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Editor and Proprietor.

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The Corner.

By CHARLES MACLAY.

The seat in the corner—
What comfort we see
In that type of affection
Where love bends the knee;
Where the prayers of our childhood
We learned to repeat,
And the lips of a mother
Made holiness sweet.

The name of a corner
Has something still dear,
That tells us of pleasures
Never bought with a tear;
Of loved ones remembered,
Of faces once gay,
That have fled like a dream,
Like a vision away.

In our letters, full often
Kind sayings abound;
But still in the corner,
The kindest is found;
We look to the postscript,
And there, written small,
We find in the corner
Words dearer than all.

Our heart receives many
Fancies and dreams quite forgot;
But who gets the corner
But who gets the corner
Is loved the best still;
For the heart has its corner,
And dear is the one
Who remains its possessor
Till life's love is gone.

Right, or not?

Was I right, or was I not?
Tell me, girls, and tell me true;
You, I mean, who've husbands got,
Was I wrong to do so true?

No—I'm sure to die a maid
No'er was meant to be my lot;
Hymen called me an obedient
Was I right or was I not?

When the youth that pleased my mind
Told his love in language sweet,
Could I see him, fond and kind,
Sigh and languish at my feet?

No, no, no, it was in vain—
Fancies and dreams were quite forgot;
None at church I eared his name
Was I right, or was I not?

This I know—a single life
Never was designed for me;
No, no, no, it was in vain—
That you surely could agree.

Girls, get married—that's your plan—
Cupid will assist the plot;
Then, like me, secure your man:
Am I right or am I not?

Time's Consolation.

O Time! who know'st a lonely hand to lay
Ere rest on sorrow's throne, and slowly tread—
Soothing to sad repose the weary soul—
Stealst the long-forgotten pang away.
I will not only weep as I pass,
And think—when thus had I dried the bitter tear
That shined in vain o'er all my soul had dear—
I might have had a peaceful slumber pass,
To meet life's peaceful evening with a smile;
As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
The saddest of the transient show'rs,
Farewell, though its wings are wet the while;
But Ah! how much more that poor heart endure,
Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure!

At a trial in a Vermont court, several years ago, a French lady had been subpoenaed as a witness, and was called upon to give her testimony. She was a stranger in the place, and the Court felt itself bound to address her in her native tongue. But the Court's education in the pious line had been sadly neglected, and how to administer the oath in an intelligible form to the silent lady before him, was for some moments a puzzling question. What was to be done? The Judge called upon several of the lawyers near him, but they all avowed their ignorance of the language then supposed so necessary. Finally the counsel for the defendant, a clever Yankee, feeling himself equal to the occasion, volunteered to extricate the Court from its embarrassment. He accordingly rose and addressed the lady witness in these terms:

"Vous jurez zat vat you here testify shall be ze true, ze whole true, and nassing but ze true, so help you mon Dieu?"
The lady looked for a moment at the manufacturer of this hybrid sentence in silent astonishment, then turning to the Court, said in perfectly good English, though with a slightly foreign accent:

"What does the gentleman say?"
The effect was electrical. Such a laugh went up to the roof of that country court room, that the counsel for defendant has not heard the last of it to this day.

Mr. Purple, formerly conductor on the Western Railroad, and a member of the first Legislature of Nebraska, thus tells his experience in Western politics: "Secretary T. H. Cummins said to me one morning, 'Purple, we want a member from your county.' So I leaped up and took nine fellows with me from Iowa, and we started for the woods, and when we thought we had got far enough for Burt county, we unpacked our ballot-box and held an election, (in Wapakoneta county) canvassed the vote, and it was astonishing to observe how great was the unanimity at the first election ever held in Burt county. Purple had a very vote. So Purple was declared duly elected."

Lawyer—Now, Mr. Jones, was the fence alighted to a good, strong fence?
Uncle Will—Yes, sir.
Lawyer—Well, what sort of a fence was it?
Uncle Will (holding in)—It was a Buncombe fence, sir.

Lawyer (thinking he had cornered the old gent)—Now, Squire, will you oblige the court by giving your definition of a Buncombe fence?
Uncle Will—A Buncombe fence, sir, is a fence that is built strong, horse high, and pig tight.
Uncle Will was dismissed from the stand, and retired with flying colors.

A man having occasion to notify a doctor to visit his wife, said to him as he was stepping into his chair: "Now, doctor, you'll drive to kill, won't you?"
"Yes, certainly," replied the doctor.

An editor down east apologizes for a day's delay in the issue of his paper, on the ground that he had an extra "male" to attend to during the week.

An Irishman heard that some one had been going into stocks. "Troth, and a fool is he," said Mike, "or he'd never gone into them tight places for his foot without being carried as I was."

Conscience is the best law, honesty the best policy, and temperance the best physic.
A dandy is like the camellia tree, of which the bark is worth more than the body.
The days of immoderate pleasure become the vigils of repentance.
What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to the human soul.

Alone in the Wilderness.

Late in the autumn of the year 1851, Mr. Baldwin Mollhausen, a Prussian traveler, pursuing his investigations in Northern America, had occasion to make a return journey across the Rocky Mountains to the Missouri. He started with one companion only, and with three horses and a mule, for riding and for carrying baggage. Scanty fodder and Indian treachery, and the fearful cold of those snowy regions, produced the first disasters of the travelers, by depriving them of the services of all four animals. Their last horse was killed by exposure to an icy gale, at a spot in the miserable wilderness known as Sandy Hill Creek. Here their last means of getting forward had failed them, and they were compelled to stop, at a period of the year when every succeeding day might be expected to increase the horrors of the cold, and the chances of death by starvation in the prairie wastes.

They had with them a small supply of bad buffalo meat, rice and Indian corn. On this they existed miserably for a few days, until the Post from Fort Kearney to the Flat River happened to pass them. With all the will to rescue both the travelers, the Post did not possess the power. It was barely possible for the persons in charge of it—their own lives depending on their getting on rapidly, and husbanding their provisions—to make room for one man in their little vehicle drawn by six mules. The other man would have no help for it but to remain behind with the goods, alone in the wilderness, and almost alone, if possible, in that dreadful position, until the Post could send horses back for him from the Catholic Mission, eighty or a hundred miles off.

In this emergency—an emergency of life or death, if there was one yet—the travelers agreed on drawing lots to decide which man was to remain. The lot to remain fell on Mr. Mollhausen. The Post resumed its journey at once, with the rescued traveler squeezed into the little carriage. Mr. Mollhausen watched the departure of the vehicle until it was out of sight, till he was left alone, the one living being in the white waste—the Cruise of the Snowy Desert. He had three chances, not of life, but of death—death by cold; death by the murderous treachery of savages; death by the teeth of the wolves which prowled the wilderness by night. But he was a brave man, and he faced his imminent perils and his awful loneliness with a stout heart.

He was well supplied with arms and ammunition; and the first thing he did when the Post left him was to look to these. His next proceeding was to make use of the snow on the earth to keep out the snow from the heavens, by carrying a white wall, firmly stamped, around his little tent. He then dragged up a supply of wood from the river near at hand, and piled it before the door. His fireplace was a hollow in the ground, in front of his bed of blankets and buffalo robes. The food he possessed to cook at it consisted of buffalo meat and rice. He had also some coffee. These provisions, on which his feeble chance of life depended, he divided into fourteen days' rations, having first calculated that, in fourteen days at the farthest, he might look for help from the Mission. The sum of his preparations was now complete. He fed his fire, set on his food to cook, and crept into his blankets to wait for the coming of night—the first night alone in the desert.

After time, the silence and the solitude weighed upon him so heavily, that he sought some kind of comfort; but, in that lone situation, even the sound of his own voice made him shudder. The sun sank to its setting behind snow-clouds; its last rays were trembling redly over the wilderness of white ground, when the howl of the wolves came down upon him on the icy wind. They were assembled in a ravine where the travelers' last horse had fallen dead some days before. Nothing was left of the animal but his polished bones and the rings of his harness; and over these bare relics of their feast the ravenous creatures wrangled and howled. The deserted man, listening to them in his tent, tried to while away the unpeppering oppression of the dark hours by estimating their varying numbers from the greater or lesser volume of the howling sounds that reached him. Exhaustion overpowered his faculties while he was trying to do this. He slept until hunger woke him the next day, when the sun was high again in the heavens.

He cut a notch in the pole of his tent to mark that one day was passed. It was then the sixteenth or eighteenth of November; and by Christmas he vainly believed he would be safe at the Mission. That second day was very weary; and his strength was failing him already. When he dragged up the wood and water to his tent, his feet were lame, and he staggered like a drunken man.

Hopeless and hungry, he sat down on his bed, filled his pipe with willow-leaves, the best substitute for tobacco that he possessed, and smoked in the warmth of the fire, with his eyes on the boiling kettle into which he had thrown some maize. He was yet thus occupied when the dreary view through the opening of his tent was suddenly changed by the appearance of human beings. Some horsemen were approaching him, riding in his horses before him. His weapons were at hand, and, with these ready, he awaited their advance. As they came nearer he saw that they were Indians of a friendly tribe, returning from a beaver hunt. Within gun-shot they stopped, and one of them addressed him in English. They accepted of his invitation to enter his tent; and, sitting there by his side, they treated him, long and earnestly, to abandon the goods, to give up the vain hope of help from the Mission, and to save his life by casting his lot with them.

"The wolves," said the man who had first spoken in English—a Delaware Indian—"the wolves will give you no rest, day or night; and if the men of the Pawnee tribe find you out, you will be robbed, murdered and scalped. You have no hope of rescue. Bad horses will not live to get to you; and the whites of the Mission will not risk good horses and their own lives to save one man whom they will give up for lost. Come with us."
But Mr. Mollhausen, unfortunately for himself, put faith in the Mission. He was, moreover, bravely and honorably anxious to preserve the goods, only the smaller share of which happened to be his own property. Firmly persuaded that his fellow whites would not desert him, and that they would bring him easier terms of traveling, in his disabled condition, than those which the Delaware could offer, he still held to his first resolution, and still said, "No."
"The word of a white," said the savage, "is more to you than the will and deed of a red skin. You have had your choice—may you not deceive yourself?"

With these words he shook Mr. Mollhausen by the hand, and he and his companions departed. They never once looked back at the traveler or his tent, but kept on their way rapidly towards the south, and left him a doomed man.

For the next eight days, snow storms raged incessantly, and threatened to bury him alive in his tent. Although he was, as yet, spared the pangs of hunger, (the friendly Indians having increased his small stock of provisions by the gift of an antelope) his sufferings of other kinds were indescribable. He was so lame that he had to crawl on his hands and knees when he fetched his supply of water; his head swam; his memory failed him, and he dared not close his eyes by night for fear of the wolves. Maddened by hunger, they came nearer and nearer to him. Howling and yelling, they circled round and round the tent, closer and closer at the end of every day. One night he heard the snow outside crackling under the feet of the next, he saw the teeth of one of them appear through the leather side of his tent. He could only stare them away by firing at them in the darkness; and they returned to the attack in a few hours, and they left him no chance to sleep till the broad daylight drove them back to their lairs.

He was just strong enough on the ninth day to make the ninth notch in the pole of the tent. On the tenth day he was powerless. His courage gave way; and he despaired, for the first time, of his rescue. He had a medicine-chest with him, which he had already used, containing a small bottle of laudanum and a case of quinine. Without forming any distinct resolution, without well knowing what he did, he put the laudanum bottle to his lips, and almost emptied it. A deep swoon followed the draught; he remembered taking it, and remembered nothing more.

When he came to himself again, it was pitch dark, and his tent poles were rocking in a gale of wind. Thrill, and, in a lesser degree, hunger were his awakening sensations. He satiated the first with half-melted snow, and the second with raw buffalo meat. When his fire (which had dwindled to a few glimmering sparks) was re-lighted, he roasted the meat, and recklessly devoured three days' rations at a meal. By the morning he was so much better (scarcely through the rest which the laudanum had given to his mind, partly through the sustenance which the excess of food had afforded his body) that the preservation of his life became once more a matter of interest to him. He tottered out, leaning on his rifle, to get a little exercise. In a few days he contrived to walk as far as the top of a low hill, from which he could look forth, all round, over the lone snows prospect.

By this time his provisions were at an end, and the last faint hope of rescue from the Mission had died out of his mind. It was a question, now, whether the man should devour the wolves, or the wolves the man. The man had his rifle, his ammunition, and his steady resolution to fight it out with solitude, cold, and starvation to the very last—and the wolves dropped under his bullets, and fed him, with their dry, stinky flesh. He took the best part of the meat only, and left the rest. Every morning the carcass abandoned at night was missing. The wolves that were living devoured to the last morsel the wolves that were dead.

He grew accustomed to his wretched and revolting food, and to every other hardship of his forlorn situation—except the solitude of it. The unutterable oppression of his own loneliness hung upon his mind, a heavier and heavier weight with each succeeding day. A savage abeyance at the idea of meeting with any living human creature began to take possession of him. There were moments when he underwent the most fearful of all mortal trials—the conscious struggle to keep the control of his own senses. At such times, he sang, and whistled, and extended his feet to the utmost limits that his strength would allow; and so, by main force, as it were, held his own tottering reason still in its place.

Thus, the worst part of the most lonely, hopeless hours—on till he had cut his sixteenth notch in the tent-pole. This was a memorable day in the history of the Cruise of the Snowy Desert.

He had walked out to the top of the little hill to watch the sun's way downward in the wintry western heaven, and he was wearily looking about him as usual, when he saw two human figures, specks as yet in the distance, approach him from the far north. The wailing of the Delaware Indian came back to his memory, and reminded him that those two men were approaching from the district of the murderous Pawnees.

A moment's consideration decided him to await the coming of these strangers in a place of ambush which commanded a view of his tent. If they were Pawnees, he knew that the time had come when they or he must die.

He went back to the tent, armed himself with as many weapons as he could carry, took the percussion caps off the rest, and hid them under his bed. Then he put wood on the fire, so as to let the smoke rise freely through the opening at the top of the tent, and thereby strengthen any suspicion in the mind of strangers that a living man was inside it; and he next fastened the second opening, which served for door, tying it on the inner side, as if he had staked himself up for the night. The done, he withdrew to the frozen river of Sandy Hill Creek, about a hundred and fifty paces off, walking backwards so as to make his footmarks in the snow appear to be leading to the tent, instead of away from it. Arrived on the ice, off which the high winds had drifted the snow up on the banks, he took off his shoes for fear the noise in them might betray him by scratches on the smoothly frozen surfaces, and then followed the stream over the ice, till he reached the winding which brought its course nearest to his tent. Here he climbed up the bank, between two snow-drifts, and hid himself among some withered bushes, where the twigs and stalks gave him a sight of the tent, and just room enough besides for the use of his several weapons.

In this situation he watched and listened. Although the frost was so intense that his breath froze on his beard, and his left hand felt glued to the barrel of his leveled rifle, the fever of expectation in his mind prevented his feeling the cold. He watched, for what seemed to be an interminable time; and, at last, the heads of the two men rose in sight over the brow of a neighboring hill. Their figures followed in another minute. All doubts were ended now—the last day of his life was dawning for him or for them—the men were Pawnees.

After holding counsel together on the hill, the savages threw back their Buffalo skins, drew their full quivers before them, and strung their bows. They then separated. One walked to the top of the hill from which the deserted traveler had first caught sight of them, to trace the direction of his footsteps; the other remained on the track between the water and the tent. Both

seemed to be satisfied with their investigations; both met again before the tent, and communicated with one another by gestures, which expressed their conviction that the victim was asleep by his fire inside. In another moment they drew their bowstrings, placing themselves so that their double fire of arrows should meet at right angles in the tent.

The man whose life they were seeking never felt that life was so dear to him as at the moment when he saw them shoot five arrows into the place where he slept. Still he watched and waited, for his existence now depended on his cunning and patience—on his not miscalculating, by an instant, the time to fire. He saw the savages pause and listen before they ventured into the tent. One of them then dropped his bow, grasped his tomahawk, and knelt to creep under the curtain opening; while the other stood over him with his arrow in the string, ready to shoot. In this position the skull of the kneeling Indian was brought within the white man's line of sight, and he cocked his rifle. Faint as the "click" was, he saw that it had caught their ears, for they both started and turned round. Observing that this movement made the kneeling man less likely to escape his eye in the tent, he shifted his aim and fired at the naked breast of the man with the bow. The sharp eye of the savage discovered his hidden enemy at the same instant, and he sprang aside. But it was too late; he was hit; and he fell with a scream that went through every nerve of Mr. Mollhausen's body. The other savage jumped to his feet, but the white man's weapon was the quicker of the two, and a discharge of buck shot hit him full in the face and neck. He dropped dead on the spot by the side of the other man, who was still groaning.

Although he knew that he had justifiably shot, in self-defence, two savages, whose murderous design on his own life had been betrayed before his eyes—although he was absolutely certain that either one of the Pawnees had been permitted to escape, the whole tribe would have been at the tent by the next day—the brave traveler's nerve deserted him when he saw his two enemies on the ground, and when he thought of the terrible after-necessity of hiding what had been done. With a feeling of unutterable despair he mechanically re-loaded his rifle and approached the place. The groans of the Indian who had been shot in the breast moved his pity so strongly that they seemed to recall him to himself. First turning the dead Indian face downwards, to escape the horrifying sight of the mangled features, he approached his wounded enemy and made signs that he would forgive him, help him, cover him with buffalo skins, take him into the tent, and there do all that was in the power of man to gain his good will by preserving his life.

The savage lay shrieking and bleeding, with his teeth clenched, with his eyes glaring in deadly hatred through the long black hair that almost covered his face. But after a while, the merciful white man saw that his gestures were understood. A sense of relief, even of joy, overflowed his heart at the prospect of saving the Indian and securing a companion in his forlorn solitude. The wounded man signed to him to come nearer, and pointed with his left hand his right hand and arm, which lay twisted under him. Without the slightest suspicion Mr. Mollhausen knelt over him to place his arm in an easier position. At the same moment the Indian's right hand flashed out from beneath his arm, armed with a knife, and struck twice at the unprotected breast of the man who was trying to save him. Mr. Mollhausen parried the blow with his right arm, drew his own knife with his left hand, and inflicted on the vindictive savage the death he had twice deserved. The rattle sounded in the throat, and the muscles of the naked figure stretched themselves in the last convulsion. The lost traveler was alone in the frozen wilderness with the bodies of the dead men.

The night was at hand—the night came—a night never to be forgotten, never in any mortal language to be described. Down with the gathering darkness came the gathering wolves; and round and round the two corpses in front of the tent they circled and howled. All through that awful night the lost man lay listening to them in the pitch darkness—now cooling his wounded arm with snow, now firing his pistol to scare the wolves from their human prey.

With the first gleam of daylight he rose to rid himself of the horrible companionship of the bodies, and of all that betrayed their fate, before the next wandering Indians came near the spot, and before the wolves gathered again to begin by talking darkness. Hunger drove him to begin by talking darkness.

Even yet the number of his necessary precautions was not complete. He had a large fire to make, next on the spot where the two savages had dropped, with the double object of effacing all traces of their fall, and of destroying the faintest scent of blood before the wolves collected again. When the fire had dwindled to a heap of ashes, a new snow-storm smothered out all marks of it. By the next morning, and a step was left to betray the death of the Indians; the smooth ground was as empty and as white as ever, and of all that had happened on that memorable sixteenth day of the traveler's sojourn in the wilderness, nothing now remained but the terrible recollection of it.

The time wore on from that date without an event to break the awful monotony of it, until Christmas day. He was still alive in his solitude on Christmas day. A stolid sphyx of his mind's future had begun to get possession of him; his sense of the horror of his situation had grown numb and dull; the long solitude and the ceaseless cold seemed to be freezing his mind, and making a new wilderness there, dreary and waste as the waste that encompassed him. His thoughts wandered with a certain sadness to the Christmas trees and the children's festivals at that blessed season, in his native Germany—but that was too far gone for any deep grief, or for any bitter pang of despair. He kept Christmas day with a pipe-full of the dry willow leaves; and as night fell, he lay on his back looking up through the hole in his tent at the frosty heavens, and fancying dimly that the kind stars looked down on him, as they had often looked in bygone days, at home.

The old year ended and the new year came. His hold of life was slackening, and the end was not far off. It was daylight, early in the month of January. He was resting under his blanket—not asleep, and not awake. Suddenly the

sound of approaching footsteps reached him on the still air. It was no dream—a salutation in the Indian language sounded in his ears a moment afterwards. He roused himself and caught up his rifle. More words were spoken before he could get out of the tent. It was the English language this time. "You are badly off, my friend," said a cheerful voice. Had the white men at the Post and the Mission remembered him at last? No. When the tent covering was raised, an Indian entered, and pushed a five-foot rifle before him. A savage-looking man with five savage companions. The last traveler advanced to meet them with his rifle ready. Happily, he was wrong this time. These savage wanderers of the prairie—these charitable brethren—had come to do the good work which his white brethren had, to their eternal disgrace, neglected; they had come to save him.

The man who had spoken in English, was half-breed—a voluntary renegade from civilization. His companions belonged, like himself, to the friendly tribe of Ottoo Indians. They had gone out with their squaws on a hunting expedition, and they had seen the smoke of the lost traveler's fire two miles off. "You are hungry," they said to him, producing their own food—"eat. You are ready to perish—come with us. You are sick—we will take care of you and clothe you." These were the words of the five Indians; and the friendly promises they implied were performed to the letter.

On the next day, every member of the hunting party, including the women and the boys, assembled at the tent to remove the baggage and forsake their own camp, and all that belonged to him, to their own camp. The goods, for the preservation of which he had risked his life, were packed up; the wagon, abandoned by his fellow traveler and himself, at the beginning of their disaster, when their last horse died, was cleared of snow and made fit for use again; and even the tent was not left behind. It was too firmly frozen in the ground to be pulled up, so it was cut off just above the snow, and was thrown over the rest of the baggage. When the Indians had packed the wagon, their wives and their boys harried themselves to it, and dragged it away cheerfully to their camp. Mr. Mollhausen and the other Pawnees followed. The Prussian traveler stopped, before he left the place forever, to take a last look at the lonely scene of all his sufferings and all his perils. The spot where his tent had stood was still marked in the snowy waste by the ashes of his smoking fire. His eyes rested long on this last-look, touching trace of his misadventure, and his hand wandered away to the little hill from which he had used to look out on his solitude—to the bank of the river where he had lain in ambush for the Pawnees—to the hole in the ice through which he had thrust his bodies. He shuddered, as well he might, at the dreadful memories which the familiar objects around him called up. A moment more, and he was descending the hill, from the summit of which he had looked back, to follow the trail of his Indian friends—a moment more, and he left his home in the desert forever.

In less than five weeks from that time, he and his wagon-load of goods were safe, thanks to the Ottoo Indians, at a fur-trading station on the Missouri river; and he was eating good bread again, and drinking whiskey-punch in the society of white men.

Blignette of a Monkey Family.

The following curious account of a baboon family is translated from a recent French work by M. Blandin.

There have been, and still are, in the menagerie of the Garden of Plants, (Paris) a number of baboons; and four years ago a female, who had a young one, furnished one of the most amusing and singular spectacles I ever witnessed. She was placed with it in a cage, near the one she formerly occupied with several other animals of the same species. The infant baboon was hidden under a bush, but she lavished upon it the most tender attentions. When it was eight days old, the door of communication was opened, and her mate sat red. The mother, seated in the middle of the cage, held the young one in her arms, precisely as a nurse would do under similar circumstances. The happy father approached and embraced his mate with French gallantry, resting his head upon each side of the nest; he then kissed the little one, and sat down opposite to the mother, so that their knees touched each other. They then both began to move their lips with rapidity, taking the young one from each other's arms, as if they were having a most animated conversation concerning it.

The door was again opened, and the baboon friends entered, one after another, each embracing the mother; who, however, would not allow them to touch the young one. They sat down opposite to the mother, so that their knees touched each other. They then both began to move their lips with rapidity, taking the young one from each other's arms, as if they were having a most animated conversation concerning it.

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A wave of laughter followed the significant speech; and as the discomfited youth left the room, Sidney Smith turned round and quietly remarked, "I think I have noticed the result of the evening at last."

PUGET SOUND HERALD.

STEILACOOM, W. T., Thursday Morning, Feb. 13, 1862.

BRITISH COLUMBIA WEATHER, ETC.

The following intelligence is copied from the Victoria Press of the 4th instant:

The steamer Emily Harris arrived last night from New Westminster, bringing 38 passengers and about \$35,000 in gold dust. By this arrival we have the latest intelligence from British Columbia. The Fraser is still frozen, and consequently is closed to navigation. We extract the following news items from the British Colonist of the 30th ult. The Packers are commencing to make preparations for the ensuing spring. Mr. Dodge will have 30 to 40 animals on the road above Lillooet.

Mr. Ballou arrived at New Westminster on the 25th in a very poor state of health. He stated that the snow at Hope and Yale is from 4 to 8 feet deep; Front street, Yale, the snow is even with the tops of the houses. Trade is quite dull, in fact nothing doing, and goods are scarce. Station, as usual, has put up a fine lot of ice.

Fraser River is almost as high as Sea Bird Bar as at the highest stage of water, caused by ice blocking below and by the freezing or making of ice on the bottom of the river. Communication is again open to Cayoosh, and an Express has just arrived at Cayoosh from Cariboo; the weather is said to be fine, and many miners are at work; very little snow has fallen up there this winter. J. Rose had arrived at Anaparte. Not much stock had perished on Bonaparte and Thompson rivers as reported; on Nicholas river I learn a large number of cattle belonging to Mr. McRoberts have died, and some mules and horses. The Lakes on Douglas route have been partly frozen over; Lillooet Lake nearly half frozen over. An expressman just from Queenelle river states that the winter has not been very severe there; the mules and horses wintering on Bonaparte and Thompson rivers are doing well; but few have died since the first fall of snow.

The steamer on the Seaton Lake was nearly lost, a few nights since. The cold was intense, and the machinery became so thickly coated with ice that it nearly stopped, while a strong north wind was blowing. If it had been out a half-hour longer, it would undoubtedly have stopped moving and been dashed to pieces on the rocks.

Fraser River is frozen as far as the Chilliwack; the Harrison river and lake are entirely free from ice. Mules in Douglas are without hay or barley, and living on flour. They are still packing as far as the Little Lake. The snow at Douglas is about four feet deep; at Lillooet two or three inches; on the Bonaparte and at Cayoosh, none; at Beaver Lake about 18 inches in depth. Two suicides occurred a short time since in the neighborhood of Lillooet, one from hanging and the other from cutting his throat; both laboring under temporary insanity from the effects of drinking. Louis Carlin, an Italian, living at the mouth of Chilliwack river, was recently brought to Lillooet on a charge of murder, perpetrated upon one of his partners at that place.

Sixty cows, a number of horses and mules, and an ass, belonging to Mr. Roberts, have died at Sumas in consequence of the late hard weather.

The snow on the prairies is four feet deep, and reaches to the same depth in both Hope and Yale. At the latter place the thermometer has been 18 deg. below zero.

The Fraser is in some places blocked up with ice to the height of 25 feet above the level of the water.

Fears are entertained at New Westminster that when the ice breaks up, considerable damage will be done to the wharves and steamboats.

Flour at New Westminster is worth \$20 per bbl., and other goods in proportion. At Douglas flour is worth \$10 per bbl., and at Yale and Hope \$18.

The communication from Douglas to Cayoosh is again open, but is very difficult, as the passage between the two places will take eight or ten days.

FROZEN TO DEATH.—We learn from the British Colonist of the 4th inst. that Mike Mitchell, the champion jig dancer, was frozen to death at Port Land, Oregon, one night about two weeks ago. As usual, whenever he could obtain liquor, Mike was drunk, and laid down on the sidewalk to sleep. Poor fellow! it was his last nap, for he never awoke, but it found lying stiff and cold at early dawn. Mike was acknowledged to be the best jig dancer in the world, and his nimble feet earned him a large fortune; but he dissipated it as soon as made, and died a beggar and an out-cast.

FRENCH, WILSON & CO. MAKE THE BEST CLOTHING. Furnishing Goods OF ALL KINDS. Retailing for Cash at Wholesale Prices. THE LARGEST AND BEST STOCK OF CLOTHING, FURNISHING GOODS, TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, UMBRELLAS, &c., &c., &c. To be found in any Retail House in California. Goods suitable for traveling purposes in any climate. We have fitted up a custom department in connection with our former business, and employ over seventy-five Tailors to make up clothing to order. We have the best Cutter on this coast, which enables us to guarantee a perfect fit in every case, without alteration. Our stock of Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings are the finest imported from Paris or New York this season. Strangers visiting the city will please call and leave us their measure free of charge. 467 1/2 FRENCH, WILSON & CO.

STELLACOOM AND PORT TOWNSEND Provision Markets. HAVING PURCHASED THE MARKET AT PORT TOWNSEND, in connection with the old stand in Stellacoom, the undersigned is now prepared to supply the communities of both towns with a superior quality of FRESH MEATS On reasonable terms. Hotel, Ship and Steamboat Stores supplied at short notice and of best quality. VEGETABLES of all kinds kept in their season. MILK COWS and WORK CATTLE always on hand for sale. No. 36 must will be sold after 10 o'clock A.M. on Saturdays. CHARLES W. MEEKER, Balch at Stellacoom, and Water at Port Townsend. 8-667

Sewing Machines FOR SALE CHEAP. ONE GOOD SECOND-HAND WHEELER & WILSON, ONE NEW GROVER & BAKER, AND ONE NEW SINGER. SEWING MACHINES, For sale cheap. Apply at this office.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

The Emperor Napoleon has eight steamers of 8,200 tons each building or to be built for the West India service, the individual cost of which is to be £118,000, with £12,000 each for furnishing. The steamer for the East is said to be of 4000 tons each, and to cost £180,000. There is also to be a line of larger ships than those for the West Indies to go to North America.

A volunteer who prides himself upon the domestic arts he has learned during camp life, writes home to advise the girls not to be in a hurry to marry, for the boys will return in a short time, and the girls can then get good husbands who can cook, wash and iron, and do general housework, or work in the garden, or run errands for their wives.

A couple of sailors were recently arrested in Plymouth for throwing buckets of tar over each other. It was a pitch-battle.

An intelligent Chinaman, a Celestial Mr. Gargery, has brought to Yaulon, from China, in jars, four or five thousand young fishes, which he intends to "bring up by hand." Anybody, he says, having a small pond at disposal, may raise any quantity of fish at almost no price.

A gentleman from Cheat Mountain tells the following: A squad of Indiana volunteers, out scouting, came across an old woman in a log cabin, in the mountains. After the usual salutations, one of them asked her— "Well, old lady, are you acesh?" "No," was her answer. "Are you Union?" "No." "What are you then?" "A Baptist, and always have been." The Hoosiers let down.

The new cant phrase, "Any other man," occurs in the 17th verse of the 10th chapter of Judges, where Deborah was coaxing Samson into the secret of his great strength. He said: "If I be shaven, then my strength shall go from me, and I shall become weak, and be like any other man."

Fifty guests once ate everything a man had in his house. The next guest he turned out by simply turning to his late box. What was the date?—March 4th, '68. (March fourth—fifty ate!)

There was a Brahman in the city of Yana, whose name was Dava Sarman. At the epinical feast of the Dussees, he obtained for his duxing-in a dish of flour, which he took into a potter's shed, and there lay down in the shade among the pots, staff in hand. As he thus reclined he began to meditate: "I can sell this meal for ten cowrie-shells, and with them I can purchase some of these pots, and sell them at an advance. With all that money I shall invest in betel-nuts and body-cloths, and make a new profit by the sale; and so on on trafficking till I get a lakh of rupees—what's to prevent me? Then I shall marry four wives—and one at least shall be beautiful and young, and she shall be my favorite. Of course the others will be jealous; but if they quarrel, and talk, and trouble me, I will belabor them like this—and this—and there will be flourished his staff to such a purpose as to smash his meal-dish and break several of his pots. The potter, rushing out, took him by the throat, and turned him off; and so ended his speculations.

A singular tale is now going the round of the papers to the effect that an aged German, a native of Saxony, has cured hydrophobia for many years, and is unwilling to sink into the grave and carry the secret with him. The mystery is solved in two words—"hydrochloric acid." This preparation, the paragraph asserts, applied to the extent of several drops on the wound, destroys the poison contained in the saliva.

"What makes all these apothecary shops here stone floors?" said Billy to Sam, as they stood at the counter. "Don't you know, Billy? It's so that if a fellow drops his bottle, he'll be sure to break it."

Miscellaneous Advertisements. Puget Sound DRUG STORE! STEILACOOM, W. T. NOW OPEN WITH AN ASSORTMENT OF DRUGS AND MEDICINES. NO PHYSICIAN'S PRESCRIPTION NEEDED. Say for Rheumatism, Syphilis, and many other diseases. All the other things attended to which belong to minor surgery. No charge made except for price of the medicines. Store on Balch street, next door to Meeker's. CHAS. J. FITZGERALD. 8-6-67

DR. G. ROWLAND DESS L. V. A. TO INFORM THE CITIZENS OF Pierce County that he has opened an office at FITZGERALD'S BUILDING, STEILACOOM, W. T. and that he will attend to calls on TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY of each week.

STAGE AND LIVERY STABLE STEILACOOM, W. T. WINSOR & LAMAN, Proprietors. NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS! EX BARQUE N. S. PERKINS. Just Received. A FULL ASSORTMENT OF FAMILY GROceries, which will be sold cheap for cash. The stock consists in part of Oregon and Eastern Bacon, Ham, Lard, Pork, Cheese, Butter, Eggs, Raisins, Currants, and Powdered—Office, rear and ground, Rice, Brown, Arrow, Grindstones, Sycides and Spades, Pitchforks, &c., &c. Call and examine the stock. E. MEEKER. 8-6-67

NOTICE. THE UNDERSIGNED GIVE NOTICE THAT they desire all persons indebted to them to call and make settlement. With reference to prompt payment, wheat, oats, &c. and cattle to be brought on account. We further give notice that we desire to stop giving credit to customers, and that, while we regret our inability to accommodate them, we feel it would be unjust to ourselves to continue the system longer. Hence, we hope none will solicit credit hereafter. STEILACOOM, Sept. 21, 1860. S. McCAW & CO. 21-1-61

THE UNDERSIGNED, HAVING ESTABLISHED himself in the above business in this place, will devote his attention exclusively to conducting it in a proper and satisfactory manner. Good Saddle Horses will be kept in readiness for the accommodation of the public. Also, a fine spring BUGGY, for parties wishing to enjoy a pleasant ride through the country. CHARLES W. MEEKER. 8-6-67

WIDOWS or orphan children who served in any wars, battles, either in California or elsewhere, prior to March 24, 1863, or their children who were under 21 years of age at that date, and who have been successfully obtained by us. Agents acting for us, liberally paid. Land warrants bought and sold to order, and all business requiring an agent at Washington attended to. B. S. LLOYD & CO. Attorneys for Claims, Pension, Bounty Land, &c. References to any of the Heads of Departments. Washington City, Dec. 29, 1860. 61-1-61

ELPHANTS IN CAPTIVITY.

The following description of elephants in captivity is extracted from "Tenent's Ceylon." When every wild elephant had been noosed and tied up, the scene presented was one truly original. From one to two thousand natives, many of them in gaudy dresses and armed with spears, crowded about the enclosures. Their families had collected to see the spectacle; women, whose children clung like little bronzed curries to their sides; and a great many of them in the graceful costume of that part of the country, a scarf, which, after having been brought round the waist, is thrown over the left shoulder, leaving the right arm and side free and uncovered. At the foot of each tree was its captive elephant, some still struggling and writhing in feverish excitement, while others, in exhaustion and despair, lay motionless, except that from time to time they heaved their heads upon their heads.

The mellow notes of a Kandyan flute, which was played at a little distance, had a striking effect upon one or more of them; they turned their heads in the direction from which the music came, expanded their broad ears, and were evidently soothed by the plaintive sound. The two little ones were still reared for freedom; they stamped their feet, and blew clouds of dust over their shoulders, brandishing their little trunks aloft, and attacking every one who came within their reach. At first, the older ones, when secured, curled up every other of food, trampled it under foot, and turned haughtily away. A few, however, as they became more composed, could not resist the temptation of the juicy stems of the plantain, but rolled them under foot, till they detached the layers, they raised them in their trunks and commenced chewing them listlessly. On the whole, while the sagacity, the composure, and docility of the deacons were such as to excite lively astonishment, it was not possible to withhold the high-st admiration from the calm and dignified demeanor of the captives. Their whole bearing was at variance with the representations made by some of the sportsmen who harass them, that they are treacherous, savage, and revengeful; when tormented by the guns of their persecutors, they do not display the r powers and sagacity in efforts to retaliate or escape; but here their every movement was indicative of innocence and timidity. After a struggle, in which they evinced no disposition to violence or revenge, they submitted with the calmness of despair. Their attitudes were pitiable, their grief most touching, and their low moaning went to the heart. It would not have been tolerable had they either been captured with unnecessary pain or reserved for ill-treatment afterwards.

IANOS, MELODEONS, Alexandre Organs, AND MUSIC. PRICES GREATLY REDUCED! HORACE WATERS, No. 333 Broadway, New York, Agent for the sale of the best Boston and New York PIANOS and MELODEONS.

THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF MUSIC OF every description, in Boston, New York, and all the principal manufacturing cities of every variety of style; from those in plain rosewood cases, for \$200, to those of the most elegant finish, for \$1000. No house in the Union can come in competition for the number, variety and quality of its instruments, nor the extremely low prices at which they are sold.

Horace Waters' Modern Improved Pianos, With or without iron frames, have in their new SCALE and IMPROVED ACTION, a power and compass of four octaves, and are unequalled in the quality of the square piano. The press and first music masters have justly pronounced them equal, if not superior, to any other make. They are guaranteed to stand the test of any climate.

HORACE WATERS' MELODEONS, (tuned the equal temperament) superior in each desirable quality. Can also be had in the form of a Piano. Prices from \$45 to \$125; for two sets of reeds, \$150; two banks of reeds, \$200; organ pedal has melodeons, \$250, \$275 and \$300—a liberal discount.

SECOND HAND PIANOS. One of the largest and best catalogues of Music now published. In Boston, New York, and all the principal cities of the United States for sale of this establishment. Martin's celebrated Guitars and all kinds of Musical Instruments and Music—Manufactured and Imported. Music sent, wherever ordered, post paid. Catalogues sent by mail. A liberal discount to dealers, teachers, seminaries and libraries.

Testimonials of the Horace Waters Pianos and Melodeons. The Piano came to hand, and in first rate order. It is a beautiful instrument.—J. W. WALKER, Philadelphia. John Hewitt, of Carthage, New York, who has had one of the Horace Waters Pianos, writes as follows:— "A friend of mine wishes me to purchase a piano for her, and she has been secretly endeavoring to say that she is a becoming partner in this plan, and I think I will introduce one of two more—they will be more popular than any other make."

The Melodeon has just arrived. I feel obliged to you for your kind and timely notice. I have ordered three parts.—REV. J. M. McNEIL, New York. The Piano was duly received. It came in excellent order, and is very much admired by my numerous pupils. Accept my thanks for your prompt delivery.—ROBERT COOPER, Watertown, Bradford Co. Pa. Rev. Mr. Hayes writes as follows:—Preston Hollow, N. Y., July 28th, 1858. MR. WATERS—Dear Sir: I received the Melodeon, fine and in good order; as well pleased with the external appearance and the tone, I hope I shall have occasion to order one or two more the present season.

TUESDAY, July 28th 1858. HORACE WATERS, Esq.—Sir: The Melodeon you sent me was duly received in good order. I am very fully prepared to say that the instrument is highly satisfactory, and I see you will accept my thanks for the very liberal terms on which you furnished it, and for the very low rate made in which you have fulfilled, and more than fulfilled, all that you promised. Very respectfully yours, &c., J. L. MITCHELL.

The Piano is received from you continues to give satisfaction. I regard it as one of the best instruments in the place.—JAMES L. CLARK, Charleston, Va. Your Piano pleases us well. It is the best one in our unit.—I THOMAS A. LATHAM, Campbellton, Co.

We are very much obliged to you for having sent such a superior instrument for \$200, and we shall take pains to commend it to all our friends. Both instruments are of the Horace Waters Pianos are known as among the very best; we are enabled to speak of these instruments with confidence, from personal knowledge, of their excellent tone and durable quality.—New York Evangelist.

We can speak of the merits of the Horace Waters' Pianos from personal knowledge, as being of the very best quality.—Christian Intelligence.

Nothing at the State Fair displayed greater excellence in any department than the Horace Waters Pianos.—Churchman.

Water's Pianos and Melodeons challenge comparison with the finest made anywhere in the country.—Home Journal.

Horace Waters' Pianos are of full rich, and even tone and powerful.—New York Review.

Our friends will find at Mr. Waters' store the very best assortment of Music and of Pianos to be found in the United States, and we urge our southern and western friends to give them a call whenever they go to New York.—Graham's Magazine.

Warehouses No. 333 Broadway, New York.

Business Cards.

LOUISA KORTER, DEALER IN Plain and Fancy Dry Goods, Groceries of every variety, Hardware, &c., &c. Also—Baking in all its branches, Confectionery, &c. Any article called for, and not in store, will be ordered and obtained in the shortest possible time, for the accommodation of customers. 43-1-1/2 STEILACOOM, W. T.

NACHESS HOTEL, At the head of Keach's Wharf, Stellacoom. RECENTLY NEWLY FITTED UP AND REPAIRED. Board with lodging, 50c. Single meals, at all hours of the day and night, 50 cents each. 22-1-1/2 Mrs. ANNA CURRY, Proprietress.

G. FORD, COMMISSION MERCHANT, AND DEALER IN GENERAL MERCHANDISE, At the old stand of H. G. Williamson & Co. Terms Cash—No deviation. Motto: Cash sales and small profits. 4-4

J. V. MEEKER, SURVEYOR AND CIVIL ENGINEER, Stellacoom, W. T. Calls from a distance respectfully solicited, and promptly attended to. Address through the Post Office at this place. Terms moderate. 8-6-1/2

P. J. MOOREY, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN Foreign and Domestic Wines and Liquors, Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, &c., STEILACOOM, W. T.

FRANK CLARK, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Office—Corner of Commercial and Main streets. STEILACOOM, W. T. 1-1-1/2

S. McCAW & CO., Wholesale and Retail Dealers in DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, BOOTS AND SHOES, READY-MADE CLOTHING, Hardware, Tinware, Crockery, &c. N.B.—Liberal terms for cash. STEILACOOM, W. T. 1-1-1/2

GEORGE GALLAGHER, DEALER IN STOVES, HARDWARE, TINWARE, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, ETC. STEILACOOM, W. T. 2-1-1/2

CHARLES F. ROBBINS, IMPORTER AND DEALER IN Type, Presses, Printing Material, INKS, CARD STOCK, &c., No. 441 to 443 Clay street, (CORNER FRANK SQUARE) SAN FRANCISCO. 8-41-1/2

W. PAULKNER & SON, 132 Sansome St., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., U.S. TYPE FOUNDRY, And dealers in all kinds of PRINTING MATERIALS. Printers will find it to their advantage to call on us before purchasing. 8-8-1/2

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LAFAYETTE BLOCK, BALCH & WEBBER, A. S. WEBBER, Manufacturers, Importers and Dealers in PUGET SOUND LUMBER OF ALL KINDS. Cargoes furnished for Export on short notice. Stewart street, near Polson, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., and STEILACOOM, W. T. Vessels running regularly between San Francisco and Steilacoom. 1-3-1/2

A. M. GILMAN & CO., IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC WINES AND LIQUORS, No. 93 Front street, SAN FRANCISCO. 1-1-3/4

H. H. BANCROFT, A. L. BANCROFT, H. H. BANCROFT & CO., Publishers, Booksellers and Stationers. One of the largest and best assorted stocks of Books in every department of Literature, and staple and fancy Stationery, in the United States. No. 609 Montgomery street, San Francisco. 1-1-3/4

S. McCAW & CO. Offer for Sale, at Wholesale and Retail, A GREAT VARIETY OF DESIRABLE Goods at low rates, such as: Raisins, Dried Apples, Dried Peaches, Bacon, Ham, Sugar, Mustard, Catsup, Pickles, Currants, Raisins, Prunes, Apples, Peaches, Plums, Grapes, Figs, Dates, Walnuts, Almonds, Pistachios, Coffee, Tea, Spices, &c., &c. Also, a large assortment of good Liquors. 1-1-1/2

H. G. WILLIAMSON, LATE H. G. WILLIAMSON & CO., KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND, AT THE old stand of H. G. WILLIAMSON & CO., all the finest WINES, LIQUORS AND SYRUPS, ALSO, GROCERIES OF ALL KINDS, BACON, HAMS, LARD, TOBACCO, CANDLES, CAN FRUITS, HONEY, OYSTERS, BOOTS, SHOES, CLOTHING, DRY GOODS, &c., &c. All of which will be sold cheap for cash. H. G. WILLIAMSON. 8-6-1/2

San Francisco Advertisements.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS. LARGE AND VARIED ASSORTMENT OF AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS OF all kinds on hand and constantly arriving, for sale on the most favorable terms and at the lowest prices. J. D. ARTHUR & SON, Importers and Dealers, 24 1/2 Corn Washington and Davis sts, San Francisco.

EDWARD A. MORSE & CO., IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN DOORS, WINDOWS, AND BLINDS, WOULD INFORM THE TRADE IN OREGON and Washington Territory that they have opened a new establishment for the sale of every description.

One of the partners residing in Boston, who has shipped the above goods to this market since 1849, enables us to keep a most thorough and extensive assortment of the same, which we sell at as low prices as any in the city. Parties sending for goods by letter can rely on having the same at as low prices and of as good quality as if ordered in person. Orders by letter or otherwise will be promptly and faithfully filled. We also attend to the buying and selling of other merchandise. EDWARD A. MORSE & CO., 11 and 13 California st, and 114 and 116 Market st, San Francisco. And JOHN H. BULLOCK, 117 Dickson st, Boston. 4-19-54

YE THAT SUFFER, AND BE ASSURED THAT DR. FAREIRA'S GREAT ITALIAN REMEDY, Now known and approved by use for over FIFTY YEARS! Still remains triumphant over all the malarious medicines for the cure of PRIVATE DISEASES, no matter how long standing, without any injurious effects to the system. This remedy is PURELY VEGETABLE, quick in effect, and certain in cure, acting as it does immediately on the organs themselves, giving them energy and vigor, and removing inflammation in a manner superior to any medicine ever made known to the world. Sold by General Agent, T. S. Davis, at San Francisco, and by Druggists throughout the State and Oregon. SINGLAR & MOODY, Agents, Bellingham Bay. 4-18-54

WIRE ROPE. 75 PER CENT LIGHTER, LESS THAN 1/2 the diameter, and six times as durable as Manila or Hemp Rope of equal strength, and is unaffected by change of weather. It is more particularly adapted for Derrick Guy Ropes, Ferry Ropes, and for hoisting from deep shafts and inclined planes. Mining companies or Ferry owners, &c., who use rope for winding, hoisting, or standing purpose, will effect an immense saving by ordering Wire Rope through our agents. Circulars, with scales of weights, sizes, strengths and list of prices annexed, will be forwarded to those interested, who can then compare the cost of Wire and Hemp Ropes. Address the manufacturers. A. S. HALLIDIE & CO., Patent Wire Rope AND SUSPENSION BRIDGE BUILDERS, 412 Clay street, San Francisco. 12-24

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES. HAVE BEEN REMOVED TO No. 47 Montgomery street, NEXT TO THE CORNER OF BOUL. I AM PREPARED TO DEMONSTRATE, to all who feel an interest in Sewing Machines, that SINGER'S FAMILY SEWING MACHINES WILL DO BETTER WORK, WITH GREATER EASE, and with fewer interruptions; and that in all the important requisites of a Sewing Machine, Singer's Machines at \$100 are cheaper than any other kind at \$50. I am now selling our FAMILY SEWING MACHINES Plain, at \$100; Cabinet, at \$75; Letter A, or Transverse Shuttle Machines, an entirely new and incomparable Family Sewing Machine, and adapted to light manufacturing purposes. \$125. Do not allow yourself to purchase a Cheap Stitch machine, either double or single thread, all of which will fail. All chain stitch machines have a cord on the under side of the fabric, and the work soon wears out. Work done on Singer's machines will outwear any other, and is more beautiful. No tailor or manufacturer buys a chain stitch machine. J. H. DUNNELL, 47 Montgomery street, San Francisco. 12-17

GALLAGHER'S HARDWARE ESTABLISHMENT, Commercial street, Stellacoom, W. T. GEORGE GALLAGHER, Dealer in Stoves, Hardware, Tinware, Agricultural Implements, &c. HAS ON HAND, AND OFFERS FOR SALE a large and well selected stock of the above articles at the lowest rates. Tinware and sheet Iron work of every description manufactured in order at short notice, and forwarded to any part of the country. All orders promptly attended to. GEORGE GALLAGHER, Commercial st, Stellacoom. 8-6-1/2

San Francisco Advertisements.

COMMISSION AND PURCHASING AGENT. SAN FRANCISCO. ORDERS FOR THE PURCHASE OF GOODS, and articles of every description are solicited by the undersigned. A resident in this city of over 20 years, and an expert in the business of nearly the same length of time, is considered sufficient to warrant the confidence of persons in the country who are concerned in the purchase of goods, through the agency of a reliable party, or who may be looking for a permanent Agent in San Francisco. To either the advertiser offers his services, assuming all the interest and risk to him that no effort shall be spared to secure their complete satisfaction. All orders must be accompanied with the cash or any other mode. These desiring information concerning the arrangements to be made, to apply to the undersigned. Wm. V. Coleman & Co., San Francisco. C. Langley, Druggist, 101 California st. J. P. Hanks & Co., 101 California st. J. S. Hanks & Co., 101 California st. J. S. Hanks & Co., 101 California st. N.B.—Orders for Machinery, Paints, Oils, Stationery, Sewing Machines, Watches, Jewelry, &c., will be attended to by competent judges. L. P. WHELER, Commission and Purchasing Agent, 227 California st. Opposite Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco.

WHEELER & WILSON'S NEW STYLE IMPROVED FAMILY SEWING MACHINE! ALL FORMER OBJECTIONS OVERCOME! No Leather Pad used on NEW STYLE MACHINE. The New Style Hammer AND Transparent Cloth Presser. Are attached to the IMPROVED MACHINES! PRICES GREATLY REDUCED! 8-1/2 Send for Circular. H. C. WATSON, Agent, Corner Sacramento and Montgomery sts, San Francisco. 8-1/2 The Mission Woolen Mills use WHEELER & WILSON'S Sewing Machines in making up Overalls, Coats, Suits, &c. They now use from forty to fifty commonly, and are turning out the finest goods in the market.

HUCKS & LAMBERT'S CELEBRATED PATENT H. & L. AXE-GREASE & CARD. THE UNDERSIGNED HAVE THE PLEASURE OF ANNOUNCING to their numerous patrons and friends that they have been honored by the committee of the Mechanics' Institute with the FIRST PREMIUM FOR THEIR UNRIVALLED AXLE-GREASE! Also, that the San Francisco Bay Agricultural Society have awarded them their FIRST CLASS PREMIUM for the same. But, however gratifying to the advertisers to have their goods thus distinguished, it is with greater pride that they state the fact that (notwithstanding the overwhelming reputation of an article from the East) their grease is still the standard for the New Popular H. & L. Axle-Grease. And while the manufacturers offer their grateful thanks to all their friends who have given them so large an encouragement, they beg to say that no pains will be spared in the future to maintain the wide-spread reputation which their material has acquired, of being the Best and Cheapest Lubricating Medium for Carriages, Wrecks, &c. EVER INTRODUCED BY CALIFORNIA. HUCKS & LAMBERT, Inventors and Sole Manufacturers, Nations street, San Francisco. 8-22-54

PACIFIC FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP SAN FRANCISCO. (First street.) WE CONTINUE TO MANUFACTURE, AND the above well-known establishments, STEAM ENGINES, QUARTZ FLOUR, AND SAW MILLS. And other Machinery of every description, and Iron and Brass Castings of all kinds. From our long experience we have had the superior tools and machinery used the very best selection of material at our command, we feel confident that our facilities for turning out the best style of work with dispatch, and at the lowest rates, are not surpassed in this country. Orders for all kinds of work will receive prompt attention. GEORGE HANCOCK & SONS, 24 1/2 California st, San Francisco. 8-24

