



THE WASHINGTON STATESMAN.

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WALLA WALLA, W. T. A. J. THIBODE, M. A., M. D. and Member Royal College Surgeon, England.

W. H. PHILLIPS. HAS ON HAND a large and well selected stock of TIN WARE, manufactured under his supervision.

H. P. ISAACS, City. Forwarding and Commission Merchant, STEEL-PINE-PROOF WAREHOUSE.

EDWARD NUGENT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Walla Walla, W. T.—Office, over the Bank Exchange.

WHAT? CHER HOUSE. FORT STREET, Portland, Oregon—M. O'Connor Proprietor.

F. A. CHENOWETH, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. OFFICE over the "Bank Exchange," next door to Cain & Nugent's office, Walla Walla, 1863.

A. J. CAIN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. OFFICE with County Surveyor, north side of the creek, Walla Walla, 1863.

JOHN R. FOSTER & CO., Importers and Dealers in Foreign and Domestic HARDWARE, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, Mechanics' and Miners' Tools.

S. W. DICKINSON, WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER. West side Main Street, over door above Baldwin & Whitehead's.

H. H. BLACK, DENTIST, Late of the Cincinnati College of Dental Surgery. OFFICE and LABORATORY No. 10 Alder Street, four doors from Front, PORTLAND, OREGON.

D. F. HARRINGTON, Family Groceries and Provisions. FURST Street, between Alder and Washington, PORTLAND, OREGON.

WALTER W. JOHNSON, COUNTY SURVEYOR, Civil Engineer and Notary Public. AND CLAIMS adjusted. Surveys, Plats and Maps made with accuracy to order.

DR. L. DANFORTH. OFFICE on Main Street, one door east of Newman & Co's Express office.

CRYSTAL SALOON. JUST RECEIVED A LOT OF SCOTCH AND IRISH WHISKY, direct from the Importers' H. B. Co's Store, Victoria, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

HAMILTON & COULSON.

Attorneys and Counselors at Law. WILL attend the Courts in Washington and Oregon.

BRIDGES & SON, Attorneys at Law, Walla Walla, W. T. WILL ATTEND FAITHFULLY and PROMPTLY to Collections, and will attend the Courts in Washington Territory and Oregon.

DR. BOATMAN, Physician and Surgeon. LATE POST HUNGER at Post Walla Walla, Office at Frank's Hotel, corner of Main and Third Streets, [Dec. 25, 1862.]

BOOT AND SHOE SHOP! M. E. GEORGE, Proprietor. Repairing Neatly Done. Prices moderate.

HUMASON & ODELL, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW. Prompt attention given to collections and other business placed in their hands.

J. W. COOK, MANUFACTURER and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Teas, Ales, Wines, Wagon Covers, Collars and Sacks, Portland, Oregon.

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CHARLES HENZOG PRACTICAL DENTIST, has recently received a new set of instruments, and is prepared to give better satisfaction than ever to those who may patronize him.

City Brewery and Bakery. E. MITCHELL, Manufacturer and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Lager Beer, Bread, Butter, Wax, Lard, Sugar and Soda Crackers.

Regular Line of Stages. WALLA! WALLA! A BROTHER'S REGULAR LINE OF STAGES leave this city regularly for Walla Walla on the arrival of the stage from this place.

Millinery and Fancy Goods! THE undersigned would respectfully call the attention of the ladies and gentlemen of Walla Walla to their stock of Millinery and Fancy Goods.

FANCY ARTICLES. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Zephyr and Cashmere Coats; Ladies' Corsets; Gentlemen's Collars, latest styles; Shawls, Ladies' and Children's Shirts.

Notice to Druggists. WE have on hand and are constantly receiving the finest quality of BRANDIES AND WINES, expressly for the Drug Trade.

TOWN LOTS FOR SALE! In Cain's Addition to the City of Walla Walla. Title good, and Terms easy.

DENNISON HOUSE. (Formerly Metropolitan Hotel.) CORNER OF FRONT AND STARK STS. PORTLAND, OREGON.

COLUMBIAN HOTEL. Corner of Front and Washington Streets, PORTLAND, OREGON.

FIRST CLASS HOUSE, in the very center of business, convenient to the various approaches to the City, and in the immediate vicinity of the River and Queen Steamer Landings.

Watch Repairing. THE 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.

WHEELER & WILSON'S Family Sewing Machines. NEW IMPROVEMENTS and great reduction in price.

FROM THE RED SKIN (PROVERBIAL).

Carrier's Address. JANUARY 1, 1863. Big deep, aged saxon, oh! dig the grave deep.

Our country no longer united as home, Spouts rivers of blood from her veins, And the feet of her children, wherever they roam, Leave blood-marks on mountains and plains.

God save the poor soldier! God sever his wife; God shield the lone orphan afar! And hush on the traitors that stirred up the strife.

How wonderful are the changes, Jim, Since twenty years ago, When boys were punts of tow, And men were made of cow, And children did a half-day's work Before they went to school.

Oh, well do I remember, Jim, That father bought and paid for, In cloth our girls had worn, And now we have no more, And now we get the thing to go, And add toward bread and hill mail— Some twenty years ago.

How to Keep Him. "Out again to-night?" said Mrs. Hayes fretfully, as her husband rose from the tea table and donned his great coat.

"Yes, I have an engagement with Moore; will be in early, leave a light in the library. Good night," said a careless nod, William Hayes left the room.

"Always the way," murmured Lizzie Hayes, sitting back upon her seat. "Out every night, I don't believe he cares one bit about me now, and yet he was married but two years. No man could have a more orderly home, I'm sure; and I never go anywhere, I am not a bit extravagant. Oh dear! why is it I was not rich; he did not marry me for money, and he must have loved me then—why does he now treat me with so much neglect? And with her mind filled with such fretful queries, Lizzie Hayes fell asleep on the sofa.

Let me print a picture as she lay there. She was a blonde, with small graceful figure and a very pretty face. The hair, which showed by its rich waves its tendency to curl, was brushed smoothly back, and gathered into a rich knot at the back, "it was such a bother to curl it," she said, her cheek was pale, and her own face was a discontented expression. Her dress was a neat hip and skirt, but she wore neither collar nor sleeves. "What's the use in dressing up just for William?"

Lizzie slept soundly for two hours, and then awoke suddenly. She sat up, gazed at the clock, and sighed drearily at the long interval to be spent alone before her bed-time. The library was just over the room in which she sat, and down the furnace pipe through the register, a voice came to the young wife's ears: it was the voice of her husband.

"Well, Moore, what is a man to do? I was disappointed, and I must have pleasure somewhere. Who could have fancied that Lizzie Jarvis, so perfectly sprightly and loving could have changed to the fretful dowdy she now is? Who would stay at home and hear his wife whining all the evening about her troublesome servants, and headaches, and all sorts of bothers? She has got the knack of drawing so, that upon my life I do not believe she could speak a pleasant word."

Lizzie sat as if stunned. If not exactly a dowdy, her costume was certainly not fit for an evening, even if it were an evening at home, with only William to admire. She rose and softly went to her own room, with lighter and sorrowful thoughts, with a firm resolution to win back her husband, and then, his love regained, keep it.

The next morning William came into the room with his usual careless manner, but a bright smile came on his lips as he saw Lizzie. A pretty china wrapper with a neat collar, and sleeves of snowy muslin, and a wreath of soft, full curls, had really metamorphosed her; while the blush of her husband's admiring glance called up on her cheeks did not attest from her beauty. At first William thought that there must be some guest, but by a glance he found they were alone.

"Come, William, your coffee will be stone cold," said Lizzie in a cheery, pleasant voice. "It must be cool, till you sweeten my breakfast with a kiss," said her husband, crossing the room to her side; and Lizzie's heart bounded as she recognized the old lover's tone and manner.

Not one fretful word, not one complaint, followed William's ear during the meal. The newspaper, his usual solace at that hour, lay untouched, as Lizzie chatted gaily on every pleasant subject she could think of, warming by his gratified interest and cordial manner.

"You will be home at dinner?" she said, as he went out. "Can't to-day, Lizzie; I have business out of town; but I'll be at home early to tea. Have something substantial, for I don't expect to dine. Good bye." And the smiling look, warm and loving as ever, of the evening previous.

"I am in the right path," said Lizzie, in a low whisper. "Oh, what a fool I have been for two years! A fretful dowdy—William, you shall never say that again."

Lizzie loved her husband with true wife devotion, and her lips would quiver as she thought of his condescension to his friend Moore; but like a brave, little woman, she stifled back the bitter feeling, and tripped off to perfect her plans. The grand piano, silent for many months, was opened, and the linen cover removed from the furniture. Lizzie was thinking, "He shall find my parlor more attractive than his own. I am determined."

True time came, and William came with it, a little figure in a tawny silk, smooth curls, and all such a lovely bluish and smile, stood ready to welcome William as he came in; and he passed as the morning had done.

After tea there was no movement as usual toward the hat rack. William stood up beside the table, lingering, chattering, till Lizzie also rose. She led him to the light, warm parlor, in the glow of its tasteful arrangement and drew him down on the sofa beside her. He felt as if he were courting her over again, as he watched her fingers busy with some needle-work, and listened to the cheerful voice he had loved so two years ago.

"What are you making Lizzie?" "A pair of slippers. Do you remember how much you slipped the pair I made for you ever so long ago?"

"I remember, black velvet, with flowers on them. I used to put my feet on the fender and draw it down by my eyes and light curls, and with those would move faster to the day when I could bring home my bonny wee wife to make music in my house."

Lizzie's face saddened for a moment, as she thought of the last two years, and how little music she had made for her loving heart, gradually wearing it from allegiance and then said, "I wonder if you love music as you did then?"

"Of course I do. I often drop in at Miss Smith's, for nothing else than to hear the music."

"I can play and sing better than Miss Smith," said Lizzie, half pouting. "But you always say you are out of practice when I ask you."

"I had the piano tuned this morning. Now open it and obey her summons."

William obeyed her joyfully, and toasting aside her sewing, Lizzie took the music stool. She had a sweet voice, not powerful but most musical, and she was a very fair performer on the piano.

"Oh, yes, I know you dislike opera music in the parlor." "Eh! I thought it was about since I ought to apologize, Lizzie, as I used to do, for every hair received a touch. The other monkeys were in the wildest state of excitement, evidently knowing from experience that they would all have to pass under the large one's hands; and when he had given a final polish to the small ones, he commenced a vigorous chase for his mate, an aged female, who, evidently disliking the ordeal, commenced a series of lofty tumblings, that would have made the fortune of even the distinguished Leonard. In vain: after a prolonged chase, in which the frightened inhabitants of the cage flew round so fast that it appeared to be full of flying legs, tails, and, for the large monkey seized the female; and, regardless of her attempts to liberate herself, he crushed her head to foot, to the great delight of a soldier, an infantry corps, who had entered the menagerie a few minutes before the grand hunt commenced."

Toilet of Traveling Wild Beast.

A correspondent of an English paper, in speaking of a caravan which once visited York, gives the following account of the manner in which the toilets of the animals were performed before they trotted company.

The Royal Bengal tiger was one of the finest beasts Capor had ever seen, and what he particularly admired was the jet black tawny of the stripes upon his tawny sides, and the vivid luster of his eyes. The lion seemed curiously laboring under a heavy sleep at the very time when he should have been awake; but then his mane was kept in admirable order. The hair around his face stood out like the bristles of a shagreen, and there was a curl in the knob of hair at the end of his tail that amply compensated for his inactivity. The hyenas looked sleek and happy and their teeth were remarkably white; but the elephant was not so clean as he looked.

"I don't understand what makes your animals look so bright," said Capor one day to one of the keepers. "Come here to-morrow morning early, when we make their toilets, and you'll see," replied the man laughing. "Why, there's that old hog of a lion, he's as savage before he has his medicine as a corporal, and looks as old as Methuselah until we arrange his beard and get him up for the day. As for the elephant—ugh!"

Capor's curiosity was aroused, and the next morning early he was in the menagerie. The first sight that struck his eye was the elephant, kneeling on one side, and waving his trunk about evidently as a signal of distress; while his keeper and another man were—blacking boot and shoe-brushes in hand—going all over him from stem to stern.

"Good day," said the keeper to him. "Here's a pair of boots for you I put outside the door to be blacked every morning for five francs a day. It's the dearest job I ever undertook. Here Peter," he continued to the man who helped him, "he shines enough; take away the brushes and bring me the sand-paper to rub up his tusks. Talk about polishing beasts! I believe myself that we beat all shows to pieces on that 'ere point. Some beasts are more knowing than others; for example, then monkeys in that cage there. Give that big fool of a shimpansy that brush, Peter, and let the gentleman see him operate on 'other monkey."

Peter gave the large monkey a brush, and, to Capor's astonishment, he saw the animal seize it with one paw, then springing forward, catch a small monkey with the other paw, and holding him down, in spite of his struggles, administered his complete brushing over the entire body, that every hair received a touch. The other monkeys were in the wildest state of excitement, evidently knowing from experience that they would all have to pass under the large one's hands; and when he had given a final polish to the small ones, he commenced a vigorous chase for his mate, an aged female, who, evidently disliking the ordeal, commenced a series of lofty tumblings, that would have made the fortune of even the distinguished Leonard. In vain: after a prolonged chase, in which the frightened inhabitants of the cage flew round so fast that it appeared to be full of flying legs, tails, and, for the large monkey seized the female; and, regardless of her attempts to liberate herself, he crushed her head to foot, to the great delight of a soldier, an infantry corps, who had entered the menagerie a few minutes before the grand hunt commenced."

Logrango Mississippi. A correspondent of the New York World writing lately from this place, thus speaks of the town and its inhabitants:

Logrango has been in former times a sort of Athens of Tennessee and Northern Mississippi—it boasts of several large and imposing, wooden buildings, some used as seminaries for the young ladies and gentlemen of this region. It has its share of the old fashion tumble-down structures, several of which have been converted into quarters for the coasters, who flock into our lines in great numbers. There are several creditable attempts at useful grounds, though the effect is generally marred by some sort of vulgar association. The town lots are large, and the site is really eligible for a beautiful city. But few of the inhabitants remain, most of the able-bodied men having long ago been drawn into the rebel army."

Haggard looking widows and scornful looking maidens, dressed up in all the odds and ends of a rag bag, with gutters long worn down, are all of feminine gentility which meet the eye. Groceries, dry goods, and even coal, are scarce. Sutters could do a grand business if it were allowed. Permits must be obtained of the Provost Marshal for small articles, and nothing is allowed to be sold to citizens except for family consumption.

General Rosekrans's Gallantry. W. D. B., of the Cincinnati Commercial, is Assistant Provost Marshal-General at Gen. Rosekrans's headquarters, and has charge of the female department. Occasionally a refractory woman breaks away from Capt. B., and insists on seeing the General. One of these lately rushed up to Gen. Rosekrans, intruding herself between Gen. R. and Gen. Hamilton, said: "Is this Gen. Rosekrans?"

"Yes, madam." "Well, General can't I have a pass?" "Madam, (with a low bow) it is not my business to give you a pass; it is my duty to refuse it."

Another lady approached on another occasion, and began with a pitiful story in regard to "poor, dear, sick uncle." "I conclude with you, madam," said the General, in that quiet way of his. "It is unfortunate that uncles will sometimes get seriously indisposed. I, too, have a dear, ailed uncle."

"Then you can sympathize with me," she said. "Yes, madam, I do; and when my Uncle Sam gets over his serious indisposition I will give you a pass."

Or Any Other Man.

"Ah-m-m-m! Fellow citizens, I have been called upon this evening to appear before you for—that is, I have been requested to appear upon the scaffold this evening for the purpose of elucidating to you the all-absorbing subject which now agitates the—the—certainly have, (Cheers) Ah-m-m-m! but to return to our subject: as I was about to remark previously beforehand, what's our country comin' to? That's what I'd like to know myself. Look at the great congregateed croonflux of this glorious Union, just look at it! Does anybody see it? Certainly, that's what our subject: Look at our great American eagle, the glorious emblem of our liberty—just look at me. (Here the speaker's voice was drowned by continued shouting and applause.) What are you a goin' to do with that 'ere bird? Look at 'im as he flies from the cloud-capped summit of Licherde mountains to the terrific abyss of the Godwell-cann avenue, 'n' flutters his tall feathers, 'n' sez, in the sweet language of the Apostle Paul, in his epistle to the Egyptians, when he said 'rue hog or die.' That's what's the matter. (Enthusiastic cheering.) Ah-m-m-m! but to return to our subject: look at our—look at our—that's what I'd like to know. Look at our newspapers, just look at 'em: can't pick up one without readin' somethin' in it—that's what's the matter. What did I see there? (With emphasis.) Provisions has riz. What's the consequence? Coffee an' molasses had a fight. An' what's the consequence agin' 'em? Molasses got ficked, and coffee had to settle down on its own grounds. (Applause.) That's what's the matter, or any other man—(Cheers.) Ah-m-m-m! but to return to our subject: Look at our soldiers! just look at 'em! Does any body see 'em? Do they not march forth to battle in the time of peace, an' get shot in the neck? Certainly they do; that's just what's the matter. (Cries of 'good!') Ah-m-m-m! but to our subject: Look at our sailors! look at 'em! Do they not—do they not? Certainly they do. Do they not sail out in the briny ocean where the rosin' billows fluminate, an' where the devourin' elephants swim for 'em, an' an' an' lay down in their warm hammocks an' sleep? Certainly they do—or any other man. (A voice 'certainly.' Ah-m-m-m! but to return to our subject: Look at our firemen! but to return to our subject: Look at 'em! Do they not, at the dead hour of midnight, when the barometer is at degrees below zero, do they not rush forth to the scene of conflagration, an' an' get drunk? Certainly they do, an' that's just what's the matter, or any other man. Ah-m-m-m! but to return to our subject: Now, what does the great and glorious Constitution of this United Confederation of Pennsylvania say? What does it say? Does not our Constitution say? Certainly it does that's just what it sez. (Sensation.) What did Patrick Henry Jackson say? Did he not say that each an' every one should stand upon his own ground: an' an' did he not lay his hand upon his heart, an' say with a clear conscience, that he was a paper doll, with a glass eye? Certainly he did—or any other man."

The speaker retired amid thunders of applause.

Hickman's Negro Army. The Philadelphia Ledger, an independent journal, says of John Hickman's proposition in Congress for a negro army:

Mr. Hickman, a special friend to the black man, proposes to increase our army with one hundred regiments of blackmen, in the aggregate about one hundred thousand persons. He offers these negro soldiers six dollars and a half a month, and the officers who command them twice the amount of pay which the officers in the regular service now receive. According to this scale of prices the negro soldier is only expected to be worth half as much to the Government as the white soldier, though he will cost as much to feed him and clothe him, and the officer is offered double pay as a remuneration for any sacrifice he may be supposed to make of his feelings to commanding a regiment of black men. This is Mr. Hickman's notion of "elevating" the black man by putting an official stigma, in such distinction, upon his service. If the black man's military service is not equal to a white man's, the black man ought not to be employed until white men can no longer be procured, when it will be very near time to end the war. Mr. Hickman has not much idea of the loyalty of the officers who would engage to lead his negro regiments, for he makes the inducement entirely mercenary, by tempting them with double pay. The officer who accepted it would probably not find it a profitable service, for though the terms be fixed at seven years, it seems very likely, from the political aspect of the times, that it would have a much shorter duration.

OLD Dr. Strong, of Hartford, had an unfortunate habit of sometimes saying funny things when he meant to be particularly solemn; as he was presiding at a meeting of ministers, and wishing to call on one of these to come forward and offer a prayer, he said:

"Brother Colton, Oh Bolton, Will you step this way And pray?"

To which Mr. Colton immediately answered, without intending to perpetrate anything of the same sort:

"My dear brother Strong, You do very wrong To be making hymns At such a solemn time."

And then Dr. Strong added:

"I'm very sorry to see That you are just like me. The good man would not, for the world, have made jests on such an occasion; but they could plead the same excuse for their rhymes that the boy did for whistling in school: 'I din't whistle, dear, sick uncle.'"

"I conclude with you, madam," said the General, in that quiet way of his. "It is unfortunate that uncles will sometimes get seriously indisposed. I, too, have a dear, ailed uncle."

"Then you can sympathize with me," she said. "Yes, madam, I do; and when my Uncle Sam gets over his serious indisposition I will give you a pass."

Stewart and his Marble Palace in New York.

As one enters toward the east, he may observe in a large office on the side of the house looking into Chambers street, the grand master of the mammoth establishment sitting at the desk, and occupied by the pressing demands of so important a position. Here, from eight in the morning until a late dinner hour, he is engrossed by schemes and plans of his active brain. He bears a calm and thoughtful appearance, and yet, such is his executive ability, that the burden which would crush others is borne by him with comparative ease. His aspect and manners are plain and simple to a remarkable degree, and a stranger would be surprised to acknowledge in that tall form and quiet countenance the Autocrat of the Dry Goods Trade. This man did not achieve this position by patient toil; his greatness was not thrust upon him. It has arisen from forty years close application to the branch of trade which has bent his rare powers of mind. Like most of our successful men, he began the world with no capital besides brains; and, like Daniel Webster and Louis Philippe, his early employment was teaching. The instructor, however, was soon merged in the business man, and in 1827, his unprecedented name was displayed in Broadway. The numerous failures which take place among New York business men gave Stewart the choice among them for his manager and a representation of the finest business talent of the city can, at this moment, be found in his establishment. These men turn their energies into that mighty channel which flows into his treasury. Indeed to this merchant prince they are what his Marshalls were to Napoleon, and like him, this Autocrat of Trade sits enthroned in the insulated majesty of mercantile greatness. It may be inferred that no man in the concern works harder than its owner, and we believe that this is acknowledged by all its employees. Day after day he wears the harness of silent and patient toil. It is not generally known that during these hours of application, and while engrossed in the management of his immense operations, no one is allowed to address him personally until his errand or unless shall have been first laid before a subordinate. If it is of such a character that gentleman can attend to it goes no further, and hence it rests with him to communicate it to the proprietor. To illustrate this circumstance we relate the following incident: A few weeks ago, a person entered the wholesale department, with an air of great importance, and demanded to see the proprietor. The proprietor could very easily be seen, as he was sitting in his office, but the stranger was courteously met by the assistant, with the usual inquiry as to the nature of his business. The stranger, who was a Government man, bristled up and exclaimed indignantly: "Sir, I come from Lincoln, and shall tell my business to no one but Mr. Stewart." "Sir," replied the inevitable Brown, "if Mr. Lincoln himself were to come here, he would not see Mr. Stewart until he should have first told me his business."—If, Frothingham, in November No. Continental Monthly.

POETRY.—A Kansas editor in reply to a communication received, replies through his own columns:

"A female correspondent sends us an interesting piece of poetry, and requests us to publish it. The moon is called bright; the stars are flattered with the original appellation of 'meek eye'; the trees come in for a full share of eulogy; and the falling spring is pronounced silver-plated, or something to that effect. Besides this, the poem is equally instructive on other important subjects. If Mary will send us an admiral that she has washed her dishes, mended her hose, and swept the house the week after she was 'struck with poetic fire,' we will give it, and startle the literary world from its lethargy. For the present we say, 'darn your stockings,' and 'darn your poetry, too.'"

TRUTHS.—No man can safely go abroad that does not love to stay at home. No man can safely govern that would not cheerfully hold his tongue. No man can safely rejoice but he has the testimony of a good conscience.

A SPECIMEN OF GEN. BUTLER'S "BARBARISM."—The English papers delight to expatiate upon Gen. Butler's "barbarism." During the week ending November 15th, food was distributed in his department, and by his order, to 5,300 families of British birth, comprising 17,000 persons. This is more than half the whole number he had to relieve.

An editor somewhere down east publishes births, marriages, and deaths, under the captions—"Hatched Out," "Matched Out," and "Dispatched Out." Did he live in Washington Territory, he could have added his regular divorce, under the head of "Scatched Out."—Ez.

"Look here, you boy, you're smooching me," said a nervous old gentleman to an urchin, who was munching candy with an inflating gusto at the theatre the other evening. "No I ain't, neither," returned the urchin, "I'm gnawing this ere nut o'asses candy."

SEVEN WIVES TO A MAN.—The new Turkish ambassador at Paris brings seven wives with him. The French have christened them Mesdames Monday, Tuesday, etc.—a wife for each day in the week.

BEGIN EARLY.—It is better to throw a guard about the baby's cradle than to sing a psalm at a bad man's death bed; better to have care when the bud is bursting to the sun, than when the heat has scorched the heart of the unguarded blossom.

SOMEbody says that our passions are older than our reason, because passions are born with us, but reason don't follow till a long time after. This is a slender upon all babies. When a baby is spanked, don't be holler? Yes. And hasn't he got a reason? Yes, and a mighty good reason too.

THE WASHINGTON STATESMAN

Published Every Saturday Morning.

LIST OF AGENTS.

The following gentlemen are authorized to receive and receipt for moneys on account of the Washington Statesman...

Walla Walla Mail Arrangements

ARRIVES: From Vancouver, Every Wednesday, at 12 M. From Portland, Every Saturday, at 5 P. M.

DEPARTS: To Vancouver, Every Wednesday, at 12 M. To Portland, Every Saturday, at 5 P. M.

Direct from Boise.

We learn from Mr. Rockefeller, who left Boise the 18th of January and arrived at this place last Monday, that the road was in good traveling condition.

The Payette Valley.

An impression has obtained that the Payette valley is destined to become noted as an agricultural country.

THE WATER WORKS.—The water works, for the supply of water for fire purposes, through main street, in this city, are completed.

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REARRESTED.—Marshall, the man who left the city jail a few weeks ago, to go for a pill of water, was returned to his old quarters on Tuesday evening.

UNFOUNDED.—We are informed by persons lately in from Boise, that the report which was in circulation a few days ago that a Mr. Stone of this city, had been frozen to death in the Payette mountains, is without foundation.

I. O. F.—Enterprise Lodge, No. 2, I. O. F. was duly organized in this city on Monday, Feb. 24.

LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION.—The Legislature adjourned on the 29th.

Walla Walla Drug Store.

JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE CHEAP, FOR CASH, a complete and fresh assortment of Drugs, Chemicals, Perfumery, Brushes, Toilet Medicines, Lamp, and Crystal Illuminating Kerosene, to which I invite the attention of the citizens of Walla Walla and vicinity.

WAGON TIMBER.

Finished Buggy Poles and Shafts; Neck Yokes, Single and Double Trees; Plow Beams and Handles; For sale low for Cash or approved paper.

U. S. Tax Notice.

ALL persons subject to tax under the law of Congress, approved July 1st, 1863, entitled, 'An act to amend the Internal Revenue Act, for the support of the Government, and to pay the interest on the public debt, are hereby notified that the time for the assessment of the tax on the property of the county of Walla Walla, Washington Territory, will be in attendance at his office, in the city of Walla Walla, until Friday the 15th day of February, 1864, at 10 o'clock A. M.

U. S. Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue.

In the Probate Court of Walla Walla County, Territory of Washington.

U. S. Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue.

In the matter of the estate of J. H. Harris, Executor of the estate of David D. Dever, deceased, for a will to be admitted to probate.

U. S. Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue.

In the matter of the estate of J. H. Harris, Executor of the estate of David D. Dever, deceased, for a will to be admitted to probate.

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1863. BROWN BROS & CO., 1863.

FIRE-PROOF BRICK BUILDING, CORNER OF MAIN AND THIRD STREETS, WALLA WALLA, W. T.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

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Fine Brocha, Stella, Wool and Crapo. Fine Cloth and Silk Velvet.

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Our stock of Clothing consists of FINE, FRENCH CLOTH FROCK AND OVERCOATS, FRENCH DOGSKIN PANTS, Broadway style of Cassimere Pants, New styles Silk Velvet, Cassimere and Cloth Vests; Davis & Jones' Patent Vests; Shaker Flannel, Silk and Merino Under-shirts and Drawers; McClellan and Beaugrand Ties; Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs.

GROCERIES: N. O. S. F. B. China, Island and Crushed Sugar; Costa Rica, Louisiana, Java, Maudlin, and Rio Coffee, China and Japan Teas, Green and Black; Soap, Candles, Apples, Peaches, Soda, Cream Tartar, Yeast Powd'r, Pepper, Spice, and Canned Goods of every Description, FLOUR, BACON, BEANS AND LARD.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE.

Special attention is called to our Large Stock of Miners' Outfitting Goods, WHICH EMBRACES EVERYTHING IN THAT LINE.

View of Glen Nursey and Farm, Near Corvallis, Oregon.

HAVING moved my entire Nursey to Walla Walla, I will sell the above place low, or will exchange it for any good property. The nursey is a most desirable one, in as much of the steamboat wharf, and the church and school bells of Corvallis. It is well improved, with Every Variety of Fruit and Flower in Abundance.

COLUMBIA VALLEY NURSERY Walla Walla, W. T.

Having moved my extensive variety of Fruit Trees and Shrubs from Corvallis to this city, I have established a nursery here, which will be known as the 'Columbia Valley Nursery,' and my present collection has cost me nearly \$10,000, and I pride myself on having the most COMPLETE AND RELIABLE ASSORTMENT OF EVERY VARIETY OF TREE, SHRUB AND FLOWER, North of Sacramento.

Apple, Pear, Plum, Cherry, Peach, Grape, Currant, Raspberry, Blackberry, Gooseberry, Strawberry, AND OVER ONE HUNDRED VARIETIES OF BUSHES AND ORNAMENTAL SHRUBS. My trees here are in excellent order, and every one who wishes any should come in soon and get a supply before the varieties are broken. I have also a few lot of CANNED FRUIT, PHILIP RITZ, 2nd St.

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