

The Whaler's Song.

By One of em.

"Was a love of adventure, a promise of gold,
Or an ardent desire to roam,
Ever tempted you far o'er the watery world
Away from your kindred and home
With a storm beaten captain, free hearted and bold,
And a score of brave fellows or two,
Inured to the hardships of hunger and cold,
A fearless and jolly good crew?"

Have you ever stood watch, where Diego's bold shores
Loom up from the Antarctic waves,
Where the snow-plumed albatross merrily soars
O'er many a poor mariner's grave,
Have you heard the mast head man sing out,
There she blows.

Seen the boats gaily leave the ship's side,
Or the giant fish with the meath the harpooners blow,
While the blue sea with crimson was dyed?

Have you seen the foam fly, when the mighty Right Whale,
Thus boldly attacked in his lair,
With a terrible blow of his ponderous tail,
Sent the boat spinning up in the air,
Or where the fair Isles of the evergreen glades
Are teeming with dainties so rare,
Have you ever made love in the cocoa's green shade
To the sweet sunny maids that dwell there?

And have you ever joined in the bisterous cheer,
Ringing far through the heavens blue dome,
When rich in the Spind you had purchased so dear,
You hoisted your Topsails for Home,

Or when the dark hills of Columbia arose
From out the blue waves of the main,
Have you ever realized the unspeakable joys
Of meeting with loved ones again?

Let those who delight in the comforts of home
And the joys of a warm fireside,
Who deem it a peril the Ocean to roam,
In the cots of their fathers abide,
But not a day nearer we reach our death,
Though we daily sport over our graves,
Nor sweeter they'll slumber the green sod beneath,
Than we in the bisterous wave.

Ship Daniel Wood

March 5th 1854.

I saw a Bouth once take a spade
And labor all the day
In throwing sunshine in the shade
Upon a stack of hay.

Thought I that Bouth's a noble fool
But greater fool is he
Who puts his trust in woman's faith
And lauds her constancy.

Bachelor.

Good Advice
"When you are married" to her son
A prudent mother said
"Choose for your future husband,
Not a man who may turn out ill,
But a Quack, the funny never walks
For any wife may turn out ill."