

# PUGET SOUND HERALD.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY JOURNAL—DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

VOL. I.

STEILACOOM, WASHINGTON TERRITORY, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1858.

NO. 31.

## PUGET SOUND HERALD.

CHARLES PRITCH, Publisher and Proprietor.

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## Agriculture.

### Nursery—Seedling and Improved Fruit.

Mr. A. F. Davidson, a constant contributor to the columns of the *Oregon Farmer*, again presents himself to the readers of that journal in an interesting communication. It is to be regretted that there are so few men like Mr. Davidson engaged in his pursuit, who not only has at heart its interest and advancement, but to those seeking knowledge is truly a benefactor. We commend the following from his pen to our readers:

"And let us ponder boldly," ere we commence our subject; to commence right, to lay a good foundation upon which to build our future fabric—the orchard—is highly important.

No one thing has been more neglected in some, and more highly wrought in others, than the Nursery, in Oregon. This is to be regretted. In a fruit-growing country, like ours, certainly great pains should be taken in selecting the most vigorous, hardiest and best kinds—both roots and scions.

Experience has taught, in this climate, that it is necessary to mellow up the soil very deep, to withstand our dry summers. Experience has also proved that dry land, naturally rich, is better to produce healthy trees than that made so by manures. Concentrated manures are highly injurious, because they force the young trees and make them soft-tender. Rotten wood, bark, lime, bones or bone-dust, are among the best manures for a nursery. Dry, heavy timbered land is best, when cleared and well worked: for it contains all the wood-forming properties necessary to grow healthy trees. Too much concentrated manure and too much cultivation make the nursery a hot-bed. This is death to young trees—causing them to grow too fast. The wood is soft, immature, and often so full of sap when frost comes that they are seriously injured, if not killed. This has, I know, been the case with many nurseries in this country, and these early diseased nursery trees make sad work in after years in the orchard—and thousands of orchard trees now decaying and dying—the cause of which may be traced to the mal-management in the nursery. Every person ought not to undertake to grow nursery trees to supply orchardists with fruit trees; and the time is coming, —nay, is now at hand, when no man of sense will buy trees unless they have been grown in a healthy manner, and on dry land not highly manured.

The nursery business, to become a useful, a permanent, and an honorable profession, must fall into the hands of skillful, sagacious men, who would scorn to sell trees unless of sound constitution, and such only as have been grafted on hardy, tough young seedlings at the collar, or near the ground, and not on pieces of roots, indiscriminately chosen. But men are so greedy of gain, and in this new country where apple seeds were so scarce, they have grafted on small roots from sickly, blighty, tender trees, because they could sell them, and because people knew no better than to buy them. Look abroad over Oregon now! See the sad, fatal consequences of such irrational conduct! Almost every man is complaining of his trees. "They blight, are sickly, winter-kill—die." And the orchardist complains, hangs his lip, wears a long face and looking uncommonly serious, and wonders why his trees die? If, instead of such a long face he would trace the effects back to their causes, he would measurably lose his serious look. They may be, and are often, injured in orchard, as well as the nursery. You may injure a tree digging it up, set it out badly, prune it badly, cultivate it badly, &c. All these things may be done and no fault attributable to the nursery-man.

But, I here raise my protest against every inexperienced person attempting to raise a nursery. It is a curse to our land that there are so many miserable trees in it. It

is a curse that there are so many little "one-horse" nurseries; not that larger nurseries are free of the "great evil," but are more apt to be carried on by men of energy and intelligence, whose honor is at stake and who are bound to grow good trees or pay damages. Too many people have gone into the business and learned at other people's expense. This "great evil" is nearly over,—the sun has risen! The clouds of night which have so long darkened our horizon are being dispelled—the light comes in—intelligence sweeps over our land and the mal-effects, now so prevalent—so early discovered—can thus early be remedied—prevented.

From the wild and sour crab, all our choice apples have originated. Seedling fruit has been brought up to perfection by the untiring energy of man. Many of our apples are so perfect, that to try to make them more perfect would be folly. They are as perfect as the elements—wood-pruning and fruit-pruning—can produce, as the Newtown, Esopus Spitzenburg, etc.

Good land, good manures good care and cultivation, with a good climate, are all necessary to grow good seedling fruit. And, when we have obtained a good seedling fruit, we can only preserve it by grafting or budding. Then, when a good, very good, or best kind, have been secured and propagated by grafting or budding, it ceases to be a seedling fruit, as it does not grow on its own stock, but is grafted or budded on another; hence, we say improved fruit.

Oregon presents a fine field for experimenting in growing seedling fruit. Fruit originated here in our soil, climate, culture, &c., would flourish better than foreign improved fruit, unquestionably. A change often improves, often deteriorates. Generally, a tree, the fruit, vigor, &c., of any one kind known, grows best in a climate and soil similar to the one where it originated. Experience has proved this. There are several seedlings grown here worthy of propagation; but I am inclined to think that for the present we had better confine ourselves to already improved fruit, and let "well enough alone." When we have a very good, or the best of an apple, why more? If an apple suits your soil, your climate,—sells well, eats well, keeps well, and has a high, rich and splendid flavor, what more do you want? Nevertheless, in a great fruit-growing country like ours, we may—nay, ought to—experiment in growing fine, hardy seedlings of good fruit. I admire experimental knowledge.

### Old Mortar.

The *N. Y. Tribune* says there is no valuable substance about a farm more often wasted, by throwing into the road, or into some mudhole, or out of the way corner, than the old mortar of chimneys and lath and plastered walls. It is because the fact is not known that this old mortar—the older the better—is a most valuable fertilizer. It is good upon any soil and upon every crop, used as surface dressing. It is particularly valuable in garden soil, which, notwithstanding its richness in nitrogenous manure, sometimes lacks just what it would receive from a dressing of this old mortar. In all places where it is known it is highly esteemed, and only needs to be tried to induce every farmer to carefully save and apply it. It is worth more, bushel for bushel, than the best stable manure, and some people have ascribed virtues to it not much, if any, behind guano.

### Line in Transplanting.

It is asserted in an English publication of great merit that a large plantation of trees has been formed in that country within a few years past without the loss of a single tree; and this, says the writer, has been effected by putting a small quantity of lime in the hole before inserting the tree. Four bushels of lime are said to be sufficient for an acre. The lime should be thoroughly mixed with the loam, in order that it may be reached by the roots, with equal facility, in every direction, as its principal effect is to push forward the tree during the precarious stages of its growth, and when the new fibres, beginning to start and ramify from the tap and laterals, require a supply of readily appropriate and nutritive matter throughout their whole extent.

Lime soils are injurious to sheep, as by absorbing the oil in the wool, they render the fiber harsh and brittle.

A handful of bran meal, mixed occasionally in the mess of a cow, will pay ten fold its cost in the richness of the milk.

## Worship of Beautiful Children.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

I hold it a religious duty  
To love and worship children's beauty;  
They've lost the taste of earthly food—  
They're freshers from the hand of God.  
With heavenly looks they make us sure  
The heavens that made them must be pure,  
We love them not in earthly fashion,  
But with a heavenly passion.

I chanced to, yesterday, behold  
A maiden child of beauty's mould;  
The little cherub, to my view,  
Was sculpture brought to life anew;  
Her eyes had a poetic glow—  
Her smiling mouth was Cupid's bow,  
And through her cheek I could discern  
Her neck and shoulders' symmetry.

'Twas obvious, from her walk and gait,  
Her limbs were beautifully straight;  
I stoop'd to enquire what she was told,  
Though tall, she was but four years old.  
Her guide so grave an aspect wore,  
I could not ask a question more—  
But followed her. The little one  
Threw backward, ever and anon,  
Her lovely neck, as if to say,  
I know you love me, Mister Gray;  
For by instinct childhood's eye  
Is shrewd in physiognomy;

And so she flirted like a true  
Good woman, till we bade adieu!  
'Twas then I with regret grew woe—  
Oh beautiful interesting child!  
Why asked I not thy name and name?  
My courage failed me—more's the shame!

But where abides this jewel rare?  
Oh! ye that own her, tell me where?  
For e'er it makes my heart and ears  
To think I ne'er may meet her more.

### A LEGEND OF NEW YORK.

Some ninety years since, when New York was somewhat of a different city to what it now is, and steamers laden with cargoes of actresses, dancers, and monkeys, were not even thought of dreamed of, and when a gaily veiled lady with merchandise was considered a more important affair than the arrival of a tragedian, or a troop of goats and monkeys; we say, some ninety years since, toward the close of a beautiful autumnal evening, a vessel was observed standing in toward New York; her hull was long and low; she was taut-rigged, with raking masts; her jib, flying jib, mainmast, and foretopmast set, and had every appearance of making the harbor. Suddenly, however, she tacked; and a boat was lowered and pulled toward the shore; by the time, however, she had pulled in, it became quite dark, and the lidlars had one by one passed away, so that the landing-place was literally clear; a gentleman landed from the boat, whose dress partly bespoke him as a naval man, though the richness of the various articles he wore indicated him to be of no ordinary rank; for although it was not the dress of a British naval officer, yet there was something that plainly showed he was one used to command; in person, he might be about five-and-thirty, but with a complexion so swarthy and sunburnt; that it would be difficult to say whether he was over or under that age; a woman (and they are keen judges of looks) would have gazed after him, and thought, perhaps, just such a one would she have chosen as a model for admiration, for women will form models in their imaginations to love, though it is but rarely such an object ever becomes their partner through life; the stranger, however, pushed on through the narrow streets, merely asking for the residence of one Ephraim Dodds, a worthy, pains-taking man, but poor wretch, and one whose speculations had rarely turned out well. He was looking in the evening, on which our story opens, busied over his ledger, when the door of his counting-house opened, and a stranger presented himself.

"Your name is Ephraim Dodds?"  
"It is, Sir, and yours?"  
"No matter; I know you, Sir, by report, for an honest worthy man, but a very poor one. Look from your window, and, if the darkness will allow you, can you decipher aught of a gaily veiled, standing off in the distance? That vessel is laden with goods so rare and rich that its cargo would make the fortune of the richest merchant in New York; I would confide that cargo to you, not making you the mere agent, but as a partner."

Ephraim stared hard at the stranger, and beheld him of all the legends he had heard of the devil tempting men in their hour of need, but still he listened.

"It matters little, Master Dodds, who and what I am, since 'tis little to the purpose, but suffering has laid its heavy hand upon me; my poor, poor Paquita, sleeps in peace; for my sake she endured all that woman could. Ah, Sir! you know not what it is returning to one you had for months been yearning to see, to find her gone from you forever, broken-hearted from the gibes and taunts of those who should have protected her; but she did not dare avow her marriage, and—but no more; she left me, Sir, a child, a girl, whose features are as like her mother's as nature could have formed them. I would not she should be with her mother's friends, to have the same measure of unkindness meted out to her as was her poor mother's fate. No, Sir, I would not it should be so; and this brings me to the purpose of my interview. If you will take charge of the cargo, one-half is your own, the other is to be my daughter's, and she must use them both in such a way as seems best suited to your judgment."

"And the girl," exclaimed Dodds, not seeing the thing exactly in all its bearings.  
"She will be placed with one upon whom I can rely; that charge is not with you; and when you are called upon to account for her fortunes, you will, I know, be ready. What say you, Master Dodds?" Ephraim paused a moment to consider, but the reflection was apparently a satisfactory one, for turning to the stranger, he said, "I am content; there is my hand upon the bargain."

The following morning found Master Ephraim Dodds one of the richest merchants in New York.

Pass we over now a space of some seventeen years, and still lingering in the neighborhood of New York, cast our eyes upon one of the neatest cottages the thriftest housewife could desire; both before and behind was a garden, tastefully arranged with such trees and plants as the seabreezes would permit to grow, and within the lattices flowers, whose delicate natures required more protection; along side on the beach was drawn up a large boat, and toward the sea was a rudy contrived arbor, with a most primitive looking seat and table. The owner of the cottage was an Englishman, from near Newcastle, who had passed nearly all his life at sea. Owen Block was a true specimen of the English sailor, his wife was a quiet, sedate woman, who seemed rather superior to her husband. The attraction, however, was their daughter, the pretty Marian. Great pains had been bestowed by Block upon her education, and her room, which was tastefully adorned with drawings by herself, showed that she had attained no mean proficiency as an artist.

There was a circumstance, however, which caused much excitement in the neighborhood, namely the frequent visits of Walter Dodds, the only son of the principal magistrate of New York, and the wonder was the little anxiety that Master Block gave himself about the circumstance, though quick and quarrelsome enough on other occasions; some turned up their noses and said, "Does he think Walter Dodds will marry her? but not he, indeed; Master Block will soon repent his vain ambition, and wish that he had more moderate views for his daughter."

But the visits of his son became known at last to the old magistrate; and full of magisterial ire he determined to investigate the matter in person, and accordingly betook himself to the cottage.

Owen Block was somewhat surprised, one morning, by a visit from the magistrate, and quickly stowing away a suspicious-looking anchor of spirits, seemed prepared for what might follow.

"Your name is Owen Block, I believe?"  
"The same, at your service!"  
"You have a daughter, I believe?"  
"I have."  
"And you are trying to draw my son into a marriage with her?"

"Softly then, Master Dodds, if you please; your son is doing as he pleases; if he chooses to come here, well and good; I have enough to do looking after my daughter, without caring for other people's sons."

"You are a scoundrel, Sir," replied the Magistrate, "and fear me not, we shall soon have you safe by the heels;" saying which he left the cottage, slamming the door hastily behind him, the hearty laugh of Owen Block ringing in his ears as he retraced his steps homeward.

Walter and Marian were, however, still as much as ever together, and Block, despite the burghomaster's threats, encouraged the young man, in affording him every opportunity of being in Marian's way, and the magistrate determined, in order to prevent matters going too far, that his son should be sent on a voyage to the Indies, whither the merchant had a valuable cargo proceeding.

Ephraim Dodds was one day busied in his study, making every preparation for the vessel sailing on the morrow, and writing out a set of instructions for the captain, and mixing up with them most particular directions for his son's being carefully attended, never being allowed to go deck when it rained, or suffered on any account to ascend the rigging, and a variety of other minutiae, when a stranger was announced as wishing to see him on private business. He motioned to a chair, continuing busy in his instructions. On raising his head to demand the nature of his business, his eyes met those of the stranger's; they were features, once seen, never to be forgotten.

"You see," said the stranger, "I am come as I promised, to claim the fulfillment of your agreement."  
Dodds pointed to a box on one of the shelves. "There," said he, "are the accounts of stewardship up to the close of last month; you will find them, I am sure, correct to a fraction, nor do I think you will find I have speculated amiss with your daughter's dowry, since she is now the richest woman in New York."  
"Your accounts I do not wish to see; you need render none to me nor to any one; my only object is to propose a marriage for your son."  
The magistrate shook his head. "Alas, Sir, I fear very much my son's affections are unworthily bestowed upon one from whom I have found it impossible to alienate them."  
"Upon Marian Block?"

"You know it, I see it but too well."  
"I do; Marian Block is—my daughter. I confided her as an infant to Owen Block, in whom I knew I could place every confidence. It was by my orders he took every means of throwing himself into your son's way, and bringing him in contact with Marian; what I so ardently wished has taken place. He has seen and loved her for herself, and not as the richest maiden in New York. What more need I say? My plans have succeeded, and you, I am sure, can have no objection to this."

"Not I," replied the magistrate. "I didn't half like his going to sea; let them yet be married by all means—it's a long voyage to India—a very long one, but matrimony is much longer; however, it's much safer."

The stranger smiled, and said, "They have both their dangers, but the present will doubtless be a smooth voyage, since there are few hidden rocks, and everything promises well."

### Real though Romantic.

An anecdote was circulated some years since, in the Faubourg St. Germain, which, though romantic, is not the less authentic. Two families well known in the aristocratic world, and bearing the names of S—y and M—al, were separated, not only by political hatred, but also by private interests, a law-suit of great moment pending between them. They detested one another cordially, in a style indeed worthy of the Montagues and Capulets. M. de S—y, jun., a young Master of Requests in the Council of State, chanced to meet Mme. de M—al in a drawing room, without knowing her. He thought her a charming young widow, for she was a widow, paid her assiduous attention, and followed her everywhere. Mme. de M—al, who had observed his assiduity, responded to it in such a manner as not to deprive him of all hope. A very witty woman, well aware of the enmity existing between the two families, had amused herself by protracting the mutual error of two foes who adored one another. She had contrived to give the youth a fictitious name with the Juliet, and the young widow had also been introduced under a false one to the Romeo of the Council of State. All was proceeding on in the most prosperous manner; the lovers met, adored one another, and swore eternal attachment, always at the house of the lady who enjoyed her intriguing.

One day, however, the truth came out, when M. de S—y and Mme. de M—al discovered that they were bitter enemies. What was to be done? The young gentleman would willingly have made the first advances towards a reconciliation, but he dressed a repulse. The handsome widow, on the other hand, felt much more affection than hostility in her heart, but could only wait for the overture of a beloved foe. Neither being willing to make the first advances, the intercourse was suspended, and *ennui* and melancholy prevailed on both sides.

In a short time, however, the youth's love seemed to have vanished, and made room for the old hereditary hatred. M. de S—y gave his whole attention to the lawsuit pending between the families. After the most desperate efforts he won it, and thereby ruined Mme. de M—al. The handsome widow, less concerned about the loss of her fortune than hurt at the conduct of her late worshipper, was preparing to quit Paris and retire into the family of her husband, when M. de S—y waited on her, to her great astonishment, and, demanding her hand, assured her that he had gained possession of her property only that he might be able to restore it to her. The marriage took place a few days afterwards, at the church of St. Thomas de Aquin. Surely, after this, the age of chivalry cannot have quite gone by.

### Irish Bravery and Honor.

On the surprise of Cremona, by Prince Eugene, in 1702, when Villeroi, the French general, most of the officers, military chests, &c., were taken, and the German horse and foot in possession of the town, excepting one place only, the Po Gate, which was guarded by two Irish regiments, commanded by O'Mahony and Bourk, before the Prince commenced the attack there, he sent to expostulate with them, and show them the rashness of sacrificing their lives where they could have no probability of relief, and to assure them if they would enter into the imperial service, they should be directly and honorably promoted. The first part of this proposal they heard with impatience, the second with disdain. "Tell the Prince," said they, "that we have hitherto preserved the honor of our country, and that we hope this day to convince him that we are worthy of his esteem. While one of us exists, the German eagle shall not be displayed upon these walls. This is our deliberate resolution, and we will not admit of further capitulation." The attack was commenced by a large body of foot, supported by five thousand cuirassiers, and after a bloody conflict of two hours the Germans retreated—the Irish pursued their advantage, and attacked them in the streets. Before evening the enemy were expelled the town and the general and the military chests recovered.

"The most solemn of birds," says an ancient proverb, "is an owl; the most solemn of fishes, an oyster; the most solemn of beasts, an ass; the most solemn of men, an ass also."

## Bathing and Bedroom Scene.

There was an enjoyment in this bath greater even than that of cooling our heated bodies. It was the moment of a golden sunset. We stood up to our necks in water as clear as crystal, and calm as that of some diminutive lake, at the margin of a channel along which the stream was rushing with arrowy speed. On each side were mountains several thousand feet high, with their tops illuminated by the setting sun; on a point above us was a palm-leaf hut, and before it a naked Indian sat looking at us; while flocks of parrots, with brilliant plumage, almost in thousands, were flying over our heads catching up our words, and filling the air with their noisy mockings. It was one of those beautiful scenes that so rarely occur in human life, almost realizing dreams. Old as we were, we might have become poetic but that Augustine came down to the opposite bank, and with a cry that rose far above the chattering of parrots and the loud murmurs of the river, called us to supper.

We had one moment of agony when we returned to our clothes. They lay extended upon the bank, emblems of men who had seen better days. The setting sun, which shed over all a soft and mellow lustre, laid bare the seams of mud and dirt, and made them hideous. We had but one alternative, and that was to go without them. But as this seemed to be trampling upon the proprieties of life, we picked them up and put them on reluctantly. I am sure, however, but that we made an unnecessary sacrifice of personal comfort. The proprieties of life are matters of conventional usage. Our host was a Don; and when we presented our letter he received us with great dignity in a single garment, loose, white, and very laconic, not quite reaching his knees: The dress of his wife was no less easy; somewhat in the style of the old fashioned short gown and petticoat, only the short gown and whatever else is usually worn under it were wanting, and their place supplied by a string of beads with a cross at the end. A dozen men and half-grown boys, naked except the small covering formed by rolling the trousers up and down in the manner I have mentioned, were lounging about the house; and women and girls in such extremes of undress, that a string of beads seemed quite a covering for modesty.

Mr. C. and I were in a rather awkward predicament for the night. The general reception room contained three beds, made of strips of cowhide interlaced. The Don occupied one. He had not much address to do, and what little he had he did by pulling off his shirt. Another bed was at the foot of the hammock. I was dozing, when I opened my eyes and saw a girl about seventeen sitting sideways upon it, smoking a cigar. She had a piece of striped cotton cloth tied around her waist, and falling below her knees; the rest of her dress was the same which nature bestows alike upon the belle of fashionable life and the poorest girl; in other words, was the same as that of the Don's wife, with the exception of the string of beads. At first I thought it was something I had conjured up in a dream; and as I waked up, perhaps I raised my head, for she gave a few quick puffs of her cigar, drew a cotton sheet over her head and shoulders, and lay down to sleep. I endeavored to do the same. I called to mind the proverb, that "traveling makes strange bed-fellows." I had slept pell-mell with Greeks, Turks, and Arabs. I was beginning a journey in a new country, and it was my duty to conform to the customs of the people; to be prepared for the worst, and submit with resignation to whatever might befall me.

As guests, it was pleasant to feel that the family made no strangers of us. The wife of the Don retired with the same ceremonies. Several times during the night we were waked with the clinking of flint and steel, and saw one of our neighbors lighting a cigar. At daylight the wife of the Don was enjoying her morning slumber. While I was dressing, she bade me good morning, removed the cotton covering from her shoulders, and arose dressed for the day.

### "Blister."

"Timothy," said a crippled dame to a flaxen-headed urchin, as he came running in from church a few weeks since, "who preached to-day?"

"Snobbs, marm," promptly responded Timothy.

"Snobbs! Snobbs!" echoed the astonished dame, at the same time seizing Timothy by the ears, "where are your manners? what else besides Snobbs?"

"Mister, Mister Snobbs, I mean," squealed out Timothy, and with another pull by the way of a strenghener to his memory, he was released.

Next Sunday, however, "the dame commenced her interrogatories as usual.

"Well, Timothy, what did our good parson talk about to-day?"

"Mister Jones' marm," responded Timothy, with double emphasis.

"Dick," inquired the maid, "have you been after that saleratus?" "No, I haint." "If you don't go quick, I'll tell your mistress." "Well, tell my mistress as soon as you please. I don't know Sally Rabus, and won't go near her—you know well enough, I am engaged to Deb."

L. P. FISHER, 111 1/2 Washington st., San Francisco. Is authorized to act as the Agent of this paper in receiving advertisements and subscriptions to San Francisco, and collecting and receiving for the same.

PUGET SOUND HERALD, STEILACOOM, W. T., FRIDAY, OCT. 8, 1858.

One of the leading purposes—we might say the leading purpose—of a public journal is the correction, by exposure, of social and political evils in the community in which it is published.

We have on several occasions felt called upon to direct attention to disorderly characters and disorderly homes in our midst, with a view to their suppression.

The above remarks are prompted by a slight difficulty that occurred in town on Saturday last, which had its origin in a paragraph published in this paper some time since.

STEAMERS COMING AND GOING.—No less than three steamers arrived at Steilacoom last Monday evening and Tuesday morning, and a fourth on Wednesday.

A LOAD OF PASSENGERS.—The schooner Lang Island arrived at Steilacoom on Monday last, from Victoria, crowded with passengers, among whom there were two families.

QUEEN BARBARA.—For the past five or six weeks, the Sabbath in Steilacoom have been, without exception, the most quiet and orderly ever seen anywhere.

THE NEW INDIAN WAR. The N. Y. Tribune of a recent date, under the above caption, treats its readers in a lengthy leader with a homily on Indian wars, commencing with the memorable Florida war and ending with the late war in this and Oregon Territories.

"Do Americans ever ask themselves how and why we are visited with so many more Indian Wars than our neighbors?" For more than thirty years, commencing with the conquest of Fort Astoria in 1812, the British, through the Hudson Bay Company, held practical possession of the Valley of the Columbia; they hunted, trapped and fished over the country, thus interfering directly with the savages' means of subsistence; they traded and acquired lands; but who ever heard of their being thereby involved in an Indian War?

Now, Mr. Editor, these are but a part of the orchards of Pierce County. A host of others have small orchards. But before I close, I wish you could pay a visit to Mr. Pattison's, and see the Washington Nursery.

Mr. Bushnell, who married Catherine Hayes, died at Biarritz, France, on the 5th ult.

Next Thursday there will be a grand ball in this place, at the residence of Mr. E. A. Light, for the benefit of the Steilacoom Library Association.

LIST OF LETTERS Remaining in the Post Office at Steilacoom, Pierce County, W. T., Oct. 7th, 1858.

Andrew, Samuel J. ... Hunt, John ... Dr. Guyton's Compound Extract of Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla, put up in quart bottles, contains more of the pure Honduras Sarsaparilla than any other preparation of the kind.

How different is the object which has brought Americans to these distant fair and fertile lands. We come not to assimilate or amalgamate with the Indians, nor do we come to make war upon them, and thus endanger the lives of our wives and children.

Aspirated Scene.—On Tuesday morning last, our town presented an unusually animated scene. Two steamers and a schooner arrived on the previous evening, and one schooner on Tuesday morning; one (the Lang Island) laden with miners from Victoria; the other (the H. C. Page) laden with some twenty or more mules and horses.

A GALE.—On last Monday evening, when the rain had ceased, we had a strong gale of wind, which whistled about our ears in no very musical tones during the night.

PIERCE COUNTY PRUIT.

To the Editor of the Puget Sound Herald: I noticed in your paper of Sept. 10th a partial enumeration of the orchards of Pierce County. Please step over with me from L. J. Keach's farm to Mr. Gibb's farm: there you see 150 choice trees in orchard; also 20 or Mr. Fowler's place.

Now, Mr. Editor, these are but a part of the orchards of Pierce County. A host of others have small orchards. But before I close, I wish you could pay a visit to Mr. Pattison's, and see the Washington Nursery.

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How different is the object which has brought Americans to these distant fair and fertile lands. We come not to assimilate or amalgamate with the Indians, nor do we come to make war upon them, and thus endanger the lives of our wives and children.

Aspirated Scene.—On Tuesday morning last, our town presented an unusually animated scene. Two steamers and a schooner arrived on the previous evening, and one schooner on Tuesday morning; one (the Lang Island) laden with miners from Victoria; the other (the H. C. Page) laden with some twenty or more mules and horses.

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MOVEMENTS OF STEAMERS.

We learn, from a gentleman who came from Victoria on the Constitution, some items not made public in the Victoria Gazette.

The steamer Wilson G. Hunt has hailed off from the Fraser River route, and is laid up in Victoria harbor.

The Unstilled has left Fraser River, where she runs in connection with the Unst, and is now being put on board the Sacramento at Esquimalt, to be towed to San Francisco.

The new steamer Julia, which was built at Port Gamble, in this Territory, for the Fraser River trade, has gone to the Columbia River, in tow of the Martin White, where they will both remain.

The above changes in steamboat matters leaves the Fraser River trade to the Enterprise and Maria; the former running from Victoria to Fort Langley, and the latter from there up the river.

Among the German Sovereigns, says the London Review, none is more distinguished for a personal liberality than the reigning King of Bavaria.

County Auditor's Report. To the Honorable County Commissioners of Pierce County, W. T.

In accordance with a duty imposed upon me by the Statutes governing the duties of my office, I have the honor to submit to you herewith a true and correct statement of the County of Pierce for the fiscal year ending Sept. 30th, 1858.

Receipts and Expenditures of Pierce County, W. T., for the fiscal year ending Sept. 30th, 1858. Balance on hand at beginning of year, \$1,460 00

STEILACOOM DRUG STORE

A large assortment of Drugs and Chemicals constantly on hand, next door to the Puget Sound Herald office.

Dr. Guyton's Compound Extract of Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla, put up in quart bottles, contains more of the pure Honduras Sarsaparilla than any other preparation of the kind.

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MARRIED.

At the residence of Mr. Henry White, near Fort Steilacoom, Sept. 24th, by Rev. George M. Berry, Mr. WILLIAM W. PHILLIPS, late of California, to Mrs. LUCY OWEN, of Pierce County, W. T.

Puget Sound Shipping List.

ARRIVED. Oct 1st—Star Constitution, Gov. on Olympia; malle and freight. 4th—Star Leviathan, Nason, for Victoria via Port Madison.

DEPARTED. Oct 1st—Brig W D Rice, Nason, for San Francisco. 4th—Star Leviathan, Nason, for Victoria via Port Madison.

WATER'S BALANCE OF WILD CHERRY. THE BEST REMEDY EVER KNOWN For Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, Influenza, Hoarseness, etc.

CAUTION.—As there are many Counterfeits, look well at the signature before purchasing; take none unless the name of BARK & WHITE, Sole Agents, is upon the wrapper.

PARK & WHITE, Sole Agents, to whom all orders should be addressed, 120 Washington street, San Francisco.

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NEW ARRIVAL.

JUST RECEIVED, PER BRIG W. D. RICE, A LARGE Assortment of GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS AND SHOES, &c., &c., &c.

As follows: Syrup, Refined, No. 1. Do, Crushed, No. 1. Do, Crushed, No. 2.

BRICKS FOR SALE. 50,000 BRICKS for sale by M. F. GUYTON, Steilacoom, W. T.

STRAY CATTLE.—About the middle of August four head of Oxen came to the premises of the subscriber on the Puget Sound, subsequently more head came, making six in all.

S. McCAW & CO. Offer for Sale, at Wholesale and Retail, A GREAT VARIETY OF DESIRABLE Goods at low rates, such as Flour, Rice, Sugar, Coffee, Tea, &c.

STEILACOOM PRICES CURRENT. WHEAT.—No. 1, per bushel, \$1.00. No. 2, per bushel, .95.

PROVISIONS.—Corn, per bushel, .50. Beans, per bushel, .40. Potatoes, per bushel, .30.

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Special Notices.

NOTICE.—All persons who left Watches, Clocks or Jewels with Clark How to be repaired are requested to call and take them away immediately, as a change in my business perpetually demands their removal.

Dr. L. J. Caspary.—We would direct the especial attention of invalids to a portrait of Dr. L. J. Caspary's advertisement to be found in another column of this paper, in order to place the services of a learned and experienced physician within their reach.

To our Patrons.—We would say to our patrons, that in consequence of a change in our business, we are desirous of a settlement with our former customers.

STEILACOOM LODGE, NO. 9. Of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons, holds regular communications on the first and third Wednesdays of each month.

OLYMPIA LODGE, No. 3. Of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons, holds regular communications on the first and third Saturdays of each month.

THE regular meeting of Olympia Lodge, No. 1, of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, is held every Saturday evening, at 6 o'clock, in the building formerly occupied by Wm. and Gledhill, east of the Washington Hotel.

NEW ARRIVAL.

P. KEACH. Having just arrived from San Francisco, 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 towns 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.

As a partner of the stock, and the various wine drawers, it has been found that the rapid expansion of the Territorial limits required by our increased population, which have been caused by Indian wars, Americans should ask themselves a question having so little bearing as "why and how we are visited with so many more Indian wars than our neighbors."

How different is the object which has brought Americans to these distant fair and fertile lands. We come not to assimilate or amalgamate with the Indians, nor do we come to make war upon them, and thus endanger the lives of our wives and children.

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JACKS FOR SALE. 25 JACKS AND JENNIES for sale by F. KEACH, Puget Mill Co., At Tolvald, W. T.



Miscellany.

The Scotch are a very inquisitive people. Their various questions are deemed very obtrusive, and are carried to a great length. Two gentlemen fell in together, both travelers on horseback, and strangers to each other, when the following conversation took place: 'Raw evening sir, rather,' observed the one, with an Aberdeen accent.

'You will likely be a stranger in these parts,' continued the Aberdeenian. 'If I can,' laconically replied the other, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left. 'Perhaps, like myself, you may be going to Banff?'

'Oh, no, no.' 'Sir, I beg your pardon, I may have unintentionally touched upon a painful subject; your black dress ought to have checked my inquiries; I beg your pardon, sir—a widower?'

'No, no, no.' 'Neither a bachelor, nor married man, nor widower; in heaven's name, sir, then, what can you be?'

'A divorced man, and be d—d to you, since you must know,' exclaimed the stranger, clapping spurs to his horse, and dashing out of sight instantly.

Upon the death of a worthy baillie of Edinburgh, his relations resolved to erect a monument to his memory. They accordingly applied to a mason, and among other directions, desired that he would represent an angel bearing the baillie to heaven.

'The angel!' said the gentleman, 'who ever saw an angel wear a wig?' 'Did you ever see any without a wig?' retorted the artist.

This was unanswerable; so the monument was erected, and may be seen on the north side of the church-yard of the Greyfriars, to the wonder of all beholders.

Daniel Webster had an anecdote of old Father Searle, the minister of his boyhood, which is too good to be lost. It was customary then to wear black buck-skin breeches in cold weather.

Hogarth's natural propensity was strongly inclined to merriment, even on the most trivial occasions. In one of his cards, requesting the company of a friend to dine with him, there was a circle to which a knife and fork were the supporters—within the circle the invitation was written, and in the centre of it was drawn a pie.

At the time when Peale was announcing his beautiful picture of the 'Court of Death,' in Boston, he sent the Rev. Dr. O. a ticket, on which was inscribed 'Admit the bearer to the Court of Death.'

Business Cards.

JOB N. SEAMANS WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER. Will attend promptly to Repairing Watches, Clocks, &c., in Steilacoom, W. T.

J. B. WEBBER, DEALER IN LIVE STOCK, FRESH MEATS, PROVISIONS, AND GENERAL MERCHANDISE. Call and examine our stock. Orders from a distance attended to with promptness and dispatch.

BALCH & WEBBER, FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, Dealers in DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, &c.

FRANK CLARKE, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office—Corner of Esquimalt and Claim streets, STEILACOOM, W. T.

B. F. DENNISON, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Whatcom, W. T. THE UNDERSIGNED, HAVING PRACTICED TEN YEARS in Ohio and California, has opened an office in Whatcom, W. T.

GEORGE GALLAGHER, DEALER IN STOVES, HARDWARE, TINWARE, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, ETC.

P. J. MOOREY, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, ETC., ETC., STEILACOOM, W. T.

BARNES & AYERS, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in HARDWARE, TINWARE, COOK, BOX, AND PARLOR STOVES, Agricultural Implements, &c., Main street, three doors above the Post Office, OLYMPIA, W. T.

Useful Publications.

THE GOLDEN PRIZE. THE GOLDEN PRIZE. THE GOLDEN PRIZE. THE GOLDEN PRIZE. THE GOLDEN PRIZE. THE GOLDEN PRIZE. THE GOLDEN PRIZE. THE GOLDEN PRIZE.

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Leonard Scott & Co.'s BRITISH PERIODICALS. 'FATHERS' GUIDE.' Great Edition of the Little Publication, LEONARD SCOTT & CO., New York, continue to re-publish the following BRITISH PERIODICALS, viz:

1. The London Quarterly, (Conservative). 2. The Edinburgh Review, (Liberal). 3. The North British Review, (Free Church). 4. The Westminster Review, (Liberal). 5. Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, ( Tory).

For any one of the four Reviews, per annum, \$5.00 For any two of the four Reviews, " " 8.00 For any three of the four Reviews, " " 11.00 For Blackwood's Magazine, " " 5.00 For Blackwood and the three Reviews, " " 10.00 For Blackwood and two Reviews, " " 7.00 For Blackwood and one Review, " " 4.00 For Blackwood and three Reviews, " " 12.00 For the four Reviews, " " 11.00 For Blackwood and the four Reviews, 14 00

THE FARMER'S GUIDE to Scientific and Practical Agriculture, by Henry Stephens, F. R. S., of Edinburgh, and the late James Wallace, Esq., of Glasgow, in Yale College, New Haven; 2 vols. royal octavo; 1500 pages, and numerous wood and steel engravings.

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA FORMS an Alphabetical Repository of every branch of Human Knowledge, and renders the Alphabet a ready key not only to the Arts and Sciences, but to the multiplied details of History, Philosophy, Biography, Geography, Commerce, Manufactures, Statistics, and Miscellaneous Literature.

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San Francisco.

WHAT-CHEER HOUSE, S. N. FRANCISCO. If you have business of any kind to transact, is it not important that you should endeavor to get as near as possible to where business of all kinds is to be done?



This establishment is centrally located in the business part of the city, and in the immediate vicinity of the Steamship Co.'s office the Express Co.'s offices, and the United States Branch Mint.

THE PROPRIETOR OF THIS WELL KNOWN and old established house is still at his old tricks—of feeding the public at the low price of Six Dollars per week, and still they come to partake of his good and well furnished table; and as Mr. Kelly is one of the pioneer hotel keepers of this city, he pledges himself that there will be nothing wanting at his house to make the public comfortable.

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

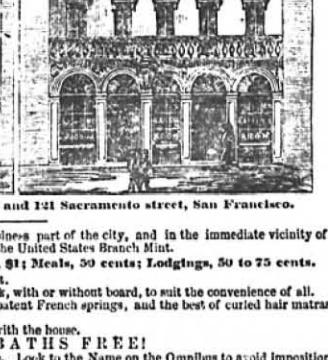
PIONEER ESTABLISHMENT OF THE PACIFIC COAST. GEO. B. HITCHCOCK, STATIONER AND DEALER IN BLANK BOOKS, WRITING PAPER, TUCK MEMORANDUMS, PLAYING CARDS, CUTLERY, PORT-MONNAIES AND FANCY GOODS.

EUREKA WHISKY. THE UNDERSIGNED, SOLE AGENTS FOR THE MANUFACTURERS, invite the attention of consumers to the above superior brand of WHISKY.

THE HOSPITAL STEWARD AT FORT STEILACOOM has on hand a quantity of Medicines and Drugs, which he will sell to citizens. Prescriptions for Syphilis and Gonorrhoea carefully compounded.

San Francisco.

DR. L. J. CZAPKAY'S Grand Medical and Surgical Institute, Sacramento street, below Montgomery, opposite Pacific Mail Steamship Company's office, San Francisco.



DR. L. J. CZAPKAY returns his sincere thanks to his numerous patients for their patronage, and would take this opportunity to inform them that the progress of the result at his Institute for the cure of chronic diseases of the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, digestive and genital organs, and all private diseases, viz: Syphilitic ulcers, gonorrhoea, strictures, venereal weakness, and all the horrid consequences of self-abuse, and he hopes that his long experience and successful practice of many years will continue to ensure him a share of public patronage.

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