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PUGET SOUND HERALD.

CHARLES PROSCE,
Editor and Proprietor.

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[FOR THE PUGET SOUND HERALD.]

The Past.

The Past is an ocean we all love to cruise,
For its islands we once passed before,
And we sported their banks in innocent glee
With the bright, sunny beams of yore.
It is true, as we voyage, we sometimes pass by
Grimey rocks where our vessels once strove
With tempests beluggering ocean's sky,
And threatened a watery grave.
Or we, sometimes, in cruising, pass 'neath the same skies
Where once some pleasant dwelling lay;
Malignantly made of our cargo a prize,
And left us unmaned for the gale.
And often we're pained, as, while scudding along,
Some breakers dark'd where we drew near,
Where, charlous and compassless, bounding along,
We knew not which way we should steer.
But when once our danger is clearly defined,
We spread all our sails to the wind,
And, gliding along like a wing on the wind,
Soon anchor in sunnier seas.
We linger 'mid islands grown lonely and wild,
Where once some pleasant dwelling lay;
Where childhood and virtue and innocence smiled,
With the dear valued friends that are not.
Oh! that home of our youth! that airy of love!
Where we dream'd the still hours away,
How memory delights, unnumbered, to rove
To thy bright eyes' bowers away!
Or, anchoring at ease where the blue waves curl,
We rob the sea-crow's nest of her prey;
Of her bright aurora—half transparent pearls—
Whose light is the same as of yore.
Then who would not cruise o'er the Past's quiet sea,
Where we live our lives over again,
With privileges where choice birds no longer stay,
Except from all peril and pain?
H. A. R.

The Battle-Field of Gilboa.

The son of the morning looked forth from his throne,
And beamed on the face of the dead and the dying,
For the hills of the battle like the dead and the dying,
And red on Gilboa the carnage was lying.
And there lay the husband that lately was proud,
To the beautiful child that was fearless and bold—
Now the claws of the vulture was fixed in his head,
And the hawk of the vulture was busy and bold.
And there lay the son of the widowed and sad,
Who never saw his mother's face more,
Now the wolf of the hill a sweet carnival had,
On the delicate limb that had ceased not to quiver.
And there came the daughter, the dearest child,
To hold up the head that was fearless and bold;
And there came the mother, that sank 'mid the slain,
To kiss the loved lips that were gasping and pained.
And there came the comrade that struggled in vain,
To stem the red tide of a spouse that boreth her;
And there came a mother, that sank 'mid the slain,
To weep for the last human stay that was left her.
Oh, Moody Gilboa! a curse ever lie
Where the king and his people were slaughtered together!
May the dew and the rain leave thy heritage to die,
Thy flock to decay and thy foliage to wither!

A gay fellow who had taken lodging at a public house, and got considerably in debt, addressed himself to the landlord that he commissioned his wife to go and dun him, which the debtor having heard of, declared publicly, that if she came, he would kiss her.

"Will he?" said the lady, "will he? Give me my bonnet, Molly; I will see whether any fellow has such impudence!"
"My dear," said the cooling husband, "pray do not be too rash, you do not know what a man may do when he's in a passion."

An irascible old gentleman was taken with sneezing in the cars lately. After sneezing in the most spasmodic manner eight times, he arrested the proxyman for a moment, and exclaiming in his handkerchief, he thus addressed his nasal organ, indignantly saying: "Oh! go on—go on—you'll blow your infernal brains out presently!"

"Husband, I wish you would buy me some pretty feathers."
"Indeed, my dear little wife, you look better without them."
"Oh, no, sir, you always call me your little bird, and how does a bird look without feathers?"

A certain judge, observing much tittering in court one day, and fancying he was the object, whispered to Curran, who stood near the bench: "Curran, do you see anything ridiculous in this wig?"
"Nothing but the head, my lord," was the witty barrister's reply.

A publisher received an order from the country the other day for a "new pictorial copy of Webster on a Bridge." The firm were at a loss for a few minutes to know what to send their country customer, but luckily decided correctly, and sent him Webster's Pictorial unabridged.

"My dear, I wish to goodness you'd lay straight in bed! You've twisted the clothes completely off me, and I am as cold as stone."
"Are you indeed, sir? Why, if you are so very cold, get out of bed, and roll yourself up in the carpet!"

"If you marry," said a Roman consul to his son, "let it be to a woman who has judgment and industry enough to cook a meal for you, taste enough to dress neatly, pride enough to wash before breakfast, and sense enough to hold her tongue."
Said a man to a little boy, strutting up Cornhill with his cigar before breakfast, "My boy, you would look better with bread and butter in your mouth, than with a cigar."
"I know it," said the urchin, "but it would not be so glorious."

"Mother," said a little boy the other day, "why are burpees and the happiest children on earth?"
"They are not, my child. Why do you ask that question?"
"Because they have no mother to spank 'em."

Lord Bacon beautifully said, "If a man be gracious to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from the other lands, but a continent that joins them."
A young lady who was rebuked by her mother for kissing her intended, justified the act by quoting the passage: "Whosoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."
It has been said that ladies have generally a great fear of lightning, and this has been superstitiously ascribed to their natural timidity; but the truth is, that it arises from their consciousness of being attractive.

"Married last week, John Cobb to Miss Kate Webb." Their house will undoubtedly be full of cob webs.

The old dog who poked his head from behind the times "had it knocked soundly by a passing event."
An architect proposes to build a "Bachelor's Hall" which will differ from houses in having no doors.

DANIEL BOONE.

The celebrated Daniel Boone was born in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, in February, 1733—three years after the birth of Washington. When Daniel was a small boy, his family removed to the vicinity of Reading, in Berks County. This was then on the frontier, and it was here that he received those impressions of character that were so strikingly evident in his subsequent life. From childhood, he delighted to range the woods, watch the wild animals, and contemplate the beauties of nature. He early showed a passion for hunting. No Indian could aim his rifle, find his way through the pathless forest, or search out the retreat of game, more readily than Boone. When he was about eighteen years old, his family was a second removal to the Yadkin, a mountain stream in the northwestern part of North Carolina. There, he married and followed the joint occupation of farmer and hunter. Accustomed, when hunting, to be much alone, he acquired the habit of contemplation and of self-possession. His mind was not of the most ardent nature; nor does he ever seem to have sought knowledge through the medium of books.

It was on the 1st of May, 1769, that Boone, then the father of a family, made a temporary resignation of his domestic happiness, to wander through the rough and savage wilderness, bordering on the Cumberland mountain, in quest of the far-famed, but little known country of Kentucky. In this tour he was accompanied by John Finley, John Stewart, Joseph Holden, William Cook, and James Mouny. On the 10th of June following, after a journey of five hundred miles, and nearly the half of it destitute of a path, they arrived on Red River, where Finley had formerly been, as an Indian trader. Here the party determined to take repose after their fatigue; and made themselves a shelter of bark, to cover their heads from a shower of the day, and the cold dews of the night. It was in an excursion from this camp that Daniel Boone first saw with wonder the beauties, and indeed the delight of the air of a Kentucky summer, on the plains of Lincoln, Elkhorn, &c. It was also in one of his peregrinations from a second camp, that Boone and Stewart, rising the top of a hill, encountered a band of savages. They made prisoners of both, and plundered them of what supplies they had. Seven days were they detained, compelled to march by day, and closely watched by night; when, as a consequence of their well-deserved contentment, the Indians resigned themselves to sleep, without a guard on their captives, and they made their escape. Boone and his companion, once more at large, returned to their former camp, which had been plundered, and was deserted by the rest of the company, who, alarmed by the appearance of the enemy, had fled home, to North Carolina. About this time, Squire Boone, the brother of Daniel, following from Carolina, came up with him, and furnished a few necessities; especially some powder and lead, indispensable to his existence.

Soon after this period, John Stewart was killed by the Indians, and two Boones remained the only white men in the forests of Kentucky. They continued, during the succeeding winter, the only tenants of a cabin which they, with tomahawks, erected of poles and bark, to shelter themselves from the inclemency of the season.

The death of John Stewart being the first perpetrated by the Indians on the white adventurers in Kentucky, deserves to be particularly commemorated. Upon this subject a few facts have only been preserved by tradition. It was in 1769, after Squire Boone had joined his brother and Stewart, who had recently been prisoners with the Indians, that the Indians, becoming more hostile, had recourse to death instead of bondage, as the surer method of getting rid of their new rivals in the art of hunting. As Boone and his companions were traversing the forest, just di-robbed of his foliage, they were suddenly met on the side of a cave-belted, and immediately fired on by a superior party of Indians. John Stewart received a mortal wound, and fell; while his comrades, incapable of assisting him, immediately fled. An Indian rushed upon the fallen victim, and winding one hand in the hair on the crown of his head, with a large knife in the other hand, took off the scalp, which left bare his skull.

In May, 1770, Squire Boone returned to North Carolina, leaving Daniel without bread or salt, or even a dog to keep his camp.

Never was a man in greater need of fortitude to sustain his reflections; nor ever reflections more natural, or without crime, more poignant than those of Boone. He cast his eyes toward the residence of a family always dear to him—he felt the pang which absence gave—he heaved the sigh which affection prompted—his mind was beset with apprehensions of various dangers—dependence stood ready to seize on his soul; when, grasping his gun, and turning from the place, he reflected, as he proceeded, that Providence had never yet forsaken him; nor, thought he, will I ever doubt its superintending beneficence. No man have I injured, why should I fear injury from any? I shall again see my family, for whom I am now seeking a future home; and happiness, the joy of the meeting, will repay me for all of this pain. By this time, he had advanced some distance into the extended wood, and progressing, gained an eminence, whence, looking around with astonishment, on the one hand beheld the ample plain and beautiful fields; on the other, the river Ohio rolled in silent dignity, marking the northwestern boundary of Kentucky, with equal precision and grandeur. The chirping of the birds soothed his cares with music; the numerous deer and buffalo, which passed him in review, gave dumb assurance that he was in the midst of plenty—and cheerfulness once more possessed his mind.

Thus, in a second paradise was a second Adam—if the figure is not too strong—giving names to springs, rivers and places, before unknown to civilized white men.

Squire Boone returned in the month of July, and the brothers met at the old camp, as it had been concerted between them. The two, in this year, traversed the country to the Cumberland river, and in 1771 returned to their families, determined to remove them to Kentucky. But this was not immediately practicable.

About the month of September, 1773, Daniel Boone sold his farm, on the Yadkin, and removed his family to Kentucky, with his own and five other families. In Powell's Valley he was joined by forty men willing to risk themselves under his guidance. The party were proceeding in fine spirits, when, on the 10th of October, the rear of the company was attacked by a strong ambuscade of Indians, who killed six of the men; and among them, the eldest son of Boone.

The Indians were repulsed and fled; but in the meantime, the captives belonging to the survivors were dispersed, and the relatives of the deceased greatly affected, and the survivors, generally, so disheartened by present feelings and future prospects, that it was thought best to retreat to the settlement on Clinch River, distant about fifty miles, which was done in good order, without further molestation. This being accomplished, Boone remained on the frontier with his family, a hunter still, until June, 1774. By this time he was made known to the Governor of Virginia, and solicited by him to repair to the region of Ohio, to conduct from thence a party of surveyors, whose long stay was rendered peculiarly dangerous by the increasing hostility of the northward Indians.

This service was undertaken by Boone, who, with Michael Stoner as his only companion, traveled the pathless region between—reached the place of destination with great celerity, considering the difficulty of traveling without a path, and piloted them safely home, through the woods—after an absence of two months.

This year, there were open hostilities with the Shawanese and other northward Indians; and Boone being still in Virginia, received an order from Governor Dunmore to take the command of three contiguous forts on the frontier, with the commission of captain.

The campaign of that year, after the battle at Point Pleasant, terminated in a peace. Captain Boone being now at leisure, and Col. Henderson and company having matured their project of purchasing from the southern Indians the land north of the Kentucky River, he was solicited by them to attend the treaty to be held for that purpose. Their messenger delivered to him full instructions and authority on the subject. Boone accordingly attended at Watauga, in March, 1775; and the Indians, and made the purchase. He had been also resolved to settle the purchased territory, Boone was looked to as the most proper person to conduct the enterprise. A way was first to be explored and opened; as the request of the company, this was undertaken and executed by him, from Holston to the Kentucky River. The greater part of the route was extremely difficult, being encumbered with hills, brush, and cane, and invested by hostile Indians, who repeatedly fired on the party, with such effect, that four were killed, and five wounded. They had, however, a determined leader, who, being well supported, conducted them to their object. Being arrived on the bank of the river, in April, 1775, Boone, with the survivors of his followers, began to erect a fort at a salt spring, which was Boonesborough now stands. While building this fort, which employed the party, rendered feeble by its losses, until the ensuing June, one man was killed by the savages, who continued to harass them during the progress of the work. A fort, in those days, consisted of a block-house and contiguous cabins, enclosed with pickets. This being done, Boone left a part of his men in the fort; with the rest, he returned to Holston, thence he proceeded to Clinch, and soon after moved his family to the fort, which was in the country—as his wife and daughter were the first white women ever known in Kentucky.

Capt. Boone having given to the new population of Kentucky a permanent establishment, and placed his own family in Boonesborough, felt all the solicitude of one in his situation to ensure its defense and promote its prosperity.

He continued one of the most useful and active men among the settlers, and throughout the war with the Indians, was greatly distinguished. In January, 1778, he, and twenty-seven others, while making salt the Blue Licks for the different stations, were taken prisoners by the Indians.

They all were kindly treated and conducted to Old Chillicothe, where they remained until March, Boone, with ten others, through the influence of Hamilton, the British governor, was taken to Detroit.

The governor took an especial fancy to Boone, and offered £200 for his ransom; but to no purpose, for the Indians had taken their fancy to him, and so great was it that they took him back to Old Chillicothe, and placed him in a family, and fondly caressed him. He mingled with their sports, shot, fished, hunted and swam with them, and had become deeply ingratiated in their favor, when, on the first of June, they took him to assist them in making salt in the Scioto valley, at the old salt wells, near, or at, we believe, the present town of Jackson, Jackson county. They remained 1778, he, and twenty-seven others, while making salt the Blue Licks for the different stations, were taken prisoners by the Indians.

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called from these earthly scenes. In the summer of 1845, his remains were removed to Frankfort, Kentucky, and a monument erected by public spirited citizens of the place. In person, Boone was five feet ten inches in height, and of robust and powerful proportions. He was ordinarily attired as a hunter, wearing a hunting shirt and moccasins. His biographer, who saw him at his residence, on the Missouri River, but a short time before his death, says, that on his introduction to Colonel Boone, the impressions were those of surprise, admiration and delight. In boyhood, he had read of Daniel Boone, the pioneer of Kentucky, the celebrated hunter and Indian fighter; and imagination had portrayed a rough, fierce-looking, uncouth specimen of humanity, and of course, at this period of life, a fretful and unattractive old man. But in every respect the reverse appeared. His high, bold forehead was slightly bald, and his silvered locks were combed smooth; his countenance was ruddy and fair, and exhibited the simplicity of a child. His voice was soft and melodious; a smile frequently played over his features in conversation; his clothing was the coarse, plain manufacture of the family; but everything about him denoted that kind of comfort which was congenial to his habits and feelings, and evinced a happy old age. His room was part of a range of log cabins, kept in order by his affectionate daughter and granddaughters, and every member of the household appeared to delight in administering to the comforts of "grandfather Boone," as he was familiarly called.

When age had enfeebled his once athletic frame, he would make an excursion, twice a year, to some remote hunting-ground, employing a companion, whom he bound by a written contract to take care of him; and should he die in the wilderness, to bring his body to the cemetery which he had selected as a final resting-place.

Boone was a fair specimen of the better class of western pioneers; honest, kind-hearted, and liberal—in short, one of nature's noblemen. He abhorred a mean action, and delighted in honesty and truth. While he acknowledged that he had used guile with the Indians, he excused it as necessary to counteract their duplicity, but despised in them this trait of character. He never delighted in shedding human blood, even of his enemies in war, and avoided it whenever he could. His most remarkable quality was an enduring and invincible fortitude.

Mr. Brown's Mishaps.

Mr. Eliphalet Brown was a bachelor of thirty-five or thereabout, one of those men who seem to be born to pass through the world alone. Save this peculiarity, there was nothing to distinguish Mr. Brown from the multitude of other Browns who are born, grow up and die in this world of ours.

It chanced that Mr. Brown had occasion to visit a town some fifty miles distant, on matters of business. It was his first visit to the place, and he proposed stopping for a day, in order to give himself an opportunity to look about.

Walking leisurely along the street, he was all at once accosted by a child of five, who ran up to him, exclaiming:
"Father, I want you to buy me some more candy."
"Father!" was it possible that he, a bachelor, was addressed by that title. He could not believe it.

"Who were you speaking to, my dear?" he inquired of the little girl.
"I spoke to you, father," said the little one, surprised.
Really, thought Mr. Brown, this is embarrassing.

"I am not your father, my dear," he said; "what is your name?"
The child laughed heartily, evidently thinking it a good joke.
"What a funny father you are," she said; "but you are going to buy me some candy."
"Yes, yes, I'll buy you a pound if you won't call me father any more," said Brown, nervously.

The little girl clasped her hands with delight. The promise was all she remembered.
Mr. Brown proceeded to a confectionery store, and actually bought a pound of candy, which he placed in the hands of the little girl.

In coming out of the store they encountered the child's mother.
"Oh, mother," said the little girl, "just see how much candy father has bought for me."
"You shouldn't have bought her so much at a time, Mr. Jones," said the lady. "I am afraid she will make herself sick. But how did you happen to get home so quick? I did not expect you to be so long."
"What a funny father you are," she said; "but you are going to buy me some candy."
"Yes, yes, I'll buy you a pound if you won't call me father any more," said Brown, nervously.

"Good heavens, Mr. Jones! what has put this silly tale into your head? You have concluded to change your name, have you? Perhaps it's your intention to change your wife!"
Mrs. Jones's tone was now defiant, and this tended to increase Mr. Brown's embarrassment.

"I haven't any wife, madame; I never had any. On my word as a gentleman, I never was married."
"And do you intend to palm this tale off upon me?" said Mrs. Jones with excitement. "If you are not married, I'd like to know who I am?"

"I have no doubt you are a most respectable lady," said Mr. Brown, "and I conjecture, from what you have said, that your name is Jones; but mine is Brown, madame, and always was."
"Melinda," said her mother, suddenly taking her child by the arm, and leading her up to Mr. Brown, "Melinda, who is this gentleman?"
"Why, that's father," was the child's immediate reply, as she confidently placed her hand in his.

"You hear that, Mr. Jones, do you? You hear what the innocent child says, and yet you are the unblushing impudence to deny that you are my husband! The voice of nature, speaking through the child, should overwhelm you. I'd like to know, if you are not her father, why you are buying candy for her? I would like to have you answer that. But I presume you never saw her before in your life."
"I never did. On my honor, I never did. I told her I would give her the candy if she wouldn't call me father any more."
"You did, did you? Bribed your child not to call you father? Oh, M. Jones, this is infamous! Do you intend to desert me, sir, and leave me to the cold charities of the world? And is this your first step?"

Mrs. Jones was so overcome that, without any warning, she fell back upon the sidewalk in a fainting fit.

Instantly a number of persons ran to her assistance.

"Is your wife subject to fainting in this way?" asked the first comer of Brown.

"I don't know," said Mr. Brown. "She isn't my wife. I don't know anything about her."
"Why it's Mrs. Jones, isn't it?"
"Yes, but I'm not Mr. Jones."
"Sir," said the first speaker, sternly, "this is no time to jest. I trust that you are not the cause of the excitement which must have occasioned your wife's fainting fit. You had better call a coach and carry her home directly."
"Poor Brown was dumfounded."

"I wonder," thought he, "whether it's possible that I'm Mr. Jones and have gone crazy, in consequence of which I fancy that my name is Brown. And yet I don't think I'm Jones. In spite of all I'll insist that my name is Brown."
"Well, sir, what are you waiting for? It is necessary that your wife should be removed at once. Will you order a carriage?"

Brown saw that there was no use to protract the discussion by a denial. He therefore, without contesting the point, ordered a hackney coach to the spot.

Mr. Brown accordingly lent an arm to Mrs. Jones, who had somewhat recovered, and was about to close the door upon her.

"Why, are you not going yourself?"
"Why, no; why should I?"
"Your wife should not go alone, she has hardly recovered."

Brown gave a despairing glance at the crowd around him, and deeming it useless to make opposition, was so many seemed thoroughly convinced that he was Mr. Jones, followed the lady in.

"Where shall I drive?" asked the whip.
"I—I—don't know," said Mr. Brown.
"Where would you wish to be carried?"
"Home, of course," murmured Mrs. Jones. "I don't know," said Brown.

"No, no, H—struck," said the gentleman already introduced, glancing contemptuously at Brown.

"Will you help me out, Mr. Jones?" said the lady. "I am not fully recovered from the fainting fit into which your cruelty drove me."
"Are you quite sure that I am Mr. Jones?" asked Brown with anxiety.

"Of course," said Mrs. Jones.
"Then, said he, resignedly, 'I suppose I am. But, if you will believe me, I was firmly convinced, this morning, that my name was Brown, and, to tell the truth, I haven't any recollection of this house.'"
Brown helped Mrs. Jones into the parlor, but good heavens, conceive the astonishment of all, when a man was discovered seated in an arm chair, who was the very far-simile of Mr. Brown, in form, feature, and every other respect!

"Gracious!" exclaimed the lady, "which is which is my husband?"
An explanation was given, the mystery cleared up, and Mr.

