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W. WADSWORTH & F. A. BEE, EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

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W. WADSWORTH, Editor.

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Hunter and Co's

Express and Banking House, brick block, Main street.

From the San Joaquin Republican.
Stanzas Addressed to our City Friends.

BY JAMES HARRISON.

Away to the woodlands--away! away!
Where the sky is clear, and the fields are gay,
And the trees are rejoicing in bloom;
Where fragrances wafted the breath of even,
And morning bathes in the dew of heaven,
And drinks of its balmy perfume!

Away to the woodlands--the mountains--the wild;
For great nature smiles on her untaught child,
Nor reflects on his noble hue!
To the forest glade, in the quiet retreat,
Where the sun-been and swains and their fair ones meet
To a scene ever rich and new!

Away to the woodlands--the pine-covered steep,
For the rains have ceased, and the winds are asleep,
And are courted their cavern recesses!
While the healthful breath of the youthful spring,
And the fertile soil forth their treasures bring,
The care-worn to win from their woes!

sure take the liberty of depositing my card in her card-rack?"

The next minute her toes fairly bridled with oblong-shaped pieces of paste-board. CARLISLE.

Finding I have still a page left, I propose proceeding from the toes, even unto the teeth.

"THE WONDERFUL ELASTICITY OF A GIZZARD."

Why is it that cooks will persist in sending those muscled stomachs of fowls, called gizzards, to the table? Well do I remember the effect produced by a huge gristly one, upon a dinner party, several years since. It was on the occasion of feeding a bridal party; the grandmother of the bride (an old lady of eighty, whose molars and incisors had long since gone by the way of all decayed fangs, leaving an uninterrupted arch of hardened gum) being seated at the table. She had arrived at that pleasing age when the butter is frequently mistaken, by the octogenarian, for Cheshire or Stilton cheese, and is frequently *doublet* in, in the vain attempt to appropriate a piece. On the opposite side of the way from her was placed the happy groom, *her* grandson; all attention to every person's man-

Ancient Ruins in Mexico.

At a recent meeting of the Maryland Historical Society, a letter, dated Fort Fillmore, N. H., Jan. 15, 1853, from Col. D. S. Miles, of the U. S. Army, was read, and excited a very deep and lively interest among the members present. The material portion of the letter is as follows:

Lieut. Albert, of the Topographical Engineers, is the only officer of the army that ever had the opportunity of visiting Gran Quivira. He went to a deserted village called Abo, in lat. 54 deg. 25 m., lon. 100 w., and says he was within fourteen miles of it, and its direction was east. This may be correct; but my information would lead me to infer it lies further south and east from Abo. Since I wrote the article in the Arkansas paper, I have accidentally become acquainted with an old man, named Campbell, who is represented as a respectable and truthful man, who has visited Quivira on two occasions--the first time in 1839, when he was run off by the Indians; the next visit in 1842, with a larger party, and staid there a week, exploring or digging here and there for treasure. I will, as far as my memory permits, give you his description in

Awkw

The Queen bathing, and except in both royal family, by six. It was hours at Glo mouth, and half-past five through with by those who gent street is temoon.

The great Princesses was bathing-mach barking with of the royal y red generally King in parts that the