

doubt, administered to his last want, and made his grave-dress with willing hands. "Dead—starved to death! Death of a Briton from thirst and starvation, by direction of Juan Baptista Alvarado, Governor of Upper California," is the account which truth will give, on earth and at the judgment, of this man's death.

At twelve o'clock, the lusty fellows at the windlass had the anchor on the bow, and our good old ship was bearing down the coast under a fine northerly breeze. She, or rather he, for I believe all Dons are males, and particularly Don Quixotes, being in ballast, ran rapidly, cheerfully, and exultingly over the quiet sea. And right glad were we to be under weigh. We had been long enough among the jolly birds and flowering meadows of California, to rejoice to be again at sea. It was sad, however, to be borne away from the prisons and the moans of our fellow-countrymen. And now the deep blue sea—its mermaid song—its anthems of sublimity—its glories and beauties; really and in truth, what are they? What man in his senses loves the Ocean? The mermaids are all porpoises, and their songs all grunts! The deep sounds of the ocean's pealing organ, are the rude groans of the winds and the dashing rage of far-rolling surges, rapping madly at the bows! The tufts of dancing foam on the bitter wastes—desert, heaving, unsympathizing, cold, homeless! Love of Ocean!! Poetry of Ocean!! It is a pity I cannot love it—see in its deep still lower realm, or in its lonely tumults, or its surface when the air is still, its heat, thirst and death, its vast palpitating tomb, the shady hand and veiled smile of loveliness!—that I cannot believe Old Ocean has a heart, which sends its kindly beatings up and down all the shores of earth! Poetry! Loveliness! They may be there; but Ocean's odor and mien are not poetry to me! If I have ever said anything to the contrary, I beg the pardon of the sea poets. There is, however, a certain class of beings who hold a very different opinion: these are the regular old *Salts*; men who from boyhood have slept in the