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EDWARD SHELL, M. D., Physician, Surgeon and Accoucher, HAS RESUMED THE PRACTICE OF HIS PROFESSION. OFFICE. At his home, next Walla Walla Hotel. July 28, 1863.

THIBODO & BROTHERS, Physicians, Surgeons and Midwives. OFFICE AND RESIDENCE Main Street, fourth door above the Jail—October 1863.

WALLA WALLA, W. T.

A. J. Thibodo, M. A., M. D. and Member Royal College Surgeons, England.

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R. Thibodo, E. A., M. D. and Fellow of the Botanical Society of Canada.

We have a full assortment of the instruments retained in Surgery and Midwifery.

Surgical operations attended to in the most delicate manner.

Our Diplomas can be seen at our office. 47 1/2

W. PHILLIPS, HAS ON HAND a large and well selected stock of TIN WARE, manufactured under his supervision by experienced workmen. STOVES of various sizes, styles and patterns, Mining Implements, Ac., all of which will be sold at extremely low prices. Your patronage is respectfully solicited. 17

Dallas City. H. P. ISAACS, City.

Forwarding and Commission Merchants, STORE-FIREPROOF WAREHOUSE. Consignments solicited. 21

EDWARD NUGENT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Walla Walla, W. T.—Office, over the Bank Exchange. 27

WHAT CHEER HOUSE, FRONT STREET, Portland, Oregon.—O'Connor Proprietor.

The What Cheer House will be on the wharf to convey passengers and baggage free of charge. Agents for the Oregonian.

This house is conducted on temperance principles. 18

A. J. CAIN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, OFFICE with County Surveyor, north side of the creek, Walla Walla. 31

E. L. MASSEY, Justice of the Peace and City Recorder. OFFICE in the City Council Chamber, in the rear of the Union Hotel. Will attend to all cases of debts, conveyances, acknowledgments of deeds, Powers of Attorney, transfers of real or personal property. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 12 M. and from 1 to 4 P. M. The hearing of all civil actions will be set for Friday and Saturdays only. 18

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. Artificial Teeth of my own manufacture inserted by every method known to the profession. 14 1/2

WALTER W. JOHNSON, COUNTY SURVEYOR, CIVIL ENGINEER and Notary Public. LAND CLAIMS adjusted. Surveys, Plans and Maps made with accuracy. Levees, Tides, Profits and Estimates made if desired in any of the mining regions. Drawing, Plans, Books and all kinds made on short notice. Office next door to the residence of A. J. Cain, Walla Walla. 34

WILLIAM YOUNG, DEALER IN Marble Monuments, Tomb Stones, Table and Counter-tops. MARBLE MATTRESSES, HEARTH STONES, Stone for building purposes, Ac. All Stone cut and ready for use. Portland, Oregon, April 4, 1863. 14

JOHN HUNTON & CO., Wholesale Dealers in Wines, Liquors, Groceries, Provisions, &c. WALLA WALLA CITY, W. T. Feb. 28, 1863. 11 1/2

H. LAW & CO., Dealers and Portland. H. LAW & CO. have constantly on hand and for sale, at the Dalles, All Kinds of Flour, including Standard, Mission and Magnolia Mills, which they will sell at Portland prices, with the rolling freight ad'ed. Orders for all kinds of WAGON TIMBER filled with dispatch. H. LAW & CO. Portland, May 9, 1863. 21 1/2

E. G. RANDALL, DEALER IN MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. Special Music, Music Books, Strings, and all Musical Merchandise of Every Description. Sole agent in Oregon for Steiner & Sons celebrated Patent Sewing Machine and repairs. ANAPORTS: Mason & Hamill's MELODEONS. A select catalogue of Sheet Music and Made Books sent free. E. G. RANDALL, 53 First Street, Portland, Oregon. 27 1/2

CITY BREWERY SALOON, MAIN STREET, WALLA WALLA, W. T. (Opposite Baker's Brick Store.) CONSTANTLY ON HAND, A SUPPLY OF THE superior Lager Beer Manufactured at the City Brewery. Also, a complete assortment of Wines, Liquors and Cigars. V. MEYER, Proprietor. June 20, 1863. 27 1/2

BRIDGES & SON,

Attorneys at Law, Walla Walla, W. T.

WILL ATTEND PUNCTUALLY AND PROMPTLY TO COLLECTIONS, and will attend the Courts in Washington Territory and Oregon. Dec. 20, 1863.

J. H. LASATER, Attorney at Law. Office, one door West of K. R. & S. G. Reese's brick store, Main Street, Walla Walla City, W. T.

Reference, as to promptness, integrity and responsibility, is made to: L. A. & C. at law, Salem, Oregon; Smith & Greener, " " Portland; Kelly & Wall, " " Dallas and Portland; P. A. Clemenath, " " Corvallis, Oregon; A. M. Bell, M. D., " " Dalles; L. Danforth, M. D., Walla Walla City, W. T. July 18, 1863—ly

HUMASON & ODELL, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW, Dalles, Oregon. Prompt attention given to collections and other business placed in their hands. March 20, 1863. 10 1/2

J. W. COOK, MANUFACTURER and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Teas, Averages, Wagon Covers, Cigars and Sacks, Portland, Oregon. Dealers and Retailers, Walla Walla, W. T. Flour and Grain Sacks constantly on hand and made to order. Orders from a distance promptly attended to. All orders made returnable by the first conveyance. 17

HENRY LAW, FURNISHING AND COMMISSION Merchant. Importer and Dealer in Eastern Wagon Timber, Hubs, Spokes, Fellers, Ac. Also on hand and for sale a General Assortment of Oregon Produce. Constant supply of the Celebrated Standard Mills Flour on hand and for sale in lots to suit. 17

Notice to Druggists. WE have on hand and are constantly receiving the finest quality of BRANDIES AND WINES, expressly for the Drug Trade, which we guarantee to be genuine. H. H. WILSON, WILSON & CO. 17

CHARLES HERZOG, PRACTICAL DENTIST, is prepared to do all kinds of Dental Work in the most skillful manner. ARTIFICIAL TEETH of every description inserted. Charges Moderate. Office one door above Kohlhauf & Geisler's store, Main Street, Walla Walla. [April 11, 1863—2ly

Walla Walla Drug Store, Main Street, Opposite Bank Exchange. J. H. WILSON, Proprietor. For Cash, a complete and fresh assortment of Drugs, Chemicals, Perfumery, Putty, Oils, Pottery, Window Glass, Brushes, Patent Medicines, Lamps, and Crystal Humming-birds, to which I invite the attention of the citizens of Walla Walla and vicinity. Dr. JAMES S. CRAIG. 21 1/2

Water Repairing. THE subscriber would inform the citizens of Walla Walla and vicinity that any work entrusted to his care (through the aid of his assistants) will be done in the most skillful manner and in a manner unsurpassed in the State. Charges as low as elsewhere, and all work warranted. JACOB COHEN, Portland, Oregon, April 7, 1863. 19 1/2

J. M. VANSYCKLE, Wholesale and Retail—COMMISSION MERCHANT, WALLA WALLA, W. T. May 16, 1863. 21 1/2

HOWARD HOUSE, FRONT STREET, Near the Ocean Steamship Landing, PORTLAND, OREGON. JAS. W. GOING, Proprietor. Charges Moderate. Portland Dec. 20, 1862. 21 1/2

WESTERN HOTEL, CORNER OF FIRST AND MORRISON STREETS, PORTLAND, OREGON. B. D. SMITH, PROPRIETOR. THIS HOTEL, centrally located, and has been recently enlarged by the addition of two stories in height, containing a large number of Hard-finished, Well Ventilated Rooms. For the accommodation of regular or transient boarders. May 2, 1863. 20 1/2

W. G. LANGFORD, PROSECUTING ATTORNEY for the First Judicial District, W. T., will practice in the Courts of Washington and Idaho Territories and State of Oregon. Office Main Street, Walla Walla, W. T. March 21, 1863. 14 1/2

J. BOSWELL, M. D. OFFICE EAST SIDE OF MAIN ST. WALLA WALLA, W. T. Six doors South of Wells, Farge & Co's Express Office. OFFICE HOURS: From 9 A. M. to 12 M. and from 1 to 4 P. M. May 16, 1863. 21 1/2

L. J. RECTOR, County Auditor of Walla Walla Co., W. T. Office with Clerk of the U. S. District Court, City of Walla Walla. 21 1/2

DEBBS, MORTGAGEE, Powers of Attorney, and all instruments of writing carefully drawn up, and Acknowledgments taken. Instruments for any part of the United States acknowledged or Certified under the Seal of the District Court. Aug. 8, 1863—ly L. J. RECTOR.

DENISON HOUSE, [Formerly Metropolitan Hotel], CORNER OF FRONT AND STARK STS. PORTLAND, OREGON. A. KINNEY, PROPRIETOR. THIS HOTEL IS NOW OPEN FOR THE RECEPTION OF GUESTS and will be conducted in all its departments as a First Class Hotel. June 7, 1863. 21 1/2

LA GRANDE LIVERY, SALE AND FEED STABLES. LA GRANDE, : : : : OREGON.

M. A. MURRAY, Proprietor. ANNOUNCES to his numerous friends and acquaintances that he has just established at La Grande, Oregon, where he is supplied with Horses, for Saddle and Harness Use. CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, WAGONS, &c., &c. For the accommodation of the public and at PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES. June 21, 1863. 20 1/2

Don't Run in Debt.

BY FRANCIS D. GARD.

Don't run in debt! never mind, if the old clothes are faded and torn; Fix them up, make them do it in better by far. What to have the best weary and worn. Who'll love you the more for the set of your hat, Or your ruff, or the tie of your coat. The sleeve of your vest, or your boots, or cravat. If they know you're in debt, for the love?

Don't run in debt! if easy's the thing, 'Tis hard to get out of a debt. Or, no matter what, so long as the world goes, You won't run in debt, for a dash. There's no comfort in it, walking the street In fine clothes, if you know you're in debt, And feel that perchance you some tradesman may meet. And will sneer—"They are not paid for yet."

Good friends, let me beg of you, don't run in debt. If the chairs and sofas are old— They will fit your back better, than any new set, Unless they are paid for—with gold! If the house is too small, drag the closer together, Keep it warm with a hearty good will. A big one would for, in all kinds of weather. Will send to your warm heart a chill.

Don't run in debt! don't give your name to a bill! 'Tis hard to pay, when the bill is due. Old Nature is out in the very name that, And old Nature will think some reason. Just to keep up the bill, and look angry and blue. To keep up with the fashion; That your purse is too tight and your heart too bright To be tarnished with such ailly passion.

Girls don't run in debt!—let your friends if they can. Have nice horses, feathers and flowers. But money they are paid for, to more of a man, And to save this money, if you have any. If you've money to spare, I have nothing to say; But mind you, the man who his note has to pay, To the man who is never at ease.

Kind hands, don't run in debt any more; I'll fill your wife's cup of sorrow, To show that a neighbor may call on your door. With a bill you want settled to-morrow. Out in my neck, in the good old way, (But let me say so if you don't like it.) I'll whisper a secret, now seeing the day— 'Tis hard to get out of a debt.

The chain of a debtor is heavy and cold, It links all corruption and rust. It links all honor and all respect of gold, And it links all the good that is in the world. The man who's in debt is too often a slave, Though his heart may be honest and true. He is held up by his debt, and looks angry and blue. When a note he can't pay, because that!

Fannie and I. "No John Blackie, I shall never marry you." "I said, in a tone which I meant should be particularly severe. "Let the conversation end here." Mr. John Blackie laughed in my face, but by the way, was just what he ought not to have done. The consequence was that I grew angry in a moment.

"You can laugh as much as you please," I continued. "There is a certain class of people in the world that characterize themselves by laughing at their own folly." "You have heard of them, haven't you?" "O, yes!"

Again John Blackie laughed a good natured happy laugh, which did not testify to my strength for the depth of his anger, at my decision. Of course I grew more and more piqued; nothing more could have been expected of me.

"You are very gentlemanly, Mr. Blackie," I said, in a tone which I meant should be very sarcastic. "And I am aware, that, too, my little Bessie," he answered good naturedly. "Cousin Fannie admires you very much." I said, significantly, for a moment forgetting my anger.

"She does?" "Yes, she does." He suddenly grew thoughtful, and bent his large, honest eyes on me. "There is a new resolution had suddenly been fired in his mind, he arose, saying: "You are quite sure of this, Bessie, quite sure?"

"Yes, quite sure. If you wish to try your luck in that direction, you will try it." "Thank you, Miss Bessie! I will try." "Miss Bessie! In all his life John Blackie had never addressed me in that way before. I stared at him in surprise. He did not appear to notice me, but went toward the door, saying, a little sadly, I thought, as he passed: "I have thought you, not inopportunistly, Bessie, but because, until now, I have been ignorant of your true feelings. The future shall speak for itself. Good morning!"

"Good morning," I faltered forth, still staring at him in blank amazement. For a moment I could not really believe that he had gone—until his footsteps grew faint in the distance. Then, looking out of the window I could but dimly see his tall figure through the thick mass of shrubbery that lay between the house and the road; then I drew a long sigh, not of relief I am sure, as might have been expected from a young lady who had suddenly found herself rid of an annoying lover; but a sigh which puzzled my own heart, to think into my own mind: "I should not marry John Blackie, but I should not marry John Blackie."

From my childhood, even, I had been taught to look upon him as my future husband. Through the whole neighborhood our engagement had grown to be such a settled affair, and of such long standing that the people forgot to tense us about it, and passed by us as indifferently as though we had been married for a couple of years. Instead of interesting, engaged young persons. But somehow, as I said before, I cannot tell why it came to me, the idea that marrying John Blackie was not the best way of settling myself for life, after all; and so, working upon this, I grew to believe that I did not love him—and not loving him, what could I do but assure him that I should never be his wife? And that assurance I gave him as already shown.

But after he left me that morning, I felt anything but comfortable; indeed the tears came constantly to my eyes, and though I tried as well as I could to keep them down, they congealed me at last, and sinking down in my chair, I gave up and had a good hearty cry. I felt a little better after that, and tried to persuade myself, in my own mind, that I had done just the best thing I could do for the insurance of John's and my own happiness. But the worst was yet to come.

The next Sabbath John attended cousin Fannie to church. This was such a new and strange order of things, that it set the whole congregation to staring. Cranston could not sleep under anything so inconceivable, and for that Sabbath, at least, good Parson Green preached to a wakeful set of hearers. But they could only conjecture as to the cause of the change, and to conjecture they did without leaving but

little time for any other mental speculation. Some were ready to declare that cousin Fannie had supplanted John in John's affection, and that I was looking my heart in a secret kind of way about it; others said that the fault rested with me, and that I was looking in another and higher direction for a lover. But I had the truth, and most secretly did I guard it. It grew to be a very plain truth before the summer was gone. As time wore away, and I saw plain into the depths of my heart, I knew that for a childish, girlish whim, I had put the happiness of a lifetime away from me. But I could only wear a brave face, and keep my secret away from the prying, curious gaze of those who were searching for it.

I did not often meet John, and but twice during that summer were we thrown into each other's company for a sufficient length of time to exchange a dozen words. Once we met at a picnic. From the moment that I stepped upon the ground I knew that he was intending to speak to me. Perhaps I felt it by the way he watched me as I went from place to place. When he came to my side, it seemed that the whole party hushed voice, heart and soul to listen to us. He smiled at us and commenced talking in a pleasant, gossiping way about the weather, appearing to notice my flushed face and slightly disturbed manner.

"Are you enjoying the best of health, this summer?" he asked, at length, with, I thought, a faint touch of mischief in his face. "The very best of health, Mr. Blackie," I answered, curling my lip. "Perhaps you have been informed to the contrary, however." I continued, more in answer to his smile than to his question. "Cranston gossips, believe I believe, given me the credit of bearing up under a settled heart disease."

"They are inferior judges, Bessie. Do not let me see among them." "I never have," I answered, dryly. "No, I suppose not," he said, smiling again. "This is a beautiful grove!" "Very!" I answered, feeling that it was my turn to smile now.

"Have you noticed the arrangement made for dancers?" "I shook my head." "Come this way then, if you please." He offered me his arm, which I took without thinking to thank him. For a little moment I forgot the right of claiming his attention was not mine. It seemed so like old times to be walking by his side, looking into his eyes and listening to the tones of his voice. Before I could help it, I found myself sighing long and deeply. If John noticed it, he was very forbearing, for by look or word he did not reply to it; but I thought the silence was a little too long for an ordinary one, and so I made a bold push to break it. Again I forgot myself.

"What a nice place this is?" I said. "Do you remember, John, how crazy I used to be about dancing?" My father used to say if my heart would always keep as light as my feet, life would go easily with me.

"Yes, yes, I remember," he replied. "I thought a little sadly. "Will you dance with me to-day?" "O, yes, certainly?"

"I was glad to have him ask me that. Of all persons in the world, I best loved to dance with him. I had told him so hundreds of times, and he had listened to the tones of his voice. Before I could help it, I found myself sighing long and deeply. If John noticed it, he was very forbearing, for by look or word he did not reply to it; but I thought the silence was a little too long for an ordinary one, and so I made a bold push to break it. Again I forgot myself.

"Your Aunt Hastings was here to-day, and she said that John Blackie was finishing his house on the hill. Did you hear anything about it at the picnic?" "O, no," I said, scarcely above a whisper. "And she said if Fanny was going to marry John, she kept it dreadful shy; for besides pecking up a few squares of patchwork she had not made the first step towards getting ready. What do you think about it?"

"I think she will be ready as soon as the house is," I answered, turning my face towards the window, that she might not notice the expression of my features.

"Well, take it altogether, Bessie, it is a queer piece of business."

I did not answer, only let my forehead drop low upon the window seat. Seeing this, mother came up to me, and rested her hand on my head, and said: "Poor child!"

How from my heart I blessed her quiet sympathy. The next two weeks that followed, were sad and tedious ones to me.

Every day that I turned, news of John Blackie's approaching marriage with cousin Fannie was poured into my ears; and even Fannie herself, who had always been very prudent about it, seemed pleased in telling me of the arrangements that were going on up at John's new house—of this piece of furniture he had selected, of the carpets which had been left to her judgment exclusively, and of the beautiful toned seraphine that John's uncle had presented him for the parlor.

"You will be very happy." I said one day, in answer to all this.

Fannie looked up suddenly into my face. I thought a quizzical expression drifted across her features.

"How pale you look, Bessie," she said. "What is the matter with you?" "Nothing," I answered, with some little show of spirit.

"I am glad of it; but, indeed you do look downright ill. Won't you go up to the new house with me to-night, perhaps that will make you feel better. I believe you keep too closely in the house. But you need not shake your head; you will

go. John will be there, and we will have a pleasant time of it."

And I went in a kind of myself, although every step toward the house that was once to have been mine, was like very torture to me. O, what a pleasant house it was, and so tastefully furnished, from the cunning, neatly grained kitchen to the well carpeted parlors! Everything was just as I had planned it a hundred times, in a laughing, jocular way to John. Had he indeed remembered it all on purpose to torture me with it now? It seemed so.

"Do you like the house, Bessie?" he asked, as if divining my very thoughts. "Very much, indeed," I answered. "Everything is neat and tasteful. Is it too early to wish you joy?" I asked, feeling that he was expecting me to say something.

"Not too early, but it may be too late." I looked up into his face, his expression puzzled me.

"I do not understand you very clearly," I said. "But never mind," I added, noticing that Fannie had gone from the room. "I have a rather headache to-night, and hardly know what I am saying."

Headache? when all the time it seemed as if my heart was breaking!

"Where is Fannie?" I asked a moment after, seeing that she did not return.

"Gone home," he answered, in the coolest tone imaginable.

"What, and left me here?" "Yes, and left me here. Are you frightened?"

"Not much—my poor head—I'll go."

"Wait a moment, if you please," he said, detaining me. "I have something to say to you."

Something to say to me! Did he know that every kind word he spoke to me pierced my heart like a barbed arrow?

"This house is yours, if you wish it Bessie," he began, in a slightly embarrassed way. "I am afraid you made a hasty decision in casting me off forever. It seems to me I know your heart better than you know it yourself."

I could not answer him in words, only go closer to his side, and nestle my hands fondly in his.

"This shall be your home then, Bessie," he said, kissing me. "But, remember, my dear, that I cannot allow my house to go without an incumbent, as the newspapers say. Don't that idea please you?"

"O, yes!" I answered. And John loved me. Why should he?

The Monroe Doctrine—Mexico Independent and Republican. Our fellow-citizens of the old population—his, of Mexican and Spanish origin—propose to celebrate the coming anniversary, which occurs on the 16th of September, of the emancipation of Mexico from the domination of the Spanish crown. The occasion is worthy to be celebrated, not only by the race which particularly bears it in memory, but by all who have pride in the name of American and Republican, as contra-distinguished from trans-oceanic names and unwieldy institutions. The event was second in importance in the list of independent nations of the world, and the occasion of the adoption of the Republican form of Government by the Mexican people. The adoption of the Republican form of Government by the emancipated United States led to the adoption of the system by Mexico and the other communities of America, in adopting our example of quitting European and monarchical domination. The United States, then, stand in some sense sponsors for the maintenance of the principles of Republicanism in America and for the independence of the States which have become independent, are now again threatened with foreign subjugation. The approaching anniversary of the Mexican independence has therefore a peculiar significance. It finds an abolished Republic; a foreign tyrant as absolute as any Spanish Viceroy that ever oppressed it, established in its Capital; its legitimate government fighting for existence, and its Congress of "notables," appointed by a foreigner (himself a usurper) inviting a section of the family at once the most insolent and the most contemptible of the European Dynasties to assume Imperial authority, and tacking his condescending acceptance begging the favor of the Imperial stranger of French liberty to be kind enough to appoint them some other master. They prefer King Log; but if King Log won consent to rule over them, they will gladly accept King Stork. The question arises, what is the duty of the United States?—On this question we honor but one opinion. The United States owe it to their antecedents, owe it to their standing among nations, owe it to the principles of Republican Government which they not only planted for themselves but sowed broadcast over this Continent—and in fact, leaved the civilized world with; owe it to humanity, to reassert, and stand by, those maxims of our political philosophy that have become to us as household words—the Monroe Doctrine. To reassert this doctrine at the present moment of civil strife, with a view and a determination to vindicate it, may at first glance seem inopportune and hazardous. Perhaps if we take a broader survey, we may find in it the elements of peace and of restored union; at least a way in which strife in our midst shall cease, and the forces of evil contracted against a common foe. In this view, and in all others that it can be presented, we look to a realization of the desire of the country in the affirmation of the Monroe Doctrine of non-intervention by Europe in American affairs. If this should bring us war abroad, it would be a glorious exchange for war at home. Let us unite again the great American heart, upon a principle that so deeply enters into it, and its pulsations will again electrify the globe.

It is now certain that the grain crop of the West, about to be gathered, will be one of the most abundant ever known.

Letter from Fort Hall.

FORT HALL, I. T., Aug 23, 1863.

BOB WASHINGTON STATESMAN:—Well, we are at Fort Hall at last. We arrived here on the 18th inst. and have found things as quiet as could be expected under the circumstances. At present, there are something near five hundred Indians camped in this vicinity, ostensibly for the purpose of making a treaty. Twenty miles from here there is another band encamped awaiting the coming of General Connor, who is at present in Salt Lake City, and is expected here soon.

A great portion of the Snake Indians belong to Idaho Territory, and I do not understand how Gen. Connor is to effect a treaty with this portion of the Snake tribe, especially as they come within the jurisdiction of a different Department from the one in which Connor is now acting; and, in fact, if I understand the matter, His Excellency Gov. Wallace is Indian Superintendent ex-officio of his territory. Such being the case then, in order to effect a permanent treaty with the Indians, Gov. Wallace's presence is absolutely necessary. Now if all the Snake Indians belonging to Idaho Territory have to be collected together, independent of those belonging to Utah, and we be required to await the coming of Gov. Wallace, there will be no treaty this year, and perhaps not next. For the Gov. is something like Uncle Sam's Pay Master, who bids their own time.

The Indians all seem favorably disposed towards the whites and say that they are tired of war, and that it is impossible for them to combat successfully with the white man. They say that hundreds of their warriors have been killed, that the whites have driven them from their hunting grounds, that they are hunted upon all sides by both miners and soldiers, and that they have no place to go without meeting with an enemy. And now they want to make a treaty and live on good terms with the whites, and they promise to refrain from all murdering and stealing, and give up the outlaws that are among them along with all stolen property and also to restore some white children that are among them—the Van Norman children I believe.

For my part, I have no faith whatever in these Indians. Some may blame Col. Marry for not pitching into them as soon as we came upon them; but it has ever been the policy of the Government to treat with hostile tribes whenever they demanded it, and these Indians came to us as soon as we arrived at Snake river making protestations of peace and friendship, and Col. Marry's instructions were of such a nature that it would be a direct violation of orders to molest them as long as they remained peaceably disposed. If the boys had a chance there would be a fine slaughter of Snakes, and that too in a short time. As it is, I presume we will have to return to Fort Walla Walla without killing an Indian. Well we have had a pleasant time any way, and will be content to wait and see the end of things. I blame no one for not molesting the Indians. I say make a treaty with them and then make them adhere to it.

Capt. Crawford's escort passed here on the 20th inst. accompanied by about eighty emigrant wagons—the last of this year's emigration. They camped with us one day and night, and the "soger boys" had a dance with the gals! Yes, a bonafide dance by torch light, right among the sage brush and grass. Just think of it! A Ball away out here on Snake river. How romantic isn't it?—and what pleasant dreams the writer enjoyed the balance of the night, after the ball. He dreamt of aly glances and captivating smiles that were occasionally bestowed upon him by some fair damsel. After all Tom Moore was right when he said that there was no happiness without women.

I ascertained that a great number of these emigrants were bound for Puget Sound, (the Clam country) and some of them upon finding out that I had visited that country were very anxious to know something about the quality of the Clams. And were well satisfied when told that the opportunities for Clam Bakes were splended in that country. If some of these poor emigrants are not sadly fooled in that country then I am greatly mistaken. Let them go, they will soon be migrating eastward again by the time they live one winter on clams.

Salt Lake City seems to be doing quite a trade with the Beaver Head mines. I have noticed a number of wagons loaded with merchandise, vegetables, etc., en route for that locality. Your traders will have to look out, or Brigham and his followers will get a head of them in this trade. There is also an express running from Beaver Head to Salt Lake. The Express matter is carried in an ambulance which also conveys passengers and from the mines to intermediate points along the route to Salt Lake. The news from these mines is of the most encouraging character, and every one with whom I have conversed seems well pleased, and say all hands are doing well.

I see that Cole beat Raynor. Well, that is as it should be. I presume that the Rev. gentleman will go back to his Circuit, satisfied with politics and political matters in general. What a change has been effected in your Territory within the last two years. When Grandmother Wallace was sent to Congress, then Washington Territory was Republican, now she is Democratic. I think it speaks well for the future of the territory, and I believe that Mr. Cole as Delegate will look well to the interests of his constituents and prove an able and efficient representative.

In understanding that we will take up the line of march for Walla Walla on or about the 1st of September, and may be expected there so far about the 28th of October. Our horses so far have stood the trip well and will go in excellent condition.

