLINGS.

A STRIKING COSTUME.—At one of the recent water-place balls, the most striking and pronounced of toilette was worn by a stately Georgian girl, whose summers could not have exceeded twenty, but who carried herself with the air of a woman of forty. Her dress consisted of a train of white velvet, falling not from the waist, but from the shoulders, and trailing its slow length along. It was without sleeves, but was held over the shoulders by cluster clasps of large diamonds. The arms were bare, and polished as those of a statue of a Praxitiles, as was also the face, neck and bust. Her hair was powdered with pearl, and dressed in the Aspian style; but instead of the blue ribbon usually employed in the making-up of that superb *coiffure*, a circlet of diamond star-clusters was substituted. The slippers were of white kid, and had diamond buckles, fastening blonde and satin bows. No gloves or bracelets were worn, and nothing broke the magnificent sweep from the plumb, round shoulders to the delicate tips of the taper fingers. Altogether the costume was a model of richness, simplicity, and every good and perfect thing but modesty.

THE PRICE OF A HEAD—In China, a criminal condemned to be decapitated, can obtain a substitute for two hundred dollars. Straw bail is not more easily procurable in New York than men are willing to sell their heads for in Pekin. All the celestial proxy asks is a few days in which to spend the price of his head in fashion. A trivial blunder in etiquette so disgusts a Chinese gentleman with all sublunary things, that he incontinently cuts himself crosswise on the abdomen, and dies a horrible death in order to escape the mortifying reflection that he had committed a breach of ceremony.

During the recent trip of Sir Morton Peto and party over the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, Sir Morton got into conversation with an old villager near Harper's Ferry, who remained on that active scene throughout the war. "I don't know," he said, "as the war has done me much harm. Five years ago I was the poorest man in Harper's Ferry; two years ago I was the richest, everybody else having run away. I wasn't worth nothing then; I ain't worth nothing now; so I am square. Judge, (to Sir Morton) have yer any terbakker about ye?"

Two Prussian officers, Captain Calow and Major von Schack, fought a duel, recently, at Magdeburg. They agreed to fight till one of them was killed, and twenty-eight shots were exchanged before Captain Calow was fatally hit. It is to be hoped, for the credit of the Prussian service, that there are but few such marksmen in the army.

The Emperor Napoleon, upon being informed that the Chief of Police at Marseilles had left the city during the prevalence of the cholera, at once signed an order dismissing him.

A celebrated Judge had a very stingy wife. On one occasion she received his friends in the drawing room with only one candle. "Be pleased, my dear," said his lordship, "to let us have a second candle, that we may see where the other stands."

A minister, travelling through the West some years ago, asked an old lady, on whom he called, what she thought of the doctrine of total depravity. "Oh," she replied, "I think it is a very good doctrine if the people would act up to it."

An intoxicated man leaning against a church railing, replied, in answer to a question from the sexton, that he didn't exactly to belong that church, but he was *leaning* that way.

A miser aged 81 has just died at Gaudenzdorf, near Vienna, having left the whole of a fortune of nearly 2,000,000 francs by will to the Pope. He had for many years lived on a life annuity of 1000 francs, of which he contrived to put by a third. The only condition contained in the bequest is that the Pope shall pray personally for the soul of the donor.