

THE HERALD.

OPPOSITE THE EMPIRE HOTEL.

TERMS—\$8

SATURDAY-MORNING, APRIL 30, 1853.

NU

hing, and the remo-
ct," is called "strip-
ken out and washed
e or rocker," or simp-
ls we will endeavor
er beds differs from
in requiring coffer
f large quantities of
ream into new chan-
ave been made from
ger sums have been
and persons, in the
es.

the entire soil from
or more feet is pay
gold is found in sur-
dust is usually ob-
"diggings, or "Coy-
t upon, or near the
e great earth ridges;

EDITORS.

We know of no slavery on earth like that atten-
dant upon the newspaper life, whether it be as direc-
tor or subordinate. Your task never ended, your re-
sponsibility never secured, the last day's work for-
gotten at the close of the day on which it appeared,
and the dragon of to-morrow waits open-mouthed to
devour your thoughts, and snag up one morsel of
your existence. Be as successful as in the nature of
things to be—write with the least possible degree of
exertion—be indifferent to praise and iron-hearted
to blame; still will the human heart wear out before
its time, and your body, if not your mind, exhibit ev-
ery symptom of dry-rot.—*Exchange.*

"Dry" fiddlestick! that man's dinner didn't di-
gest, or the wind was "dead east," or his wife had
astonished him with a pair of twins, or his boots
pinched him.

I'll bet you a new neck-tie that he is one of the
cross-grain sort, and would go fisti-cuffs with Gabri-
el, and raise a rebellion in Paradise. There ain't a
word of truth in what he says. I've been behind the
curtain, and I will speak this time! I tell you that
the editors are just the fattest, sleekest, happiest,
most frolicsome, the cleverest, brightest, most intelli-

SEA SICKNESS

There was just wind enough
but no lifting of the thick, dark
night now fell heavy and close
And so, as the ship rolled slowly
and on to that vast wast of thre
there was a touch of something a
made me shudder.

This was a week last night;
dined, and pretty heartily, we no
something else. It was suddenas
ly as awful. The whole univers
tracted, in a moment, to one spot
ever kind vanished as smoke
shadowy existence, even to lau
dead, or rather they never existed
ever but one palpable thing in er
evident; and it was equally evi
thing, the condensed result of all
was the old Harry himself, house
stomach. All life heretofore, p
friends, hopes, fears, were not fic
were lies; and we were now, for
gaged in realities.

The time passed, mostly in lon