

PUGET SOUND COURIER.

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

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Agriculture, News, &c.

FOURTEEN YEAR LOCUSTS.

The woods around Eaton, Georgia, are full of locusts, and the conical noise they make is almost deafening. It sounds like the distant tinkling of a thousand small bells. The wings of these insects are marked with a W, and in some time it was supposed that this letter foreboded war. The interest which the remarkable appearance of the locusts excites in Cherokee, has tallied forth the powers of the Georgia Parliament, as will be seen by the following extract from the *African Republic*:

The Locusts.

You little red-ile insects,
What stings your song
From the olive and various
Other trees, making a constant noise
Like a steam engine blown
At night a long way off.
When have you bin since last
I heard your voice.
Some fourteen years ago?
I wonder if you have
Staid ever since under the ground,
Buried there out of sight?
I also wonder, now you have cum out,
What you do find to eat?
For you don't seem to lay
Such appetites as Pharo's insect,
And eat up every green thing;
If you devour any thing at all,
I can't discover it.
Are you rally a sign
Of War, or pestilence, or Famine,
Or all together? I don't think so.
For I have seen just several flunk
Before, and unlike particular happened
Immediately afterwards. I can't think
You bring any o'ers of consequence
At all, and you can leave just
When you please, or stay and bother on.

ROYAL HAWAIIAN AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, HONOLULU, N. I.

The following extracts from an address of Wm. L. Lee, Esq., president of the Royal Agricultural Society of Honolulu, will give our readers some idea of the progress of the Hawaiians in agricultural pursuits:

GENTLEMEN OF THE SOCIETY.—It becomes my pleasant duty again to congratulate you on the return of our annual festival; and, agreeably with our constitution, to render you a report of the proceeding of our society for the year which has just closed. I think there is no reason to doubt that our association is a useful one,—one whose influences for good are seen to some extent at the present time, in the increased interest manifested in the culture of the soil, the importation of new and improved breeds of stock, the introduction of new fruits, plants and flowers,—and one whose influence will deeply lie in the bright future so sure to dawn upon these pleasant islands. That we have done good who will question? Still, I am not satisfied that we have done all we ought to have done; and I trust that our efforts for the future will be pushed with redoubled energy, and so directed as to confer the greatest amount of real, practical benefit upon the great cause we seek to promote. Let us take hold of the matter with a will,—remedy whatever defects may exist in our plan of operations,—and push our cause with a life and vigor which shall greatly extend our usefulness.

Our society is a progressive one. We have gained strength with every new year, increasing in members and funds, and adding, I trust, to the increased interest which is manifested in all the various branches of agriculture, horticulture, floriculture and manufactures.

Soon after the last annual meeting, the board of managers held several conferences upon the subject of premiums, and the result of its deliberations was the resolution to offer to the public a list of 160 premiums, at a cost to the society of about \$1,000. Most of these have been ordered and part of them are now on their way to the Island in the ship *Falcon*. In my opinion, this is greater than the society can well afford; and it is a question of some importance, whether we could not benefit the Islands more by appropriating a less sum to premiums, and a larger one to the importation of stock and improved agricultural implements.

The board of managers has recently ordered from the United States a Devon bull and cow, several new breeds of swine, and taken measures to insure the introduction of a large variety of wheat, oats, barley and garden seeds, suitable to our soil and climate; and it has only been deterred from doing more in this line by the fearful risk incurred in importing stock such a long voyage and through so many changes of climate. Much has been done by individual members of the society, in introducing new stock, and many orders have been sent for horses, cattle and sheep, to California, New England and Australia, some of which have already arrived, while other are on their way.

The financial affairs of the society, are in a healthy and prosperous condition, and for a detailed account of the same, I beg to refer you to the report of our worthy treasurer. The total receipts for the past year have been \$2,186 23, and we have the satisfaction of reporting that while we have added \$1,200 to our permanent funds, we have paid all demands, and still have a balance on hand sufficient to meet our ordinary expenses for the time being. If there is any one thing more than another necessary to the prosperity and usefulness of our society, it is, in my opinion, the preservation of a sound and healthy state of our treasury.

The cause of agriculture on these islands, I think, is decidedly upon the advance; and though some of us have been disappointed in our crops, though our trade with California—the great consumer of our products—has been diminished, and though the small pox has snitten thousands of our best laborers to the ground, we have great reason to rejoice in the general prosperity of and abundance of the land. In several branches there have been great activity and progress, and such as cannot fail to gladden the hearts of all those who are fond of sweet food, good music and tender beef.

WHEAT.—The rapid increase of wheat-raising during the past year, has been such as to mark a new era in the history of the Islands. There has been sown in the region of Makawao, East Maui, during the last year, some 1,200 acres of this valuable grain; and although about 200 acres of it has been cut down by the peltus, it is estimated that the remaining 1,000 will yield at least 25,000 bushels of beautiful wheat, or on average of 25 bushels to the acre. This it is said will make 5,000 barrels of flour, or more than enough to supply our home consumption. It is indeed a glorious day when we can raise our own bread-stuff, and one which will be appreciated by those who for the last quarter of a century have been compelled to eat the miserable, sour, musty stuff call-

ed flour, which has been imported round Cape Horn, and after being mixed with about an equal quantity of salaratus, baked and called bread. "I have little doubt," as Mr. Green remarks in his valuable report on this subject, "that the ill health of many of the early residents of the Island had its origin in the character of the flour which was imported from abroad." For the last three months I have made Makawao wheat my staple food, and I hope never to eat another ounce of imported flour. To the pioneers in this enterprise of growing wheat—to those who have so faithfully persevered in raising their little patches of beautiful grain in the face of the general expressed opinion that neither our soil or our climate was suited to its produce,—too much honor cannot possibly be awarded.

In the early days of wheat sowing when it was raised by the peck and bushel, the lava rocks were used as a threshing machine, and the mouth for a fanning mill, but let the Yankee come with his reaping machine, his horse-power and steam mill, and he will wake up the slumbering soil, cause the fields to rejoice with beauty, gather in his harvest and his dime, and give us plenty of sweet bread and to spare.

It has been generally thought that wheat would not grow and fill well at an elevation above the sea of less than a thousand to fifteen hundred feet. This is a mistake; for Mr. Emerson, of Waialua, has this year sown a patch not ten feet above the level of the sea, which has filled admirably. Some of it is now here on exhibition.

Not the least among the wonders of the day, is the new steam flouring mill, recently erected in Honolulu by that enterprising association the Hawaiian Steam Flouring Company, and to which we look the coming year for our bread. This mill, the engine and machinery, is the work of three worthy and ingenious down-easters, who do everything upon honor, and who are a real blessing to the Islands.

The new varieties of wheat introduced by the society, were sown late, and consequently cut down by the peltus.

SUGAR.—The growth and manufacture of sugar in this country, is still in its infancy. The trials and difficulties of pioneers in this business, remote from every means and facility for carrying it on can never be told; but I trust the day has arrived when some, at least, of those who have persevered so manfully in rolling stones up hill, will be rewarded for their labors. The last year's crop has not equalled our expectations, though it has exceeded that of the year before. We estimate the whole produce of the Islands for the last season at 800 tons, which with the syrup and molasses, is valued at \$122,064. The great obstacles in the way of an increased produce of this article, as I have often before remarked, are the want of capital, and the still greater and ever increasing one of labor. Each successive year reduces the number of Hawaiian laborers, and whether this diminution can be profitably supplied by the importation of Coolies, is still problematical. The present crop of the Koloa plantation, on Kauai, owned by Dr. R. W. Wood and Mr. Burbank, will amount to 300 tons of beautiful sugar, which at six cents per pound, makes the handsome sum of \$36,000. Its syrup and molasses I estimate at \$10,000 more, which shows a total of \$46,000. The whole expenses of the plantation per annum, do not exceed, I am told, \$15,000. Comment is unnecessary.

FALL PLOWING—WHY BENEFICIAL.

We have repeatedly referred to this subject, and have shown how this practice operates beneficially upon the soil. There is still another view to be taken of it, worthy of practical consideration. It is perhaps true, in general, that when fields are plowed in the fall, a larger amount of vegetable matter is buried in the soil, than when the operation is deferred to the spring. The browsing of cattle, and perhaps a more thorough consumption by swine, roaming freely over its surface, added to the effect of winds and storms, and the natural changes which take place, when left on the surface, essentially diminish the quantity and quality of the stock and stable, left originally by the reaper. This difference, in particular cases, may be of no little practical importance.

But there is another and more important difference. Green crops decay much more rapidly than dry stubble. If, therefore, green vegetable matter be plowed in, in the fall, the early spring growth receives a far greater benefit from it than if the same matter had been left upon the surface, there to become dry and more capable of resisting the appliances which should hasten its decomposition. Every farmer's boy knows the comparative readiness with which green hay, when in a confined state, takes on fermentation, while that which is stored endures almost treatment and still remains unchanged. Were the object only to restore the elements of fertility to the soil without reference to the speed of its action, as already suggested the argument would still be in favor of plowing it in when green. But when its fertilizing properties are needed by the young shoots of early spring, the importance of this point must be readily appreciated. For it should ever be kept in mind, that health and vigor is of the utmost importance in the earliest stages of vegetable growth. Without a vigorous root and stem, there can never be a vigorous plant; and though the case is not utterly hopeless, when, in its first efforts, the young shoot is obliged to encounter even a severe struggle, it is far better to avoid this danger of its destruction. In general the character of its early growth determines the character of its entire growth.

Probably every farmer knows that if, for a portion of the year, a sheep be but half fed, the growth of his wool for that period will be materially affected. The fibre will be more slim and weaker; and, as in the case of a rope, no greater strain can be put upon it than its weakest part can endure, so it will be to the power of this fine fibre of wool. The vigor of any vegetable tissue is affected in a similar manner, not always to the injury of the plant.

Whatever tends to a healthy and vigorous growth, when the seeds thus put forth, performs a most important service. Green crops, when

plowed under, do perform this service in a much more speedy manner than dry stubble, and hence, the careful farmer will endeavor to avail himself of all the benefits he can thus secure to his land.

It is accordance with this fact that in those districts where the art of agriculture is carried in the most thorough manner, green crops are often raised for the very purpose of being plowed under. Clover, buckwheat, turnips and various other crops are sown with the same design. Sometimes two or three such crops are thus buried in the soil in a single season. It is on this principle, in connection with another which regards similarity in the character of the elements furnished and those demanded by the young plant, that a manure of grapes than almost any other application. In dry, loose, sandy soils, we doubt whether fall plowing, of itself, is to be commended: all our philosophy is against it, and in practice we know of nothing which teaches a different lesson. Not even on such soils, if the farmer will turn up the subsoil, which is often clay, and mingle that with the lighter sand upon the surface, fall plowing will prove to be of great value. The frosts and storms of winter will promote a more thorough mingling of the elements now brought into contact, and the labor necessary in the spring to prepare it for the seed will be comparatively light.—*Flour, Loom and Anvil.*

DRAINAGE.—I may be asked why I attach so much importance to drainage. Why, you might as well ask me why I attach so much importance to circulation, vital or monetary. Stagnant water, or stagnated air, are as ruinous to the plants as they would be to our own vitality. Fix a cork in the drainage hole of your flower pot, and you will have a practical illustration of my meaning. The sallow and bilious plant (like many turnip crops I know of, on un-drained land) will show by their expression what is denied to them in speech.—This is not the occasion to enter into subterranean examination of gravity, capillary attraction, aeration, or filtration, much less of all those affectionate or repulsive interchanges, that turn air, water, and earth, into food for man and beast; but be assured, circulation is vitality—stagnation death and ruin.—*Meek.*

THE EARTH THAT WE WALK ON.

It may surprise some of our readers to learn that all the earths—clay, flint, chalk, &c., are nothing more than the rust of metals; that at one time, during the age of this world, they were all shining, brilliant metals. Geologists speak of the earth as being hundreds of thousands of years old. All their philosophy is based upon mechanical science: the formation of strata, the upheaving of mountains, the burying of forests, have been attributed to some "great convulsion"—that is, to some shaking together of the earth's crust.—Whether this great age of the world be true or not, it is very certain that before any of these events could have taken place, the formation of each of the earths must have been the work of ages; otherwise the metals, of which their base consists, could not have been so completely rusted as to assume an earthly texture. To understand this, we must leave the mechanic, that is, the geological theory. It cannot be disputed that the first changes of the earth's surface were of purely a chemical nature. Combinations took place then as now; the metallic bases, by mere contact with the atmosphere or water, passed into oxides, as the chemist calls them, or earths, as expressed in daily conversation. Chemists thus recognize something like forty different kinds of these oxides or earthly bodies, some being very scarce, and others as plentiful.

By the mere touch of air, some of the metallic bases of these earths instantly pass into the rusty or earthy state; some, by contact with water, are so energetic that they burst into flame. By this process of reasoning, we come to the conclusion that the world is one mass or globe of mixed metals, of which the mere crust has become rusted, or of earthy form; the outer rind, as it were, preventing any rapid combination taking place with the metallic surface, five or six miles below the face of the dry land. Eruptions from volcanoes are probably produced by the sea getting down to the metallic surface, through some fissure in the earth's crust; decomposition of the water then takes place—fire, flame and steam causing an eruption. It would be an instructive lesson to man to quarry to the earth's crust to the depth of ten or twelve miles.—*Scientific American.*

"THE IDLE WIND."

Man is verb or ought to be—an active transitive verb in the potential mode, present tense, first person singular, depending upon Providence for his nomenclature. So that can be parsed in that way, is a man, worthy of the italics we put him in—and more than that, is no discredit to the little capitals we appropriate, when we write him MAN.

We have a great deal to say about idle this and idle that, when in fact, there is nothing idle in the world, but man, or something that he made. The idle wind! Why, it is the busiest thing in nature. It has the contract, and fulfills it too, for carrying all the seeds with sails, and seeds with oars, and leaving them here and there, and every where—some to cover the rock's nakedness, and some to make glad the islands of the sea. It trundled the thistle-down and the dandelion-flow about the world all last fall and winter, and we will warrant the disc of the one as round and yellow as a double-eagle glittering by the roadside, and some indignant farmer—we can not help being amused, though we are very sorry for him—is striking away with a hoe at the other, that as green as a rush has shot up in a few corners.

Some how the wind never make a mistake; never, to our knowledge, leaves the small passenger it carries, where it can not live and thrive. It may fling it upon the sand, but depend upon it, it knows how to get a living, and the Sahara becomes a Sahara, as one of old did; it may drift upon a rock, but be sure, it will cling to it for dear life, and struggle bravely, and the wind shall bring it's

handful of dust, and a drop of rain, and it shall become an evergreen, over which December has no dominion at all.

Then the wind has the sailing of the great fleets of clouds in all seas of the air, and it drives them to and fro, as they are consigned with their freight of beauty and blessing, and it brings up the great black men-of-war into the mid-summer heaven, where there is no danger of a lee-shore, and then how they open ports, and clear up the air, and let down green for the grasses and glow for the roses, and paler robes for the lilies below.

But clouds and colors are not all it carries, for while it wafted a breath with ice in the sultry Line yesterday, it returned with a "sweet south" tribute to the Arctic to-day. You open your window in June, and it showers in upon you a heart full of fragrance from the meadows of clover, and gusts of bird-music from the woodland beyond.

Then how busy is the wind all abroad upon the waters. How it marshals the great plumed waves of the sea, and hurks them upon the shore, till the charge of Balaklava is nothing to sing of. And yet it finds time to trifle with the brook and curl its waters, and fills them into ruffles of silver.

Then again, the wind is a glorious ensign. Have you never seen it shake out the bunting from main-mast and mizzen? Have you not heard how it unfurls the banners of armies till they grow terrible to look upon? And how gently in the morning does it lift the bed curtains of silver mist, that night had hung over the river like a canopy, and let it flash along with an unobscured glory.

As for music, what so wonderful as the wind's? We extend a silken thread in a crevice of a window, and it finds it and sighs over it, and sings round it, and goes up and down the scale upon it, and poor Pagnini must go somewhere else for his honor, for lo! the wind is performing with single string! It tries almost every thing upon earth, to see if there is music in it; it makes a mournful harp of the giant pines, and it does not disdain to try that sort of a whistle can be made of the humblest chimney in the world. How it will play upon a great tree, till every leaf thrills with the note in it, and wind up the river that runs at its base, for a sort of murmuring accompaniment.

But all this is nothing to the great melody it makes, when it gets a concert with full choir of the waves of the sea, and performs a mighty anthem between the two worlds that goes up perhaps, to the stars that love music the most and sang it the first.

And who does not know that the wind is a match maker, and goes about in garden and orchard and field, to solemnize the weddings among the blossoms of tree and flower, where there is always an Adam for every Eve, and the wealth of the harvest to crown the nuptials. There is wailing and winning going on around us, among those whose nuptials never appear in the newspapers, and who never would have been wedded at all, if the wind had been idle or weary.

The wind is something of a waltzer withal.—Sometimes it takes a feather for a partner, and sometimes an oak; now it dances round the corners like a fairy, and now it takes the corners with it, like a giant. Occasionally it whisks away a roof like a caubric handkerchief, and then again it creeps so lightly, that the flowers nod gaily to the measure, so gentle is it. But then there is no harm in this rude frolic, but a great deal of blessing. How the strong wind settling in from the sea, furls the broad, heavy wings of the death-angel, that broods over the crowded city, and carries away with it thought, the cobwebs that some sly, moody spider of a toog has woven in the nook and corners of the brain.

The wind is something of an artist too, and does things with the snow, that Powers never did with the Parian, but then it is summer, and we will o'en let its genius, as a sculptor, rest until December's stormy call shall wake it.

The wind, like almost every body else, has its merry and its melancholy moments. How gaily it dances among the corn, sweeping over their tasselled forms and rattling their waving blades like knights at an tournament.

Then how fondly it haunts old houses; moaning under the roof, sighing in the halls, opening old doors without fingers, and singing a measure of some sad old song round the fireless and deserted hearth.

How boldly it follows the grandest of us all, and carefully covers up our footprints in the sand, and removes all traces that we have ever walked thereon. But the impression we gain from all this, is that the wind is neither empty nor wanton nor idle—and that it does something more than whistle and wander; that it has nobler duties to perform than lifting the tress from the cheek of beauty, or turning the leaves of an open book upon a window sill; that whether freighted from Java, or Araby the blest, it has a life or a death in it; that it goes forth to the sowing, when the wind is over and gone, and garners many a harvest for the years that are to come.

It waded away the bough from our reach when we were children; it fanned our brow in manhood when we were weary; it will rustle down the sere leaves upon our graves when we are dead.

NICK-NAMES IN THE CRIMEA.—The following is taken from a private letter from the seat of war: Lord Raglan is nicknamed in the Crimea, Jack Cag; Canrobert, Robert Cant, because he can't take Sevastopol; Lord Cardigan, Old Charge-again; Lord Lucan, Old Look-on; General Scarlett, Blood and Ours, because of his name, and from his being always in the thick of the fight. The Russians are usually called Johnny Ruskies; but, when they fight with unusual obstinacy, they are called Johnny Ruskies.

The Leavenworth, Kansas, *Herald* says, that town has become the starting point for all the heavy Salt Lake traders, and that the quantity of goods passing is incredible. In the short space of one week, the sum of \$17,473 was paid for freight on goods landed at this point.

During the five days of Barnum's baby show, the number of admission tickets sold, was 69,576, yielding the sum of \$17,894. Rather a profitable speculation.

INTEMPERANCE IN THE CRIMEA.

The report from Scutari that Florence Nightingale was ill, worn out by her heroic devotion to the duties she had undertaken, fell sadly on a multitude of hearts on this side the ocean that now rejoice to know she is recovering her strength. But as we learn from a letter of hers just published in England, the cause of this illness has not been correctly understood. It is not the poison breath of infection or the exhaustion of untiring toil or the glaring summer sun which already stares with fierce glow on the shores of the Bosphorus that weigh down her slender form. "All this could I have borne with deep joy," she writes, "but to see the stretcher brought to the gates every hour laden with men foaming in the mouth and black in the face, not with the gore of battle but with the horrible deplacement of a foe more dreadful or deadly than the Russian or the plague, oh it is terrible!"

This foe, of which she speaks in such touching language, is intemperance. The hawks of a poison that has worked more ruin and wretchedness on earth than all other wars and wickedness, have followed like a pest in the wake of the camp and stolen on their prey. They have worked, Miss Nightingale says, more havoc than the ball of the Russian or the stroke of disease. Nor is this foul curse of drunkenness confined in the Crimea to men alone. Before Florence Nightingale sank and abandoned her post of duty, she had night after night to sit up, unable to watch the women appointed as nurses and paid to trudge over the couch of sickness.

Until the grog-shops were started in the Crimea her work was toilsome indeed, but still a labor of love and of hope. Her nurses were vigilant and took pride in sharing the honors of their task. They are now profligate and abandoned drunkards. So this noble girl, not until after repeated efforts at reclamation, has been forced to admit. Before drink came, her patients were heroes; they are now sots. Vain swallows with liquor are, under the Crimean sun, like powder in the focus of a burning line. She has had to move with disgust through lines of beastly victims of intemperance. Hitherto she had overcome the incapacity of rulers, the obstructiveness of subordinates, dirt, death, disease and death, but before these last horrors, in which under the raging physical distemper a still fouler moral disease destroys, no wonder that, disheartened and distressed, the brave heart which had so long supported her frail strength gave way.

From her sick and almost dying couch she has sent an imploring voice, as many noble children of humanity have done before, calling upon that country whose incapacity her heroism has redeemed, to sweep away those wretches who fatten and feed upon the misery and ruin of their fellow-men, who, as she says, "know not what they do." Banish she cries, banish this deadliest of enemies from your own ranks! It can hardly be that such an appeal, coming from such a source and at such an hour, can pass unheeded. It will touch not alone the heart of England, but will rouse and animate to new exertion the brave and the good of every land.

The picture of the work of this demon of drink in the Crimea is but a faithful type of its doings in every spot in which it obtains dominion. If those only who often "knowing not what they do," engage in and sustain this fatal traffic, could follow its victims and have passed before them the brute degradation to which it has brought once honest men, and the misery it has planted in many a happy hearth, we cannot believe that they would shrink with horror from this wringing of wealth out of the blood of their fellow-beings. It is not in the revel round the camp-fire of the Crimea that the effects of intemperance are found; it is in those scenes which have struck down the gentle spirit of Florence Nightingale, it is in the hospital and death-bed at Scutari. It is not in the glaze of the half-drunken or the riotous royster of the convivial circle that drink is to be seen in its true form, but in the foul dots of vice in the poor-house and prison, to which it is the ever-teeming fountain of poisonous supply. And let those everywhere who labor to set bounds to this deadly evil, take new courage and gather a more persistent resolution from the co-operation of this noble woman, who now so justly commands the sympathy and admiration of the world.—*New York Herald.*

A MONUMENT TO COL. BLISS.

A monument has recently been erected at New Orleans to the memory of the late Col. W. S. Bliss, of the United States Army. In giving a description of this beautiful work of art, the *New Orleans Delta* says:

"It is not for us to narrate the history of W. S. Bliss—the refined gentleman, the finished scholar, and the intrepid soldier—whose untimely death is here recorded and over whose early grave we may now pause to weep. It is for us to illustrate our columns with an engraving of this monument, and to describe its design and structure, that his memory be cherished, that his brilliant services will ever remain as 'household words' among us here, and that his example shall be worthy of her best son's emulation every where."

The monument is built of Italian marble, nearly 19 feet high, and stands upon a granite base 6 feet square. Upon this superstructure is erected the panels beautifully wrought in appropriate emblem; within these is engraved a brief but comprehensive history of his steadfast purpose through life, and evidence of the success which attended his noble efforts. Surmounting the pedestal is a square block of marble, the names of the several battles in which he was distinguished engraved upon its sides. Upon this block is erected a broken flag, supported by an American eagle; the American flag covers the top, which suspends a wreath and sword. Upon the panels are the following inscriptions: "W. S. Bliss, Lieutenant-Colonel U. S. Army. Born at Whitehall, N. Y., August 17, 1815. Died at Pascagoula, Miss., August 8, 1855."

"Admitted a cadet at West Point, 1839; promoted brevet 2d lieutenant 4th Infantry, July, 1839; 2d lieutenant, March 31, 1844; acting assistant professor mathematics, Military Academy,

from, October 2, 1834, to June 1, 1837; assistant professor from June 1, 1837, to January 8, 1840.

"First Lieutenant 4th Infantry, September 21, 1836; first lieutenant Topographical Engineers, July 7, 1838; brevet captain, staff assistant adjutant general, October 26, 1839.—(Declined.) Chief of staff of army under command of Major General Taylor, in the campaign of 1846-7, war with Mexico.

Brevet major, 9th May, 1846, for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, Texas; brevet major staff (assistant adjutant-general), July 7, 1836; captain 4th Infantry, July 12, 1847, gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Buena Vista, Mexico; degree of A. M. conferred by Dartmouth College, New Hampshire, 1848."

INDIAN MURDERS ON THE PLAINS.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA, June 9, 1855.

A most painful rumor has just reached this place, which if true shows that the Indians on the plains have actually commenced hostilities on a large scale. A friendly Sioux chief with his band reached the Missouri river about forty miles above this city on Monday. He reports that he left a large party of hostile Sioux about twenty days' journey toward the mountains, having accidentally encountered them in his journey across the plains; that they had in their possession a number of wagons and a large number of cattle; that they were well and even abundantly supplied with flour and bacon, and had with them about twenty captive women and children, among whom were two colored women (blacks). No white men were seen among them, and the inference is, as the friendly Sioux reports, that the hostile bands had attacked the emigrant trains, which left here about five weeks ago, and had killed the men and captured the women and children. This conclusion is also strengthened by the fact that there were two colored women accompanying the trains when they passed through here on their way westward. The Sioux chief who brings this report is known in this vicinity, and is believed to be trustworthy. The Indians seem to be fully aware of the hostile expedition on its way into their country, and have taken this opportunity to set the power of the general government at defiance. If the latter is determined to have fight with them, the sooner it gets its troops on the ground the better. Several government steamers are now said to be on their way up the Missouri river, destined for the sections of the country along the northern limits of the Union. If this be true, we may expect to hear something soon from the movements of the military they have on board, which will give us some clue to the progress of the war.—*New York Tribune.*

In consequence of the removal of the Newspaper Stamp duty in England new journals and weekly papers are springing up in every direction in that country. In Manchester where, a year ago, there was no daily paper, and only three of any kind, there are now going to be five daily papers, in addition to several weekly and semi-weekly ones.

Some slandering old bachelor says it is much joy when you first get married; but it is more joy after a year or so.

FOR THE POOR SOCIETY COLETS.

TEMPERANCE.
Mr. Editor:—Will you be so kind as to grant me the privilege of saying a few words, through the columns of your valuable paper, (a paper in which you most shy and boldly publish what you believe to be for the best interests of the community at large,) to the people of this territory for the cause of temperance.

Friends, we have had our first pitched battle with the destroyer alcohol. We have cast up our first embankments to stop the flood tide of dissipation which has been flowing unchecked over our beautiful land, and though we have not been able to come off conquerors we have not been losers, for we have awakened the attention of the public to this momentous question. We have met with reverses, but let us not be disheartened—not be overwhelmed with despair, but grid up our loins and again enter the field with an invincible resolution to achieve a triumph, and though "a lion" may stand in the way and more difficulties accumulate, let the stronger become our determination to vanquish them.

What a heart-sickening thought it is, that intemperance with all its attendant evils of crime, misery, shame and disgrace is stalking through our country in the noontide blaze of civilization and liberty! Oh, may the march of improvement, while shedding its benign beauties and influences in every department of society—mental, moral, social and civil—also cleanse from our country the corrupting, polluting and demoralizing effects of making, buying, selling and drinking *ardent spirits*.

How is this to be accomplished? By energy and action, perseverance and diligence. Persuasion and entreaty can do much, but the prohibitory law will do more, and until we have a law which will suppress the traffic and use of intoxicating liquors, we can accomplish comparatively little good.

Up then, ye sons of temperance! ye friends of humanity! ye lovers of order and peace!—ye who so dearly prize your liberty, wake up to a sense of your duties, ere the avenging hand of justice is let loose and we plunged in a bondage the most anjct and vile! Up, therefore, that the young, the giddy and the gay may be saved from the danger to which they are exposed! Oh, how many hearts bleed, and how many lives are embittered with the keenest anguish, which would, were it not for the poisonous draught, be happy and peaceful!

My kind readers, before I close let me here give you a verse from an appeal of a drundard, which I remember reading about a year ago:

"I can not save my sinking self
From this most cursed sin!
My wife and child, both look as though
They had a soul within!
Oh! brothers, will you aid us all
From drunken wretchedness?
Oh, drive intemperance from the land,
And God will surely bless!"

PUGET SOUND COURIER.

E. T. GUNN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER. TRUTH WITHOUT FEAR.

STELLACOON, W. T., FRIDAY, AUGUST 24, 1855.

TO THE PEOPLE.

To further show that the leaders of the patent democracy of the present day, have not the interest and the good of the masses in view, in their exertions to keep and drive with the reins of government, we shall now proceed to speak of the deeds of those officers who have done the carriage of state in our own territory.

From the first, the government pensioned officials, who have been sent out here to transact the business of a people whose ways they knew little of and cared less for, and to give "tone" and "character" to the politics of the country, have pursued a course which has been a detriment rather than a help to the prosperity of the territory.

The manner of making treaties with the Indians that has been pursued by the governor and his under officials, is one of those disgraceful farces spoken of; and of the same character, only on a larger scale, of the governor's first official act, in not forming precincts throughout the territory according to the then population.

There is not a tribe, or hardly a village, of Indians in the whole length and breadth of Washington territory, but what are dissatisfied with the present existing treaties, made between portions of their tribes and Gov. Stevens.

In the distribution of goods, tools, &c., in payment of their lands, we find the same acts of injustice. In the first place, a good portion of the appropriations are consumed before they reach the hands of the Indians.

Such is the course of the locofoco leaders in this territory in relation to this one thing, and fully carries out their old doctrine of self-aggrandizement. Can it be said that this robbing of the poor wretched Indians will be of any benefit to our country?

We noticed the weather last week (Oregon fashion) as being dilapidated. This week it is more so; more smoky, less rain, warmer days and darker nights.

BUSINESS.

It is quite cheering to note the increasing business of late, not only in our own town, but all along the Sound, for every day we now hear of better times, from the many different occupations which the people of our territory are engaged in.

The merchants appear to have a custom sufficient to support, and enable them to carry on a business equal to the wants of the community. The farmers are engaging their wheat and other produce at remunerating prices, enough to justify them in disposing of it at this early season.

Many vessels have recently come into the Sound, some of which are leaving every day with full cargoes, purchased at paying prices to those who furnished them.

The sitting of the courts will also make it a little busier for a time; and when the returning gold diggers begin to pour in we look for even better. A busy portion of the year is advancing, and will bring with it the smiles on many a face.

INDIAN DEPREDAATIONS.

We learn that the northern tribes of Indians have been committing more depredations down the Sound. The cooper shop of Mr. Bailey, at Scaget Head, was entered on the night of the 7th inst. and tools, provisions, in fact every thing of any consequence taken to the value of nearly \$400.

At Port Townsend these Indians have also committed thefts, and have been quite troublesome to the inhabitants for some weeks past.

It is really true that something should be done to protect the lower part of the Sound from these infernal thieves, who take advantage of the exposed situation of the settlers to rob and plunder at discretion.

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MAILS.

By a communication in another part of the paper, headed "Mail Routes," we will be found a matter of much interest. The want of better mail facilities is strongly felt by all, and especially by those persons living down the Sound.

THE GRASSHOPPERS.—We understand from A. M. Poe, Esq., that these troublesome pests have nearly ceased their work of destruction, especially along the gravelly prairies, they having at those places worn their bills off on the pebbles!

ACCIDENT.—Mr. Robert Williams while at work in Renton and Howard's saw-mill, at Port Orchard, on Wednesday, the 15th inst, had his arm nearly severed, by the glancing of an ax in the hands of a man engaged in barking a log.

AS ITEM.—We wanted an item, but we had nothing to write of. We scratched our head, but it done no good. We wrote one line, but we tore it off. We mended our pen, but it spilled our ink. We sharpened our pencil, but wrote an item. Here it is.

Some light-fingered gentleman has had the kindness to relieve Col. Ebey of \$150, the money being taken from his pantaloons pocket while asleep in the custom house at Port Townsend.

JUROR FEELS.

Mr. Editor:—Can you inform the public through the columns of the Courier, whose business it is to pay the grand and petit jurors for their attendance upon the different district courts of Washington territory? Some nine months have elapsed since Judge Lander held his last court in this county, and there has not, to my knowledge at least, been a single juror paid for his attendance upon that court, or the subsequent one held by Judge Chenoweth in April last.

Please tell us, also, if you can, (which I am inclined to think is somewhat doubtful,) whether we have a United States marshal in this territory, and if so, who he is and what his duties are.

AN EX-JUROR.

It is the business and the duty of the marshal of the territory to pay off jurors, but the reason why the duty has not been discharged we are unable to say. The juror has been paid for their services in some of the counties, we believe to be true, but we can give no reason whatever for the county of Pierce being made an exception.

We can not inform "An Ex-Juror" who is the marshal of the territory, or whether we have any at all. We simply know that Col. Anderson was, but whether his resignation has been accepted, and a commission given to the man whom he is said to have recommended, we are unable to say.

PROMPT OF INDIAN DEPREDAATIONS.

Below will be found a letter, which fully explains itself, and which we publish for the benefit of all. We have little faith in the many rumors floating about, though there may be some truth in them. We understand the Cllickat tribe have made large offers to the Indians on the Sound to engage in some such sort of a game, and that some chiefs on the Sound have been to Fort Nisqually to ascertain the cause of troubles, &c.

COL. WM. H. WALLACE.

Dear Sir:—A Frenchman wishes me to write and put the people of your part of the country on their guard for the Indians. He says that he has learned that the Cllickat Indians, and some from down the Sound, intend trying to kill off all the whites; that they are coming to Stellacoom with the plea of trading horses and also racing with the whites, and when they once have them out on the race track, to try and kill them all; then go thro' the territory murdering. The man who tells me this believes it to be so, and begs me to write to some one and put you all on your guard.

Yours, &c., FRED. A. CLARKE. Cowlish Landing, W. T., Aug. 14, 1855.

WHO ARE THE GUILTY?

There is a great and growing evil existing in this community, plainly obvious to every person, but which no one seems disposed to grapple with and eradicate. It is drunkenness amongst the Indians; and the whisky upon which they are so frequently intoxicated, and some of them continually so for weeks together, is undoubtedly sold to them by the white-livered pale faces, whose existence here is the greatest curse that could possibly be inflicted upon our young territory.

We notice the arrival at this place of a party consisting of twelve persons from Victoria, V. I., en route to Fort Colville, they intend taking wagon preferring them to packing. Some of the party have been in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company for a long time, and having traveled through this portion of the country, feel confident of being able to take wagons with but little trouble.

Charles Howard, son of Capt. Howard of Port Orchard, was understood, was shot on the 19th inst. while taking a gun out of a boat in which he had been engaged in shooting. He received a charge of buck shot in his right side, under the armpit. He is now doing well, under the charge of Dr. Smith, of Seattle.

We hear that Mr. Fitzhugh, of Bellingham Bay, was severely injured some three weeks since, by falling into a coal-pit. Some bones were broken, and he was not expected to recover.

There were seven immigrant wagons within a few miles of the Dalles on the 15th ult. They are bound for Shalwater Bay, W. T.

The steamer Water Lilly, is now at Port Gamble, undergoing repairs.

THE OTHER SIDE OF MORMONISM.

Through the kindness of a friend, we have been permitted to make a few extracts from a letter from Salt Lake. The writer is a lady of good sense and the earnestness of her expression carries conviction of her sincerity. We seldom hear but one side of Mormonism, those who oppose it, and we here lay before our readers the other side. The idea of attaching any thing sacred to such a niny as Jo Smith, is exceedingly ludicrous, yet we are of the opinion that before indulging in a rancorous spirit of persecution, it would be well to assure ourselves that we are free from superstitions and their attendant errors.—Ed.

Now I suppose you are anxious to know what we think about Mormonism; if you had got my other letter, you would have known in full, but I will try to tell you again. Mother, you do not know, and I did not, the first thing about it. I can say before God, I never heard the first word of truth about Mormonism till I came to the valley, and I also say in the same manner, if there is a person on the face of the whole earth, who lives according to the law of God and the religion of Jesus Christ it is a faithful Mormon.

I admit that there are devils in human shape who wear the name, but they and their doings are held in utter abomination by those who follow the teachings they receive. I never was in a place in my life, where virtue and strict chastity are observed and enforced as they are here, and you may believe it when I tell you, that a regiment of U. S. soldiers was quartered in Salt Lake City this winter, and succeeded in enticing some 10 or 12 females to disgrace themselves and the name of Mormons.

I say this to show that Mormons are not the vile licentious beasts they are represented. And now I will try to give you some idea of what Mormons believe. They believe first, in faith in the testimony of God through his son, through apostles, prophets, or whatever way he reveals himself to man.

Second, in repentance, including a covenant to keep all the commandments of God. Third, in immersion for the remission of sins. By the way, read the doings of the apostles without prejudice, and see for what they baptized. Fourth, in laying on hands for the reception of the Holy Ghost. Every faithful Mormon has the promise of the Holy Ghost, producing the same effect and accompanied by the same signs and blessings, as of old. Mark, 16 chap. 10 and 17 verses, Corinthians, 12 and 14 chap.

Do you not see that this makes deception impossible? If a person knows for himself that he is in possession of that spirit, and sees and knows its effects in those around him, is not that proof enough that his religion is from God? That proof I have; I know that Mormonism is true; I know that the signs and gifts referred to, do exist in this church at this time. I see them with my eyes, I hear them, I feel them; I have seen the sick healed at once by laying on the hands of the elder. I have received my own hearing in the same way, and by no other means.

I have heard the gift of tongues with its interpretation. I have heard prophecies and seen them fulfilled every day, not only in our midst, but through the nations of the earth, in the wars, famines, pestilences, fires, and troubles, which are increasing daily and which are yet hardly begun. Mormon elders have foretold these things for 20 years and been preaching the true gospel to the nations, but they have rejected their testimony, driven them from their midst, murdered their prophet and patriarch with hundreds of faithful saints. The day of retribution has commenced, and fearful will it be. But the honest in heart are being gathered; twenty five years ago six members composed the Mormon church, now it numbers 300,000.

The world spurns at the mention of Joseph Smith, but if my heart and my treasure can be said to be any where on earth, they are in the work which he commenced and the dispensation which he was sent to establish. It was a hard and a long struggle, for me to give up my prejudice and believe that Mormonism could be true, but the spirit of God had got hold of me, and I could not get rid of it, nor find rest or peace in opposing it. I came at last to the conclusion to claim the promise of wisdom.

I expect to be persecuted, and to receive all manner of slander and contempt, but if the cause of Mormonism calls for all I possess in the world, and my life beside, with my present feeling, it would joyfully be given up.

Manti, Salt Lake Valley, April 19th, 1855.

MAIL ROUTES.

In April last, mail proposals were issued by the postoffice department at Washington City for the territory of Washington, and published "by authority" in the official organ for the territory. Five of the routes, embracing the Puget Sound country were bid for, and endorsed by able guarantors for the faithful performance of the duties prescribed by the proposals. Bids were given by parties for different amounts—and by different modes of conveyance.

Star bids (so called by the department) were invited, and bids to that effect have been forwarded by our enterprising citizen, John H. Scranton, Esq., in connection with others, to be carried by steam.

Messrs. Scranton and others have been distributing the mails at different points on the

Sound for the last year, for remuneration in prospect from government. This week is his last trip; in future the population north of Stellacoom, embracing the heaviest manufacturing and shipping interest, must obtain their letters and papers through the agency of the Indians, chartered for that special purpose, or go without. Why is this prostration on the part of government? Is the department ignorant of the fact that we have but one mail route in Washington Territory? (viz. from Rainier in Oregon Territory via Olympia to Stellacoom,) and the mails over this route carried by the guarantors of the contractor, in consequence of not having proper remuneration for the services as performed on the route?

Is the department ignorant of the fact that the custom house for the district of Puget Sound is seventy-five miles from the postoffice in this town, the terminus of the present route? and that despatches official and unofficial are liable to remain until the resurrection, unless provided for specially by the collector of customs at his own expense?

A mail route was projected as early as 1850 commencing at Vancouver (Columbia river) and terminating at the mouth of Admiralty Inlet (Port Townsend.) Since then petition after petition and memorials, letters and instruments of all kinds that were likely to attract the attention of the government, have been forwarded to the proper department—calling for mail carriers and postoffices.

At last in the beginning of the year, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-five, proposals are issued, and "published by authority," that bids will be received for carrying the mails on different routes in Washington Territory.

Citizens at different places on the Sound forwarded bids with the requisite guarantees. After four months have expired, one party receives information from his bid "not in time." The balance are passed over in silent contempt, I presume, not hearing anything from them. You will hear from me again the first reliable information I get from the "Postal Agent" for Washington Territory.

Yours truly, POSTAGE STAMP.

A rumor is current that upper Stellacoom has been taken by the Indians (!) We discredit it, however. No further particulars received.

The bark Carib at Seattle, and the bark A. A. Eldredge at Port Ludlow, are loading sawed lumber for San Francisco.

THE WHITE AND MARBLE TOWERS.

Precisely what fortification is meant by the White Tower we do not know. There was a fort known by that name on the south-west side of Sevastopol which was reported to have been destroyed by the allies last fall, but afterward turned out to be in tolerable condition. But on this point we withhold further remark till we are in possession of more complete details from our correspondence and files of European journals. With regard to the Mamelon and its capture we can now form some opinion. This is one of a series of three earth works thrown up in February and March by the Russians far in advance of their main lines. The first of these redoubts is that called Selinghinsk on Mount Sapun, an elevation east of the Carening Bay, or between that Bay and the head of the main harbor. For above four months this hill was neglected, until on the night of Feb. 21 the Russians went there and began to throw up a redoubt. On the night of the 23d, the allies having paid no attention to what was going on, the labor was renewed, and with such effect that Gen. Canrobert determined if possible to put an end to the hostile enterprise. For that purpose a force of Zouaves and Marines under Gen. Monet, gallantly attacked the hill about 2 o'clock on the morning of Feb. 24. The Russians made a desperate resistance, but were driven from the redoubt with great slaughter on both sides, and the French remained in possession. But when day dawned the victorious Zouaves found it impossible to keep their new position. In short, it was commanded by the Russian main lines and was directly exposed to their fire. Sapun was accordingly abandoned by the French and was re-occupied, strengthened and armed with cannon by the Russians. The latter next proceeded on March 12th to throw up another similar work on another hill—south of their lines and nearly 600 yards in advance of the Malakoff bastion—between the Carening Bay and the inner harbor. To this hill, from its form, the French gave the name of Mamelon; it has been the object of heated conflicts, but the Russians have maintained possession. Between it and Sapun a third redoubt has also been erected by them and the three have been connected by trenches. The whole were intended to serve more as offensive counter-approaches against the besiegers than as adding any positive strength to the defense. They are all flanked and commanded by the Russian lines, and especially by Malakoff.

The value of the Mamelon to the allies depends entirely on a point with regard to which we have no definite information. This is whether they have also erected and armed batteries to engage Malakoff and the rest of the Russian main lines.—New York Tribune.

PAY OF THE LIEUTENANT GENERAL.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Express says the Secretary of War has decided that Gen. Scott is not entitled to any additional pay as lieutenant-general, either for arrears or for the future, and that the veteran and hero has not received one single mill in consequence of his additional rank. There is not the shadow of a doubt that it was the intention of congress to give him the additional pay, and also that he would receive it, was the belief of every member of both houses, even of those who voted against the bill. Under all the circumstances of the case, one might suppose that the secretary would rather have strained a point to give such an interpretation to the law as would have given the general the extra pay, instead of straining it to deprive him of it. The question, however, has now been referred to the attorney general for his opinion. If he should coincide with the secretary, the only appeal then will be to congress, where it is to be hoped there will be no hesitation in promptly awarding it to him.

GEN. FELLEISSER—THE ARABS IN THE CAVERN OF KALLASSA.

Gen. Felleisser, exchanging places with Canrobert, becomes the head of the allied army in the Crimea. He is not unknown to fame. During the campaign in the interior of Algiers, he became the hero of a horrid tragedy. He had driven the hostile tribes to the subterranean caverns of Kallassa. There they hid themselves, refusing to surrender, and firing on the flags of truce. A French paper gives an account of this terrible coup de guerre.

An infernal idea, borrowed, unfortunately, either from our civil wars, or from the wars of the Spaniards in America, had been indicated as an extreme measure by the Governor General. It was to terrify the Kabyles by threatening to suffocate them in their caves by fire. It was thought that in presence of such a menace, all resistance would cease. After succeeding, though not without a great deal of difficulty, in placing himself in communication with the defenders of the caverns, Colonel Pellissier threw out the last suggestion by Marshal Bugeaud. The Arabs laughed at it, and the bearer of the French flag of truce was even killed by them.

A commencement of the project was made, in the idea their indifference only arose from the certainty which they entertained that the threat would not be put in execution. Heaps of dry wood and straw were thrown from the tops of the Kantars in front of the caves. The Kabyles removed them, according as they were being done, but the fire of the French having driven them back into the caves, these combustibles after a while made a vast heap, to which it now only remained to apply the fire. No signs of surrender on the part of the Arabs having been made, fire was at length thrown on the pile. As if it did not wish to associate itself with the horrors of this human butchery, it long refused to communicate itself to the combustible masses piled by the French at the entrance of the caverns. A few Arabs escaped, and went a short distance to obtain water. It was expected that others would follow them, and that the whole body would then submit. This was a vain hope. Just as the sun began to quit its zenith, a breeze arose, which blew directly in the direction of the entrances to the Dhar. The smoke began to whirl and curl in the air, the flames burst forth and were drawn by the current into the caverns. Many thought that the Arabs had fled by some secret issue, or at least that they had found a retreat where the fire could not reach them. This state of uncertainty lasted all night.

At day-break, a company composed partly of artillery, and partly of engineers, received orders to penetrate into the caves. A melancholy silence, broken by distant moans, prevailed there. At the entrance, the animals, whose heads had been ordered over to prevent them from seeing or making a noise, lay half reduced to cluders. There were beheld fearful groups which dead had seized upon. Here a mother had been suffocated just as she was defending her child against the fury of a bull, whose horns she still held, and whom the fire had stifled at the same time. To add to the horror of the scene the naked corpses poured forth their blood by their attributes attested the dreadful character of the death struggle. Here, two spouses, or two lovers were locked in each other's arms. New born children lay amongst the chests and the provisions, and in other places were concealed in the garments of the mothers. In fine, scattered in every direction were to be seen mutilated masses of human flesh, trampled under foot during the struggle of the night, and forming altogether a sort of human ragout.

When all these horrors were related to the Colonel, he did not seem to believe them. He sent his staff to assure themselves of the fact. It was still more appalling when the caverns were emptied of the corpses and booty which they contained. They were more than six hundred dead bodies in them. The greatest consternation prevailed the column; it is said, however, that the soldiers were not ashamed to profit by the spoils of the martyrs of Doh-el-Freshieh. We attach no credit to the statement. However this may be, Colonel Pellissier has had fixed upon him by this deed a terrible name. It is certain, that if giving orders to smother the caverns, he was far from expecting such a fearful result.

With an incredible degree of heroism, the Governor General took upon him, in the face of outraged public opinion, the responsibility of the command. It should be added, that about a year after the occurrence above related, Colonel Pellissier signalled himself at Mostaganem by cutting off the stream which supplied with water another tribe, who had taken refuge in some of the mountain caves.

THE LIQUOR LAW IN MAINE.

At the Law Term of the Supreme Court at Augusta in the case of John Heron, sentenced in the Police Court to fine and imprisonment for selling a glass of liquor, Chief Justice Shepley discharged the prisoner on a writ of habeas corpus, deciding that Municipal Judges and Justices of the Peace have no jurisdiction for punishing liquor sellers under the second section of the law, which can only be done by indictment and trial by Jury in the Supreme Court. The effect of this decision is to completely nullify the law so far as the manner and form of its execution have been attempted.

POSTAGE ON BACK NUMBERS OF NEWSPAPERS.—The Post Office Department announces that back numbers of newspapers, if addressed to a regular subscriber, are chargeable with a postage of one cent each, payable either at the office of publication or the office of delivery; but if sent to a person not a regular subscriber they are considered transient papers, and, as such are chargeable with one cent each if prepaid, and with two cents if not prepaid. None but regular subscribers are entitled to the benefit of quarterly or yearly prepayment.

DEDICATION OF A CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL.

The ceremonies attending the dedication of St. Paul's Cathedral in Pittsburgh on 25th, were highly imposing, commencing as early as 5 o'clock in the morning. Archbishop Hughes of New York, with 14 Bishops and 35 Priests, participated in the ceremonies, and over 5,000 people were present. About 10 o'clock the doors of the Cathedral were opened, and the procession of bishops, priests and boys, numbering 150, entered and celebrated Pontifical High Mass. The bishops were clothed in magnificent costume.

CONCORD, N. H. June 26th.

It is said that the committee on the Maine Law have refused instructions from the State Temperance Association, as to the adoption of the prohibitory law, approved by that body, and will report a bill less stringent one and more in accordance with public feeling.

APPOINTMENTS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The following are the appointments of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at its annual conference, lately held at Oregon City, for the ensuing year:

Willamette District: ALVIN F. WALLER, Presiding Elder. Salem—David Leslie. Mill Creek—Laban Case. Butterville—Enoch Garrison. Oregon City—Harvey K. Hines. One to be supplied. North Yamhill and Chehalis—Robert Booth. Yamhill—Jno. Spencer. One to be supplied. La Croelle—N. Doane. Mary's River—Joseph W. Hines, Isaac Miller. Grand Prairie—Nelson Clark. Spencer's Butte—David W. Miantum. McKenzie's Fork—Noah A. Starr. Callapooia—Isaac Dillon, John W. York, Wm. Helm, Sup. Santiam Forks—Chancy O. Aasford. Tillamook—to be supplied. Francis S. Hoyt, President of Wallamette University, a member of Salem Quarterly Conference.

Thomas H. Pearce, Wallamette University, a member of Salem Quarterly Conference. Luther S. Woodward, Principal of Santiam Academy, a member of Calapooia Quarterly Conference.

J. L. Parish, Missionary to the Indians, a member of Salem Quarterly Conference. Levi C. Phillips, Agent, American Bible Society, a member of Mary's River Quarterly Conference.

Umpqua District. JAMES H. WILBUR, Presiding Elder. North Umpqua and Scottsburg—Thomas F. Royal, Corrington G. Belknap. South Umpqua—James O. Rayner, John W. Miller. Coose Bay and Port Orford—to be supplied. Jacksonville—John Flinn, Jesse M. Anderson.

Illinois Valley—to be supplied. Umpqua Academy—to be supplied. Columbia River District. GUYVAUS HINES, Presiding Elder. Portland—William Roberts. Tualatin Plain—to be supplied. Astoria and Clatsop—William J. Franklin. Pacific City and Shoalwater Bay—to be supplied.

Oak Point Rainier, and Monticello—Jas. H. B. Royal. St. Helens—to be supplied. Vancouver—Samuel Matthews. Dalles and Cascades—George M. Berry. Milwaukie and Sandy—George W. Roe. Calvin S. Kingsley, Principal of Portland Academy and Female Seminary, a member of Portland Quarterly Conference.

Presiding Elder—to be supplied. Olympia—John F. Devore. Steilacoom—to be supplied. Seattle—David E. Blain. Whitby's Island and Skagot Mission—Wm. B. Morse. One to be supplied. Port Townsend and Port Gambel—to be supplied. Chohalis Cowlitz—to be supplied. P. G. Buchanan, transferred to California Conference, and stationed at Santa Cruz.

LEGISLATION AT CAPE DISAPPOINTMENT. Over two years ago, ample appropriations were made by Congress for the erection of Light Houses on the Pacific coast. Among the number ordered to be erected was the one at Cape Disappointment, at the mouth of the Columbia river. But up to this time it is of no practical account what ever. The "Orion" containing the frame, was wrecked in September, 1853, in crossing the bar. It was in consequence delayed several months, when the Contractor succeeded in erecting the

frame. The frame now stands there as a light-house keeper—but no light has yet been furnished!

The natural inquiry is, what is the cause of this delay? Where is the Light-House Inspector for the Pacific coast? Is it owing to his inattention to his duties that we continue to be deprived of the benefits which Congress intended for us? We have information from a Sailing Master, engaged in the Coasting trade, to the effect that there is a Light-House Inspector for the Pacific, who resides in San Francisco, Mr. Graham. The light intended for the Columbia River arrived in San Francisco in November last, we are informed, and is now lying in the storehouse at that place. There would seem to be therefore, no apparent good cause for this detention, and we shall hope that the Light-House Inspector will do his duty in the matter.

If a Light-House is any where needed on the Pacific coast, the mouth of the Columbia river is that place. In certain seasons of the year, vessels are obliged to lay off the mouth of the river for weeks, which necessarily might be materially remedied by the Light-House. Then, in heavy weather, the mariner would have some certainty of his approach, and nearness to the mouth of the Columbia; and navigators inform us that it would be of inestimable value to them all times of the year.

We naturally conclude that there is a "screw loose" somewhere, and we would call the attention of those whose duty it is to attend to such matters, as to no longer delay the reasonable expectations of the people of Oregon.—Oregon Times.

The death of Capt. J. I. Folsom is announced in the California papers. He was one of the first settlers of San Francisco—having been a Captain in the Regiment of New York Volunteers. He was a large real estate proprietor, and one of the most wealthy men in San Francisco. He was a native of New Hampshire, and was born in 1817.

A Fos Gex.—A piece of ordinance has been planted by order of the government, at Point Bonita, which forms the northern head of the entrance to San Francisco Bay. In foggy weather it will be fired every half-hour, for the benefit of mariners who may be on the coast.

Dr. A. J. Johnson, of Washington, and a graduate of the Maryland University, has gone to Russia, to take a surgeon's commission.

LATEST FROM COLVILLE GOLD MINES.

We have received since our last issue several letters from different persons—"en route" for the Colville mines. The latest bears date, Spokane river, July 31, two days' travel from Colville.

None of the writers of these letters had seen a single white man who had been to the mines or who knew anything about them, save what they had learned from reports derived from Indians.—The latest date informs us, that, 'last night, July 30th, five Indians camped near us who were going towards the Dalles with fifty horses. These Indians say they are going down to swap horses with the *Botsons*, as they had heard there were a large number coming up to dig gold. They are anxious to obtain American mares, and will give two or three, some times more, good Indian horses for an American mare. They say the Indians are willing the *Botsons* should come into their country and "manoe" (dig) gold, so long as their *tuntums*, (hearts) are "close" (good.) All these Indians had more or less gold dust, which they exhibited to us. One who appeared to be the chief, had, I should judge, about one hundred and fifty dollars—others twenty or thirty dollars each, they say they dug it on the Pen d'Orrille river, and that there is "live" (plenty) of gold there for all, meaning Indians and whites. This is the only direct news we have had from the mines since we left the Willamette valley."

We regard this news as important, as it confirms previous reports in relation to the existence of rich gold mines in that region. Another circumstance, viz: that none of the white men who had gone on in advance of those who gave us the above information, had returned so far as we can learn, at all events they had not been met by those who had advanced to within three days' travel of the mines.—Oregonian.

LATEST NEWS. LOSS OF LIFE IN THE CHINA.—The Paris Press quotes Lord Grey's estimates of the loss of life, putting it at 500,000 men in all 250,000 on the side of the Russian, and 250,000 on the side of the Allies. It then gives the Turkish loss at 120,000, leaving, by a very simple process of subtraction, 130,000 for England and France, 50,000 for the former, and 80,000 for the latter, are the conclusion of this estimate of human slaughter.

EMIGRATION FROM SALT LAKE.—The *Yuba Union* of the 21st, reports the arrival in Shasta Valley of an immigrant train of twenty-five wagons. The company numbers seventy-five men, and twenty-five families. They bringing with them 2500 head of cattle, 3000 sheep and 75 horses. The greater part of the families are seceders from the Mormon faith, and purpose settling in the southern portion of the State.

CONCORD, Tuesday, July 3, 1853. The liquor bill reported to our Legislature provides a fine of \$50 for the first conviction of a single sale; \$50 and thirty days' imprisonment for a second conviction; and for every subsequent offence a fine of \$100 and 90 days' imprisonment.

The number of teachers employed in the schools throughout the empire of Austria amounts to 43,000, of whom 20,000 are females.

ATTENTION!! He to the Citizens of Pierce County!!! You are hereby requested to meet at the Court House on Saturday the 25th of August, between the hours of 11 and 1 O'clock M. and there to take the necessary steps, for the organization of an independent Company of Volunteers, who should be organized in accordance with the provisions of an act of Congress, as they are prescribed in, or come one all.

MARRIAGES. In Oregon, Com. June 10th, by the Rev. Mr. Dudley, Mr. Isaac C. Perry, of Millard, to Miss Emma S., daughter of Joseph Treat, Esq.

On Tualatin Plains, July 29th, by Henry Sewell, Esq. Richard Evans Wren, sheriff of Washington county, to Miss Mary Jane Balala, all of Washington county.

DEATHS. Died at Port Townsend, on the night of the 11th inst. Henry DAVIS, late discharged seaman of the United States ship of War Doctor.

The deceased is believed to have been a native of Massachusetts, about 47 years old. He was well liked and respected by all on board the vessel which he served. His death is supposed to have been caused by a cold he had taken in spirits. He was found dead in his bed on Monday morning. A coroner's inquest was held on the body and a verdict rendered in accordance with the facts.

Shipping Intelligence. PORT OF STEILACOOM. Arrived. Aug. 25—Ship Col. Eber, Captain, 3 days from Port Townsend, via Steilacoom.

Aug. 25—Ship Carter, Thompson, Port Ludlow. 25—Ship Col. Eber, Captain, 3 days from Port Townsend, via Steilacoom.

PORT OF SEATTLE. Arrived. Aug. 21—Barth Carth, Fray, San Francisco.

PORT OF THERALTY. Arrived. Aug. 18—Brig J. B. Brown, Hahne, San Francisco.

PORT OF PORT TOWNSEND. Arrived. Aug. 17—Barth A. Adreder, Porter, Steilacoom. 17—Ship Wm. H. H. Foster, Foster, Steilacoom. 17—Ship Wm. H. H. Foster, Foster, Steilacoom.

SAILED. Aug. 25—Ship Kalmia, Candage, Honolulu, 8 A. M. 25—Ship Wm. H. H. Foster, Foster, Steilacoom. 25—Ship Wm. H. H. Foster, Foster, Steilacoom.

STEILACOOM BRICE CURRENT. CORRECTED WEEKLY. Provisions. Beef, fresh, per lb. 12 1/2. Dried Apples, per lb. 10 1/2. Dried Peas, per lb. 10 1/2. Corn Meal, per bush. 1 1/2. Sugar, No. 1, per lb. 12 1/2. Coffee, per lb. 12 1/2. Tea, per lb. 12 1/2. Rice, per lb. 12 1/2. Beans, per lb. 12 1/2. Potatoes, per bush. 1 1/2. Apples, per bush. 1 1/2. Peaches, per bush. 1 1/2. Plums, per bush. 1 1/2. Cherries, per bush. 1 1/2. Strawberries, per bush. 1 1/2. Raspberries, per bush. 1 1/2. Blackberries, per bush. 1 1/2. Currants, per bush. 1 1/2. Grapes, per bush. 1 1/2. Figs, per bush. 1 1/2. Dates, per bush. 1 1/2. Olives, per bush. 1 1/2. Walnuts, per bush. 1 1/2. Almonds, per bush. 1 1/2. Pistachios, per bush. 1 1/2. Macadamia Nuts, per bush. 1 1/2. Brazil Nuts, per bush. 1 1/2. Cashew Nuts, per bush. 1 1/2. Pecan Nuts, per bush. 1 1/2. Chestnut Nuts, per bush. 1 1/2. Pine Nuts, per bush. 1 1/2. Hazelnuts, per bush. 1 1/2. Walrus Oil, per gal. 1 1/2. Seal Oil, per gal. 1 1/2. 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Poetry and Literature.

A NIGHTINGALE IN CAMP. The men before dawn! A more heroic host...

MOSE SPICER AND THE MARSHALS. Among the Americans who attended the late ball given at the Hotel de Ville, Paris...

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN—A weekly journal for the Farm, the Garden, and the...

A DIALOGUE. The following dialogue took place between two negroes returning from meeting.

THE HORTICULTURIST. The Horticulturist is a monthly journal, devoted to Horticulture and its kindred Arts...

CHILDREN'S HOME—Our days may be painful, our path may be checked with sorrow and care...

FATHER AND MOTHER—Never call either, "old man" or "old woman." It is quite a habit in the country for young people to name their parents thus.

Useful Publications.

THE PIONEER MAGAZINE. CALIFORNIAN AND ORIGINAL. EDITED BY F. C. EWERT.

THE ILLUSTRATED HORTICULTURIST. An elegant illustrated monthly journal, containing seventy-two large royal octavo pages...

AGRICULTURAL JOURNALS. Weekly and Monthly. THE SUBSCRIBER continues the publication of his weekly and monthly Agricultural Journals...

THE HORTICULTURIST. A monthly journal, devoted to Horticulture and its kindred Arts, Rural Architecture, and Landscape Gardening.

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Business Cards.

WHEELAN & TIDD. HOUSE CARPENTERS AND JOINERS. ARE PREPARED TO DO ANY WORK PERTAINING TO THE BUSINESS IN THE ABOVE LINE.

FRANK CLARK. ATTORNEY AT LAW. OFFICE—CORNER OF BROADWAY AND CLARK STREET, MAY 19, 1855.

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Miscellaneous Advertisements.

NOTICE. PHILIP REACH would respectfully call the attention of the people of Pierce county and the public generally to his new and extensive stock of Goods...

STUART'S EXPRESS. From St. Louis, Mo., to Portland, O. T. PORTLAND, for California, the Atlantic States and Europe.

PACIFIC EXPRESS COMPANY. THE LATE EMPLOYEES OF ADAMS & CO. have organized themselves into a Joint Stock Company...

BRITISH PERIODICALS. LEONARD SCOTT & CO., New York, continue to publish the following British Periodicals...

PROSPECTS OF THE PUGET SOUND COURIER. THE undersigned proposes publishing a weekly newspaper to be called the PUGET SOUND COURIER...

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PORTLAND, OLYMPIA AND ASTORIA. THE SPLICED C. S. M. & M. STEAMER "SALMON" WILL leave for Astoria on Monday...

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