

No 30 - Pertinencia a la practica del Alarido

Walla Walla Statesman.

50,00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION. OFFICE ON THIRD STREET. VOLUME IV. WALLA WALLA, WASHINGTON TERRITORY, FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 17, 1865. NUMBER 14.

The Walla Walla Statesman.
PUBLISHED Every Friday Evening.
Office, Statesman Building, Third street, next door to Brown Bros' & Co's proof brick store.
R. R. and S. G. REES, Editors and Proprietors.

EDWARD SHREVE, M. D., PHYSICIAN.
Sergeon and Accoucheur, has resumed the practice of his profession. Office, at his house, next to the Walla Walla Hotel.
July 28, 1863. 32ly

THIBODO & BRO., PHYSICIANS. SURGEONS and Midwives.
Office at Drug Store, two doors above Bro's & Co's Proof brick, Main street, Walla Walla, W. T.
A. J. Thibodo, M. A. M. D. and Member Royal College Surgeons, England.
O. J. Thibodo, M. D. and Ex-Surgeon R. M. Navy.
Our Diplomas can be seen at our office.

ASATER & LANGFORD, ATTORNEYS
at Law, with offices at the Courts of Washington Territory, Idaho Territory, and Oregon.
Office one door west of Kyser & Recco's Brick Store, Walla Walla, W. T.
Sept. 1, 1863. 30ly

FRANK P. DUGAN, Attorney and Counselor
at Law. Office opposite the Post Office, Walla Walla, W. T.
Will attend the sessions of all the District and Supreme Courts in the Territory. (mar. 63.) 30

WESTERN HOTEL, CORNER OF FIRST
and Morrison streets, Portland, Oregon.
S. B. SMITH, Proprietor.
This Hotel is centrally located, and has been recently enlarged by the addition of two stories in height, containing a large number of handsomely furnished rooms, for the accommodation of regular or transient boarders. 11

F. MILLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Idaho City, Boise county, I. P. Prompt personal attention paid to all professional business entrusted to Charges reasonable. Collections punctually and promptly made. (Bannock City, 1864.) 30

S. D. MIX & S. B. FARGO, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Walla Walla, W. T.
Will promptly attend to all business to them in the District and Supreme Courts in the Territory.
Sept. 1, 1864. 30ly

LEOPOLD WOLFF,
BY AT LAW—Stark's Building, Front and Third streets, Walla Walla, W. T.
Gutscher (Abohat.)
all the Courts of Oregon and Washington Territory.
Oct. 7, 1864. 11

LAW, FORWARDING AND COMMISSION
Merchandise, Front street, Portland, Oregon.
dealer in Eastern Wagon Timber, Hubbs, Axes, &c. Also on hand and for sale, a variety of the celebrated Standard Mills Flour and for sale in lots to suit. 11

WATER HOUSE, FRONT STREET, Portland, Oregon.
M. O'CONNOR, Proprietor.
What Cheer House Wagon will be on the convey passengers and baggage free of charge and for keeping valises. 11

YOUNG, DEALER IN MARBLE
Statues, Tombs, Stoves, and Carved Granite Monuments, Hearth stones, Stone for purposes, &c.
All Stone cutting done to order.
Oct. 1, 1864. 15ly

HORTON, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
and City Assessor. Will attend to collect all taxes, assessments, acknowledgment of deeds, transfers of real or personal property, etc.
Counsell chamber, 24 street of Bank Bldg. Dec. 4, 1862-ly

J. RECTOR,
Attorney at Law, Walla Walla Co., W. T.
Public, and Commissioner of Deeds for Oregon.
Clerk of the U. S. District Court, City of Walla Walla.

MORTGAGES, Powers of Attorney, and instruments of all kinds carefully drawn and acknowledged. Instruments for acknowledgment taken. Acknowledged on Court of the Seal of the District Court.
1862-4f L. J. RECTOR.

LOGG & McAULIFF'S FERRY.
AT THE MOUTH OF TUCANON, three miles from the old Ferry on the Colville River. This Ferry possesses superior advantages for the traveling public, situated as it is on the most accessible point for travel to Colville, Anaple Plante, Bitter Root, and and, in fact, on the most direct route to all that portion of country lying to the north and northeast of Snake river.
The road leading from Walla Walla to the Ferry is far superior to the old Colville road, and the country is better supplied with grass and water. The public will find it to their advantage to travel this route.
KELLOGG & McAULIFF.
March 19, 1863. 14f

EMPIRE HOTEL & RESTAURANT
Main Street, Walla Walla.
L. MARKHAM, PROPRIETOR.
THE ABOVE HOTEL, HAVING BEEN MUCH enlarged and otherwise greatly improved, is again open to the public. It will be kept on the hotel and restaurant principle. Meals at all hours. NEW SUITES OF ROOMS, for Sleeping Apartments have been added to the house and furnished in such a manner as to make it a comfortable home for the Traveler and Boarder.
The Table is always supplied with the best market affords. Terms Moderate.
Walla Walla, Oct. 21, 1864. 45f

City Hotel.
Having rented and thoroughly refitted the above Hotel, I will open it on Monday, the 31 day of May upon the strict Preparation System, at the following Rates of Board and Lodging:
Single Bed, per Week, \$5.00
Board and Lodging per Week, 12.00
Single Bed, per Week, 10.00
Bed and Room, 5.00
Let it be distinctly understood that our terms are cash in Advance.
E. E. TAYLOR, Proprietor.
April 29, 1864.

DR. E. STEVENSON,
OMEOPATHIST—SUCCESSOR TO DR. GIBSON—Graduate Hom. College, Cleveland O.—of Canada.
I am permanently located in the city, Dr. S. is a continuation of the patronage secured by Gibson, by whom he is recommended.
Residence at the City Hotel.
Dec. 30, 1864. 3m3

TS AND SHOES.
Has had constantly on hand and best selected stock of and Lather this side of Portland, a suit of who want anything in his line, will find it to their advantage to be notified on a reasonable terms, and to give satisfaction. Call on the west of Walla, Parizo & Co's, 11ly

Fall Arrangement.
CHANGE OF TIME.
FROM AND AFTER THIS DATE, UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE,
The Oregon Steam Navigation Co's STEAMERS
WILL LEAVE CILLO FOR WALLULA Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
WILL LEAVE WALLULA FOR CILLO Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, At 5 o'clock A. M.

The Steamer Onondago, Capt. J. McNulty will leave WALLULA every Sunday except at 5 o'clock a. m. for the CASCADES, connecting with the steamer Wilson G. Hunt, Capt. Wolf, for PORTLAND. J. S. RUCKLE, Proprietor. Oct. 7, 1864. By L. DAY, Ag't, Wallula.

ORIENTAL HOTEL.
Main Street, Walla Walla, W. T.
THIS SPACIOUS AND ELEGANT HOTEL, having just been built and furnished with entirely new furniture, is now prepared for the accommodation of the public in a style superior to any other house in the upper country. The rooms are large, well lighted, warmed and ventilated, having superior accommodations for families and ladies' private dining-rooms; also, saloons of rooms for parties.

The Ordinary Department is under the management of experienced Cooks, and the table will always be supplied with the best market can afford.

The Bar
Is under the supervision of Mr. N. S. SWAN, and will always be found stocked with the best wines, Liquors and Cigars. M. HARTMAN, & CO. N. B.—The House is kept open all night. Sept. 3, 1864. 30ly Proprietors.

Challenge Saloon.
Main Street, Walla Walla, W. T.
RYAN & GREEN,
HAVING PURCHASED THIS POPULAR ESTABLISHMENT from Hall & Steiner, have improved and refitted it in its present style, making it in all its departments a First Class Saloon. And as it has always been the house where "Everybody goes," they intend that it shall be in future a place where everybody will be made comfortable. They keep only the best quality of Wines and Liquors, and among which is a large stock of Superior Old Nabob Sazara, Vintage 1794.

Full files of all the Sporting papers, and also all the principal California, Eastern and European papers and periodicals can always be seen at the Challenge. Sept. 2, 1864. 35f

Walla Walla and Lewiston
CARRIAGE LINE.
CARRYING U. S. MAILS AND WELLS, FARGO & CO'S EXPRESS,
THROUGH IN ONE DAY
Leaves Walla Walla and Lewiston Every Other Day.
Connecting with the Stages for Walla Walla and Dalea. Passengers leaving Lewiston in the morning reach Walla Walla for Portland same day.
Extra baggage or freight 12 cents per lb.
Stage Office at KOHLHAUFF & GUICHARD'S, in Walla Walla, and at HILL BEACH'S in Lewiston. Sept. 2, 1864. 25f

FRANKLIN MARKET,
East End of Walla Walla, opposite Howard & Cook's Store.
JOSEPH PETTY, Proprietor.
HAS ALWAYS ON HAND, Beef, Pork and Mutton, also, HAMS, BACON, BALDWIN'S, &c., and hopes to receive a liberal share of public patronage. Country orders strictly attended to.
WALLA WALLA CURED HAMS AND BACON for sale. Oct. 21, 1864. 45ly

Watch Repairing.
THIS subscriber would inform the citizens of Walla Walla, and vicinity, that any work entrusted to his care (through the Express) will receive his personal attention. From his long experience in the business, he is enabled to perform it in a manner unsurpassed in the State. Charges as low as elsewhere, and all work warranted.
He is also prepared to fill any orders in the Watch and Jewelry Business, with dispatch, at the lowest possible prices.
JACOB COLIEN, Portland, Oregon, April 17, 1862.

For Boise Mines Direct:
Walla Walla and Boise Line of CONCORD STAGES
CARRYING THE U. S. OVERLAND MAILS and Wells, Fargo & Co's Express, is now making regular trips from Walla Walla to Placerville, (Boise Mines) THROUGH IN TWO AND A HALF DAYS, Connecting with
The Walla Walla Line of Stages and the Boise and Placerville Stage, at Placerville.
GEO. F. THOMAS & CO. Proprietors. August 5, 1864.

CITY BREWERY.
E. MEYER, PROPRIETOR.
Lager Beer and Ale FOR SALE AT THE BREWERY, At Wholesale and by the Measure.
BREWERY ON SECOND ST., East end of Town, Walla Walla, W. T.
May 6 & 18 21 ly E. MEYER.

WALLA WALLA BREWERY.
JO. HELLMUTH & CO., At the old Stand, Main Street, Walla Walla, MANUFACTURERS OF LAGER BEER, And Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Wines and Liquors.
KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND A FULL stock of Lager Beer and Ale, of their own manufacture, which they warrant to be equal in quality to any manufactured on the coast. They also keep constantly on hand a stock of Wines and Liquors of the best brands, which they invite everybody to call and partake of at 12 1/2 cents a drink. Dec. 2, 1864. 5ly

To Druggists and Painters.
THE UNDERSIGNED ARE CONSTANTLY Manufacturing a superior article of Turpentine for the trade. We will fill orders in quantities to suit, at reduced prices. We are also manufacturing a superior article of Axle-grease for the Wholesale trade. T. WOOD & CO., Nov. 11, '64. Front street, Portland, Oregon.

The Snow at Fredericksburg.
BY HOWARD GLENNON.
Drift over the slopes of the sunrise land,
O, wonderful, wonderful snow!
O, pure as the breast of a virgin saint!
Drift tenderly, gently and lowly,
Over the slopes of the sunrise land,
And into the haunted dells
Of the forest pines, where the sobbing winds
Are taming their memory bells:
Into the forest of sighing pines,
And over those yellow slopes
That seem but the work of the cleaving plow,
But cover so many hopes!
They are many, indeed, and straightly made,
Not shaggy with loving care;
But the souls let out and the broken blades
May never be counted here!

Fall over the lonely graves,
And over those yellow slopes
Like the blessing of God's unflinching love
On the weary laborer below;
Like the tender sigh of an angel's soul,
As she waits and watches for one
Who will never come back from the sunrise land
When this terrible war is done.

And here were little the high of heart,
Drift white as the bridal veil
That will never be worn by the drooping girl
Who sits at the feet of the suffering wife,
Fall fast as the tears of the suffering wife,
Out to the blood-red battle-fields
That crimson the eastern sands.

Fall in the virgin tenderness,
O, delicate snow! and cover
Their lovely and quiet graves,
Husband, and son and lover;
Drift tenderly over the yellow slopes,
And put us in mind of the shivering souls,
And their mantles of deep distress.

The Secret Room.
Our regiment was stationed at Colchester. It was midsummer—hot, arid midsummer. I had grown intensely weary of the idle, inactive life we were leading. The days had become almost insufferably long and dreary; a feeling of ennui and restlessness took possession of me, and I sighed for green meadows, shady lanes, and the cool murmurs of rivulets. Leave of absence was easily obtained; but where should I go?

I now more forcibly realized than ever before my isolated life. I was alone in the world. No kindred to extend to me the kindly hand of greeting—no home to which my steps might turn. I had formed but few friendships among my companions, for I had but little in common with them. It was at this time that I fortunately received a letter from an old friend of my father's residing in the wild and romantic district of West Carbery, in the southern part of Ireland. He wrote, begging me to pay him a visit, saying that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to welcome the son of his highly esteemed friend to his heart and home.

I was highly delighted with the prospect of a change of scene, and I immediately set out on my journey. I reached my destination, I could scarcely believe my eyes with the gloomy, morbid being of a short time back. As the carriage rolled slowly up the avenue, I had ample opportunity of taking a survey of the place. It was a large rambling mansion, seemingly many centuries old. The right wing was inhabited, the left being much decayed and covered with the green, clinging ivy. The lawn was closely mown and adorned with shrubs. Mr. Glenn stood in the open doorway and in a few moments it was folded in his fatherly embrace.

"God bless you, my boy!" he said, in a tone full of love and joy. "I am so glad to see you, and we will do everything in our power to contribute to your pleasure during your stay. I will show you to your room, Harold," he continued, "and then leave you to make preparations for dinner. We dine precisely at three, being too unfashionable for late dinners."

Alas! if he had foreseen the sorrow and misery that my coming brought, would not his blessing have been turned into a curse, and would he not have crossed his threshold? But I am anticipating. My room was cool and commodious, and afforded a fine view of the distant mountains, clearly defined against the deep blue sky. It was not at all added to a long and laborious toilet, and had completed my preparations when Mr. Glenn made his appearance and led the way to the dining-hall.

"My daughters, Harold! I hope you will become good friends," was the rather unceremonious introduction as we entered, and we were soon seated at the hospitable board, all restraint being effectually banished by Mr. Glenn's frank and hearty conversation. Edith, Glenn, the elder of the two sisters, would have been generally termed a beautiful woman, she wore a regal look, with her high white brow, raven hair, and dark, flashing eyes, but she had a certain something about her which the chaste lines that marked her beauty.

When we repaired to the drawing-room, Maud seated herself on a low cushion and bent over her embroidery; Edith, taking her stand at the open window, beckoned me to her side with a bright smile.

"What do you think of our scenery, Mr. Ashley?" she asked. "Are not some portions of it grandly sublime?"

"I can readily share your admiration, Miss Glenn," I replied, "for I have rarely, if ever, seen it equal."

"You may perhaps wonder at our selecting so secluded a situation," said Mr. Glenn; "but we have resided here only the last few years, and I have proved by experience that the truest happiness is found in retirement."

His countenance wore a troubled look, and he sighed heavily as he spoke.

Conversing upon various topics, my first evening at Glenn's passed swiftly and pleasantly away. Every coming day was replete with pleasure. We walked, rode, and sailed, Maud would charm away the evenings by warbling sweet songs, while her fingers swept the chords of her harp.

I loved Maud Glenn. That my love was returned, I did not doubt. I read it in the drooping of the violet eyes, the varying color of the soft cheek, and the trembling of the little white hand when it obscured to meet my own.

One evening as we stood together in the recess of one of the large windows, with the moonlight falling on Maud's golden hair and flooding the room with its pale light, I told her of my love. She was far too frank and true-hearted for coquetry. She simply laid her hand in mine; I needed no other answer. For a long time we stood there, talking of the future—when suddenly a shadow fell across the moonlight upon the floor. I glanced around and caught a glimpse of Edith gliding from the room. Her face was deadly pale, and her eyes had a strange, wild glitter, unaccountable to reason myself into the belief that it was the effect of my imagination, and in my new found happiness the remembrance soon faded from my mind. But when it was too late, the circumstance returned with start and returned to Glenn late that night. Oh, the glorious happy days that followed! How bright a dream to have so terrible an awakening! But why should I dwell upon this blissful period? It only renders the gloom of the present more oppressive. The day that was fast approaching which was to wreck my happiness forever.

Mr. Glenn was a great fisherman; and one cloudy morning, as he lingered over the breakfast table, he handed me a glorious day for fishing, Harold. It would be a good idea to take our rods, and devote the whole day to the sport."

I yielded a ready assent, and we were soon equipped and off. We met with excellent success, and returned to Glenn's late that night after the house had retired, feeling quite fatigued with our long day.

Early the next morning I hurried to the drawing-room, expecting to find Maud prepared for our accustomed before breakfast ramble. But the room was empty, and I impatiently seated myself in our favorite recess, thinking every moment to see the flutter of her white dress in the doorway, and hear her sweet tones of welcome. Still she lingered, and, leaning my head upon my hands, I fell into a pleasant reverie.

"Awaiting Maud?" The words were lightly and mockingly spoken. I started up. Edith stood before me, a wild light in her eyes and a bitter smile curling her lip.

"Listen," she continued, "now that my ends are accomplished and my revenge complete, I have a revelation to make to you. Her eyes and looks were totally unrecognizable, and I was about to speak, but she silenced me with a gesture.

"Hear me through," she said, "and witness my triumph. From the first moment that I saw you, I was in love with you. You were a gentle nature could never father. You would have loved to love me in return, but she stepped between us, and I hated her for it. While my heart was torn with conflicting emotions, you came to me, and my time had yet to come. My hate grew deeper day by day, and I felt soon that she should possess your love I would make any sacrifice. No one ever dreamed nor did I reveal, that I had explored the unsealed door and made the discovery of a secret room. It was a wonderful piece of mechanism. By touching a small spring a door would fly back from the seemingly unbroken surface of wall, revealing a hidden passage, through which you might strike or groan would penetrate. With the wire and mechanism, I was enabled to come and come extinct within fifteen hours. Doubtless it had had its score of victims. My plans were formed, and yesterday an opportunity was presented to carry them into effect. I tempted Edith to this secret room, and while she was wondering surveying it, with her back turned to me, I stole away and touched the spring; the door flew back in its place, and I left her alone in darkness and death. All that night, in imagination I beheld her shrieks and moans, and calls for help; beheld her beating her hands against the wall endeavoring to discover the spring, and pictured her despair at finding her attempts all in vain. But there was no pity in my heart for her. I stood like some statue before Edith as she spoke, each terrible word falling upon my heart like lead, but without a realizing sense.

"Do you not comprehend?" she said. "Perchance I have become a little more than you see. Like one in a hideous dream, I followed her almost mechanically as she led the way to the left wing. The key was applied to the rusty lock, the door swung back with a grating sound, and I beheld her lying in a pool of blood, her hands raised, and through the long corridors. At length she paused, and touching an almost concealed spring in the wall and a door flew back. Extended on the bare floor, with her long golden hair falling around her like a shroud, lay Maud, as dead, cold and dead. To spring to her side and raise the drooping head to my bosom was the work of a moment. I could not believe that life was really extinct. I essayed to lift the shroud from her face, but she was so cold and stiff, that I found it impossible to do so. I was glad to find you better, Mr. Ashley," he said, cheerfully. "I hope you will soon entirely recover."

"The whole of the terrible past rushed upon my mind with lightning-like rapidity. "Have I been ill long?" I asked. "Several weeks," was the reply. "Doctor," I said, "anything is preferable to this wretched existence. I would give up my life for a moment's rest. His tones were full of deep sadness as he replied, 'We can but bow submissively to the Divine will, Mr. Ashley, knowing 'He doeth all things well.' He had intuitively felt that all hope was over, but the shock of having my worst fears confirmed was a bitter one. "And Mr. Glenn and— My lips could not frame Edith's name, and the words died away. "Mr. Glenn is also dead," he said. "Edith is hopelessly insane, and confined in an asylum." "Insane?" I exclaimed, shudderingly. "I suppose you are not acquainted with Mr. Glenn's early history, for he rarely spoke of it," said the physician. "When a young man he was a leader of the mob, and while sojourning in Italy wedded an Italian lady, very beautiful, but of a fiery, passionate nature. She died insane, leaving a little girl. Mr. Glenn returned to England, and after an expiration of a few years, again married. His second wife was frail and delicate, and in a short time she was again widowed with two motherless daughters. Almost broken-hearted and weary of the world, he came to Glenn, hoping to find in solitude some balm for his wounded spirit. "He has long feared the development of this terrible malady in his eldest daughter, but little imagined that it would be attended by such a result. Upon the day of that sad occurrence, Mr. Glenn was startled by a loud and piercing shriek. The door of the left wing was found open, and, guided by a second shriek, he hurried to whence he thought the sound proceeded. In that fatal room was discovered, lying insensible by Maud's lifeless body, with Edith leaning over her. He comprehended that in a fit of insanity she had immured her sister within a living tomb, and, when all was over, acquainted you with the awful fact. Mr. Glenn never recovered from the shock. Maud's name was the last upon his lips."

As the physician concluded, I averted my eyes, and endeavored to shut out light, sound, and even thought.

My constitution was strong and vigorous, and I recovered rapidly. In a few weeks I turned my back upon the scene of this terrible tragedy, and left Glenn's forever.

A THEATRICAL INCIDENT.—Some years ago, the manager of a "well regulated theatre," somewhere along the line of the Erie canal, engaged a good-looking and bright young lady as a supernumerary. It happened that the young lady in question had formerly officiated in some capacity as a "hand" on board a canal boat, a fact that she was extremely anxious to conceal. She conceived much anxiety to master the details of the newly-chosen profession, and soon exhibited a more than ordinary degree of comic talent. She was duly promoted, and in time became a general favorite to both manager and public. One night she was announced to appear in a favorite part. A couple of boatmen found their way into the pit, near the footlights, particularly anxious to see the new comedienne. She received a general and warm approval, and the subsidence of the general applause which greeted her appearance, one of the boatmen slapped his companion on the shoulder, and with an emphatic exclamation, exclaimed, loud enough to be heard over half the house:

"Bill, I know that gal!" "Pshaw," said Bill, "dry up."

"But I'm d—d if I don't now Bill. It's Sal Flukins as sure you're born. She's Old Flukins' daughter, and she's the one that run the injured Polly, and she used to sail with him."

"Tom," said Bill, "you're a fool, and if you don't stop your infernal cack, you'll get put out. Sal Flukins! You know a sight if you do!"

Tom was silenced, but not convinced. He watched the actress in all her motions with intense interest, and ere long broke out again:

"I tell you, Bill, that is her—I know 'em. You can't fool me—I know her too well!" Bill, who was a good deal interested in the play, was out of all patience at this persistent interruption on the part of Tom. He gave him a tremendous nudge with his elbow, as an emblem of his indignation, and said, "Tom, without minding the admonition, said:

"You just wait—I'll fix her. Keep your eye on me."

Sure enough he did fix her. Watching his opportunity he hid his head to avoid the anticipated collision. Down came the house with a perfect thunder of applause at the "palpable hit," high above which Tom's voice could be heard. He returned Bill's punch in the ribs with interest, and old boy—'I know 'em 'twas her. You couldn't fool me!"

THE FOOT OF A HORSE.—The human hand has often been taken to illustrate Divine wisdom—'as a very weak, but yet ever-constant support to the foot of the horse. These are some of the most complicated, yet their design is simple and obvious. The hoof is not, as it appears to the careless eye, a mere lump of inextensible bone fastened to the bone of the foot. It is made up of a series of thin layers, or leaves of horn, about five hundred in number, nicely fitted to each other, and forming a lining to the hoof itself. Then there are as many more layers, belonging to what is called the "collar bone," and fitted into these. These are elastic. Take a quire of paper and insert the leaves one by one into those of another quire, and you will get some idea of the arrangement of the layers. Now, the weight of the horse rests upon the hoof, and the weight of the hoof rests upon the layers of horn, about five hundred in number, nicely fitted to each other, and forming a lining to the hoof itself. 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Forcing Greenbacks into Circulation.

That excessively Loyal Journal, the Washington Standard makes the last and highest test of devotion to "the Government"...

Dean Swift, in his "Tale of a Tub" has demanded the only parallel to the maddest demands of this Olympia Loyalist.

The Father of Greenbacks, Mr. Chase, knew perfectly well how to keep greenbacks near par.

But the presumption is that most of them will be either killed in the war or crippled so that they will be useless to their masters.

Having thus concluded not to judge lest he himself might be judged, Mr. Lincoln evidently forgets himself, and immediately proceeds to judge, as follows:

Mr. Lincoln judges that slavery is the offense that occasioned the war and that the Almighty is waging it as a woe due to those who have committed the offense.

ARRIVAL OF THE BOAT.—The steamer Ouyhee arrived at Walla Walla on Tuesday evening.

AT HOME.—Hon. B. N. Saxton returned home on Wednesday, looking, as did the other "Hons." from this county, much improved in appearance by his trip to the Sound.

The New Tax Bill.

The dispatches give the following as some of the features of the new Tax Bill, passed at the late session of Congress:

On all incomes exceeding six hundred dollars, a tax of five per cent; on all over five thousand, a tax of ten per cent.

The stamp tax is so amended as to make every written instrument void without its proper stamp.

300,000 MORE.—The Confederate Congress, it appears from the dispatches, has finally settled the question of enlisting negroes for the rebel service.

JEFFERSON.—Mr. Lincoln, in his inaugural, says in regard to the Southern people invoking the aid of the Almighty to assist them in the war.

CONSOLIDATION OF THE 1st W. T. INFANTRY.—Pursuant to instructions from Headquarters, Department of the Pacific, the following consolidation of the 1st Regiment of W. T. Infantry is ordered:

Companies G and I are consolidated into one Company, which will be designated as "I" Company, and officered as follows: W. W. Thompson, Captain; Wm. Kapus 1st Lieutenant, and Charles F. West 2d Lieutenant.

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President Lincoln's Second Inaugural.

Fellow Countrymen.—At this second appearing to take the oath of the Presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were then anxiously directed to the impending civil war.

Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any man should dare claim the just God's assistance in warring against his fellow countrymen.

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Mr. Lincoln judges that slavery is the offense that occasioned the war and that the Almighty is waging it as a woe due to those who have committed the offense.

A VALID EXCUSE.—The radical Abolitionists have of late had no good excuse to offer for not enlisting to fight against the slaveholders' most unholy rebellion.

THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE OF THE YREKA UNION.—Democratic paper—was destroyed by fire on the 5th inst.

Eastern News.

New York, March 7.—The Times North Carolina letter says: We have a multiplicity of rumors relative to the evacuation of Mobile.

Chicago, March 7.—A Nashville letter of March 2d says: Nearly every day for the past week two full regiments, and sometimes three, of New troops, have passed through this city.

New York, March 7.—Everything was progressing favorably at Charleston, and traders were beginning to open stores.

New York, March 9.—The World's Wilmington correspondent under date of Feb. 28th, says: Our advance under Terry is now 12 miles from here.

Washington, March 2.—Information from the Army of the Potomac says all is quiet. The freshes was subsiding.

Washington, March 7.—A man named Clements has been turned over to the civil by the military authorities, upon positive evidence that he had all his plans arranged for the assassination of President Lincoln on inauguration day.

Washington, March 7.—Gov. Evans, of Colorado, is now here. He has been authorized by Gen. Pope to give notice to emigrants and freighters across the plains.

Washington, March 7.—The World's Washington special dispatch says: Senator Gwin recently stated that his departure for Paris was caused by information he had received from trustworthy sources.

Washington, March 8.—The Herald's City Point correspondent of the 6th says: There is no longer any doubt of Sheridan's expedition up the valley being crowned with complete success.

CONGRESSIONAL.

The Tribune's special dispatch says: The Senate expects to complete its business this week.

New York, March 8.—The act of Congress creating the office of Chief of Staff to Lieutenant General Grant, confers that office upon Brig. Gen. Rawlings, who has shared in the hardships and dangers of Gen. Grant's campaigns from Belmont to the present time.

New York, March 6.—The celebration of the Union successes, which was postponed on Saturday on account of the weather, took place to-day.

New York, March 9.—The Times' Paris correspondent says: The Emperor does not intend to make any interference in our war, and is going to remove all pretext for our interfering in Mexico.

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NOTICE.

Rev. J. H. Wilbur—Dear Sir:—I have received your letter of the 14th inst. in relation to the Indian Reservation.

As to the statement that he has not defrauded the Government, I have only to say that I made no such charge, nor did I allude to any body.

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