

PACIFIC Commercial Advertiser.

Our Changing Years.

How swift our changing years depart
Like shadows on the stream of time.
And traces leave of joy or pain,
Of sadness, or of bliss sublime.

Its light begins beside the grave
Of one just laid down to sleep,
Which takes the essence of the past,
And falls to rest in silence deep.

Along its course, with tireless wing,
It hastens on, nor stops, nor slays,
And Arcturion's path, and
Our angels bring their joyous light.

How nobly fall the candlelit feet
Of Time along the eternal way!
Our years are moments in the scale
That counts a thousand as one day.

Our ages are but hours to Him
Who holds the planets in His hand,
And centuries are short to Him
Who builds the orbs at His command.

Yet in the little sphere we fill
Our brief concerns, like waves are seen;
They make our life, our love, our all,
With Heaven the goal, and death between.

If troubles rise, and cares invade,
We call a cross to the soul,
And heart, and mind, and spirit, bring
To legislate and rule the whole.

When all is fair, we more right on,
Like sovereigns in our little realm;
Like argosies in tropic seas,
With self, the pilot at the helm.

Our freighted ship, before the wind,
With golden three masts on the tide,
But gales arise and bid us seek
A truer helmsman for our guide.

When setting sail we hope to find
Some favored shore where toil may rest,
But, tossed with storms, we often sink,
With treasures, all in Ocean's breast.

And sometimes on a barren shore,
Where we are left in toil severe,
We seek to bind it to our own,
That distant friends may still be near.

So with our hope we wrap the coil
That underlies the ocean wave,
And make the cable true and strong
That thrills with love our Maker gave.

With strength immortal still it lies,
While storms may beat and billows roll,
Nor heed the ice-berg from the zone
Where play surges round the pole.

We build fair cities in our realm,
And ever strive to guard them still;
And set our watches on the shores,
And lesson from our every hill.

Yet often in our brightest hours
The clouds on the soul arise,
And fortune fails, and fate around,
Once more compel us to the skies.

If we must toil, we toil in hope!
If we have hope, how sweet the prayer!
At morn, at noon, at evening time,
A meeting with the Maker there.

So be our little world redeemed!
The sphere wherein we spend our day;
The kingdom of the heart renewed,
And filled with Heaven's reviving ray!

—N. F. Oakes. Wm. Oakes Borchers.

[From Blackwood's Magazine.]

My Penny Dip.

What was it? A tallow candle, to be sure.
The gas wouldn't burn, the kerosene sputtered
with its noxious odor, the fluid spluttered,
burned blue, and went out. I was in the dark;
that gloomy blackness, which makes one's
eyes ache with its want of light, that palpable
gloom which seems to beat like a roomful of
palpitations of the heart around you, above you,
about you, everywhere; that visible nothing,
which holds the tables, the chairs, the portraits
you are familiar with, yet hides them in its
black veil from your view; that empty fullness
through which you thrust out your groping
arms, then shrink back, oppressed with a presence
you can neither hear, see, nor feel.

"Milly," I said to my little maid, "run some-
where and get me a light."

She ran to the grocer's wife, and came back
with a penny dip in a brass candlestick.

As she placed it on my table, went out and
shut the door, the little boy in bronze on my
mantle raised his hammer and struck the figure
of time twelve ringing blows upon the heart. It
was midnight.

The candle burned clearly. I resumed the
old volume of German legends I was reading,
and as I laid my finger on a paragraph, and
paused to wonder on the possibility of spirits re-
turning to earth to wreak vengeance on foes or
work woe to friends, I heard a deep sigh at my
elbow.

I turned and beheld the ghost of my grand-
mother.

I knew her from the resemblance to her por-
trait. She wore the same white cap with its
border plaited round her face—the same prim
dress with which I had grown familiar in the
picture.

She died twenty years ago. I was named for
her.

I drew up the rocking-chair for the ghost.
She sat down in it. A glow could not be
seen more noiselessly than she did. She kept
her hands in the same position on her breast as
at somebody tied them twenty years ago.

She fixed her keen black eyes upon me—beau-
tiful eyes, which I had always admired in the
portrait. None of her descendants had such eyes.

"I could not," she said, "in deep sleep
forget the light. Ghosts and ghouls
lights are at war always. As for Kerosene oil,
we groan in spirit at its use. How mortal noses
can, night after night, inhale the odor it emits,
is a wonder. It is worse than brimstone. We
have put our cold lips under your chimneys,
and blown our glowing breath into the flame.
We have seen the chimney blacken with smoke,
and apartments fill with disgusting fragrance.
People only said the lamp is in a draft. They
moved it and bore with it. We shall have to
yield. Kerosene is an outdoor discovery. Ghosts
are old-fashioned. To be out of date is to be out
of mind. Your tallow candle, which I smoke,
ghosts like the light of other days around us.
We always, in the body, burned tallow candles."

The fine eyes of my grandmother gazed at my
penny dip steadily for a moment. She seemed to
see visions and dream dreams.

"My dear," she said, "you are the first of the
family that has returned to candles since the in-
novation of gas. You are indebted to your dip
for my presence. How hollow I would have
looked under a chandelier—how bloodless, how
white! As it is, I think I am looking very nat-
ural, am I not?"

She glanced up at my portrait and waited my
reply.

"A little pale, grandmother," I said, "but
tell me, dear madam, if you've pursued in the
other world are of such a nature that they admit
of your returning to this at any time?"

"By no means. I am permitted to appear in
this sphere but seldom. My influence I can
make felt often. I have not been seen before
since my coffin lid was closed. I am come to tell
you there arose a yell in Pandemonium. I looked
in to see whence it came. I found the great
chamber assigned to little children, and which is
always full of little ones of all sizes and ages,
the sides of great iron tubs. Little ones were
crawling into corners; three-year old toddlers
were sitting out on the floor. Other ones were
hastily finishing seats, and all gave out a listen-
ing expression. A small voice was saying—

"It was no fault of mine that brought me

here. I, who am now but five years old, might
have lived to be fifty. Nature, unfortunately
gave me a fine physical development. My chest
was round and full, my skin clear, my limbs
finely moulded. My birth-place was in a cold
climate. My tender mother proud of her
offspring bared my neck and arms in the chill
winter, when her rose-lashes and vines were
packed in warm straw and thoroughly protected
from every blast. I was brought down to be
viewed by company, and exposed to different
temperatures as I went from room to room. My
mother, wrapped in soft velvet and comfortable
silks did not suffer. I did, but I could not tell
her so. I took cold. I became a great trouble
in the house. My beauty faded. I lingered on
month after month, and died at last at five years
of age, of consumption. My mother cried over my
little coffin, I know but could not tell her then,
that her own vanity had placed me there—would
send me here."

"I was trotted to death," cried a more piping
voice, as the first speaker sat down. "A woman
was hired expressly to take care of me, and she
took care that I should not want for exercise.
Her days and nights were spent in keeping me
going 'up, up, up,' and 'down, down, down.'
That unknown wonder, perpetual motion,
was to be found in my nurse's knees. Every
bone in my poor little body was racked, every
ounce of flesh was sore. My food went down my
throat and came up again. If I cried, I was trotted;
if I screamed, I was trotted; if I was still, I was
trotted; I became little better than a human
churn, from which the butter had been taken,
and the sour milk left standing. My brains
turned to bruises, my blood to whey, my bones
grew so sharp they almost pierced the knees
which trotted them. My tongue was constantly
jabbed between my jaws, and in danger of being
biten off, I dared not whine, for I knew the
penalty; I began at last to calculate how long
the torture could possibly continue. Warm
weather was coming on, and I thought one of
the other of us must soon give up the ghost;
and as my nurse's exertions were almost
superhuman, I imagined that perhaps I might
outlast her. One unlucky day, however, my
mother entering the room unexpectedly, I
smiled at her. I had never done so before.

"The darling," cried my parent, "see, it
knows me."

"Poor thing, rather," said the nurse, "it has
what on its stomach!"

"I trotted also proceeded to trot it out.
Every thump of her foot on the floor was, I knew,
a nail in my coffin. I felt I should never smile
again. My faithful nurse continued her efforts,
and I was trotted out of existence on the poor
old woman's knees."

"As the speaker ceased, one of the older occu-
pants of the room described my life, said my grand-
mother. 'He at once made room for me to en-
ter, and begged me to remain awhile and hear the
remarks. I consented, and took a seat near the
entrance.'

"I," said a little fellow rising from his seat,
with his blue eyes all bloodshot, and his counte-
nance marked with a day of delirium tremens. At
the age of six months, I was a confirmed drunk-
ard. I had not been a very quiet baby, and every
time I was uneasy a little liquor was adminis-
tered to do me good. I did not want wine, but
water. I was naturally a very thirsty child, and
everything that was put between my lips in-
creased my thirst. My mother's milk was
sweet, the panada given me was sweet, and if
now and then I was blessed with a draught of
goat or cow's milk, it was warmed and sweetened
first, to make it as much like my mother's as
possible. I used to cry. No other way do we
poor babies have of expressing our feelings, and
the chances are ten to one that we will be mis-
understood. To stop my crying, I was put to the
breast; this, at such times, I would indignantly
refuse. Then there would be a commotion.

"Nurse," my mother would say, "what shall
we do with him?" The nurse was a stout,
hearty old woman, who always made a practice
of tasting whatever was provided for her charge.

Her sovereign remedy was liquor. I was taken
and a spoonful administered at a time. At first
I rebelled—I struggled, kicked, and coughed.
The firm hand held the spoon to my little tongue,
and down went its contents in spite of me. Little
by little the dose was increased. I soon liked it.
In my thirsty moments I cried for it. It was
given me readily, for after a few moments of
wild glee, I fell into a drunken stupor, which
gave my attendants many opportunities of enjoy-
ing themselves, as my sleep was sure to be long
and sound.

"At length mania a potu assailed me. During
my whole life no one had ever thought of giving
me a single spoonful of the water I had
drained—the cooling, cheering, refreshing drop of
crave! Now, I no longer cared for it. In my
wildest frenzies I was accused of having the colic;
down, as usual went the fiery drink, until finally
I was literally burnt out. I was nothing but a
cinder within, a shell without. My stomach was
cooked to a crisp, my intestines were shrivelled
my lungs no longer filled with air, but held
forth only the fiery fumes that had consumed
me. I died. I was good for nothing. I hope
whatever form my dust is destined to take on
earth, it will not be watered, as when I inhabited
it, with alcohol."

"As this speaker ceased, there arose a wail of
sympathy, such as had first attracted me to the
pandemonium. It subsided, and I subsided, another
little figure had taken the stand."

"My logs," he said, "brought me out of the
world. My mother labored under the strange
delusion that her child was born a Highland lad-
die, of American parents and in America. I was
dressed, or left undressed rather, in short plaid
stockings, reaching to the calf of my leg, and an
elegant kilt reaching just to the knee. My limbs
were moulded in cherubic form, and when ex-
posed in the nursery were pretty. But the nur-
sery was too narrow a field in which to display
my beauty. On bitter cold days I was walked
out over the icy streets, the keen wind chapping
my flesh and chilling my blood till my knees
began like twin nutmegs, and my face purple.
I used to look at my mother's long comfortable
skirts and leggings drawn up over warm hose,
and wondered if she could survive a fashion such
as I wore, if adopted by herself. I became
afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism, and un-
able to endure the pain, gave up the ghost."

"I felt," said my grand-uncle, "that this
victim was sacrificed to a fashion started since
my day. I know that your father was never
dressed in such a ridiculous style when a little
boy, for with my own hands I knit his warm
woolen stockings and saw that his comfortable
little trousers came well over the instep of his
little calfskin shoes."

"The next speaker was a dreamy faced little
girl, who trembled as she rose and said—

"I am an opium eater. My death-warrant
was written on the label of the first bottle of
Godfrey's Cordial brought into my mother's
house. A few drops at first sufficed to hush my
cries. A few more, and I was fast asleep. I
do not know of any landlady who was adminis-
tered. Soon I could not go to sleep without it.
Then my nurse would give me a small opium
pill in my panada. Of course I was but little
troubled. I was a deep sleeper, but my digestion
became impaired, too much sleep weakened me,
and I knew no natural slumber. My eyes became
like those of a sleep-walker, full of dreams when
wide awake. I lost my appetite, my head grew
full of pain, my baby heart was always aching.
I closed my eyes one day forever on the home
where I felt I could be little loved, where my
wails were never permitted to appeal to those
around me, but were hushed at once; where my
blue eyes were scarcely ever permitted to look
blue in the world in which they had been
opened, and where, instead of proper care and
food and exercise, the selfish and enervating
sleep went on that was deeper than I have
many parents who seem to think children must
pass their childhood 'out of the way,' and only
get in the way when they lay in bed, in spite of
all sorts of treatment, useful or ornamental
members of society."

"This child was still speaking," said my
grandmother, "when I rushed out. I had been
a mother once, and I could not listen to these in-
nocents in that fearful wailing chamber, recom-
pulsating the woe that had sent them there, any
longer."

"I felt impelled to re-visit earth. I came, in
no light could I make myself visible to you until
your tallow candle was brought in."

"My dear, remember what I have told you.
Some of these days you may be a mother. Be
more than careful of the sacred charge of little
children. Think for them—feed for them. Do
not, to ease your conscience, sink them into unna-
tural slumbers, or give them over to selfish nurses.
Upon you hangs their lives—in a great measure
their happiness, both here and hereafter—I beg
you will give—"

Just at this moment the clock crew loudly.
The voice at my elbow was still. I looked around
—the rocking chair was empty, the ghost had
vanished.

MARSHFIELD HAY!

THE UNDERSIGNED HEREBY
certifies that he has secured the Best
Maunder Hay at One Cent per lb.
delivered.

JAMES L. LEWIS,
Marshfield, Wash.

JUST RECEIVED!

HERBERT BOSTON SUGAR CURED HAMS,
12 lbs. each.
Half Bills Mess Pork } Put up expressly
Or Bills Mess Pork } for Family use.
Bills French Pork }
Mushroom Catsup,
Lew & Perrin's Worcestershire Sauce,
Cases Parsnips,
Cases Salad Cream,
Cases Lemon Syrup,
Cases Fruit Syrup, assorted;
Cases Cranberry Jam,
Kegs Tapioca,
English Fancy Biscuits, small tins;
Orange Marmalade,
Red Currant Jelly,
Superior Westphalia Hams,
Assorted Crackers in cases & tins,
Fresh Cranberries,
Half barrels Salmon,
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Kits Mackerel, No. 1;
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Sacramento Salmon in 1 lb tins;
Glass Jars Currants, Raisins and Citron,
Lemon and Orange Peel, Nmegs.

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—By the—

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—OR—

COMET!

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CASTLE & COOKE!

CONSISTING OF

New and Latest Styles of

LADIES' HATS.

Hair Nets, Crochet Needles,
Welting Cord,
Gauzettes, Gloves, Ribbons,
Corset Clasps,
Beltings, Rubber Balls,
Slippers,

Misses' and Boys' Shoes!

FANCY PRINTS,
WOOLEN YARN,
PATENT SHUTTLES,
&c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

—Also:—

Nichols' Peruvian Bark and Iron!

Warranted GENUINE at \$1. per bottle.

—ALSO.—

DAVIS' PAIN KILLER in cases,

Burnet's Extra Fine Cologne!

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The Best and Purest OIL in the Market.

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A NEW EDITION,
Revised and Enlarged—400 Pages!

THIS BOOK, WHICH HAS BEEN
revised and enlarged, is now published
and sold at one hundred new hymns added, which makes
it the most complete collection of Hawaiian hymns ever published.
There are two styles of binding to be had.

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A RARE VOLUME!

THIS SUBSCRIBER HAS RECENTLY
received SIX copies of the HAWAIIAN SPEECHES
of the late King Kamehameha III., which are the only
copies left of this valuable work. They are nearly boundless
in value. Price \$5.

447-4m H. M. WHITNEY.

Advertisements.

POST-OFFICE NOTICE.

NEW ADVICE HAS BEEN RECEIVED
that the day of this office from the Postmaster of San Fran-
cisco, that he has been instructed by the Post-office Department
at Washington, to receive U. S. Postage Law of July 23d,
1864, relating to letters from foreign countries, was not intend-
ed to change the postage rates on letters between the United
States and the Hawaiian Islands.

Therefore, the rates heretofore to be charged at this office
will be as follows:

Letters weighing U. S. HAWAIIAN SHIP
not more than Postage Postage Postage Total
1 ounce 10c 10c 20c 18c
2 " 20c 20c 40c 36c
3 " 30c 30c 60c 54c

adding for every additional half ounce or fractional half ounce
three cents U. S. Postage and five cents Hawaiian Postage.

The ship postage of two cents is added only once on each
letter mailed, and if prepaid must be paid in U. S. Postage
stamps.

D. KALAHANA, Postmaster General.
Honolulu, December 31, 1864. 446-1m

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By the Yankee.

CASES GARB. SODA, CORN STARCH,
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Golden Gate Family Flour,
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440-3m For sale by A. D. CANTWRIGHT.

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