

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 80 feet span, 50 feet high, and upward of 100 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 beauties of this icy temple, the wonderful workmanship of time and the elements.

When we had got about midway through the mighty structure, on looking upwards 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,” here and there illumined 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 “blue 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 afloat, consequently in motion, and apparently about to lose its equilibrium, capsize, or burst into fragments. Our position was truly awful; my feelings at the moment may be conceived, but 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 scene so terrible, the men at the oars as if by instinct “gave way,” and our little craft swiftly glided from beneath this gigantic mass.

We then rowed round the berg, keeping at a respectful distance from it, in order to judge of its magnitude. I suppose 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 again 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 echo itself should disturb the fragile mass.

THE CELTIC RACE.—From the remotest period of historical narrative—usually called history—the abode of the Celtic race was Gaul, on this side the Alps—the present country called France.—This was the country Cæsar subdued and formed into a Roman province. But long prior to his time the Celtic race had overflowed its barriers, crossing the Alps, peopling the north of Italy, and making permanent settlements there—the Gallia Cisalpina of Roman writers. They had sacked Rome; they had burst into Greece, and plundered the temple of Delphi. War and plunder, bloodshed and violence, in which the race delight, was their object. From Brennus to Napoleon, the war cry of the Celtic race was, “To the Alps—to the Rhine!” This game, which still engages their whole attention, has now been played for nearly four thousand years. I do not blame them: I pretend not to censure any race; I merely state facts, either quite obvious or borne out by history. War is the game for which the Celt is made. Herein is the forte of his physical and moral character: in stature and weight, as a race, inferior to the Saxon; limbs muscular and vigorous; torso and arms seldom attaining any very large development—hence the extreme rarity of athletes amongst the race; hands, broad; fingers, squared at the points; step, elastic and springy; in muscular energy and rapidity of action, surpassing all other European races. *Ceteris paribus*—that is weight for weight, age for age, stature for stature—the strongest of men. His natural weapon is the sword, which he ought never to have abandoned for any other. Jealous on the point of honour, his self-respect is extreme; admitting of no prac-

tical jokes; an admirer of beauty of colour and beauty of form and therefore a liberal patron of the fine arts. Inventive, imaginative, he leads the fashions all over the civilized world. Most new inventions, &c. in the arts may be traced to him; they are then appropriated by the Saxon race, who apply them to useful purposes.—His taste is excellent, though in no way equal to the Italian, and inferior, in some respects, to the Slavonian and Peninsular races.—The musical ear of the race is tolerably good: in literature and science, they follow method and order, and go up uniformly to a principle; in the ordinary affairs of life they despise order, economy, cleanliness; of to-morrow they take no thought; regular labour—unremitting, steady, uniform, productive labour—they hold in absolute horror and contempt. Irascible, warm-hearted, full of deep sympathies, dreamers on the past, uncertain, treacherous, gallant and brave., They are not more courageous than other races, but they are more warlike.—*Knox's Races of Men.*

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN PRONUNCIATION.—While in England I was often reminded of the miserable pronunciation of the lower classes. Take the whole population together, I am confident that the average standard of correct pronunciation is higher here than there. A London cockney is the most outlandish in his phrases and accents of any class of people it was ever my fortune to see.—So of the great body of the people. The letter *k* is continually thrown away when it stands before a vowel, and when a vowel stands at the head of a word, the letter *k* is invariably sounded before it. The cause of this I never could learn. There are in the English country as many different dialects as there are counties, or nearly so. I found it utterly impossible to understand laborers in their conversation in many parts.

Of course there is nothing of this among the refined and literary. There, there is a better standard of pronunciation than in our refined circles. Their models are superior to ours. There is quite a difference in the pronunciation of refined literary men in England and the same class here. There is more richness, fullness, precision and carefulness in the English than in the American mode.—We are slovenly, not only in our tone of voice and accentuation, but in our expression and phrases. Correct tastes discover this fact at once, and it is the general remark of cultivated foreigners. The reason for this is, that in our first circles the majority are those who achieve position with money, and are essentially as vulgar as the common people, and far more so. Their pronunciation is incorrect, as well as their manners, and they influence others who naturally are more refined than they.—*D. W. Bartlett of America*

EARLY RISING.—Late rising is not universal in the very highest classes, for royalty itself sets a contrary example: and we have met, before now, princes taking their ride before breakfast, at six o'clock. The present King of Hanover we have repeatedly seen out at that time. We have known Lord Brougham, when Chancellor, make appointments on matters of business at his private residence for eight o'clock in the morning; his own time of rising being four in summer, and half-past six in the winter. Supposing a man rises at six, instead of eight, every morning of his life, he will save in the course of forty years, 29,000 hours, which is a great accession of available time for study or business despatch; being, in fact, a gaining of three years, four months, two weeks, and six days. To any person of foresight, calculation, and inquiry, this fact will prove a sufficient temptation to practice the healthy and useful art of early rising.

READING AND THINKING.—Those who have read everything are thought to understand everything too: but it is not always so.—Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge; it is thinking that makes what we read ours. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections, unless we chew them over again, they will not give strength and nourishment.

TIME tries the characters of men, as the furnace assays the quality of metals, by disengaging the impurities, dissipating the superficial glitter, and leaving the sterling gold, bright and pure.

PURPOSE is the edge and point of character, it is the superscription on the letter of talent. Character, without it, is blunt and torpid; genius, without it, is bullion, splendid and uncirculating.