

precious stones;
and so completely
separate them

boldly from the
with lofty pines,

no mud banks
of the ocean
in one hundred
in the fury of
towering rocks,
making the land
to the shout-

heaving at our
following each
the world's hosts
intent to reach
each their hid-

ding and top-
deep, blue, un-
der the lash of
staunch upon

and fore-top-
t. The breeze
till held, every
as we looked
age and masts
the magic palace
etches sat about
looked at the
line of clouds
the captain stood

Sailing of the Vancouver from the Shores of Oregon.—Page 6.

