

PUGET SOUND HERALD.

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PUGET SOUND HERALD.

CHARLES PROSCH,
Publisher and Proprietor.

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Agriculture.

Culture of the Pear Tree.

Among the observations which have most forcibly struck me is the great importance of keeping our fruit trees in a thriving condition. No half-starved cow gives much milk, and no stunted tree bears fine fruit. Even the Seckel pear, of all sorts perhaps the highest flavored, is so inferior in some situations as to be scarcely worth gathering. Some other pears, however, lose their distinguishing traits entirely, so as to bear no longer suitable for human lips. Of this class has been the St. Glislaun, in my grounds, where the tree stood neglected for several years, and caused me to wonder how anything so insipid should have acquired such a reputation. But an accidental improvement of its condition caused it in the next season to bear excellent fruit, increased quite as much in flavor as in size.

It would seem that flavor is the last touch of perfection that some pears receive; and if the nutriment of the tree be exhausted with their growth, so that nothing is left for the last finish, they are tasteless and worthless. This is not the case, however, with all sorts of this fruit; and exceptions may be found in the Madeline, Summer Bon Christien, and the Seckel; but I think we have no right to condemn any variety of the pear until it has done its best—that is, borne fruit in a thriving condition.

Another illustration of this opinion may be given, which I also noticed. The tree, like the former, stood in a neglected spot, and though it had borne fruit several years, the fruit was destitute of flavor; and if eaten at all, that task was reserved for the pigs. Last spring, however, the spade was applied near it, the tough sod was turned over, and it sent up strong shoots from the upper branches, while the fruit was increased in size. A neighbor who had visitors from a distance came to get fruit of me to treat them, and these pears formed a part of the dessert. Two or three days afterwards he came to inquire the name and to see the tree on which they grew, saying he had never tasted better, and wanted in the proper season to get grafts. I agreed with him entirely in regard to their excellence, and can ascribe the change to nothing but superior cultivation.

The value of some other sorts, however, depends more on the season than even culture, though both are necessary to ensure the greatest perfection. Such is the Bezy de la Motte, which is scarcely more palatable than the rind of a pumpkin in one of our short seasons. It must be a fine pear, however, in a more sunny land.

Overreaching Horses.

A writer in the *New England Farmer*, who is a blacksmith, cures overreaching horses, and increases their trotting speed fifteen or twenty seconds per mile, by the following mode of shoeing, which increases the motion of the forward feet and retards the motion of the hind ones. He makes the toe-caulks very low, standing a little under, and the shoes set as far backwards as convenient on the forward feet, with high heel-caulks, so as to let them roll over as soon as possible. On the hind feet the heel-caulk is low, and the toe-caulk high and projecting forward. Horses travel clean, with no click, when shod thus.

By mixing a small quantity of barley with carrot seed, the rows of the growing carrots can be easily distinguished, and thus hoeing can proceed previous to the carrot plants appearing at the surface.

To add one per cent. of lime to a soil that is destitute of it, requires ten tons of slacked lime, or six of caustic, to the acre.

It takes five pounds of corn to form one of beef. Three and a half pounds of cooked meat will form one of pork.

Experiments with Clover, Timothy and other Seeds.

Desirous of learning by direct trial at what depths clover, timothy and other seeds would germinate, I made a narrow trench in a favorable situation, three and a half feet long, increasing in depth from the surface at one end to the other end, where it was six inches deep. The bottom was an inclined plane, and was made smooth and even by pressing a straight-edged board forcibly upon it. Thus prepared, the seed was sown thickly in the trench its whole length. In twenty four days, at an average temperature of 45°, the plants appeared at the surface for four inches from the shallowest end towards the deepest part in the trench, and afterwards continued to appear from still deeper portions of the ground for seventeen inches, where it wholly ceased to vegetate. Three months elapsed, and not a leaf showed itself beyond the last point named.

The seeds sprouted alike, and ceased to germinate at a depth of two and a half inches. At three months the plants were nearly a foot high at the shallow extremity of the trench, and diminished in stature as the trench deepened, the lowest being about five or six inches high. The intelligent farmer will of course understand the object and appreciate the experiment.

Rye, wheat and oats were experimented with in the same way, and the result was the same. Some of the clover and timothy seed was scattered on the surface of the ground at the same time, and left uncovered; in due time it vegetated; its radicles, from one-eighth to one-fourth of an inch long, lay exposed to the sun and rain for some time, and finally found their way into the earth.

How shall I Renovate my Farm?

This is the inquiry of one of our subscribers, who says that he has been obliged to raise as much wheat and other things as possible for a number of years in order to pay for his farm. The result of this "hard running" of his land is, that his crops for a few years have been falling off, and that they were next to a total failure last year. The worst feature of the case is that he cannot any longer raise clover, as it either dies out from drouth the first summer, or is killed by the heaving of the soil in winter. He adds that as he had to sell everything he could possibly spare for several years in order to pay for his farm, his team has always been too poor and weak in spring, to enable him to plow his land over four inches deep. He asks for any advice or information we or our readers may see fit to furnish, begging all who may undertake "this net of brotherly kindness," to remember that he is too poor to purchase any fertilizers, and can avail himself only of such means for renovating his farm as he can procure without money.

We leave this rather peculiar and pitiful case in the hands of our readers, hoping that some who have had a similarly run-down farm to manage, with similar limitations as to clover and pecuniary resources, may be better prepared than we are to give the information and advice which will be most useful.

Meanwhile, in reply to his pressing question, "What can I do this winter," we would suggest, that as he is not far from a village where there is a tannery and an ashery, he should never return from the village with his team, without taking home a load of leached ashes, or whatever waste scraps or refuse he can get at the tannery without payment.

In this way he may collect before spring, in the ashes, a valuable top-dressing for his wheat and grass, and in tannery refuse a valuable addition to his compost heap. We would suggest, further, that very carefully he should preserve all the manure made on the premises, from the bleaching and leaching influences of exposure to rain, wind and weather. This will require labor, but not money, as temporary sheds will be the most appropriate means of preserving manures and compost heaps from waste in his present circumstances.

In reference to the failure of his clover crops, we would suggest that this is probably owing more to shallow plowing than to anything else, as summer droughts and winter freezings are more injurious to crops on thin, shallow soils than to those on deeper ones. Let him try next spring to raise at least enough for seed, by sowing with oats or other spring grain, on a piece of ground which has been well plowed. We leave other suggestions to our readers, as to what he should do this winter and next spring.

The Wherewithal.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

A man may have wisdom and worth,
And humor and wit at his call,
But what do these matter on earth,
If he has not the wherewithal?
His home may be circled with friends,
If he can only keep up the bill;
But friendship soon changes and ends,
If he has not the wherewithal.

Then seek for the wherewithal—
Make sure of the wherewithal;
For pleasure, like friendship, soon ends,
If you have not the wherewithal.

The purse is the dial whose face
Shows best where the sunlight doth fall;
He always is first in the race,
Who is first with the wherewithal!
Some say that the high can be mean—
Some that that the great can be small;
But trifles like these are not seen
If blessed with the wherewithal!

Then seek for the wherewithal—
Make sure of the wherewithal;
For pleasure, like friendship, soon ends,
If short of the wherewithal!

If in one poor bleeding beam
I a wo-swept chard have sited;
If a dark and restless spirit
I with hope of heaven have sited;
If I've made for life's hard battle,
One faint heart grow brave and strong—
Then, my God, I thank thee, bless thee,
For the precious gift of song.

THE NIGHT RIDE.

We were in Indiana. We had crossed the State line, and entered the solitary car bound for the capital, Indianapolis. The locomotive was impatient to be bounding on its fearful way, and the wild hiss of the escaping steam seemed to render the occasion one of terror; and occasionally a spark would issue from the smoke-pipe of the iron horse, and send its way upward for many feet, and vanish from sight. It was to be a ride of fire. The heavens were overcast with the darkest and most fearful clouds that ever yet overhung the earth. Terror was added to the already terrific scene by the loud and almost incessant peals of the maddened thunder.

But we were seated in that solitary car, a solitary passenger. Our carpet-bag was safely hung above our head, and we started. The sparks from the fire-stove reminded us that we were rushing onward—onward! And where was the conductor of that midnight train? He might be in the car. No. We staggered from one end of the car to the other, but we found no conductor—no person—we were alone. We looked through the glass door toward the fire-stove, and—oh, heaven! there was not a person on the locomotive. The presence of our mind then fled, and we sank to the floor. How plainly did we hear the breath oozing from that iron monster, which was fast hurrying us to destruction. Ten thousand demons were hurling fire-brands in at the windows, and we beheld their fiery images trying to grapple with the iron monster. Death! It was a fearful thought, and there, alone, to be crushed to death in a moment. We thought of our watch, and grasped it with a death grasp. It wanted five minutes of midnight—twelve o'clock. At that hour the uptrain would be due, and—oh horrid thought—we would be dashed into atoms.

We felt, just then, some one clutch us by the arm. We looked up, and beheld the most frightful object that ever human eyes gazed upon. But on—on we rushed, and our breath was almost gone—we could scarcely breathe. One moment and we should be in eternity. That object, a female in form, with eyes glaring with the fullness of insanity—that mad grin, and hair hanging loosely over her face and shoulders. It was frightful, indeed. Begone, spirit of the infernal regions—begone! I was all that we could utter then, but she held her grasp and gazed still more wildly upon us.

"Ha, ha!" Oh, we would have given worlds just then to have been released from our perilous position. Why had we entered the cursed train, and upon such a night?
"Ha! ha! Death! vengeance! hell-fiend! we'll go together now. Ha! ha! how fast she goes; see the fire! Ha! what a beautiful sight for a demon! The up-train—ah! that will be an exciting moment for all of us, and he is here, too—death! Ah, see! he shrinks from that word. No wonder; for did he not murder my love? Ah! the railroad train and its victims. What a beautiful thought! No, no—they can't overtake us. Fast, faster—onward, noble steed—speed thee on to eternity.

Then came the looked-for, fearful, murderous crash. There lay the wreck—there the dying and wounded—there the dead, cold, ghastly, disfigured corpses. We were insensible and bleeding profusely; the blood oozed from a frightful gash on our forehead, while the pale, haggard form of the idiot lay cold and stiff at our side. She was dead!

After weeks we recovered, and a friend placed in our hand a newspaper, containing the following:

Fearful Railroad Collision.—One of the most mysterious and frightful collisions that ever occurred in this State, took place last night between two passenger trains on the B— road. It appears that as the midnight train was standing at the station at R—, and while the engineer and conductor, and the other hands belonging to the train had stepped into the agent's office, preparatory to starting, Wild Moll, the crazy girl, sprung upon the locomotive, and opening the valve, started the train. In an instant it was beyond the reach of the engine-man, rushing furiously towards the opposite approaching train. It also appears that there was but a solitary passenger in the train at the time. After running some twenty miles, the runaway train met the up-train at a short curve, when the most frightful collision ever recorded took place. Several persons were instantly killed and many were wounded. Most fortunately and singularly, however, the solitary passenger in the down-train escaped with a slight wound.

Reader, that was a fearful night ride; and now, would you know more of Wild Moll? Her history is brief. Returning with her husband from a bridal tour, on this very same railroad, the car in which they were seated was thrown from the track, and he whom she had so lately taken to her heart was instantly killed.

For months she mourned her loss, but at length her reason fled. She wandered continually near the spot where the accident occurred, and talked incessantly of the railroad train and its victims; yet she was always considered harmless, and permitted to wander whithersoever she chose. But this night was destined to be her last. She was killed at the identical spot where her husband had been so horribly mangled. And now our story is ended; yet we must say that that was the most fearful night ever experienced by us.

Unauthorized Punishment.

It seems to be a prevailing opinion that any sort of a minister is good enough to preach to soldiers, convicts, paupers and the insane. Public "charges" have no right to be particular about the quality of the divine grace administered to them. A cheap religion is good enough for them. In consequence of this popular sentiment, it too often happens that intolerable drones are sent to preach to the helpless inmates of our institutions. Clergymen whose dullness would put to flight the most patient and persistent church-going community, and empty the pews, are considered just the men for the prison or the asylum.

A preacher of this description was employed to officiate in the Sabbath morning services at an institution for the insane. As a man, he was kind-hearted and estimable; but as a preacher, he was one of the most dreadful of his time. He had performed his official duties for some time to the unsatisfying inmates, when one day one of them accosted him.

"Governor," said he, "I am not a convict."

"Certainly you are not," replied the good old minister.

"I am not here to be punished."

"True, true, my friend."

The insane man's eye glistened, and he took the preacher by the button.

"Then if I am not a convict, and if I am not here to be punished, what right have you, sir, to inflict torture upon me?"

"Torture!" said the preacher.

"Yes, the ingenious cruelty of your long-winded sermons!"

And, with an air of aggrieved innocence, the afflicted man walked away, to make his complaint to the doctor.

The unauthorized "punishment" was shortly afterwards discontinued.

The Value of Time.

When the Roman Emperor said "I have lost a day," he uttered a sadder truth than if he had exclaimed, "I have lost a kingdom." Napoleon said that the reason why he beat the Austrians was, that they did not know the value of five minutes. At the celebrated battle of Rivoli, the conflict seemed on the point of being decided against him. He saw the critical state of affairs, and instantly took his resolution. He dispatched a flag to the Austrian headquarters, with proposals for an armistice. The unwary Austrians fell into the snare—for a few minutes the thunders of battle were hushed. Napoleon seized the precious moments, and, while amusing the enemy with mock negotiations, re-arranged his line of battle, changed his front, and in a few minutes was ready to renounce the farce of discussion for the stern arbitrament of arms. The splendid victories and defeats of the world often turn on five minutes. The crisis comes, the net seizing of which is ruin. Men may loiter, but time flies on the wings of the wind, and all the great interests of life are speeding on with the sure and silent tread of destiny.

A mysterious thing is a bluish—that a single word, look or thought should send that inimitable carnation over the cheek, like the soft tints of a summer's sunset. Strange, too, that it is only the face, the human face, that is capable of blushing.

Adventurers.

Adventurers, persons who lack the necessary discipline and balance of mind to submit themselves to the laws of society, while at the same time they are devoured by the ambition of distinguishing themselves, of making a fortune or a sensation. They stand in the same relation to the *chevalier d'industrie* as the pirate to the pick-pocket, while to men of genuine ambition they compare as a cockcomb to a man of the world, or a poacher to the sportsman.

Adventurers are rarely without a redeeming love of glory, and if they are successful they become heroes, like Napoleon. On the other hand, they seldom listen to the appeals of conscience, and if they are unsuccessful they become scamps, like Caligostro. In the historical records of men of brilliant fame we find as many adventurers as persons of infamous repute in the police returns. They are to be found daily in the walks of private life, as well as in the realms of fiction. Micawber, in David Copperfield, would have been a great adventurer if he had not been destined to become the great Micawber. He was always waiting for something to "turn up." This peculiar state of expectation is, in fact, the normal state of mind of an adventurer. As long as this state of suspense lasts, he wisely keeps in the background, ransacking earth and heaven, his brain aching with thought, his heart swelling with hope, his very soul bursting with ambition; but as all the while his pocket is empty, and as he does not perform any honest labor for the purpose of filling it, his life is that of an outlaw. His name, may, his very existence, is unknown, except to his unfortunate family and his miserable creditors.

But of a sudden his corroding ambition is gratified; the dreams of his life are realized. Something has turned up. He jumps into a conspicuous or notorious position. The fact of his existence is like a new revelation to mankind. His name falls like a bomb upon the public ear. "Who in the world is he?" ask a thousand voices, and echo answers—"An Adventurer."

If he is a person of military turn, he becomes a filibuster, like Lopez or Walker. If of an energetic, semi-intriguing nature, he becomes a rajah, like Sir James Brooke of Sarawak. If his predilections are of the financial order, he becomes a railway king like Hulson or a colonial swindler like Law. If of a religious disposition, he becomes a prophet, like John of Leyden or Joe Smith.

The word adventurer is derived from the Latin *adventare*. The knight-errants were called adventurers, and the poets of the middle ages exalt the "Dame Adventure," as she was called, to the dignity of a goddess; and represent her as a woman of angelic beauty, possessed like Gyges of the power of making herself invisible by putting on a mysterious ring, which enables her to travel incoherent over the world, and to observe, without being observed, the doings of mankind. In order to make her divine Paul Pry mission more comfortable, she carries a staff in her hand, which has the magic power of helping her over land and sea.

Female adventurers are also pretty numerous. Nell Gwynno, Lady Hamilton, Madame de Pompadour, Lola Montez, all come more or less under the category of adventurers. In Italy, female adventurers abound among the princesses and highest nobility. In Europe and America they occasionally make their appearance as governesses and teachers of foreign languages.

"What's a Visitation?"
Mr. Spearman, of Newton Hall, at the recent dinner of the Durham County Agricultural Society, was reminded, by the absence of clergyman, of a story which perhaps he might be permitted to relate, as he had it from a very good source—viz, from a very excellent divine, who was himself a prebendary of the cathedral church of Durham.

Two honest farmers, in riding along together, encountered a large number of clergymen; and one of them said to the other, "Where be all these persons coming from?"

To this his friend replied, "They've been at a visitation."

The other, no wiser than before, says, "What's a visitation?"

And the answer he received was, "Why, it's where all the parsons goes once a year and swaps their sermons."

His friend, on being thus enlightened, quietly remarked, "Dang it, but our chap man get the worst on it every time."

The Best Physicians.

The celebrated French doctor Dumouline, on his death-bed, when surrounded by the most distinguished citizens of Paris, who regretted the loss which the profession would sustain in his death, said:

"My friends, I leave behind me three physicians greater than myself."

Being pressed to name them, each of the doctors supposing himself to be one of the three, he answered:

"Water, Exercise and Diet!"

A Yankee who had just come from Florence, being asked what he had seen and admired, and whether he was in raptures with the statue of Venus, replied, "Well, to tell the truth, I don't care much about these stone gals."

Variety.

Two apples make one pair.

When you speak to a person, look him straight in the face.

People who are well to do, are the people whom it is well to do.

What is best to prevent old maids from despairing? Echo—Pairing.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

Independence—Owing fifty thousand dollars you never intend to pay.

What is the Objective Case, as understood by young wives? A Cigar Case.

A woman may laugh too much. It is only a comb that can always afford to show its teeth.

Law and equity are two things which God hath joined, but which man hath put asunder.

There is more honor in meriting praise without obtaining it than in obtaining it without meriting it.

Vanity is of all passions the most tenacious—it seizes us in the cradle and shows itself on the tombstone.

Men who would prosper in love should woo gently. It is not fashionable for young ladies to take "ardent spirits."

To make an apple hollow—dig the core out. Another way to make an apple "hollower" is to roast it on the coals till it squeals.

Honesty—Obsolete: a term formerly used in the case of a man who paid for his newspaper and the coat on his back.

The woodman who "spared that tree" has run short of wood, and is almost splitting with vexation to think how green he was.

Northey; takes exercise every day. He walks round a lager beer keg in the back yard. He believes in stirring the muscles—he does.

The speaker who declared publicly that "imagination would fail," has compromised the affair "on change to prevent a suit for defamation."

In what does the American Indian differ from modern ladies? The one *wor-shops* in time of battle, the others *wear-shops* in time of peace.

A young widow who edits a paper in a neighboring State, says: "We do not look so well to-day as usual, on account of the non arrival of the mails."

On a very pretty girl's saying to Leigh Hunt, "I am very sad, you see," he replied, "Oh, no, you belong to the other Jewish sect, you are very fair, I see!"

People may be taken in who imagine that an author is greater in private life than other men. Uncommon parts require uncommon opportunities for their exertion.

The best rules to form young men are to talk little, to hear much, to reflect alone upon what had passed in company. To distrust one's own opinion and value others that deserve it.

What difference is there between a prince and a peasant? No more than between two balls made of the same clay, only one is placed upon a turret, and the other at the bottom of a wall.

It is by no means certain that he who shall receive the highest honor in the last day, shall have been on earth regarded as eminently pious. It is certain that he will not have regarded himself so.

He who betrays another's secret because he has quarreled with him, was never worthy the sacred name of friend. A breach of kindness on one side will not justify a breach of trust on the other.

"Look here, ma!" said a young lady just commencing to take lessons in painting, "see my painting; can you tell me what it is?" "Ma, after looking at it some time, answered—"Well, it is a cow or a roscubd, I'm sure I can't tell which."

"A balloonist" attempted to make an ascension at Albany, recently, but it was no go. He got up high enough to clear one or two blocks; came down in a private garden, breaking the shrubbery; lost his pocket-book; was arrested for damages, and put in the watch-house. That's what may be called "ballooning extra."

"There is no object so beautiful to me as a conscientious young man—I watch him as I do a star in heaven."

"That's my view, exactly!" sighed Miss Josephine Hoops, as she laid down the volume; "in fact, I think there is nothing so beautiful as a young man, even if he ain't so conscientious."

A wretch of a husband, coming home at one in the morning, found his angel wife sitting up reading an old novel. With a coarseness almost amounting to cruelty, he took the book from her hand, and placed before her a pair of her child's socks, which happened to have holes in them, disgustingly observing: "If you will fatigue yourself, my love, with any work at such an hour, I would suggest, it is never too late to mend."

PUGET SOUND HERALD, STEILACOOM, W. T., JUNE 25 1858.

L. P. FISHER, 171 1/2 Washington st., San Francisco. Is authorized to act as the Agent in receiving advertisements and subscriptions in San Francisco, and at J. W. Sullivan's Newspaper Depot, on Washington st., near the Post Office.

PUGET SOUND HERALD. "Fledged to no party's arbitrary sway, We follow Truth where'er she leads the way."

STEILACOOM, W. T., FRIDAY, JUNE 25, 1858.

ROUTES ACROSS THE CASCADE RANGE.

There are two routes across this range of mountains at present practicable for animals, one by way of the Nachess Pass, the other by the Cedar River and valley of the main Yakama. We give below the distances on these routes, as far as we have been able to ascertain them, partly from the Pacific Railroad reports and partly from verbal information.

There is a very probable, however, that some of these distances are not strictly correct. The Yakama Pass is generally, but incorrectly, called the Snoqualmie. It does not, moreover, touch that river, but ascends Cedar River, or the Tudow. The Snoqualmie Pass is only a foot trail.

Annexed is a brief record of the operations of the British in the Gulf during the three weeks preceding the 20th of May:—Ship Trope Bird, fired into, boarded and searched; schooner Cort a, seized and detained at Inagua; schooner N. B. Dorden, fired into, boarded and searched; schooner Mobile, fired into, boarded and searched; brig Robt Wing, fired into, boarded and searched; barque Glenburn, overhauled at sea, and barque W. H. Chandler, boarded and searched while lying at anchor in the port of Sagua la Grande, island of Cuba.

It is believed that gold will be found on the Methow and the Similkameen both, as the color was found everywhere by the party under Capt. McClellan, in 1853. If so, it is in American territory, the line being supposed to run a little below the outlet of the great lake.

Table with columns: Miles, To Porter's Prairie on White River, 24; Prairie at Summit, 50; Crossing of Wenatchee River, 45; Crossing main Yakama at Ketetah, 183.

Table with columns: Miles, To Porter's Prairie, 84; Crossing Nooksack or Green River, 8; Crossing Tudow or Cedar River at prairie, 18; Summit of Pass, (small prairie), 25; Camp at Ketetah, 86.

Table with columns: Miles, To trails unite at Ketetah, 111; Outlet of Lake Che-lann, 83; Methow River, 26; Mouth of Okinakane River, near Fort Okanagan, 22; Outlet of Great Lake, 23.

PERSONAL.—Mr. Pearson, who many valuable services during the late Indian war, the public will long remember, came a passenger by the steamer Constitution, on Wednesday last. He traveled to the Thompson River Mines from the Dalles, and returned from the mines by way of Fraser's River.

THE CHINA.—From all quarters we hear the most favorable and encouraging reports of the crops. Country people assure us that the yield of wheat this season will far exceed that of any former year in this territory.

BRITISH OUTRAGES. The most interesting feature of the news from the States is the recommencement of the old English outrage of searching American vessels, on the plea of looking for slavers. These outrages have been perpetrated repeatedly, of late, in the gulf of Mexico, and our Eastern exchanges come burdened with detailed accounts of them.

The administration was adopting measures necessary for putting a stop to the outrages. Mr. Dallas, our Minister at London, had received instructions from the President, and the Secretary of the Navy reports that the steam frigate Wabash, the razez Savannah and the brig Dolphin have been ordered to the Gulf.

What will be the upshot of all this smoke, remains to be seen. Hitherto the imbecility of our government has only encouraged the perpetration of these outrages. We presume the stories recently circulated in the southern papers, relative to the re-opening of the slave trade, and which have since proved but a hoax, have given rise to this new trouble between the two nations.

SHIPPING.—Until quite recently there has been always more or less shipping in our harbor; a week rarely passing without the arrival and departure of half a dozen or more sailing vessels.

THEY COME.—The steamer Cortes (which has been chartered by the Pacific Mail Co.) arrived at Steilacoom on Tuesday night, 22d inst., at about half-past 10 o'clock.

IMPROVEMENT.—The march of improvement everywhere on Puget Sound is onward. The enterprising people of Steilacoom are not behind their neighbors of other towns in the march; several large buildings being in course of erection, and others in contemplation, while old edifices are undergoing repairs and enlargement.

THE WEATHER.—After an interval of several weeks sunny weather, the clouds again showed us on Tuesday last, and discharged copious showers of welcome rain upon the thirsting bosom of mother earth.

ERNEST SCHROTER, Esq., who has just returned from below, after an absence of four or five days, will leave us again, on the Constitution, this evening, on business connected with parties in San Francisco, which will probably detain him two or three weeks.

THANKS.—Our thanks are due to F. MacCrel-lish & Co., J. W. Sullivan, the Express Co's and other folks too numerous to mention, for many and great favors the past week.

INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

The following letter from an old expressionist, who recently made a journey through the hostile Indian tribes of Oregon, is copied from the Oregonian of the 12th inst. Apart from the information contained in the letter, it is rendered interesting and readable by the relation of incidents occurring on the journey, which give quite an insight into the Indian character.

I left a place called the Dalles some time in April but my mind being slightly impaired at that time, I have forgotten the date, but we will say 1858. I made my way into the Nez Perces country, not having any definite object in view, but, like Mr. Micawber, I was waiting for something to turn up eligible in the way of business.

There is as yet no positive and certain news of the successful opening of the trail from Bellingham Bay to the mines. Thus far the news sent back by those cutting out the trail seems to be hopeful of complete success.

The Revenue Cutter Jefferson Davis, Capt. Hyde, was to leave immediately for Tatoosh Island. Capt. Tucker, keeper of the light-house on that island, and all persons connected with it, have resigned their offices; the Indians having told them they must leave, saying the Government had not paid them for their lands.

DISAPPEARANCE.—It being reported that a large sum of money is offered for the assassin of Charles McDaniels by the friends of Adams, whom the former shot while in the act of running off with money belonging to him, McDaniels has taken alarm and disappeared.

THE OLYMPIA PACK TRAIN.—Last week, hand-bills were posted up about town announcing that a certain departure of the pack train from Olympia on Monday next. We learn that, with a party from Oregon, the train from Olympia will number some two hundred men.

GRAND JULY BALL, TO TAKE PLACE ON FRIDAY, JULY 23. MESSRS. McFARLAND AND PICKERING would respectfully state that nothing shall be wanting to make this Ball one of comfort and pleasure.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS! I HAVE JUST RECEIVED, PER STEAMER REPUBLIC.—BACON, SMOKED BEEF, CORNED BEEF, SARDINES, DRIED APPLES, FRESH CHEESE, SYRUP, SUGAR, TEA, COFFEE, OYSTERS, LOBSTERS.

See in another column a memorial to and the reply of Gov. Douglas, of Vancouver's Island, which illness prevented our publishing last week.

NEWS FROM BELOW.

By the arrival at Steilacoom, on Wednesday last, of the U. S. Mail Steamer Constitution, Capt. A. B. Gove, we have later and interesting intelligence from below. By the kindness of the Purser we are put in possession of the following items:—

The steamer Panama, Capt. Dall, arrived at Bellingham Bay on the 18th, bringing from San Francisco 400 passengers. The Two-B, Capt. Haley, arrived on the 19th with some 300 passengers, having landed besides at Vancouver, on the Columbia River, 300 soldiers on their way to the Walla Walla country.

By the above steamers we learn that there is great excitement in the mining towns of California, and that extensive preparations are making for migrations to the new mines. Californians are thick and busy in Victoria in land speculations. Real estate there has already gone up to a fearfully dizzy elevation.

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Puget Sound Shipping List.

STEILACOOM, W. T., JUNE 25, 1858.

Arrived. June 15—Star Constitution, Gove, for Olympia. June 16—Star Constitution, Gove, for Victoria.

Sailed. June 19th—Star Constitution, Gove, for the Sound. June 20th—Star Constitution, Gove, for San Francisco.

Ports on the Sound. TFEALST—Arrived June 19th, Star Constitution, Gove, for Olympia, 15th, do, for Bellingham Bay.

Steilacoom Prices Current. WHOLESALE—COMBINED WEEKLY.

Table of prices for various goods: Provisions, Tea, Coffee, Sugar, Flour, etc.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. THE BEST REMEDY EVER KNOWN.

CAUTION.—As there are many Counterfeits, look well at the signature, and before purchasing, take notice of the name of Sanford & Park is engraved on the outside wrapper.

W. H. Diggins, in his trials. DEAPPEARANCE.—It being reported that a large sum of money is offered for the assassin of Charles McDaniels by the friends of Adams.

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Special Notices.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to the firm of Balch & Webber prior to the 1st of January, 1858, are hereby notified to call and settle immediately.

To our Patrons. We would say to our patrons, that in consequence of some changes in our business, we are desirous of a settlement with all who have running accounts with us.

STEILACOOM LODGE, No. 9. Ancient Free and Accepted Masons, hold regular communications on the first and third Saturday evenings in every month.

OLYMPIA LODGE, No. 5. Ancient Free and Accepted Masons, hold regular communications on the first and third Saturday evenings in every month.

THE regular meeting of Olympia Lodge, No. 1, of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, is held every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock.

Miscellaneous.

NEW ARRIVAL.

P. KEACH. Having just arrived from San Fran- cisco, per steamer Constitution, offers for sale, at the lowest cash prices, a large and well selected STOCK OF GOODS.

Suited to the wants of farmers, miners, and the town trade. My stock is selected with care; and, as my expenses are very small, I am determined to sell goods cheaper for cash, duty, or country produce, than any other store on Puget Sound.

I have just received, per steamers Constitution, Columbia, and barque Madona, the following articles: Sugar, Coffee, Tea, etc.

CAUTION.—Buyers are particularly requested to beware of a spurious article manufactured and represented to be Hostetter's Bitters, which all who sell or use the genuine article can detect.

S. McCaw & Co. Offer for sale, at Wholesale and Retail, a GREAT VARIETY OF DESIRABLE Goods at low rates.

MILES J. WEST, BLACKSMITH. Having purchased the interest of his late partner in the Blacksmithing business, he undertakes to prepare to execute satisfactorily all work in that line.

DECLARATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE! GRAND JULY BALL, TO TAKE PLACE ON FRIDAY, JULY 23.

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