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CHARLES PROSCH,
Editor and Proprietor.

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Oh, give me, when day is declining,
And evening is flooding the west,
My ivy-clad mound, where, reclining,
I can watch the birds seeking their rest,
And listen to their twitter of sweet,
Whilst through the dew breaks they roam,
To nestle and dream of tomorrow,
In my humble but beautiful home.

Then give me, when moonlight is shedding
Its brightness o'er dunes and trees,
And stars like an army are treading
To nature's own music so free;
And then let me peacefully wander,
Beneath the dark cedar tree room,
And here on its loneliness ponder
In my humble but beautiful home.

When morn the gray orient is sheeting
With purple and vermilion hue,
And myriads of insects are greeting
Of those who are high in position;
Then let me gaze out without measure,
Whilst vapors like sheeted ghosts roam,
With a heart filled with innocent pleasure
In my humble but beautiful home.

You may tell me of fame and ambition,
Of pomp and wealth's dazzling array,
Of those who are high in position,
And homage receive every day;
But give me the one I love dearest,
Away from me never to roam,
Then thus like an Eden appear,
My humble but beautiful home.

The History of Life.

I saw an infant in its mother's arms,
And left it sleeping;
Years passed—I saw a girl with woman's charms
In sorrow weeping.
Years passed—I saw a mother with her child,
And it languishing;
Years brought me back—yet through her tears she smiled
In deeper sighing.

I left her—years had vanished—I returned,
And stood before her;
A leap beside the child whose name I heard—
Grief's mantle o'er her.

In tears I found her when I left in tears,
On God relying;
And I returned again in tears,
And found her dying.

An infant first, and then a maiden fair—
A wife—a mother,
And then a childless widow in despair—
Thus a history.

And thus we meet on earth, and thus we part,
To meet, oh, never!
Till death beholds the spirit leave the heart,
To live forever.

Love in the Rain.

My love took shelter under the tree
From rain, the summer rain;
And I, by love made bold and free,
Took shelter with her in the lee.

Of the wide, high-spreading chestnut tree,
And blessed the rain, the rain;
Quoth she, "But think the storm will pass!"
Quoth I, "I'm but a silly lass!"

Quoth I, "True love hath a rain-proof light,"
Quoth she, "I know not what you mean."
Quoth I, "My love is hard to tell."
Quoth she, "I know not what you mean."
Oh, rain! oh, rain!

No number o'er shall come again
So dear to us as that stormy rain!

"Drive ahead, my boys," was the sage advice of one who knew the necessity of constant exertion in the accomplishment of the designs and purposes of life. Drive ahead, keep about your business, no matter what it may be, so long as it is honest, and you are sure of coming out right side up in the long run. It is not the man who is all impulse today and petrification to-morrow, who succeeds in life, but the constant though slow laborer in the world's vineyard. We have quite too many fast men in the world for its good. They are of no special benefit to themselves, and certainly not to anybody else. They are as unstable as water: today one thing, and to-morrow something else; always doing something, but accomplishing nothing. The slow, undeviating worker is the drive-ahead man, after all: his labors, because constant, are productive, beneficent, and useful.

Admiral Hawke having defeated the French fleet, and not being much of a scholar, thus announced his victory to the Admiralty:

"My Lords—I have burnt, sunk, and destroyed all the ships in these seas as per margin."

Another naval officer, nearly as off-handed, wrote thus to the Admiralty:

"My Lords, I have given the French a good drubbing."

King George the First, on seeing the dispatch, repeated—

"Drubbing, drubbing—what is that drubbing?"

"Oh, your Majesty," said a courtier, "my Lord C. can explain that."

Lord C. had been severely punished in a recent fracas by a pugilist.

"Bridget," said a lady to her servant, Bridget Conley, "who was that man you were talking with so long at the gate, last night?"

"Sure, no one but me eldest brother, ma'am," replied Bridget with a flushed cheek.

"Your brother? I didn't know you had a brother. What is his name?"

"Barney O'Connell, ma'am."

"Indeed! how comes it that his name is not the same as yours?"

"Troth, ma'am," replied Bridget, "he has been married once."

There is said to be in New Zealand a large extent of sand, which, when sun-dried, yields 66 per cent. of pure steel. A grant of the district having been obtained, half a dozen persons in London have subscribed the requisite capital to work it.

Frank explanations with friends, in cases of affronts, sometimes save perishing friendships; but secret discontent and mistrust always end badly.

Never answer a calumniator. If you will only give a rattlesnake time enough, he will sting himself and die of his own venom.

If you fall into misfortune, disengage yourself as well as you can. Creep through the bushes that have the fewest briars.

Despite nothing because it seems weak. The flies and locusts have done more harm than ever the bears and lions did.

Frichidship is a silent gentleman, who makes no parade; the true heart dances no hornpipe on the tongue.

The man who was hemmed in by a crowd has been troubled with a stitch in his side ever since.

African Ants.

Among the insects of the African forest, M. Du Chailu describes a terrible species, with almost unequalled powers of destruction.

In the forests of this part of Africa are found vast numbers of ants, some of whose tribes are so terrible to man, and even to the beasts of the wood, from their venomous bites, their fierce temper and voracity, that their path is freely abandoned to them, and they may well be called lords of the forest.

I know of ten different species of ants found in these regions, all differing widely in their choice of food, the quality of their venom, the manner of their attack, or the time of their operation. The most remarkable, and most dreaded of all, is the *bashikouay*.

This ant is also called *nehouon* by the Mpongoe, is very abundant in the whole region I have traveled over in Africa, and is the most voracious creature I ever met. It is the dread of all living animals, from the leopard to the smallest insect.

I do not think that they build a nest or home of any kind. At any rate, they carry nothing away, but eat all their prey on the spot. It is their habit to march through the forests in a long regular line—first about two inches apart, and often several miles in length. All along the line are larger ants, who act as officers, stand outside the ranks, and keep this singular army in order. If they come to a place where there are no trees to shelter them from the sun, whose heat they cannot bear, they immediately build underground tunnels, through which the whole army passes in columns to the forest beyond. These tunnels are four or five feet underground, and are used only in the heat of the day or during a thunderstorm.

When they get hungry, the long file spreads itself through the forest in a front line, and attacks and devours all it comes to with a fury which is quite irresistible. The elephant and gorilla fly before this attack. The black men run for their lives. Every animal that lives in their line of march is chased. They seem to understand and act upon the tactics of Napoleon, and concentrate, with great speed, their heaviest forces upon the point of attack. In an incredibly short space of time the mouse, or dog, or leopard, or deer is overwhelmed, killed, eaten, and the bare skeleton only remains.

They seem to travel night and day. Many a time have I been awakened out of a sleep, and obliged to rush from the hut and into the water to save my life, and after all suffered intolerable agony from the bites of the advance guard, who had got into my clothes. When they enter a house, they clear it of all living things. Roaches are devoured in an instant. Rats and mice spring around the room in vain. An overwhelming force of ants kills a strong rat in less than a minute, in spite of the most frantic struggles, and in less than another minute its bones are stripped. Every living thing in the house is devoured. They will not touch vegetable matter. Thus they are in reality very useful (as well as dangerous) to the negroes, who have their huts cleared of all the abounding vermin, such as immense roaches and centipedes, at least several times a year.

When on their march the insect world flies before them, and I have often had the approach of a bashikouay army heralded to me by this means. Wherever they go they make a clean sweep, even ascending to the tops of the highest trees in pursuit of their prey. Their manner of attack is an impetuous leap. Instantly the strong pioneers are fastened, and they only let go when the piece gives way. At such times this little animal seems animated by a kind of fury which causes it to disregard entirely its own safety, and to seek only the conquest of its prey. The bite is very painful.

The negroes relate that criminals were in former times exposed in the path of the bashikouay ants, as the most cruel manner of putting to death.

Two very remarkable practices of theirs remain to be mentioned. When, on their line of march, they must cross a stream, they throw themselves across and form a tunnel—a living tunnel—connecting two trees or high bushes on opposite sides of the little stream. This is done with great speed, and is effected by a great number of ants, each of which clings with its fore claws to its next neighbor's body or hind claws, thus forming a high, safe tubular bridge, through which the whole vast regiment marches in regular order. If disturbed, or if the search is broken by the violence of some animal, they instantly attack the offender with the greatest animosity.

The bashikouay have the sense of smell finely developed, as indeed have all the ants I know of, and they are guided very much by it. They are larger than any ants we have in America, being at least half an inch in length, and are armed with very powerful fore legs and sharp jaws, with which they bite. Their numbers are so great that one does not like to enter into calculations; but I have seen one continual line passing at good speed a particular place for twelve hours. The reader may imagine for himself how many millions on millions there may have been contained there.

There is another species of bashikouay which is found in the mountains to the south of the equator. It is of great size. The body is grayish-white in color; the head of reddish-black. Its fangs are very powerful, and it is able to make a clean bite out of a piece of flesh. It is thus a very formidable animal; but fortunately its motions are not so quick as those of its fierce brethren; it does not march in such vast armies, nor does it precipitate itself upon its prey with such irresistible fury. In its motions it is almost sluggish. They do not invade villages, nor climb trees in pursuit of prey; and I do not think they are nearly so voracious as their fellows before mentioned. If they were, they could doubtless clear the country of every living thing, for they are much more powerful. They are, in fact, to ants what whales are to fishes.

The Monkey Pilgrims.

The following account of a singular custom among the monkeys in the East is taken from sketches from India, published in *Household Words*. We have reason to believe the story is true.

About two miles from the bungalow to which we were proceeding we overtook a large tribe of monkeys. I should say as many as four hundred; and each carried a stick of uniform length and shape. They moved along in ranks or companies, just in short, as though they were imitating a wing of a regiment of infantry. At the head of this tribe was an old and very powerful monkey, who was no doubt the chief. It was a very odd sight, and I became greatly interested in the movement of the creatures.

There could be no question that they had either some business or some pleasure on hand; in fact, each carrying a stick led us to conclude that it was the former upon which they were bent. Their destination was, like ours, evidently Deobund, where there were some hundreds of monkeys fed by a number of Brahmins who lived near a Hindoo temple there, and perform religious ceremonies. They (this monkey regiment) would not get out of the road on our account, nor disturb themselves in any way; and my friend was afraid to drive through their ranks, or over any of them, for when assailed they are the most ferocious brutes, and armed as they were, and in such numbers, they could have annihilated us with the greatest ease. There was no help for us, therefore, but to let the mare proceed at a walk in the rear of the tribe, the members of which, now that we were near Deobund, began to chatter frantically. Just before we came to the bungalow, they left the road, and took the direction of the temple. Fain would we have followed them, but to do so in a buggy would have been impossible, for they crossed over some very rough ground and two ditches. My friend therefore requested the sowers to follow them and report all they might observe of their actions.

My friend mentioned to the Khansamah, a very old but very active and intelligent man, the sight he had seen on the road—the regiment of monkeys.

"Ah!" exclaimed the old man, "it is about the time!"

"Well, Sahib, about every five years that tribe comes up the country to pay a visit to this place; and another tribe comes up the country—the hills. They meet in a jungle behind the old Hindoo temple, and there embrace each other as though they were human beings and old friends who had parted for a length of time. I have seen in that jungle as many as four or five thousand. The Brahmins say that one large tribe comes all the way from Ajmere, and another from the southern side of the country, and from Nepal and Rihoot. There were hundreds of monkeys here this morning, but now I do not see one. I suppose they have gone to welcome their friends."

The sowers who had been deputed to follow the tribe now rode up, and reported that, in the vicinity of the old temple, there was an army of apes—an army of forty thousand! One of the sowers, in the true spirit of Oriental exaggeration, expressed himself to the effect that it would be easier to count the hairs of one's head than the number there assembled.

"Let us go and look at them," I suggested, "and by the time we return the lady may be stirring."

"We will not go on foot," said my friend; "we will ride the sowers' horses. In the first place, I have an instinctive horror of apes, and should like to have the means of getting away from them speedily, if they became too familiar or offensive. In the second place I do not wish to fatigue myself by taking so long a walk in the heat of the day."

We mounted the horses and were soon at the spot indicated by the sowers. There were not so many as had been reported, but I am speaking very far within bounds when I state that there could not have been fewer than eight thousand, and some of them of an enormous size. I could scarcely have believed that there were so many monkeys in the world if I had not visited Bonares and heard of the tribes at Gibraltar. Their sticks, which were thrown together in a heap, formed a very large stock of wood.

"What is this?" my friend said to one of the Brahmins; for since his appointment he had never heard of this gathering of apes.

"It is a festival of theirs, Sahib," was the reply. "Just as Hindoos, at stated times, go to Hurdwar, Hagipore, and other places, so do these monkeys come to this holy place."

"And how long do they stay?"

"Two or three days; then they go away to their homes in different parts of the country; and they attend to their business for four or five years; then, come again and do festival, and so on to the end of all time. You see that very tall monkey there, with two smaller ones on each side of him?"

"Yes."

"Well, sir, that is a very old monkey. His age is more than twenty years, I think. I first saw him fifteen years ago. He was then full-grown. His native place is Meerut. He lives with the Brahmins at Soory Khan, near Meerut; the smaller ones are his sons, sir. They have never been here before; and you see he is showing them all about the place, like a very good father."

Ludicrous Scenes.

The following ludicrous scene is copied from an article in the April number of *Blackwood*, entitled a "Remonstrance with Dickens."

One of the most shameful recollections of our almost irreproachable life lies at the door of that was, Dickens. We were attending service in a cathedral where we were a stranger, and had been shown into a pew already occupied by two old ladies. For a time we behaved with our wonted decorum, till some absurdity committed by the elder Weller, (one of Dickens's characters) of which we had been reading the night before, rose up to haunt us. Had we been in the open air, a good laugh would have relieved us; but, cabined, cribbed, confined as it were, the risibility expanded till our form swelled visibly, our face grew purple, and we saw a medical man in the next pew, fed in his waist-coat pocket as he anxiously watched the veins in our forehead. The choral symphonies of the anthem invested Mr. Weller's image with fifty-fold absurdity, blending him, as they did, in his top-boots and shawl with angels ever bright and fair. Despairing of our ability to prevent an explosion, and feeling the danger becoming each moment more imminent, for India rubber itself must have given way under the accumulating pressure, we suddenly divined with our head under the shelf on which the prayer book rested, and laughed silently while our tears dropped like rain upon the foot stool. We were now beginning to grow calm, when, looking round, we saw the two old ladies regarding us with pious horror through their spectacles, and sliding off to their own end of the pew. This set us off again, and down went our head in the vest, which we attempted to conceal, for our shoulders and back, convulsively agitated from nose to waistband, told the internal struggle, to any nothing of sounds that occasionally broke forth, noways resembling the responses. Conscious that prebendary and preceptor were regarding us from their eminence, we again raised our head with desperate gravity, and shall never forget the agony of shame with which we beheld an aged verger sternly approaching, while the church warden were quitting their pews with the faces of men determined to discharge a painful duty. Nevertheless, off we went again, in a fit quite audible, and were eventually marched down the center aisle between rows of faces fixed in devout horror, with our handskerchiefs crammed nearly down our throats, and our wretched eyes starting out of our head like a land crab, and so, turning a corner, out under the old Saxon archway into the church yard, where we exasperated the vergers and church warden to frenzy by sitting down on a tombstone and giving full vent to our mirth. Next day, all repentant, we waited upon the dean, who, being himself a Pickwickian, gave us absolution in the most kindly way, and we caused a copy of "Pickwick" to be bound in Morocco and gold, with the inscription, "From a Penitent Sabbath breaker," which is to this day conspicuous on a shelf of the Episcopal library.

A certain barber, having a great gift of gab, used to amuse his customers with his long yarns, which he went through his fingers on their heads and faces. One day an old codger came in, took his seat, and ordered a shave and hair cut. The barber went to work, and began at the same time one of his long stories, to the no little dissatisfaction of the barber, said:

"Cut it short."

"Yes, sir," said the barber, continuing the yarn, until the old gentleman said, "cut it short!"

"Cut it short, I say," cut it short!"

"Yes, sir," clipping away and talking faster. "Cut it short, I say," reiterated the gent.

"Yes, sir," said the barber, going on with his story.

"Will you cut it short?" bawled the old gent, in a rage.

"Can't, sir," said the barber; "for if you look in the glass, you'll see I've cut it all off."

And sure enough, looking in the glass, the old gentleman found his hair cut as close as a shorn could cut it.

A sea captain, who was staying at a port in Europe, was presented with a turkey to the opera. When his performance was over, he was asked by his friend how he liked it.

"Well," answered the captain, "I know very little about music, and can't pretend to be a judge. I liked some things pretty well; but I rather think that some of them didn't know their business. There was one who screeched and tore round, I thought, in an abominable way; and the folks round me thought so, too, I guess; for they made her do it over a second time."

An English paper informs us that the largest church in Europe is in St. Petersburg. It was begun in 1771, and in twenty years 2000 men had not completed the walls. It is of polished marble outside and in; the pillars are of one piece, fifty feet high, the base and capitals of solid silver; but the greatest curiosity of all is a wooden box made to cover it from the weather.

A printer, meddling with the verdict of a coroner's jury, struck out the comma after the word "apoplexy," making it read thus: "Decensed came to his death by excessive drinking, producing apoplexy in the mind of the jury."

Good temper is the philosophy of the world. A gem of the treasury within—wisdom rays are reflected on all outward objects; a perpetual sunshine, imparting warmth, light and life within the spheres of its vast influence.

"Did you call it a beast, sir?"

"No, sir; I said you were a liar and a scoundrel."

"Ah, I misunderstood. Your apology is quite sufficient, sir."

"My good woman," said an Evangelist, as he offered her a tract, "have you got the gospel here?"

"No, sir, we haven't," replied the old crow, "but they have got it awfully down to New Orleans."

An advocate having lately gained a suit for a poor young lady, she remarked, "I have nothing to pay you with, sir, but my heart." "Hand it over to the clerk; I wish no fee for myself!"

Spurgeon the splurger, when a proposition was made him about heating his new tabernacle, said, "O, nothing of the sort! I shall be warming apparatus myself!"

If you buy a crying baby's silence by yielding to its wishes, the cunning little braver will beset you continually for similar bargains.

Why is a true philanthropist like a well-trained horse? Because he always stops at the sound of a word!

"Matchless misery" has been defined to be having a cigar and nothing to light it with.

Pulpit Gravity.

A minister was preaching to a large congregation in one of the Southern States, on the certainty of a future judgment. In the gallery sat a colored girl, with a white child in her arms, which she was dancing up and down with commendable effort to make baby observe the proprieties of the place. The preacher was too much interested in his subject to notice the occasional noise of the infant; and at the right point in his discourse, threw himself into an interesting attitude, as though he had suddenly heard the first note of the trumpet of doom, and looking toward that part of the church where the girl with baby in her arms was sitting, he asked, in a low, deep voice:

"What is that I hear?"

Before he recovered from the oratorical pause, so as to answer his own question, the colored girl responded, in a mortified tone of voice, but loud enough to catch the ears of the entire congregation:

"I dun'no, sa, I spec' it is dia here chile; but indeed, sa, I has been doin' all I could to keep him from sturbin' you."

It is easy to imagine that this unexpected rejoinder took the tragic out of the preacher in the shortest time imaginable; and that the solemnity of that judgment-day sermon was not a little diminished by the event.

Another instance, equally confounding to the minister, happened, we believe, in Richmond, Virginia. A large congregation had assembled to hear a preacher of some notoriety. Soon after he had introduced his subject, the cry of "fire!" in the street very much disturbed the congregation, and many were about to retire, when an elderly lay brother rose, and said:

"If the congregation will be composed, I will step out and see if there is any fire near, and report."

The congregation became composed, and the minister proceeded. Taking advantage of the occurrence, he called attention to the fire that would consume the world! a fire that would burn forever in the lake that is bottomless; and had just concluded a sentence of terrible import, and not without manifest impression upon his audience, when a voice from the other end of the church, as if in flat denial of all he had said, bawled out:

"It's a false alarm!"

The effect was ludicrous in the extreme. The old man had returned; but his impromptu response spoiled the force of the eloquent appeal from the pulpit, and even the preacher could scarce refrain from joining in the universal smile that passed over the congregation.

Rev. Mr. B. was preaching in one of the Methodist Episcopal churches in this city, and there was in attendance a good old Methodist brother, very much given to responses. Sometimes these responses were not exactly appropriate, but they were always well meant. The preacher, usually lucid, was rather perplexed, and felt it himself. He labored through the first part, and then said:

"Brethren, I have now reached the conclusion of my first point!"

"Thank God!" piously ejaculated the old man, who sat before him, profoundly interested; but the unexpected response, and the suggestive power of it, so confused the preacher, that it was with difficulty he could rally himself to a continuance of his discourse.

An old minister in the western country, having occasion to allude in his discourse to the discovery of modern astronomy, said that Sir Isaac Newton was "as well acquainted with the stars as if he had been born and brought up among them."

The Rev. Mr. P., a probationer, is reported to have thus improved the subject of the repentance of the Apostle Peter, as he was reproved by the cock crowing:

Brethren, that cock was a messenger to Peter. Peter afterwards became a cock or messenger to others. Paul, too, was a cock. And, after enumerating others of the Apostles and early Christians, the reverend gentleman, at the pitch of his voice, and throwing out his hands, exclaimed—

"And, brethren, I, too, am a cock!" The smile was irresistible.

But the most extraordinary piece of pulpit declamation which has probably ever been recorded is the following. Rev. A. C., of D—, in discussing of a certain class of persons who were obnoxious to him, concluded with this singular peroration:

"Ma freens, it is as impossible for a — to enter the kingdom o' hevin as for a coo to climb up a tree w' her tail foremost and harry a crow's nest, or for a soo to set on top o' a thistle and sing like a mavis."

Count D'Orseune one day accompanied the Emperor on a hunting excursion. The Emperor had been complaining of thirst, and some one seeing a woman at a little distance, called to her. The woman, who did not know Napoleon nor any of the escort. She gave the Emperor a glass of water mixed with a little brandy, and then courted for payment.

"There, my good woman," said Napoleon, pointing to Count D'Orseune, "there is the Emperor; ask him for money; he pays for us all."

The woman blushed and looked embarrassed; then turning to the Count, she snatched his splendid uniform with the eye of a comely woman, and said: "He? pooh—nonsense! Do you think I believe that? The Emperor is not such a coxcomb. You, sir, look more like him yourself."

The Emperor was much amused at the remark, and gave the woman a double louis.

At a social gathering of the New School Presbyterian General Assembly, Rev. James Ellis, of Cleveland, said that he remembered seeing in his travels a diminutive skull, evidently that of a child, preserved with great care. Upon asking the guide informed him that it was the skull of St. Patrick. Passing along still further in the same place, he met with another skull, evidently that of a full-grown man.

"Whose skull is this?" he asked.

"That is the skull of St. Patrick," was the response.

"But did you not tell me the other was the skull of St. Patrick?"

"Oh, yes; that was the skull of St. Patrick when he was a baby."

In a debate on the leather tax, in 1794, in the House of Commons, the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Sir John Parnell) observed, with great emphasis, "that in prosecution of the present war, every man ought to give his last guinea to protect his remainder." Mr. Vanshure said, that "however well he felt by the hereditary poverty of Ireland." To which Sir J. Parnell replied, that "this could be very easily remedied by making the under leather of wood."

Common sense can accomplish much without great talents; but all the talents in the world can accomplish little without common sense.

Ludicrous Scenes.

The following ludicrous scene is copied from an article in the April number of *Blackwood*, entitled a "Remonstrance with Dickens."

One of the most shameful recollections of our almost irreproachable life lies at the door of that was, Dickens. We were attending service in a cathedral where we were a stranger, and had been shown into a pew already occupied by two old ladies. For a time we behaved with our wonted decorum, till some absurdity committed by the elder Weller, (one of Dickens's characters) of which we had been reading the night before, rose up to haunt us. Had we been in the open air, a good laugh would have relieved us; but, cabined, cribbed, confined as it were, the risibility expanded till our form swelled visibly, our face grew purple, and we saw a medical man in the next pew, fed in his waist-coat pocket as he anxiously watched the veins in our forehead. The choral symphonies of the anthem invested Mr. Weller's image with fifty-fold absurdity, blending him, as they did, in his top-boots and shawl with angels ever bright and fair. Despairing of our ability to prevent an explosion, and feeling the danger becoming each moment more imminent, for India rubber itself must have given way under the accumulating pressure, we suddenly divined with our head under the shelf on which the prayer book rested, and laughed silently while our tears dropped like rain upon the foot stool. We were now beginning to grow calm, when, looking round, we saw the two old ladies regarding us with pious horror through their spectacles, and sliding off to their own end of the pew. This set us off again, and down went our head in the vest, which we attempted to conceal, for our shoulders and back, convulsively agitated from nose to waistband, told the internal struggle, to any nothing of sounds that occasionally broke forth, noways resembling the responses. Conscious that prebendary and preceptor were regarding us from their eminence, we again raised our head with desperate gravity, and shall never forget the agony of shame with which we beheld an aged verger sternly approaching, while the church warden were quitting their pews with the faces of men determined to discharge a painful duty. Nevertheless, off we went again, in a fit quite audible, and were eventually marched down the center aisle between rows of faces fixed in devout horror, with our handskerchiefs crammed nearly down our throats, and our wretched eyes starting out of our head like a land crab, and so, turning a corner, out under the old Saxon archway into the church yard, where we exasperated the vergers and church warden to frenzy by sitting down on a tombstone and giving full vent to our mirth. Next day, all repentant, we waited upon the dean, who, being himself a Pickwickian, gave us absolution in the most kindly way, and we caused a copy of "Pickwick" to be bound in Morocco and gold, with the inscription, "From a Penitent Sabbath breaker," which is to this day conspicuous on a shelf of the Episcopal library.

A certain barber, having a great gift of gab, used to amuse his customers with his long yarns, which he went through his fingers on their heads and faces. One day an old codger came in, took his seat, and ordered a shave and hair cut. The barber went to work, and began at the same time one of his long stories, to the no little dissatisfaction of the barber, said:

"Cut it short."

"Yes, sir," said the barber, continuing the yarn, until the old gentleman said, "cut it short!"

"Cut it short, I say," cut it short!"

"Yes, sir," clipping away and talking faster. "Cut it short, I say," reiterated the gent.

"Yes, sir," said the barber, going on with his story.

"Will you cut it short?" bawled the old gent, in a rage.

"Can't, sir," said the barber; "for if you look in the glass, you'll see I've cut it all off."

And sure enough, looking in the glass, the old gentleman found his hair cut as close as a shorn could cut it.

A sea captain, who was staying at a port in Europe, was presented with a turkey to the opera. When his performance was over, he was asked by his friend how he liked it.

"Well," answered the captain, "I know very little about music, and can't pretend to be a judge. I liked some things pretty well; but I rather think that some of them didn't know their business. There was one who screeched and tore round, I thought, in an abominable way; and the folks round me thought so, too, I guess; for they made her do it over a second time."

An English paper informs us that the largest church in Europe is in St. Petersburg. It was begun in 1771, and in twenty years 2000 men had not completed the walls. It is of polished marble outside and in; the pillars are of one piece, fifty feet high, the base and capitals of solid silver; but the greatest curiosity of all is a wooden box made to

PUGET SOUND HERALD.

STEILACOOM, W. T., Thursday Evening, Sept. 26, 1861.

LATEST EASTERN NEWS.

WE are entirely cut off from any communication by railroad or telegraph with the east, and unable to give later dates than Sept. 24.

Our city and all the roads leading to it are in possession of the rebels. When communication will be restored is impossible to conjecture.

The following is the official report of the Hat terras Inlet affair to the Secretary of the Navy:

I have to inform you that we have been entirely successful. All that could be wished for by the most hopeful has been accomplished.

We are taking on board the Minnesota the officers and men, numbering 617, who surrendered after bombardment from the fleet, during a portion of two days.

S. H. STRINGHAM, Commanding blockading squadron. Articles of capitulation were agreed to between Commodore Stringham and Gen. Butler of the U. S. Army and Navy, and Capt. Barrow, Maj. Andrews and Martin, of the Confederate States sea and land forces.

All munitions and property were unconditionally surrendered to the Government of the United States. Terms full capitulation, and that officers and men shall receive the treatment of prisoners of war.

The expedition to Hatteras Inlet resulted in a signal victory over the rebels. The United States forces captured two forts, twenty-five cannon, 1,000 stores of arms, 617 prisoners, among them Captain Samuel Barrow, Lieut. Sharp and Dr. Brown, late of U. S. Army, and Major Andrews, late of the U. S. Navy.

Loss on their side not yet known. Five are known to have been killed, a number wounded, many of whom were carried away. Lieut. Murdock, late of the U. S. Army, was among the number, with the loss of an arm. We have had no casualty of any consequence.

The surrender was unconditional. Three hundred men landed on a heavy surf, when the men-of-war handed in, and commenced a cannonade at 6:15 A. M. on the 25th of Aug., and kept it up at intervals all day, and re-commenced on the 26th with increased efforts.

The enemy attempted to land 1,500 men in the fort, but were driven back. At 11:30 they displayed a white flag, and were forced to surrender at discretion.

A number of the leading financiers, including the presidents of some of the New York banks, now in Washington, urged the President to certain changes in conducting the war.

They propose that the Government, with an immense force, shall cause the rebels to abandon their attack on Washington city by making counter attacks on various points South.

The State department will not issue passes to anybody to go from rebel into loyal States. Since the passage through Louisville was stopped, the demand for passes has been very large. Most of the applicants are women who have been living North.

It is stated that the 20th of August was the time the rebels anticipated being in possession of St. Louis. The remains of Gen. Lyon arrived at New York at 1 P. M., August 21st, escorted by a guard of honor to the City Hall.

\$10,000 belonging to the rebels was seized yesterday, at Park Banks. Government has removed the interdiction against the circulation of the Journal of Commerce over mail and express routes throughout the United States. It has changed hands.

Surveyor Andrews on the 24 seized 20 vessels covered wholly or partially by rebels, including eight ships and two barkes. Others were to be seized the same day. The value of vessels seized is over \$2,000,000.

fallen into the hands of the enemy on account of the works not being sufficiently tenable to resist the heavy forces thrown against them.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 26th. Gen. Burnside has been assigned to duty here, in command of the unbrigaded regiments.

Col. Marcy, Inspector U. S. A., has been appointed chief of McClellan's staff.

Three South Carolina regiments have been reduced to half their original size, by sickness, lying between Fairfax Court House and Falls Church.

Fort Monroe, Sept. 26th. A flag of truce from Norfolk came in this A. M. They say the North Carolina Confederates are greatly exasperated in consequence of the late victory.

The floating battery said to have been towed to Sewall's Point exists only in imagination.

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 25th. A report widely circulated, that Major Barbee had received a dispatch affirming the death of President Davis, is without foundation.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 25th. The schooner Anna Amelia Gyle and Henry Cole were seized today under the confiscation act; also, 63 boxes of tobacco, and nearly 90,000 worth of property belonging to P. M. Daily, a captain in the rebel army.

The schooner Any Bradford, a prize of the Sumter, was recaptured by the Posobatan, and has arrived at the Navy Yard, with one of the prisoners in irons.

Correspondence of the New York Times, Washington, 4th inst., says the steamship E. B. Forbes arrived at the Navy Yard this P. M. Lieut. captain, first and second mates, boatswain and cabin boy, were immediately arrested, by order of the Navy Department and placed in double irons.

The charge against them has not transpired, but it is believed it has grown out of their recent conduct since leaving Boston.

Congressional skirmishing transpired this P. M. at Bailey's Cross-roads. An hour before daylight, the enemy in considerable force from Mansoni's Hill drove in our pickets from the Cross-roads and took possession of the point.

Four companies of the 51st, commanded by Capt. Leonard, were then back, and held the position. Our forces sustained a loss of two killed and three wounded, and took five prisoners.

The prisoners state that no intelligence of Davis' death had been received.

Professor Lowe made an ascension near Fort Corcoran, accompanied by Generals McDowell and Porter—ascended about 800 feet and had a fine view of the rebel camp and vicinity.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 24. A special dispatch to the New York Times says it has been determined by the Government to hold the position of Cape Hatteras, although the original intention was to destroy and abandon the works, but now it will be made a rendezvous for the army and naval forces.

This expedition is but the commencement for operations of which the Naval Department has made ample preparations, and will be readily developed.

The Herald's correspondent sends the following: A dispatch here to-day from Richmond via Louisville, announces the death of Jeff. Davis. This accounts for the display of flags at half-mast from the rebel ramparts.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 24. The subscription to the national loan was opened yesterday; \$165,000 was subscribed during the day.

A letter published in Southern papers states that the privateer J. G. Davis was wrecked on St. Augustine bar.

The most trustworthy accounts from Virginia place the number of troops from that State in the field at 55,000.

The enemy are concentrating in large numbers south of Alexandria, and are erecting batteries along the mouth of Occoquan river. Heavy firing was heard in that direction this morning, and from the lines on the other side of the Potomac, but no account of a battle has been received.

The capture of Fort Hatteras and its dependencies has caused alarm in the Carolinas. Regiments from South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama, hurrying to the Potomac, were stopped on the way and sent to New-York.

The impression is that an immediate attack is contemplated at the headquarters of the rebels.

A special dispatch from Washington says that reliable information was received by the Government that Jeff. Davis was dead. The event took place on Tuesday, 24, at Monticello.

The Herald's correspondent has arrived at Fortens Monroe from Hatteras Inlet on the morning of the 25th, with the intelligence that the Confederates had abandoned their fort at Ocracoke Inlet. Multitudes of North Carolinians had demonstrated their loyalty by taking the oath of allegiance at Fort Hatteras. The oath was administered to between one and three hundred on one day.

The fortifications at Ocracoke Inlet have been completely deserted by the Confederates, who carried away the guns while the flag was flying.

Three hundred thousand dollars have already been subscribed to the popular loan.

The State Department has notified the War Department that it must cease granting passes to women and children who may desire to enter the Southern States.

The travel by way of Louisville is completely blocked by orders of the Government. All the secession emblems at Baltimore have been suppressed.

noy them, but to respect, defend and enforce the rights of loyal citizens.

Columbia and Hickman are in the hands of the enemy, and they are moving upon our city. I am here to defend you against this enemy, and to assert and maintain the authority and sovereignty of your Government. The army will remain until you can pursue your usual avocations without fear, and whenever this is manifest, I shall withdraw the forces under my command.

(Signed) N. J. GRANT, Brig. Gen. Commanding.

The Pension Bureau has already commenced pensioning soldiers wounded in the present war. Two thousand troops were to leave St. Louis on the 7th for active service along the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad.

PAY OF SOLDIERS. The following table shows the amount paid per month to the non-commissioned officers and privates of the regular and volunteer services, in accordance with the late Act of Congress:

Table showing pay for various ranks: Sergeant-Major \$33, Quartermaster's Sergeant 23, Chief Bugler 23, Principal Musician 23, First Sergeant 22, Ordnance Sergeant 24, Sergeant 19, Corporal 15, Artificer of Artillery 17, Musician 13, Bugler 15, Farrier and Blacksmith 17, Hospital Steward 22, Private 13.

The above is the pay provided by the United States Government. When a regiment is mustered into its service, all pay from the State authorities ceases. In addition to the increase of pay, a bounty of \$30 per man will be paid to such of the three months' volunteers as enlist individually, \$40 per man if they enlist by companies, and \$50 if by regiments.

The rations are computed at \$9 per month, and the clothing at about \$3, or \$36 a-year. When in actual service, the soldier does not require the whole of his rations or clothing, and all he does not take, he receives the cash value for.

Garibaldi and the War.—The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Press says there is no truth in the reports that Garibaldi proposes to help us out of our troubles. A gentleman here, personally acquainted with Garibaldi and his son, received a letter a few days ago, in which the son says he desired himself to come out and take a part in the struggle now going on here for liberty, but that his father objected, on the ground that ours was a family quarrel, and could be settled more easily without foreign interference than with it; that it was based on a political question in which the nations were not interested, and in the settlement of which they could not become parties.

These are now the views and sentiments of Garibaldi, and expressed by his son in a private correspondence of a very late date.

Generous Contributions.—About two thousand dollars was contributed in San Francisco for the relief of Parson Brownlow. This will keep him until he can resume the publication of his paper without the sanction of the secessionists.

PLAIN DIRECTIONS.—One Blazo, advertising his saloon on the corner of Pine and Commercial streets, Nevada, winds up his advertisement by saying, "All those who want a drink, go to Blazo's."

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS! EX BARQUE N. S. PERKINS. JUST RECEIVED, A FULL ASSORTMENT OF FAMILY GROCERIES, which will be sold cheap for cash.

The stock consists in part of Oregon and Eastern Bacon, Ham, Lard, Pork, Cheese, Sugar, Flour, Raisins, Cranberries, and Pickles.

M. J. WEST WOULD INFORM THE PUBLIC GENERALLY that he has constantly on hand and for sale the very best assortment of IRON AND STEEL.

CHAINS. Offer for sale, at Wholesale and Retail, GREAT VARIETY OF DESIRABLE GOODS at low rates, such as Flour, Sugar, Soap, Butter, Coffee, Tea, Rice, Peas, Beans, Potatoes, Corn Meal, Oats, Hay, Straw, and other articles suited to the wants of the community.

GALLAGHER'S HARDWARE ESTABLISHMENT, Commercial street, Steilacoom, W. T.

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

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.

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

CHARLES STEWART.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

PUGET SOUND DRUG STORE! STEILACOOM, W. T. NOW OPEN WITH AN ASSORTMENT OF DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

PHYSICIAN'S PRESCRIPTION NECESSARY for Gonorrhea, Syphilis, and many other diseases. The medicine is extracted, and all other things attended to which belong to a surgeon.

DR. O. HOWLAND'S HEADS LEAVE TO INFORM the public generally that he has opened an office at FITZGERALD'S DELICIOUS RESTAURANT, Steilacoom, and that he will attend to calls on TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY of each week.

STEILACOOM AND PORT TOWNSEND Provision Markets. HAVING PURCHASED THE MARKET AT Port Townsend, in connection with the old stand in Steilacoom, the undersigned is now prepared to supply the communities of both towns with a superior quality of FRESH MEATS.

On reasonable terms. Hotel, Ship and Steamboat Stores supplied at short notice, and of best quality. VEGETABLES of all kinds kept in their season. MILK COWS and WORK CATTLE always on hand for sale.

MRS. F. PARKINSON WISHES TO INFORM HER FRIENDS AND the public generally that she has now on hand, for ladies, the choicest selection of Fancy Dry Goods.

Comprising all the latest styles, such as Dress Trimmings, Hats, Artificial Flowers, Ribbons, Fine French Poplins, Challis Robes, All wool Delaines, French Berges, Plain Alpacaes, Plain Swiss, Dotted Swiss, Tartanens, Ladies' Corsets, Hoop Skirts, Plain Satins and Fancy Silks, Plain Holland Flannel, Thread and Cotton Laces, Bleached and Unbleached Muslins, Calicoes and Cambrics, Gentlemen's fine Linen Collars, Lambwool and English Cotton Hoos, Satin and Silk Neckties, Alexandre & H&M Gloves, Linen Hem-stitched Cambric Handkerchiefs, &c.

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware.

Breastpins and Earrings, Finger-Rings, CALIFORNIA BUCKLES!

For Ladies or Gentlemen, Fob, Guard, and Vest Chains, LOCKETS, GOLD AND SILVER Pens and Pencils, PERISCOPIC SPECTACLES.

Striking and Alarm CLOCKS, Eight Day and Thirty Hour. Of the most approved patterns and best manufacture, in metallic case for ships, &c.

TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY. AND FISHING TACKLE OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

JUST RECEIVED AND KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND, a full and fresh stock of the above, and all goods pertaining to my business.

Repairs thorough and warranted. Work from the adjoining towns received and returned free of express charges.

JAS. E. D. JESTER, Practical Watchmaker, Commercial st., near Balch, Steilacoom.

P.S.—The standard time of Washington Territory kept constantly on hand for the benefit of the public.

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

H. G. WILLIAMSON.

San Francisco Advertisements.

YE THAT SUFFER, READ! READ! READ! DR. PARBERA'S GREAT ITALIAN REMEDY.



READ! READ! READ! DR. PARBERA'S GREAT ITALIAN REMEDY, Now known and approved by use for over FIFTY YEARS!

It remains triumphant over all the multifarious medicines for the cure of PRIVATE DISEASES, no matter how long standing, without any injurious effects to the system.

PURELY VEGETABLE, quick to effect, and certain in cure, acting as it does immediately on the organs themselves, giving them energy and vigor, and removing inflammation in a manner superior to any medicine ever made known to the world.

General Agent, 13 Davis St. San Francisco. Sole Agents, SINGLAI & MOODY, Agents, 415 1/2 Broadway, New York.

WIRE ROPE. 1/4 40 PER CENT. LIGHTER, LESS THAN 1/2 the diameter, and 2/3 the weight as made of Heavy Rope of equal strength, and is unaffected by change of weather.

It is more particularly adapted for Deep Sea Sigs, Ferry Ropes, and for hoisting from derricks and inclined planes. Mining companies or ferry owners, &c., who use Ropes for standing, leading, or standing purposes, will effect an immense saving by ordering Wire Rope through our agents.

Patent Wire Rope AND SUSPENSION BRIDGE BUILDERS, 1235 1/2 Clay Street, San Francisco.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES. HAVE BEEN REMOVED TO No. 47 Montgomery street, NEXT TO THE CORNER OF BUSH.

I AM PREPARED TO DEMONSTRATE, to all who feel an interest in Sewing Machines, that SINGER'S FAMILY SEWING MACHINES WILL DO BETTER WORK, WITH GREATER EASE, AND AT LESS INTERFERENCE, and that in all the important requisites of a Sewing Machine, Singer's Machines are cheaper than any other kind at \$50. I am now selling over 200 Sewing Machines.

Do not allow yourself to purchase a Chain Stitch machine, either double or single thread, all of which will run. All chain stitch machines have a coil on the under side of the fabric, and the work soon runs out. Work done on Singer's machines will outwear any other, and is more beautiful. No tailor or manufacturer buys a chain stitch machine.

J. H. DUNNELL, 47 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Shipping Advertisements. U.S. MAIL LINE FROM OLYMPIA TO SIMIABMOO.

THE NEW AND SPLENDID STEAMER ELIZA ANDERSON, J. R. FLEMING, Commander, will henceforth leave Olympia every Monday morning at 10 o'clock.

SEATTLE PORT GARDNER, PORT MADISON, PORT TADLOW, WHIDBY ISLAND, BELLEHARRAN BAY, SAN JEAN ISLAND, AND VICTORIA, V. I.

Apply on board. Olympia, May 4, 1861.

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

Is composed of the following first class vessels: Barque ORLE, 300 Tons, A. Y. TANE, Commander; Ship MASSACHUSETTS, 200 Tons, FREEMAN TRAVIS, Commander.

And other vessels as the trade requires. The above vessels are commanded by experienced and generally successful captains, will handle 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 Coast.

Orders for all kinds of freight will be promptly received at San Francisco and promptly forwarded.

BALCH & WEBBER, 2nd Precinct, San Francisco.

San Francisco Advertisements.

COMMISSION AND PURCHASING AGENT, SAN FRANCISCO. ORDERS FOR THE PURCHASE OF MERCHANDISE and articles of every description are solicited by the undersigned.

A residence in this city of over ten years, and an experience in the business of nearly the same length of time, are considered sufficient to warrant the confidence of persons in the country who occasionally need to make purchases here, through the agency of a reliable party, or who may be looking for a permanent Agent in San Francisco. To either the advertiser offers his services, assuring all who intrust orders to him that no effort shall be spared to execute their commissions satisfactorily.

All orders must be accompanied with the cash or city drafts, or by the order of a bank on New York or San Francisco.

Wm. T. Coleman & Co., San Francisco; J. H. Coghill & Co., " Langley, Druggist, " First Precinct & Co., " Ira F. Banks, " Lane, Druggist & Co., " J. Anthony & Co., Union Office, Sacramento city; And the Editor of the Puget Sound Herald.

N.B.—Orders for Machinery, Planes, Mills, Rolling Mills, and other articles, will be attended to by competent judges.

L. P. FLETCHER, Commission and Purchasing Agent, 222 Washington St., opposite Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco.

WHEELER & WILSON'S NEW STYLE OF IMPROVED FAMILY SEWING MACHINE!

ALL FORMER OBJECTIONS OVERCOME!

No Leather Pad used on NEW STYLE MACHINE.

The New Style Hemmer AND Transparent Cloth Presser Are attached to the IMPROVED MACHINES!

PRICES GREATLY REDUCED!

Send for a Circular. H. C. HAYDEN, Agent, Corner Sacramento and Montgomery sts., San Francisco.

The Manton Woollen Mills use WHEELER & WILSON'S Sewing Machines in making up Overalls, Coats, Hats, &c. They now use from forty to fifty constantly, and are turning out the finest goods to the market.

HUCKS & LAMBERT'S CELEBRATED PATENT H. & L. AXLE-GREASE.

A CARD. THE SUBSCRIBERS HAVE THE PLEASURE OF ANNOUNCING to their numerous patrons and friends that they have been honored by the committee of the Mechanics' Fair with a FIRST PREMIUM FOR THEIR UNRIVALLED AXLE-GREASE!

Also, that the San Francisco Bay Agricultural Society awarded them their FIRST CLASS PREMIUM for the same. But, however gratifying to the advertisers to have their

HOME MANUFACTURE thus distinguished, it is with greater pride they state the fact that (considering the overwhelming importance of an article from the West assuming their title) the demand for this New Popular H. & L. Axle-Grease has more than doubled during the present season.

CALIFORNIA PRODUCE who have given them so large an encouragement, they beg to say that no price will be named in the future to compete with the wide-spread reputation which their material has acquired, it being the Best and Cheapest Lubricating Medium for Carriage-Wheels, &c., EVER INTRODUCED IN CALIFORNIA.

HUCKS & LAMBERT, Importers and Sole Manufacturers, 202-2nd Nat. Street, San Francisco.

PACIFIC FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP, SAN FRANCISCO. (First street.) WE CONTINUE TO MANUFACTURE, at the above well-known establishment, STEAM ENGINES, QUARTZ FLOUR, and SAW-MILLS.

And other Machinery of every description, and also the Best Castings of all kinds.

From the best experience we have had, we can guarantee the best quality and the very best construction of machinery at our establishment, and we feel confident that our facilities for turning out the best style of work, with promptness and at the lowest rates, are not surpassed on the Pacific Coast.

Orders for all kinds of work will be promptly received and executed.

EDWARD HAYDEN & WILSON, Late Commanders of the U.S. Navy, First of San Francisco.

