

PUGET SOUND COURIER.

A Weekly Journal—Devoted to Agriculture, Commerce, Literature, Useful Sciences, Arts, Politics, News, and General Intelligence.

BY E. T. GUNN.

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Agriculture, News, &c.

THE HARVEST MOON.
Slowly where the wind is swelling,
Where the sunshine fell at noon,
Blow, O'er the trees, the evening,
Harvest moon—harvest moon.

Now the thick white clouds are drifting,
Coming quick and passing soon,
Steady winds their sails are lifting,
Harvest moon—harvest moon.

And thy light forever falling,
Is a ne'er forgotten moon;
Of the song to thou art telling,
Harvest moon—harvest moon.

Thou didst light the weary seaman,
Telling while the day was gone,
Harkener of easter's summer,
Harvest moon—harvest moon.

Round and red above the hillside,
Shining o'er its dusky cone,
Came the farmer's glowing island,
Harvest moon—harvest moon.

DREAM-CULTURE.

Henry Ward Beecher has a farm of his own, in the Berkshire hills. Here is one of its first productions under his culture.

There is something in the *owning a piece of ground*, which affects me as did the old ruins of England. I am free to confess that the value of a farm is not chiefly in its crops of cereals, grain, its orchards of fruit, and its herbs, but in those larger and more easily reaped harvests of associations, fancies and dreamy broodings which it begets.—From boyhood I have associated classical virtues and old heroic integrity with the soil. No one who has peopled his young brain with the fancies of Grecian mythology, but comes to feel a certain magical sanctity for the earth. The very smell of fresh turned earth brings up many dreams and visions of the country as samal-wood does of oriental scenes. At any rate, I feel, in walking under these trees and about these slopes, something of that enchantment of vague and mysterious glimpses of the past which I once felt about the ruins of Kenilworth Castle. For thousands of years this piece of ground hath wrought its tasks. Old slumberous forests used to darken it; innumerable deer have tramped across it; foxes have bled through its bushes, and wolves have howled and growled as they patrolled long its rustling leaves with empty maws. How many birds; how many flocks of pigeons, thousands of years ago; how many hawks dashing wildly among them; how many insects, nocturnal and diurnal; how many matted bugs; and lumber serpents, gliding among mossy stones; have had possession here, before my day! It will not be long before I too shall be as wasted and recordless as they.

Doubtless the Indian made this a favorite resort. Their sense of beauty in natural scenery is proverbial. Where else in all this region could they find a more glorious amphitheater? But thick-studded forests may have hidden from them this scenic glory, and left it to *select* another race. I walked over the ground wondering what use of wild history I should read if all that ever lived upon this round and sloping hill had left an invisible record, unreadable, except by such eyes as mine, that seeing see, not, and not seeing do plainly see.

Then, while I stand upon the crowning point of the hill, from which I can see every foot of the hundred acres, and think what is going on, I feel as if all the workmanship that was stored in the Crystal Palace was not to be compared with the subtle machinery all over this round. What chemist could find solvents to liquefy these rocks? But soft rains and roots like threads dissolve them and re-compose them into stems and leaves. What an uproar, as if a hundred stone quarries were being wrought, if one should attempt to crush with hammers all the flint and quartz, which the stroke of the few peddlers noiselessly! All this turf is but a camp of soldier roots, that fight their battles with the elements with endless victory. There is a greater marvel in this thistle, which defies the farmer's wit taxed for its extermination, than in all the repositories of New York or London. And these mighty trees, how easily do they pump up and sustain supplies of moisture that it would require scores of rattling engines to lift! It is a vast laboratory, full of expert chemists. It is a vast shop full of noiseless mechanics. And all this is mine! These rocks, that lie in bulk under the pasture-trees, and all this moss that loves to nestle in its crevices, and clasp the invisible projections in its little clinging hands, and all these ferns and smudges, these springs and trickling tissues, are mine! Let me not be puffed up with sudden wealth.—Let me rule discreetly among my tenants.

Let me see what tribes are mine. There are the black and glossy crickets, the gray crickets, the grasshoppers of every shape and hue, the silent toad, type of conservative wisdom, wise-looking, but slow hopping; the butterflies by day and the moths and millers by night; all birds—wrens, sparrows, king-birds, blue-birds, robins, and those unnamed warblers that make the forest sad with their melancholy whistle. Besides these, who can register the sap-suckers and miners that are always at work in the soil—angle-worms, white grubs, and bugs that carry pick and shovel in the head? or muster all the mice that nest in the barn or nibble in the stable-floors, and all the beetles that sing base in the wood's edge to the shrill treble of goats and myriad musketoes? These are all mine.

Are they mine? Is it my eye or my hand that marks their paths and circuits? Do they hold their lives from me, or do I give them their food in due season? Vastly as my bulk is greater than theirs, am I so much superior that I can despise, or even not admire? Where is the strength of muscle by which I can spring fifty times the length of my body? That grasshopper's thigh jerks it over mine. Spring up now in the evening air, and fly toward the lights that wink from yonder hill-side. Ten million wings of despoiled flies and useless insects are mightier than hand or foot of mine. Each mortal thing carries some quality of distinguishing excellence by which it may glory, and say, "in this I am first in all the world."

Since the same hand made me that made them, and the same care feeds them that spreads my board, let there be fellowship between us. There is. I have signed articles of peace even with the abdominal spiders, who carry their fleece in their belly and not on their back. It is agreed that they shall not cross the Danube of my doors, and I, on the other hand, will let them camp down,

without wanton disturbance, in my whole domain beside! I, too, am but an insect on a larger scale. Are there not those who tread with unsounding feet through the invisible air, of being so vast, that I seem to them but a mite, a fitting insect? And of capacities so noble and eminent that all the stores which I could bring of thought and feeling to them would be but as the commune of the grasshopper with me or the chirp of a sparrow?

No. It is not the nature of true greatness to be exclusive and arrogant. If such noble shadows fill the realm, it is the nature to condescend and to spread their powers abroad for the loving protection of those whose childhood is little, but whose immortal manhood shall yet, through their kind teaching, stand unabashed and not ashamed, in the very royalty of heaven. Only vulgar natures employ their superiority to task and burden weaker natures. He whose genius and wisdom are but instruments of oppression, however covered or softened with lying names, is the beginning of a monster. The line that divides between the animal and the divine is the line of suffering. The animal for its own pleasure, inflicts suffering. The divine endures suffering for another's pleasure.—Not then when he went up to the proportions of original glory was Christ the greatest; but when he descended, and wore our form and bore our sins and sorrows, that by his stripes we might be healed!

I have no vicarious mission for these populous insects. But I will at least not despise their littleness nor trample upon their lives. Yet how may I spare them? At every step I must needs crush scores and leave the wounded in my path! Already I've lost my patience with that intolerable fly, and slapped him out of being, and breathed out fiery vengeance against those mean conspirators that night and day, seek my blood, hypocritically singing a grace before their meal!

The chief use of a farm if it be well selected and of a proper soil, is to lie down upon. Mine is an excellent farm for such uses, and I thus cultivate it every day. Large crops are the consequence, of great delight and fancy more than the brain can hold. My industry is esemplary. Though but a week here, I have laid down more hours and in more places than that hard-working brother of mine in the whole year that he dwells here. Strange that industriously lying down should come so naturally to me, and standing up and lazing about after the plow or behind the scythe, so naturally to him. My eyes against his feet! It takes me but a second to run down that eastern slope, across the meadow, over the road, up to that long hill side, (which the benevolent Mr. Dorr is so beautifully planting with shrubbery for my sake, blessings on him,) but his feet could not perform the task in less than ten minutes. I can spring from the Gray Lock in the north, through the hazy air, over the wide sixty miles to the dome of the Taconic Mountains in the south, by a simple roll of the eye-ball, a mere contraction of a few muscles. Now let any one try it with his feet and two days would scant suffice!

With my head I can see the ground with glorious harvests; I can build barns, fill them with silken cows and nimble horses; I can pasture a thousand sheep, run innumerable furrrows, sow every sort of seed, rear up forests just wherever the eye longs for them, build my house, like Solomon's temple, without the sound of a hammer. Ah! mighty worker is the head! These farmers that use the foot and the hand are much to be pitied. I can change my structure every day, without expense. I can enlarge that gem of a lake that lies yonder, twinkling and rippling in the sunlight. I can pile up the rocks, where they ought to have been found, for landscape effect, and clothe them with the very vines that ought to grow over them. I can transplant every tree that I meet in my rides, and put it near my house without the drooping of a leaf.

But of what use is all this fanciful musing of the head? It is a mere waste of precious time! But if it gives great delight, if it keeps the soul awake, sweet thoughts alive and kind thoughts dead; if it brings one a little out of conceit with hard economics, and pious reality, and self-conceit; if it be like a bath to the soul, in which it washes away the grime of human contacts, and the sweat and dust of life among selfish, sordid men; if it makes the thoughts more supple to climb along the ways where spiritual fruits do grow, and especially if it introduces the soul to a fuller content of the Great Unseen, and teaches it to esteem the visible as less real than things which no eye can see, or hands handle, it will have answered a purpose which is in vain sought among stupid conventionalities. At any rate, such a discourse of the thoughts with things that are beautiful and such an opening of the soul to things which are sweet-breathed, will make one joyful at the time and tranquil thereafter. And if one fully believes that the earth is the Lord's, and that God yet walks among leaves, and trees, in the cool of the day, he will not easily be persuaded to cast away the belief that all these vagaries and wild commingings are those of a child in his father's house, and that the secret springs of joy which they open are touched of God!—Independent.

VEGETABLES AND THEIR COOKERY.

The following remarks upon vegetables and their cookery, in the *Soil of the South*, are worthy an attentive perusal:

The peculiar flavor of asparagus, green peas, green corn, tomatoes, squash, egg plant, and salady, cannot be imitated by art, but is very easily spoiled by the cook.

There are many vegetables that should be cooked so as to preserve the green color. Such as asparagus, spinach, green peas, snap beans, okra, &c., this cannot be done if cooked in iron. Brass, or vessels lined with porcelain, will preserve the green nature. How often do we see okra as black as ink from being cooked in iron vessels, and green peas that are black peas. It is not the looks alone, but the flavor is not so good as when the green is preserved.

Asparagus.—This delicious vegetable is not yet appreciated in the up country of the south. The stalks into small bundles, and drop them into boiling water, with a good portion of salt; ten or fifteen minutes' boiling is enough. Place some

small slices of soft toast in a deep dish, and take the asparagus up on the toast; saturate the whole with fresh butter, and pepper to taste.

Snap Beans.—Having taken off the strings, snap them, and drop them into boiling water, with the addition of salt. Try with a fork and when tender, take up, and serve with melted butter or good sweet cream. Many cooks snap with meat—but they are only greens cooked with meat.

Butter Beans.—Having shelled them, drop them into cold water; as the water boils add salt. Try with a spoon, and when done serve up with melted butter.

Beets.—No knife should ever touch a beet previous to boiling; rub the leaves off by hand, for if there is a wound made in the beet, the best of its juices will be lost in boiling. Drop the beets into boiling water with a handful of salt. Most cooks take beets from the boiling kettle and place them in cold water; for the case with which the skin peels off. This should never be done, as they part with one half their flavor. When taken from the pot, let them drain, then peel and slice them, butter, pepper and salt them, or pour good vinegar over them, which many prefer.

Cucumbers.—Who ever heard of cooking a cucumber, we hear our readers exclaim? Try it; and then tell your neighbors how well a poor man may live in this country. Take the cucumber just as it begins to turn yellow, peel and slice it into salt and water; drop into cold water and boil until tender. Season with salt and pepper—mix with butter and fry. Few can tell it from the egg plant.

English Peas.—Green peas to be good must be young, and of quick growth; after shelling drop them into boiling water, with a little salt; there should be just enough water to cover the peas; twenty minutes boiling will cook them. Just before taking up, add a lump of sweet butter, with pepper and salt to taste; cook them in brass or porcelain.

Squash.—The early bush and crookneck, are only fit to cook when very young. Cut the stem and flower end off, and drop into boiling water; when done take up and drain through a colander, then with a wooden spittle mash until the mass is perfect jelly. Now add sweet butter, salt and pepper, and serve up for the table. Marrow squashes should be split open, the seeds taken out, the skin taken off, and dropped into boiling water. When done, take up and mash; add sweet butter salt and pepper; break three or four eggs into the mass, stir it well; place it in a shallow dish and bake it. Should the squash prove dry, a little sweet milk may be used to moisten it. Cooked in this way, it will prove what its name imports—marrow, indeed.

Spinach.—This is one of the most delicious of the whole tribe of the greens family. Wash the leaves carefully, and drop them into boiling water in which there has been a little salt put; ten or fifteen minutes will be enough to cook them.—When done, take up and drain through a colander. Now season with butter, pepper and salt, and lay over some slices of toasted bread, and serve up for the table.

Safety or Vegetable Oyster.—Wash the roots perfectly clean, and drop them into boiling water; when done, take up and mash; add sweet milk and flour sufficient to make batter. Season with salt and pepper, and such other condiments as the oyster requires, and fry in butter. Another way in which they are very delicious is, to grate the roots on a fine grater as it will pass through; add sweet milk just enough to cover it, and boil; when done, add flour enough to make a batter; season with salt and pepper; break two or three eggs in, and stir the whole together; fry in butter or very sweet lard, and the resemblance to oysters is complete.

Irish Potatoes.—There are many ways to cook this vegetable to make it delicious, and yet our hotels seldom have them fit to eat upon their tables. An Irish potato, to be good, must be fully when boiled. To secure this, select good potatoes, wash them clean, cut the skin from both ends, drop them into boiling water, with a handful of salt; the moment a fork will penetrate them freely, turn the water off, and steam until dry. Take up hot and send to the table. Those left over fryer may be sliced and fried. Salt them well and fry brown. Another method of cooking the potatoes is, to peel and slice them raw; let them soak two hours in cold water, before cooking, to extract the bitterness. Now boil in salt and water; when nearly done, turn off the water, substitute sweet milk, add a lump of butter, with black pepper, and serve up for the table. Another way to cook the potato, is to make it into bread. Peel the potato; skin and mash them by hand; add sweet milk, and one-half flour, stir it well; season with salt and butter, turn into deep dishes and bake.

Vegetable Seasoning.—Parsely, celery, thyme, sage, onions, garlic and other seasoners, should not be put into soups or stews until the soup is nearly done; chop fine, and put in five minutes before the soup is taken from the fire.

FOR THE FOUR WINDS COGNAC.

Delivered July 4th, 1855, at Grand Mead. By J. W. Goodrich. [Published at the unanimous request of the assembly, before whom it was delivered.]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—

The day has dawned which unfolds the eightieth anniversary of our nation's birth; from east to west from north to south, throughout this vast republic, the booming cannon, the streaming banners, the gathering multitudes proclaim this as the festival day of one of the greatest of nations.

More than twenty millions of freemen, peopling almost an entire continent, exist in the facilities of this day. The thunder of artillery rolling along the shores of the Atlantic, and reverberating among the hills of Maine and New Hampshire, and Massachusetts, and back from the coast of the broad Pacific, California and Oregon, Washington and Utah, though separated from their brethren who composed originally the "thirteen" states, by towering mountains and extended plains, unite their voices in the general anthem of joy.

The farmer to-day lays aside his implements of husbandry, the mechanic his tools, the lawyer closes his books, and the merchant his store; no

politicians pause, and suffer for a day, the froth of politics to dry on their lips, while they unite with the vast multitude in doing homage to their common country. All the feuds and quarrels which exist among the children in this great family, are forgotten in the general festivities.

This universal celebration of our nation's birthday, cannot fail of producing a healthful influence upon us as a nation. It will allay sectional jealousies and animosities, cool the fevered brain of political demagogues, diffuse throughout the nation a greater love for our free institutions, and bind in closer bonds the great family compact.

We call this Independence day, but what do we mean by that? Does it mean that the people of this country are not under law, under restraint by governmental acts? So the Irishman thought when soon after landing upon our shores he picked up a halter with a horse attached to one end of it. So the inebriate thinks, that independence consists in the liberty of getting drunk when he pleases—the liberty of making a beast of himself, of wallowing in the midst of the street like the swine, the liberty of having sore eyes, a bloated face, a red nose, stinking breath, a diseased carcass and a ruined constitution; the liberty of abusing his wife and children, and making himself a devil.

The universal history of the world proves that true rational liberty cannot be enjoyed, only where men are restrained and governed by just and wholesome laws. What we mean by independence therefore, is, that with reference to all foreign powers, we are free and independent. We make our own laws, choose our own rulers, and manage our own concerns.

Previous to the Declaration of Independence, the sublime words of which, have been rehearsed in our hearing this morning, we were under the dominion of the British crown, who sent governors to rule over us, and claimed the right to tax us without our consent. Our ancestors were men who had learned the value of true liberty, and the persecutions of the old world; men of noble minds, and strong intellects, men who exhibited in civil and military affairs a coolness of judgment and an immutability of purpose of which the world furnishes but few examples. Fleeing from the despotism of Europe, they came to this new world, and here on this western continent, they planted the tree of Liberty, which they watched and watered with care.

If it is asked, how we came to possess a government so much superior to that of any other nation on the earth—Why civil and religious liberty is better understood and more fully enjoyed here, than in any other portion of the globe, we owe it all, under God, to our noble ancestors, who less than three centuries ago, sought an asylum on our then inhospitable shores, where they hoped they and their children might be free.

In the cabin of the "May Flower," the frail bark which brought the Pilgrims to New England, a republican constitution was drawn up and signed, and allowing for that anomalous relation which they were compelled to sustain to the British crown, three thousand miles off, republican freedom was as perfect the moment they landed on Plymouth rock, as it is to-day.

It was not the Revolution which laid the broad foundations of our free institutions—that foundation had been laid more than a century before; but there was an excessiveness to be cut off, our relation to the British crown must be severed, and this is what was achieved by the Revolution. There is nothing in the nature of revolutions to establish more liberty among a people. They may change the form of government, but unless the principles on which true liberty is based have been imbedded in the hearts of the people, they will not establish republican freedom. France has again and again tried the fearful experiment of revolution, in the hope of establishing a free government like ours. And her banners, on which were inscribed Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, for the time triumphed. But did that triumph eventuate in republican freedom? Let the fearful scenes of the reign of terror answer. Instead of freedom, anarchy reigned, and horrors were enacted fit to the worst stood aghast, and the nation felt itself relieved by the accession to power of a military despot.

Now would our revolution have issued any better had not the principles of virtue and self-government pervaded the nation prior to that event. The British ministry had ever been jealous of the republican principle, entertained by our fathers, and hence their measures to circumvent and restrain them. The most odious of these measures to our fathers, because they struck more directly at the principles of a free government, was the act of Parliament imposing a tax on paper and tea.

It was not the amount of the tax imposed—that was a mere trifle—it was a tax without their consent; an asserting at defiance their republican principles, and they resolved never to submit to it. That universal article of luxury, tea, became virtually interdicted. Our grand-mothers, and great-grand-mothers, many of whom were at that day the belles of America, moved by a generous spirit of patriotism, put away their tea dishes, and at their quiltings and social gatherings, over their cups of pure water, dealt King George dreadful blows with that most fearful of all human weapons—a woman's tongue.

Ships laden with tea, consigned to agents in the pay of the British ministry, had their cargoes discharged in Boston harbor. These acts of rebellion were termed by the British cabinet, exasperated the ministry, and led them to adopt measures to crush those republican ideas in the bud. The hirings of England were sent over to America to coerce our fathers into submission. The blood of Lexington was shed, and the cry resounded throughout the land "to arms! to arms!" Husbandmen heard that cry and they left their oxen attached to the plow, standing in the furrow. Mechanics threw down their tools, and merchants closed their stores. Shot guns, broken muskets, rusty swords, every weapon that could be seized upon was grasped to repel the advancing foe, and to avenge the blood of slaughtered brethren. Thus commenced the fearful struggle, which after seven years of dreadful conflict, eventuated in our independence. We need not dwell upon the particulars of that long and painful struggle, for this

would fall us; suffice it to say that Great Britain employed her immense power to crush us. She sent her ships of war to burn our cities, and ravage our defenceless coasts; and while her veteran soldiers were carrying dismay and death throughout the land, they hired against us the savages of the wilderness, putting into their hands the instruments of torture and death. Our fathers were few in number and destitute of arms, without discipline, without ships of war, without the means of furnishing an army. Yet resolutely did they gather around the immortal Washington, and bare their bosoms to the storm. Fearful and desperate was the conflict. Our country was bathed in blood. Carnage met the eye wherever it turned. Borne down by numbers and discipline, Washington with his brave followers were obliged to retire before the foe, staining the frozen ground as they went with the blood which oozed from their naked, lacerated feet.

In the midst of all these perplexities and fears, while the floating batteries of England were thundering on our Atlantic coast, and her gallant allies the savages of the wilderness, with uplifted tomahawks, were breaking in upon our frontier settlements, and with infernal cruelties were mingling the blood of the smiling infant with that of the helpless mother and father. While a partially victorious soldiery were ravaging our country, robbing our fathers of their flocks and herds, and our mothers of the beds on which they dared not rest, and could not sleep; while our fathers were falling in the field and our mothers with infants in their arms, were fleeing from their burning dwellings, set on fire by the foe; while the temples of the living God were being converted into barracks, profaned by the soldier's oath, or disported with their burning spires; while all hearts were beginning to ache and bleed, and God had not begun to give the victory; then it was in this dark hour of our nation's history, that those noble men whose names are appended to that document, stood forth and with their lives in their hands, proclaimed to the world their adherence to those immutable truths, the triumph of which, forever separated us from the domination of European power.

It was on the Fourth of July, 1776, that that document was signed and published to the world, but though its truths were self-evident, and immutable, they did not triumph till they had been baptized in blood.

But that God who had ever been our rock of defence, who guided the pilgrim band who first landed on our shores, who protected them from the hordes of savages when they were but a feeble band, who endowed them with wisdom to frame a constitution and organize a government the freest on earth; that God whom our fathers adored, and whose mercy and aid they sought in the distressing hour, gave us the victory.

Glorious men of the revolution! We will pause and pay a tribute to your memory; your names are not forgotten; though more than three-fourths of a century have passed, and most of you have gone down to the land of silence and the tomb, and though we who are here to-day are far removed from the scenes of your labor, the land which was watered with your tears, and moistened with your blood, though we may never be permitted to visit the place of your sepulcher, and say to our children, here rests one of the heroes of the revolution.

Yet you shall never be forgotten. Your names are precious and shall ever awaken emotions of gratitude in our bosoms. We will tell it to our children, that they may tell it to their's, the story of your toils and dangers in the cause of freedom. Fellow citizens, our patriot sires from whom we have received this fair inheritance of freedom, have ceased from their labors and gone to their eternal reward. To us have they committed this sacred trust, of perpetuating those principles sanctified with their blood.

The union of these states was a theme dear to their hearts—so precious in their eyes, that it found utterance in their dying counsels and admonitions. Shall we their descendants perpetuate this union? or shall we recklessly commit the suicidal act and ruthlessly tear asunder the bands which bind us in a glorious confederacy? Let the hand that would do this wither in its socket! and the tongue that would counsel it, cleave to the roof of the mouth. True, we as a nation are not perfect. There are ulcers upon the body politic, which must be healed; but in what ever way we attempt the recovery, whether by a medical or surgical operation, let us remember the object is not to destroy the body but to heal it. Let reformers in our day remember that we are all brethren; children of one family, and that we ought not to destroy, but to help one another in love. What if slavery exist at the south? what if it be an intolerable evil, politically and morally? what if it be a curse to the master and a curse to the slave? let us remember there is a right way and a wrong way of doing things. Let us remember that the men of the south are our brethren, and that had we been placed in precisely their situations, we should have entertained views and feelings the opposite of what we now entertain. I am bold to assert that nine-tenths of the anti-slavery men of the north, (and I claim to be one myself) had they been born and educated at the south, would to-day have entertained southern principles. What then? Does this prove that slavery is right? Not at all. But it proves that when we undertake to reprove others, "we should consider ourselves, lest we also be tempted." It should temper the zeal of northern reformers in this crusade against the south. Let them beware, lest in their zeal to remove the curse of slavery, they should rend the seamless garment of the American Union; and in thus doing, rivet the chains of the slave, and extinguish the last ray of hope in his despairing bosom.

I love the American Union; I love it, for it has been sanctified by the blood of patriot men; I love it because it has been delivered to us as a sacred legacy by a noble ancestry. I love it for in the words of the immortal Washington, we have been charged with its perpetuity. Methinks I can almost see the sainted spirits of our patriot sires, bending from their thrones of light to-day with eager interest to know what shall be the future of this fair republic, bought with their toll and blood.

Fellow citizens, join with me in saying, *Christ be Achan, cursed be he who shall raise his hand to sever this Union! And let all the people say Amen.*

The founders of this Republic designed that it should ever be an asylum for the oppressed of all nations; so it has been up to this hour: so may it ever be. One reason why we would secure from harm the tree of liberty, is, that men of other climes weary of monarchical rule, may repose under its shadow, and reap the fruits of its fruit. We open the portals of our Republic, and we say to the oppressed millions of monarchical Europe, come! We hid them welcome. For their sakes and for the sake of their children, as well as for ourselves and our posterity, we will throw around our free institutions, such safeguards that they may remain unassailed forever.

Equal rights, civil and religious liberty, liberty of speech and of the press, distinguish us from monarchical governments. No man is to be proscribed on account of the place of his birth, or persecuted on account of his religious tenets. Roman Catholics and Protestants, Churchmen and Dissenters, are here on an equal footing as it regards privileges. Neither, have nor should we have any authority in the state, while all should have equal protection from government.

It has been charged upon certain parties in certain quarters, with making invidious distinctions between Catholics and Protestants—to deprive the one of rights conferred upon the other. Whether this allegation be true or false I know not. If so, it is wrong, they should enjoy precisely equal rights with the other sects. But they should by no means be suffered to go beyond. Neither they nor others should be suffered to control the offices of state.

Fellow citizens, many of us celebrate this day for the first time in this distant land, whose shores are laved with the waters of the broad Pacific. We have bid adieu to the land of our birth, and the graves of our sires. But though thus separated from the Federal Union; the glorious emblem of our country, the "stars and stripes" wave over us, and the arms of the great Republic are round about us. Let it be our work to perpetuate the principles of our fathers in this distant territory of the Republic.

Fellow citizens, we have most of us come to this distant land for the purpose of making it our home; here we expect to live the few days we have to live on the earth, and here we expect to make our graves when we die. The inheritance we have chosen for ourselves, and our children after us, is a goodly one. True we have evils to encounter, but they are evils incident to the settlement of every new country, and will disappear as the country advances in settlement and civilization. In a few years these forests will have given place to well cultivated and productive farms, villages and towns will spring up where solitude now reigns supreme. All along our rivers and water courses will be heard the hum of machinery converting the products of the husbandman and mechanic into available exports; our magnificent Sound, capacious enough to contain all the navies of the world, will be crowded with the ships of all nations. In a few years we shall be bound to the Atlantic shores by bands of iron, and the scream of the locomotives whistle will startle the savage from his haunts and the vast herds of buffalo from their pasture grounds.

We are at present a heterogeneous people, we are congregated from the east and the west, from the north and the south. Every state in the Union, and almost every state in Europe have their representatives here. The grasping Yankee has whittled his way across the Rocky mountains, and settled down in company with Buckeyes, Connerackers, Hoosiers, Pukes, Wolverines, Pennametts, &c., and these all commingled with French, Irish, Scotch, English, Germans, Swedes, Danes, Russians and a host of others.

The different manners and habits of this heterogeneous mass may occasion a little inconvenience for a season, but we shall soon become assimilated, the fire of mutual intercourse and neighborhood sympathies will soon melt them all down into one mass of social beings. Our Buckeye sons, and Conneracker daughters, after making sheep-eyes at each other for a long time, will at length come to the conclusion to form an alliance offensive and defensive—they will get married.

Jonathan, standing in the corner, and casting a great many sly glances across the way towards a beautiful daughter of a Wolverine family, at length guesses as how he will take her for better and for worse. This ties of consanguinity will soon bind us together, and we shall soon forget our dissimilitudes.

Now there are a great many lonely, desolate homes among us, but they are fast being changed into the abodes of happy loving families, and ere a generation has gone by, the sight of a house where once a man lived alone, will be pointed out to the children as a great curiosity, and it will be a great wonder to our little ones, how a man could ever have lived alone!

Thus, we are looking forward to a brighter day for our country, a day when our nation, having the best government, shall have become the most powerful and glorious of earth. To this end let us do our duty as sons and daughters of the patriots of the Revolution, that we may hand down to our posterity, the sound truth committed to our hands unassailed.

Christ be Achan, cursed be he who shall raise his hand to sever this Union! And let all the people say Amen.

The founders of this Republic designed that it should ever be an asylum for the oppressed of all nations; so it has been up to this hour: so may it ever be. One reason why we would secure from harm the tree of liberty, is, that men of other climes weary of monarchical rule, may repose under its shadow, and reap the fruits of its fruit. We open the portals of our Republic, and we say to the oppressed millions of monarchical Europe, come! We hid them welcome. For their sakes and for the sake of their children, as well as for ourselves and our posterity, we will throw around our free institutions, such safeguards that they may remain unassailed forever.

Equal rights, civil and religious liberty, liberty of speech and of the press, distinguish us from monarchical governments. No man is to be proscribed on account of the place of his birth, or persecuted on account of his religious tenets. Roman Catholics and Protestants, Churchmen and Dissenters, are here on an equal footing as it regards privileges. Neither, have nor should we have any authority in the state, while all should have equal protection from government.

It has been charged upon certain parties in certain quarters, with making invidious distinctions between Catholics and Protestants—to deprive the one of rights conferred upon the other. Whether this allegation be true or false I know not. If so, it is wrong, they should enjoy precisely equal rights with the other sects. But they should by no means be suffered to go beyond. Neither they nor others should be suffered to control the offices of state.

Fellow citizens, many of us celebrate this day for the first time in this distant land, whose shores are laved with the waters of the broad Pacific. We have bid adieu to the land of our birth, and the graves of our sires. But though thus separated from the Federal Union; the glorious emblem of our country, the "stars and stripes" wave over us, and the arms of the great Republic are round about us. Let it be our work to perpetuate the principles of our fathers in this distant territory of the Republic.

Fellow citizens, we have most of us come to this distant land for the purpose of making it our home; here we expect to live the few days we have to live on the earth, and here we expect to make our graves when we die. The inheritance we have chosen for ourselves, and our children after us, is a goodly one. True we have evils to encounter, but they are evils incident to the settlement of every new country, and will disappear as the country advances in settlement and civilization. In a few years these forests will have given place to well cultivated and productive farms, villages and towns will spring up where solitude now reigns supreme. All along our rivers and water courses will be heard the hum of machinery converting the products of the husbandman and mechanic into available exports; our magnificent Sound, capacious enough to contain all the navies of the world, will be crowded with the ships of all nations. In a few years we shall be bound to the Atlantic shores by bands of iron, and the scream of the locomotives whistle will startle the savage from his haunts and the vast herds of buffalo from their pasture grounds.

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The World's Dead.—There are millions in the grave where there are hundreds out of it. Age has followed age for six thousand years, and each has contributed its quota to swell that "bourne from which no traveller returns."

From extensive calculation, it seems the average of human births per second since the birth of Christ to this time, is about 815; which gives 32 billion, and after deducting the present supposed population of the world (950 million) leaves the number of 31 billion 40 million that have gone to the grave; giving death and the grave the victory over the living to the number of 80 billions. Of this number in the grave have died: By war, about 9 billion. By famine and pestilence, 7 billion 400 million. By martyrdom, 600 million. By interesting deaths, 680 million. Natural or otherwise, 18 billion. Total, 31 billion.

PUGET SOUND COURIER.

E. T. GUNN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

TRUTH WITHOUT FEAR.

STELLACOOM, W. T., FRIDAY, JULY 27, 1855.

PERSPECTS OF THE COMING HARVEST.

The prospects of the harvest now just coming in, we are inclined to believe, is not the most flattering, and from what we can learn from different parts of the territory, will be but a very small one from what was expected to be reaped this summer.

The wheat crops are now just ready to harvest—ready for the sickle—but, where are the reapers? The only answer is "gone to the gold mines"—which seems to be a fact, which a few days will give no chance for contradiction.

The assertion, that the statutes could be printed on this coast as cheap as it can be performed in New York or Boston, is too preposterous and its falsity too apparent to need comment.

We presume that the law intended that the printing should be done in this territory, and not abroad; or else, why was not (taking the meaning of the Pioneer's words to be true) an amount provided sufficient to take them to England or France and have them printed?

So that they would not "cost the public printer more, than if printed in his own office."

How it could have been best to the interests of the people, to have the work executed in New York, it is far beyond our feeble perceptions to perceive.

We suppose, however, one advantage is in getting them into circulation a year and a half before the usual time, taking Oregon as an example. Another, the chances of losing the per centage, by having them printed in New York.

But as we are very glad to see that friend Wiley is now prepared to guard against any more such accidents—that he can hereafter have all the printing done in the Pioneer office. No waiting in future, no chance of a person's holding the statutes of a Territory in check from the printer's hands, for any self-interest whatever.

May he stand true to his word, and do, not only "well, but extraordinarily well."

DEPARTURE OF MORE GOLD MINERS.

Another company of gold miners left this place on Monday last for the gold mines on the Flathead river, near Fort Colville.

The party consisted of William McLucas, Simeon Guile, R. H. Douglas, Oscar Keyes, Charles Fitch, S. Bonney, James Barron, Alexander Barron.

They have packed out a large number of horses with provisions for three months which is considered sufficient time to give the mines a fair trial as to their richness and extent.

Mining tools and all necessary apparatus for digging the precious mineral are being taken out by them, so that they will be prepared to prospect and commence operations as soon as they arrive there.

The journey is considered a short one; ten or twelve days at the outside, being supposed time enough to make the trip, without extra exertion or fatigue.

The route over the military, or immigrant road from this place is the one chosen by them, to cross the mountains by, as being the best and nearest route to Puget Sound to the gold region on the Flathead and Okanogan rivers.

THE PUBLIC PRINTING AGAIN.

We have been much amused in looking over the last number of the Pioneer and Democrat, in noticing the peculiar knack it has of getting around and jumping over the facts of the case relating to the public printing.

The laws of the first session were ordered to be printed, that is certain, and why they were not finished before those of the last session were, and before a year and a half should pass by, is a piece of negligence in which we can perceive a little of self-interest at the bottom.

Oregon not having her laws published before three years has passed is no precedent why the people of Washington territory should not have their work done in season.

There has been time enough, as every person knows from the time they were first ordered printed, till now, to have taken them to the Atlantic States, and printed half-a-dozen times, had the parties felt so disposed.

But instead of that, the people have been put off with the silly excuse that they were expected by every steamer, and bound in calf—So they have been left in the hands of that pompous person, the public printer.

The assertion, that the statutes could be printed on this coast as cheap as it can be performed in New York or Boston, is too preposterous and its falsity too apparent to need comment.

Every person that knows anything about the printing business, is aware that the same amount of work can be performed in any of the eastern cities for one-third the amount that it would cost in this place, or on this coast.

If not, why is that the laws of California and of Oregon, have always been taken to the east, and the public printers have all ways saved so much of the profits?

We presume that the law intended that the printing should be done in this territory, and not abroad; or else, why was not (taking the meaning of the Pioneer's words to be true) an amount provided sufficient to take them to England or France and have them printed?

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No waiting in future, no chance of a person's holding the statutes of a Territory in check from the printer's hands, for any self-interest whatever. May he stand true to his word, and do, not only "well, but extraordinarily well."

A BEAUTIFUL POEM.

The following few exquisite stanzas of original poetry, we find stowed away in our repository of collections, which chance has just brought to light, and which we give for the benefit of those who relish that superb bivalve commonly called the clam.

FOR THE POETRY SOCIETY OF OREGON. A Ditty on Clams.

Thy bountiful goodness we own, Great Giver of eggs and hogs' hams; And these are not standing alone, For next, there's a dish of fried clams.

Here is pound cake and pudding all right, And cutlets from venison hams; Oh, more every dish from my sight, And bring, for a feast, some fried clams!

Rich pound cake, roast venison and fowl, My reason you never can dupe; Oh, let me feast, body and soul, By sipping a dish of clam soup!

'Twas soup the wise statesman enticed, To his off to old Uncle Sam's, And here (to present our advice) His reward—a rich soup made of clams.

Oh! how can I ever again, Consent unto hen broth to soup? Oh, my relief! release from the pain, And give me a dish of clam soup!

UNITED STATES SLOOP-OF-WAR DEPARTURE.

The United States sloop-of-war, Decatur arrived at Port Townsend on the 21st inst. twenty-five days from Honolulu, Sandwich Islands.

Officers and crew all well. She sails immediately for Victoria, Vancouver's Island; from thence, as we understand, up the coast in quest of the northern tribes of Indians, who have been so daring of late in their hostilities upon the whites at the lower part of the Sound.

It is to be hoped that she may be successful in this expedition.

The following is a list of the officers attached to the Decatur: Commander—Isaac S. Stretet. Lieutenants—Edward Middleton, A. J. Drake, A. R. Hughes, L. S. Philips. Acting Master—F. G. Dallas. Purser—J. J. Jones. Surgeon—R. W. Jeffries. Acting Surgeon—J. Y. Taylor. Passed Midshipman—G. W. Morris. Midshipman—M. C. Campbell, J. G. Mitchell. Boatswain—H. N. Bright. Gunner—R. M. Stocking. Carpenter—J. E. Miller. Sail Maker—A. A. Warren.

LOG CABIN HUNGERS, NO. 2.

Four times have I put my pen to the paper, and four times have I lifted it, making only a single dot, where I intended to commence a sentence; and three four times have I looked upon the drop of ink on its nib, and wondered with what ideas it was pregnant.

I can't talk learnedly of farming, for my knowledge of this pursuit is hardly more than a trust in Providence, that where I sow, there shall I reap, and in all the mysteries of seed time and harvest, I am but a poor student; just learning them from the great book of nature.

But fortunately, for the human family whose millions of mouths must be fed, the cultivation of the soil, brings abundance to the unskilled hand of labor; without requiring long apprenticeship years of study, or midnight application.

It cannot be denied that experience has created a philosophy of her own, that she has come to the aid of labor with the truths that she has been gathering for ages, and whilst she has lessened its toils, she has increased its rewards; she has made farming a science, that not only explains the laws of nature; but it has formed laws to which even nature is obliged to yield.

It has thus gradually been improved upon, until from one of the rudest and most unskilful of all occupations, it has become in its highest state, one that gives ample room for the exercise of skill, and the application of chemical knowledge, and it has called forth some of the most ingenious inventions in the mechanic arts.

Yet for all that knowledge has done for farming, mother earth does not refuse to yield her bounty where the labor of the hands and the sweat of the brow alone solicit it.

Where the curse of God was pronounced that consigned man to a life of toil, there the cultivation of the soil is carried out in the same style, and with the same implements of husbandry that were used in the most remote ages of antiquity; and yet the harvests come with regularity and abundance.

It would perhaps be a profitable investigation to trace the progress of this pursuit from its infancy to the present period, from the days when Ruth gleaned in the fields of Boaz, to this our own time, when the waving grain is mowed down and gathered by the iron fingers of machinery, and by iron teeth, separated almost in a twinkling from the straw.

The romance of harvesting is indeed over; in vain the round full moon that makes a subdued day of evening invites the lads and lassies to the fields to gather and bind the grain.

Their work is done by horses and will be done by steam; harvest moon and harvest home are become obsolete expressions, and it will shortly be as rare to see a girl in the field as to see a man using the old fashion's sickle, unless in some city miss affects rusticity, or a rake and a gipsy hat, as country girls sometimes assume the roopish airs of city life.

These are changes which spoil many a pretty picture of country life. The Van Dykes and the Van Dutch who have always excelled in those quiet scenes of rural life, which have made the canvass a part of nature would lose at once their power to please if compelled to paint in their pictures, a reaping machine or a steam plow.

Such a painting might hang in the office of an engineer or the public room of a hotel, but it would not be one of those dreamy gentle scenes of still life that a judge of beauty never tires to look at, and which he almost jealously secludes from the gaze of the multitude.

But the ideal of life must yield to the practical, for this is an age of utility and the consideration is not, what looks well in the field or on a canvass, but what will pay well, and dear reader this last consideration is what perplexes me; what shall be put in the places of those huge trees that are daily falling before my ax, that will pay, and will bring me gold?

Beneath their gnarled and twisted roots shall I find the root of all evil? or is all this grubbing and cutting and burning in vain? These are problems which I won't solve, for Colville rises in all its golden grandeur before me; and much as I love Forestville, its log cabin, and this cozy arm chair, the rumors from the far off Columbia have penetrated even to my little log-rig and make me feel quite as unsettled as when the California fever attacked me in the states.

This is certainly annoying for I had laid out a plan for the future that comprehended all sorts of improvements to the homestead and which would keep me busy for five years at least. I had looked upon myself as a future, a something that would look carefully upon the outer world from this snug retreat, and moralize on the vanities of human life; but my schemes are tottering already, and this vague rumor of new gold fields has played the very devil with my philosophy: to go, or not to go that is the question; Colville or Forestville, to dig gold or potatoes.

Eloc.

A NIGHT IN THE WOODS OF "OREGON," FRIEND GUNN:

The adventure related by one of your correspondents in last week's Courier, has reminded me of an incident that will, perhaps, bear relating, and if there is room enough to spare in your columns just "slip it in," that your readers may have the benefit of it.

Four years ago the 25th day of next October, the "good brig" George Emery, E. S. Fowler, esq., commander sailed from San Francisco for Stellacoom and Olympia. And on the 19th of the following month, November, she dropped anchor early in the afternoon, in the harbor of the first mentioned place, within a stone's throw of some dreadful longpieces of wood in the shape of fir trees, and the passengers of whom there were some fourteen, quickly improved this opportunity to "take a turn" on shore.

There was then but one house in Stellacoom—I mistake there he got shanty at the "Point" in which John B. Chapman together with his son John M. "bached" it—and all around that, excepting in front, where there was a small clearing, were clustered gigantic firs that had braved the tempests and storms of many centuries, but which, notwithstanding frequently came crashing to the earth before the resistless power of the "blast" that "old Boreas" always gets up when he "puts all hands to the bellows."

Many a night have I lain and trembled in that old house, with the fear tugging away at my heart that some one of those enormous chaps, two and three hundred feet long, would yield to the overwhelming power of the storm and in its way to a horizontal position upon the "bosom of mother earth" make an uncomfortable hole in the building, which it would be almost sure to do if it struck it.

These unpleasant sensations were productive of good, however, for in a short time we have felled every tree that would reach the house, thereby making a large "clearing."

But to my story: Amongst the passengers that came on shore from the "Emery," there was one young gentleman—by profession a lawyer—full of life, vigor and adventure, and was evidently well pleased at the contrast that the wooded shores of Puget Sound presented to the crowded, busy and magnificent streets of the "Quaker City," which he had left but a few months before.

He was naturally anxious to see the military post near by and to make the acquaintance of the officers, and as the brig was to start for "Stitch" in a few hours, whether he was bound, he lost no time in being put upon the "trail" and making his way out there, a distance of a mile and a half.

It was certainly not his intention to tarry there long but he found the company of the officers so agreeable, and the "Old Commissary" so smooth and admirably adapted to his taste—I will not say that he partook too freely, for the reader can form his own opinion from the sequel.

He made no note of time, and before he was aware of it, night had begun to throw her dark mantle over the earth. He then awoke to the true sense of his situation, and made immediate preparations to return to the brig. He was told by the officers that the trail through the woods was very indistinct, and especially so in the night; and that there was great danger if he undertook to go down at that late hour, he would lose his way and be obliged to make up his bed on the soft side of some wind-fall, instead of "turning in" into his comfortable bunk on board of the Emery.

To the urgent solicitation of the gentlemen of the garrison to take a bed with them, he "turned a deaf ear," and after exchanging with them the salutations of the evening, he set out on his return, with as heavy a press of steam on as his boilers would bear. For the first half mile it was perfectly plain sailing, and no one although he might be "three sheets in the wind" could possibly get off his course. And here, before going any further, let me say, in justice to my friend, that I do not mean to intimate that he had "luffed up alongside the cutter," or to even hint that he was "carrying on too large a head of steam."

I would not for the world be guilty of an act of injustice towards him, and that he knows as well as I do.

Excuse this little diversion, reader and we'll go on with the tale. Well, my friend had got over the half mile of prairie, and a quarter of woods, when he came to a place where there were two trails bearing in different directions. He chose the one that seemed most traveled although he had some faint misgivings as to its being the right one.

He had not gone far upon it, however, before he became convinced that he had taken the wrong "shute," and at once attempted to retrace his steps, but in so doing he got "off the track" altogether, and his utmost efforts to regain it again, were utterly futile. The harder he struggled, the more difficult grew his task, until at last he gave it up as a bad job, and began to cast about him for the softest and driest spot on which to repose for the long November night that was upon him.

The one he chose was certainly not so luxurious as a "bed of down" spread beneath a light roof, but he could find no better, so down he threw himself, with his over-coat closely buttoned, and the collar turned up about his ears, and tried to shut out from his senses, the world and its troubles. He could not do it, however, for thoughts of his cheerless situation and the danger he was in from wild beasts that he had been told abounded in the woods of "Oregon," came thronging thick and fast upon his busy brain, and he was thoroughly miserable.

His case was exactly the reverse of one who "wraps the drapery of his couch around him, and lies down to pleasant dreams" for his couch had no drapery but the withered fern, and his dreams were of fierce attacks upon his person, by the hungry wolf, and savage grizzly.

His sense of hearing was keenly alive, and soon he heard, or imagined he did, at least, the howl of the former and the growl of the latter, and after a moment's communing with himself, he came to the very sensible conclusion that that was not a very safe place, and he had better seek another; accordingly he roused himself up and after groping about blindly for awhile, he ran about of the huge trunk of a tree that years before, had lost its centre of gravity in the fierce attack of an angry storm, and fell to the earth. To the top of this trunk, elevated some six feet, he quickly mounted, and straightened himself for the balance of that cold, wet, and almost interminable night. Sleep, however, he could not, for to use his own words, "the wolves, bears and panthers were howling, growling and prowling all around" and some of them came so near, that he could even see their eyes glisten through the darkness.

They made no attack upon him however, and the ten hours that he was obliged to remain in this superlatively miserable situation, every minute of which seemed an age, and was fraught with terror, at length wore away, and daylight broke upon his gladdened sight; he then came down from his elevated perch, and after tumbling over innumerable logs and worming his way through the thick undergrowth for an hour or so, he succeeded in finding the right trail and soon after Capt. Bale's house. But wasn't he a pretty looking subject, when he made his appearance before us? Reader, you may depend upon it, he was as perfect a specimen of a man who had passed a long and cold winter's night in the woods of Oregon in a state of such exquisite fear, that it led him to the very verge of insanity, as you ever need wish to see, and the alacrity with which he jumped into a warm bed that was speedily prepared for him, would certainly do credit to a tight rope dancer. In a couple of days he was pretty well recruited, jumped into a canoe, and went on his way to Olympia, where he tried to drown the memory of his recent sorrows in oyster stews and clams fried, but it is my humble opinion that if he lives to the age of Old Parr, and retains the faculty of memory, that he will never forget his first night in Oregon.

FOR THE FOURTH SOUTH COAST. CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH AT GRAND MOUND, PRAIRIE.

In accordance with previous arrangements, the eighth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, was celebrated at Grand Mound. A numerous company of ladies and gentlemen, convened at the Gr and Mound Hotel at an early hour, where a procession was formed under the direction of James Biles, Esq., marshal of the day, and proceeded to the grove where arrangements had been made for the exercises of the day. Arriving at the speaker's stand, and the company being seated, the exercises were commenced, as follows:

- 1st. Prayer—By the Rev. Charles Biles.
2d. Music.
3d. Reading of the Declaration of Independence—By L. D. Durgha, Esq.
4th. Music.
5th. Oration—By J. W. Goodell Esq.
6th. Music.

After the conclusion of the exercises at the stand, the procession was re-formed and marched to a sumptuous repast spread under the shadow of the majestic firs, furnished by the generous inhabitants of the place. After the repast, the following toasts were read by the Marshal of the day, and the company were entertained with sweet strains of music, till late in the day.

1st. The Day We Celebrate—May its annual return inspire the sons of America, with the same true spirit which actuated the framers and signers of the Declaration of Independence.

2d. Republican Freedom—The terror of kings, but the day-star of hope to down-trodden millions.

3d. The Heroes and Heroines of the Revolution—Their names shall endure as long as the sun of liberty shall shine on our country. May their sons and daughters imitate the purity and patriotism which impelled them to action.

4th. The Flag of our Country—May her stars increase in number and magnitude, until its ample folds shall wave over all the earth.

5th. The Territory of Washington—May her magnificent waters, her genial climate, her productive soil, her forests of timber, and her many other undeveloped resources, together with her enterprising people, render her worthy of the name she bears, and make her the first star in the constellation of the Union.

6th. Our People—The sovereign people—May they unite the heroism and virtues of Washington, with the patriotic zeal and intelligence of Franklin, and the piety firmness and love of freedom of our honored Pilgrim Fathers.

7th. Our Common Country—The United States and Territories, vast in extent, rich in fertility, unsurpassed in beauty; inexhaustible in resources, and glorious in her free, civil and religious institutions.

8th. Independence Day—Seventy-nine years ago we proclaimed our Independence; and we won our Independence; and we've kept it Independence; and we shall keep our Independence. Hurrah for Independence Day.

Music—Yankee Doodle.
VOLUNTEER TOASTS.
By Old Hopper.
Woman—She is fair and gentle kind and true,
And bright as diamonds set in gold;
Altho' their numbers here are few,
Their moral worth can ne'er be told.

Let each of Adams' fallen sons
Whose hearts is not life's race to run,
Secure a diamond set in gold.

By A. W. Sargent.
Republicanism—May we ever study the character, imitate the virtues, and follow the precepts of the noble-hearted Washington.
By J. W. Goodell.
Grand Mound Prairie—The heart of Washington Territory, which is the heart of the United States, which is the heart of the World.
By Old Hopper.
Our Territory—The young Lion of the Pacific.
By J. W. Goodell.
The Ladies—God bless them, they are the sweetest but rarest fruit in Washington Territory.
By F. M. Sargent.
Ladies: May you always exert that influence which you have over the sterner sex, on the side of virtue and freedom. Frown upon all cowards, and enemies of your country, but when man looks to you for encouragement in the cause of Liberty let him not look in vain.

Before separating, a vote of thanks were returned to J. W. Goodell, Esq., for the oration, with a request that he furnish a copy for publication. Thus ended the first celebration of the Fourth, at Grand Mound.
NEW BORN FOR THE SICK.—Prof. Liebig, the distinguished chemist, has recently put forth the following recipe for a new broth for the sick. The peculiarity is that it is prepared without heat. For one portion of broth take half a pound of freshly killed meat, (beef or chicken,) cut it in small pieces, add to 1 1/2 lb. of distilled, to which has been added four drops of pure chlorodyne (muriatic) acid, and half to one drachm of common salt, mix them well together. After standing an hour, the whole is strained through a conical hair-sieve, such as is ordinarily used in the kitchen, allowing it to pass through without pressing or squeezing. The portion passing through first being cloudy, it is again poured through the sieve, and this process repeated until it becomes perfectly clear. Upon the residue of the meat remaining in the sieve, half a pound of distilled water is poured in small portions. In this manner about one pound of liquid (cold extract of meat) is obtained of a red color, and pleasant meat-broth taste. It is administered to the sick, cold, by the cup full, according to their inclination. It must not be heated, as it becomes cloudy thereby, and a thick coagulum of meat, albumen and hematin is deposited.

THE LATEST NEWS.

From papers received by the mail to-day, we clip the following items of news. That from the states, it will be seen, is quite of an important character.

Governor Metcalf, of New Hampshire, was inaugurated on the 7th of June, after which his message was read to the legislature. It advises as little legislation as possible, and recommends an encouragement of the industry of the inhabitants of the state as a means of preventing emigration to the west.

The election of Carline, the American candidate for Congress in the 11th Congressional district, Virginia, is confirmed.

The printing establishment of John F. Trow, on Ann street, New York, was destroyed by fire on the 30th of May. Among the property destroyed were twelve thousand five hundred copies of Irving's Life of Washington. Loss over \$50,000.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, (New School), held its annual session in St. Louis, in the last week in May. The number of delegates was large. An exciting debate on the report of the church extension committee on some overtures and memorials from two Presbyteries in Philadelphia, and the synod of Iowa, resulted in the establishment of some agency in the church and under the control of the General Assembly, to explore destitute fields of the west, and organize churches in circumstances in which the American Home Missionary Society cannot act, took place.

The prohibition liquor law is probably lost in Illinois by a small majority.

Samuel Rockwell, of Trenton, N. Y., died on the 27th of May, aged 104.

A national Know-Nothing convention was held at Philadelphia during the week ending the 10th of June. The Missouri compromise was rejected by a majority of 51 to 92.

The news from the seat of war is highly interesting. The allies have possession of the straits of Kerch leading from the Black Sea into Azoff, and have occupied the waters of the latter. They have also taken the offensive Russian works between the French lines and the defenses of the town, and advanced upon the Chernaya toward Inkermann. The former operation was accomplished without the loss of a man. In the latter the fighting was most severe, the Russians admitting that the loss on their side was 7,000 men. It was rumored at Paris that a battle had also taken place between the French division under Canrobert and the Russian force under Liprandi, in which the latter was defeated and Canrobert wounded, but this lacks confirmation. The occupation of Kerch and the sea of Azof will cut off the source whence the Russians have hitherto drawn their supplies. Five vessels laden with corn had run into Kerch, not knowing the place was taken, and were captured. The number of guns found by the allies exceeded 100.

A French account says the Russians burned thirty transports as well as their four steamships, and destroyed 300,000 sacks of corn, 100,000 sacks of oats, and 100,000 sacks of flour. In the evening fourteen allied steamers entered the Sea of Azoff. The allied ships had succeeded in blowing up a magazine at Arabat and in destroying about 100 merchant vessels. Only one steamship remained of the enemy's force in the Sea of Azof.

Stellacoomb Prices Current.

Table with columns for various goods like Flour, Wheat, Corn, etc., and their prices.

Shipping Intelligence.

Table listing shipping schedules, including ship names, destinations, and dates.

Special Notices.

Notices regarding church services, public meetings, and other community events.

New Advertisements.

Advertisements for various services and goods, including real estate and business opportunities.

Business Cards.

A collection of business cards for various professionals and companies, including lawyers, doctors, and merchants.

New Advertisements.

Advertisements for various services and goods, including real estate and business opportunities.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

A collection of miscellaneous advertisements, including notices, public information, and small business ads.

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