

PUGET SOUND COURIER.

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

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STEILACOOM, W. T., FRIDAY, AUGUST 10, 1855.

VOL. I.—NO. 12.

Agriculture, News, &c.

A COUNTRY HOME.
Oh, give me a home in the country wide,
A seat by the farmer's wood fire-side,
Where the sun's rays, the dew, the light, are free—
Oh, the farmer's home is the home for me!

Oh, give me a home in the country wide,
When the earth comes out as a blushing bride,
With her buds and flowers,
In the bright spring hours,
Her bridal song ringing from fresh-leaved trees,
And melody floats on the perfumed breeze.

In summer a seat in a shady nook,
And close by the side of a cooling brook,
When the farmer is busy,
Or the pole is swung,
Painting and sick 'neath the sun's scorching beam,
Dips her fair petals in the cooling stream.

Oh, give me a home in the country wide,
In the golden days of a farmer's pride,
When his furrows are filled,
From the cattle he tills,
And he feels that his weary task is done,
Smiling at water, he beckons him on.

BREAKING YOUNG ANIMALS.

A story is told of a person who traveled through England exhibiting feats of horsemanship, and when at the residence of a certain nobleman, after he had done with his own horse, he turned and said, "Now, my lord, I am willing to ride any horse of yours in the same manner." The nobleman, for sport, had one brought out which, unknown to the equestrian, was ungenerously stubborn. The man deliberately mounted, but the animal when urged would not move. After a pause, he quietly dismounted, gave it one severe cut with his whip and again remounted the saddle. The animal remained unmoved, but the man retained his complete self-control, and got down a second time and repeated the blow, but with no better success. After the third stroke, however, there was no further trouble—the animal moved forward in perfect obedience.

A great many, doubtless, would have looked upon this feat as an exhibition of some particular charm which the horseman had over the beast. But instead of this, it was one of the simplest operations imaginable, and one which any one could easily perform. It was only necessary for the rider to keep himself and the animal cool, and to impress the latter with the distinct and single idea that the stroke of the whip was for, and the business was done. A single stroke, with a considerable pause between, excites an irresistible terror and dread; but a shower of blows would be not only unprofitable to the animal, but would excite a fury of passion and a feeling of resistance that would only increase the obstinacy, and make the matter worse. At the same time such a course would have only destroyed the self-control of the rider, and it may be laid down as an axiom, that he who can not control his own temper, can not properly manage an animal.

The writer has applied the same mode of treatment in subduing vicious and kicking cows, with complete success. Animals, that even the most daring of ordinary milkers would not think of approaching without previously coring strongly the hind legs, have been completely cured, not like the kind teachers of French "in six lessons," but in three milkings. The cow, placed in a small yard, was neither tied nor otherwise confined; a cowhide was placed under the left arm and the milking commenced. The instant kick was eluded, and an equally instant and severe stroke of the cowhide followed. Especial care was taken that the cut of the whip should always follow the kick, and never but one blow, no matter what the provocation might be. If the cow started to run, the same solitary blow fell upon her face. At all other times she was spoken to firmly and soothingly, accompanied occasionally by a gentle friction of the hand. It required but very few administrations of this regimen for the animal to understand, very distinctly, exactly what was meant, and what the blow was for; and if this is invariably and faithfully attended to, a single milking will commonly be enough to change the habit, and one or two more will completely confirm it. But if the operator sometimes omits the punishment, or sometimes strikes twice, he may as well give up the attempt at once.

We have known the most furious animals so changed in a fortnight by this management, as to stand quietly through a milking with a dreary expression of face, quietly chewing the cud, when formerly all was rage, fury and terror. The whole was accomplished by a self-controlling exercise of the simplest common sense and reason.

Nothing is more common among boys and the less persons, than a treatment of animals which one moment's reflection would show to be ruinous to their quiet and gentle habits. A cow kicks spitefully, but happens to do no harm, she escapes the penalty. She accidentally moves her foot and upsets a full pail of milk—a tempest of blows descends upon her. Such a course will soon spoil any cow. Or, her kicks are borne without notice till the patience of the milker is exhausted, and then commences a general broadside of kicks, blows and thumps. It is impossible for any animal, possessing even the sagacity of a politician, to understand such treatment, or to form any distinct connection between cause and effect, offence and penalty.

It often happens that animals are untractable solely because they are not familiar with men. The most successful trainer of oxen we ever met with always made this his first point of attention. When he was about to commence operations, he enclosed a considerable number of young steers in an ample yard, and spent several hours in merely passing around among them, in order to render his presence familiar to them. The timid amongst them soon learned that he was neither a tiger nor a bear-constructor, but a very harmless companion. Occasionally, he would touch them gently with his hand, till after a time they became accustomed to his touch, and finally to handling freely. After several hours spent thus, he next applied the ox-bow to their necks—then by gentle pressure, perseveringly continued, he learned them to follow—by degrees they were drawn side by side—then yoked together—then led or driven about. By coolness, determination, and perseverance, he often succeeded in breaking them without a blow; and the remark has been often made that oxen of his training were the best broken oxen of any in the country. By operating on six or eight yoke at

once, especially during the earlier part of the process, he did not lose any time, and could afford to be patient and deliberate in the treatment.

THE GRASSHOPPER PLAGUE.

The following facts can be relied upon, having received them from such sources as leave no question of their correctness. We hope cultivators in all parts of the state, and especially where these devastators have been felt this year, will examine the coming winter and see if the same thing occurs again.

Remember! Wherever the floods covered the soil and remained a little time, no grasshoppers appear.

Remember! They rarely or never are found in shaded ground, or damp and wet localities.

Remember! They are destroyed by winter plowing—deep subsoil plowing. Plow deep and bring up their eggs to the action of the wintry storms, and you will lessen if not wholly destroy them. In many of the other states they have been found embedded in clay below the surface, and around the trees, thus seeking shelter—while in the dormant state and the eggs—frozen by the severity of the storm, remaining there until their time of re-appearing.

We have made many inquiries, and from those who have seen and examined their habits, we gather the following:

The grasshopper shell, or his decayed body, is found about ten or twelve inches below the surface in the sandy soil in gardens and orchards. Those who plow early and deep, find them turned up in large quantities, and also note that where the soil is plowed deep and early they do not make such ravages.

In the present condition of our country, every mind should be awake to the importance of finding the best preventive for so dreadful a scourge, and every means that can be made use of to this result, should be hailed with joy and widely disseminated.

From nearly every portion of our state we hear of the destruction caused by this insect—from San Joaquin, to the Tulare; along the Stanislaus, Merced, Mariposa and Tulare valleys; at Salt Lake, and Carson and the adjacent valleys between the Scott and Shasta rivers; at Colusa; along the Putah, through Yuba and Sacramento counties—and we presume ere this they have made their way to the lower valleys.

We would urge the importance of noting down the time of their appearance and departure, their habits, and every fact connected with them. We shall be very grateful for every item respecting them.

We learn that irrigation at night, and showering the trees and vines, have in many instances driven them away. Heavy shade and awnings serve to protect and save. Grounds that are low and damp, and such as, by constant cultivation, give forth a dew at night, this insect avoids.

Shade and moisture they avoid; a hot and dry location they select, and the hotter the day the more terrible their ravages; the hottest days they move with more rapidity.

Any one not familiar with their progress can have no conception of the immense quantities now in this vicinity. For the first three days of this week, the very air was full of them, flying over this city, resembling a dense snow storm—the myriads as they fly shining in the sun like snow flakes. So numerous are they, it is believed that were all which are floating in the air above to drop down upon this city for even twenty-four hours, every thing animal or vegetable would cease to exist, unless sheltered in close rooms.

Instances have occurred of animals being alarmed by the masses that light upon and bite them, and men traveling upon stages and otherwise have been much annoyed. They seem to be on the increase, and extend their ravages—large fields of wheat and oats have suffered in the vicinity of Yuba and other upper valleys.

We most earnestly urge all to the frequent and free use of water, under and upon the vegetable—only let it be remembered to do this by night.—California Farmer.

AMERICAN SYMPATHY IN THE EASTERN WAR.

The tenor of certain articles which have of late made their appearance in the Times would seem to indicate that there exists across the Atlantic, in the breasts of our new relations, the inhabitants of the United States of America; a feeling of hostility to us, our institutions and undertaking, and a feeling of sympathy with our Russian antagonists. We do not believe it; but on the contrary, we believe that blood is thicker than water, or in this case we might say that off—that though the Yankees might have no objection to have a shot at us themselves, they wish no other people in the world to do so with success—that republican liberty can never sympathize with despotism—enlightened intelligence with hopeless ignorance—progress with obstruction—that the antagonism of qualities and antagonism and justifications between Russia and the States is a gulf too stormy to be passed, and that the ties of kindred blood and kindred sentiment between the States and Great Britain are too strong to be easily or lightly severed. Should it ever be otherwise; should it ever unfortunately come to pass that this country shall be placed in a hostile position to America; or should we even witness the untoward event of American sympathy with our opponents or its absence from ourselves, we cannot imagine a consummation more unpropitious and more calculated to damage our influence and our cause in the eyes of the whole civilized world.

Will it be believed that we, or at least the small fry who represent us, are doing their best to bring about this state of bitterness; and that the rumors of American indifference to our success, or of American sympathy with our enemies, have their origin, not in the acts of our brethren, but in the contemptuous slights, and callous indifference of ourselves? The promptings of an evil conscience informs us that we have merited the resentment, the existence of which we are beginning to assume; and that a persistence in the studied insolence with which the friendly advances of our transatlantic brothers seem to be received, may possibly at no very distant period convert these

rumors into facts. Several instances of the species of conduct to which we allude have lately been brought under our notice; but we shall content ourselves for the present with the mention of two.

The Morning Post can testify to the courtesy of every whiskered, bearded, baggy-breasted aid-de-camp or envoy from Pumpernickel or Schlagienburg, whose business or whose pleasure leads him to visit the capital of England. A special train receives him at Folkestone; a court-carriage at London bridge. He is presented to Majesty by the minister; his name is inserted in the Lord Chamberlain's album for royal banquet, concert and ball; he appears at the reception of secretaries; and as a necessary sequence, he runs the gauntlet of aristocratic hospitality and ostentation in crescent, lane and square, from St. Something in the East to St. Somebody in the West, till a surfeit of soups, lobster salads and Lettuce drives him back with an indigestion to the bath and Brunnets from whence he came. We find no fault with his reception—reception though it be of the envoy or hanger-on of a phantasmagorical kingdom or dukedom, whose treasury is a gambling house, whose territory is a fisherman's walk, and whose army is an officer. "While we feast the great, let's ne'er forget the small." Great Britain can afford to allow Lilliput to stalk powdered and pigtailed across her palm. But while she reigns hospitably and consideration on the small, ought she to reverse the caution of the song and utterly despise, neglect and ignore the great? We think not.

In the month of March last, three of the American veteran officers of the Mexican campaign, in the three several departments of engineers, artillery and cavalry, selected from the gallant army of the United States by the President and his Cabinet, as worthy from their talents and services to represent their countrymen, were directed by the government of the United States to proceed to the Crimea for the purpose of studying the art of war. The names of these officers were, and are Major Richard Delaford, of the Engineers; Major Mordecai of the Artillery; and Captain McClelland, of the cavalry. Did they proceed to the Russian lines, where the art of war can be studied quite as effectually as in our own, to which they would have received and would still receive a hearty welcome—and with which nation they are falsely represented to sympathize? They did not.

They arrived in England with letters from the British Minister at Washington, authenticating their missions, and which were presented by them last month to the Foreign Secretary in London; but beyond a civil reception—which we believe Lord Clarendon vouchsafes to all men—an interview with Sir John Burgoyne, and letters of recognition to the authorities in the Crimea, no notice whatever was taken of them or of their mission. No special train received them at Liverpool; no court carriage at Euston Square; no presentation to Majesty; no inscription in the chamberlain's open-sesame; no postcard for minister's reception or aristocratic soiree,—and the only surfeit which they received was a surfeit of neglect and disgust, which they have doubtless carried with them to the court of France, whither they bent their steps, and which it will assuredly defy all the baths and Brunnets of Pumpernickel to remove.

Towards the end of last summer the United States sloop of war Preble arrived at Spithead. It is a rule in the American navy that all naval cadets, who compose the material out of which are fashioned afterwards the naval commanders of the republic, shall serve their time before the mast; and a good and wholesome rule it is, for reasons too obvious to descant upon. The Preble a training ship for this purpose, and manned almost exclusively by young gentlemen from amongst the most respectable families in the States, to the number of two hundred and upwards, came to Spithead for the purpose of naval education.

She happened to be the only man of war on the station at the time, and her presence on that account, and on account of the frequent opportunities which she had of saluting the Royal Yacht, was made more than usually conspicuous. She was left wholly unnoticed by the authorities of Portsmouth, her cadets were refused admission to the dockyard, and she ultimately left the station, with two hundred young naval heirs, the future upholders of their country's naval frame, fully impressed with the nature of their reception in their fatherland.

These are two instances of the pains which are taken by our representatives to secure for Great Britain the sympathy of the United States. We have others at command, but we conceive the foregoing quite sufficient for our present purpose, and we pledge ourselves to the accuracy of the details. We can also tell our readers how her Majesty's sloop of war Pearl sailed from Bermuda in the winter of 1850 or 1851 with despatches entrusted to her gallant commander, Lord Clarence Paget, for the United States government—she experienced a succession of gales on her passage; how she arrived in the Chesapeake Bay with battered hull and exhausted crew; how the naval authorities of Norfolk, the Portsmouth of the States, sent shipwrights and riggers on board; how the good ship was refitted without charge or demand of any kind, and how the British officers and crew were welcomed and feasted on shore.

It is fresh, too, in the recollection of the public how the two Russian men of war were refitted and repaired at Portsmouth last year, their officers received with marked consideration, and the dockyard thrown open to Russian pencil and pen.—There was a Prussian man of war (the Gallus) at the same period which was similarly favored, but then, to be sure, she was commanded by one of the royal family!

We would call the attention of the new association which has been started in England, having taken, as we think, a leaf from her elder sister in Scotland—for putting the right men in the right places—to the reprehensible proceedings, or rather the outrages on the common decency which we have detailed. Surely no Briton can approve

them. We cry shame upon the Yankees for their supposed sympathies with Russia. Let us look at home and blame ourselves for their origin.—Caledonia Edinburgh Mercury.

"EL DORADO"—ITS ORIGIN AND HISTORY.

The following story of the fabled El Dorado, which turned the heads of multitudes of empty-purged adventurers many years ago, may not be uninteresting to many readers who are now realizing the golden dreams of past ages. The story runs:—

When the zeal for travels, conquests, and discoveries in America, first began to develop itself among the Spaniards and other nations of Europe those who thirsted for adventure and aggrandizement were not content with the actual wonders of the New World, but they taxed their imaginations for the creation of realms in which the splendors of fairy land were surpassed. Various circumstances contributed to add authority and influence to these fables. The tale that is oftentimes repeated, is generally regarded as true, particularly when the narrators are skillful, and have weighty reasons for disguising the truth. These were not wanting with regard to the fable of El Dorado, or the Golden Region. It was believed, currently, that somewhere in Guinea, there existed a kingdom, the wealth of which surpassed that of any known region on the face of the globe. Along the whole coast of the Spanish Main, it was believed that in the interior of the country, there existed a land whose importance and riches it was impossible to exaggerate. These rumors are said to have reference to the kingdom of Bagia and Tunis, now New Grenada. What was rather singular with regard to El Dorado, was, that the nearer adventurers approached to it the farther off it appeared to be. The Peruvians had accounts of its existence in the Nuevo Reyno; the adventures of that country believed it existed in Peru. In fact, it appeared like the blessed Isle of Indian song, which actually lied from the footsteps of the pursuers.

Imagination, however, soon supplied the proper data. Tired of profligate wanderings, the gold hunter fixed upon a certain region (in Guinea) as the locality of the kingdom of El Dorado. Nor was it a very difficult matter to make maps of the country, to crowd it with lakes and rivers, to refine its inhabitants, to perfect its arts, and to brighten its splendor. The story ran thus:—After the fall of the Incas, a younger brother of Atahualpa, collecting what treasures he could lay his hands upon, fled to an inland country, and founded a magnificent empire. This potentate was indifferently styled the Great Paytil, the Great Moxo, the Enin or Great Paru. From interested motives, men of intelligence and reputation scrupled not to confirm the tales of this empire, and the sanction of their names to the most absurd and puerile fictions.

Thus Sir Walter Raleigh, aware of the important results of colonizing Guinea, lured adventurers onward, by displaying before the most enticing pictures of the fabled Monarch and his realm. He even did not hesitate to attempt to pass upon Queen Elizabeth as facts, the monstrous fables, which his heated mind was alone capable of receiving.

An unblushing impostor asserted that he had himself been in Manoa, the capital of the imaginary kingdom, and that in the streets of silver-smiths, no fewer than three thousand workmen were employed. This traveler was very minute in his details, and produced a map which he had projected, and which was marked with the situation of a hill of gold, one of silver, and one of salt. The gorgeous palace of the emperor was held on high by magnificent and symmetrical pillars of porphyry and alabaster, kind encircled by galleries, which were formed of ebony and cedar, curiously wrought. At about the period of Raleigh's first expedition, it was believed at Paraguay, that the coast of the great Moxo had been actually discovered and visited. At this time the description of the interior varied a little from that which we have just given above. A vast lake of exquisite transparency and softness reflected the jades, which was built upon an island in its centre. The material of the edifice was snow-white marble of peculiar brilliancy. Two towers guarded the entrance, standing on each side of a superb column, which shot up to the height of twenty-five feet, and bore upon its capital an immense silver moon, while two living lions were attached by many chains of solid gold to its pedestal. These animals, like the dragons of a fairy tale, defended the entrance to a palace which outshone the realm of fairy. We know not whether an acquaintance with magic was necessary to quiet the vigilance of these wild guards, or whether they were well-bred creatures, disposed to make allowances for the curiosity of visitors, and permitted an easy entrance into the palace of El Dorado. Be that as it may, having passed those guards, you entered a quadrangle, where you could not fail to be delighted with the freshness and shade of the green trees, and the fragrant coolness and musical murmur of a silver fountain, which gushed and gleamed through four golden pipes. A small copper gate, the bolt of which shot into a masonry rock, hid the interior of the palace. This passed, the splendor of the internal arrangements dazzled and delighted. A vast altar, formed of solid silver, supported an immense golden sun, before which, four lamps were kept perpetually burning.

The lord of this magnificence was called El Dorado, literally, The Gilded, from the savage splendor of his costume, his naked body being daily anointed with costly gum, and then heaped with gold dust, until he prescinded the appearance of a golden statue. "But," O'leto sagely remarks, "as this kind of garment would be uneasy to him while he slept, the prince washed himself every evening, and is gilded anew in the morning, which proves that the empire of El Dorado is infinitely rich in minerals." This fable had its origin in the peculiar rites introduced by the worship of Bochica, as the high priest of this sect was accustomed every morning, to anoint his face and hands with grease, and then heap them with gold dust. Another custom, spoken of by Humboldt, may have given rise to the fable of the gilt man. This distinguished traveler says, that in the wilder part of Guinea, where painting the body is used instead of the practice of tattooing, the Indians smear their bodies with the fat of turtles, and then cover themselves with pieces

of mica of a metallic lusture, brilliantly white as silver, and red as copper, so that they appear robed in a garment, covered with gold and silver embroidery, when seen at a distance.

Although productive of much mischief, the expeditions undertaken in the hope of discovering El Dorado did considerable service to the cause of science; and thus, by the agency of fiction, many important truths were brought to light. We shall speak of the different expeditions fitted out in search of El Dorado, the last of which, incredible as it may seem, was set on foot as lately as the year 1775. From this we may judge how firm was the belief in the existence of this fairy land. The earliest enterprise of this nature attempted to reach the realm of Great Moxo, somewhere in the direction of the eastern bank of the Andes of New Grenada. The captains, Atasco and Ampudia, were dispatched by Sebastian de Bolacazar, in 1638, to discover the valley of Dorado, in consequence of the flaming descriptions which an Indian of Tacuma had given of the riches and splendor of the Zaque, or the king of Condinamarca. Diaz de Pineda, in 1650 gave rise to the idea that there were, to the eastward of the Nevadas of Tunguragua, Cayambo and Poyayan, immense plains where the precious metals were found in abundance, and where gold, in particular, was so plentiful, that the inhabitants converted massy plates of it into amour.

In 1539, Gonzalo Pizarro, inflamed by the account of these treasures, set forth in search of them, and by chance, made the discovery of the American cinnamon trees. Francisco de Orellana set forth to reach the river of Amazons by the Napo. Expeditions were fitted out simultaneously from Venezuela, New Grenada, Quito, Peru, Brazil and the Rio de la Plata, having for their sole object the conquest of Dorado. The incursions to the south of Guaviare, the Rio Fragua, and the Caqueta, were declared to have procured proof, not only of the existence of the city of El Dorado, but of the immense wealth of the Manoa, Omaguas, and the Guaynos. We discover proofs of accurate knowledge and careful research in the narratives of the voyages of Orellana, George von Spieker, Hernan Perez De Quesada, and Philip von Hutten, undertaken in 1536, 1542, and 1545, although there is no lack of exaggeration and fable likewise. Those who sought the town of the Gilded Monarch, directed their steps to two points situated on the northeast and south-west of the Rio Negro, viz: to Parima, the early abode of the Manoa, who dwelt upon the banks of the Jurubaba. There exists now very little doubt that the whole of the country lying between the Amazon and the Orinoco, was comprehended under the general name of the Provinces of the Gilded King.—Golden Era.

The Microscope.—The microscope exhibits in each object, a thousand others which escaped recognition, in each of which others remain unseen, which even the microscope can never bring to view. What wonders should we see, could we continually improve those glasses invented to assist sight? Imagination may, in some measure, supply the defect of our eyes, and serve as a mental microscope, to represent, in each atom, thousands of new invisible worlds. The mosses and grass with which the earth is covered, as with a carpet, are composed of many threads and small particles, into which they are divisible. The particles of water are so small, that millions of animals may be suspended on the point of a needle; how many then, must there be in the rivers and seas? From a lighted candle there issues, in one minute, more particles of light than there are grains of sand in the whole earth; how vast, then, the number that flow in a day, or a year, or a century, from that immense body—the sun! How indefinitely small must those particles of odoriferous bodies be, which affect large spaces for days and even weeks, without any sensible loss of their weight! Grains of sand appear of the same form to the naked eye, but seen through a microscope exhibit different shapes and sizes, globular, square, conical, and mostly irregular; and what is more surprising, in their cavities, have been found by the microscope, insects of various kinds. In decayed cheese are multitudes of little worms called mites, which to the naked eye, appear like shapeless and confused moving particles, but the microscope prove them of a very singular and curious figure. They have eyes, mouth, feet, and transparent body, furnished with long hair in the form of prickles. The mouldy substance on damp bottles exhibit a region of minute plants.

Sometimes it appears a forest of trees, whose branches, leaves, flowers, and fruits, are clearly distinguished. Some of the flowers have long, white, transparent stalks, and the buds, before they open, are little, green balls, which become white. The particles of dust on the wings of the butterfly prove, by the microscope, to be beautiful and well arranged little feathers.

Mechanics.—St. Paul was a mechanic—a maker of tents from goat's hair, and in the lecturer's opinion, he was a model mechanic. He was not only a thorough workman at his trade, but was a scholar—a perfect master, not only of his native Hebrew but of three foreign tongues, a knowledge of which he obtained by close study during his leisure hours while serving his apprenticeship. It was the custom among the Jews to teach their sons some trade—a custom not confined among the poor classes, but was practiced by the wealthy, and it was a common proverb among them, that if a father did not teach his son a mechanic's occupation, he taught him to steal. The custom was a wise one, and if the fathers of the present day would imitate their example, their wrinkled cheeks would not so often blush for the helplessness, and not unpropitiously criminal conduct of their offspring.

Even if a father intended his son for one of the professions, it would be an incalculable benefit to that son to instruct him in some branch of mechanism. His education would not only be more complete and healthy, but he might, at some future time, in case of failure in his profession, find his trade very convenient as a means of earning his bread, and he must necessarily be more competent in mechanics from his professional education. An educated mechanic is a model mechanic, while an uneducated mechanic is, merely a mechanic working under the superintendence of another's brain.—Let

the rich and the proud no longer look upon mechanism as degrading to him who adopts a branch of it as his calling. It is a noble calling—as noble as the indolence and inactivity of wealth is ignoble.

LETTER FROM MR. CLARKE.

Ma. E. T. Gunn:
In the Courier of July 6th appears a communication from C. H. Spinning, in answer to which I shall beg to intrude upon your columns for a brief statement of the facts in regard to the whig convention of this county, which did not nominate Mr. S. for the council as he undoubtedly expected it would.

In order to explain more fully to your readers the position of the parties, I shall briefly refer to the past connection of Mr. Spinning with the whig party in this county. About one year ago, the whigs of Lewis Co. held a convention at this place for the purpose of nominating candidates for representative and the different county offices. The convention was called by E. D. Warbas, Esq., who at that time was the correspondent of the whig territorial committee, and at that convention there was no county committee appointed. This year the convention was called by the same authority and three out of the four precincts in the county answered to the call. The convention was held at the Boisfort prairie and nominated their candidates and sent delegates to the territorial convention. Those delegates were received at that convention, which act alone I think fully endorses the authority of our convention.

Mr. Spinning complains of the proceedings not being endorsed by the people of this county or district, he will find a satisfactory answer to that complaint, by referring to the result of the recent election.

He also denounces the convention as being an "exparte" convention. Let me ask of you, Mr. S., what was the convention that nominated you; how many precincts were represented in that convention. I answer, and I answer truly too, two, and not what would make a whole one at that. Now if I understand the true meaning of *exparte*, I think that the convention which nominated you partook strongly of the character which you was pleased to give ours in your truly brilliant communication.

It seems to me that you made a slight mistake Mr. S. in regard to the signing of the resolutions which were unanimously adopted by the convention. For no one signed those resolutions but the officers of the convention when the proceedings were sent to the printers for publication. Not so had pressed for timber Mr. Spinning, as we were a year ago when you were nominated for representative.

We think those resolutions have been pretty well backed up by those we represented in that convention. Look to the election return, Mr. S., if you have any doubts as to their being backed up by the people of this county. You ask for some specifications Mr. S., you shall have them.

We do not believe any man can make an honest and impartial representative, who is pledged to one locality regardless of the interests of another. When you was nominated a year ago we expected you to do justice to all, and we asked no pledges of you whatever. Did your friends in your own precinct, treat you in a like manner? No sir, they had no confidence in you, and you went to the legislature, pledged to more the county seat without any regard to the will of the people most interested.

We do not, as you do, believe in debarring a man the privilege of voting, and yet make him pay taxes and work the roads. This is the course you pursued toward the half-breeds, while many of them pay ten times the tax that you do, and perform every duty of a citizen as well as yourself. For these reasons we believe they are as much entitled to a vote as Mr. S., although they may be denominated.

We do not believe in a division of the university, and we do not understand why you preferred Thurston county for the location of the university, rather than the one you had the honor to represent. Was not Boisfort prairie, as fit a place for the whole as half? Short sighted fool. Did you not see that when you agreed to divide the university, that you were being made a fool of? Hence our deep mortification. Again, why did you try to make Lewis county pay \$300, when she did not owe it, or if she did owe it, why consume the time of the legislature in acting upon it.

In regard to F. A. Clarke's claim being in one corner of the county, how comes it, that it is there? Whose act is it that cut off a large slice of our county and placed that claim in the "extreme corner"? Yours, sir, most undoubtedly. Now sir, for these, and many other similar acts, you have been almost unanimously condemned by your constituents as shown by the late election. In conclusion, if anything was wanting to establish the fact that you were incapable of representing the interests of your constituents impartially, the publishing falsehood contained in your letter; fill up the measure of the proof. For no man could be the author of such a tissue of falsehood, and misrepresentation as appears in your communication, unless he was wholly lost to every principle that honest men hold dear.

In regard to my reply which you may see fit to make to this, let me inform you that I shall take no notice of it whatever. But if you want any proof of what I have here asserted, you can always find me at the Cowfitt Landing, where I shall be most happy to give you any satisfaction that you may require. "Good timber enough left for that." You will need iron about that time.

Respectfully yours,
FRED. A. CLARKE.

Cowfitt, July 25th, 1855.

FRUGALITY AND TEMPERANCE.—Be frugal and temperate, with spendthrift hand scatter not to the winds the wages of your daily toils, and thereby become dependents on the public charity; educate liberally your children, for the broad road of preferment in this land is open alike for the lofty and the lowly; ever bear in mind that knowledge is far more desirable than wealth; instill not yourself, nor suffer others to infuse into their youthful minds the poison of religious bigotry.

PUGET SOUND COURIER.

E. T. GINN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

TRUTH WITHOUT FEAR.

STEILACOOM, W. T., FRIDAY, AUGUST 10, 1855.

GOLD MINES.—PROSPECTS, &c.

Since the last issue of our paper, we have received some encouraging news from the new gold mines near Fort Colville, and from such sources as there can be little possibility of the incorrectness of it.

Our best authentic news is, that specimens of the dust has recently been brought in to Olympia, by Gov. Stevens' express messenger, Mr. W. H. Pierson, who arrived at that place a few days ago from the Flathead country.

Another source of information is from the report of Mr. A. V. Wilson, taken from the Portland Standard, of August 2d, and found in another column of to-day's paper, who went out as messenger for Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express, from Portland.

All have been looking to the future with wistful eyes and expectant ears, to meet the brightening sights and sweeter sounds of days to come.

Mr. Shaffer, from Shoalwater Bay, has been in town for a short time, and intends proceeding over the mountains to meet some friends who are crossing the plains.

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Mr. Owens informs us that eight persons from Port Ludlow, were on the Puyallup, a few days ago, procuring horses so as to proceed to the mines.

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There is gold, and probably good mining, but the country has not been thoroughly prospected, the mining having been confined to two bars, one on the North and the other on the South side of the river.

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Travels.—To Stuart's express for a copy of a late Portland Standard.

THE GRASSHOPPER PLAGUE.

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The driest land seems to be their favorite resort, and the hottest days they do their greatest destruction. We know of no means to stop their present devastations, than water by night and shade by day, which we see strongly recommended by the California papers.

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