

decay fastest 'between wind and water,' so that enormous caverns get excavated in the sides of the bergs. Nothing can exceed the beauty of these crystal vaults, which sometimes appear of a deep ultramarine blue, and at others of an emerald green color; they look as if they were the fitting abodes of mermaids and all sorts of sea monsters, but practically no animal goes into them; the water dashing in and out through these icy caves and tunnels makes a sonorous, but rather monotonous and melancholy sound. In moderately calm weather many of these excavated bergs assume the form of gigantic mushrooms, and all sorts of fantastic shapes; but directly a breeze of wind comes they break up into little pieces with great rapidity."

WEBSTER'S APOSTROPHE TO THE UNION.—The eloquent words of Daniel Webster, in his famous reply to Hayne, are familiar to most American readers; yet they are worthy of being reprinted, and are especially interesting at the present juncture. Said he: "When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union, on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent, rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the glorious ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a single stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, 'What is all this worth?' nor those other words of delusion and folly, 'Liberty first and Union afterward;' but everywhere spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every American heart, Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!"

SINGULAR STRATAGEM.

When the celebrated Grotius was imprisoned in the castle of Louvstein; his wife, Marie de Reigesberg, followed him thither to endeavor, by her presence and

affectionate attentions, to alleviate the miseries of a long captivity. While she was with him her tenderness suggested a singular stratagem for his escape.

Grotius was at that time occupied in writing the works which acquired for him so great a celebrity, and having occasion for a great number of books, he requested and obtained permission to borrow all that he should require. He sent a large trunk for those books, into which he likewise put his own linen and that of his wife. When he had consumed these books and was done with them, they were returned, and fresh ones brought in like manner.

After about a year and a half had elapsed, during which Grotius had undergone a rigorous captivity Marie, observing that the guards weary of finding nothing in the trunk but books and linen no longer took the pains to search it, persuaded Grotius to place himself in it instead of the books, having previously made some holes in the part where his head would lie, to admit the air. During two days before the execution of this project, she made him stay near the fire in an arm-chair, and she pretended to be very much afflicted at her husband's indisposition. On the day the books were to be taken away, having put Grotius in the trunk, she drew the curtains of the bed very close, and requested the man who fetched away the box to do it as quickly as he could. With much difficulty he placed it on his shoulders and carried it out, complaining bitterly of the heaviness of the burden. In this manner was Grotius conveyed to Goreum, to the house of one of his friends, and from thence to Antwerp, disguised as a miller.

Immediately after their departure, Marie had dressed herself in her husband's clothes, and taken a seat by the fire, lest the jailor should come in; but when she thought her husband in safety, she went herself to inform the guards of his escape, upbraiding them with the little care they took of their prisoners. Ashamed to construe this contrivance into a crime, they permitted her to rejoin her husband.

THE TOLL-GATE OF LIFE.

We are all on our journey. The world through which we are passing is in some respects like the turnpike—all along which Vice and Folly have erected toll-

gates for the accommodation of those who choose to call as they go—and there are very few of all the hosts of travellers who do not occasionally stop at some one or the other of them—and consequently pay more or less to the toll-gatherers. Pay more or less, I say, because there is a great variety as well in the amount as in the kind of toll exacted at these different stopping places.

Pride and Fashion take heavy tolls of the purse—many a man has become a beggar by paying at these gates; the ordinary rates they charge are heavy, and the road that way is none of the best.

Pleasure offers a very smooth, delightful road in the outset; she tempts the traveller with many fair promises and wins thousands—but she takes without mercy; like an artful robber she allures until she gets her victim in her power, and then strips him of health and money, and turns him off, a miserable object, in the worst and most ragged road of life.

Intemperance plays the part of a sturdy villain. He's the very worst toll-gatherer on the road, for he not only gets from his customers their money and their health, but he robs them of their very brains. The men you meet on the road, ragged and ruined in frame and fortune, are his visitors.

And so I might go on enumerating many others who gather toll of the unwary. Accidents sometimes happen, it is true, along the road, but those who do not get through tolerably well, you may be sure have been stopping by the way at some of these places. The plain, common sense men who travel straight forward, get through the journey without much difficulty.

This being the state of things, it becomes every one in the outset, if he intends to make a comfortable journey, to take care what kind of company he keeps in with. We are all apt to do a great deal as our companions do—stop where they stop, and pay toll where they pay. Then the chances are ten to one against us, but our choice in this particular decides our fate.

Having paid due respect to a choice of companions, the next important thing is closely to observe how others manage—to mark the good or evil that is produced by every course of life—see how those do who manage well; by these means we learn.