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(For the Sunday Republic.)

"THERE'S NO SUCH WORD AS FAIL."

Read not this cold world's taunting cry.

Had not in this world's taunting cry.

It often proves misfortune here.

Are beset in disguise.

If I know arm friends should be distant.

Our lot will not be small.

But when we have there's a name.

Or such a word as fail.

I've seen the oak branch flourish.

How down the mountain above.

I've seen it raise its stately form.

And flourish as before.

If storms assail our earthly bars.

Well have the shatter'd raft.

I'll laugh at the waves' desperate dash.

There's no such word as fail.

I've seen the ship's tempt-toss.

From the mountain's crest.

A vessel which all storm assail.

Yet brav'd the storm's assault.

When driven on before the blast.

And even as a sail.

We'll not be such with our sails.

There's no such word as fail.

Full many a pilgrim by the way.

A look hath men of much account.

But reach'd the goal, found all was vain.

While listening to our tale.

We'll say, "Press on, the goal is nigh."

There's no such word as fail.

'Tis when the fuming waves are high.

The assager's surge flows.

And as we higher raise the boat.

A purer metal flows.

If Providence should thus advance.

Our efforts prevail.

Then will we shout, with one accord.

"There's no such word as fail."

I understand not who these things

Is passed on earth above.

I tried three times to get a wife.

And three times I was disappointed.

But now at last I've got a wife.

For by last Monday's mail.

A maiden writes she will have me.

There's no such word as fail.

Our God will just reverse his will.

Let faith our fears disarm.

His work in season He'll fulfill.

And shelter us from harm.

That let us not be those whose voice

Is heard in every age.

And ever in our prayers rejoice.

There's no such word as fail.

FLORENCE.

THE GHOST OF RUSSIAN HILL.

A great deal has been written about

the large trees, the magnificent scenery and

the gold fields of California. Even its

mammoth vegetables and delicious mutton

had their honorable mention. In

short, I do not know of any one who

has not been told of within my knowledge

and that is a California ghost. The subject

has at least the commendation of rarity

and perhaps it may be found to possess

some interest. For myself, I give no opinion

upon the point; I could not at the time; but

I will say that I have fully read the

story as it was said to happen, and was

repeated to me by the poor woman whose

belief at least could not be shaken in it,

and over a portion of her life it had exercised

strange influences.

It was the year 1854, and I was living at

San Francisco. Chancing to need some one

to assist me in doing some plain sewing,

Mr. Evans, a man of a very peculiar

character, and a man whose character for benevolence

was known far and wide, gave me the ad-

dress of one Mrs. Addis. She was a superior

needlewoman, and she had been sent to

California from the Eastern States, and

was reduced to live by her own exertions.

He added that she had recently been very

nervous, and that she had been

unable to get her work done, and that she

was quite unable to do any thing, and

enough the shiver again. "About the work,

what is it you wish me to do?"

"I sat and told her, I parook of some

reflections, and they were a mouth-

ful of lunch and some tea. And I came

away strangely interested in Mrs. Addis

and her children, and quite determined

to see her again. I had been told that

"What is the mystery connected with her

illness?" I asked Mr. Evans, when I next

saw him. "There seems to be one."

"I believe that nobody can explain or

account for," was the reply of Mr. Evans.

"I dare say she will give you the history if

you request it."

"And in due time I obtained that history,

and transcribe it as it was told to me,

neither adding to it nor taking from it.

"In early times the means of transit across

the straits were so very dangerous and

comfortless that, like the man who had

crossed the two roads, travelers were sure

to wish they had taken the contrary route.

The lengths of the Cape Horn, the Indian

perils of the plains and the fearful

fever on the Isthmus gave ample themes for

curiosity, and quite determined Mrs.

Evans to see her again. I had been told

that her husband was a man of a very

peculiar character, and a man whose

character for benevolence was known far

and wide, gave me the address of one

Mrs. Addis. She was a superior

needlewoman, and she had been sent to

California from the Eastern States, and

was reduced to live by her own exertions.

He added that she had recently been very

nervous, and that she had been

unable to get her work done, and that she

was quite unable to do any thing, and

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