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Sorrow.

Upon my lips she laid her touch divine,
And merry speech and careless laughter died;
She fixed her melancholy eyes on mine,
And would not be denied.

I saw the west wind loose its cloudlets white,
In flocks careering through the April sky;
I could not sing, though joy was at its height,
For she stood silent by.

I watched the lovely evening fade away,
A mist was lightly drawn across the stars,
She broke my quiet dream—I heard her say,
"Behold your prison bars!

"Earth's gladness shall not satisfy your soul,
This beauty of the earth in which you live;
The crowning grace that sanctifies the whole,
That I alone can give."

I heard, and shrunk away from her afraid;
But still she held me, and would still abide,
Youth's bounding pulses slackened and obeyed,
With slowly ebbing tide.

"Look thou beyond the evening star," she said,
"Beyond the changing splendors of the day,
Accept the pain, the weariness, the dread,
Accept, and bid me stay."

I turned and clasped her close with sudden strength,
And slowly, sweetly, I became aware,
Within my arms God's angels stood at length
White-robed and calm and fair.

And now I look beyond the evening star.
Beyond the changing splendors of the day,
Knowing the pain He sends more precious far
More beautiful than they.

"DOCTOR JOHN."

"A Doctor's life is a strange one!" muttered Dr. John Hessman, as he jumped into his carriage, taking the reins from the hands of the grinning Ethiopian who for the last twenty minutes had been cherishing the fond delusion that he was to accompany his master on his round of professional inquiry.

"Not this time, Ebony," said the doctor, with a good-natured shrug of his broad shoulders. "You shall come to-morrow," noting the look of disappointment in the boy's face. Dr. John was more tender of his servants than some men are of their wives.

"Oh, never mind, Massa, never mind!" replied Ebony, like the average human, quite forgetful of annoyance when the subject of consideration. "I knows what 'tis. I just knows what 'tis," added Ebony, as he watched the carriage out of sight. "He's got one of his spells, and wants to talk to hisself. I know him of old. If 'twas anybody but Dr. John, I should just say, 'Ebony, that man has got softening of the skull;' but no such nonsense can be laid to him."

Dr. John did want to be alone or as much alone as a man can be in the streets of a crowded city, and he did want to talk to himself. Most men who are in the habit of communing with their own souls, do it in audible language; so in this respect, whatever he might be in others, Dr. John did not differ from his brethren. A man's own opinion is not unfrequently his best and safest companion. It will keep its owner's secrets, and when the companionship is frequent, will in all cases properly guide and admonish. Self-communism in its highest form is the avenue which leads directly to the heart of God.

"Yes," continued the doctor—"yes, *sir*." (Sometimes Dr. John was very respectful to himself). "A doctor's life is no joke! Easy, my beauty, easy! now, John, look at that horse. You are only just a little more of an animal than he is. It's fun for him to travel when there's another horse close by that he can outrun. Exactly the case with you, John. If it hadn't been for another horse in the shape of a doctor you were determined to get a little the start of where would you have been to-day? That's the point. Worthy ambition, eh? to pass a poor devil on the road of life! Upon my word, I believe I should be a better man if I had a wife. I rather like women; but it is a little hard to understand how a fellow manages with a woman tied to him morning, noon and night. That's what takes me. Then, I am not sure that anybody'd have me that was anyways suitable. Of course, I should want intelligence—and intellectuality, too, by George! and I never could endure a plain woman, or a woman with a loud voice, or——Yes, sir, that question is in order," continued the doctor, stroking his long, silky black beard. "That is what I call driving the nail in. What *have you* got, John Hessman, to give in exchange for these royal treasures of mind and body? A good name—yes; an unexceptionable position, unimpeachable integrity—yes, sir. These are something;" and here our M. D. reined up before an elegant brownstone mansion, where one of his best (pecuniarily speaking) and most fashionable patients resided. Here Dr. John was employed by the year; and although the position was no sinecure, on account of the amount of patience required to battle with the nervous fancies of the principal invalid of the establishment, still, Dr. John, to use his own telling vernacular, considered it "an exceedingly soft thing"—and soft it was in more senses than one.

Dr. John walked right up into the invalid's chamber.

"Oh, good morning, doctor. A little late, aren't you? Seems to me I have been waiting an unusual length of time," drawled the lady from her luxurious couch.

"About the usual hour," replied Dr. John, with no especial show of deference. "What seems to be the matter *this* morning?"

"Now, really, doctor, that is too cruel. Matter *this* morning! Do you remember what was the matter yesterday? Please don't be so blunt. You shock my nerves terribly."

"Let me see," said the doctor. "Yesterday, according to your own admission, you were fagged out with a fashionable party and at late supper. That, of course, cannot be the case to-day."

"I know I should not have attempted it in my weak state doctor. I know just what you will think of it," sighed the fashionable woman from her downy bed. "But, then, you men will never understand what society demands of us women. Dear Estelle (dear Estelle was the invalid's daughter) had quite set her heart on going to Mrs. Donk's reception. Of course I could not allow the dear child to go unattended, and, bless your heart, Dr. Hessman, that girl's father would not accompany her to a party if she fell dead at his feet in consequence. Oh, lord, such a time as I did have about it, trying to induce Mr. Waters to escort her! I really believe that scene had more to do with my suffering to-day than the party had. Dear me, such a set man as Mr. Waters is! I told him—says I, 'William, this may result in my death. What do you think he said in reply, doctor? Says he—'When a woman gets to be forty years old, and don't know enough to take care of her own health, and the healths of her children, it is *time* she died;' and then, doctor, he lit his cigar, and puffed out of the house. I tell you this, because I want you to know what has so unnerved me, and that you may not lay it all to the party. Estelle is quite ill, too, doctor, and when you have written out my prescription, I wish you would walk into the next room and see her."

Dr. John knew that something must be administered, or his professional reputation would be irretrievably damaged, so with a quiet smile playing round his large mouth—(Dr. John's mouth was really very large, and truth compels us to state that he had an under jaw to match, though the rows of unexceptionably white and even teeth, and the silken chin-covering, glossy and soft as a woman's hair, entirely redeemed the lower part of his face from ugliness)—the physician wrote the few necessary Latin words, among which *aqua* seemed really the most conspicuous, and then passed into the other room. The doctor knew what awaited him. This little game had been tried more than once before.

"Good morning, Miss Estelle," said Dr. John, approaching the sofa, where the languid beauty reclined. "Your mother tells me you are ill."

Miss Estelle, with an almost impatient gesture, brushed back the floating hair from her temples—carelessly, and really unintentionally, it would seem, baring by the motion one of the most beautiful arms that sculpture ever raved about—and replied:

"Your manner seems to say, 'Miss Estelle, you are *always* ill. Why don't you behave yourself?' Oh, how happy I should be, Dr. John, if you would once in your life be kind to me. I do really think something is the matter with my heart. What if I should die?"

No picture of Watteau's could ever have been more witching, more charmingly colored, than the little form before him. Every accessory of toilet had been brought to bear upon the citadel of his heart; and to a handsome woman no dress is so becoming as the *négligée* of her boudoir, with its lace and fantastic embroidery, slippered feet and graceful postures. Then the vases filled with flowers, the mirrors and jewels, and perfumes, and enticing lolling-chairs. Heigho! many a strong man has bowed to such a shrine—made a fool of himself for life—when in the glare and glitter of the drawing room no such nonsense would have been thought of.

Dr. John acknowledged the beauty of this picture. It was dainty, piquant, dangerous. It has been dished up for him on several previous occasions, but never so much to his mind as now. The beauty's manner was earnest, and almost supplicating. What man could fail to be appreciative under such circumstances? Remember, too, that Dr. John was longing to be loved—had that very morning almost prayed that heaven would send him a little bundle of comfort in shape of a good wife, and it will not be strange that, notwithstanding the efforts previously made to enthrall him, he should think only of the present loveliness.

"What are you reading, Miss Estelle?" said Dr. John, after a moment of appreciative scrutiny. "Wilson's Essays, eh?" and the doctor's face showed all the surprise and pleasure felt by its owners. "And upon my word, if here isn't Emerson! That is healthy food—rather heavy, though, I should think, for a sick girl!"

Miss Eetelle drew a long breath! For the first time in the twelve months of trial had she received one single word of compliment or commendation from the man whom her mother had determined she should marry.

"And, as true as I live, another book under the pillow. Really, I have some curiosity to know the title of that volume also," continued the doctor, almost caressingly.

"Oh, it is nothing," replied the would-be invalid, languidly, "but a stupid cookery-book that I got from the library. Mother depends on me, you see, for our desserts, and I can tell you that sometimes my ingenuity is sorely tested."

One little hand tucked the volume further under the pillow, while the other, unconsciously of course, dropped upon the doctor's. With the white jeweled fingers lying on his, the fair dazzling face upturned, the words which would have doomed him to misery all the days of his life were almost spoken.

How wonderfully and providentially little things sometimes appear, to save from desolation and death! The hand with which she had striven to hide the partially concealed volume had, strangely enough lifted the frill of the pillow, and disclosed both title and author. One of the most mischievous and recklessly written books ever translated into the English language.

For a moment the doctor sat silent with horror and astonishment. Not so much that the young woman before him had developed a taste for such literature, but that she could so unblushingly lie to him.

"I do not think," said he at last, "that you need any medicine! So you have my permission to study the cook-book under your pillow as diligently as you may feel disposed. It is pleasant to know that fashionable young ladies are possessed of such domestic and literary tastes. Good morning, Miss Waters."

Dr. John passed out of that abode of luxury sick at heart.

"And yet," he murmured, "I came very near losing myself in that trap. What confounded fools men are!"

This thought was rather humiliating, and Dr. John was unable to shake it off during the day; and when he turned his horse's head homeward, it was with a feeling of disgust and loneliness, never before experienced.

"Pretty much all alike, I am afraid," he continued softly to himself.

Just then a little figure in the middle of the street attracted his attention. A child, to all appearance not a day over five years, with uplifted arms, stood, heedless of danger, looking straight into his face. Quicker than I can tell, Dr. John had jumped from his carriage, seized the little creature, and placed her on the seat behind him.

"You were in great danger, my dea ," said the doctor, looking down into the singularly sweet and intelligent young face. "What made you stand in the middle of the crowded street?"

"Are you a doctor?" was the only reply vouchsafed.

"By profession, yes, little miss, and by name John Hessman. Have you any commands for his highness."

"If you are a doctor, I want you to go home with me, and if you are not, please tell me where I can find one. My sister Kate is sick—awful sick, and she talks and sings all the time; and I haven't got any money—neither has she, but she will die if somebody don't come."

"I am a doctor, and will go home with you, little darling," said our friend, involuntarily drawing the sobbing child toward him. "Don't cry; I can help her if anybody can."

Before they arrived at the residence of the sick girl, Dr. John discovered, by skillful questioning, that the child's name was Florence Britton—the sister's Kate Britton; that Kate wrote stories, and made reports, and sometimes had to be out late at night taking notes and preparing articles for the Press; that she had not been well during the winter, and for the last three weeks had been unable to attend to her literary duties, and was now suffering from brain fever. The room which the doctor entered was plainly and neatly furnished, and bore unmistakably marks of refinement and womanly taste.

"Kate," said the little girl, climbing into the bed where her sister lay moaning with pain—"sister Kate, I have brought a doctor to see you. I found him in the street, and he says he can make you well. Look at him, Katie—he is very kind."

"Cuddle right down beside me, Flory darling. There—that's a good little girl. Go to sleep; don't mind sister Kate—she's only got a headache. Say your prayers, Flory—say your prayers," murmured the girl, even in delirium, thoughtful of her precious charge.

Here was a case to rouse Dr. John's energies—a case which appealed to his sympathy and respect—a case, so far as he was able to judge, of utter loneliness and destitution. So, like the good man he was, he set himself to work in earnest. A good nurse was procured, necessary articles were brought into the house, and over all he watched as tenderly as if the sufferer had been his own sister. The fourth day the invalid awoke to consciousness, and looked Dr. John straight in the face.

"Where am I?" said she, attempting to rise.

"At home," he replied. "Please be very quiet."

"Where is Flory?"

"Asleep by your side. Don't ask any more questions."

"Who are you?" she continued, apparently oblivious to the last command.

"John Hessman, at your service, and at present your self-constituted physician, who will be obeyed! Now, drink this beef-tea—take Flory's little hand in yours, and go straight to sleep."

With a sigh of relief, a smile, a momentary attempt to keep her eyes open a little longer, and the invalid was sleeping as quietly as an infant.

Four weeks from that day, Miss Kate Britton rode out in the doctor's carriage, almost as well as ever.

Dr. John looked unutterable things, as he jumped into that gig and took his seat beside her. Very like the day, a month ago, when he had something particular to say to himself—only now he evidently had a communication to make to another.

"It will be safe for me to resume my writing to morrow; will it not, doctor?" inquired Kate, the first to break the silence. "I feel better and stronger to day than I have for a year."

"No, little girl," replied the doctor. "It will not be safe for you to resume your writing in six months!"

"Oh, doctor, you are joking now; I know you are," said Kate, noting the look of amusement in his expressive eyes.

"No, Kate, indeed I am not joking. You shall never go back to that drudgery again, if I can help it."

The hot blood mounted clear to Kate's temples. "Dr. Hessman," she continued, assuming a business-like manner, "but for you I should have been in my grave!"

"In all probability," broke in her companion, with more truth than modesty.

"Well, she continued, "you have saved my life, kept my darling little sister from starvation—cared for us both as though we had been your own kindred! But how can I ever——?"

"There, child, stop right where you are. Never, if you have any regard for my feelings, allow that word to slip from your lips. I want to take you and Flory to my home, and make your happiness my care. In short, Kate, I want a wife and a sister; will you be the first! Perhaps you don't love me exactly—but I know I can make you!"

"But I *do* love you!" said Miss Kate, under her breath.

"All right, then! 'Will you go?"

She went.

Dr. John scarcely ever talks to himself now.

A Transfer.—The proposed transfer to England of the Dutch Colonies on the West coast of Africa is creating much bitterness among the people of Holland, although very little is said upon the subject in London. The matter is as good as decided, since the First Chamber of the States General has ratified the treaty by a vote of 29 to 6, and although the King is called upon to veto the measure—which it is his constitutional right to do—it is considered altogether improbable that he will do so. The King of Elmina, one of the settlements in question, has been at the Hague, urging that both sovereign and people of his region wished to remain under the authority of Holland, but without effect. A monster position is now talked of, the Dutch people feeling that the national honor is affected by the cession of the colonies, but this, too, will probably end in smoke. It appears that a secret understanding exists between the Court of St. James and the Hague about both this treaty and the one referring to Sumatra—also lately ratified—and that the bargain is so far irrevocable as to oblige the negotiators to disregard popular opposition.

New Business.—There is a doctor in Boston who has gone into the new business of producing and disposing of vaccine matter derived from heifer calves inoculated with the cow-pox. The business has become so extensive and profitable on his hands that he has given up all practice of medicine and surgery, and devotes himself altogether to furnishing ounces of this preventive which are worth pounds of cure. About 300 calves a year have to suffer under his hands for the benefit of mankind.

The Sinking of New York Island.—Geologists affirm that the Eastern shore of the United States is sinking into the ocean at the rate of about one-sixth of an inch per annum, or sixteen inches every hundred years. The island of New York goes under at the rate of seventeen inches per century. This is rather slow work, but it will make mischief at last, if allowed to go on.

A Singular Story.

[Correspondence of the Chicago Tribune.]

In the fall of 1870, while sitting on the porch of the hotel in Santa Fe, New Mexico, a party of twelve horsemen approached. Their horses were jaded and gaunt as from a long and difficult journey. The riders were dressed in buckskin overshirts, cavalry pants, heavy boots and large Mexican spurs. Dismounting at the hotel, the horses and men were cared for. A tall, slim hickory-iron sort of a man, who seemed to be leader, made arrangements aside with the landlord. After supper, falling into conversation with the leader of the party, I learned, in the course of the evening, that they were a party of prospecters sent out in the mountains in the northern part of New Mexico and Arizona, in the interests of a company of St. Louis capitalists. The Captain, as he proved to be and a member of the company, went on this perilous and toilsome expedition to satisfy a roving and restless disposition. They had gone beyond their intended limit at starting, and had penetrated into the edge of the Apache country. They had numerous fights with the Indians, but being all old Indian fighters, had brought all their number back, though not without some ugly scars. At one time their whole number were taken prisoners by a mid-night surprise and double their number of Apaches. They were held prisoners two days, and marched toward the Apache chief town, where they were to form the subject of a grand roast. But, the second night, they escaped by a stratagem, taking with them the leader of the Apache band, whom they afterward released on certain conditions. This leader is the blood-thirsty Apache Chief, the chief who murders men, women and children,

The whole party, before their escape, understanding something of their captor's language, unknown to them, learned, from a word let fall here and there, that the Indians had knowledge of some very rich mines, which the specimens they had with them amply showed; but from the desultory character of the remarks, could not learn the location of the treasure; and it was to this fact that the chief owed his life. This chief they spared when making their escape, at which time they sent the rest of the band to their long homes. They promised the chief his life and liberty if he would show them the "golden mountain" and tell them the "sacred legend of his fathers," which seemed to be associated in some way with thh golden mountain. To this he finally assented, as the price of his life and liberty. The riches of the golden mountain are even greater than the extravagant stories of the savages had led them to believe; but it was located in the heart of the Apache country, and utterly inaccessible till the savages are subdued. The guarding of this golden mountain, the keeping of the whites out of gold fields of absolutely inestimable wealth, hoarded and piled up in the mountains of Arizona, is the first and greatest cause of the implacable hostility of the Apaches, even greater than the second cause—revenge. This chief showed them this wealth, guarded by the whole Apache nation, of which Captain ——— is prepared to take possession, with mills and mining apparatus, as soon as the Apaches are subdued. The chief gave them his legend, and they, as men of honor even to a captive savage, set him free.

"And the legend," says the Captain, "it being late, I'll give you in the morning."

"So here's to bed. Good night."

In the morning the Captain and I walked apart to the outskirts of the town, to a grassy knoll, and, sitting there, he related to me the following strange, weird story:

A party of Apaches, while lying in ambush one day in the latter part of December, 1826, in Chihuahua, Mexico, on the Rio Grande, across the river from what is now the town of El Paso, Texas, watching a traveling cavalcade, as it passed a clump of small trees, saw one of the number spring from his horse into the dense chapparel and disappeal from the view of the horsemen. The cavalcade fired a few shots at or toward him, and a half dozen of them dismounted and pursued in the direction he took, but of no avail. The escaping man ran directly toward where the Apaches lay in the bushes, and ran into their midst. They seized and bound him, mounted and lashed him to a horse, and at once took flight. They traveled toward the Apache chief town by a circuitous route, and reached it after six days' travel.

The prisoner was much alarmed at first, but, finding that his death was not to be immediate, he seemed to put his mind to studying out some plan of escape; but they kept him securely bound till they arrived in camp. Then they decided to keep him till a grank *fete* day, some months ahead, and then put him through the gauntlet and end his life in a grand carnival. He for some time was as restless as a captive bear, walked up and down his small enclosure, and talked to himself incessantly. But before the day arrived for his taking off—this is the Captain's term, not the Indian's—he had become somewhat resigned to his captivity, had learned something of the Apache language, and gave them something of his history. They got interested in him, and promised him his life in return for his solemn promise that he would never attempt to escape. He married the chief's daughter, and on the death of the chief became chief himself. He had four sons and a daughter. The oldest son became chief in his turn, and is the chief who is the subject of our story.

The white chief taught them, while among them, the secrets of the Great Spirit, and these secrets have enabled them to make the Apaches the strongest tribe in the West; to pass through the country of the white man in safety everywhere; to obtain information of their enemies and their movements always, and from their very enemies themselves, and by passwords and signs to know an enemy or a friend as far as seen. They always have kept, and still keep one of their educated half-breeds in the camp of the white, and by the secrets of this great society he is always able to keep them informed of every movement of any kind and of every plan of attack on them, as soon as the plan is known to the chiefs of the enemy themselves. And, when captured, they are almost always sure to effect an escape, released by some member of the society among the enemy. The great white chief told them that the society extended all over the world; taught them all the ceremonies connected with it; taught his maiden to make the badges and insignia worn by the initiated, and on certain days, the 24th day of June, and some others, they walked in procession, and held a grand dance at night. They believed him to be the son of the Great Spirit. He is buried at the Golden Mountain, and his grave is walled and covered with gold, and is their sacred place of worship. They gather now every year on the 24th day of June.

The great white chief told them he was "moons" (months) on his journey from his starting point: that he was taken prisoner at Batavia, N. Y., and from there taken to and confined in Fort Niagara, in the latter part of September of the same year in which he came to the Apache country. The reason of his imprisonment was on account of his going to publish a book divulging the secrets of the great society. He was kept prisoner at fort Niagara till September 19th, when he was taken in a close carriage and driven via Buffalo, N. Y., to Hennipen, Ill., on the Illinois River, and thence taken is a flat boat to the Mississippi river, down which he floated to New Orleans. There he was placed on a vessel, and sailed to the mouth of the Rio Grande river, and proceeded up that river on horseback to El Paso, where the Apaches found him. His captors intended to give him into the hands of some Jesuit priests among the Indians, near where they captured him. His captors passed down through Mexico and escaped. That great white chief was the man supposed to have been murdered by the Masons, William Morgan, and the subject of this story, his son, Cochise.

A Salt Water Lesson.

Not long since I spent an evening with Captain John Strout, of the ship *Messenger*, and among other incidents of his experience he related the following:

"I once had a man," he said, "who sailed with me many voyages, and who, though a thorough seaman, and ordinarily quiet and orderly, yet gave me a great deal of trouble. In those days we used more rum on shipboard than we do now, and this man often contrived to get tipsy: and, when in that condition, he would invariably try to drown himself. I had borne with him a long time when, as I was one day in my cabin busy with my reckoning, I heard an unusual bustle on deck, and upon running up to learn the cause, I found that it came from this fellow's trying to jump overboard, and his shipmates trying to prevent him from doing so. The man was quite tipsy, and I thought I would not only sober him, but give him a lesson which might make an impression. Accordingly I dispatched one of the hands for the deep-sea line. This I secured firmly around the culprit's body, contriving that the lead, weighing about fifty pounds, should dangle under his arm. Having made all ready, I pitched the fellow overboard, and let him sink a few fathoms. He was soon drawn to the surface, and allowed to spurt out the salt water and to breathe, and then I dumped him again. As we drew him up the second time he struggled and shouted for dear life.

"For mercy's sake! don't drown me!" he cried.

"To be sure I will," said I. "Won't it save you the sin of suicide? You'd better go into the next world by my hands than by your own."

"And then I dropped him again, this time letting him go by the run at least five fathoms down. He was finally taken on deck, completely exhausted, and entirely sober. He sailed with me four years after that, the best hand I had; and as for drowning himself, he never threatened or attempted it again."

The Three Coachmen.

I heard the story a long time ago, and think it good enough to tell,—and not only good, but pointing a life lesson which the wise may heed.

A certain gentlemen advertised for a coachman, and among the numerous applicants who answered the call he found three who evinced a sufficient knowledge of their business to suit him, and from these three he would select his man. For the final test he took them to a point on his premises where a broad table of rock overlooked a deep chasm.

"How near," said he, to Sawny McLean, "could you drive a coach-and-four to the edge of that precipice without the danger of going off?"

Sawny measured the table with his eye, and looked down into the deep chasm undaunted.

"I could drive within a foot of it, sir" was his emphatic answer.

He next put the question to John York.

John looked, and answered, with prompt assurance,—

"I could drive within ten inches of it, sir."

Next came Barney O'Toole, and he was asked how near he could drive a steady double-span to the edge of the precipice with assurance of safety.

"Bedad, yer honor," said Barney, after due consideration, "them fellers bate me inthirely. I should kape me horses as far from such a place as possible!"

It may be needless to add that Barney O'Too! was the chosen coachman.

Real Sympathy.—A fine example of practical sympathy was that extended to Horace Lamb, whose house at Randolph, Vt., was destroyed by fire. The Randolph Farmer's Club appointed a committee to ascertain what could be done for the sufferers, and as a result thirty-five men with twenty-one two-horse teams and three yoke of oxen met on a late morning, cut trees in the woods, had them sawed, and by night had enough lumber on the ground to erect a new house, which was commenced at once.

Rats have an unaccountable fondness for the taste of phosphorus, and to this fact may be attributed the origin of many mysterious fires. They build their nests of inflammable materials, and take to them any stray matches they can find lying around loose. This accomplished, they undertake to gratify their appetites by nibbling the coated ends of the matches, which are at once ignited, when the nest is set in a blaze, and the destruction of the house follows.

A celebrated clergyman recently said that he had found more good in bad people, and more bad in good people than he ever expected to.

Whaling near Shore.

From the San Diego (Cal.) Union.

Since our last report the whalers engaged in fishing in kelp have met with such success as equals their most sanguine expectations. Three whales, in addition to those previously reported; have been caught, making thus far this season five, whose aggregate yield of oil will amount to 230 barrels. Whalers are now seen nearly every day outside of the heads, sometimes in schools and often singly. On Saturday last fifteen were observed at once. On this day a large bull was harpooned, which gave its captors considerable trouble. Two others were fastened to the same day, but escaped. The day previous a good-sized bull was taken. On Sunday a large cow whale and calf were captured; the calf being worthless for oil-making, was allowed to float away. The cow, however, was a fine catch, and being extremely fat, its blubber will not yield less than seventy-five barrels of prime oil.

The method of taking the whale here is similar to that practiced by the crews of whaling vessels, with this difference; that the watch upon a whaler is kept at the masthead, while our whalers are always on the lookout and constantly on the ground usually frequented by the whales at this season of the year. When a whale is observed by the lookout upon a regular whaler, the call, "There she blows!" is the signal for lowering and manning the boats. No such exciting scene is gone through by the San Diego whalers. The cry, "There she blows!" is to them the signal for bending to their oars and starting in instant pursuit. Not a moment is lost, everything being in entire readiness in expectancy of the welcome call. The last and largest whale captured this season, made an interesting chase. Her blowing was observed by the crews of the four boats almost simultaneously. The moment she was seen the orders came quick and sharp from the boatswain in command, and at once the men bent to their oars with a will, making their boats bound over the water with such speed as would astonish a green hand. The whale, however, seemingly unconscious of the close proximity of its would-be destroyers, at regular intervals sounded and returned to the surface to blow, evidently enjoying himself hugely. Soon the boats were up with the "mammoth of the deep," and nearly in reach of its ponderous flukes. Having pulled their craft into such position as would allow the harpooners to take good aim and to dart their lances with accuracy, the boat's crew lay on their oars, awaiting the signal to discharge their lances. Soon it was given, and one bomb and three other lances were stimulaneously discharged at the whale. If the speed of the boats when only impelled by the oars of the crew seemed immense, it now was almost startling.

No sooner were the harpoons darted, than off dashed the whale at a furious rate. Stout lines, however, towed the boats after it, and soon the fury of the wounded whale subsided, and it lay upon the surface of the water an inanimate carcass. After the death of the whale, the danger and accompanying excitement being over, the work (no play work, but real genuine labor) must be performed by the boat's crew; it is necessary to secure the carcass, and to do this it must be towed to some sheltered place, where it may be cut up. The San Diego whalers have choosen Ballast Point for this purpose; its close proximity to the mouth of the harbor and sheltered position rendering it the most advantageous point on the bay. After towing in the whale and dragging it as far on shore as possible, the labors of the boat crews are finished. They then seek the kelp again, to lie in wait for more whales.

As soon as the captured whale has been brought inside the point and made secure, it is taken charge of by a force of thirty-four men, employed for the purpose of trying the oil from the blubber. These men are divided up into gangs, some of which are employed in stripping the blubber, others in carrying, some attending to fires, &c. Two large vats or pots with a capacity of one hundred and fifty gallons each, are constantly filled with blubber, from which the oil is rendered. The fuel used is principally refuse blubber, which makes a fine heat and a villainous stench. The blubber, after being stripped into pieces of from thirteen to six inches, is carried to these vats and thrown into them in such quantities as will nearly fill the vessels. The fires below are carefully watched and not allowed to get too low or too fierce.

Two men stand by with long poles, whose duty is to stir the boiling mass of blubber and keep it from burning, thus insuring a good quality of oil. At each pot is also a man with a big strainer, whose business is to fish out the pieces of blubber as fast as they are sufficiently "browned," and throw them into a vessel. From this they are taken to a machine and subjected to a pressure which compels them to yield all the oil that is left in them. When the vats contain a sufficient quantity of oil, it is taken out with large pot-ladles and poured into large casks to cool. From these casks it is drawn off into others for shipment to San Francisco. Some idea of the importance of the whaling business at this port may be formed from the quantity of oil exported last year. Although the business is yet in its infancy, the export of oil amounted in 1871 to 21,888 gallons. Already this season 7,500 gallons have been made, and the prospects for a shipment greatly in excess of the previous year are very encouraging.

The Popes.—The whole number of Popes from St. Peter to Pius IX is 257. Of these 82 are venerated as saints, 33 having been martyred; 104 have been Romans, and 109 natives of other parts of Italy; 15 Frenchmen, 9 Greeks, 5 Asiatics, 3 Africans, 3 Spaniards, 2 Dalmatians, 1 Hebrew, 1 Thracian, 1 Dutchman, 1 Portuguese, 1 Candiot, and 1 Englishman.—The name most commonly borne has been John. The twenty-third and last was a Neapolitan, raised to the chair 1410. Nine Pontiffs have reigned less than 4 months, 30 less than one year, and 11 more than 20 years. Only five have occupied the Pontifical chair over 23 years. These are St. Peter, who, it has been asserted, was Supreme Pastor 25 years, two months, 7 days; Sylvester I, 23 years, 10 months, 27 days; Hadrian I, 23 years, 10 months, 17 days; Pius VI. 24 years, 8 months, 14 days; Pius Ninth, who celebrated his 25th year in the Pontifical chair, June 16, 1871.

Facts and Fancies.

Any two apples are alike if they are pared.

"Have a snake?" is the San Francisco interrogation for drinks.

A farmer has no right to pull the ears of his corn. It is unkind.

How to prevent milk turning into cream—Buy it of a city milkman.

The season of Lent this year began on St. Valentine's Day, February 14.

The quickest way for a man to forget all common misery is to wear tight boots.

A miser's first rule in arithmetic is addition, but his heirs generally begin with division.

Although a man's affections may not always be strong, they are sure somehow, to be Miss-placed.

A lady advertises herself as a teacher for "persons of newly-acquired wealth and deficient educati on."

It matters not what a man loses if he saves his soul; but if he loses his soul, it matters not what he saves.

Two Indians at St. Paul, Minn., fired a salute from an old piece of rotten iron about twelve hours before their funeral.

"Those who buy tombstones of us look with pride and satisfaction on the graves of their friends," is the advertisement of a Western stone-cutter.

A very slender man asked a friend what character he had better assume at a masquerade, and was advised to braid his legs, and appear as a whip-lash.

A celebrated writer says that if one could read it, every human being carries his life in his face, and is good looking or the reverse, as that life has been good or evil.

In condemning late dinners, *Good Health* says that within four hundred years the dinner has gradually moved through twelve hours of the day—from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M.

Hear what the doctor says: Green tarletans are deadly poison; the flying lint is winged opthalmia and galloping consumption; the diamond powder, worn by the belles, is very dangerous to the lungs.

To belong to the Orthodox Greek Church is almost compulsory in a Russia, and consequently every act of Russian's life is more or less connected with his religion. Therefore, a marriage must be *religiously* legal to be legal at all.

It is said to be very unfashionable to pay your dressmaker as soon as the bill is presented. It makes her think you have plenty of money, and the prices are therefore very much enlarged the next time you have a new dress made.

The same "girl who wouldn't marry a mechanic who turned out to be a Governor," is again going the rounds, after a ten year's silence. Don't be uneasy girls, if you don't want to marry a mechanic, why don't do it. Perhaps an editor will come along one of these days.

At a fair to be held shortly at the West, a gold-headed cane will be presented to the most popular minister of the General Assembly, counter scales to the most popular grocer, and a silver tankard to the best brewer—to be decided by vote.

The sun is really very warm, for Professor Ericsson, in *Nature*, says, in regard to its heat, that "we cannot consistently refuse to accept the conclusion that the temperature at the surface of the photosphere is nearly 4,038,000 degrees Fahrenheit."

A boy who was amusing himself on a skating pond in Bridgeport, the other day, by throwing up a hat and firing a pistol at it, slipped down while he was discharging it, and the ball entered his left leg at the thigh, and, passing lodged in the limb below the knee. He is comfortable, but won't skate again very soon.

Marriage between kindred in Russia, however distant, even unto "forty-second cousins," is against the law, and considered by all the Russians as an abomination. Neither may a young person marry a God-parent, the latter coming under the head of "spiritual relations.

Historical records show that up to 1632 there were no horses in New England; and their introduction into New Netherlands—now New York—occurred during the administration of Governor Von Twiller, in 1633-38. Trumbull's "History of Connecticut" mentions the horse as accompanying emigrants from Massachusetts to that state, October 15, 1636. The first horse seen in Canada was brought to that country from France, in a ship which arrived at Tadoussac, June 20, 1647.

One day the surgeon came to the side of an ague patient in a military hospital, and anxiously inquired how he felt. In the midst of a shivering chill the reply was, "No—no—t a—a a—bit bet-t-ter." "I am sorry; but your case is a very peculiar one, and hard to get hold of," said the surgeon, sympathetically. "Ye—yes," said the shivering soldier, "tha—that's so; th—th—the confounded ca—case sha—shakes so yo—you can—t gi—get a hold d of it—tah." He recovered.

A Brutal Crime.—On a Sunday morning some persons at Susquehanna Depot, Penn., found a little negro boy, 13 years old, asleep in one of the Company's buildings. They procured a can of kerosene and poured it over the boy's legs, and then set fire to it. The wretches then threw water on the flames. The little fellow awoke, but, enveloped in fire, he was bewildered and frightened, and when the fire reached the flesh his cries were heartrending. His inhuman tormentors took their overcoats, making motions as though they intended to smother the flames, but in reality only prolonging the torture. Fearing that they were going too far in the matter, they finally extinguished the fire, but not until the boy's legs had been roasted to the bone in several places. They then fled. A physician took charge of the sufferer, but gives it as his opinion that the boy cannot recover. It is said that there were other persons who witnessed the burning of the boy, and that they refuse to expose the perpetrators of the deed. The indignation of many of the citizens may be imagined. The negro had just come to the Depot, and being willing to work, a brush and box of blacking was given him, and during the day he gathered a little sum of money, and at night sought rest in one of the Company's buildings.

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