PUGET SOUND HERALD.

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PUGET SOUND HERALD.

CHARLES PROSCH,
Editor and Proprietor.

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Have constantly on hand and for sale, at the lowest prices for cash, the very best varieties of the above Articles in the market. Entire satisfaction is guaranteed with regard to both price and quality. 20:tf

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PUBLISHERS,
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One door from Merchant,
SAN FRANCISCO,
Have in store the largest collection of SCHOOL and LAW BOOKS in California; also Historical and other Works. Orders from Washington Territory solicited. 1-3m

THE PORT MADISON
FOUNDRY
IS NOW IN SUCCESSFUL OPERATION, UNder the superintendence of W. K. Waterman, and will execute all kinds of
Iron Castings,
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NOTICE.
EUREKA WHISKY.
THE UNDERSIGNED, SOLE AGENTS FOR THE MANUfacturers, invite the attention of consumers to the above superior brand of
WHISKY.
It is made from the finest Rye Spirits, and is a
GENUINE MONONGAHELA.
It is put up in barrels and half barrels, for the convenience of the trade.
WM. REWELL & CO.,
For sale by the principal Liquor Houses in San Francisco. 1-3m

Bells in Distant Lands.

Hark! hark! what well known sounds are those
That fall upon my ear?
They give a throbbing to the heart,
They start the ready tear.
Oh, hark again! they melt away,
Now swell upon the wind;
The phantom forms of other years
Are gliding o'er my mind.
Ah, what a host of dormant thoughts,
Of country, friends, and home,
Arise with every pealing note
That comes from yonder dome.

Ring on, sweet bells! thy tones recall
Many a bygone day;
Life and breath, and form they give
To things long passed away.
Ye plainly speak of childhood's home,
When gladsome hearts were there,
Joyous and gay, as light and free
As ambient summer air.
Ever such are our early days,
With mirth and freedom rife—
Days that the heart ne'er knows again
In years of after life.

Ring on, sweet bells! Ah! now there breathes
A sadness in thy chimes
That brings to mind far other scenes,
Sad scenes of later times!
Alas! those tones tell fearful tales,
Of sorrow and of gloom;
Of the young, lovely, and the lost,
Borne to an early tomb.
Yet not lost, but gone before,
To a bright and blessed land,
To lure their old companions on,
To join the ransomed band.

Ring on, sweet peal! the hallowed sounds
Bring up from memory's store
Such vivid thoughts of olden times,
Again I live them o'er.
Ye're mute; ah! well then be it so;
Such moments could not last,
Losing a sense of passing things,
Dreaming of scenes long past.

The Angels in the House.

Three pairs of dimpled arms, as white as snow,
Held me in soft embrace;
Three little cheeks, like peaches soft,
Were placed against my face.

Three tiny pairs of eyes, so clear, so deep,
Looked up to mine the even;
Three pairs of lips kissed me a sweet "good night,"
Three little forms from heaven.

Ah, it is well that little ones should love us!
It lights our faith when dim.
To know that once our blessed Savior bade them
Bring little ones to Him!

And said he not, "Of such is Heaven," and blessed them,
And held them to his breast?
Is it not sweet to know that when they leave us,
'Tis there they go to rest?

And yet, ye tiny angels of my house,
Three hearts encased in mine!
How would be shattered, if the Lord should say,
"Those angels are not thine?"

Tell me, ye Winged Winds.

Tell me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway come,
Do you not know some favored clime,
'Neath heaven's star-spangled dome?
Some pavement, church, or hall,
Which chasers grant a truce,
Nor desecrate its cleanliness
With vile tobacco juice?

Tell me, in all thy realm,
Hygeia, beauteous maid,
Is there no favored spot,
Vile quids do not invade?
Some breath of heaven's air
"Old sogers" do not taint?
The rude wind looked me in the eye,
And answer'd, "well, there ain't!"

A good story is going the round about a newly arrived Englishman, who saw on the arrival list of one of our hotels the cabalistic initials, "F. R. S.," appended to a lodger's cognomen. "Show him to me!" said the Englishman eagerly.

"There he goes now, sir."

The Englishman's face beamed with cordiality. "Delighted to meet you, sir! Had not the slightest idea of seeing one of our society on this side of the water! When were you a member? My memory is so defective——"

"Member of what?" said "Old Shell," half surprised, half angry.

"Oh, don't be so modest, my dear sir!"

"Modest! the deuce! What society?"

"No bashfulness, now! You are a Fellow, I know."

"Dash my buttons, stranger!" exclaimed "Shell," thoroughly indignant; "do you call me a fellow?"

"Fellow of the Royal Society, sir. You mistake my meaning. Fellow of the Royal Society of London."

"I am no Londoner, man; I come from down South, I do. I am an oyster man, I am."

"Why, what on earth does F. R. S. mean, then, attached to your name?" said the astonished Englishman, science and surprise beaming from his countenance.

"Well, stranger, I don't care if I do tell you. You see I like oysters, I do; and F. R. S. means adzackly nothing more nor less than Fried, Roasted and Stewed."

A green, good-natured, money-making, up-country fellow, who said everything drily, "got things fixed," and struck up a bargain for matrimony. Having no particular regard for appearances, the parties agreed to employ a not overwise country justice to put on the tackling. He commenced the ceremonies by remarking that "it was customary on such occasions to commence with a prayer, but he believed he would omit that." After tying the knot, he said, "it was customary to give the married couple some advice, but he believed he would omit that. It was customary, too, to kiss the bride, but he believed he would omit that also." The ceremony being ended, the bridegroom took the justice by the button hole, and clapping his finger on his nose, said, "Squire, it's customary to give the magistrate five dollars, but I believe I'll omit that."

As a specimen of past utility of the Logic Class of the University of Edinburgh, an anecdote is recorded, in which the son of a baronet, who resided not far from town, acted a conspicuous part. He was called up by the worthy Professor of the time, and asked the question, "Can a man see without eyes?"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt answer.

"How, sir," cried the amazed Professor, "can a man see without eyes? Pray, sir, how do you make that out?"

"He can see with *one*, sir," replied the ready-witted youth, and the whole class shouted with delight at his triumph over metaphysics.

A man in Michigan not long since committed suicide by drowning. As the body could not be found, the coroner held an inquest on his hat and jacket, found on the banks of the lake: verdict, "found empty."

It is announced, for the benefit of those persons who did not get a sight of the comet, that it will again appear before the public, for a few nights, in the autumn of the year 2147.

A fellow who got drunk on election day said it was owing to his efforts to put down party spirit.

THE DOG DETECTIVE.

Woodcastle was a pretty town, and William Starke the richest man in it. Now I have said Woodcastle was a *town*, but do not imagine a row of cottages fronting the only street, a rickety, tumble-down tavern, a blacksmith shop, and forty cur dogs. No; it was a bustling, active place, where a brisk business was pushed, many stores were thriving, and two good-sized factories, three miles back, were running with profit to their owners, and to the satisfaction of their numerous hands.

But I am forgetting William Starke. He was a leather dealer, and supplied the whole country for miles with the article. He had two branch stores at Ryeslope, forty miles back from Woodcastle, and was interested in a large tannery at the former place, to which village he made frequent journeys, in attending to his large and growing business. His family consisted of his wife, a thrifty woman of forty, who had aided him greatly by her industry and frugality in amassing his handsome property, and an only son, now about twenty-three years of age, who assisted his father in his business, and took charge of the whole concern when he was absent at Ryeslope at the "tannery;" and not a smarter nor handsomer lad than George Starke was there at Woodcastle.

One day William Starke drove around to the front of the large store, and, calling out his son, said:

"George, I come a-nigh forgetting Ryeslope to-day. Thee knows 'tis seventeenth o' December to-morrow, and the £460 due me at the tannery—"

"O, yes," was George's reply. "What the Manchester folks were t' send thee over for t' kip and raw hides."

"Surely—the same. I will go and fetch it, and 'twill be a rough drive for me to reach it by sun-down. I have no time to go back and bid thy mother good-by, for I must hasten awa'. Send Spear out till I ha' him hooked under the wagon."

"Ay, ay!" was George's answer: and in a moment the great rough, burly dog was chained underneath the master's wagon, and after a few parting directions to his son, William Starke gave his spirited horse the rein, and soon rattled through the village out on to the Ryeslope road.

It was a long drive he had before him, but he was one of those hardy men, so totally engrossed with business that he never thought of the drive or weather, which was intensely disagreeable. It was a chilly cold December day, a drizzling rain falling, which froze as fast as it reached the ground, making the horse slide to and fro in many places, although he had heavy corks, and pointed toes to his shoes, which aided him much to go over the slevty ground; and so steadily did the horse travel that Ryeslope was reached just as night was setting in, and the lights began to dance in the windows of the neat cottages. Both horse and man seemed fatigued with the journey, but when the great dog, Spear, was unchained from under the wagon, he seemed the freshest of the party; for although he had panted some, he jumped upon his master (who was obliged to reprimand him for his actions, soiling his great coat with his dirty paws) and frisked around the stable yard joyfully. O, he was a noble dog, was Spear.

Well, on the seventeenth day of December, William Starke had received his expected four hundred and sixty pounds, visited his two stores and seen that everything was going on right, had suggested some improvements in the vats of the tannery, ordered some more raw hides sent off to the Manchester folks, and by noon of the day was ready to start for Woodcastle again.

He had tied the money he had received all up in a great leathern bag, and placed it under the seat of his wagon, which was covered over with a lid which locked, wrapped his muffler closer around his throat, tied Spear again under the vehicle, and started out into the snow and sleet for home. When he left Ryeslope, it was about an hour past noon, and he calculated that even were his horse to travel his usual gait he could not reach home before about seven o'clock that evening, about two hours after dark. When he had made this calculation, he was about three miles from Ryeslope, and had arrived at the "Willow Cross Roads." He knew, if he kept the left hand road, he could cut through the woods about ten miles further on, and thereby save a slice of a good five miles; and although the track was narrow through the woods, he determined to try it, to save time, if possible; so the horse's head was turned to the left at the "Willow Cross," and although Spear barked under the wagon long and loudly, and the horse rebelled against this unusual direction, still William Starke persisted and maintained the new road.

It was a furiously stormy day, that seventeenth of December. The wind howled and whistled through the trees like the wailing of thousands of unquiet spirits. The branches of the old trees cracked and snapped and fell across the path of William Starke as he journeyed on. But the iron man of business only thought of the cargo of hides he had just imported from South America, and of his contemplated journey to Liverpool to inspect them; and while the snow beat in upon him, forming a bed of ice upon the floor of his carriage, and his rough coat and boots and breeches were stiff with the accumulated sleet, and the icicles hung in large numbers upon his beard, he but thought of "calfskins," "kip," "harness," "russett," and "cordovan." So they jogged on, on, the ground now nearly covered with snow, and the man of business only aroused to his surroundings when the horse broke through a gully here and there which had been bridged with ice, and the moment his weight came upon it there was a crash, slush, then a cry from the man momentarily aroused, "H-o-o, Prince—How—Come along!" and they jogged on the same as ever—on towards Woodcastle.

William Starke perceived they were about to enter the woods, and he seemed to rouse himself from his apathy in order to find the proper path for him to travel, which he now discovered to be a work of some difficulty, for the snow had entirely changed the aspect of the country, and the paths which he would have experienced no difficulty in selecting with the ground clear and clean, he found himself in much perplexity now to determine which was his proper course. However, he soon hit upon the road which he believed the correct one, and proceeded as before.

But now his way was impeded considerably, for his horse was stumbling repeatedly from the heavy branches lying hidden in the road, and every few minutes his wagon top would come in contact with the overhanging branches, sending the loose snow in a blinding cloud down upon horse, wagon and driver. These frequent accidents made Starke wonder if he was on the right path, and the further they travelled the more thoroughly he became convinced that he had lost his way. The track was becoming more and more unfamiliar, and as a last desperate chance he determined to allow Prince to have his head, and by his sagacity to lead him into the right road. At last the horse made a sudden turn into a wider and apparently more frequented road, which quite reassured his master that at last he would travel in the right direction. But it still puzzled him to account for the total absence of houses, for on the proper road through the woods there were several woodcutters' huts.

Night was coming on rapidly, the storm had rather increased than abated its fury, and William Starke was forced to confess that he had lost his way, and each mile he advanced left him in a greater labyrinth of doubt. He stopped Prince suddenly, determined to look about him, and to travel no longer in this uncertain direction; and he was becoming seriously alarmed lest he should be obliged to spend the night in this dense wood, where the chances were that he would perish ere the morning came.

As these unpleasant thoughts dawned upon him, and he glanced around, he thought he perceived at some distance ahead a light. He urged Prince towards the object, and to his joy discovered it to be a log house, situated at the junction of three roads, all of which seemed to lead into the wood. The smoke was curling in black wreaths from the chimney, and a bright light flickered in the window. In a moment his eyes took in all this, and also that back of the house was ample shedding for cattle, and he determined, if possible, that he would spend the night here rather than again brave the fury of the storm.

The moment he drove up to the door, there was the furious barking of as many dogs as if all the tormenting canines mentioned in Dante's Hell had broken loose; while three or four rushed out around the horse, and one, venturing under the wagon at Spear, was the next moment sent off minus a leg, an ear, and one or two other important members which are generally supposed necessary to make up a sound dog, and a voice from the doorway added to the general tumult by endeavoring to quiet the belligerent hounds.

"Down, Bull, down! Here, Rife—Rife! Git out o' the wagon, sir, they shant—Ha-uh—Fox, down—hurt thee, sir?"

"Thank thee, neighbor," was Starke's reply, but he kept cautiously upon the shafts at the same time. "I think I am lost hereabout for the first time i' my life. How far is it from Woodcastle?"

By this time there were two or three heads in the doorway, and he who appeared to be the master, replied:

"Woodcastle! Why, thou be'st full seven leagues fro' Woodcastle and off about two leagues fro' t' Ryeslope road. But, master, if thee likes to stay here the night, we can take thyself an' beast."

"Well, I will stay," William Starke replied.

The man coming forth, they took the beast back to the shedding, and then from the wagon, and the man then gave the horse from a trough his measure of corn. As they were about to enter the house, after all this was through, Starke went to untie Spear from beneath the wagon, for he was howling dreadfully, and appeared to be in great distress.

"Why, Spear, good dog, what is it? Come, thou shalt come wi' me into the house and warm thyself, and ha' a bit of supper." But the hand of the man was laid upon his shoulder, and he said:

"Nay, nay—let the dog stay. The curs in the house will fight wi' him, and he has already a'most killed my best hound pup. I will ha' him fed here."

"I don't like to leave him out in this severe weather," said Starke.

"He'll not feel it. They're tough, these dogs are," said the other.

"But it's a hard night," said Starke, still wishing to take the dog in.

"For a man, but not for a dog," said the other.

"He's had a long jaunt, and must be fed."

"I'll see to that," said the man.

"Some raw meat, if you have it."

"Plenty of it," was the reply.

"I shall pay you well," continued the new comer, "so use the animal kindly."

Starke did not half like this proposition to leave his faithful friend behind, especially as the dog bayed so mournfully, and seemed to manifest so many signs of uneasiness, but he was obliged to acquiesce. But as he left the spot, Spear gave utterance to such a dismal, awful howl, it seemed to unite upon his heart with a foreboding sound.

When they got into the house, Starke only found his host's wife, a rough-looking, gaunt woman, behind the stove, and another man, a short, bull-dog, ruffianly-looking fellow. The rest whom he had observed in the doorway when he drove up were away, politeness forbade him asking where or wherefore. The room was stifling hot, and the odor from the common tobacco which was burning in the pipes which decorated the mouths of all three was suffocating.

Supper was soon served; a plain, wholesome meal. The oaten cakes, hot from the griddle, were eaten with an appetite by the weary traveller, who had ere this informed his host who and what he was; and nothing happened to disturb his equanimity except that now and then he thought he detected various mysterious signs between the stranger, his host, and wife, and of course he supposed they related to him; and what gradually tended to increase his uneasiness was the sound of Spear's dismal, pitiable howling, which was unceasing, and was borne to him from time to time as the wind lulled.

William Starke was a prudent man, and the fact of his having treasure concealed in the box of his wagon did not make him less so. He therefore determined to allow the four hundred and sixty pounds to remain where it was, rather than to excite the cupidity of these people, who might be easily tempted to commit a crime by the prospect of plunder. But he resolved to keep a strict watch on their movements, and if he saw anything further which looked suspicious, to escape if possible from the house, unloose Spear, who would be a powerful aid in case of an attack, and then take the chances of flight.

The storm continued in all its violence, the wind sweeping against the house with a rush, a whirl, a crash, which seemed sufficient to tear it from its foundations, and scatter it piecemeal over the earth. The fragments of ice were driven every second against the doors and windows, and the snow drifted in over the floor through every cranny. About nine o'clock the man asked if Starke would like to go to bed, and upon his replying yes, a rushlight was produced, and his host preceded him up a short ladder at the side, which, when they entered a trap door, disclosed to view a sort of narrow loft, upon the floor of which was a straw bed, and after mumbling some excuses about "such a poor lodging," he left Starke the light and returned to the room below.

Starke, upon glancing around him, discovered a large closet in one end of the room, and he was about examining this, when every movement he made almost extinguished the light as it caught the many currents of air. He had no desire to be left in darkness, so he cautiously examined the place as well as he could without its assistance. There was directly opposite to him a small window, which of course led out into the yard through which he had entered. As he was making these examinations, he heard the door shut and open two or three times below, and it appeared to him the hum and mutterings of eager voices. At last he found a small hole in the loft, through which he could look below, and what was his surprise to find four men together in low and earnest conversation. That he was the subject of their mutterings was sufficiently attested from the fact of their looking anxiously in the direction of his room at the slightest noise, and again continuing their conference. He could, however, catch a few words of their conversation, and his heart almost ceased to beat as he caught the words, "leather bags," "sovereigns," "wagon," "dog," etc.

"There can be no doubt about the matter. I have fallen among thieves, that is very evident," he mused for a moment. "Pity I have no weapon; but the dog is as good as a pair of pistols, almost. But I must anticipate the rascals if possible. I may be already too late to prevent a robbing. Why did I turn off to this out-of-the-way track? But it is of no use regretting that now—there's work to be done."

His resolve was now taken. He crept cautiously to the window and opened the shutter, which act sent the sleet into his eyes, almost blinding him, and the old shutter groaned and grated upon its rusty hinges, but the noise of the conflicting elements drowned all such sounds. He dropped quietly out of the window, hung by his hands to the sill for an instant, and in another his feet sunk into the yielding snow beneath it. The instant he was upon the ground, the dog Spear, who saw through the darkness, gave a deep bark of joy, but Starke was quickly by his side.

"Quiet, dog; Spear, good fellow, be quiet. Your master is in danger."

But the moment he had spoken the sagacious animal seemed to understand each word, for he was silent in an instant, and rubbed his huge head against his master's knees. Now Starke crept cautiously to the side of his wagon and felt for the box. Good heavens! the top was smashed in, and the leather bag of sovereigns was stolen.

Before he had time to consider of this infamous robbery, the back door of the house was thrown open, and a blaze of light fell full upon him—the direct, sharp, narrow light from a bull's-eye, or dark lantern, held by the woman. Simultaneously with this discovery, the four villains, with bludgeons in their hands, rushed upon him.

Upon that snow, the wild winds dirge-like and with tempest tone bursting in anger, and the huge folds of clouds rushing, sweeping full of hail and sleet over them all, was their murderous deed completed. In vain did the brave man struggle with his assailants. In vain did their bludgeons beat him to his knees; he fought there still till his deadly gripe sent one man to his account with God. In vain did the brave dog, chained as he was, make more than one feel the sharp blow from his savage fangs, whilst the bones cracked before his deadly hold was loosened. In vain all these powers; for a villainous blow descended upon that head and crushed the skull in its descent, and the victim had scarce time to call on his Maker ere he was dead—murdered there, with the woman holding the light to see the work well done.

"Mother," said George Starke, upon that night of the seventeenth of December, "Mother, aint father ower late to-night? He never staid at Ryeslope, thee knows."

"O," was the reply, "thee knows he was to receive some money, and he may have been belated; and then 'tis an awful night, his wagon may have broken, or—" And the good woman went on framing excuses for her husband's absence; although her heart misgave her, she would fain cheat herself that all was right.

"I wish he were well at home, mother."

"Ay, boy, and so do I."

"It's so wild a night he may have held over."

"He may, but it's not like him, George."

"True," said the son, seriously.

It was difficult to know what course to pursue, and so George and his mother waited the steady course of the hours, but with growing impatience, momentarily becoming more and more nervous and anxious. Only those who have thus waited in a torture of suspense can appreciate the suffering of the mother and her son, to whom the howling winds without seemed to chant a heartless requiem.

Twelve of the clock was sounded at Woodcastle Church, still the watchers waited for the absent one. One, two, sounded, and the mother was in tears and the son striving to comfort her in his poor way—and poor enough it is, to speak words of comfort to others when our own hearts are bleeding.

Three o'clock on the morning of December eighteenth many of the factory people at Woodcastle were astir, and preparing to walk out towards their work this blustering morning. Four o'clock, and a stray villager appears, then some in couples, all trudging through the snow. After a while the gray light seems to be gathering in the east, dispelling some of the morning gloom. At the entrance to the village a single horse attached to a wagon startles the early walkers. He is running, stumbling, up again, running again, the wagon surging to and fro. You could swear that horse had no driver.

"'Tis William Starke's horse and wagon!" "Runaway! runaway!" "Ho-o! Ho-o-o!" "Look at the dog!" "The dog is dragging behind!" "Come on!" are some of the exclamations, and soon a crowd, a curious crowd of boisterous villagers follow the flying horse and exhausted dog on to William Starke's store—into William Starke's stable yard. The poor animal had arrived at the stable door, and falls to the ground, the shafts smashed to splinters in his fall; the bleeding dog is raised from under the body and unchained, and the body of William Starke himself is dragged out of the wagon, his skull crushed, and he dead, dead and cold, and his life's blood frozen on the floor of the wagon where he laid.

"Murder! murder! William Starke is murdered!" the cry went abroad through the village that early dawn, eighteenth of December, A. D. ——.

"My husband murdered!"

"O, my father, father!"

The wife and son cried thus, on that bloody morning, eighteenth of December. Words are all too weak to describe the harrowing anguish of those bereaved ones at that terrible discovery.

A year, about, since William Starke was murdered, a year of grief, so far of ceaseless mourning for that good husband, kind father, and exemplary man, a year of search after the murderer, or murderers, a year of useless search.

No news of William Starke since he was known to have left Ryeslope that afternoon, seventeenth of December, with four hundred and sixty pounds. No news before or since that eighteenth day of December, in the morning, when his mottled horse dragged his murdered lady to his own door at Woodcastle, and the exhausted dog Spear trailing in the snow underneath the wagon. No news, no news. George Starke was now the great leather dealer at Woodcastle; George Starke, the son, now owned the stores and tannery at Ryeslope, and made the journeys and got the money.

George Starke was riding home from Ryeslope on the seventeenth of December, just one year that day since his father was murdered; and George was driving the same horse Prince, and he had the same good dog Spear with him—but, Spear was not chained under the wagon, as he used to be. O, no! but Spear was running along side: for "people" said "that if Spear had been loose the night of that seventeenth of December, or the morning of the eighteenth of December, that William Starke never would have been murdered." And the opinion of the people was worth something, so Spear was not tied.

But the day of this seventeenth of December was a beautiful, clear, cold day, not the stormy awful day of last year, and George Starke thought he would take the back road homeward road through the woods it was—and get home earlier. The roads were good, but somehow or other (it was strange, too) Prince did not want to go that road; and, as George generally was so customed to obedience from his horse, he was determined that he should go—so on they sped. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon that they approached a comfortable looking house at the side of the road, directly fronting three other roads. He had never seen the house before, and was surprised to find one there; but still more surprised was he, when he found that his horse would not approach the house, but shyed off towards the woods, and trembled as though he would fall to the ground. But George Starke's surprise did not end here, for he observed two men seated upon a bench in front of the house quietly smoking pipes; but his attention was attracted to them in a peculiar manner, namely, by his dog Spear making a direct rush for these two quiet smokers, seizing one of them by the throat, and rolling him to the earth.

In an instant George ran to the aid of the wounded man, and knocked his dog off, who no sooner left his first victim, than he darted in a straight line to the second man, who quickly ran into the house and bolted the door, the dog, with glaring eyes and exposed teeth, snarling all the while, as he threw his huge body against the door and tried to paw it down.

"Back, Spear, back!" the young man shouted, as he kicked the dog right and left. "How dare thee! What ails thee, dog? I hope, my good fellow, thee are not hurt"—addressing himself to the man who lay upon the bench, the blood flowing from the wounds the dog had made upon him.

"Keep the dog away—he has killed me," the wounded man replied.

"Open the door," shouted George to those within. "The dog shall not harm any one."

But the man peeped cautiously forth, and would only admit the wounded man, and all George's entreaties would not satisfy them, so he called Spear, who seemed loath to leave the premises, and drove hastily off towards Woodcastle.

Now the more George Starke thought of this circumstance, and the unusual and ferocious conduct of his dog, the more was he perplexed and determined to investigate the matter. Was it not possible that his father might have taken that road for a short cut, that day one year ago? Was it not likely that Providence had mysteriously spared the dog and animated him in his ferocity? But he would think no more, for thought on this subject was painful and perplexing; but the next day five horsemen, good stout men and true, George Starke their leader, and the good dog Spear in company, set out for the strange house.

All was still and quiet around the premises, the dogs had been sent away, and not a sound was there to indicate the existence of a soul about the house. George Starke knocked at the door and demanded admittance; the sound reverberated through the room, but none answered the summons.

In a few moments a large log was brought, and the door fell in upon the floor smashed into a dozen pieces. There was not a soul visible; but the rank smell of burning tobacco betrayed that recently the room had been inhabited. A ladder was in one end of the room, before which Spear was standing, his mouth open, showing his glittering teeth, whilst a low, savage growl escaped from him.

"The ladder, the ladder! To the loft above!" exclaimed George, and in a moment he had mounted, but he found the trap fast, and barred on the upper side.

This was quickly burst open, and with a bound, Spear was in the loft above, the men quickly following. Two men were dragged forth from a corner where they had been concealed behind a straw bed. They were quickly bound, and then a search was commenced, and in the old closet in the corner was found the *leather bag* in which William Starke had all his gold. This significant evidence was conclusive.

After a long search, the wife of the keeper of this den was found hidden in one of the wild beasts behind the house; and when the criminals had been removed to Woodcastle, the following confession was made by the woman:

"That one of the men had died from the effects of the wound received from William Starke on that bloody night; that repeated trials were made to kill the dog, but as he fought so valiantly, and they had no fire-arms to reach him, they could not get near enough to dispatch him. They at last concluded, as the best means to prevent the crime being traced, was to harness up the horse Prince again to the wagon, place the body inside, then take him about three miles to the Woodcastle road, place pricks under the saddle of his harness, which would goad him to fury, and start him off homewards—all of which was done. That the day before the whole party had been so alarmed by the appearance of the dog, that they had concluded to leave, which they were preparing to do when they were surprised by the party and arrested.

Upon the eighteenth of December, just one year from the arrest of the three men, they were hanged by the neck at the town of Woodcastle, and the same day the woman was transported for life, says the chronicle, "For the wanton murder of William Starke, leather dealer of Woodcastle, and tanner of Ryeslope."

"It is undeniable," says an exchange, "that in America it takes three to make a pair—he, she and a hired girl. Had Adam been married, there would have been a hired girl in the house to look after little Abel and 'raise Cain.'"

PUGET SOUND HERALD, STEILACOOM, W. T., MAY 4, 1860.

THE PUGET SOUND HERALD

published every FRIDAY MORNING, at $5 per annum, or $3 for six months, in advance; single copies, 25 cents. Advertisements, to insure insertion without delay, should be handed in on or before Thursday of each week.

THE HERALD can be found in San Francisco at the office of our Agent, 121½ Washington street, at the Merchants' Exchange and the principal Hotels; and also at the leading Hotels in the Atlantic cities.

We shall be pleased to furnish masters of vessels and others, going to Sound, with files of the HERALD, on application at this office.

L. P. FISHER,
121½ Washington st., San Francisco,
is authorised to act as the Agent of this paper in receiving advertisements and subscriptions in San Francisco and elsewhere, and collecting and receipting for the same.

CHAS. PROSCH.

PUGET SOUND HERALD.

STEILACOOM, W. T., FRIDAY, MAY 4, 1860.

EDITORIAL.—Want of space, in this issue, compels the omission of editorial matter; the large list of advertisements crowding out the same.

THE APPROACHING ELECTION.—As will be seen, on reference to our advertising columns, the election ball has already been started; the paper of to-day containing two nominations for County Auditor. We wish it distinctly understood that we shall charge our full advertising rates for all such announcements; and, unless they are brought to us or vouched for by responsible parties, we shall not insert them.

MAY-DAY PIC-NIC.

On Tuesday last, the first day of May, at the invitation of Dr. J. B. Webber, the young people of both sexes of this county assembled in large numbers at the house lately erected by him on the claim adjoining that of Mr. Edward Huggins, late the residence of Dr. Tolmie. Dr. Webber, though a pioneer resident of this Territory, until very recently had taken no steps to secure a land claim; but, at length awakening to the importance of pre-empting a claim, ere it became too late to do so, by the rapid settlement of the country, he selected that above mentioned, and immediately commenced the work of improvement. Having completed a neat, well-proportioned house a few days before the first of May, the occasion occurred to him as a good one for a festival, and he accordingly invited all, or nearly all, of the young women of the county to a pic-nic; leaving them to choose their own company for the occasion. At about noon, the first wagon load arrived on the ground, and from that time until five or six o'clock the gathering continued, finally swelling the number to considerably more than a hundred persons, all decked in holiday attire. Strolling about the grounds, sailing on the lake, (an attractive feature of the Doctor's pretty farm) swinging and playing at ball, occupied the time until the dinner hour arrived. A long table having been placed in a beautiful grove of young firs, the contributions of the guests were spread thereon, and, when all arranged, presented a fine display of very varied and tempting viands. Between four and five o'clock dinner was partaken of, amid animating jests and happy remarks. Dinner being disposed of, the guests dispersed as before until twilight, when, the principal room having been lighted, and several violinists being present, the young folks engaged in the exhilirating pleasure of dancing. With the exception of an intermission for refreshment, the dancing continued till one o'clock A.M., when the party separated for their respective homes, well pleased with themselves and grateful to Dr. Webber for the pleasure his pic-nic had afforded them.

The arrangements for the occasion were not only complete, but the manner of their execution highly satisfactory. Mr. L. P. Hanson officiated as master of ceremonies, and assumed the direction of everything connected with the affair. Much credit is due to Mr. Hanson for the manner in which he discharged the duty assigned him; nothing like disorder was observable at any time.

We have thus briefly sketched perhaps the most agreeable social reunion that has ever taken place in this county. The crowded state of our columns forbids an account *in extenso* of all that was said and done.

PUGET SOUND WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.—We have received a note from the Principal of this institution, requesting us to inform the Trustees resident in Steilacoom of a meeting of that body to be held on Monday, 14th inst., at Olympia. As we do not know who the Trustees are, we are obliged to adopt this method of notifying them of the fact. The question of locating the University will probably be decided at this meeting, and it is therefore very desirable that all should be present.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—The message of our indebtedness to Commodore Scranton, during the past two years, for many and great favors, was this morning heaped up by the early delivery of late San Francisco and Victoria papers and valuable memoranda. To the politeness of Purser Lowell, of the *Eliza Anderson*, we are under no less obligations for oft-repeated favors. Both gentlemen have our warmest thanks and our most sincere wishes for their happines and prosperity.

HOME AGAIN.—Capt. Hunt's company returned to this post this evening from San Juan, on board the U. S. steamer *Massachusetts*. Capt. Pickett's company was left on the island in its stead; having been removed thither previous to the departure of Capt. Hunt. The *Massachusetts* will next remove the force from Fort Townsend, (under Major Haller) to this post; the purpose being to break up that post, as well as the post at Bellingham Bay.

SAN FRANCISCO ADVERTISERS.—We are requested to call particular attention to the advertisements of Wm. Newell & Co. This is one of the most respectable firms in San Francisco, and may safely be relied upon for honesty in its dealings. As will be seen, they caution the public against imposition in the purchase of articles in their line.

LATE PAPERS.—J. W. Sullivan, the prince of newspaper and periodical dealers in San Francisco, has our thanks for a bundle of valuable foreign and domestic papers by the last steamer.

THE SAN JUAN ISLAND QUESTION.

To the Editor of the Puget Sound Herald:

As the public mind is considerably exercised and agitated with regard to the Northwest water boundary between the United States and Great Britain, and especially in reference to the occurrences which took place about the Island of San Juan, in July and August ultimo, I propose to give you a succinct statement of the case, with a summary review of its present aspects.

It *will* be unnecessary to trace up the origin of our titles through the various treaties, from February, 1763, to June, 1846, by which our perfect right to all the domain in North America west of the Lake of the Woods, between the parallels of 42° and 49° north latitude, has been incontestibly established. It may be sufficient to say that we get none of these titles from Great Britain, but merely an acknowledgment on her part of their justice and consonance with known principles of public law.

It is a source of regret, that at the date of this latter treaty, 1846, our Government did not possess a thorough knowledge, hydrographically, of our Northwestern terminus: for then we would have had also the "Saturna" group. It was seen, however, from a simple inspection of an ordinary map, that the line of 49° would bisect the great island of Vancouver very unequally, giving to us south of that line about one-fifth, and, of course, four-fifths of it to Great Britain. This section, though right and proper in itself, was yielded by us, partly because of the inequality of the division, but more particularly on account of a large Hudson's Bay Company establishment at and near Victoria, on this portion of the Island, which justly appertained to the United States.

After this display of our national amiability, it was thought that all cause for disagreement in this direction must terminate, and that there could be no difficulty in fixing the line of demarcation under the *first* article of this treaty. It was considered that, in so far as we had, for exceptional reasons, resigned a portion of territory south of 49°, the original line of boundary must be deflected so far, and only so far, as to exclude this specified portion; and this deflected line is truly obtained, answering all the requirements of the treaty, by running through the Strait of Haro. By the terms of the treaty, the line of boundary "shall be continued westward along the said forty-ninth parallel of north latitude to the middle of the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver's Island, and thence southerly through the middle of the said channel, and of Fuca's Straits to the Pacific ocean."

Here we have two simple requirements: first, a *distinct separation* from Vancouver's Island; second, a channel communication southerly with the Pacific ocean. The word channel is not qualified; it is not called the *main* channel nor a *ship* channel, but simply "the channel" or good navigable tract of water; thus purposely precluding all prospective embarrassment in the decision of which should be deemed the *main* or *ship* channel, if it should be found, upon examination, that there is more than one channel equally or nearly equally good. These conditions are perfectly fulfilled by the adoption of the line through the Strait or Canal de Haro: it is the most natural, the most conspicuous line of *separation*, and, in point of fact, it is the largest, the best, and the most direct channel to the Pacific ocean. The conclusion is therefore inevitable, that all the islets to the eastward of that Strait appertain of right to the continent. No publicist, of confirmed authority, could hesitate upon this point. That such was the cotemporaneous exposition of this treaty, we have abundant proof. The debates in the Senate of the United States, the archives of our State Department, and the correspondence upon the subject, with our Ministers at the Court of St. James, furnish unequivocal evidence of this position; and we can confidently assert that if this line of demarcation had been run and established immediately after the ratification of the treaty, the Canal de Haro would have been fixed upon at once, and as a matter of course, about which neither party could conscientiously disagree.

Why, then, does Great Britain *now* object to this interpretation? To this very proper and natural inquiry, circumstances render it inexpedient at present to give a full and minute answer, for we hope we are not to be among the number of those who apply to that great nation the language of Napoleon the First, when referring to the treaty of Amiens; nor are we willing to garnish a just cause by the use of vituperation; but the minds of English statesmen do certainly regard the Northwestern limits of our territory as of far more importance than it was deemed to possess some fifteen years ago. The opening of a direct trade with Japan and China by a railroad over their portion of the American continent, eleven hundred miles of which are now finished and in successful competition with our own roads for carrying our own produce, is worthy of that prescient political wisdom so frequently exhibited by them, and so seldom manifested by us. In this connection, the speech in Parliament of Sir E. B. Lytton, Secretary of State for the Colonies, when he says, "in establishing British Columbia, we will have a rampart against any hostile inroads from the American frontier, and an essential arch, as it were, to that great viaduct by which we hope one day to connect the harbors of Vancouver with the Gulf of St. Lawrence," is not without peculiar significance. England realizes the great future political and commercial importance of this archipelago on our Northwest, and is not unwilling to strain a point, possibly, to get possession of the coveted district. She imagines, too, by her present conduct in reference to this boundary, that when she fails in it, *as fail she must*, she can then with propriety appeal to our national amiability for a liberal—more liberal than just—interpretation of the *fourth* article of this same treaty of 1846, under which an enormous land grant is simulated and invented by some of her subjects.

Now is it not strange that two great and friendly nations cannot make a treaty, in their own vernacular language, susceptible of plain comprehension, or, rather, incapable of just misinterpretation? Does Great Britain still think that the proper use of language is to conceal our ideas and intentions, and that the great art of diplomacy still consists in giving "evasive replies," or "in castigating his Satanic majesty round the radical remnants of a felled tree?" If this be so, and that such is the case would appear not impossible from her course of conduct towards our country in explaining the "Clayton-Bulwer" and present boundary treaties, then indeed it is time that the great Republic of the earth should give her to understand, in a way not to be misapprehended, that *she* will observe her public engagements in their generous sense; that *she* will ask nothing but what is right, and *she* will submit to nothing that is wrong. While we may cheerfully acknowledge our sincere admiration, we might almost say veneration, for good Old England, the cynosure of the world for centuries, from whence so much of good and true nobility have emanated, and which we could rejoice to see united to our own beloved country by a firm, just, and equal alliance of brotherhood, conjointly maturing and pressing onward, conquering and to conquer, not with the weapons of war, but clothed in the panoply of peace, and diffusing the arts and sciences, civilization and Christianity, broadcast over the earth; still we are not blind to the truth of history, which reveals to us that England is not distinguished for prompt and manly fulfilment of her treaty stipulations with foreign powers, and especially should we always bear in mind that our past treaties with her have not been carried into effect without more or less caviling,—ay, even haggling and chaffering—as in the well-known instance of the award in our favor of the Emperor of Russia, upon the true interpretation of the first article of the treaty of Ghent, which elicited so perfect a type of her Machiavelian style of diplomacy from Sir C. Bagot in his letter thereon; and we should also remember that in our previous boundary treaties with her, in the Northeast about Maine, and in the Northwest about Lake Superior, we were decidedly overreached. It is therefore now full time that we derived some profit from so much experience. We may not be called upon to interfere in any way with the political arrangements made by Great Britain with the Governments of Europe, so long as our maritime rights are duly respected, but on this continent we have a *paramount interest*, which must be understood and appreciated by all other powers, and, with our political rights and privileges, must be maintained at all hazards. In the present case, we have, unequivocally, truth and justice on our side, and we ought not diminish the strength nor tarnish the purity of a righteous cause by hearkening to a compromise; nor, for the same reasons, can we submit it to arbitration, unless indeed we are permitted to give such indecent instructions to the referees as Great Britain gave to her Commissioner appointed to fix this identical water boundary line.

Let us now advert to the recent occurrences about the islet of San Juan. A great deal of what seems to me very unnecessary fuss and indignation has been worked up by our neighbors on Vancouver's Island, because Gen. Harney, under date of July 18th, 1859, instructed Capt. Pickett, 9th Infantry, U. S. Army, to establish his company on San Juan Island, to protect the inhabitants from the incursions of the Northern Indians, and to afford adequate protection to the American citizens in their rights as such. Now I am really unable to discern how this proceeding gives any just occasion for such terrible effusions of possibly very virtuous, but certainly very effete and ridiculous choler as was evinced by our over sensitive, if not over sensible, friends on the other side of the line; but I can very clearly perceive how Gen. Harney would have been derelict in his duty as a high military officer, and as a good citizen, careful always that no detriment shall happen to the Republic, if he had failed to send these troops to the Island for the identical purposes for which they were ordered there. *It is certain* that the Northern Indians have been exceedingly troublesome to us for years past, and that San Juan is the best point of observation from whence to stop their inroads. *It is also very certain* that Chief Factor Dallas, of the Hudson's Bay Company, (son-in-law of Gov. James Douglas, who figures so largely in this tempestuous tempot) did, in the previous month, threaten, with the aid of a constabulary posse, to transport an American citizen beyond our limits to be tried for a pretended offence committed on the Island; that the commanding officer of our forces on the Island was summoned to appear before a British magistrate; that he was officially warned off, and solemnly informed "*that the Island of San Juan is the property and in the occupation of the Hudson's Bay Company;*" that Gov. Douglas, in his proclamation, says "the sovereignty of the Island of San Juan has always been undeviatingly claimed to be in the crown of Great Britain;" that the Colonial House of Assembly at Victoria ejected all their vials of wrath, surcharged with every description of wild, preposterous assertion, vulgar execration and nonsensical threats, upon the whole American people, in which fanfaronade a certain Doctor Helmcken, Speaker of the House, (*another distinguished* son-in-law of the aforesaid Gov. Douglas) flaunted far more extensively than reputably; and *it is likewise certain* that immediately thereupon a British squadron, acting under orders from this same Gov. Douglas, Commander-in-Chief, Vice-Admiral, &c., &c., appeared off the Island, threatening destruction and extermination to the Yankees in general, and to Capt. Pickett's small force of sixty men in particular. I am not disposed to give one iota more of importance to this conduct of the Hudson's Bay Company, and of the British colonists, than it is properly entitled to. I am aware that generally it should be considered as puny and innocuous, but it so happened at that time that the late Chief Factor of the Company, the aforesaid Gov. Douglas, had virtual command of this British squadron, and did exercise this authority in a mode very offensive to our national dignity, but in perfect keeping with that bombastic gasconade which has too frequently characterised English incipient negotiations. Capt. Pickett was thus necessitated to take higher and stronger ground, which he so coolly and nobly maintained to their amazement and discomfiture. At this juncture Rear Admiral Baynes, R. N., arrived on the ground. He had the strong, cool, common sense to see at once that their cause, in the language of Gen. Harney, "was totally deficient of right, justice and integrity;" he also remembered that "blood was thicker than water," and immediately all belligerent intentions were dropped, and the affair turned over to the home authorities. A good deal of unnecessary importance has been given to Mr. Marcy's letter of July 14th, 1855, in reference to these islets, when, in point of fact, it does not touch the case at all, or, if it does, by fair implication it authorizes the course of action pursued, and Gov. Douglas appeals with a very bad grace to this letter, in his communication to Gen. Harney of August 13th, considering their official proclamations and assertions, that the Island of San Juan is the property and in the possession of the Hudson's Bay Company, and considering, too, his insidious menace, made to an officer of our navy, that "with difficulty he restrained the wily savages from attacking us;" or that still more offensive threat of that other *distinguished* son-in-law, Chief Factor Dallas, "that he had but to raise his finger and the Yankees will be desolated by savage hordes."

Our Government has now one of the clearest cases on record, and one of the plainest duties to fulfil. It is due to our own Republic, and to every Republic on the continent of America; it is due to every American citizen, who may not wish to blush hereafter at the name of San Juan; it is required by every principle of public justice and equity, that the United States should, *unconditionally*, adopt the line of the Canal de Haro, and that Great Britain should recognize the same without any compromise, without any arbitration, and without any detestable, mischievous and baneful diplomatic procrastination.

POTOMAC.

STEILACOOM, W. T., April 9th, 1860.

The best purifier of the blood, Hall's Sarsaparilla, Yellow Dock and Iodide of Potass.

DIED.

At Fort Steilacoom, W. T., on Saturday, April 28th, Mrs. ANASTASIA HAYNIE, daughter of John Hoff, Esq., in charge of the Magnetic Telegraph, Baltimore, Md., and wife of Lieut. C. A. Heyniee, 9th Infantry, United States Army.

In the death of this most estimable lady, the small circle at this garrison have lost a most agreeable and charming companion, and her husband the dearest object of his heart's devotion. Her attached friends in this remote section offer their sincere condolences to her afflicted relatives and friends in her native Baltimore.

New Advertisements.

FOR COUNTY AUDITOR.

☞ Please announce the name of W. H. WOOD as a candidate for the office of County Auditor at the coming election, subject to the Democratic nomination. Mr. Wood is an old resident, and from his long experience as an accountant, and thorough knowledge of that office, we do not hesitate the least in saying that if he is elected, his duties will be performed honestly and faithfully. He is the best qualified for the office of all other candidates that may oppose him.

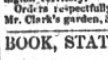
3-1tf MANY DEMOCRATS.

☞ Please announce through the columns of your paper the name of H. G. WILLIAMSON as a candidate for the office of County Auditor at the ensuing election.

3-1tf MANY CITIZENS.

EXCURSION
TO
PORT LUDLOW.

LAUNCH OF THE NEW STEAMER.



THE STEAMER
ELIZA ANDERSON,
Capt. THOS. WRIGHT,
Will make an Excursion to Port Ludlow on
FRIDAY EVENING NEXT, MAY 11th.

The new steamer will be launched on Saturday, at high water.

In order to afford persons desirous of witnessing the launch an opportunity, the price of tickets for the trip has been placed at Seven Dollars. The steamer will leave Steilacoom at 9 P.M.

A Ball will be given by the proprietors of the Port Ludlow Hotel, Messrs. Burns & Godfrey, on Saturday evening. At the close of the Ball, the steamer will return immediately.

JOHN H. SCRANTON.

DRESS TRIMMINGS, HATS, ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS, RIBBONS, ETC.

CHEAP CASH STORE!

MRS. F. PARKINSON, LATE FROM THE Atlantic States, has opened in Steilacoom a
FANCY AND STAPLE
Dry Goods Store,
Where she will keep constantly on hand a large assortment of LADIES' DRESS GOODS of every description. Head Dresses, and every article in the Fancy Goods line, for sale cheap for cash. Also, machine stitching done in the best manner and at the shortest notice.
Store on Commercial street, next door to McCaw & Co.'s new brick store. 3-1tf

STEILACOOM
Drug Store.
JUST OPENED, A COMPLETE ASSORTment of
DRUGS AND MEDICINES.
ALSO—Every variety of
TOILET AND FANCY ARTICLES,
Extracts, Perfumery, Oils, &c.
All the superior Patent Medicines, also Alcohol, Camphene, Turpentine, Varnishes, &c., constantly on hand.
Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded by an experienced apothecary.
3-1tf WM. BEDINGTON & CO.

MARANCY & THIBAULT.
PRACTICAL GARDENERS,
Steilacoom, W. T.,
OFFER THEIR SERVICES TO THE PUBLIC of Steilacoom and vicinity in arranging and ornamenting Gardens, setting out Fruit Trees, etc. They will also have constantly for sale, from the earliest to the latest period of each season, every variety of Vegetables grown in Washington Territory.
Orders respectfully solicited and promptly attended to, at Mr. Clark's garden, Steilacoom. 3-1tf

BOOK, STATIONERY, WALL PAPER
AND
Seed Store.
THE UNDERSIGNED RESPECTFULLY GIVE notice that they will keep constantly on hand a good assortment of
POETICAL, MISCELLANEOUS AND SCHOOL BOOKS;
Also BLANK BOOKS and BLANK FORMS of all descriptions.
Stationery, Wall Paper, and Seeds,
All of the best quality, and cheap for cash, at their new store, adjoining Balch & Webber's wharf.
3-1tf LIGHT & PACKARD, Steilacoom, W. T.

PARTICULAR
NOTICE
TO PURCHASERS OF
EUREKA WHISKY.
THIS WHISKY HAS ACQUIRED A REPutation far more enviable than any Whisky ever offered in Barrels or Half Barrels in California. Its
SUPERIOR AND UNIFORM QUALITY,
has become so fully appreciated, that the demand for it has largely increased, and the quantity now sold is much greater than any other brand of Whisky on the Pacific Coast.

CAUTION.

The great reputation of the EUREKA WHISKY, imported exclusively by ourselves, has induced parties in San Francisco to put up a cheap article of Whisky, in imitation packages, branding it
"EUREKA WHISKY,"
using the same style of letter as on the genuine imported article, and also, using our shipping mark "J. T. D.," sometimes transposing the letters to avoid detection.

This common Whisky is palmed off, to a large extent, on the unsuspecting purchaser, for the GENUINE EUREKA, thus enabling the seller to make large profits on a cheap imitation Whisky, which is sold on the reputation of the genuine article.

To protect ourselves, and enable purchasers to guard against imposition, every package of the
GENUINE EUREKA WHISKY
will, in future, have the following brand, viz.
"WM. NEWELL & CO., S. F."
burnt into the head.

Purchasers will please take particular notice of this brand, as none other is genuine.

WM. NEWELL & CO.,
San Francisco,
SOLE AGENTS.

NOTE.—The genuine EUREKA WHISKY is for sale by most of the Liquor Houses in San Francisco. 3-1:tf

B. F. DENNISON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
PROCTOR IN ADMIRALTY,
Port Townsend, Washington Territory.
Commissioner of Deeds for the States of Oregon and California.
Office over Hastings' new store. 3-1tf

NOTICE
TO
LAND CLAIMANTS AND OTHERS.
THE UNDERSIGNED HAS MADE ARRANGements with experienced and reliable Attorneys at Washington, D. C., in connection with whom he will attend to
The Procuring of Patents
Under the donation and pre-emption Acts of Congress, applicable to Washington Territory.
Contested Cases
Between adverse claimants in the local Land Office, and on appeal to the General Land Office.
Cases of Conflict of Boundaries
And all contests relating to the Public Lands generally, either in the local or General Land Office.
Claims of all kinds against the United States,
To be prosecuted before Congress, in the Court of Claims, or in any of the Executive Departments of the Government.
Land claimants should be aware that appeals are in all cases admissible from the local offices to the General Land Office, and thence to the Secretary of the Interior. Also, that they have no title until the patent issues.
In acquiring the right to a patent, three things are requisite on the part of a claimant:
1st—A strict compliance with the provisions of the Act on which the claim is based.
2d—Proof of such compliance, at the time and in the mode prescribed.
3d—A careful observance, throughout, of prescribed forms. An omission or defect in any of these particulars renders the claim liable to be suspended or rejected at any time before patent issues.
The importance to claimants, in acquiring title, of having the advice and assistance of persons familiar with the Land Laws, the forms, rules and regulations of the Department, as well as the decisions rendered in analogous cases, must be apparent to all.
B. F. DENNISON,
Attorney at Law,
3-1tf Port Townsend, W. T.

DALY'S
Aromatic Valley
WHISKY,
FOR MEDICINAL USE,
HAS NOW TAKEN THAT POSITION IN the world's estimation which justifies its Proprietor in claiming for it
A SUPERIORITY UNRIVALED,
Produced, as it is, by a process known only to the Manufacturer, and extracted from the choicest grain, which grows nowhere but in a favored locality in the Valley of the Monongahela, and containing no particle of deleterious admixture; it has acquired a reputation for perfect purity and intrinsic excellence, based solely upon its inherent merit, which the Proprietor does not intend shall ever be forfeited. Its universal use by the
MEDICAL PROFESSION,
is most urgently recommended. Already has it found its way into the principal public and private Hospitals in the country, and wherever it has been once used, it forthwith becomes a necessity.

The attention of consumers is called to the certificates of the following well-known Chemists:

STATE ASSAYER'S OFFICE, 32 SOMERSET ST., BOSTON, Mass., April 17th, 1858.
WM. H. DALY, New York:
Dear Sir—I have made a chemical analysis of your "Aromatic Valley Whisky," and find it a pure, fine-flavored Rye Whisky, containing no injurious matter of any kind, and recommend it as suitable for medical and public purposes.
CHARLES T. JACKSON, M.D., State Assayer.

NEW YORK, April 19th, 1858.
I have analysed a sample of "Daly's Aromatic Valley Whisky," and find it to be a pure article, of fine flavor, and without any deleterious admixture.
JAMES R. CHILTON, M.D., Chemist.

WM. H. DALY, Esq.:
Dear Sir—Your "Aromatic Valley Whisky" is received, and, after careful examination, I find it to be a pure article, entirely free from the adulterating ingredients so frequently used.
JAMES J. MAPES, Chemist.

CAUTION.

It has come to my knowledge that parties in San Francisco have resorted to the base artifice of attempting to forge my label, with some slight alterations, using the name "DELAY'S" instead of DALY'S Aromatic Valley Whisky," and also using the word "CUMBERLAND" instead of "Monongahela."

These Bogus Labels have been put on bottles of entirely different shape from mine, containing the commonest trash and packed in cases intended to imitate and branded similar to the genuine, using the name "DELAY'S" instead of "DALY'S."

Dealers as well as consumers are cautioned not to be imposed upon by this bogus article.

Particular attention is called to the shape of my Bottle, which is unlike any other, and also to the name "Williams H. Daly, New York," blown in each bottle.

I have no fears of this or any other spurious article interfering with the sale of my
AROMATIC VALLEY WHISKY,
but I cannot allow such a base fraud to be practised upon honest merchants and the unsuspecting consumer without noticing it.

WM. H. DALY,
Sole Proprietor,
NEW YORK.

NOTE:
DALY'S AROMATIC VALLEY WHISKY
Is for sale by most of the respectable Liquor Houses in California.
WM. NEWELL & CO.,
Sole Agents.
3-1:tf San Francisco.

REMOVAL! REMOVAL!
NEW MUSIC STORE!
GRAY & HERWIG
HAVE REMOVED TO RABE'S BUILDING,
163 Clay street, 3d door above Montgomery.
Pianos! Pianos!

HALLET & DAVIS'S CELEBRATED Pianofortes.
WOODWARD & BROWN'S celebrated Pianofortes.
BROWN, ALLEN & CO.'S celebrated Pianofortes.
Just received, a fine assortment of instruments, which we offer at very low rates. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Melodeons! Melodeons! Melodeons!
FROM G. A. PRINCE & CO.
New Music! New Music! New Music!
Also, a general assortment of Musical Instruments, Strings, etc, etc.
GRAY & HERWIG,
3 1:3m 176 Clay st.

Steilacoom Bakery
CHAS. EISENBEIS & CO., HAVING ESTABLISHED a Bakery in Steilacoom, for the manufacture of
Pilot Bread,
Boston Crackers,
Soda and Sugar Crackers,
&c. &c. &c.
Are now prepared to furnish to shipping and consumers generally the above kinds of Bread, all of which are warranted to be superior to Eastern Biscuit or Crackers, both for quality and keeping. They also make all varieties of Pies, Cakes, etc., which are either kept on hand or made to order.
A complete assortment of Confectionery kept constantly on hand. The patronage of the shipping of the Sound and the public generally respectfully solicited.
CHAS. EISENBEIS & CO.,
Steilacoom, W. T.
3tf

Special Notices.

Hall's Sarsaparilla Yellow Dock and Iodide of Potass
Is prepared from the finest red Jamaica Sarsaparilla and English Iodide of Potass; admirable as a restorative and purifier of the blood, it cleanses the system of all morbid and impure matter, removes pimples, boils and eruptions from the skin, cures rheumatism and pains of all kinds. All who can afford should use it, as it tends to give them strength and prolong life. Sold by Druggists generally, at $1 per bottle.
R. HALL & CO., Proprietors,
Wholesale Druggists,
33:3m 143 and 145 Clay st. San Francisco.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

☞ The following letter, which emphatically speaks for itself, was written by the Dean of the Faculty of the Philadelphia College of Medicine to the editors of the "Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal," San Francisco, for publication:

PHILADELPHIA, Jan 17th, 1859.

To the Editors of the Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal:

GENTLEMEN—My attention has been called to an article in the December number of your journal, in regard to the *ad eundem* degree granted by the Philadelphia College of Medicine to Dr. L. J. Czapkay. When the application for the degree was made to the Faculty, it was accompanied by affidavits and testimonials to the effect that Dr. Czapkay was a regular graduate M.D. of the University of Pesth, had served as Surgeon in the Hungarian army, and was a regular practitioner of medicine. On the strength of these the degree was granted. The ad eundem degree, as its name implies, is conferred on graduates only, and gives us new privileges. Had there been the slightest suspicion of irregularity, the application would have been refused. By inserting this in your journal, you will do an act of justice to the College, and confer a favor on
Yours, very respectfully,
H. RAND,
Dean of the Faculty of the Philadelphia College of Medicine.

CERTIFICATE.

I, the undersigned, Governor of Hungary, do testify hereby, that Dr L. J. Czapkay has served, during the contest for Hungarian liberty, as Chief Surgeon in the Hungarian army, with faithful perseverance—wherefore I have given him this certificate, and do recommend him to the sympathy, attention and protection of all those who are capable of appreciating patriotic self sacrifice and undeserved misfortune. KOSSUTH LAJOS
Governor of Hungary.
Washington City, January 6th, 1852.

☞ Dr. L. J. Czapkay's Medical and Surgical Institutes on Sacramento street, below Montgomery, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship Co.'s office, San Francisco, California. The Doctor offers free consultations, and asks no remuneration unless he effects a cure.
Persons not wishing to lose time in correspondence, please enclose $10 in their letters, and they will get immediate attention to their cases.
L. J. CZAPKAY, M.D.,
3 1:3m San Francisco, Cal.

TIME! TIME!
A WATCHMAKER
IN
STEILACOOM!
JAMES E. D. JESTER,
PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER,
HAS LOCATED IN STEILACOOM, WHERE he hopes, by strict attention to business and superior work, to merit the confidence and patronage of the citizens of Pierce County and vicinity.
A good assortment of
CLOCKS, WATCHES,
AND
JEWELRY
Constantly on hand. Repairs thorough and warranted.
Work from adjoining towns received, and remitted free of express charges.
Shop on Commercial street, near Balch. 46:tf

General Notice.
THE UNDERSIGNED KEEPS CONstantly on hand a general variety of
BOOTS,
SHOES,
HATS,
CAPS,
CLOTHING,
GROCERIES,
WOODENWARE,
CROCKERYWARE,
HARDWARE,
GLASSWARE,
FURNITURE,
FANCY GOODS,
PERFUMERY,
DRY GOODS,
WINES,
LIQUORS,
CIGARS,
&c., &c., &c.,
All on the most reasonable terms for cash or country produce.
3-1:tf PHILIP KEACH.

WHEELER & WILSON'S
FIRST PREMIUM
FAMILY
SEWING MACHINES
AT REDUCED PRICES!
THE HIGHEST PREMIUMS WERE AWARDED these machines in 1858, at the following Fairs and Institutes:—

Missouri,	Wisconsin,
Illinois,	Michigan,
Mississippi,	Indiana,
New York,	Chicago,
New Jersey,	St. Louis,
Maryland,	Baltimore,
Virginia,	Richmond,
Pennsylvania,	California,
Kentucky,	Mechanics' Institute, San Francisco,

These machines having taken the first premiums at all the State Fairs held last Fall throughout the Union, in every instance where they have contended, over all other Sewing Machines, must be received as
Conclusive Evidence of their Unqualified Superiority.
Among the undoubted advantages of these machines are—1st Elegance and simplicity of construction, and consequent freedom from derangement and need of repairs. 2d Durability. 3d Unexampled ease and rapidity of operation. 4th Comparatively noiseless movement. 5th Beauty of stitch and firmness of seam. 6th Economy of Thread. 7th Applicability to a variety of purposes and materials.
"They are applicable to every variety of Sewing for Family wear, from the lightest muslins to the heaviest cloths. It works equally well upon silk, linen, woolen and cotton goods; sewing, quilting, hemming, gathering and felling, performing every species of sewing except making button holes, stitching on buttons, and the like. Various appliances are furnished for regulating the width of hems. The hemmer is an appendage by which the edge of the fabric, as it passes through, is turned down and handsomely stitched. Thousands of these machines are used by families, seamstresses, dressmakers, tailors, manufacturers of shirts, cloaks, mantillas, clothing, hats, caps, corsets, ladies' gaiters, umbrellas, parasols, silk and linen goods, with complete success; sometimes from one to two hundred are used in a single manufactory."
Read what the Scientific American says:—"We are having a great many inquiries for Sewing Machines from various parts of the country, and as we cannot conveniently reply to them all by mail, we have thought it proper to state our opinion in regard to them in this public manner. We have used Wheeler's patent manufactured by the Wheeler & Wilson Manufacturing Company, No 505 Broadway, and we can say, in regard to it, that it is without a rival. It is simple, not easily put out of order, and, in point of effectiveness and finish, no other machine stands ahead of it. We state this much in regard to the excellent machine upon our own responsibility."
An ample supply of these first premium machines will be received by every steamer from New York, by H. U. Hayden, Agent in San Francisco.
CHARLES PROSCH,
Puget Sound Herald Office,
Agent in Steilacoom.

COARSE SALT—In bbls and for sale by S. McCAW & CO.

PUGET SOUND HERALD, STEILACOOM, W. T., MAY 4, 1860.

PUGET SOUND HERALD.

STEILACOOM, W. T., FRIDAY, MAY 4, 1860.

THE PIONEER AND THIRD AUDITOR.

To the Editor of the Puget Sound Herald:

In the last issue of the *Pioneer and Democrat*, the editor of that mud-machine, in his notice of the "Third Auditor's Report," has seen fit to abuse and vilify certain officers of the United States Army, because, forsooth, they had the manliness and independence of character to write their honest convictions upon public matters, referring to the war claims of Oregon and Washington Territory. The ignorance of the editor and his vulgar clique is bad enough, but, combined with such impudence, is unsupportable. Little children who cry for the sun—the man who attempted to turn over the Natural Bridge of Virginia with a crow-bar—the little dogs that bay at the moon—the individual who presumed to storm Gibraltar with a pocket-pistol, or charge a hollow square of grenadiers with a cornstalk—all do very silly and very foolish things; but they have all been eclipsed by this puny and vapid effusion from these Olympian brains, replete alone with everything that can disgrace human nature and falsify and vitiate a proper public sentiment.

It is not my purpose to answer in detail the impudent assertions of this impotent editor or his chosen band of feeble coadjutors—neither my time nor inclination will permit it—but I wish to refer to the editorial, as a whole, simply and solely for the purpose of expressing my utter disdain and contempt for the author of the article in question. And here I would ask what motives actuate the "wheel-greasers" and "military aides," as this writer so appropriately terms us, to furnish the Auditor with "irrelevant answers to pertinent questions?" Because officers, in the discharge of their duties, fail to consult these hopeful scions of modern Babylon—I mean in Olympia—about matters pertaining clearly to themselves, and about which they are supposed to have some fixed opinions, a hue and cry is at once raised, the army is disgraced, and the officers (behind their backs, be it said) themselves stigmatized and abused. I hate, detest and repudiate such principles. And here let us take a peep at Olympia, which, like a rotten mackeral by moonlight—shines and smells, and smells and shines. Of all the places I ever heard of, read of, or dreamt of, Olympia, to me, is the most distasteful. The place is bad enough, the people (of course there are many marked exceptions) around and about it, are worse. Mistaking smartness for sense, their odor is always unpleasant from their filthy abuse of the officers of the United States Army.

Of the Olympian clique, heralded and fathered by one Shylock called Miller, I know but little—I am sorry I know so much. If I am not mistaken, this pet assemblage is composed of a set of ribald infidels whose vices tinge the frivolity of their follies with something more than ridicule—they seem to have head enough to contrive trouble, but not heart enough to feel for its consequences—one of those insufferable combinations that folly has painted and fortune plumed for the annoyance of our atmosphere—dangerous alike in their torpidity and their animation—infesting wherever they fly and poisoning wherever they repose. Contempt has the property of descending, but she stops far short of this clique—they dwell beneath her full. I would hate them if I did not already despise them. So much for these would-be masters of the Democratic party—let's proceed to some other interesting topics.

With reference to this war claim, about which this political squirt-gun—the *Pioneer and Democrat*—seems so much exercised, I desire to say a few words. Like everything fathered by that political stock-jobber and martial law expounder, I. I. Stevens, its rise was as rapid as its death will be inglorious. Conceived in sin, it was brought forth in iniquity, and the $6,000,000 so easily and justly reduced by the Third Auditor of the Treasury to something less than $3,000,000 may yet receive a greater diminution before the debt in question is paid.

Next in order comes the "glorious volunteers" of his Excellency Gov. I. I. Stevens of Washington Territory. I shall never forget the day when a company of our "best and purest" passed by the Cascades, dragging their slow length along, looking like torpid boa-constrictors. This company was commanded by one Capt. Limerick, or Limstick, or some one else. He was mounted on a charger, carried a sword in his hand, and conducted himself with such modesty and propriety, that none but the practised eye could ever have recognized in him one of the greatest military men of the age. Then came the rank and file just from Bush's grog-shop; their marching reminded me of an old Virginia worm fence, or a dog's hind leg, and their relative position looked very similar to a field of corn floating in the breeze. These sanguinary sons of Gaul (I meant W. T.) were followed by a man on a braying mule, with matted hair and a pug nose; from the uncertainty of his position, one would suppose that he, too, had taken "sugar in his'n." And thus this company of latter-day patriots passed by the Cascades, mounted on *crow-bates*—supposed by the initiated to be intended for——horses.

It may be asked, was this appearance fully justified by their subsequent deeds of doughty valor? What did they really do? Like the noted King of France with his ten thousand men, they marched up to the Grand Ronde under their gallant leader, massacred some defenceless women and children, entrapped a great Indian warrior, "Pie-Pie-Mox-Mox," under a flag of truce, treacherously murdered him, absolutely flayed him, drank whisky out of his mutilated ears, sent them as trophies to their friends at home, and then, like this same inglorious King of France, marched down again.

But, thank Heaven! this agony was at last over. An edict from the Governor disbanded his glorious band of patriots. Their past career will be written in lines of blood, and the pen of the honest historian will hand them down to posterity with all the shame and infamy that their deeds have heaped upon them. The venal presses have teemed with the brilliant exploits of the invincible volunteers. They begged, they cajoled, they whined piteously in their appeals to the saints to watch over and protect their patriotic countrymen, who had left their homes and sacrificed their all to their country's good. Alas! the glorious volunteers—*En nihilo nil fit!*

The Third Auditor was ordered to perform a very unenviable duty, but he was bound to execute it conscientiously and to the best of his ability, and he appears to have produced as much order as was practicable out of so much chaos. Modesty should have induced the volunteer staff to acknowledge they were not immaculate, and that they were not all perfect heroes. We yield to none in an honest admiration for the innate valor and indomitable spirit of the great masses of our fellow countrymen; we know that they are to be relied upon, on all trying occasions, and we also know that they are easily and thoughtlessly led away by designing and self-styled patriots; and we cannot but express our thorough detestation for the manifold attempts to manufacture an improper and vicious public sentiment by the brainless toadies who conduct the *Pioneer and Democrat*.

Respectfully, but emphatically,
VULCAN.

PUB. DOC.—Our thanks are due to Hon. I. I. Stevens, Hon. Lansing Stout, and others, for late public documents.

ATLANTIC NEWS.

Capture of two War Steamers by U. S. Naval Forces.

Miramon commenced the seige of Vera Cruz March 5th. On the 6th, two war steamers, which left Havana under Gen. Marni, appeared before the city, passing all the squadron, and refused to show their colors, though ordered to do so by a shot from the Castle of San Juan d'Ulloa, and other signals. The English, French and Spanish vessels of war took no notice of the act. Commodore Jarvis ordered Commander Turner, in the Saratoga, with detachments from the Savannah and Preble, on the steamers Indianola and Wave, to proceed to the anchorage of the two steamers off Anton Lizardy, and ascertain their character. As the Saratoga approached, one of the vessels was seen to move off, when a shot was fired ahead to bring her to, according to one account. The Indianola, according to another account, sent a boat with a flag to demand the nationality, when the steamer Gen. Miramon fired on the boat with cannon and musketry. A moment after this, the Saratoga fired a broadside into the Miramon, and the action became general. Both steamers now hoisted the Spanish flag. A spirited engagement ensued, in which the Americans had three wounded—one mortally, and the Mexicans about fifteen killed, and between twenty and thirty wounded. The result was the capture of the Gen. Miramon and Marquez, with most of the men, and Gen. Marni. The Miramon was sent to New Orleans as a prize in charge of an American officer, and has arrived there. The Preble was expected there in a few days, with Gen. Marni, and some other prisoners aboard, the remainder having been distributed among the other steamers. It was said there was much excitement in Vera Cruz among the French and Spaniards, they denouncing the conduct of the squadron. The prisoners corroborate this report. There were two steamers cleared from Havana as merchantmen, and hoisted the Mexican flag after leaving the port, and subsequently they mounted guns. President Miramon paid $55,000 for the two steamers.

The news created a profound sensation at Washington. Particulars are awaited with great interest. It is supposed that the steamers were attacked as pirates, and the act on the part of of our naval force is fully sustained. The Spanish authorities condemned the fitting out of the expedition, as an act against the Constitutional Government, which the United States recognizes. It is believed by some, that they were fitted out by the Spanish authorities, and sustained by France.

Twelve were captured with the two steamers, six mortars, six 22-pounders, and 22,000 stand of small arms. The materials of war were stowed away below out of sight, and the men who were on board were forced into service.

A dispatch from Washington, March 21st, says that there is the best authority for stating that the capture of the steamers was not in consequence of even a line of instructions to the commanders of the squadron from either the President or Secretary of the Navy, though the act is fully approved by the Administration. Yesterday, morning Secretaries Cass and Toucey had a conference on the subject.

Another dispatch says that the refusal of the steamers to show their colors, when asked, is sufficient to place them in the position of pirates. This view is adopted by the Administration.

The latest accounts from New Orleans state that Miramon's steamers returned the Saratoga's fire. The Indianola pursued the Miramon, when the latter fired on her. After the Indianola returned the fire, her crew boarded the Miramon at the point of the bayonet. A portion of the Indianola's deck was carried away by a shot. The Miramon was run aground. The Saratoga brought the Marquez to the two steamers; two hundred men were killed and forty wounded. The Indianola and Wave had eighty men each. The *Picayune* learns from some French prisoners on board the prize (the Marquez being anchored opposite New Orleans,) that the fighting was done principally by officers who were obliged to charge and fire the guns, assisted only by Mexican officers from the shore.

It is stated that the exdedition cost $300,000, mostly furnished in Havana, by the Government, under secret articles.

Capt. Turner asked Gen. Marni why he fired on the American vessels without provocation. Marni replied that the men could not be controlled. He knew the nationality of the Saratoga and understood the signals, but the men fired contrary to his orders. Turner replied, "You are entirely responsible for the outrage." Juarez issued a proclamation declaring Marni's expedition piratical, and authorized any one to capture it.

A dispatch from New Orleans, March 21, says that Miramon has notified the foreign vessels that he would commence the bombardment of Vera Cruz on the night of the 18th; he would not be responsible for shipping anchored under the castle. On the night of the 15th, the officers on the decks of the Gen. Miramon heard heavy cannonading in the direction of Vera Cruz.

The steamer Pocahontas is now under orders for Vera Cruz, and the steamer Narragansett is on the eve of leaving Norfolk for the Pacific.

A Washington dispatch adds that a remarkable change has taken place within the last forty-eight hours among Congressmen opposed to the Nicaraguan and Mexican treaties; Democrats and Republicans of the Senate, each, had a caucus on Tuesday morning on the subject. The Democrats discused the propriety of closing the efforts to make any treaty with Spanish America, since the Republicans brought matters to a deadlock. The discussion was warm. In the Republican caucus Dixon and several others joined in supporting the policy indicated by the vote. An effort will be made to resuscitate the Nicaragua treaty, and pass it, with some modifications. A short Executive session of the Senate was held on Tuesday, and preliminary steps were taken to the resuscitation.

Great Britain has demanded general amnesty and religious tolerance from Mexico. If this is declined, England will demand of both parties a full indemnity for damages done to English subjects. Miramon has proposed terms for an armistic. He stipulates that England, France, Spain, Prussia, and the United States shall be mediators; and meanwhile, the custom dues shall be equally divided between the two parties. Juarez has replied that the proposition is absurd and inadmissible.

Gov. Bissel, of Illinois, died on the 20th of March. The funeral ceremonies were celebrated in a most imposing manner in Springfield. The military, masons and citizens participated. The Chicago light artillery were present. Minute guns were fired. The religious services were according to the rites of the Catholic church. At five o'clock, Lieut. Gov. Wood, of Quincy, was formally inaugurated.

The proposed change of place for holding the National Democratic Convention is still under consideration. The Charleston papers ridicule the idea as absurd, and say that no person but the convention has power. Good care will be taken to provide for all the delegates. Already one hundred have been invited to private houses. It is greatly preferred that outsiders should stay away.

TEN DAYS LATER NEWS.

The U. S. M. Steamer *Eliza Anderson*, Capt. Wright, arrived this morning, bringing intelligence ten days later than that brought by the steamer *Panama*. We are indebted to Purser Lowell for the following summary of news, which is to April 13th:

Peace has been declared between Spain and Morocco, and the war is ended.

The Spanish troops were victorious on the 23d, and a treaty of peace was signed on the 28th of March.

Savoy and Nice are annexed to France.

The King of Sardinia has been excommunicated by the Pope.

The Kansas Admission Bill has passed the House of Representatives.

Messrs. O'Reilly and Speed propose to Congress to construct a line of telegraph to Olympia, Puget Sound, at a cost of $200,000, provided Congress will grant them the right of way.

The State elections in Connecticut and Rhode Island show a decided Democratic gain. Rhode Island has elected a Democratic Governor. Connecticut went Republican by 600 majority; being a Democratic gain of 4000 votes.

The Secretary of War has ordered 300 recruits for the 4th and 9th Regiments to proceed to Fort Bentor, and from thence to Puget Sound, by Lieut. Mullan's wagon road. They are to escort a large amount of Indian goods for annuities to the Indian tribes in Washington Territory.

The firemen in Victoria had a grand parade May 1st. All of the public buildings were closed, and the procession addressed by the Governor with his *hat on his head*.

The *Colonist* is dissatisfied because Capt. Pickett is ordered back to San Juan.

The ship *Red Rover* arrived May 1st at Victoria from Hong Kong. She brings a large cargo and 330 Chinamen for Fraser River. Five more ships are on the way.

Two British gun boats were fired into and sunk near Fort Peiho from a masked Chinese battery.

Lieut. Parke (chief astronomer of the Northwest Boundary Commission) and party arrived on the *Anderson*, and will proceed at once to Fort Colville to prosecute their work.

The barque *Friendship*, loaded with lumber, from Puget Sound, went ashore at Cape Blanco on the 14th of April. She was under close reefed top sails. The captain with the crew had previously left the vessel, as is supposed, for on the next day a boat was found on the beach with stores on board, and five dead bodies were picked up on the beach.

The new steamer at Port Ludlow will be launched on the 12th instant (Saturday). The *Eliza Anderson* will have Olympia Saturday morning, at daylight, on an excursion trip. Messrs. Burns & Godfrey, the proprietors of the hotel at Port Ludlow, are making extensive preparations for the launch. A grand ball will be given by Messrs. Burns & Godfrey on Saturday evening. The steamers will leave with their guests after the ball. The *W. G. Hunt* will leave Victoria, touching at Port Townsend, early on Saturday morning, on an excursion trip. Persons desirous of witnessing the launch of the first ocean steamer built on Puget Sound will this have a favorable opportunity to do so.

The barque *Architect* is at Bellingham Bay. She will load with coal for San Francisco.

Miscellaneous.

Bank Exchange.

IF YOU WANT TO PLAY BILLIARDS ON good tables, go to the Bank Exchange.

If you want to get a "Dashaway" drink, go to the Bank Exchange.

If you want to get a good Cocktail, go to the Bank Exchange.

If you want to smoke a good Cigar, go to the Bank Exchange.

If you want to drink Rum Punches, go to the Bank Exchange.

If you want to see the news, go to the Bank Exchange, where you will find all the latest publications of the day.

If you want to buy Wines, Brandies, Liquors and Syrups by the wholesale and retail, go to the Bank Exchange, the proprietor of which keeps on hand and for sale, at wholesale and retail, all foreign and domestic brands, at prices to suit the times.

EGBERT H. TUCKER, Proprietor,
Next door to Matheson & Co's Variety Store,
47:tf Commercial st, Steilacoom, W. T.

LIVERY STABLE.

THE UNDERSIGNED, HAVING TAKEN the Stables heretofore kept by J. J. Westbrook, in Olympia and Steilacoom, will always keep Saddle Horses, Buggies, Teams, &c., to accommodate the public.

We will keep the best of everything in our line, and our aim will be to please and be pleased.

Horses left at our stables to be kept will receive the best of care, &c. Give us a call and get the worth of your money.

49:tf WINSOR & LAMAN.

FOR SALE—A good two-story HOUSE and LOT in the upper end of Steilacoom. For particulars, inquire of G. Ford, at Williamson's store, in Steilacoom.

50:tf J. M. CHAPMAN.

TO NON-RESIDENTS.

CHILDREN RESIDING IN THE COUNTRY, AND DESIROUS of attending the Steilacoom school, can obtain board at the residence of the lady teacher. Terms moderate.

MRS. A. VEEDER.

Steilacoom, Jan. 12th, 1860. 45:tf

PAINTING,

GLAZING AND PAPER-HANGING.

HAVING ESTABLISHED HIMSELF PERmanently in Steilacoom, the undersigned takes this opportunity to inform his friends and the public in general that he will devote his time exclusively to the above branch of business, embracing

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING,
GLAZING,
PAPER HANGING, &c.,

And respectfully solicits orders from those desiring work in his line. A long experience in painting, glazing and paper-hanging enables him to guarantee entire satisfaction with all work entrusted to him.

81:tf JOSEPH F. WHITMAN.

CALICOES—5000 yards of Calicos of the latest styles and fast colors, suited to the Indian trade,
For sale by S. McCAW & CO.

Miscellaneous.

S. McCAW & CO.

Offer for Sale, at Wholesale and Retail,

A GREAT VARIETY OF DESIRABLE Goods at low rates, such as

Pork, Bacon, Hams, Salmon, Butter, Cheese, Flour, Beans, Rice, Peas, Potatoes, Salt, fine, Salt, coarse, Tobacco, Molasses, Syrup, Vinegar, Nails, Glass, Axes, Buckets, Brooms, White Lead, Oil, Turpentine, Lamp Oil, Olive Oil, Coffee, Tea, Dried Apples, Dried Peaches, Soap, Starch, Sugar, Crushed do, Adamantine Candles, Saleratus, Pepper, Alspice, Cloves, Mustard, Capers, Table Sauces, Can Oysters, Can Lobsters, Can Chickens, Can Beef, Can Peaches, Bottled Peaches, Brandy Peaches, Can Apples, Can Strawberries, Can Pie Fruits, Bottled Pie Fruits, Ex. Lemon, Ex. Vanilla, Ex. Orange, Ex. Rose, and other articles suited to the wants of the community.

Also, a large assortment of good Liquors. 1-1y

H. G. WILLIAMSON,

LATE H. G. WILLIAMSON & CO.,

KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND, AT THE old stand of H. G. WILLIAMSON & CO., all the finest brands of

WINES, LIQUORS AND SYRUPS,
ALSO,
GROCERIES OF ALL KINDS,

BACON, HAMS, LARD, TOBACCO, CANDLES, CAN FRUITS, HONEY, OYSTERS, BOOTS, SHOES, CLOTHING, DRY GOODS, &c., &c.,

All of which will be sold cheap for cash.

50:tf H. G. WILLIAMSON.

DELIN & SHOREY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

FURNITURE,

Next door to the Puget Sound Herald Office,
STEILACOOM, W. T.

WE ARE NOW PREPARED TO MANUFACTURE TO ORDER

Bedsteads,
Bureaus,
Wardrobes,
Tables,
Lounges,
Writing Desks,
Book Cases,

And everything in the CABINET-MAKING line.

Orders from any point on the Sound will be promptly executed.

12:tf DELIN & SHOREY.

THE WASHINGTON NURSERY,

HUGH PATTISON, Proprietor.

THE UNDERSIGNED RETURNS HIS SINcere thanks to his friends and the public generally for the liberal patronage he has received during the past five years of a partnership which has now terminated, and the

WASHINGTON NURSERY

Is justly entitled to the name it bears. I am constantly adding to my Nursery the best varieties of Pears and other Fruits. My Trees are well grown, from one to three years old, and will be sold at still further reduced prices. Sales will begin, as usual, on the

First day of November.

N.B.—Nursery six miles east of Steilacoom.

HUGH PATTISON.

WASHINGTON PLAINS, Sept. 19th, 1859. 29:tf

PUGET SOUND BREWERY,

STEILACOOM, W. T.

MARTIN SCHMIEG,

HAVING ENLARGED HIS ESTABLISHMENT TO MEET the increased demand for his

Lager Beer,

Is now prepared to fill orders from any part of the Territory. Terms cash.

22:tf MARTIN SCHMIEG, Steilacoom.

GALLAGHER'S HARDWARE ESTABLISHMENT,

Commercial street, Steilacoom, W. T.

GEORGE GALLAGHER,

Dealer in Stoves, Hardware, Tinware, Agricultural Implements, &c.,

HAS ON HAND, AND OFFERS FOR SALE a large and well selected stock of the above articles a the lowest rates.

Tinware and Sheet Iron work of every description manufactured to order at short notice, and forwarded to any part of the country. All orders promptly attended to.

GEORGE GALLAGHER,
8:1y Commercial st, Steilacoom.

SAW-MILL TO LET.

TO LET—The SAW-MILL known as Chambers' Mill, at the head of Chambers' Creek. This Mill is in good running order, and capable of sawing 5500 feet in twenty-four hours. It is susceptible of material improvement at a trifling expense, either to increase the quantity of lumber sawed per diem, or, with additional machinery, to finish lumber of the various kinds for building purposes; the water power being sufficient to work several mills like the present one. The facilities for obtaining logs, in the immediate vicinity, are not surpassed by any mill on the Sound; also for rafting and floating off the lumber, the advantages here possessed are unsurpassed. There is a good dwelling and garden convenient to the mill, which will be rented with it.

ALSO,

FOR SALE OR TO LET—A favorable site for a Tannery, near the mouth of the Creek. An abundant supply of water, with a fall of some 70 feet, can be obtained at a distance of 150 feet from this site. This privilege will be sold or rented, as may be most desirable.

Apply to THOMAS M. CHAMBERS,
41:tf At his residence, on the Creek.

NOTICE—SOLDIERS, TEAMSTERS, SAILORS, (or their widows or orphan children) who served in any wars or battles, either in California or elsewhere, prior to March 3d, 1855, or their children who were under 21 years at that date, or sailors who served on the coast of California in the Mexican war, will do well to address us. Claims that have been rejected in the hands of other agents, have been successfully obtained by us. Agents acting for us, liberally paid. Land warrants bought and sold to order, and all business requiring an agent at Washington attended to.

R. B. LLOYD & CO.,
Attorneys for Claims, Pensions, Bounty Land, &c.
Reference to any of the Heads of Departments.
Washington City, Dec. 20, 1859. 47:tf

PORK—20 bbls Eastern packed Pork;
Also Domestic do do;
For sale by S. McCAW & CO.

NAILS—On hand, an assortment of Cut Nails,
For sale by S. McCAW & CO.

OLD TOM—200 gallons Old Tom on hand and for sale cheap, by S. McCAW & CO.

PLOWS—Boston Steel Clipper and Eagle Cast Iron Plows on hand and for sale by S. McCAW & CO.

Business Cards.

PUGET SOUND HOTEL,
Corner of Balch and Commercial sts.,
STEILACOOM, W. T.
18:tf MILAS GALLIHER, Proprietor.

P. J. MOOREY,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
Foreign and Domestic Wines and Liquors,
Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, &c.,
STEILACOOM, W. T. 10:tf

SAMUEL HOPPER,
MILLWRIGHT,
Builder of MULAY and CIRCULAR Sawmills; also Flouring Mills and all other machinery in the Millwright line.
8:tf Commercial st, Steilacoom City, W. T.

FRANK CLARK,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
OFFICE—Corner of Commercial and Main streets,
STEILACOOM, W. T. 1-1y

W. H. WALLACE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
STEILACOOM, W. T. 1-1y

S. McCAW & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, BOOTS AND SHOES, READY-MADE CLOTHING,
Hardware, Tinware, Crockery, &c.
N.B.—Liberal terms for cash
1-1y STEILACOOM, W. T.

GEORGE GALLAGHER,
DEALER IN
STOVES, HARDWARE, TINWARE, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, ETC.
8-1y Steilacoom, W. T.

LAFAYETTE BALCH. J. B. WEBBER.
BALCH & WEBBER,
FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
AND
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
BOOTS, SHOES, &c., &c.

IF In connection with the store there is a commodious WHARF, at which vessels of any class can lay at low tide. Store corner of Chickstas and Suequalmoo streets, Steilacoom, W. T. 1-1y

Shipping.

BALCH & WEBBER'S
REGULAR LINE OF PACKETS
BETWEEN
Puget Sound
AND
San Francisco

Is composed of the following first class vessels:

Barque ORIK, 300 Tons,
A. Y. TRASK, Commander;
Brig W. D. RICE, 300 Tons,
— BUDDINGTON, Commander;

And other vessels as the trade requires.

The above vessels are commanded by experienced and gentlemanly captains, well known to the trade, and will run regularly between Puget Sound (W. T.) and San Francisco, carrying Freight and Passengers.

Freight will be taken at San Francisco for all points on the Sound.

Goods from the Atlantic States and Europe carefully received at San Francisco and promptly forwarded.

BALCH & WEBBER, Pier 20, Stewart street, San Francisco. | BALCH & WEBBER, Steilacoom, W. T. 1tf

U. S. MAIL LINE
FROM
OLYMPIA TO SIMIAHMOO.

THE NEW AND SPLENDID STEAMER ELIZA ANDERSON, THOMAS WRIGHT, Commander, Will hereafter leave Olympia, during the winter months, every Monday, at 12 M., with the United States Mails, touching at STEILACOOM, SEATTLE, PORT MADISON, PORT GAMBLE, PORT LUDLOW, PORT TOWNSEND, WHIDBY'S ISLAND, NEW DUNGINESS, BELLINGHAM BAY, SAN JUAN ISLAND, AND VICTORIA, V. I.

The new steamer JULIA, W. E. Bushnell, Commander, built at Port Gamble, will run in connection with the ELIZA ANDERSON on the opening of spring business, thus affording to the citizens of Oregon, as well as those of our own Territory, excellent accommodations for their families, and a speedy, safe and reliable opportunity for the shipping of cattle and other freight.

IF No charge for berths or meals.

For further information inquire of the Captain on board, or address the undersigned at Olympia.

40:tf JOHN H. SCRANTON.

TOWING, FREIGHTING, ETC.

THE WELL-KNOWN STEAMER
RANGER,
Now plying on the waters of Puget Sound, will be ready at all times to tow rafts or carry freight to or from any ports or mills on the Sound.

Orders left at Balch & Webber's store, in Steilacoom; Phillips & Sons, Olympia; or at the various post-offices on the Sound, will be promptly attended to.

IF Freight carried and towing done on the most reasonable terms. 7:tf

TOWN LOTS!
BILLS'S ADDITION TO STEILACOOM.
GOOD CHANCE FOR INVESTMENT!

THE SUBSCRIBER, HAVING LAID OUT his land claim, adjoining Capt. Balch's claim, into Town Lots of one acre each, is now prepared to sell Lots to suit parties desiring either to locate and improve or seeking investment. This claim, for advantageous location is not excelled by any on Puget Sound. The site has been laid out with a view to beauty and convenience; the streets being four rods wide, and the whole plot well watered by springs. Sites for three churches have already been donated and set apart. The prices of Lots range from $30 to $150 each, according to locality.

The proprietor contemplates building a wharf from the claim during the coming summer, which cannot fail to greatly enhance the value of the entire property.

A power of attorney having been given to Frank Clark, Esq., during my absence in Oregon, notice is hereby given that the same is now withdrawn.

50:tf LEMUEL BILLS.

NEW GOODS!
Just Received,
EX W. D. RICE, A LARGE SUPPLY OF CLOTHING, BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS, GROCERIES, LIQUORS, &c. &c.
For sale by BALCH & WEBBER,
36:tf Cor. Commercial and Balch sts. Steilacoom.

STEILACOOM
LIVERY STABLE.

THE UNDERSIGNED, HAVING ESTABlished himself in the above business in this place, will devote his attention exclusively to conducting it in a proper and satisfactory manner.

Good Saddle Horses will be kept in readiness for the accommodation of the public.

Also, a fine spring BUGGY, for parties wishing to enjoy a pleasant ride through the country.

STABLING furnished at moderate rates.

1-1y CHARLES STEWART.

GLASS AND CROCKERYWARE.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF GLASS AND Crockeryware for sale by
19:tf BALCH & WEBBER.

CHOPPED FEED—Noyes & Mason's Patent HAY Cutters on hand and for sale by S. McCAW & CO.

San Francisco.

JONAS G. CLARK & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF
FURNITURE.
128 Washington st.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

IF We are now manufacturing our FINEST FURNITURE, and would invite the attention of the public to our present stock, the finest ever offered on the Pacific coast.

20:tf JONAS G. CLARK & CO.

DRUGGISTS, STATIONERS, AND HARDWAREMEN,
Music, Fancy Goods and Toy Dealers, &c., &c.,
WILL FIND THOUSANDS OF ARTICLES in their line,
DIRECT IMPORTATIONS,
AT
A. KOHLER'S,
2d floor, Howard's new building, Sansome st.
Between Commercial and Clay streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

IF Now unpacking, a fine assortment of
PIANOS, MELODEONS,
Brass and Wood Instruments,
VIOLIN AND GUITAR STRINGS, &c.

All being direct importations, they must and will be sold cheap. Let all give him a call, and judge for themselves.

37:3mis A. KOHLER.

Nets, Seines,
COTTON AND LINEN SEINE TWINE,
Shoe Thread, Gelling Thread, &c.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVE IN STORE, AND FOR SALE at low rates, the following:

Seines from 5 fathoms to 100 fathoms long, corked, leaded, and hung ready for use;

Shoe Thread, Barbour's Standard, #9, 10, 8 and 12;

Cotton Seine Twine, from 6 to 40 thread;

Linen Seine Twine, from 18 to 36;

Together with a full assortment of

Gelling Nets, Pikes,
Perch Traps, Dip Nets,
Bird Nets, &c. &c. &c.

Also, the largest assortment of Wood and Willowware, Cordage, Brooms, Mops, &c. in the city,

For sale in lots to suit purchasers, by

ELAM & HOWES, No. 64 Clay st.,
One door from the N W cor Front st.,
26:3mis San Francisco.

VERPLANCK & McMULLIN,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
GROCERIES
AND
PROVISIONS,
Corner of Sacramento and Front sts.,
SAN FRANCISCO,

OFFER FOR SALE, AT THE LOWEST market rates,
3000 boxes Adamantine Candles;
3000 do new Layer Raisins;
500 do Pie Fruits and Preserves;
200 do Oysters, best brands;
200 cases Leaf Lard;
100 bbls Extra Clear Pork;
800 firkins new June Butter;
200 half bbls Family Mackerel;
200 kits do do;
500 sheets Green and Black Teas.

ALSO,
A choice assortment of Case Goods. 47:6mis

ESTABLISHED IN 1849.
HENRY JOHNSON & CO.,
IMPORTERS
AND
WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,
146 Washington street,
SAN FRANCISCO,

ARE NOW RECEIVING THEIR STOCK for the Spring Trade of
NEW AND FRESH GOODS,

And offer to country buyers the largest and best assortment in their line on the Pacific coast.

Having been engaged in the Drug business in San Francisco for the past ten years, they flatter themselves that their arrangements are such that they can offer unequalled inducements to such as may favor them with their custom.

Their assortment comprises everything in their line of business that may be required by Druggists, Physicians, and Merchants, and also all goods in their line used by Grocers, Bakers, Brewers, Confectioners, Dyers, Tanners, Assayers of gold, hatters, soda manufacturers, barbers, hotel keepers and manufacturers.

All the popular FAMILY PATENT MEDICINES received direct from the proprietors and guaranteed genuine, and at the lowest trade prices. 4:6m

U. S. MAIL
AND
Express Line
BETWEEN
OLYMPIA AND STEILACOOM.

THE UNDERSIGNED WILL RUN A LINE of stages between the above places, carrying the U. S. Mail, Express packages, and Passengers.

The stages will leave Olympia on Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, returning, leave Steilacoom on Tuesdays, Fridays, and Sundays, punctually at 8 o'clock, A.M., each day, connecting with H. Winsor's through line to the Columbia River.

49:tf H. WINSOR, J. D. LAMAN.

WASHINGTON HOTEL,
Corner of Main and Second streets,
OLYMPIA, W. T.
SILAS GALLIHER, Proprietor.

THE PROPRIETOR HAS RECENTLY ERECTED, IN CONnection with and as a part of the "Washington Hotel," a large two story building, 20 by 60 feet, by which he is enabled to provide the travelling public with a larger number of capacious, comfortable and excellently ventilated apartments than can be afforded by any other public house in Washington Territory. An idea of his ability to accommodate the public may be judged from the fact that the hotel contains twenty-five private rooms, (exclusive of family apartments) six of which are large drawing rooms or parlors.

Thankful to the public for the liberal patronage heretofore extended to the proprietor, and having thus enlarged upon his former business, he feels confident he can render the sojourn of strangers with him comfortable and pleasant, and no pains shall be spared to set his table as well as any in like business. Beds and bedrooms furnished to such as may desire them.

Board by the day and week.

A good stable is attached to this establishment, which will be amply supplied with forage for the accommodation of animals of the traveling public.

A share of public patronage is respectfully solicited.

OLYMPIA, Dec. 4th, 1857 2 1y

FARM TO RENT.

A FARM, CONSISTING OF 640 ACRES, more or less, can be rented on easy terms.

The Farm is situate about five miles south of Steilacoom, on the road leading from Steilacoom to Mesh, and has an excellent range for stock. The farm is known as the "LECKY" claim. For further particulars, apply to

WILLIAM H. WOOD,
51:4 Main street, Steilacoom.

FOR SALE.

A WELL-ASSORTED LOT OF DRUGS AND Medicines. They will be sold in lots to suit, or the whole together, cheap for cash. Inquire at the Editor's office, Steilacoom.

Agriculture.

Signs of Rain.

An excuse for not accepting an invitation to take an excursion, by the late Dr. Jenner.

The hollow winds begin to blow,
The clouds look black, the grass is low:
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs peep.
Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in halos hid her head;
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh.
For, see, a rainbow spans the sky,
The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernell.
Hark! how the chairs and tables crack,
Old Betty's joints are on the rack;
Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry!
The busy flies disturb the kine;
How restless are the snorting swine,
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings,
The cricket, too, how sharp he sings;
Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
Sits, wiping o'er her whiskered jaws,
Through the clear stream the fishes rise,
And nimbly catch th' incautious flies;
The glow-worms, numerous and bright,
Illum'd the dewy dell last night,
At dusk the squalid toad was seen,
Hopping and crawling o'er the green.
The whirling wind the dust obeys,
And in the rapid eddy plays;
The frog has chang'd his yellow vest,
And in a russet coat is drest,
Though June, the air is cold and still;
The mellow blackbird's voice is shrill,
My dog, so altered in his taste,
Quits mutton-bones on grass to feast;
And see yon rooks, how odd the flight,
They imitate the gliding kite,
And seem precipitate to fall—
As if they felt the piercing ball.
'Twill surely rain, see, with sorrow;
Our jaunt must be put off to morrow.

Seedling Forest Trees.

[Prepared and read at the request of the Farmers' Club of the American Institute, by ANDREW S. FULLER, Horticulturist.]

The attention of every civilized nation but our own has been given to the importance of growing forest trees as a source of national wealth.

This has been considered a question of so much importance in European countries, that some of their best literary talent has been employed in giving to the world all the information that could be gathered upon the subject. Among many volumes we note the following:

As early as 1613, Arthur Standish wrote a work exclusively on growing forest trees for timber and firewood.

John Evelyn's third work, 1664, was on planting and propagating forest trees.

In 1676, Moses Cook wrote a small work entitled "The Rearing and Ordering of Forest Trees." This is quite a curiosity in its way; nearly every chapter ends with what the author evidently thought was poetry. We make one quotation from chapter eight, as it may be applicable to ourself.

Thus have I guessed, but whether right or no—
The critick's lash I'm sure to undergo;
I to the ingenious praticer direct
These lines, which hope with him to gain respect;
For learned men oft-times mistaken are,
When fools guess right, tho' unawares.

I have laid a copy of this work on the secretary's table for the inspection of those who are curious in such matters.

The Earl of Haddington wrote a treatise on forest trees in 1760.

One of the best works of Richard Weston was written in 1770, on forest trees.

William Boutchen, in 1775, also wrote an excellent work on forest trees. This is one of the best works extant; although not large, he enumerates 150 varieties, with directions for growing them.

The preface to his work is one of the best we have ever met. It shows up the humbugs of his day, and is equally applicable at the present time.

In 1777 James Anderson wrote his "Thoughts on Training of Timber Trees."

Marshal Humphrey, in 1785, wrote a work which was published in New York, called "The American Grove."

Lieutenant Emerich, in 1789, wrote on "The Culture of Forest Trees."

William Pontey, in 1800, wrote, "The Profitable Planter;" also, in 1805, "The Forest Pruner."

Dr. Patrick Graham, in 1814, wrote on "The Culture and Plantations of Scotland."

Robert MacWilliams published 1818, "The Culture and Diseases of Forest Trees."

The above are all the works in English that we have been able to obtain that have been written upon this subject up to the year 1820.

A portion of many other books previous to this were devoted to this subject. Several works have appeared in England and this country within the past forty years upon forest trees, among which we might mention "The North American Sylva," edited by J. J. Smith, of Philadelphia; also D. J. Browne's "Trees of America." They give us but very little that is new in the art of cultivation, but considerable in the way of describing new varieties.

In the Report of the Smithsonian Institution for 1858 will be found a very complete catalogue of the native trees of the United States, which gives botanical name, the common name, the height in feet, the range of country where found, and also the region of their greatest abundance. For presenting such a catalogue, this Institution is deserving of the thanks of the public at large, and particularly of such associations as the Farmer's Club and the American Institute, as it shows in a condensed form the resources of our country as to its timber, and gives us ready-to-hand statistics that have heretofore existed only in the scattered pages of the writings of different botanists. What remains to be done is for some one who has leisure, ability and inclination, to select from this catalogue those trees that will in the future be the most valuable for timber, fuel, fruit, or shade, and give full and easily comprehended directions for their culture from the seed. Such a work would be of untold value to our country in future generations, and would prove an enduring monument to the writer.

We are inclined to believe that one great reason why more forest trees are not planted, is because it is generally supposed that it requires land in such a state of fertility that it would be more profitably employed in raising other crops. This is a mistake. If there is strength enough in the soil to start the tree, after the first year it will take care of itself; its leaves when decomposed making more manure than the tree will require. Poor sterile soil planted to trees will not only support them but become rich. There are many situations where a single tree would not thrive, as on the prairie, a bleak hill-side, a barren plain, or near the sea, but where many are planted and rise together, they protect each other and grow without difficulty. While we have no desire to see extensive tracts of fertile arable lands, particularly near large cities, devoted to wood, we do wish to see the barren, naked, sandy, rocky, bleak, and unproductive lands of which we have millions of acres, converted into valuable forests. Such things have been done in other countries and can be here.

In the forest of Mar, (in Scotland) on the estate of the Earl of Fife, many fir trees are from 100 to 120 feet high and from twelve to fifteen feet in circumference, though the greater number of them grow on the side of hills so encumbered with rocks that we can scarcely perceive soil enough to have nourished the seed, much less a tree of such dimensions. About 1767 the Earl of Fife planted on the rocks of Alva, oak, beech, elm, larch, red cedar, birch, and other trees. So unaccessible are these rocks, that to plant the trees the men were put into baskets and the plants with them, and thus lowered down the face of the precipice by means of ropes, and when they found any moss on the shelves or fissures of rocks, they planted the young trees. During his lifetime he planted about 10,000 acres of land to trees. While we do not recommend planting in poor soil in preference to rich, or do not see it profitable to plant in unaccessible places, we mention these facts to show under what difficulties trees will grow.

We will give but one more instance of planting, and to this, as there was a lady in the case, we desire particular attention.

The sixth Earl of Haddington, in a work in the form of letters to his grandson, published in 1772, says: "When I came to live here, (in 1700) there were not above fourteen acres set with trees. I believe that it was a received notion, that no tree would grow here on account of the sea air and the north-east wind, so that the first of our family who had lived here either believed the common opinion or did not delight in planting." He continues; "I had no pleasure in planting, but delighted in horses and dogs, and the sports of the field; but my wife did what she could to engage me to it, but in vain. At last she asked leave to go about it herself, which she did, and I was much pleased with some little things, which were well laid out and executed. These attracted my notice; and the Earl of Mar, the Marquis of Tweedale and others, admired the beauty of the work and the enterprise of the lady." After his lady had planted several ornamental clumps in the shape of wildernesses, she proposed to plant a field of about 300 Scotch acres, called Muir of Tyninghame, a waste common of very little value. From this all her ladyship's friends as well as her lord tried to dissuade her, but in vain; she planted this likewise. In 1707 she began Benningwood. The prejudice of the country being still against her, they continued to deride her, telling her it could be of no use. Success, however, always gave her encouragement. The next was a large tract of ground mostly dead sand, with very little grass, and very near the sea. Here her ladyship participated in the common prejudices, and thought it would be of no use, but a gentleman from Hamburg being there on a visit, told her he had seen timber growing on such land, she immediately formed the resolution of putting it to the test, planted seventy-seven acres of it, and the trees grew to the astonishment of all who saw them. Thus her ladyship, to the honor of her sex and benefit of her lord and her country, overcame the prejudices of the sea and the barren moor being pernicious, and of horses and dogs being the best amusement for a nobleman, converting a dashing son of Nimrod into an industrious planter, a thoughtless spendthrift into a frugal patriot.

His lordship goes on to say, the next was a field which he had often let to tenants, who could do nothing with it; and further, that he had a great deal more waste land, and intended to plant it all. These woods were of all the usual sorts of timber; fir, beech, chestnut, larch, etc., but oaks were the favorite, and succeeded extremely well in every sort of soil.

"Thus can good wives, when wise, in every station,
On man work miracles of reformation;
And were such wives more common, their husbands would endure it;
However great the malady, a loving wife can cure it:
And such their aid is wanted, we hope they'll use it fairish,
While barren ground, where wood should be, appears in every parish."

The Germans and French have many works upon this subject, and perhaps no nation has expended more money or prize more highly the American forest trees, than the French. They can show at the present time more and better trees that are natives of this country, planted in the streets of Paris, than we can in any ten cities of the United States. Although we have voluminous works, describing and giving the author's opinion of the merits of each native tree, yet none seem to call the attention of land owners to the fact that they are letting the opportunity pass for laying the foundation of honor to themselves and wealth to posterity by planting our native forest trees. Perhaps it is owing to the fact that we possess immense forests, that will supply our cities for many years to come with timber and fuel.

But it must be recollected that the next generation, and, perhaps, some of this, will see the day that forest trees can be grown near our seaboard for less, and of better quality (as has been done with the locust) than they can be transported from our inland forests.

[*Concluded next week.*]

Agriculture.

The antiquity of the husbandman's art is certainly not to be contested by any other. The three first men in the world were a gardener, a plowman, and a grazier; and if any man object that the second of these was a murderer, I desire he would consider, that as soon as he was so, he quitted our profession, and turned builder. It is for this reason, I suppose, that Ecclesiasticus forbids us to hate husbandry; because (says he) the Most High God has created it. We were all born to this art, and taught by nature to nourish our bodies by the same earth out of which they were made, and to which they must return and pay at last for their sustenance.

Behold the original and primitive nobility of all those great persons who are too proud now, not only to till the ground, but almost to tread upon it. We may say what we please of cities, and lions rampant, and spread eagles in fields *d'or* or *d'argent*; but if heraldry were guided by reason, a plow in a field arable would be the most noble and ancient arms.

All these considerations make me fall into the wonder and complaint of Columella, how it should come to pass that all arts and sciences, metaphysics, physic, morality, mathematics, logic, rhetoric, &c., which are all, I grant, good and useful faculties, (except only metaphysics, which I do not know whether it be anything or no,) but even vaulting, fencing, dancing, attiring, cookery, carving, and such like vanities, shall all have public schools and masters; and yet that we should never see or hear of any man who took upon him the profession of teaching this so pleasant, so virtuous, so profitable, so honorable, so necessary art.

FOOD FOR COWS.—M. Chabert, the director of the Veterinarian School at Alfred, England, had a number of cows which yielded twelve gallons of milk each day. In his able publication on this subject, he observes that cows fed in Winter, on dry substance alone, yield less milk than those that are kept on a green diet, and also that their milk loses much of its good quality. He published the following receipt, by the use of which his cows afforded him an equal quantity and quality of milk during the Winter as during the Summer:—Take a bushel of potatoes, break them whilst raw, place them in a barrel standing up, putting in successively a layer of bran, and a small quantity of yeast in the middle of the mass, which is to be left there to ferment during a whole week, and when the vinous taste has pervaded the whole mixture, it is then given to the cows, who eat it greedily.

A GOOD FARMER IN A NEIGHBORHOOD.—In looking over some recent remarks by Hon. Z. Pratt, on taking the chair at the formation of the Prattsville Farmer's Club, we find the following suggestive paragraph:

"A good farmer in a neighborhood is a great blessing; and let him go to what Mill or Meeting he likes, his mode of farming and his improvements will be adopted."

This is very true, and it is encouraging to every one who is trying to bring about a better husbandry on his own farm and among those who are, and are to be, his neighbors and companions. Whatever may be a man's political opinions or his personal preferences, if his example be good, if he show on his own farm, better tillage, better crops, better animals, and better profits, his methods will be looked into by those who know him, and he will be imitated; and thus improvement will go on.

A USEFUL TABLE.—Counting plants one foot apart each way, we shall have forty-three thousand five hundred and sixty upon an acre, because an acre contains that number of superficial feet. Take the figure in the first column of the following table as the distance apart, and an acre will contain the number of plants in the second column:

1 1-2 feet,	19,360	12 feet.	302
2 do	10,890	15 do	198
2 1-2 do	6,969	18 do	134
3 do	4,886	20 do	168
3 1-2 do	3,530	23 do	90
4 do	2,722	25 do	69
5 do	1,742	30 do	48
6 do	1,200	35 do	35
8 do	680	40 do	27
10 do	435	45 do	21

BEST APPLES IN NEW YORK MARKET.—The Newtown Pippin commands the highest price. Parties are now paying $5 and $6 per barrel, for shipping to Europe. Spitzenbergs, R. I. Greenings, and Baldwins follow the Newtown Pippins in price. Large quantities of Russetts are sold, but usually at lower prices than the above.

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500 bolts No. 2—10 Duck;
20 bales Raven Duck;
10 cases Merrimac prints;
10 cases Pragne prints;
10 cases Pacific prints;
10 cases Dunnell's prints;
10 cases ¾ and 4 4 bleached shirtings
10 cases 6-4, 8-4 and 10-4 bleached sheets
20 cas s blue drills;
20 cases blue denims;
10 bales hickory stripes;
20 bales ¾, ⅞ and 4 4 tickings;
10 bales scarlet, blue and grey flannels
10 bales Biddeirdale white flannel;
5 cases Coburgs and Merinos;
5 cases wool and half wool plaids
5 cases blue and black alpacas;
10 cases Pacific—new styles De Laines;
5 cases, all wool, new styles De Laines;
5 cases French Merinos;
1000 Bay State plaid shawls;
1000 cashmere and plain wool shawls; black and colored silks; plain, figured and plaid silks;
And a large assortment of other Dress Goods.

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1000 pairs white, green and blue Mackinaw;
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1000 dozen grey, blue and scarlet flannel shirts;
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