

FRONTIER SCOUT

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FORT UNION, D. T., JULY 14, 1864.

No. 2

SUMMER.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

The hot midsummer, the bright midsummer
Reigns in its glory now!
The earth is scorched with a golden fire,
There are berries dead ripe on every brier,
And fruits on every bough.

But the autumn days, so sober and calm,
Steeped in a dreamy haze;
When the uplands all with harvests shine,
And we drink the wind like a fine cool wine,
Ah, those are the best of days!

THE RESCUED MAIDEN.

BY BEN. BARWACK.

'Hands by the to' gallant clewlines! Man the main clew garnets and buntlines!' shouted the captain of a Baltimore brig, as a dark, heavy cloud came sweeping over the bosom of the ocean, and strewing its surface with foam. 'Mind your helm, my man, and look out that she does'nt take the wheel out of your hand!'

'Ay, ay, sir!'

'O captain, captain!' said a fair, light-haired, and lighter-hearted girl, as she came up the companion ladder to the upper deck, and stood anxiously regarding the appearance of the heavens, 'I hope we are not in any danger, are we?'

'No, no—no danger, Ellen,' answered the skipper, in a gentle tone. 'But go below, child; you will only be in the way here.'

The brig Junius was on her passage from Baltimore to Havana, and had on board as passengers the Count Gonzales and his only and lovely daughter Ellen, the flower of his household, and the star which shone the brightest of all in the horizon of his hopes. The Count had been upon a visit to the Falls of Niagara, and other places of interest in the United States, and was now on his way back to his immense estates on the island of Cuba. Up to the period of the opening of our tale, he had been confined to his berth by sea sickness, and his daughter, the gentle Ellen, had tended him with all the kindness and assiduity of a dutiful child, for which he had again and again expressed his thanks. He was a stern, grave man, who said but little to any one, and endeavored by his exclusiveness to repel anything like undue familiarity on the part of those about him, and in this he succeeded beyond his utmost wish.

But it was far different with his daughter. She was ever all smiles and sunshine to those among whom her lot was cast, and everyone quickly learned to love her for her docility and her kindness. During the

whole passage she had loved to linger on deck in the night watches, and listen to the marvellous tales of the sea, which the good skipper took so much delight in telling her; and she had already learned to look upon him almost in the light of a brother, so kind and considerate was he upon all occasions, and such pleasure did he feel in ministering to her slightest want.

Captain Rainer was a noble specimen of the true-hearted American seaman, bold and daring in his profession, but with a heart as warm as the tropic climes in which he so long had sailed. At the time of the opening of our tale, Captain Rainer was about twenty-eight years of age, with a noble form and manly cast of features, and although without the advantages of scholastic attainments, his natural shrewdness enabled him to appear well among the polished circles in which he was often thrown, and the manly frankness of his bearing, and the good nature of his disposition, obtained for him warm and trusty friends in whatever quarter of the world he chanced to be.

The squall, of which we have before spoken, was now close upon the brig, and every precaution which skill could bring to bear, had been put in requisition to insure her safety. The light sails had been taken in, the top sails close reefed, and courses hauled up snugly, in order to present as little surface to the wind as possible.

Down came the black winged tornado over the ocean, ploughing up its waters in awful furrows, and with a low moan or wail, as if it grieved for the havoc it was about to commit. Its progress could be traced by the seething and troubled waters, lashed as they were to foam. Ellen Gonzales had not followed the advice of the captain to go below, but determined to remain on deck and witness the awful conflict of the elements that was about to take place.—Here she was shortly joined by her proud old father, who was somewhat alarmed by the threatening aspect of the tempest, and who dreaded the encounter which was about to take place.

'Hard up with the helm! hard up with the helm!' shouted the captain, as four or five of his best men flew to the wheel, and endeavored to obey his mandate. But it was all in vain. The rudder was nearly out of water from the position in which the brig was thrown, and would have no action upon her, and the storm howled and bellowed like ten thousand demons through the tautened rigging, and almost bursting sails, which were now, from the peculiarity of circumstances, rendered entirely unmanageable. Captain Rainer saw that the destruction of his vessel was inevitable, and with the quick instinct of a seaman, resolved to do all in his power to save the lives of the passengers and crew; but this

was no easy matter. The brig, lying completely on her beam ends, would not obey her helm, and the waves broke over her with frantic fury, as if eager to engulf her with all her wealth of property and life.

'Save us, save us, Captain Rainer!' shrieked the Count Gonzales, in a tone of the wildest alarm and terror, while the workings of his pallid features told how dreadful was the anguish he endured—'Save us, Captain Rainer, and the hand of my daughter in marriage, and one-half my Cuban estates shall be your reward!'

It is in moments like these, when instant death is staring the proud man in the face, that he forgets his rank, his titles, and his dignities, and becomes imbued with the spirit of humanity. On the firm, dry land, with no peril near, the haughty count would sooner have had his right hand smote off than offer his daughter to a poor sea-captain; but danger is a potent leveller, and the noble lord became convinced of his forlornness.

'I should be happy to save both you and your daughter were it in my power,' replied the skipper, 'without the prospect of the rich reward you promised, but fear the efforts of any man will avail but little when opposed to the strong arm of the fierce hurricane. The vessel is even now settling by the head.'

Even as he spoke, a giant billow came roaring along towards the brig, and passed directly over her. Borne down as she was by the tempest that came rushing into her saturated topsails, she was unable to rise again, and forging ahead, sank at once into the fathomless deep.

As the ill-fated vessel went down amid the boiling yeast of tortured waters, the galley became detached from its fastenings, and floated clear of the deck. To this frail support did Captain Rainer swim, so soon as he had arisen from the wild whirlpool caused by the foundering brig, and looking about him, the first object that met his eye was the form of Ellen Gonzales, as she drifted past him on the crest of a wave. He could not leave her thus to perish; and leaving his fragile bark, he swam towards her, seized her around her waist and supporting her he succeeded in regaining the galley with his prize, which, together with himself, he lashed firmly to the bucket-rack with the end of a rope that chanced to be attached to it, and he then felt that they were comparatively secure. Several of the crew, together with the count, were once or twice beheld struggling with their doom most manfully; but under existing circumstances, it would have been madness for Captain Rainer to have attempted to render them any assistance, and they were left to their fate.

(CONCLUDED ON FOURTH PAGE)

THE FRONTIER SCOUT.

WINEGAR & GOODWIN, PUBLISHERS.

FORT UNION, D. T.,

WEDNESDAY, JULY 14, 1864.

Latest News.

Owing to the non-arrival of boats from below we have been deprived of our mail, and also all news or information from the states; consequently our paper presents but a meagre appearance this week. We are unable to account for the detention of the boats, as the river has been (until within a few days) up to a passable stage. We know there were several boats loaded with government supplies on the way for this point and shall feel anxious until we hear from them.

We had looked for telegraphic dispatches by the way of Salt Lake, but have had only one boat (the Yellow-Stone) from above, and she was unable to get up farther than Cow Island, (within one hundred and seventy-five miles of Fort Benton,) where she lay on a bar for ten days—teams, and two or three flat-boats came down from the Fort to take the passengers and freight up.

We noticed, on the Yellow-Stone, several miners returning to the states; they do not speak very encouragingly of the mines. They say there is gold scattered all through the country, but the good diggings are scarce and mostly confined to a small district. Provisions appear to be plenty but prices are very high, owing doubtless, to the long distance everything has to be transported. The general impression seems to be that good diggings can be found on the head-waters of the Yellow-Stone; but the present hostility of the Sioux Indians makes it very dangerous for miners to prospect in that section. They are waiting very anxiously for the Government to send troops there to protect them.

WEALTH OF THE UNITED STATES IN 1860.—An approximate estimate, made with care for Hunt's Merchant's Magazine, sums up as follows:

Houses,	\$3,466,984,000
lands,	9,317,692,261
Stock investments,	2,301,189,077
Goods insured,	1,250,000,000
Shipping,	252,491,000
Total,	\$16,588,356,338

At the battle of Murfreesboro', Gen. Rosecrans estimates that 728 of 20,000 rounds of artillery, and 13,862 of 2,000,000 rounds of musketry fired by our troops, hit the enemy. This shows that it required 27 cannon balls, weighing about 225 pounds, or one and a half times the weight of a man or 155 musket shots, weighing but nine pounds, merely to hit an enemy; while only about one-fourth of the wounded are killed or die from their wounds.

Communication.

FORT UNION, July 12th, 1864.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—As we are out of the land of civilization, and as far as hearing what is transpiring on earth is concerned we might as well be in the heart of the Atlantic ocean. We do not know how the President makers are progressing, nor do we care, for we are somewhat like the old man that went to the election when Polk was on the stage for president. Of course there were plenty of politicians there who wanted to do all they could for their particular favorites, and of course they must enquire of the old man how he felt on the impending election; he being somewhat behind the times, replied that he was going to vote for old "Hickory;" and so we, somewhat like the old man, feel like voting for "Old Abe," whether he runs or not.

We are in daily expectation of a steam-boat, which, perhaps, will give us some light concerning the political workings of the inside world; until then we will remain in our present faith in the untarnished integrity of Abraham. The enemies of Lincoln can howl and use every intrigue that their perjured hearts can conceive of, but their turmoil and howlings can never reach us in this secluded and isolated spot. So go it politicians while you're young, our purpose is fixed and unalterable and all the powers cannot prevail against us. When we find a ship that has withstood the test of wind and waves and has rode so far unswervingly through the breakers of revolution, let us stand by her until she goes down (if go down she must), and perish alike in the vortex. Such, I think, are the feelings of Company I and the people in this Fort, and should be the feelings of every patriot who has at heart the principle of his country's welfare.

Yours truly, ANON.

Idaho Correspondence. IN THE MINES, JULY 4th, 1864.

DEAR SCOUT:—Owing to the late spring there has been but very little prospecting done yet, and what has been done has not proved very successful in finding the yellow earth.

"Gold many hunted—
Sweat and bled for gold."

So says the poet and so say I, for my experience in the gold producing regions of Idaho goes to prove that a man has got to sweat a great deal, and perhaps bleed some, to obtain a very little or no gold; the truth of which, I think, will be fully established by the many, who, with heavy hearts and light purses, and with disappointment on account of the hopes of gold deferred, return as speedily as possible to their homes in the states. And also by those that will have to remain, from the fact that they have expended their little means, and now have the only alternative left to remain and by digging, or otherwise, to obtain a sum equal to their expenses home.

My advice to those that are at home is, to remain where you are, unless you possess a superfluous amount of green-backs, and in such a case, I would say, come to Idaho where you can soon make a permanent sinking fund of it.

ANON.

Artillery and Iron-clads.

At the close of 1861, it was thought that a ship of war with iron plating 4 1-2 inches thick was invulnerable. This illusion was rudely shattered in 1862 by the improved rifled artillery, with its swift, far-reaching and accurate steel bolts; and by the smooth-bore cannon of enormous size, with the tremendous crushing power of its balls. Hence the obvious necessity of reducing size and number of the ship's parts exposed to the enemy's fire, and of strengthening the armor on these parts. Meanwhile experiments and improvements are continually made, both in artillery and projectiles, and in the construction of iron-clads; whether attack or defence has the advantage is still an open question.

In an article on iron-clads in the National Almanac, the following conclusions are reached:

First, that "the greater part of the naval armor now completed and constructing is not proof against various kinds of modern experimental guns. 2d. While in America the official theory of progress in armament appears to be the superiority of cast-iron guns, small charges, and heavy shot at low velocities, the notorious fact upon which improvement proceeds in Europe is the superiority of steel guns, high charges, and conical, steel-pointed shot at excessive velocities. 3d. But the Americans were greatly in advance of the Europeans in all the appointments of horizontal shell-firing at wooden walls; from which it may be inferred that they will not be behind them in fighting iron-clads, if Europeans should ever force that issue. 4th. Although the difficulties in fabricating strong guns are more numerous and serious than those encountered by the iron-clad-ship builder, the present state and rapid improvement of experimental ordinance should instruct us to prepare our vessels for heavier blows than have yet been struck, and to avoid the costly mistakes of the English and French, who, finding a certain protection proof against service guns, constructed navies only in time to find them completely vulnerable before the new class of guns which their enemies can at any time put into service. 5th. Since the size of vessels, upon which alone depends their ability to carry over all the heavy armor thus rendered indispensable, is limited by the depth of harbors, the concentration of armor—a perfectly feasible system for sea-going as well as harbor vessels—would appear to be absolutely necessary. 6th. High speed, to be attained chiefly by means of improved steam machinery, and accompanied by power of rapid turning, is essential to choice of position, to decreasing the risk of being hit by the shot of an enemy, especially from his forts, and particularly in enabling a vessel to operate as a ram. 7th. The comparative merits of solid and laminated armor can only be certainly decided after further experiments, although the former, as adopted by Europeans, is superior as far as the facts inform us. 8th. But in the situation of armor—the chief consideration of all—the Americans are certainly in advance; although the principal of making a small battery at the same time invulnerable and as effective as an ordinary large battery nowhere completely carried out. Indeed, this is the principle, as far as we can now determine, upon which protection will be finally triumphant against attack."

THE FRONTIER SCOUT.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

—All communications intended for publication must, hereafter, be accompanied by a responsible name.

—Any one having a good milch cow to dispose of can find a cash customer by applying at this office.

—Our friends in the states writing to members of the Company, will please direct their letters, Co. I 30th Wis. Vols., via. Sioux City, Iowa.

—Our friend NIC. NOPP has started a shoe shop here. Go to him all ye who wish you understanding repaired and he will do it neat and cheap for you.

—We have heard of no very recent depredations by the Indians in this section, except the stealing of Capt. GREER's pony a few days ago.

—The Crows have left us during the last week and returned to their camp on Milk river, where they will probably remain until Maj. Wilkinson sends for them to come and receive their annuities.

—We think a good cleaning up outside the Fort would renovate the fragrance of the atmosphere, and be conducive to good health. What say you, friend LARPEN-TEUR, does not your jurisdiction reach outside the Fort?

—The steamer Yellow-Stone left here last Wednesday morning on her downward trip. She did not succeed in getting farther than Cow Island, where she left her freight and most of her passengers, some few of the latter, however, returning.

—Since our last issue the steamer Effie Dean has passed up for Fort Benton. She left a large lot of government freight here. We learn from two Indians who have just arrived from above, that her and the Benton are hard on a bar with very little prospect of getting off this season.

—Whilst strolling about the Fort the other day, we were somewhat surprised when we found our friend WEIRICK running a neat, little barber-shop. We would here say to all of our friends who wish a good clean shave, give him a call.

—Talking of the Nimrods of other times is played out, for the boys of Company I are acquiring a name for hunting that is unsurpassed in the annals of ancient or modern history. The proof of which is found in partaking of the sweet, juicy buffalo, elk and deer meat, of which there is always a superabundance on hand. The grizzly bear frequents this country and has been seen by several of the boys, but they were generally alone when they saw him; and after taking a fair look at his bearship and taking into consideration his formidable appearance, they have conclud-

ed that if he would just go on about his business they would be perfectly satisfied with the pleasure of seeing him, without meddling further. A very sensible conclusion, we think.

—Since our last issue the administration of the Fort has changed. Mr. Rolette, who has had charge, has been in the upper country for twenty-three years, and has been in the employ of the Fur Company most of the time, has retired from the adventurous life of the frontier to spend the balance of his days in his native country, France. With regret we part with him, he having attached himself to all for his business like and gentlemanly qualities. May success attend his journeyings. Mr. Charles Larpenteur is now in charge. The Fort has undergone the usual incidents occasioned by a change of hands. Everything is in tip top order and promises well.

Correction.

FORT UNION, July 12, '64.

MESSRS. PUBLISHERS:—In my communication of the 22d of June, I stated that this post was built by Maj. Culbertson in 1832. This, I have since learned to be incorrect. Mr. Cha's Larpenteur (who came to this place in the fall of 1832) informs me that the first post, or old fort, was built about 35 years ago, by Mr. Kenneth McKenzie, then one of the principal members of the "American Fur Company." In January of 1833, the present fort was built—not by Maj. Culbertson, but by Mr. McKenzie. Sometime during the same winter, John Jacob Astor sold out his interest in the Company, since when, "Pierre Chouteau & Co.," has been the name of the firm.

Descriptive.

A buffalo is a tremendous bovine animal, especially if a bull. He is principally composed of bones, hide, hair and "hump." He lives, moves, has his being and gets fat where a grasshopper would starve. He is very easy to shoot at, but d—d hard to kill. When he faces to the rear it always makes a fellow think of trees, particularly this season of the year. All parts of him are good to eat except the horns and hair. There are always "some," if not more, in a drove, so you see that if we could tell the number of droves we could calculate exactly how many there are in this country, which is not known at the present day.

UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS.—This force is subject to the laws of the Navy, except when detached by the President to co-operate with the army. It has one Colonel Commandant, 91 commissioned officers, and about 1,650 non-commissioned officers, musicians, and privates.

REVENUE CUTTER SERVICE.—There are 22 Captains attached to this service, and 49 Lieutenants of three grades.

Letters from Home.

Ah, nothing cheers the soldier like letters from home. Soldiers are not soldiers of fortune, whose home is in the barrack or on the field; but improvised for this great occasion from the work-shop and the farm, from the bar and the counting room, from the bosom of affectionate families and all the sweet amenities of peaceful and happy life. At their country's call they have left all these for the perilous risks and wearing fatigues of war, and no wonder if heart sometimes fails them in the new and untried career. What mental and moral stimulus will best sustain and animate their drooping spirits or flagging energies?—LETTERS FROM HOME. Not complaining, whining, fault-finding, discouraging letters; but brave, cheerful, encouraging letters, full of love, and hope, and noble sentiments; scraps of village news; a word about the old house dog, bossy, pussy, the baby's new tooth; with streaks of sunshine enough to dry up all the dews and damps of homesickness, and make them thank God for such a home and country to live and to die for.

Our National Debt.

One of the results of the wicked rebellion against our national government is the accumulation of an enormous national debt, which on February 1, 1863, amounted to \$315,000,000, and which it is supposed will reach \$2,000,000,000. Even then it will be but \$63.50 for each individual of the nation; while that of Great Britain, amounting to \$4,410,951,476, is \$137 for each; that of Holland is \$119; of France, \$51; of Spain, \$45; and of Austria, \$34. Estimating the real and personal property of the United States at \$16,588,356,338, exclusive of the value of the products of labor and of the cotton crop, the debt of \$2,000,000,000 will be but 12 1-3 per cent, of that valuation.

The total annual interest on the public debt of Great Britain is \$127,131,492, or \$434 for each person; of France, \$115,608,191, or \$3 09 for each; while of the United States it will be \$13,190,325, or 40 cents for each person.

The total annual national expenditure of Great Britain is \$351,223,498, or \$12 for each person; of France, \$422,086,108, or \$11 26 for each; of the United States, \$474,744,778, or \$14 83 for each person.

The burden of the debt of the last war with Great Britain, apportioned equally among the people, was \$14 81 to each.—If the present debt be apportioned equally, it is \$14 83, or just the same to each, while our ability to carry it is far greater. A Member of Congress, alluding to the debt and the annual products of our dairies, which the census estimates at \$125,000,000, remarked that in ten years our women can churn this debt all out.

THE FRONTIER SCOUT.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
WINEGAR & GOODWIN.

FORT UNION, DAKOTA TERRITORY

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Night slowly drew her curtain over the face of the heaving waters—and what a night was it for those two poor creatures, tossed like a feather in the grasp of the tempest to and fro amid the mountain surges! That fearful night, amid the deafening whirl and dash of waters, did those two beings, cut off from all the world beside, and threatened with momentary destruction, vow, if their lives were spared, to live henceforth for each other, and to love each other dearly; and that vow was registered in heaven, for it arose from sincere hearts that trusted humbly and fervently in the providence and mercy of an all-wise God.

Day slowly dawned over the wild and howling expanse of waters. As the red sun slowly lifted his face from the surface of the swelling ocean, and bathed the vast expanse in a flood of glorious light, the storm began to abate, and before noon the sea was almost unagitated, save by the long, sleepy and regular swell which the storming ever leaves behind him to mark the path he has lately trod.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, a vessel was observed bearing down under a perfect cloud of canvass towards the shipwrecked victims, who now began to believe that they should be saved. As she drew nearer, they saw that she was a clipper brigantine, and filled with men; and on looking aloft, the black emblem of the pirate's fearful calling was observed floating out pall-like upon the sunny breeze.

The two helpless creatures would now have willingly avoided the approaching interview had it been in their power, and trusted to the mercies of the elements rather than to the honor of the ruthless men whom they knew manned that black vessel; but they were the victims of circumstances, and knew full well that all efforts on their part to escape would be in vain.

Like men-of-war, piratical vessels always keep lookouts at their mast-heads, and it was not many minutes before one of the argus-eyed fellows espied the galley and its occupants, and at once reported it to the captain. The brig was immediately kept away a little, and came along side the galley, when Captain Rainer and Ellen were quickly transferred to the deck of the pirate vessel.

No sooner were they safely on board, than the commander of the pirate craft, a most villainous looking creature, with his face almost concealed by the immense whiskers that he wore, came forward, and after steadily regarding them for some moments in silence, at length, in a hoarse, cracked voice said:

'Wrecked in the gale last night, eh? I'm very happy to meet you on board my vessel. As for you,' nodding to the young man, 'you will make a capital pirate. I'm in want of hands, and you must join. The lady I think I can find a use for. What say you, pretty one? Would you not like to be a captain's wife?'

Pale and trembling, Ellen made no reply to the insulting speech of the pirate, and both she and her fellow-captive were thrust down into the cabin, the chief remarking as they disappeared:

'I'll give you till to-morrow morning to make up your minds.'

Night was slowly drawing on, and no sooner was Captain Rainer below, than with great shrewdness he began to look about him for some mode of escape, cheered

on by the supplications of Ellen. By good luck he espied the grog tub, in which the pirates were served their liquor, standing in one corner of the cabin, and at once determined upon his course of action. He well knew that the pirates had not as yet been served their evening allowance, and searching the lockers, he was fortunate enough to find a large bottle of laudanum. This he at once poured into the liquor tub, and prepared himself to await the result. It may be well in this connection to mention that the grog tub was kept in the cabin, in order to have it beyond the reach of the men, who would otherwise become intoxicated, and that the liquor in it had been left from the noon allowance that had been served out to the crew by the captain in person, who, together with his officers, always took the first drink, and often the lion's share.

About eight o'clock in the evening the captain, suspecting nothing, came down to the cabin and had the tub conveyed on deck, where he served out the men their allowance of liquor for the night, not forgetting to take a goodly share himself.—The tub was then put below again, the crew went to supper, and silence settled down upon the vessel. It was an ominous silence.

Captain Rainer and Ellen were seated in the cabin in anxious suspense as to the success of their scheme, for upon that depended everything. It might have been about ten o'clock, when a crash was heard on deck, followed by the rustling and shaking of canvass.

"Follow me," said Rainer, in a whisper, "the time has come."

The two quickly glided up the ladder, and as soon as they reached the deck, they saw by the bright moonlight that the helmsman had fallen down from his post in deep slumber, and that the vessel had flew up in the wind and been caught aback; hence the crash of a stud'n sail-boom that had been carried away, and the rustling of the vessel's sails. All the crew, from the captain down, were strewn about the deck in deepest sleep, and Rainer having, with the help of Ellen, lowered down the stern-boat, put a good supply of water and provisions in her, he quickly stepped her mast, provided her with a sail, and having assisted Ellen into the boat, he quickly set fire to the piratical brig in several places, and leaving her, made sail upon his little craft, and stood away from his enemies as fast as the fresh breeze would bear him. He had not gone many miles, however, ere a tremendous crash from the burning brig told that the fire had communicated with the magazine, and that the pirates, with all their sins upon their heads, and in a profound slumber, had been summoned before the final Judge.

For several days Rainer continued to drift about the ocean, but at length was picked up by an American frigate and carried in safety to Havana, where, a few days after his arrival, he was wedded to the lovely Ellen, his companion in distress and sorrow, and came into possession of the immense estate left her by her father, the Count Gonzales, on one of which he quietly settled down, and "went no more a roving."

The man who imagined himself wise, because he detected some typographical errors in a newspaper, has gone east to get a perpendicular view of the rainbow.

The Sea Bear.

From the first of October St. Paul is gradually deserted by the sea-bears, who then migrate to the south, and reappear towards the end of April, the males arriving first. Each seeks the same spot on the shore which he occupied during the preceeding year, and lies down among the large stone blocks with which the flat beach is covered. About the middle of May the far more numerous females begin to make their appearance, and Otarian life takes full possession of the strand.—The full-gro'n sea-bear weig's from eight to nine hundred pounds. He owes his name to his shaggy blackish fur, and not to his disposition, which is far from being cruel or savage. He indulges in polygamy, like a Turk or Mormon, and has often as many as fifty wives. The young are generally lively, fond of play and fight.—When one of them has thrown another down, the father approaches with a growl, caresses the victor, tries to overturn him, and shows increasing fondness the better he defends himself. Lazy and listless youngsters are objects of his dislike, and these hang generally about their mother. The male is very much attached to his wives, but treats them all with the severity of an Oriental despot. When a mother neglects to carry away her young, and allows it to be taken, she is made to feel his anger. He seizes her with his teeth, and strikes her several times, not over gently, against a cliff. As soon as she recovers from the stunning effects of these blows, she approaches her lord in the most humble attitudes, crawls to his feet, caresses him, and even sheds tears, as Steller, the companion of Behring's second voyage, informs us. Meanwhile, the male crawls about to and fro, gnashes his teeth, rolls his eyes, and throws his head from side to side. But when he sees that his young is irrevocably lost, he then, like the mother, begins to cry so bitterly that the tears trickle down upon his breast. In old age the ursine seal is abandoned by its wives to spend the remainder of his life in solitude, fasting and sleeping; an indolence from which he can only be aroused by the intrusion of another animal, when a tremendous battle is the consequence. Though extremely irascible, the sea-bears are lovers of fair play, so that when two are fighting the others form a ring, and remain spectators until the contest is decided.—Then, however, they take the part of the weaker, which so inrages the victor that he immediately attacks the peace-makers. These in turn fall out, the dreadful roaring attracts new witnesses, and the whole ends, like an Irish wedding, with a general fight.

The reason women so seldom stammer is because they talk so fast—a stammerer has got no chance to get in. People "stutter," because they hesitate. But who ever knew a woman to hesitate about anything?

A windy orator got up once and said: "Sir, after much reflection, consideration and examination I have calmly, and deliberately, and carefully come to the determined conclusion, that in those cities where the population is very large, there are a greater number of men, women and children, than in cities where the population is less."