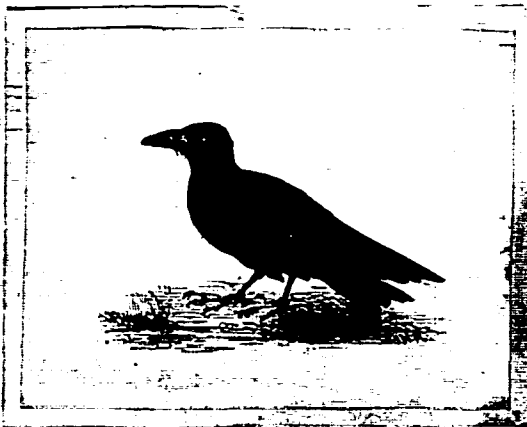


"Poetry"

The Raven - Edgar Allan Poe.

Poems - "Goodbye"; Men of the Time;
1886; Ringgold's Verses; "Rosa
California"; "The Art of Sitting";
Class, Dec 1883; "Nannie Darling" -
Thomas; To "A. E. W."; Verse - Thomas
To Anne -

"Poet" "Raven" —



...died with a weary
... of forgotten love
... these lines a talking
... my chamber door
... my chamber door

... the black raven,
... upon the floor,
... had tried to borrow
... for the last sentence
... the name raven

... each page of the
... never felt the
... of a stark repetition,
... my chamber door
... my chamber door

Poe's "Tavern".

1. Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak & weary,
O'er many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore -
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently tapping, tapping at my chamber door:
"Tis some visitor" I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door -
Only this and nothing more."
2. Ah! distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December;
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor;
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had tried to borrow,
From my book's surcease of sorrow - sorrow for the lost Lenore -
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore -
Nameless here for evermore.
3. And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain,
Thrilled me, filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now to still the beating of my heart I stare ~~staring~~ ^{staring} ~~staring~~,
"Tis some visitor" I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door -
Some late visitor, seducing entrance at my chamber door -
'Tis it is and nothing more!"

4. Presently my soul grew stronger, insisting then no longer,
"Tis said," or "Madam - truly your forgiveness I implore;
But - the fact is I was snoring - and so quietly you came tapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you" - here I open wide the doors
- I shut them there and nothing more!

5. Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood - then wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before!
But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken, was the word percolated word "Lencee!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word "Lencee!"
- Alas! this and nothing more.

6. Then into the Chamber rushing, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, somewhat louder than before -
"Surely," said I "something there is, something at my window lattice,
Let me see then what the cat is, and this mystery explore -
Let me just be sure of that, and this mystery explore:
'Tis the wind & nothing more.

7. Open here &
In ~~the~~ the
Not the least
But with me
Perch'd upon
Per.

8. Then this at
By the game
"Though they
I hastily, give
Tell me it

9. Much I see
Through its
For we can't
Ever get away
Bird or bee

gers,
loze;
capping,
under door,
wide the door;

pondering, fearing,
and before!
no token,
rd "Lenore!"
rd "Lenore!"

burning,
in before.
left later,
a place -
a place:

7. Open rose & flung the shutter, when with many a flutter,
In ~~the~~ there stopped a stately Raven of the dimly days of yore;
Not the least obedience made he; not an instant stopped or laid he;
But with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door -
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;
Perched & sat, and nothing more.

8. Then this of my bird acquiting, my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern aspect of the countenance it wore -
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou" said "art sure no crow,
I hardly prim and ancient Raven, wandering from the Nighty shore -
Tell me what thy lovely name is on the Nighty Plutonian shore"
Quoth the Raven - "Never more".

9. Much I lamented it, this happy to feel to hear discourse so plainly,
Though otherwise little meaning, little seeming bore;
For we cannot help, agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was lost with living bird above his chamber door -
Bird or beast, upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With mien so like me as, "Never more".

10. But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid sea spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour
Nothing farther then he uttered - not a feather then he fluttered -
Till I scarcely more than muttered "Other friends have flown before,
On the morrow he will come with me, as my hobs have flown before."
Then the bird said "Nevermore".

11. Startled by the stillness broken in reply a softer spoken,
"Doubtless" said I, "what it utters is its only stock & store,
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore -
Till the dirge of his hope the melancholy burden bore
"Nevermore" - ah, "Nevermore"!

12. But the Raven still beguiling all my soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird & bust & door;
Then upon the velvet sinking I belov'd myself to sinking
Fancy into fancy, then inquired the ominous bird of yore
What his grim, auguring ghastly and obscure bird of yore
"Said" in croaking "Nevermore".

13. This I said
To the
This as
On the
But w.

14. Then m
Swung
"Wretch
Respite
Quaff

15. "Prophet"
Whether
Desolat
On this
Is there-

only
outpour
fluttered -
down before.
in before.

13. This I said engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl, whose fiery eyes were burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat discerning, with my head at ease reclining.
On the cushion's velvet lining, thro' the lamp-light glist'ning o'er
But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamp-light glist'ning o'er,
She shall find, ah, nevermore!

broken.
stare,
widder
under base -
base

14. Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer,
Swung by angels whose faint foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch" I cried "thy God hath lent thee, by these angels he hath sent thee,
Respite - respite and repentance, from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, O quaff this kind repentance, & forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven - "Nevermore!"

niling.
door
Along
eye
end of page

15. "Prophet" said I "thing of evil! - prophet still if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent or whether temptest thou, I care not where
Thou dost associate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted -
On this home by horror haunted - tell me truly, I implore,
Is there - is there balm in Gilead? tell me, tell me, "I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

16. "Prophet" mine is "thing of evil - prophet still if bird or devil!
By that heaven that lends above us, by that God we both adore -
Tell this ^{heart with} sorrow- laden, if within the distant Alderow,
I shall grasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name 'Loree' -
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the Angels name 'Loree'?"
"With the Raven, 'Nevermore!'"

17. "Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" shrieked upstarting
"Get thee back into the timber! - The Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken - quit the bust above my door!
Take thy ^{heart} from out my heart; take thy form from off my door!
"With the Raven, 'Nevermore!'"

18. And the Raven never flitting, still is sitting still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the ^{beauty} of a demon that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him ^{glances} throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies flitting on the floor:
"That is all - Nevermore!"

By Edgar A. Poe -

May, each Co.
Brooding lit
Flit away
From the fur
Like a raven

And or devil!
And we both adre-
sion,
name 'Lenore'-
to name 'Lenore'!"

"I shrieked upstarting
from shore!
Soul hath sparkled
above my door,
from off my door!
!"

still is sitting
chamber door;
is dreaming,
shadow on the floor,
on the floor.

or A. Poe -

May each care that's on thee weighing, on thy gentle breast peccying,
Brooding like a pallid shadow in the bosom's inmost cose,
Flit away, with all its sadness - and a pearl of precious gladness,
From the future's fruitful ocean, sparkle light upon the shore -
Like a radiant gem of joy, upon thy eyes delighted shore,
There to bless thee - "Evermore".

J.H.K.

There to bless thee

J

MEN OF THE TIME.

JUDKINS.

Fired with ambition, noble Judkins rose
To hurl destruction on Australia's foes.
Ye men and brethren, hearken unto me,
And I will prove myself a patriot true.
In this thine hour of ill.

With arms outstretched, the patriot spake aloud,
While storms of laughter shook the listening crowd.
But little wrecked the patriot of their scorn,
For mighty hopes within his soul were born.
He had a soul that soared beyond
The narrow limits of his social sphere,
Nor covet, irony, nor open scorn,
Could fill his mind with fear.
Ambition once aroused, there was no post so high,
At which this new-fledged genius dared not fly.
Though but a workman, he assayed to be,
No less a being than a fall. "A. P. P."
But though defeated, still he strives again,
To grasp the glittering baubles, earthly fame.
Though hushed his voice that with electric thrill
Checked the wild mob, and bade their mirth be
still.

Yet he appears before the world again,
His voice transplanted by his powerful pen.
Tremble, ye leaders of the Church and State,
And in silence thy folly accuse not thy fate.
Go, prelates, bend to him the suppliant knee,
And save yourselves from this arch enemy.
Haste, potentates, and pay the homage due
To this great genius from such worms as you.
Thou canst not live beneath his austere frown;
Judkins must rise though all the world go down.

ALF. HALES,

KENT TOWN, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

To Benjamin Judkins, "Christian Philosopher."

Ten thousand thanks, Oh lady fair,
For the look, the look of dark brown hair,
That once among the tresses laid,
In fancy curls around thine head.
And oh! how oft, it made me feel,
The wish, one jolly curl to steal,
And place it means to my heart,
In what you are the brightest part
Of the whole. I have been told
That the look of dark brown hair
Is the most beautiful of all
And I have seen it in the great part

A SOLDIER'S WISH.

BY CAPT. J. WESTON.

It is not on the battle field
That I would wish to die;
It is not on a broken shield
I'd breathe my latest sigh.

But though a soldier know not how
To dread a soldier's doom,
I lack no aural for my brow,
No trophy for my tomb.

It is not that I covet the wreath
A soldier proudly wears;
It is not that I fear the death
A soldier proudly dars.

When slaughter'd comrades round me fall,
I'd be the last to yield;
But yes I would not wish to die
Upon the battle field.

For like the wounded, weary dove,
That flutters to its nest,
I wish to reach my own dear love,
And die upon her breast.

HOW WE LOVE THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY PONINGOE.

Oh! how we love the beautiful,
The gentle, and the true!
The loving and the dutiful,
And all that's fair to view.

We love the lyrics of the Spring,
We love the lyrics of the Spring,
More eloquent than those we sing,
With sweetest poet's words.

We love the leaves of Autumn-time,
The yellow, rare and brown,
Because they fill our hearts with rhyme,
As they come falling down.

We love the memories of our youth,
And oft in Fancy's car,
Back to that time of blissful truth,
Go, wondering what we are.

Oh! how we love all purity,
And how we hate all sin!
This is our security,
And keeps us pure within.

Then let us so remain for aye,
For God this great love gave,
To cheer us when we come to die,
And blossom round the grave.

IN GLASS HOUSES.

Maudie to the theater goes
And sits behind a hat
Which has enormous bows
And Maudie denounces that

Meantime with rage complete
And guttural low and flat
The man behind Maudie's seat
Is cussing Maudie's big hat.
—(Chicago Record.)

sixty-four, endorsed
the "copperheads" were
ed for persistently advocating
ast—the right of a civilian to
urt of Justice. Even at the
ponents the Democracy of the
vindicated, in the acceptance
linal issues upon which the
people. Thankful as we
of returning reason, what
t is that in republican Ameri-
: themselves in securing the
e first safeguard of the liberty
Mr. Davis, of Maryland, in ad-
ndment which secures for
s under the Constitution,
proceedings of court mart
villains have been tried swa-
sch. to the administration of
a shame and a disgrace. In
ny since the days of George
ower given to the adminis-
been perpetrated which are
undations of the government
it is with the confidence of the
Believe that they have well
ice that we have had been
an by fraud. To divert the
ople from the wicked de-
sion, new or old
the Democratic agents
of soldiers from this State
on Washington. The agents
ballots they had collected
every administration, have
proclaimed that "copperhead
soldiers, and the people have
The "copperhead" could
characterize the opportu-
ts. They had struck at the
epublic. Fraudulent soldiers
manufactured as fast as dry-
id be made to hold them
to Providence for suffering
the iniquity which would, if
we left the Republic at the
nies. Not only did we lose
the State agents had col-
sands upon thousands of vo-
en away from the Demo-
y the
agents were seized, and
Military Commissioners.
up evidence of fraud pro-
agents were held and in this
gement of the charges against
Months after the election

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BLODGETT'S MINERAL SPRINGS, 8 MILES
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[For the Brooklyn Eagle.]
Hope's Dream.

And thou art gone delusive dream;
How short thy joy remains;
Of all that once so bright did seem,
A gloomy blank remains.

The fair web that fancy wove,
Too fragile to endure,
Extends its glossy skeins to prove,
That naught on earth is sure.

And though in hopes delusive view,
A thousand joys combine;
We cannot cherish one as true,
They cheat us as they shine.

Like stars that dock the winter's sky,
In faultless beauty ranged;
Till storms come rolling swiftly by,
And all at once is changed.

So life is but a scene of toil,
Of mingled hope and fear;
On earth we struggle in the coil,
True freedom's heaven's sphere. (Geo. D. ...)

ACROSTIC FOR AN ALBUM.

MAY virtue be your guiding star
Along life's changing way;
Respect for Heaven, home and friends,
Your care, both night and day.

From luring snares which tempt the frail,
E'er may your path be true;
Ne'er turning from the beaten track
To list to tempters fair.

Oh you may all Heaven's blessings be—
On you may you cease to think of me.
Virtuous

OPPORTUNITIES.

They pass and pass again like shades at night,
Swiftly and silently they come and go—
They brush against us in the darkling light
And strained eyes never see them—never
know.

Until at last in some unthought of place
One seems to catch a gleam the darkness
through
And turns to meet one's future face to face,
And hope that makes life glad is born anew.
—Alfred Stoddard in Detroit Free Press.

"Sleeping & dreamed, love,
Dreamed love of thee,
Under the great wings,
—Kissed her were trained,
..."

Hark! how the church bells in its sweet swinging
Flings on the air its tones so clear and deep,
A tranquil peace to countless bosoms ringing,
That never yet have learned what 'tis to weep.
Full oft again 'twill ring out merrily
But not alas! for me.

Downward the viewless track of time I'm gliding,
And earth's scene beautiful all around me glows
A glorious world it seems for all abiding
In the valley we must travel here below.
But there's another that they call Eternity
Brighter & hope for me
C. G. M.

San Francisco
June 26th 1859.

The cool sweet morning air comes breathing on me.

With store of fragrance from the world of flowers,
I hear the voices of the birds beguiling.

With joyous strains, the bright but fleeting hours,
How fair and happy seems this world to be,
Alas! for all but me.

Voices I hear in various converse joining,

Beneath my window as "Come & go,"
And some in cheerful tones, and some in laughter,

And some in tender accents sweet & low;
Drops yet of joy there seem for all to be
Alas! why not for me?

My dear Mr. Fitzgald

Here is the copy of my last little
poem that you asked me
for the other day.

Down by silent waters.

Most truly,
G. H. K.

1. Down by silent waters,
Stretching far away,
In the misty distance,
Sat we one sweet day.

7. Vows outliving seasons,
Fraught with joys or tears,
Standing like pale tombstones,
Over burial years -

2. Near the grassy margin,
Of those waters still,
In the shadow of the
Overhanging hill,

Of a life the record
All too bright to last,
Pointing to a shadow
In the spectral past.

3. One sweet day in autumn,
Sat we there alone,
'Hushed the heart of nature'
Hushed as were our own.

Years that back have brought me
As on that sweet day,
'To these silent waters,
Stretching far away.

4. Silence all around us!
Silence in the air!
Silence o'er the waters
Silence every where!

From their grassy margin,
There reposing still!
In the shadow of the
Overhanging hill.

5. Still the full enchantment,
On our spirits fell,
With a depth of meaning,
Words could never tell.

Silence all around me!
Silence in the air!
Silence o'er the waters!
Silence every where!

6. Still with mute emotion,
Hand in hand was laid -
'Down the furrow - trust,
Silent by were made;

Shroud-like while it wraps me
'Twas clad! alone,
Seems the heart of nature
Dead as is my own.

Saw Francisco 8th August 1859.

POETRY.

[The following was published, a short time since in the *Alta California*, and we now republish it, with some alterations by the author.]

Nannie darling.

BY MAJ. G. H. RINGGOLD, U. S. A.

Nannie darling! Nannie darling!
Ever blessed be this day,
That has brought us to the altar,
And thus given thee away.

That has placed thee in my keeping,
While my life blood courses warm,
Still to comfort thee, to cherish thee,
To shelter thee from harm.

Ah! that eve I well remember,
In the full-leaved summer time,
When the dew was on the flowers
Blooming round us in their prime,

Then 'twas in the tender moonlight
That my hand was grasping thine,
And you looked so fondly in my face
And promised to be mine.

And those days were bright and happy,
When the autumn time drew near,
When the yellow leaves were falling,
When the corn was in the ear,

When we roamed beside the river,
Heeding not how it did run,
Thinking only of the precious time,
When we two would be one.

'Twas the same when piercing winter
came,
Or oped the budding Spring,
For our hearts were nestling in the joy,
This blessed day would bring.

Yes! my darling, darling Nannie!
Ever blessed be this day
That has brought us to the altar,
And thus given thee away.

In the summer—in the autumn—
In the winter—in the spring,
I have loved my darling Nannie,
Best of every earthly thing.

Through the long years will I love her—
Till the end of life shall be—
Till the moss is on my gravestone—
Aye, for all eternity.

Sau Francisco, Cal. Aug. 29, 1858.

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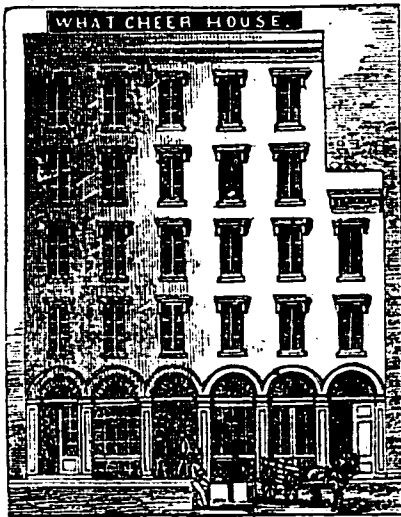
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SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, SAT

SAN FRANCISCO ADV'S.



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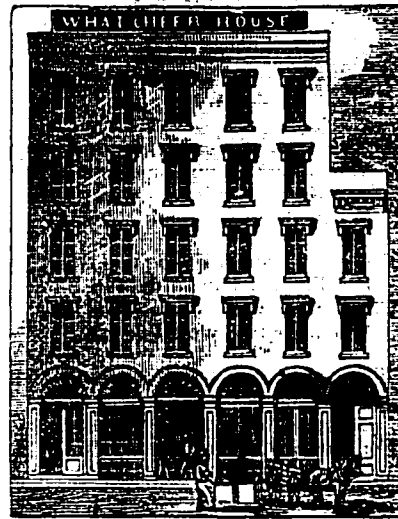
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IMPORTANT NEWS

AND YOURS

To Profit by It.

We therefore take great pleasure in

Eloise.

Rounded forms of faultless mould,
Such, in classic Greece we're told,
Wrought the master hands of old.

O'er each temple's swelling sphere,
Casting dreamy shadows there,
Flow the tresses of her hair;

As waves their sister waves pursue,
Nor brown nor golden is their hue,
But of a shade between the two.

Deeply blue as Tuscan skies,
The soft, quiet thoughtful eyes -
Eyes like Eve's in Paradise.

Fresh her cheek, but cold her face,
Blush, if e'er, faint and pure,
Flits like summer lightning there.

Little doth her face disclose,
- Beautiful, but in repose,
Of the wreath her nature knows.

Lava-fires undying glow,
In unfathomed depths below,
Curtained by a trail of snow.

Gentle is she as a dove,
But by nature doomed to move,
Queen o'er all the realm of love,

A crown of constancy she wears;
As Beane's cold heights, a thousand years,
Have pointed to the starry spheres.

Ann Lowell

Geo. H. King, ed.

Nov. 11th 1855.

Oh! would I were with thee forever,
Oh! would that we never might part.
That the joy that now thrills me might ever
Fill up every vein of my heart.
I have traveled the fairy world over,
I have tasted full many a bliss,
But 'twas madness to hope to discover
The wealth of a moment like this.

Fate might point to the hour with her finger,
That should tear me asunder from thee,
Yet my spirit would near thee still linger,
And laugh at the harmless decree.
But no fancies like these will I cherish,
Nor fear the sweet dream will not last -
That the bliss of this moment will perish,
Or live but a dream of the past.

No! enough that I know thou art near me,
Enough that I feel thou art mine -
As you gaze in my face, that you hear me,
In accents responding to thine.
Thou away with the future before me!
Like a Lyric still singing of bliss,
Not the breadth of all time can allude me,
While I live in a moment like this.
G. H. R.

San Francisco
Feb 13th 1859.

Friday Evening
Mr. A. E. Whaly. 16 March 60
My dear friend

On my way from Ponce last night I gave myself to the deck, and promenade for two hours.

The sky was overcast and the wind blew quite a gale - it suggested a night at sea. Having no means of writing down my ideas, I was obliged to impress them on a leaf of my memory - I send you the effusion for what it is worth.

As ever
G. A. B.

At Sea .

Dark is the night, the fiendish winds are howling fitfully,
In inky mountains lifts itself the hideous, hissing sea,
But fear, my heart can touch not, love! if thou but lovest
me.

Still drives the storm; Oh! trying hour, in bark so frail to be,
Thus plunging helmless through the dark to brave a maddened sea,
But fear thee not my precious one, no harm shall come to thee.

The timbers crack, the sails are rent, still higher leaps the sea,
Loud and yet louder shrieks the blast in wild and mocking glee,
But high above the storm doth Heaven keep watch o'er thee and me.

Who knows? our shattered bark may yet, ride out
the gale and be,
Ere breaks tomorrow's dawning light, from every danger free,
With sails all spread to catch the breeze, ~~the~~ land upon our lee.

Come closer to my heart my love - my love that lovest me,
And if overwhelmed ^{tho'} ship goes down, we'll yet united be,
Nor fear another stormy night through all eternity.
G.P.R.



ROSA CALIFORNICA

The diarists of the Portola Expedition, among them Father Serra and Father Crespi, made frequent mention of a flower which they saw growing abundantly in Lower California, in Mission Valley at San Diego, and along the road to Monterey. They called it the Rose of Castile, for it reminded them of home. But it was not the true Rose of Castile, imported later from Spain, but *rosa californica*, the little wild rose, pale pink and sweet-smelling. Today it is growing scarcer in Southern California, though its habitat is Lower California to Oregon, and from the coast to 6000 feet. It likes roadsides, moist meadows, and the banks of streams. At lower altitudes it may bloom all the year round, but in higher ones the period is shorter, and the plant, which may attain a height of six feet, is dwarfed. In Christianitos Canyon, where the fathers baptized Indian babies, the first in California to be baptized, the rose is blooming now, as then.

The two worlds.

What seems this world to me? in one bold point
Of view, I see it as a rolling sphere
On which I headlong plunge through trackless space,
Like a wild courser in his mad career.

Yet all the while she seems to stand unmoved,
The centre of a fathomless domain;
Wherein sun, moon, and stars revolving seem,
Around their queen, as her attendant queen.

Again she seems in quiet majesty,
To lead the seasons of each coming year.
Stern winter - smiling, budding, blushing Spring -
Ripe summer - autumn - all in turn appear.

I see her in her flowing robe of flowers,
Or like a brooding bird upon her nest,

Woe follows sick and motionless, as tranced
In morbid dreams, she lies at rest.

O'er heavy forests, sounds she now to sigh,
Leapt as the shadowy bars of night, where sounds,
The silence of a hundred centuries,
Unbroken in those mighty solitudes.

And then she comes in evening mood, when low,
The pale new moon, upon yon western hill,
Shrugs like a silver lamp of transient hope,
With gleams of east of joy, true hearts to fill.

She has in my waking hours; in dreams
She visited the decayed realms of night,
To people them with forms of loneliness,
Such as the despatch's are, who dwell in light.

Get oft alas! when e'en this peerless sight,
To my hushed spirit can no balm impart,

I turn for solace to that little world,
That hides itself within my silent heart.

For e'en mid'st winds mouldering in decay,
Some flowers unlighted strike the spot may bear;
And in my heart something may yet remain,
To say to me that all my world is there.

Wm. A. E. Whaley

I hand you dear Friend another of
my little poetical specimens. Should you
find in it any thing to repay you for
the present, you are friend will not
be without his measure of reconnaissance.

Most truly
Yrs. W. A. E.

San Francisco July 9 1849.

[For the Alta California.]

Paulina.

BY G. H. KINGGOLD, U. S. A.

Sweet the odors of the summer morn, when birds are on
the wing;
Sweet the silence and the quiet that the summer evenings
bring;
Sweet the dreams that close the eyelids of the innocent
and young;
Sweet the glowing after-season, when the song of love is
sung.

But a sweeter bliss, that almost takes the breath of life
away,
Thrills the heart-strings, after waiting—waiting many a
weary day—
In that rare, ecstatic moment, hovering o'er a night of
pain,
When a loved one we had mourned as lost comes back to
us again.

I was sitting in the shadow of a fountain in the grass,
Gazing at the silver flakes through the basin's limpid
glass,
In the shadow of a fountain, carved in form of Grecian
mould,
As the evening sun was going down, to shun the slanted
gold.

Oh, the scene was very beautiful, and yet my heart was
sad;
For no art could wean me from the past, nor make my
spirit glad—
One I long had loved, and truly, and whose heart belonged
to me,
In a foreign land was wandering, beyond the ghastly sea.

Like a mateless bird I sat, and cold and listless was my
air,
When—oh, strange the ways of Heaven—another sat be-
side me there;
'Twas my beautiful Paulina, and more beautiful she'd
grown,
Who, in tears and all in silence, took my hand within her
own.

Then I drew her closely to my side, and kissed her tears
away,
With a tenderness unspoken, as in my arms she lay.
Like the fountain overflowing, overflowed my heart with
glee,
That the darling of my bosom had come back again to me.

Thus we sat, and in sweet converse flew the golden mo-
ments by,
All unconscious of the dark'ning storm unfolding o'er
sky—
Till the thunder muttered deeply from the ever widening
pall,
And we heard upon the thirsty leaves the pattering rain-
drops fall.

Then in haste we sought to leave the spot, but darkness
closed around,
And the surging of the tempest like an earthquake shook
the ground;
And the rising, rising waters rushed between Pauline and
me;
On a ledge of rock I saw her lift her hands imploringly.

Then she passed the tottering structure, and stood on the
farther side,
While the fearful rush of waters roared between me and
my bride.
From my sleep, all cold and shuddering, I awakened with
a start:—
I'd been dreaming of the sunshine that had gone from out
my heart.

And the spiteful moon was looking through the panes
above my door,
As she spread a winding sheet of white upon the shivering
floor.
Then my heart grew of a sudden sick—sick with a deathly
woe—
For Paulina has been dead and gone these ten long years
ago.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 25, 1860.

Look not thou upon wine when it is red,
For at least it biteth like an adder and stingeth
like a serpent."

It causes man to get sick hot,
And woman a clean night better,
Because pain and misery too
I caused sons and daughters too
It causes folly, yare but astray
It cannot be done another way,
But do it name something better.

Wine you villain, your work is fine
Woman dear woman, yours much finer.
Wine, wine, wine, you cause sick rove.
You and lovely woman and you know
You both cause sorrow by the yard
Woman loves it stiff and hard,
It causes man often to repent
Some time after he has spent

And then, the Gods does to find out

It has developed; gods and spirits of

That mine and woman have done with

Just about

And to a doctor "dick" to find out

She has a "peck ar ins" weeping yellow,

Curses I said and then some poor fellow

Then off to nursing Mrs. Paul

Knows himself by being K. H. H.

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

"Look not then upon the wine when it
is red, for at last it biteth like ^{adder} ~~adder~~
and stingeth like a serpent."

It causes man to get red-hot
And woman a d-m night-hotter.

It causes pain and misery too,
It causes ~~sometimes~~ sons and daughters

To cause folly, you're led astray

It cannot be done another way.

So-m-t, name something better.

It causes sorrow by the yard

It causes woman to love it stiff and hard

It causes man of late to repent

Some time after he has spent

It causes "pechariens" evensing yellow

It causes abuse to some ^{poor} below

It causes nursing pretty quick

It causes you to cuss your pride

It causes doctor's bills galore

And it does cause you to rent the whores.

The Captive Queen.

If thy heart heart soft & pity knows,
O drop a tear with me;
Full for th' unnumber'd woes
Of widow'd royalty.

Fallen, fallen from a throne!
So! beauty, grandeur, power;
Hark 'tis a queen's, a mother's moan;
From yonder dismal tower,

I hear her say, or seem to say,
"O who tested to my story,
Scarcely how transient beauty's day,
How unstable human glory!"

Unconsidered gatherings.

Spun of my youth! whose hoar'd branches sigh,
Tight by the bough that forms thy candelop-stay; &c.

If my fame should be as my fortunes are,
Of hasty growth and flight, and soon oblivion bear—
My name from on the temple where the dead
Are honoured by the nations. — Let it be.

La Mort est la seul dieu que j'osais implorer.

From his heart reluctant,
Towards her, his life so late & sole delight,
Now, as his feet submissive in distress!

Alu très joli chaussonnet, Le Pigeon, représentant une jeune femme envoyant un message à son amant.

Pourquoi tarde mon amour,
Pourquoi tarde mon amour,
Pourquoi tarde mon amour lieu de moi?
Viens ici, ma colombe;
Pierisai à mon amour,
Et lui enverrai la lettre par toi.

Je l'attacherais à ta patte,
Je l'attacherais à ta halle,
Je l'attacherais bien fort avec un ruban.
Ah! non pas à ma patte,
Belle lady, je vous prie,
Mais attachez-la sous mon aile.

Elle mit à son cou,
Un gilet et un collier si jolis.
Elle attaché, à son aile
Si roulean avec un ruban,
Et le laissa, puis l'envoya dehors.

me
brill

At li Napoleon, l'Étendard en sa force
Tarrachurai ton peuple ainsi qu'un vain lambeau:
Sa colère entrera dans ton étroit trouhan.

I yearn against Napoleon
To die a prince - or live a slave
Thy choice is most ignobly brave.

You are so witty, so profligate and thin,
At once we think you Milton, death, and sin.

"How soon hath time the subtle thief of youth,
Widen in his wing, my three and twenty!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom sheweth."

"Cecille-tui, ma tante, mon épouse, mon dernier bien trouvé, le meilleur et le der-
nier présent du ciel! Mes adieux, braves nouvelles, Cecille-tui! Le matin
brille, la fraîche campagne nous appelle; nous perdons les premières du jour!"

Imperromptu at Sea.

Just two events despair me,
In our Atlantic trip; -
Sometimes, alas! no ship at sea,
And sometimes - sea at ship!
Épigramme à ma femme
Ci-gît ma femme, c'est bien
Pour son repos et le mien

To My Darling.

There is many a thing that you may wish
Do you travel the road of life,
While taking your part in this busy world
And sharing its cares and strife.
But you may long for another home
With its comforts, spills and spoils,
But to crown the whole you care the most
For the love of our Mount main.

Oh! sweet little blossom, where ever you are,

I'm palace or humble cot:

And whether your life be fair and bright,

Or toil and trouble your lot?

And whether your name be Phoebe, May,

Or Romely Susie, Ann;

Consider your luck; you have won

The love of our honest man.

A maiden may prize her diamonds set,
Or dresses of latest style,
And live in a home of costly build
With carpets of velvet pile;
But the noblest thing in a woman's life -
Let her gain it while she can -
From her childhood curls to her flowing hair,
Is the love of an honest man.

No. Art of Sitting (continued)

The hands should never be out of sight. Do a person in front of you, ^{never} of course, exclude the very bad habit of carrying the hands behind or in the pockets. In the case of a gentleman, one hand may be partially concealed in the front part of a coat that is buttoned, etc.

In sitting a lady may rest her hands upon the lap but not near the knees.

Do not sit on the side. This is understood readily when one is seated. It is necessary to twist the body about so as to be sitting on one half of the supporting part of the body.

Do not sit on the end of the spinal column. There is no advantage in this posture, and it does serious injury to the spine itself, producing curvature and deranging the organs within.

Rising from the Chair -

Rules - Always arise from a sitting position by supporting the entire weight upon the seated feet. As the body is inclined back of the feet, the center

"	6	"	21	5260
"	"	"	21	15
"	14	"	26	4125
"	7	"	30	1120

of gravity must in the act of rising be swung forward so as to correspond with the position of the retired foot.

Sitting Down.

In the act of sitting the body should be in front of the chair and the back towards it so as to avoid any sliding motion as the body descends. The weight should be upon one foot only and that the retired foot. The body in the act of descending should be supported by the limb nearest the chair the knee bending and still sustaining the weight until the sitting posture has been nearly reached. A drop may thus be avoided.

How

Class Poem - 1883

How soon hath Time with gliding noiseless feet
Stolen in upon us, and with cunning art
Nath' robbed us of our school days ever ^{always} sweet
And brought us to the hour when we must part,
The thought that we ^{may} ~~are~~ ^{again} miss to part
Brings tender memories back to every heart
Of days together spent.

We have wrought well with slow and constant care,
How could we do aught else when at our side
A faithful friend and teacher ~~ever~~ ^{stood} near
To counsel, help, and learning's cares divide?
The earnest thanks and praise we offer here
Are freely given unto our worthy guide
Through lengthening years, on memory's tablets fair,
May these be multiplied.

With hearts that know no fear, with nerve and fair,
We'll enter on life's duties, one by one,
Each thread we'll weave with slow and skillful care,
Until our little web of toil be spun:
No mighty task nor ^{simple} ~~simple~~ duty spare
Shall weigh us down or bid us labor there
But work that, by our own and steady care,
Is well and nobly done.

Ours be the "glory of a life well spent"
No idle wisdom that but lead astray,
But from the shrine of learning ^{whenever} ~~where~~ we've bent
With cautious steps along the rugged way
We'll journey onward, not with gaze intent
On distant fields of splendor far away,
The power of aid, to every mortal eub,
Lies in our path today.

'Tis not the mightiest task that for us looms,
 The meed of honor on the highest proude;
 Each simple duty in itself enforces
 The seeds which ^{growing} sprouting yield along our way
 A bright and yellow harvest and it mingles
 The little record of ^{each} the passing days
 Into a lifelong volume for our souls,
 To cheer them and to raise.

With kindly love and healing sympathy
 We'll lighten other sorrows ^{than} our own
 By the blessed power of pity ^{they} shall be
 Made lighter by the good that we have done —
 No brighter need and no fitter key
 To Heaven's portal: and when our race is run,
 Ah peace with God and man we then can see
 The victory well won.

My Classmates, we have reached the wished for goal,
 Our work is ended, and our lives will tell
 By words and deeds, as monuments, onward we go,
 Wherewith we fare, in which we each ^{must} excel.
 Keep then, our motto, On that deathless service
 Through shade and sunshine may it ever dwell,
 Our lives of light, given on ^{our} ^{own} ^{unmolested} ^{souls} —
 "Not, how much, but, how well!"

San Diego, June 15th 1883.

— Copied by Thomas Whaley —

"Don't forget to say goodbye to the 'Sindlet'"

San Diego California
 San Diego

San Diego, June 15th 1883

Class Poem - 1883. -

- 1 -

How soon has Time with gliding, noiseless feet
Stolen in upon us, and with cunning art,
Has robbed us of our schooldays, ever sweet,
And brought us to the hour when we must part.
Each day has swiftly flown on wings so fleet
That we have scarcely noticed it depart. -
The thought that here we nevermore shall meet
Makes many a saddened heart.

- 2 -

We have wrought well with close and constant care.
How could we do aught else, when at our side
A faithful friend and teacher, ever near
To counsel, help and learning's cares divide.
The earnest thanks and praise we offer here
Are freely given unto our worthy guide.
Through lengthening years, on Memory's tablets fair
May these be multiplied.

- 3 -

Little hearts that know no fear, with records fair,
We'll enter on life's duties one by one,
Each thread we'll weave with slow and skillful care,
Until our little web of toil be spun.
No mighty task nor meagre duty spare
Shall weigh us down or bid us labor shun;

Peirce. & Worswick. Agents

PACIFIC DEPARTMENT.

MANCHESTER FIRE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF MANCHESTER.

GEORGE W. SPENCER,
MANAGER.

BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & Co., General Agents,

310 CALIFORNIA STREET, S. F.

188



But work, that by our will and steady care
Is well and nobly done.

- 4 -

Ours be "the glory of a life well spent."—

No idle visions that but lead astray;

But from the shrine of learning where we've bent,

With cautious steps, along the rugged way

We'll journey onward; not with gaze intent

On distant fields of splendor far away,

The power of aid to every mortal lent

Lies in our path today.

- 5 -

'Tis not the mightiest task that for us holds

The mead of honor or the highest praise,

Each simple duty in itself unfolds

The seeds, which sprouting, yield along our ways

A bright and yellow harvest; and it molds

The little record of the passing days,

Into a lifelong volume for our souls,

To cheer them and to raise.

- 6 -

With kindly love and brave fidelity

We'll lighten other's burdens; and our own,

By sympathy's blessed power, then will be

Made lighter by the good that we have done.

Peirce. & Worswick. Agents

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No brighter record and no fitter key

To Heaven's portal; and when our race is run,
At peace with God and man, we then can see
The victory well won.

- 7 -

My classmates, we have reached this wished-for goal,
This work is ended; and our lives will tell
By word and deed, as moments onward roll,
Whether we fail, in what we each excel.
Keep, then, our motto. On that deathless scroll,
Through shade and sunshine may it ever dwell
In lines of light, graven on thine inmost soul—
"Not how much, but how well."

Written by

June 15. 1880.

Lillian C. Whaley

For Graduating Exercises, Russ School.

First Graduating Class, Public School, San Diego, California

June 15. 1883. -

Myrtle C. Millard

Claudia Robinson

Clara Buckner

Lillian C. Whaley

Clifford Hubbell

} class.

} A Rice
Principal

Mrs J. R. Crouger } Assistants.
Miss E. Osgood }

Las Lujas De Tiempos.

A mirarte mi pecho se inflama
Por mis venas que siento correr.
Por tu amor que ardor te llaman
Que por amarte mi corazón se abrió

Y en tu dulce voz hechas gotas
Se deslizaron un momento
Escribiendo en mi vida en silencio
Y no puedo olvidar mi dolor

Si el ^{eterno} silencio te voy me deslucen
Aljarme y no verte nunca
Por tanto so las lujas del día
Solo amarte que vida es mi afán

Quando yega la noche padesco
Y tu ojos brillan en tu sueño
Yo quisiera mi vida ser tu destino
Cambiando de ser de existir

Written from
Sitka,
1868

Nannie Darling.

"Keep those eyes still purely mine,
Tho' far off I be;
When on others most they shine,
Then think they're turned on me."

"Who has not felt how sadly sweet
The dream of home, the dream of home,
Steals o'er the soul, too soon to fleet,
When far o'er sea or land we roam?
Sunlight more soft may on us fall,
No quiver throes our bark may come;
But far more bright, more clear than all,
That dream of home, that dream of home."

Villa. A. F.

Poppie.

January 16 1868.

"Weeping for thee, my love, through the long day,
Lonely and wearily life wears away,
Weeping for thee, my love, through the long night—
No rest in darkness, no joy in light!
Naught left but Memory, whose dreary tread
Sounds through this ruin'd heart when all lies dead—
Wakening the echoes of joy long fled!"

Sitka Alaska Territory,
January 16-1868.

1877 to
Anna Cloise
Thomas -
a lovely love
poem - nice
to frame -
beautifully
written

To "A. C. W."

"Thou' lost to sight, to memory dear
Thou ever wilt remain;
One only hope my heart can cheer,
The hope to meet again."

Oh, in the tranquil hours of night,
"When stars illumine the sky,
I gaze upon each orb of light,
And wish that thou wert by."

N. Y. Oct. 5th - 1878. J. C. W.

Shut the Door Softly.

Shut the door softly, mother's asleep,
Her fever is broken, her slumber is deep,
Look in her pale face and see there no pain—
Darlings be thankful we've mother again.

Shut the door softly, and come to her side,
What should we do if our mother had died?
She who has loved us our weary lives through—
Shut the door softly and do as I do.
Shut the door softly, and kneel with me here,
To Him who has spared us our own mother dear,
Who has given her back to our own arms again,
Borne her through danger and softened her pain.

Shut the door softly, and look in her face,
And see how it glistens in health and in grace,
Is she not handsome this mother of ours,
Waking to life like the budding of flowers?
Let us lose all in this fast flying life,
Sister and brother, husband and wife,
Mother's love only, all time has defied;
Shut the door softly and come to her side.

Shut the door softly, mother's awake,
Back from the shores of the fathomless lake;
Weary with travel but laden with charms,
Longing to clasp us ^{with} in her dear arms.
Mother, dear mother! we loved you before,
Now we shall love you a thousand times more,
Welcome dear heart, from the shadowy land;
Shut the door softly, and kiss her dear hand."

New York, Sept 12th 1844.

I think of thee

When at my easement - alone and weary - in the moon's silver light,
Viewing noble Hudson's sparkling waters and Jersey's illumined shore (in quiet)
Fair extending into the night.

When thinkest thou of me?

I think of thee

Amid the glories and shades of Central Park, by its marble fountains -
 heedless of the throng - listening to grand music, the warbling birds,
In sight sweetest "Highlands" mountains.

When thinkest thou of me?

I think of thee

Of thy constancy, patient sorrows and material deceptions -
Commending thee ever to the watchful care of guardian angels -
Having faith in thy plightful love.

When thinkest thou of me?

I think of me

Wanted Self. Pray God speed thy wandering mate to Old Cambridge -
With joy welcome him to thy tent, having to find in those loving arms,
Renewed life, hope and happiness,

Only from thee - from thee!

New York, May 23, 1875.

Edw. Sumner, Jr.

I think of thee

When at my window, alone and weary - in the moon's silvery light,
Viewing noble Hudson's sparkling waters and Jersey's illuminated shore,
Far extending into the night.

How thinkest thou of me?

I think of thee

Around the flowers and shades of Central Park, by its marble fountains -
Headless of the throng - listening to grand music, the warblings of birds,
In sight of sweet "Highlands" mountains.

How thinkest thou of me?

I think of thee

Of thy constancy, patient suffering and material devotion -
Commending thee over to the watchful care of guardian angels -
Having faith in thy plighted love.

How thinkest thou of me?

O, think of me

Sweeter self. Pray God speed thy wandering mate to tell her I do,
With joy welcome him to thy heart, having to find in thy loving arms,
Renewed life, hope and happiness.

Quite from thee - from thee!

E. W. Tracy, N. Y. May 23, 1875.

Think of me.

When, alone, in the moon's silver light,
Placid ocean reflects the beaming stars
Far extending into the night.

When thinkest thou of me?

I think of thee

Amid flowers and shades, near ^{crystal} ~~shrubbery~~ fountains,
Listening to the sweet warblings of birds
Gazing upon sunlit mountains.

When thinkest thou of me?

I think of thee

Of thy constancy, ^{impassion} amiable dove,
Commend thee to guardian angels care,
Knowing thy pure womanly love

How thinkest thou of me?

O, think of me.

Smile soft! ^{thy affection} Heart born smiles and tenderness,
To a kindred heart give. Hence granting
Poured life, hope and happiness

Only give thee - from thee!

I think of thee.

Stars clear when in the moon's silver light,
Ethereal ocean reflects the beaming stars—
Far extends into the night.

When thinkest thou of me?

I think of thee

Amid flowers and shades, some sweet solitaires,
Listening to the sweet warbling of birds,
The sight of green sweet mountains.

When thinkest thou of me?

I think of thee.

By thy smiling, patient, suffering dove,
Command thee to affection's sacred care,
Knowing the pure woman's love.

How thinkest thou of me?

O, think of me.

With love! The heart's true smile and tenderness
Unto a brother give, that he may find
Renew'd life, hope and happiness,

Com' from thee— from thee!

I think of thee,

Sister dear, when in the moon's silvery light
Sparkling waters reflect the distant shore -
Far extending into the night.

When thinkest thou of me?

I think of thee,

Sister dear, amid flowers, near cool fountains,
Listening to echoes of music sweet,
Viewing distant, scintillating mountains,

When thinkest thou of me?

I think of thee,

Sister dear, of the constancy, with love,
Commend the liquidian organ's tone,
Knowing thy pure womanly love.

How thinkest thou of me?

O, think of me,

With a smile! Thy heart's true smile and tenderness
On a brother's breast. Heaven granting
Renewal of life, hope and happiness.

Ever from thee - from thee!

New York, Jan 25, 1845.

E. W.

Three Kisses.

Morning.

I kissed my love in the dawn of love,
In the rosy, dewy dawn;
When every word was born of love,
And every sigh was drawn of love,
With never a thought of a thorn in love
In the rosy, dewy dawn.

Noon.

Then I kissed my love in the noon of love,
In the fierce and burning noon!
But passion merried the tune of love,
And reason reeled in a swoon of love,
Till, dimmed was the honeymoon of love
In the fierce and burning noon!

Night.

Now, I kiss my love in the night of love,
In the holy calm of night.
And, purer far, is the light of love,
And, greater far, is the might of love
Than at dawn, or the noon's fierce height of love
In the holy calm of the night of love.

Almost a year has passed away
Since I bade adieu and came here afar-
From California's fair sunset land,
Where the grandest valleys and mountains are.

Mountains and forests and prairies broad,
Oceans, even, deep as the sky and as wide,
Tween hearts that are faithful and loving away lie,
But they cannot true faith and love divide.

And the distance that lies between me and mine,
However great, makes them still more near,
And the thought that they are not by my side
Makes them dearer, a thousand times more dear.

Their music I hear not in the summer air,
My loved and loving ones I do not see,
But their presence is with me in every word
Of the welcome letters they send to me."

New York, Oct 5th 1876.

E. W.

To my Dear Wife.

"I received a letter from home to day,

Written it was by a loving hand:

O'er rivers and valleys and prairies wide

It has come to me in this far land.

It speaks to me with a cheery voice,

As though each sentence I clearly trace

The glow of affection's tenderness,

The eloquence of love's blessed grace.

O'er all its words I see the light

Of a heart-born smile to me most dear,

And the holy blessed name on the last sweet page

The story tells of a fallen tear:

A smile and a tear, offspring of love,

Evidence sweet of hearts that are true,

A pledge of devotion, of faith and hope

Laid on the altar of love anew.

"The dawn is not distant,
Nor is the night starless;
Love is eternal!
God is still God, and
His faith shall not fail us."

Christmas greetings
from H. P. Davison 1901.

Miss Lillie Wheeler.



Now plant trees and garden sass,
 Clean house and bed bugs kill;
 Set traps, set traps for thieving rats,
 Set everything, but don't set still.

Right You Are.
 By the gallinaceous chatter,
 By the slugging of the batter,
 By the head wear that the hatter
 Doth on exhibition bring,
 By the robin's songful mating,
 Like the blue bird's tete-a-teting,
 And the carpenter's sagellating,
 I conjecture it is spring.
 By the furniture they're hauling,
 By the ragman's caterwauling,
 By the solos so appalling
 That the vendors dally sing,
 By the sopping and the mopping,
 And the general overalopping
 In the domicile outcropping,
 I am certain it is spring.
 — Boston Courier.

Photographs Imperial Gallery
 724 1/2 Market St. San Fran.

Phosphate Soap.

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